

6 Times 271

Chapter 271 Playing The Long Game.

Ron didn't go upstairs immediately when he returned home, so Susan was able to make herself calm down and look normal. Then she quickly cooked up some sweet potato, squash and black bean enchiladas. All four Plummerts sat down to what appeared to be a completely ordinary dinner for them.

But appearances were deceiving. In fact, the air was unusually thick with intrigue and lust. Because Susan's oral work had been unexpectedly interrupted, both she and Alan felt like they had unfinished business. All Susan could think about was her son's erection, and how much she'd been enjoying licking and sucking it until Ron came home. And all Alan could think about was his mother's centerfold body, talented mouth, and sexy ways. Unless, of course, he was thinking about Katherine, Suzanne, Amy, Glory, Heather, Brenda, or the like. Not surprisingly, Brenda was on his mind a lot.

Both mother and son went out of their way to appear normal, but this in itself would have been a big clue for anyone who knew them well. They were trying too hard.

Ron was oblivious. Luckily, he carried the conversation along for them all, allowing Alan and Susan to just stare at him and nod for most of the meal.

Katherine, however, suspected something. She was very curious about the subtle vibes she was picking up between mother and son. Susan had hinted to her before dinner that there had been some kind of blow-up and Alan was in the "doghouse," but she hadn't learned any details. She had no idea where things stood between them now, especially since Susan didn't act mad at him, and the subtle sexual tension suggested that Susan was the opposite of upset with him. But there was nothing she could do at the moment to find out.

Ron's office colleagues were having a goodbye party for him that evening. Susan was supposed to go, but she claimed to have a stomach ache. Luckily, she was too nervous and excited to eat much at dinner, which gave some credence to her excuse.

The other three breathed a sigh of relief when Ron finally left for his party shortly after dinner. Maintaining a front of "normality" had become very stressful for them all. Susan could barely wait to get her son's boner back in her mouth. Unfortunately for her, there was no time for that. She needed to get dressed and get things ready for Brenda, who was due to arrive soon.

Katherine was still largely oblivious about the evening's plans. She knew that Brenda was coming over for the card game, and she had been invited to take part. Also, she'd heard some about how Brenda had learned the incest secret and that there was a plan for Alan to seduce her. But she didn't know any of the details yet.

Alan was able to dress very quickly, as men often do. So then it was left up to him to explain the rest of the plan to Katherine. He did so in her bedroom so she could select and change into a fancy yet highly revealing outfit while he was talking.

Alan had a lot to explain, and he was still at it when the doorbell rang indicating that Brenda had arrived. Suzanne had shown up a couple of minutes earlier, all dressed up and ready to go, so she let Brenda in while Susan and Katherine finished dressing up. That also gave Alan a little bit of time to at least mention the few important things he hadn't explained to Katherine yet.

He finished by asking her, "So, are you fully on board with our plan?"

"But of course! If it weren't for the incest secret danger aspect, I'd be uppity about it. Majorly, majorly uppity. Even now, I'm not exactly keen, since she's just too damn busty! But protecting the family comes first. So you can count on me."

"Phew! Thanks. You're the best!"

She stopped what she was doing and pointed a finger at his chest. "I am, and don't you forget it. And YOU, Brother, you're a lucky, lucky dog. So damn lucky!"

"I know. You're not the first person to call me that lately. But hey, no time to talk. I'm gonna go down there and socialize."

"Okay. Knock her dead!"

Alan nearly stopped and stumbled halfway down the stairs when he got a good look at what Brenda was wearing. Luckily, he caught himself and remembered his aloof attitude.

Brenda was wearing a dress that would have looked nice enough on almost anyone else, but on her it was so provocative that it could start a riot. She considered this the first salvo in her campaign to get Alan to truly notice her and lust after her. She'd felt obliged to wear a coat over her outfit to cut down on the stares as she drove over to the Plummer house, particularly if she were to be involved in an accident or be stopped by a cop. But she took her coat off as soon as she arrived, leaving it in her car before approaching the Plummer's front door.

She was wearing a dark blue, sleeveless dress that came high up her neck, covering her torso except for a heart-shaped hole that exposed her cavernous cleavage. The really remarkable aspect was how skin-tight the dress was above the waist. Her protruding nipples could be seen so clearly that it was as if she wore nothing over them at all. They would have been noticeable even if her nipples weren't erect, but her anticipation to meet Alan meant they were very erect even before she walked in the door.

She wore a special bra designed to go with the dress. It was hard to see the bra straps, but one could if one looked carefully. She considered a bra essential, due to her support issues.

However, Brenda wanted Alan to know that she was more than just her boobs. She felt that she had a very nice bubble butt and nice legs, but they didn't get noticed much due to her cracking chest. So she'd picked a dress that was skin-tight down to her belt line, but then widened into an extremely short miniskirt. Her pussy and ass were only a couple of inches from starting to be exposed if she was standing still.

Suzanne had been talking to Brenda, but when Alan showed up, she found an excuse to go upstairs to tell Susan and Katherine about Brenda's daring outfit. She hoped to encourage them into wearing something even more daring in response. She also had plenty of her own clothes stored in Susan's room, and she decided to change into something that would blow Brenda's outfit away.

That left him with the task of keeping Brenda entertained while Susan, Katherine, and Suzanne had to dress up all over again.

Alan and Brenda made small talk. On the surface, it was pleasant enough. Alan was a little bit nervous, but he didn't feel outright intimidated, even though he was thrust into a one-on-one conversation with her unexpectedly soon. Supposedly he didn't know much about her yet, so it was easy enough for him to ask her basic questions about herself.

Since she was doing most of the talking, he was able to get into the mindset Suzanne had suggested for him. The most immediately obvious aspect of that was that he engaged in idle chatter with her as if she

were perfectly ordinary looking. He couldn't help but glance at her ample chest from time to time, but compared to other men, his near non-stop focus on her face was practically insulting.

Brenda could see by an occasional glance at his shorts that he wasn't even getting aroused. He certainly would have, had he actually taken the time to truly look her body over. But by concentrating on her face and her words, there wasn't much visual stimulation to inspire him, so it wasn't that hard for him to keep willing his penis to stay flaccid.

Brenda was used to seeing erections sprout up like mushrooms after a rain wherever she went. It was almost comical when she strolled through a public place like a shopping center, to see so many men visibly double over or clutch at their groins as she went by. The few times Brenda hadn't gotten a reaction from a man, she'd assumed that he was gay. But she knew for a fact that Alan was a very horny heterosexual.

She'd long told herself that she wanted to be treated just like everyone else, and that she particularly detested how men spoke to her nipples instead of to her face. But now it was just the opposite: she wanted him to talk to her boobs! She was highly mindful of Suzanne's story about how he had no particular sexual interest in Brenda since he "didn't know her from Adam." The more she failed to get a reaction from him, the more she longed to change that. She found herself subtly rolling her shoulders and shifting the weight on her hips, causing her big tits to jiggle and sway.

And yet, the more obviously she tried to get him to look down, the more determined Alan was not to. He considered it a battle of wills of sorts. He was determined to win.

Brenda was frustrated beyond belief, so much so that she had trouble carrying the simple conversation. Already, she'd never wanted a man to want her more than she wanted Alan right now.

Brenda had been feeling awkward about wearing such a revealing outfit, but she felt much better after Susan and Katherine came downstairs too and she saw what they were wearing. Knowing that Ron wouldn't be home until late, warned of Brenda's sexy dress, and wanting to create a sexy atmosphere to help with Brenda's seduction, they'd dressed to the nines.

And then there was Suzanne, who certainly wasn't shy about looking and acting sexily. She also had the least to fear if Ron came home early, and she was determined not to be outdone by Brenda.

Everyone else's jaws dropped in near comic-book style when she walked down the stairs last. They saw that Suzanne wasn't so much wearing a dress as she had on a long, toga-like piece of cloth draped loosely about her form. It had been carefully taped at several strategic spots, or else her nipples and pussy would have been flashing them repeatedly as she walked. In deference to Brenda, she was also wearing a thong, thereby making it clear that at least certain sensitive areas were covered.

Brenda was amazed when she saw a big bulge rise in Alan's shorts within seconds of Suzanne's arrival. Her relief that the others were wearing very sexy outfits quickly turned into distress, if not even a kind of silent rage. She felt like she'd been completely outclassed. If she could have immediately dressed in a still far more revealing outfit she would have, but she had no such outfit to change into.

What she didn't know was that Alan had been deliberately forcing his penis stay flaccid with Brenda. Then, when the others showed up, he willed himself to get erect. Furthermore, he'd chosen to wear tight yet giving slacks and no underwear, so when he did get an erection, it couldn't have been any more obvious.

Her frustration grew because she'd been told by Susan that Alan's penis was ten inches long and unusually thick. She had figured that had to be an exaggeration, and it was, since the length was really just under eight inches. However, the bulge in his slacks was so substantial that now she found Susan's description completely believable. That suggested to her that all the other wild claims about how sexually impressive were most likely accurate as well.

Brenda was beside herself. She didn't know what to do. Despite all of the impressive things she'd heard from Susan and Suzanne about Alan in recent days, she'd fully expected that he'd be eating out of her hand before long, fawning over her and bringing her drinks in an attempt to impress her. She'd figured that such an outrageously sexy outfit as she was wearing simply couldn't miss.

Instead, he seemed to only have eyes for the three others.

Brenda had to fight not to blow her top. She was practically fuming, and it showed on her face. The fact that she couldn't say anything about it just frustrated her even more.

Alan could guess when she was so frustrated, and he was secretly pleased. He couldn't resist innocently asking her, "Is something wrong?"

Brenda forced herself to fake a smile. "No, nothing."

"Clearly, there's something. I can read it on your face. Don't tell me you have a prudish disapproval of the other dresses."

She'd considered using that as an excuse, but now she couldn't. "No. I'd be the pot calling the kettle black. I guess I'm just not used to being, well, outshone by others."

He simply nodded in understanding. "There's a lot of that around here."

That pissed her off even more, because he all but confirmed that she was being outdone. But she kept her mouth shut.

Luckily, the card game got going quickly, and that diverted her attention for a while. They decided to play poker for starters, since Katherine didn't know the rules to many other games. They sat around the dining table in the dining room, since that was the logical place.

Alan announced that he wasn't interested in joining the game since he had some homework to do. But he also said that he'd stick around for a while to be sociable to their new guest.

His homework comment secretly frustrated Brenda even more. Here I am, acting like a groupie trying to impress a movie star. But he's just a kid! He's got homework to do because he's still in fucking HIGH SCHOOL! I've got to get a grip. I should just forget all about him and enjoy the evening.

But she couldn't forget him. The hype from Susan and Suzanne had her so intrigued that she had trouble just staying cool and collected.

Things proceeded according to Suzanne's plan. Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine asked Brenda lots of basic questions about herself, especially Katherine, since she knew the least about her. This was key, so Alan could have some material to plausibly work from when he hit Brenda with his seemingly amazing "insights" about her later.

Alan was great at playing aloof and hard to get. He was polite and interested in Brenda, but generally stayed quiet and enigmatic, as if he was always busy thinking. And he continued to only look at her face, even while he happily ogled the dramatic cleavage the others were showing.

Everyone knew that Brenda knew the incest secret, but there was kind of an unspoken understanding not to mention anything about that whatsoever. In fact, there was no sexual talk at all so far, despite the outrageously sexy outfits all the women were wearing.

Brenda felt like she was going crazy. She was frustrated beyond belief at how the evening was going. It seemed like her attempt to get Alan to change his mind about her was a complete flop.

By and by, Suzanne decided that the conversation about Brenda had gone on long enough. She didn't want Brenda to reveal too much about herself just yet, because that could blunt the impressive "insights" Alan was supposed to make later. As a result, she made an excuse to go to the kitchen to prepare some snacks with Katherine and Susan.

It was time for Alan to have his one-on-one talk with Brenda. This was the focus of Suzanne's recent training and advice. Alan started to feel a bit anxious, but then he remembered to pretend he was just an actor in a play. He also told himself that Suzanne had put him in a situation where he truly couldn't fail. That really helped.

Before Suzanne left to the kitchen, she said, "This may take a while because we didn't have any time to prepare things in advance. Sweetie, I want you to take Brenda to the living room so she won't see how us elves work behind the scenes. Keep her entertained with lively conversation, you hear?"

He nodded.

Chapter 272 You Might Be Worthy Of Me. It's Possible.

Brenda and Alan moved to the living room. Brenda took a seat on one of the sofas, causing Alan to sit on another sofa across from her. But almost immediately she stood up, saying she wanted to stretch her legs a little bit. She insisted that he remain sitting.

She figured she was being clever, because if he was looking up at her, he wouldn't be able to avoid looking at her body. In particular, it would be hard from him to even look at her face over her massive twin peaks.

Indeed, he did have a harder time that way. He quickly decided the only effective countermeasure was to stand up too, so he did. He gave the same excuse about wanting to stretch his legs, so she couldn't object. Although he was trying to act sexually uninterested, he already had willed his penis to get and stay erect. He wanted to give the impression that while he wasn't particularly attracted to Brenda, his penis was nearly always engorged anyway.

So when he stood back up, she nearly gasped out loud to see the lewd tenting in his slacks. She was definitely impressed, but tried hard not to show it.

He knew he didn't have a lot of time to banter about, since the "making snacks in the kitchen" excuse could only hold up for so long. So he started out by saying, "Thanks for sharing a lot about yourself, Brenda. That was interesting. I sense your marriage has not gone well."

Brenda bristled that he'd brought up such a sensitive topic right off the bat. "No shit! Sorry, but that's a touchy subject. You're hardly Sherlock Holmes though, since it's common knowledge that I'm in the middle of getting a divorce."

He said, "I'm not surprised. But it goes much deeper than that. I think you married your husband for his money."

She put a hand on her hip and gave him a sassy, pissed-off look.

But before she could tell him off, he continued, "I know, I know, that's probably evident from your wealth. It's an old story of rich guy marrying beautiful gal. But it goes deeper than that. You were very wealthy already, weren't you?"

That surprised her, since most people took her for a gold digger. "How do you know that?"

"One can just tell. People who are born into money behave differently. Not better or worse, mind you, just differently. But I suspect you were never satisfied with your husband in any case. Some people can marry for money and find satisfaction, but you didn't. Not just emotional satisfaction, but sexual satisfaction."

"What, so now you're trying to make a move on me?!" Ironically, that was what she wanted, but old habits are hard to break, and she was used to being indignant at grabby or pushy men. She couldn't resist taking another quick peek at the outrageous bulge in his slacks.

He held his hands up defensively. "Hardly! Can't you see I'm well taken care of here without you? VERY well taken care of. But it's obvious to me that you're not happy sexually, and that make me sad in a way. A woman with looks like yours should be overwhelmed by intense pleasure, repeatedly. Maybe you should talk to Suzanne. She's some kind of genius when it comes to this kind of thing. I'm sure she'd be able to help you."

"By sending me to you?"

Actually, that was what he was expecting would happen before long, if Suzanne was right. But he pretended otherwise. "No way! You know that she's one of the women who help me with my special problem. Why on Earth would she want to share me with someone new?"

"I don't know," Brenda admitted uncertainly. She glared at him suspiciously. "But then again, everything about this place is weird." She glanced again at his bulge without meaning to. She hoped he hadn't noticed (although he had), and that he wouldn't see how erect her nipples were. (He'd glimpsed that too.)

So far, the evening had been outwardly normal, like most any other card game. But the unspoken elephant in the room was the incest secret, plus all the other things she had learned about sex in the Plummer household.

He responded, "Not weird. The word you want is 'liberated'. We're having a hell of a fun time here. It's not just about sexual pleasure; that's just one aspect. The intimacy is so much more! It liberates the soul. It deepens emotional bonds. It shakes you up, letting you see things in a new light. You don't just need a divorce; you need a complete renewal. I can tell."

She was irritated at his presumption to advise her. "And how can you tell, Mister Peabody?"

He grinned, appreciating the obscure, sarcastic reference to the genius dog from the old Rocky and Bullwinkle Show. "Okay, Sherman, so I'm too young to have gone through all that myself."

She couldn't help but briefly grin back at his "Sherman" reference, showing he understood her Mister Peabody reference.

He continued, "But I do seem to have a way with women." He leaned forward and stared intently. "I can see a lot from just looking in your eyes. For instance, you think you're a real take-charge power woman, and in some ways you are. But you also have a sexual hunger that's not being fulfilled. That's because you go for the wrong kind of men. I think you're afraid of going for what you really want."

She was starting to get scared, because she knew she was afraid of going for what she really wanted in her sex life. But she put up a blustery front. "And what's that, Mr. Know It All?"

He airily suggested, "You need a strong man, a man who won't take no for an answer."

He was taking a risk in running with Suzanne's insights into Brenda's submissive nature in such a bold manner. But he was well into his "actor in a play" role-play mode now. He figured that if he really was the cocky and confident guy the hype said he was, he wouldn't be afraid to say something like that.

She asked snidely, "And I suppose you're that kind of man?"

He worried he was going too far. However, he saw a burst of lust flame up in her eyes. So, despite her caustic tone, he felt encouraged to pursue this risky approach. "I would be, if it weren't for the fact that I'm not interested in you. Sure, to be frank, you're beautiful eye candy, but nothing more for me. I'm very involved with women I'm deeply in love with, who are at least as beautiful as you, if not more so. Most of them I've known all my life. Harsh, I know, but I need to disabuse you of this idea that I'm coming on to you. That way, we can talk freely, as friends."

She was stunned by his blunt words. She just stared at him wide-eyed, not knowing what to say to that. She was totally unused to anyone not wanting her sexually. Normally, she would scoff at any straight man making that claim, but, given Alan's other stunning lovers, it seemed possible. Furthermore, her submissive side was her most closely guarded secret. No one had ever implied that she was submissive before, since she worked hard not to give that impression. Even Suzanne in recent days had been careful not to reveal that she'd discovered that about her.

Finally, Brenda asked, "So... Mr. Has All the Answers, what kind of man do I need?"

"May I be frank?"

"As if you aren't already?!"

"Even so, may I?"

She huffed, "Fine! Whatever!" But she was dying to find out what he'd say.

He was still working from Suzanne's inside information, but he was also quite horny now too. Even though he continued to avoid looking at Brenda's voluptuous body, he was aware of the great sexual opportunity he had with her. He had no need to will his penis to stay stiff when he had the idea of fucking her huge, soft tits in the back of his mind.

Thus, when he spoke, his lust was heavily influencing him too. "You need a man who treats your body like he owns it. I can tell that you're bored by men who are keen on flattering you and fawning over you. You want someone who YOU have to flatter and fawn over to keep his interest. Your ideal man, he's not going to ask for sex, or even demand it. He's just gonna unzip his fly, point his stiff, jutting erection at your face, and expect you to service him!"

Alan enjoyed watching Brenda visibly swallow, hearing his words like dangerous thunderclaps. The "deer in the headlights" look in her eyes made her seem deliciously vulnerable.

He went on, "You're a woman of tremendous potential, but you need a man who can not only match you but also let you be the woman you were always meant to be. He'll treat you like a queen most of the time, out of bed, but in bed, he'll be your lord and master!"

Brenda gasped out loud. She'd never imagined he would suggest something so outrageous and lewd. His words seemed to bypass all her defenses and go straight to her heart.

He belatedly worried that he'd gone too far, way too far. He tried to maintain a poker face, but his heart leapt up to his throat. Already, he was thinking about how he could backtrack some and limit the damage.

Luckily, not only was Suzanne right that Brenda was sexually submissive, but Brenda was even more submissive than Suzanne realized. That's why she'd been afraid to ever act on her submissive feelings and she tried to be intimidating, including having public temper tantrums. She was terribly afraid of opening that Pandora's Box and losing all control to her sexual lusts. As a result, his words hit home like an arrow striking a bull's-eye.

He was even luckier than that though with his word choice. He'd used the words "lord and master" inadvertently in a dramatic flourish. That seemed to be his most outrageous mistake.

But in fact, those were the very words that affected her the most. When she heard "lord and master," an electric thrill ran down her spine, straight to her pussy and nipples. She very nearly came on the spot! Even though she'd never acted on it, she'd had many fantasies along that line. If there was one word that aroused her more than any other, it was "master." Her greatest fantasy was to be a sex slave for a powerful master who had a harem of other equally impressive sex slaves.

Her nipples were already erect, but her pussy started to lubricate too. More tellingly, and embarrassingly, her huge tits began heaving up and down, despite her heavy bra support, due to her sudden need to gasp for air. She felt completely naked, both physically and emotionally. She was aware of her heaving breasts, and considered putting her hands on them to still them. But she was suddenly so very aroused that she worried she couldn't trust her hands to simply hold them in place. Her face turned redder and redder as her boobs bounced in an obvious manner with no explanation except for his words.

Her body's obvious physical reaction to his words saved the situation for him. He realized that his overreach wasn't a problem after all. So instead of sheepishly backtracking, he felt even more emboldened. He didn't say more just yet; instead he just stared into her eyes from a close distance, as if he was trying to win a battle of wills.

That made her feel that he was daring her to admit her true nature. Perhaps he was even challenging her to submit completely to him right there, at that moment. Her already strong desire for him shot through the roof. Her fear more than doubled too.

In fact, he didn't have any specific intentions. He was merely aggressively maintaining his "cocky, confident, yet aloof" pose. He sensed he'd struck a chord, but he didn't even begin to realize just what an enormous effect his words had had on her.

For Brenda, this was a pivotal moment, possibly a life-changing moment. She had strongly desired Alan already, due to what Susan and Suzanne had said about him in recent days. However, she had been highly doubtful that he really was "all that." This card game was an excuse for her to test him and see if he was for real.

Due to this conversation she was having with him, she thought, You know what? I've just realized that Alan is everything that Susan and Suzanne have claimed, and maybe even more! And with his "lord and master" comment... Oh God! My desire for him has doubled, and then doubled again! I don't just want any good man, I want THIS man! I want Alan! Nobody else will do!

And some of his other words shook her to her core. Until a couple of days ago, she had been convinced that any woman who claimed she enjoyed giving a blowjob was lying. Talking to Susan and Suzanne had started to shake that. But then Alan had said to her, "He's not going to ask for sex, or even demand it. He's just gonna unzip his fly, point his stiff, jutting dick at your face, and expect you to service it." After she'd heard that, had he pointed to his crotch, she very well might have dropped to her knees and started sucking right then and there, even knowing the other three women were nearby.

She saw the way that his gaze had dropped to her chest, so she finally placed an arm under her massive breasts, lifting them and thrusting them out directly at him. She intended it to be a safe way to stop their heaving, but the way it worked out, it was as if she was offering herself up for his inspection and approval.

She suddenly found herself afraid to be in the same room as him. She felt a curious, powerful urge to take her clothes off, and especially to show him her bare breasts. But she decided that she had no choice but to steel her willpower and brave it out.

It seemed that he'd finally noticed her incredible body and revealed his lust for her. She should have been happy about that, but instead she felt afraid. It was all too much, too exciting. She no longer thought of him as an eighteen year old high schooler who hadn't accomplished anything significant in his life yet. Instead, he was "lord and master" - the master of Susan, the master of Suzanne, and the master of many more amazing beauties.

She felt panicky. Dear God! Alan... He, he... He's just... I'm not worthy! She had to turn her head because she couldn't handle his intense gaze.

The silence between them grew. She felt like she had to say something to break the awkwardness, but she didn't know what. Finally, she asked, "Is that... is that how you treat the women who help you, like Susan and Suzanne?"

He shrugged. "I try. It depends on them. I give them what they want and need."

She thought, My God! He's modest about it, but he DOES treat them like that! Lucky sluts! No wonder they can't stop raving about him! If he gives me what I want and need, then he's going to give me his cock! Right down my throat! Dear God!

He just kept staring at her ample rack. That went directly against Suzanne's advice to play hard to get. In fact, if there was one thing Suzanne had repeatedly emphasized, it was to avoid looking at Brenda's breasts. But he trusted his own instincts too, and he sensed that the situation had significantly shifted somehow. He didn't understand how exactly, but he was getting immediate feedback in the form of Brenda's arousal. He could tell that the more blatantly he stared at her tits, the more trouble she had just breathing.

The silence grew again until it became unbearable for Brenda. She finally asked, almost fearfully, "And... and... what about my breasts?"

He didn't understand the question. "What about them?"

She was completely flustered and wide-eyed. "What would you... I mean, what would this man, this ideal man you say I need... what would he do to them?"

He gave her ample chest a long look. Her tits were continuing to heave up and down somewhat, even with her arm underneath them, because she was that excited. "The thing is, everybody thinks you're just a walking pair of boobs, but he would know that that's not true. He would know you have an incredible body from head to toe, and he'd want to possess every inch of it. Every last inch!"

She gasped. "Every last inch!" Sweet Jesus! He would own me! All of me!bender

He went on, "True, your tits are a big attraction, and I'm sure he'd caress them like he owns them. He'd have you topless most of the time, if not completely naked altogether. That would make it easy for him to slide his dick between them daily. But he wouldn't stop there. He'd... No." He shook his head.

"What?!" His words excited her so much that she felt dizzy and giddy.

He could see a burning fire in her eyes, and her body somehow held an eager pose. But nonetheless, he figured he should stop while he was still ahead. "Sorry, I'm being too forward. Don't listen to my mad ramblings. You should talk to Suzanne. She'll help you out."

Brenda was crushed. He'd set her whole body aflame with his words and his intense stare, and now she wanted to hear more, much more. "Wait! Don't stop! Sometimes it's good to hear a male perspective. What else would you, I mean, uh, what would he do to the rest of me?"

Encouraged, he got even more blatant. He leaned in close and spoke in a low but passionate voice. "Well, he would FUCK your pussy! And I'm not talking about the tepid 'making love' you've experienced before. I'm talking about getting well and truly fucked, like a beautiful woman such as yourself deserves to be, where you feel so good that you honestly wonder if it's possible to simply die from an overdose of pleasure. He would do that to you daily!"

Brenda looked like she was ready to jump on Alan, she was so wired with desire. Of course he'd fuck the shit out of me! He'd skewer me deep, until I screamed my voice hoarse! It's his right! As lord and master!

She asked with even more eagerness, "What else?! What about my ass? What would he do to my ass?!" She suddenly twisted her body to show off her ass while still looking back into his eyes. She even bent over slightly and put a hand on her ass. The skirt was so short that that showed off a fair amount of bare ass cheek. He could see a bit of her panties wedged between her cheeks as well.

He knew he was playing a dangerous game in letting his lust do the talking, but he could see that it was having a great effect on her. Besides, the way she was showing her ass off short-circuited his restraint. "Of course, he'd know that you have a fantastic ass! He'd love to run his hands all over it, and even kiss it and lick it!"

She was in seventh heaven. "What else?!" She used the hand on her ass to subtly lift her skirt up higher.

He tried to think what else he could say to continue his run. He briefly considered shocking her with the idea of anal sex, but he found it too unappealing to be convincing about it. So instead he said, "Just so he can fully appreciate and fondle your ass, he'd flip you over and fuck you doggy style!"

She gasped. She whispered in awe, "My... my... pussy?"

He started off speaking calmly, but as he carried on he found it harder and harder to restrain himself. "Not your pussy; your cunt! You'd find yourself lying naked on your bed with a telephone pole stuffed up your hot, needy cunt! His thickness would take possession of you. You would strain to take every throbbing inch as he plows deep inside you! Your face would be mashed against the pillows as you whimper and moan and wriggle. Your breasts too. Sweat and cum would pour off you. You'd claw at the sheet and gasp desperately for air. You'd beg for him to stop because you just can't take that much intense pleasure, but you'd also beg him to keep going because you'd find you need that pleasure almost as much as you need air to breathe!"

Brenda knew exactly how that felt, because her breasts were still heaving wildly as she panted for air. Her arm was no longer under them and supporting them. Yes! Yes! It would be exactly like that! I already know it would be the best! Perfection!

He concluded, "I guess your begging would just be incoherent. You'd churn your rear end all over his big cock as you screamed his name!"

Brenda was so horny that she actually did have a small climax right then, due entirely to his words. Her pussy was gushing, soaking her panties. She could easily imagine herself getting thoroughly fucked doggy style by Alan precisely as he'd described.

Suddenly she had to hide her ass from him, for fear that he'd notice her orgasmic trembling. So she turned her body back towards him. But she had to turn her head away immediately after that, because just looking into his eyes had become too arousing for her to take.

Once she broke eye contact, Alan sensed that he really was going too far this time. He came to his senses somewhat and tried to downplay what had just happened. He said, "Sorry if I got a little carried away with my description, but I'm just trying to convey that what you're lacking is passionate sex like that."

"That's quite all right," she replied, now fully facing him again, but with her head shyly bowed down. She was feeling flush, and hoped it didn't show in her face. (It did.)

He continued calmly, "It's too bad I'm already taken several times over, because I could be that man for you. You might be worthy of me. It's possible. But don't worry. There are other men like that out there; you just need to find one. Like I said earlier, we've been going through a sexual liberation here lately, mostly thanks to Suzanne. You really should talk to her. She'll help you find the sexual satisfaction you need to make your life complete."

He thought, "You might be worthy of me. It's possible." Jesus! What chutzpah! Did I really say that?! About HER?! How embarrassing. I'm taking this whole cocky attitude thing way too far!

Brenda looked back in Alan's general direction, but she was afraid to make eye contact again. "You might be worthy of me. It's possible." Did he really say that?! Oh God! Dear God! There's HOPE!

She felt wrung out, like she'd just had the intense kind of sex he was talking about. This situation was far too exciting for her. She decided she had to force herself to behave in a calm and normal manner, lest he see just how much he'd gotten to her. She nodded. "That's a good idea. I'll do that. Thanks." Oh God! There's hope!

He was still looking her body over in a blatant manner. He'd been focusing on her enormous tits, still heaving wildly, but now his gaze went lower. Suddenly, it was his turn to gasp with surprise.

That gasp worried Brenda greatly. She looked down her body to see what might have caused it. But her breasts were so very large she had trouble looking down past them.

However, she suddenly felt what he had to have seen: she could feel trickles of cum rolling down her inner thighs. That wouldn't have been so bad, except that she was painfully aware that her dress covered her crotch like a miniskirt, and a short one at that. Clearly, he must have seen the trickles of cum sliding down her skin!

Oh no! I'm ruined! No! What is he going to think of me?!

She had to escape, and right away. She quickly started to walk away, towards where she knew the downstairs bathroom was. "If you'll excuse me, I have to go powder my nose."

He smiled. "Sure. It's been nice talking to you. I hope I didn't offend you."

"No! No problem! Uh, bye!" She fled the rest of the way to the bathroom, practically running there.

Chapter 273 A Game Of Poker

Once Brenda had the door safely closed behind her, she breathed a huge sigh of relief. But she was far from relaxed. She quickly pulled her miniskirt up and her panties down. Then she sank two fingers deep into her slit. Aaaaaah!

She clenched her teeth with all her might as a great orgasm ripped through her. It lasted so long that she had plenty of time to maul and knead at her big boobs through her dress and bra, while also steadily pumping her fingers in and out of her needy gash. "Lord and Master!" Master Alan! Take me! Take me and use me! Make me one of your sluts! Oh God! Fuck me in every hole! Hot! Too hot!

It was the greatest orgasm she'd had in years, if not ever. It took all her willpower not to scream her head off, and having to hold back vocally somehow only aroused her even more.

When it was all over, she slowly slid her ass down the door until it reached the floor. She kept her eyes closed and struggled hard not to cry. It wasn't that she was overjoyed, and it wasn't because she was sad - she was simply emotionally overcome.

Alan was more than a little emotionally staggered by what had just happened too. His boner twitched wildly in his slacks, like it was straining to burst free. But he deliberately ignored it, and after a minute or two it went back to "merely" being stiffly erect.

Meanwhile, he tried to make sense of what had just happened. Whoa! Where did THAT come from? It was like another me just came out of nowhere and kind of took over. The same sort of thing happened when I had sex with Heather yesterday. I hope I didn't freak Brenda out too much, or make my lust too obvious.

Well, I probably did both, and it's too late to take that back. I mean, how much more obvious could I get?! I kept talking about what "he" would do, but we both knew I was talking about me and her. And damn if that doesn't make me horny, thinking about taking her like that!

I know what it is. I have this HUGE lust for all the women I love, like Mom, Aunt Suzy, Sis, and even Aims. But I love them so much that I'm afraid I'll upset them. So sometimes I act kind of timid around them. I'm afraid to boss them around, even if that's what they want. But when I have a chance to turn my lust on someone else, like Heather or Brenda, all that bottled-up aggressiveness suddenly comes out. Man, I just dumped this BLAST of overwhelming lust on her!

I hope I didn't freak her out too much. Oh, man! I must have totally overdone it. Damn!

It took Alan another minute or two to regain his wits and calm his breathing enough so he could talk in a reasonable manner. He immediately headed to the kitchen.

Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were quietly whispering amongst themselves. There was an electric charge in the air. Clearly, they knew something was up.

When Suzanne saw Alan come near, she eagerly whispered to him, "Well?"

He spoke in a low voice to make sure there was no way Brenda could hear from the bathroom down the hall from the kitchen. "That was... interesting! To say the least! Aunt Suzy, I think we went off script. Waaaay off script!"

She was practically ready to shake him, to shake more of an explanation out. "Don't be so cryptic! Give us more!"

"Well... I think that was a big success."

The three women turned to each other and started high-fiving. But they were quiet and careful high-fives. Clearly, had they not been worried about Brenda overhearing, they would have been whooping and hollering.

Susan and Katherine may have had reservations about the whole plan to seduce Brenda, but those reservations were totally forgotten, at least for now. Together with Suzanne, they were rooting for Alan all the way.

Alan was rushed, because he didn't know how long Brenda would stay in the bathroom, but he took a couple of minutes to briefly explain the highlights of what had happened. He talked about how he got carried away with the boldness of his sexual suggestions, and how Brenda had unexpectedly reacted, down to the cum he saw dripping down her inner thighs. He mentioned a few "mistakes," such as how he blatantly stared at Brenda's boobs and how he'd gotten so carried away that he'd even mentioned fucking her doggy style.

Suzanne whispered in response, "Curious. Interesting! That's okay though. Go with your gut. Stare all you want. I think things have changed, and that's good."

"Really? Cool!" He concluded by speculating that Brenda probably went to the bathroom to masturbate.

To his surprise, Susan whispered, "We know. She did!"

He asked, "How do you know?!"

"We didn't dare peek our heads in, but we were quiet as mice, listening for clues. We couldn't make out words, but we could hear the general tone. We actually heard the growing lust, somehow! Then, when Brenda went to the bathroom, she did a damn good job keeping quiet, but not quiet enough! We could hear the occasional squeak or grunt or moan!"

Katherine nodded. "Congrats, Bro! She had a super big orgasm, for sure!"bender

He was surprised. "Wow. So you knew all that already. Wow! But... what now?! What do I do for an encore? I think I got lucky. Anything else will be a come-down compared to that."

Suzanne said, "That's probably true. But remember that it's better to be lucky than good. Although in your case, stud, you're lucky AND good! I say we act like nothing's happened and go back to playing cards. Sweetie, you go upstairs and just chill out. Let this big boy have a much-deserved rest."

She fondly patted his still very stiff erection. "Do your homework. We'll play it by ear, and if we think your presence will help, we'll call you down. Okay?"

"Okay. But 'do my homework?!' No way! How can I ever go back to doing normal things, after something like that?!"

Susan pushed him away, as if pushing him up the stairs already. "Try. And go now! Before she gets out of the bathroom!"

So he went upstairs.

It was a strange comedown to be alone in his room after all that excitement. But he appreciated the chance to chill out for a while. He lay on his bed and closed his eyes. He was still too wired to go to sleep right away, but his body was able to get some rest just from lying there.

Brenda took a while longer in the bathroom, first to recover physically from her intense orgasm, and then to try and make herself presentable. Feeling slightly desperate, she raided the bathroom cabinets for a hairbrush to fix her bedraggled appearance, since her skin-tight dress didn't have pockets and her purse was near the front door.

She had a problem with her panties. She tended to get wet very easily, sometimes very, very wet. So she normally carried extra panties in her purse, in her car, and so on. She didn't have an extra pair to change into now. She was so sopping wet that she wasn't sure if it would be worse to keep them on or go without. She decided to keep them on, and washed the front of them in the sink so at least they wouldn't reek of sexual arousal.

Eventually, she managed to look more or less normal. The only lingering sign of her orgasm was her flushed face, but she couldn't take the time needed to wait for that to go away. She gathered up her courage and went out to interact with the others.

She was relieved that Alan had gone upstairs. She worried that she'd babble and blush and generally make an embarrassing spectacle of herself if she had to see or talk to him now. She was further relieved that the other three acted as if nothing was out of the ordinary. They didn't even ask why she'd taken such an inordinately long time in the bathroom.

Instead, they pretended to be chomping at the bit to resume the poker game, so that's what happened.

That was a further relief to Brenda, because playing cards allowed her to focus on something else so she didn't have to wonder so much about what the heck had just happened between her and Alan.

As usual during their card play, there was a lively discussion going on at the same time.

Brenda had a chance to reconsider what had happened, now that she'd calmed down. Phew! That was scary. Why did I let Alan get to me like that? He's not so great. Sure, he IS a real man. A total stud! There's no doubt about that. But he's still in high school. He's a nobody. I'm filthy rich and gorgeous. I've met all kinds of famous people over the years. Movers and shakers! I must be insane, thinking about having sex with Susan's son!

I've got to get my act together. True, I've long fantasized about being dominated by a man like him, but those are just fantasies. I can never let that cross over into my real life. I would be ruined! Where would it lead? If I open that door, there's no telling how far I'd fall into total depravity. Alan is dangerous! I need to stay clear of him!

Besides, he's taken, several times over. And he's not even that interested in me. Although he did say "You might be worthy of me. It's possible." SHUSH! Shit, you can't even think about that! Stop! Just stop!

But curiosity got the best of her. Once the game was proceeding nicely, she felt like she had her "foolish" feelings under control, so there was no danger in simply learning a bit more about him. When there was a lull in the discussion, she asked, "Excuse me, but could I ask something rather... personal?"

Suzanne vaguely replied, "Please do."

"I know it's not my place to ask, but I can't help myself. How do... how do things work around here? With Alan, I mean?"

Speaking for the group, Suzanne said, "I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, I know that he gets a certain amount of, uh, special help from you to deal with his, uh, unusual problem... with his, uh... penis..."

"Yes?" Susan encouraged.

"And, uh, I thought I'd have to put up with a certain amount of wildness here. For instance, you mentioned visual stimulation. Even Katherine takes part in that, am I right?"

Katherine nodded proudly. "That's right. As much as Mom lets me." She shot a pouty look at her mother.

Brenda stumbled onward, "And, uh, um... I was told that it could happen that he'd get erect and one of you would have to take him to another room, and uh, er... kind of... take care of him."

Susan said, "Yes, that's generally how it works. What's the question?"

"It's just that, none of that has happened. Even though, well, if I can be perfectly frank..."

"Please!" Suzanne encouraged.

"The thing is... I couldn't help but notice that he's been erect pretty much since I got here. Isn't that a problem for him?!"

Suzanne fielded that. "You're right. That IS a problem. But, and let me be frank too, we've kind of tried to avoid that sort of thing tonight, since you're here. I mean, you must think we're weird enough already without Susan or I popping off to take care of him every now and then."

Brenda said, carefully, "That is very bizarre, true. But I don't want him to suffer on my account. I already told you that I don't want to judge, and I'm not going to tell a soul about what happens here. If these card games become a weekly tradition - and I'll be glad if they do - I'm going to end up seeing that kind of thing sooner or later. So it might as well be now. Like I told you the other day, I'm a big girl. I'm sexually liberated. I can handle it."

Susan asked doubtfully, "Are you sure? Really sure?!"

"I am. To be honest, I feel bad for him. The whole time we were talking, well... I couldn't help but notice... UGH! I can't believe I'm saying this, but I saw a bulge in his slacks that was so immense, I couldn't believe my eyes!"

Susan chuckled. "That's sounds about right. That's my boy!"

The others chuckled and giggled too, and Brenda joined in. She was very relieved at how her comments were taken, and she relaxed some.

Chapter 274 You Dress Like That To Help Inspire Your Own Brother To Cum?"

Susan looked to Suzanne. "Now that she's given us permission, I'm concerned. Maybe you should go upstairs and check on him."

Suzanne considered that, then thought, Why the heck not? Brenda seems to have passed some critical point of no return anyway.

But she asked Susan, "Are you sure you want me to go? Remember what you said earlier, about how you were going to exclusively take care of him for a while?"

Susan blushed slightly. "That's true. But let's not shock poor Brenda too much all at once. I am his mother, after all, and no matter what she says, I'm sure she thinks that's extra weird."

Brenda did find that "extra weird," but in an intriguing and very arousing kind of way. She found the idea of Susan assisting Alan's erection twice as arousing as Suzanne doing it. It was almost too exciting for her to contemplate. But she felt she couldn't admit that to anyone, or they'd think she was the really weird one.

Suzanne shrugged. "Well... if you say so, okay. I'll go check." However, they were in the middle of a round of poker, so she didn't leave just yet. She waited until the hand came to an end. All the while, she could tell the tension was rising, especially from Brenda.

She took advantage of the delay to test Brenda a little bit. "Brenda, just so you're completely clear, you want me to tell you what's going to happen upstairs?"

"Um, if you wish." She tried to stay casual, but she was secretly thrilled by that question. Brace yourself, girl! Remember, Alan is not for you. You're just curious about how things work. Stay calm!

Suzanne said, "I'm going to go up there, and knowing him, his cock is going to be stiff already. Remember we told you already that we tend to call it a 'cock' around here, not a 'penis.'"

"I remember. And that's perfectly okay with me." Brenda was having to fight showing visible excitement. It IS a cock! And what a cock! God damn!

"Anyway, if it's stiff or not doesn't really matter. Either way, I'll probably start with a little striptease to get him in the mood. At the same time, I'll probably do some sexy talking too. For instance, once I'm topless, I might press my breasts together and lick my lips, like this" - she did just that, though her skimpy dress stayed on - "and tell him how I can't wait for him to slide his cock in my cleavage. Then I'd-" She cut herself off and brought her hands back to her sides. "Sorry, I'm probably getting too graphic. Am I getting too graphic? I'll stop."

Brenda exclaimed, "NO! Please don't stop!" She belatedly realized she might appear more than a little too eager, so she attempted to continue in a calmer vein. "Er, what I mean is, like I told you, I can handle this kind of thing. I don't want you to censor yourself for my sake."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." But Brenda warned herself, Calm. Stay calm! Alan is a nobody. Just an extremely well-hung, sexy nobody.

Suzanne resumed, "Very well. I'd continue to do that sort of thing." She stood up. "For instance, I might turn around and show off my ass. He's definitely a tit man, but he appreciates a fine ass too." She waved a hand over her ass, and struck a sexy pose. "Something like this, perhaps."

Brenda practically clapped her hands with glee. That's so true! He does appreciate a fine ass! He loves mine; he told me himself! I can't wait for him to spread my... Oh shit! Calm! Stay calm!

Suzanne went on, "And while I'm posing, I'd say more to inspire. For instance, I might tell him that this ass belongs to him, just as the rest of my body belongs to him."

Brenda's chest started to heave up and down. This was exactly the kind of thing she'd been fishing for. OH, YESSSS! Her body belongs to him! God! FUCK! That's too hot!

Suzanne had correctly guessed what Brenda wanted and she was delivering it while trying not to be too blatant. "By then, I imagine he'd be pretty worked up. Certainly, his cock would be sticking straight up, demanding my attention. Then... Oh. I'd better stop. I really am getting too graphic this time."

Brenda was practically bouncing in her chair with eagerness. "NO! I mean, please don't! In fact, I insist you continue! I want to prove that you can talk freely around me. Consider me just another one of the girls." Another one of his SLUTS, more like! Shit. No! Calm. Calm! He's a nobody! Nobody!

Suzanne pretended to be doubtful. "Well, if you insist. So, by that point, I'd be completely naked. Except for my high heels, of course. We usually wear those because he likes them."

Brenda was panting heavily. Yes! Of course! High heels are a must!

"Then I'd drop to my knees and crawl to his cock."

Brenda was so shocked and delighted that she nearly stood up. "You'd do that?! You?!" She could envision that with crystal clear clarity, except she was the one naked and crawling.

"Well, I'm saying I might. That's the sort of thing we do. It's not just about inspiring him; I'm getting psyched up too." In fact, Suzanne had no intention to ever crawl to him herself, as she considered it too demeaning. But she correctly figured this was the sort of thing that would thrill a submissive like Brenda.

Brenda practically screamed to herself, GET A GRIP! GET A GRIP! Fuuuuuck! Alan is a nobody! A nothing! Just a kid. But if he's a nobody, how does he get even the likes of Suzanne to crawl to him on her knees?! Clearly, he's a super stud! A natural lord and master! Hot damn! Dammit, I want him so much!

Suzanne smirked a little as she went on, "Then, I might crawl up on the bed. But let's assume that he's sitting on the edge of the bed, because we usually end up naked and kneeling between his legs. It's a great position for, well, let's just say 'oral action.'"

Brenda's pussy was very wet again. Her panties were soaked from before, so rivulets of cum were dripping down her inner thighs. That should be ME! UGH! To be naked and kneeling in just my high heels for such a superior kind of man! Total submission! Sexy servitude! Alan, please! Let me suck your cock!

Suzanne continued, "Now, holding and stroking his hot cock in my hands, I could say something, such as thanking him for letting me be the one of his many sluts to suck him this time."

Brenda's wide eyes grew even wider. She's thanking HIM! But of course she is!

"But by this point I imagine that I'd be so worked up myself that I'd just engulf his entire cockhead and then some with my mouth, create a tight seal with my lips, and start to SUCK!"

Brenda gasped. "OH GOD!" She could picture it vividly, except that in her mind she had taken Suzanne's place. Alan! So much cock! UNGH! It's filling my mouth to the brim! I can't breathe! Too much cock! Hot in my hands! I have to stroke and suck before I pass out!

Suzanne was getting into hamming up her story with dramatic flourishes and hand gestures. She pronounced, "Then... let the sucking begin! Here's where it gets really fun, but really hard too. Just getting your lips around his huge cock is a struggle. And keeping it that way while breathing through your nose gets no easier!"

Brenda thought with lust and alarm, I knew it! I'm choking and gagging! His cock is defeating me!

"But your troubles have just begun, because the competition is steep, and his standards are high. You've gotta use every trick, every move you know, while keeping your lips AND tongue busy, and stroking the rest of his shaft for good measure!"

Not surprisingly, Susan was getting extremely worked up hearing this, maybe as much as Brenda. She chimed in, "And that's not all! You don't do that for just one minute, or two, or even five. You'll suck and suck and suck until your jaw hurts, and your tongue can't go on, and your lips are tired from sliding, and even your fingers can't stroke anymore! But his cock is stiff as an iron bar! It's hopeless!"

Brenda was mystified by this talk about how difficult it was, but at the same time she loved hearing it. She had to resist the temptation to play with her pussy under the table. "Hopeless?"

Susan was taking over the narrative, even as she unthinkingly clutched at her breasts through her dress. "Yes, hopeless! His cock has totally defeated you with its power and stamina! But you dig, deep inside, for that last reserve of energy and willpower. You think about his many other lovers, and you decide you've just gotta do better than them. You're determined to show that you've got what it takes to be his absolute favorite cocksucker ever! So you suck! And suck and suck and suck, and then you suck some more! With so much suction, and tongue work, like you're trying to lick and suck his cock right off!"

Susan visually demonstrated her words with lewd hand motions and a wide open mouth. She even pretended to wipe sweat off her forehead, to indicate the physical struggle.

Brenda was transfixed. This sounded like the most thrilling thing she'd ever heard. She held her breath, knowing that Susan was getting to something good.

"And then, if you're lucky, he rewards you! With a great big sperm shower!"

Susan's face was rapturous. "All over your face! Down your throat! Spilling down your chin! On your tits! Everywhere!"

Brenda was triumphant. YESSSSS! That's it, Alan! Cum all over me! Drown me in your cum! Claim me and own me!

However, that thought about being owned gave her pause. Fuck! I'm letting him get to me too much. I've really gotta get a grip or I'm going to humiliate myself screaming like an idiot! Calm the fuck down! This isn't a fantasy. These are real people doing real things. Which makes it even MORE exciting than even my best fantasies! But I can't think that. I can't!

Susan paused her account, because she was trying to control herself too. She realized that her breathing was racing out of control. So she clutched tightly at her very ample chest and tried to divert attention away from herself by asking Suzanne, "Isn't that right?"

Suzanne grinned widely. "Sounds about right to me."

Katherine was getting very worked up also, but she sensed she could excite Brenda even more by pretending to be calm, acting as if this discussion was nothing out of the ordinary.

Brenda was panting heavily, but she didn't want the others to know just how horny she was. So she tried her best to be skeptical. "That sounds good for him, but what about you?"

Susan resumed her eager talking. "Didn't I mention that part? That's usually when a big orgasm hits YOU, too! Oh my goodness! So much pleasure! And not just one. Sometimes, when I start cumming, it's like I can't stop! Mmmm! So good! Then, just when you think it's all over and he practically passes out from the sheer joy of it all, it's time to lick his cock and balls clean! MMMM!"

Suzanne was amused at Susan's enthusiasm yet again. She was grinning with wry understatement as she said to Brenda, "So, there you have it. One typical Plummer house blowjob."

Katherine finally couldn't resist breaking her silence to make a joke. "Gee, Mom, I kind of gather that you like it."

Susan didn't get her wry understatement. "I do! I do!"

A lull of silence ensued. There still was plenty of heavy breathing all around, especially from Brenda. Susan finally remembered decorum and let go of her boobs.

Suzanne then jokingly pointed out, "So... we were in the middle of the poker game. Who's turn is it?"

The others just laughed, because the poker hand was clearly forgotten.

Finally, Brenda asked, "Thanks for sharing that. Is that how it is every time?"

"Pretty much," Suzanne said. Actually, she'd exaggerated a lot, to present an idealized picture. But she sensed this is what a submissive like Brenda wanted to hear.

Brenda was stunned. "That's incredible! But it's so much work! It sounds really hard."

Susan spoke proudly. "It is! But that's one thing that makes it so good and satisfying. It's hard to explain. It's like, when he blasts cum all over your face, you know you've really earned it."

Suzanne had sat back down once Susan got on a roll. But now she stood back up again. "Speaking of all that, now you've got me really keen to go upstairs. If you'll excuse me, ladies, I've got a fat cock to choke and gag on." She winked. Then she turned and walked out of the dining room.

Brenda whispered in awe. "Wow!" Lucky slut! Choking and gagging too. That sounds like some serious, hard-core cocksucking! I want that! I totally want that! I want HIM!

To think that I was claiming that Alan was just a "nobody." Fuck that! That's bullshit! Yes, he's young and inexperienced, but it's clear that he's an incredible man! To think that Suzanne, a living goddess, just went upstairs to "choke and gag" on his fat cock! And Susan would love to join in, I'm sure. It's almost too exciting to contemplate!

How can I not want him, after all I've seen and heard? I'm incredible too, in my own way, but that just means that I'm worthy of being one of his sluts! He even nearly said as much!

With Suzanne gone, Brenda switched to saying some of her more acceptable thoughts out loud. "I think I'm starting to get it. I think I've been looking at sex the wrong way. Due to my appearance, I figured any man should consider himself lucky just to be with me. I didn't put much effort into it. In bed, I mean. But... the more you put into it, the more you get out of it. Am I right?"

Susan nodded enthusiastically. "Exactly!"

"But what about Alan? It seems like he's not putting as much into it."

Katherine joked, but in a way that she knew would push Brenda's submissive buttons, "It's good to be the king!" She giggled.

Susan could tell what Katherine was doing, and she played along. "It's true. It IS good to be the king. The rules are different for him. After all, he's the man of the house, and we're his busty sluts. Our duty is to pleasure him." She frowned as she considered her words. "Although 'duty' isn't the right word. More like it's our privilege to help him." She smiled. "Yes, that's better. It's a privilege and a joy. You heard Suzanne say that she thanks him for the chance to bob on his thickness, not the other way around."

Brenda could scarcely breathe, she was so amazed.

Susan went on, "But it's not all fun and games for him. He has to fight hard not to cum, and that's not easy. You should see the intense struggle on his face sometimes. Actually, a lot of the time, because our job is to keep him right on the edge of orgasm as long as we can. Brenda, you have no idea what a pleasure it is, to bob and stroke and lick, keeping him on the brink!" She stared off into space, smiling in fond memory.

Brenda thought, My God! Amaaaazing! The more I hear, the more I want to be a part of this!

But I need to cool my jets for now. For one thing, he may not even want me. The competition is pretty tough. And for another, success could be scarier than failure. My submissive fantasies have been safely locked away deep inside of me until now, and for good reason. What do I really want here? Do I really want to be just one more of his many sluts? That's crazy! I'm a perfect ten. I have more money than I know what to do with. I can do much, much better!

I need to seriously think this over before I say or do anything rash.

There was a sort of post-orgasmic feeling in the air, even though nobody had climaxed. So Susan, Katherine, and Brenda took a short break from even talking. It went without saying that they were all thinking about what Suzanne was doing upstairs.

The older women were drinking a fair amount of wine (Katherine was not allowed), which helped ease inhibitions.

After a few minutes, Susan poured herself another glass of wine. Thinking out loud, she said, "Suzanne's so lucky to be upstairs right now. I just loooove giving that boy a nice blowjob. The taste of his cum. ... Oh! It's just too much!"

Brenda nodded longingly.

Susan sighed blissfully. "Have I mentioned how sweet his cum is?"

"Yes, you have."

Susan went on dreamily, "Even as we speak, I'll bet she's kneeling naked between his legs, going to town all over his thick cock with her hands, lips, and tongue! It's such a special feeling to be in that position. To SERVE! His hot, pulsing cock-meat is squirting out pre-cum from time to time, and even that is delicious!"

Katherine cut in. "Mom, remember I'm listening too. You say stuff like that, and then you say I can't join in. It's soooo frustrating! Grrrr!"

"Sorry, Angel."

Brenda went back to daydreaming about what it would be like to be in Suzanne's high heels right now. She must be bobbing on his thickness even as we speak! I'll bet there are tears leaking from her eyes from the sheer effort of it all. But Alan just sits there like a king, because he is the king! "Lord and master" too! Dammit, why did he ever have to say those words to me?!

She decided that if she kept thinking along those lines, she'd practically die of anticipation. She decided to change the subject at least somewhat. "Katherine, if I may ask, what's your role in all this?"

"I try to inspire Alan by dressing sexily. For instance, look at this dress." Katherine stood up and moved away from the table to model her outfit. She even waved her hands over herself, like a model at an auto

show. It was a white dress that barely clung to her midsection, much like a wrap-around towel. It looked like her nipples were only covered by two flaps of cloth that could blow open at any moment, but in fact they were taped down.

She asked Brenda, "What do you think?"

Brenda replied, "I must admit, you look good. And you dress like that to help inspire your own brother to cum?"

"Yep! You got it. It's very important that he shoot out large quantities of cum all throughout the day. This is a team effort and we all have our roles."

Brenda asked, "May I ask: do you get completely naked for him?"

Katherine carefully replied, "My role is kind of evolving. But if that's what it takes, then sure! Why not? If he were to say to me, 'Sis, stand up, take off all your clothes, and then bend over and touch your toes,' I'd do it. In a heartbeat."

Susan chided, "Angel!"

"What? Mom, you said I could help with the visual stimulation, didn't you?"

Susan grumbled, "I know, but that sounds lewd and improper."

"Hey, we've all gotta do our part. In fact, I'd like to do more. I wish I could be the one with my lips stretched wide around his pole right now, and with my tongue dancing all over his sweet spot. But Mom won't let me."

Brenda thought, A-ha! Katherine may not be one of his sluts yet, but she will be soon! Of course she will. A man like Alan takes what he wants, and he's sure to want her. She's a total fox. Then he'll basically own his mother AND his sister! Jesus H. Christ!

Despite thinking all that, she merely asked, "'Sweet spot?'"

Katherine explained, "That's what we call the frenulum. You know, the special spot on the inside, just under the crown."

Again, Susan's passion for the subject caused her to add her two cents. "That's really what it's all about, stimulating the sweet spot. That's my absolute favorite, because I know he loves it so much! The challenge is to lick and suck and stroke it pretty much non-stop, but in a variety of ways, so he's constantly delighted and surprised."

Katherine goaded Brenda a little more. "I'm sure that's what Suzanne is doing right now. She's working on his sweet spot! Probably with her lips and tongue working together as one!"

Susan moaned blissfully. "Mmmm... She is..."

Brenda found herself daydreaming about being Suzanne upstairs again. Fuck! And to think that I thought blowjobs were a chore. I'd give practically anything to have Alan's cock down my throat!

Any sort of polite restraint on Brenda's part had been overwhelmed by her curiosity. She continued to ask questions about helping him while they waited for Suzanne to return. "So, how often does he need to be helped?"

"Only all the time!" Susan answered proudly. "Honestly, that's pretty much non-stop too. For instance, just before dinner, I was up in his bedroom, naked and kneeling between his legs, as usual." She giggled. "Slobbering and slurping and sucking, as usual."

Brenda's eyes nearly bugged out of her head. No way! I have to get out of this house before I have a heart attack! Everything is too exciting! Susan is so lucky. She's living in the middle of a sexual paradise. What about me? I haven't even gotten fucked by my loser husband for three years!

Susan went on, "I was at it for at least half an hour. Like I said, you just suck and suck and suck until you're too tired to go on. There's a whole art to it. I feel like I'm a complete novice. I have so much to learn!"

Brenda asked, "A half an hour? For real?!"

"Sure. That's typical for him. Who knows how much longer he would have lasted, but I had to stop unexpectedly because Ron came home."bender

Brenda's thumping heart beat faster still. "Oh my goodness! Ron! I forgot all about him! What about him? He's your husband!"

Susan turned sad. "That's unfortunate. He doesn't know about any of this, obviously. Keep in mind that this has all happened in the last two months, and things are still evolving. Whereas Ron is gone overseas eleven months out of the year. Something's going to have to give, because I don't want to sneak around his back. I suppose I'm headed for divorce. We need to wind that down and spare him the pain of ever finding out."

Brenda thought, Susan and Suzanne are married, but no matter! Like Alan would let that stop him. He takes what he wants! Gaawwwd! This is too hot to be believed!

She asked, "Sorry for prying, but I can't help myself: have you ever treated Ron like you treat Alan?"

Susan chuckled as she contemplated that idea for the first time. "Oh my! Dear goodness, no! Alan is a special kind of man, a superior kind of man. His cock demands top notch service! Whereas Ron, he's a very nice man, but just a man, if you know what I mean. It would be a case of throwing pearls before swine. It's sad, and I feel bad for him, but that's the reality."

That answer thrilled Brenda, sending electric currents down to the tips of her toes. "Alan is a special kind of man, a superior kind of man. His cock demands top notch service!" God dammit! That's so true! I've just met him, but I know it's completely true. When he stared at me, he stared into my soul! He knew all my innermost secrets. There's no resisting him!

Chapter 275 Sensual Time With Suzanne

Suzanne came back downstairs after being gone for half an hour. But the shocker was that Alan came down with her, hand in hand. Both of them were wearing the same clothes as before.

Mindful of impressing Brenda with Alan's stamina, when Susan saw them returning to the dining room, she asked Suzanne, "Hey there. Back already?"

Suzanne smiled. "Yeah, that one was a real quickie. You got me so worked up talking about things that it only took him half an hour to blow."

Brenda thought, "Only" half an hour?! That's incredible! Back when I actually had a sex life, I was downright terrible at blowjobs. Note to self: I've gotta work on that, fast! But even so, none of the men I've ever been with could have lasted five minutes. Alan's some kind of sexual superman! If I want to become one of his sluts, I'd better learn to become a cocksucking expert, and fast!

Suzanne grinned slyly while Alan took part in typical polite greetings. She was secretly amused, because the truth was she hadn't done anything with Alan at all. She had intended to, but he'd been resting on his bed, and by the time she got there, he'd fallen asleep. She stayed in his room and fiddled around on his computer until he woke up. Then she explained to him the plan to make Brenda think that she'd orally pleased him the whole time she was upstairs. They merely needed to wait a little longer to make it a respectable half hour, so that's what they did.

There hadn't been any actual poker playing going on for a long while. But with Alan having returned, Brenda spearheaded the effort to resume the game, and make it seem as if they'd been playing all along. That was far preferable to having to explain that she'd been asking questions about servicing his penis.

Again, Alan didn't join in the poker game. He sat around and chatted with them as they played.

With Alan present, Brenda assumed that the Alan-centric sex talk would come to a complete stop. But that wasn't entirely what happened, since all the others were in on the plot to further corrupt her.

Susan resumed the provocative talk by asking, "So, Tiger, how many checkmarks is that today so far?"

She added as an aside to Brenda, "He keeps track of his orgasms on a chart in his room to make sure he maintains his daily average."

Alan put his hand on his chin. "Let's see. There was that one time as school today..."

bender

Susan said, "Woo-hoo! More school help! But Tiger, I don't remember seeing a checkmark to that effect."

"I know. I've been slack on updating the chart today. Sorry."

Despite Brenda's embarrassment about talking about this with Alan actually right there, curiosity got the best of her again. "Excuse me, Alan, but are you implying that you're actually having sex at school?! During your school day?!"

Susan cut in again. "That's not just an implication; that's the truth! It happens all the time. He has several big-titted cheerleaders helping him out!"

Brenda felt another powerful jolt shoot straight down her spine. It raced to her pussy and started her gushing all over again. No way! It can't be! This kid is simply incredible! Sex, at school?! With big-titted cheerleaders?!

She whispered to him in awe, "Is that... is that true?!"

He didn't want to actually lie about it, but he figured he could use Suzanne's tactic of creating impressions through vague implication. He chuckled. "I can't talk about that. I won't either confirm or deny it. After all, I don't kiss and tell."

Susan was tickled pink. "He's so modest and polite! But don't listen to him! All the girls in school are worked up into a lather over him. But of course he settles for nothing but the best of the very best. Which means big-titted cheerleaders. Isn't that right, Angel?" She was supposed to hype him up for Brenda, but she probably would have said and meant that anyway.

Katherine hadn't been talking much, and she was surprised to be put on the spot. But she was willing to play along with the hype. "I don't know the full story. But yes, cheerleaders are involved. Very beautiful cheerleaders." She added to herself gleefully, Such as me!

Susan asked, "And busty, I hope?"

Katherine grinned knowingly. "That goes without saying."

Susan was triumphant. "See? What did I tell you?"

Brenda was very impressed yet again. Damn, this is going to be tough, getting him to want me. I must admit that I've let my breasts do all the work for me. All I have to do is show up and men are slobbering. Not with Alan. Hell, I might be only the fourth most beautiful woman in this room!

The sex talk eventually died down when it became clear that Brenda was very embarrassed to talk about this sort of thing with Alan there. Furthermore, Alan's modesty made it difficult for him to hype himself in Brenda's presence.

However, just when it seemed like some actual poker playing would take place, Suzanne dramatically announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have lift-off!" Seeing that everyone else was confused, she said to Alan, who was sitting next to her, "Sweetie, please stand up."

"Do I have to?"

"I think it's necessary."

"Very well." His reluctance was feigned. When he stood, all eyes went to his crotch, because there was another sizable bulge there. He made sure to stand in such a way as to emphasize its size even more.

Brenda was flabbergasted. "But... that's impossible! Suzanne, didn't you just finish taking care of him?! That was only ten minutes ago, tops!"

Suzanne just grinned. "Welcome to our world. However, I'll admit that's pretty quick, even for him. You must inspire him."

Brenda stammered, "Me? But I don't..." She was bewildered. She wanted him to desire her, but whenever it appeared that he did she became both shy and afraid.

Suzanne reassured her. "Don't worry. We appreciate the extra inspiration." She turned to Alan. "How are things hanging, Sweetie?"

He answered, "I'm enjoying chatting with you all, but I'll admit it would be good to get some more relief. Sorry, Brenda, for this vulgar talk."

Susan said, "That's okay, Tiger. Brenda understands the situation. Suzanne, would you be willing to help him with his problem again? I'm still not forgetting what I said to you earlier, but again I think we need to be considerate of Brenda's sensitivities. We can take a short break while you're gone. Well, for at least a part of the time you're gone, anyway. I have to heat up some snacks for us to eat."

Suzanne's eyes lit up. "Come on, Sweetie, let's go upstairs again. Are you ready for another big, sloppy blowjob? Maybe some titfuck fun too?"

He just nodded a bit sheepishly. He hurried off with Suzanne a few moments later.

Katherine remained quiet, but under the table she clenched her fists in frustration that she wasn't able to be in Suzanne's shoes. UGH! When will I be able to openly help?! The way things are going, Brenda's gonna leapfrog over me. GRRR!

— — —

Up in Alan's room, Suzanne gave Alan a very real blowjob this time. There wasn't any talking or foreplay because all the oral sex talk with Brenda had gotten both Alan and Suzanne about as hot as they could get. They were in such a hurry that Alan didn't get any further than unbuttoning his dress shirt and unzipping his fly when Suzanne pushed him down into his chair and attacked his erection with a ravenous hunger.

In fact, the two of them were so worked up that Suzanne had to resort to unusual methods to prevent him from cumming too soon. She sensed that any sort of bobbing on his cockhead would be too much for him to handle, so she mostly licked and stroked. But even that was dangerous, especially since she was too talented and horny to do a merely adequate job.

But his greater difficulty was caused by his lusty thinking. Whenever he started to feel he was gaining control over his urge to cum, he would think something like, Look at me! My sex-goddess auntie is naked and kneeling, slobbering all over my dick, while I kick back in this chair as if I'm some sort of king! But what's really crazy is that Brenda, friggin' super-stacked Brenda, would love to be in her place! Boy, the way her huge breasts were bouncing all over the place just from me talking to her! MAN!

He only lasted ten minutes or so. When it arrived, his orgasm was quick and unspectacular by his recent standards. He finally lost control while fantasizing about Brenda peeking in on them.

When Suzanne heard his desperate cries and knew he was past the point of no return, she finally engulfed all of his cockhead and frantically bobbed on him until all of his load blasted right into her mouth.

He felt disappointed by how quick the whole thing had been, relatively speaking. Afterwards, when they were cuddling on his bed together, he said to her, "Look at me. Your hype has been so effective that Brenda's starting to think that I walk on water. I can see the way she looks at me now. She's fallen for all of it, hook, line, and sinker."

"That's good," Suzanne said, giving him an encouraging squeeze.

"Yeah, in theory. But the problem is, I'm not THAT good. I mean, yeah, it's true that I do have multiple lovers. That's pretty amazing right there. But still, there's more bullshit than truth. For instance, I only lasted ten minutes! What are we going to do? She thinks I last an hour each time."

Suzanne smiled. "That's easy. We'll just hang out and wait another fifty minutes. Then we go downstairs and act like you managed to last a full hour."

"But that's unethical!"

She stroked his chest reassuringly. "Sometimes the end justifies the means. This is one of those times. Remember, she knows about the incest. I would lie my head off to the entire US Supreme Court to protect that secret."

"I guess," he grumbled. "But what about when the reality catches up? As it inevitably does."

"You've watched too many TV shows, where lies always must be punished in some kind of just universe. What will actually happen is that by the time the truth does come out, she'll be so hooked on you that it won't matter. Trust me on this. I know what I'm doing. Remember, a couple of days ago I told you that perception can become reality. That's more true than you realize. Think about Susan. In her eyes, you basically can do no wrong. She thinks you're a stud no matter how long you hold out."

"I know, but she's my mom. She's totally biased."

"True. But we'll make Brenda totally biased too. Trust me. I'm working on it."

"If you say so." He had his doubts.

The two of them planned to just sit and chat until enough time passed to impress Brenda again. And they did do that for about fifteen minutes. But Suzanne had gotten naked to blow him and she deliberately stayed that way. Plus, she was Suzanne, a woman whose every move or gesture seemed designed to make a man aroused.

Before Alan even realized what was happening, Suzanne slipped back into place between his legs, trapped his revived erection between her fantastic breasts, and started licking around his piss hole.

His dick was fully erect by the time she started licking, as well as moving her tits up and down around his shaft. But she loved driving him wild to the point that he was panting and gasping constantly. He wasn't there yet, so she began talking dirty on top of everything else, even as her tongue stayed very busy licking.

She liked hyping up his sexual prowess by talking about "his many sexual conquests." She even suggested that he had a "proto-harem," and asked for his opinion on that.

By that time, just a few minutes into the titfuck, his arousal level was already so high that it was getting hard for him to talk. Plus, he didn't know how he could answer that question while remaining modest. So he kicked it back by saying, "I honestly don't know. It doesn't seem real to me yet, I guess. What do YOU think?"

She grinned wolfishly, while still lapping on his cockhead. "I think it's great! It opens up all kinds of possibilities, for all of us. If you make a new 'conquest,' you might not be the only one to benefit, if you know what I mean." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

He groaned extra loudly as he imagined Suzanne getting it on with Heather. He wasn't sure why that particular combination came to his mind, but it did.

After a full minute of lapping plus titfucking, Suzanne continued, "But Sweetie, promise me one thing. Don't just go out and fuck any woman you set your eyes on. That's kind of like pissing in the pool and ruining it for everybody, because we could spread sexual diseases to each other easily, even through blowjobs and handjobs. Over the years I've learned that the old saying is really true: 'Knowledge is power.' When I see someone I'm seriously attracted to, I try to find out everything possible about them before making any move. So if you do want a one-night stand or something like that, please clear it with me first."

She continued, "For instance, with Brenda, I didn't just invite her over tonight. My people have been looking into her background quite closely for some time now."

He gasped out between ragged breaths, "'My people?'"

She considered how to answer that. She lifted her head up for better eye contact, which meant her licking had to stop. But the titfucking motion increased as she resumed talking. "Sweetie, now that the nature of our relationship is changing, I need to clue you in to some things that I've kept close. You have some general knowledge that I've had affairs. Well, I learned some lessons the hard way with those. When someone's trying to get into bed with you, they'll tell you all kinds of sweet lies. I eventually had my reputation ruined in this neighborhood, because I trusted some people would be discreet and they weren't."

Seeing he was possibly lost in the throes of ecstasy, she asked, "Are you getting all this?"

"Um, yeah!" He thought it was weird how he kept having serious conversations right in the middle of sex acts. But he was starting to get better at such multitasking.

She said, "Here, let me take things down a notch so you don't lose your mind."

"UGH!" That was a grunt of approval.

She slowed the pace drastically.

Once she saw he again had his breathing under control, she resumed massaging his boner with her soft boobs, but now with a subtle rhythm. "Anyway, I've worked out a system over the years. I have a relationship with a private investigation agency I trust. That's what I meant by 'my people.' I give them a name, and they find out almost everything they legally can. It usually takes a week or two. Meanwhile, I do my own research: tap into the gossip network, talk to mutual friends, ask the person subtle yet probing questions, and so on. The trick is to get a pinprick of blood to test for STDs. Sometimes that's not easy, but I have my ways of getting things done." She grinned knowingly.

Since the pace of the titfuck had slowed so much, and the licking had stopped, he was able to ask, "So you already did all that with Brenda?"

"Well, for the most part. Things were still in process when Susan slipped up about the incest. So, unfortunately, the cart is before the horse this time. But that's okay. I know enough about Brenda to feel she can be trusted. She even passed the secrecy test: I told her a juicy but harmless secret last week and she didn't tell her friends about it. That's key. Sometimes you just gotta go with your gut feeling. I feel like I understand her personality quite well. We're really, really lucky she fell into our laps; I can't emphasize that enough."

She couldn't help but tease him a little. Squeezing her tits much tighter around his shaft, she resumed their slipping and sliding. "The question is, what'll happen when she falls into YOUR lap, face first, with your cock winding up half-way down her throat?! What are you going to do then? Since she's so submissive, how are you going to handle your first sex pet?"

"STOP! STOP!" He contracted his PC muscle so tightly that his ass actually rose off the bed.

Having mercy on him, she paused her titfucking as well as her sexy talk.

Once he got his breathing back under control, he decided to avoid her far-too-arousing questions because he was still on a hair trigger. Instead, he tried to redirect the conversation back to less stimulating areas. "How can you be sure she didn't tell her friends that secret test thing?"

"Sweetie, I have my ways. Trust me; I've worked out a good system over the years. Now, it's true that no system is perfect. In particular, it's very difficult to find out what goes on in the bedroom behind closed doors. Unfortunately, I don't know much about how good she is in bed, or what particular fetishes turn her on the most. But after talking to her some, I'm confident that she wants to be dominated sexually. She's a ripe fruit ready to be plucked! That's the essential key to understanding her, and for getting her to keep our secrets."

"What made you so sure about that, anyway?"

Sensing he could handle it again, she tilted her head down and licked around his urethra.

He grunted and groaned, but managed to ride out the resulting wave of pleasure.

She continued to lick the tip of his cock here and there as she went on: "Sweetie, sometimes people overcompensate. Like a guy who's secretly afraid and shy, so he covers it up by being a macho bully. I saw Brenda get angry at a party a while back, and it seemed a bit of an act to me. I decided that she was trying to hide her true nature from everyone, including herself. But that's not all of it. I can't fully explain the gut feeling I had. It's kind of like having 'gaydar,' I guess. Maybe I have 'subdar' - the ability to spot a submissive in hiding. You have to develop skill at reading people; they might say one thing while their body is giving off subtle signals saying the exact opposite."

"Wow. Nothing gets past you."

"Not entirely true. But the more you know, the fewer mistakes you'll make. In any event, she was such ripe fruit, how could I resist inviting her into our lives? Then, when I talked to her in private, I was able to subtly question her and confirm my suspicions about her. And aren't you glad that I did?"

"Hell, yeah! Man!"

Talking about Brenda's sexual potential was getting Suzanne too worked up; she realized she was getting carried away with her licking and cock-squeezing yet again, leaving him in danger of cumming too soon. Since they were "forced" to stay in Alan's room to make a good impression on Brenda, she wanted to maximize her sexual time with him.

Calming herself somewhat, she continued, "Anyway, the bottom line is, the new plan with her is no specific plan. Just be yourself around her and see where things go. Sure, let's keep on hyping you to her and tempting her, but let's not push it. There's plenty of time to develop the relationship, if it's going to happen."

"Okay."

"Now, on a different note, what's with all this 'big-titted cheerleader' talk? Was that total hype for Brenda and Susan, or is there some truth there?"

"There's some truth there, but I can't give details." He was coming down from the edge of climax, but he was still grimacing from the intense pleasure.

"Fine. But you do need to take the proper precautions when you're with other girls, including letting me know names so I can make sure there are no nasty surprises."

"Okay."

"You can start by giving me some names right now."

"But... what about not... kissing and telling?" He was having a hard time talking, he was so aroused.

"Screw that. Sweetie, I appreciate your attempt to do the right thing with that, but you have to make a special exception with me, for the good of everybody. I need to check out these people and make sure we don't have a disease problem, or any other kind of problem. I promise I won't tell a soul, other than the professionals who are very, well, professional about keeping secrets."

He considered what to say, because he she made valid points but he still didn't want to violate the rule about not kissing and telling. "Okay, I've got an idea. You should check out the whole cheerleading squad."

"What?! You're having sex with the entire squad?!" She was impressed.

"No, but a couple of 'em. If you research them all, you'll have 'em... UGH! ... covered. Minus Kat and Amy, that's only four."

"Fine." She was a bit miffed, since she wanted him to name specific names, but she realized that would suffice, even though it would make her research task more difficult.

They didn't talk much after that, because Alan was getting so aroused that keeping a conversation was too difficult.

Wanting to make the most of their private time together, Suzanne was careful to make sure not to get him overheated. She made it a challenge for herself to see if she could keep him stiff and throbbing with pleasure for as long as they were supposed to stay upstairs to make a good impression.

At one point, she even only semi-jokingly teased him, "We don't want to lie to Brenda more than necessary, since she's a very nice person. So I have no choice but to see if I can keep you erect for a full hour!"

His head swooned in response, especially because he knew she meant it. He could barely cope with feeling that much arousal for that long.

Sure enough, thanks to Suzanne's careful approach, plus plenty of strategic breaks, she did keep him erect without cumming for a surprisingly long time. The titfucking action was nearly constant, with lots of tongue work, but she craned her head down and sucked on his entire cockhead from time to time as well, as much as he could handle it.

Eventually though, his ability to hold out was worn down, and he made clear he was bound to cum soon, unless she just stopped altogether. She took his cockhead in her mouth yet again and sucked him off for

another minute or two. They both knew the end was near, especially since she went at it with extra vigor.

She toyed with the idea of a pearl necklace or a facial; she had fantasies of coming downstairs with her face and chest covered in pearly cum. But she decided that might freak out Brenda too much, and the long-term big picture was more important.

So she went all out when she had his cockhead fully inside her mouth. Between her licking and sucking, plus the way she fondled his balls, he finally let out a loud roar and blew his load into the back of her mouth.

They rested for a bit after she'd coaxed out and swallowed all his cum.

Chapter 276 Penny For Your Thoughts?

As Alan recovered from his orgasm, he thought, Incredible! I got to titfuck Aunt Suzy's awesome rack! Again! Man, life is GREAT! She did that for so long. It's nuts! My super sex bomb auntie! What is she doing with me at all? I'm so not worthy.

And, as if that isn't amazing enough, there's Brenda. And now Aunt Suzy is hinting she'd like to find other total foxes like Brenda, so we can take part in threesomes from time to time?! Sweetness! I really can't believe how awesome that is.

I don't know about all this "my people" cloak-and-dagger stuff though. I mean, I really appreciate her checking out Brenda, but I'm not keen on telling her about the likes of Glory and Heather and Kim. For one thing, that would put her in total charge of my sex life. And where's the spontaneity if I have to wait a week or two before I can touch somebody? The opportunity may well be gone by then.

But the main thing is, those three are a done deal. I'm fucking them already, or almost so in Glory's case, so giving them the thumbs up or not is irrelevant. I'm sure it'll be fine. I'll just have to be more careful about using a condom. The real danger is Heather, but I highly doubt she'll want to be with me again anyway. I'm still a "loser nerd" in her eyes, no matter how much I ring her chimes. Besides, by checking out the whole cheerleader squad, Aunt Suzy'll be investigating Heather as well.

In the future, okay, we can use those background checks if someone new comes along. But I especially don't want Aunt Suzy or anyone else knowing what Glory and I are doing. Or Heather. If she knew that

Heather was one of the cheerleaders I'm talking about, she'd turn her focus on her and I'd probably get a lot of teasing and grief about it. Heck, she might even make me stop fucking her.

But I don't think I can! It's not just that she's the head cheerleader and the most powerful girl in school; there's something more. A lot more. I don't know what it is, but she does something special to me.

Alan and Suzanne stayed upstairs for just over one hour. In fact, Suzanne didn't keep him hard the entire time, due to him needing a fifteen minute break after his first orgasm, and then cumming before the hour was up for his second orgasm. Suzanne could have kept going much longer if he was game.

But still, he was pleased for well over half an hour, which showed truly impressive stamina, given how sexually talented Suzanne was. Even when she was "taking it easy" on him, that would have been plenty to get most any guy his age to cum on the spot, if only due to her great beauty.

The poker game continued with Susan, Katherine, and Brenda in the meanwhile. The discussion remained sexual and related to Alan for the most part. Brenda had many, many questions.

Susan and Katherine were happy to answer them. They were careful to always paint Alan in a highly impressive light.

The card game finally came to an end shortly after Suzanne came back downstairs, alone. Alan had been getting sleepy, and she figured that since he'd made such a big impression earlier, it would be best for him to rest on his laurels and not try to top that.

Plus, with Alan not there, Suzanne was free to rave about the supposed hour-long blowjob that she'd given him. She honestly detailed his two orgasms, and only stretched a little on the timing this time.

By now, Brenda had no doubts. She really did see him as some kind of unstoppable sexual superman.

It was all she could do not to blatantly masturbate herself to a big climax while she heard Suzanne go on and on about titfucking him while sucking on his cockhead too. She wanted to do that for Alan so badly that it almost hurt like a physical pain. She was careful not to make any vows to herself while she was in such a highly aroused state, but she felt deep down that it was just a matter of time before she tried his cock out for herself.

If he was willing, that is. Incredibly, she worried for pretty much the first time in her life that she might not be tempting and sexy enough for a man.

The women would have enjoyed talking and ostensibly playing cards even longer, but they had to stop because Ron was expected home from his office going-away party. None of them, not even Susan, wanted to be seen in such sexy garb by Ron.

Brenda said that she'd had a great time, despite the weird sexual revelations, and promised once again to keep secret the details they'd shared with her. She said that she looked forward eagerly to their next get-together, and that she'd enjoyed this card game even more than the last one.

That was an understatement. She'd been completely blown away. She figured she'd need a week until the next card game just to recover from this one.

As Brenda made her way to the front door and started to say her last goodbyes, Suzanne decided to see just how far she could push her submissive nature.

She said, "Thank you for putting up with all the wildness and weirdness around here, and for promising to keep everything absolutely secret. Thanks also for being understanding about Alan's rather special condition. It was wonderful that you dressed up in such a sexy outfit. I'm sure he appreciated it."

Brenda thought about Alan's ogling, and couldn't hide her pleasure. "It was nothing," she said with a big smile. "I enjoyed it."

Suzanne replied, "Would it be too much to ask you to dress like that next time? Or even a little sexier?"

Susan added, "Tiger, uh, I mean Alan, has big needs. Sexual needs. The more visual stimulation he receives, the better."

Suzanne was ready to say more, to seemingly dismiss Brenda's concern that they wanted Brenda to help Alan with his orgasms. But first she waited to see if that was even necessary.

Happily, Brenda forgot all about her concern that they wanted to take advantage of her in some way. In fact, at this point she rather wanted Alan to take advantage of her. She said, "No problem. It would be my pleasure. I'll even dress a little more... risqué... if that's what he wants. Er, I mean, if that's what you think is best, for his needs."

"It is," Suzanne said with her usual confidence. "Susan's husband Ron will be long gone back to Asia by next week, so feel free to go all out and wear something really sexy." Seeing that Brenda was willing, she reinforced the "playing hard to get" idea. "Like I said, we don't want you to directly help Alan, he doesn't want that, and you don't want that either. But there's no harm with some extra visual stimulation, right?"

Brenda nodded. She already knew that she'd be counting the days. She was very disappointed by Suzanne's words about not being able to directly help him, but she figured that if she kept at it, that might come later. She relished the challenge.

Suzanne added, "And by the way, definitely make sure to wear high heels. It's practically a required dress code around here." She pointed to all the women's heel-clad feet.

Brenda nodded again. For some reason, the idea of wearing high heels for Alan turned her on to a great degree. In all the erotic fantasies she'd had, she'd always been wearing very high heels.

She found herself fantasizing about what she'd wear the next time she visited. She quickly flashed through a variety of dresses and gowns, each one more revealing than the last.

She stared off into space as she settled on a scandalously-revealing purple dress. She imagined herself sitting on the floor in the Plummer living room in a provocative pose, with Alan standing above her. She gave him her best sultry stare, saying to him in a sexy voice, "So... you think you're hot stuff, do you? Are you the man I've been looking for? Are you man enough to know what to do with... this?"

She imagined running a hand over her body, blatantly offering herself to him. As she did so, she deliberately let a nipple slip free. Her voice grew even huskier. "If you want it, come and get it! Show me what you can do with that big cock of yours! Are you going to make me take it in my mouth? Because I think you should! Maybe you should just fuck my face right here in front of everyone! Or maybe you should cut to the chase and fuck my needy cunt! I need it so bad!"

Brenda had such a blissful, lusty expression on her face that Suzanne couldn't help but ask, "Penny for your thoughts?" bender

Brenda snapped out of her reverie. "Uh, what? Oh, nothing! I'm just, uh... thinking about what a nice time I had tonight. I really should be going though."

Suzanne smirked knowingly. She found it amusing how obvious Brenda's lusty feelings were.

Brenda quickly left the Plummer house and headed home.

Her panties were still soaking wet. Once she got in her car, she was relieved to take her panties all the way off. Aaaaah! That's better! Maybe next week I just won't wear panties at all!

Brenda's attitude about Alan had dramatically changed, to say the least. Later, back at home and masturbating in her bed, she relived everything that had happened, especially his private conversation with her. Thinking about it gave her goose bumps.

Then she imagined Susan jacking off and licking a huge erection. She was extremely intrigued by this incestuous contact. Soon, Susan morphed into Brenda in her fantasy. Then she imagined herself and Susan sharing Alan with their busy tongues working on him as a team. She fingered herself to a very satisfying climax to this thrilling vision.

Afterwards, the post-orgasmic blues hit her really hard. She worried that Alan didn't want her. But she worried even more that he would want her. Letting her deeply buried submissive feelings run free in the real world was an extremely frightening prospect. She wasn't sure if that's what she truly wanted.

Suzanne left right after Brenda did, due to wanting to be gone before Ron came home. She figured there would be plenty of time to discuss and process what had happened tomorrow.

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Later that evening, Susan came to Alan's room, ostensibly to give him another goodnight kiss. Unable to trust herself, especially since Ron was home and lying in bed just down the hall, she entered his room while still completely dressed.

He was still awake, though sleepy, and reading a book.

She said, "Tiger, I know I've been giving you mixed signals. I'm very confused myself. Today has been incredibly frustrating for me! I wanted to help you do your thing so very, very much, but then Brenda showed up and kind of ruined everything, and now your father is here. I mean, he's just down the hall! Right now!"

Alan nodded. He was frustrated too, but he understood. Besides, he was sexually satiated from another really great day.

She told him, "Just wait until your father leaves and then we'll sort this all out, okay? We can have a good talk then. But right now it's just too dangerous."

"Okay. Believe me, I've been counting the days until he's gone."

She added on a brighter note, "And tomorrow? Who knows? Suzanne is in the doghouse with me, as you heard. So I just might be forced to help you out directly, especially if he isn't home. In fact, I might have to help you out quite a bit."

"That would be great, Mom! I know I keep saying this, but you really are the best mom ever."

"And you're the best son." She leaned in and kissed Alan even as he was saying this.

Then they kissed each other repeatedly on the cheeks and nose, just as they had earlier. But that was all; their mouths never touched.

She got up, blew him another kiss from the door, and left.

Chapter 277 Sucking Susan's Nipples

Early in the morning, just before sunrise, Susan lay in bed having an erotic dream about Alan. Such dreams had become very commonplace during the past couple of weeks, pretty much from the first medical appointment with Akami. She didn't remember her dreams every night, but when she did it seemed that they were always erotic ones about Alan.

This dream was different than most though, because Ron was involved and because at first she had no clue that she was dreaming. The dream began with the feeling of waking up in bed, exactly as she would have done normally.

In her dream, she woke to a knock on her bedroom door, then heard Alan's voice through the door. "Mom? Are you up? It's me."

This was extremely unusual. Alan hadn't knocked on her door in the middle of the night since he was about five, when he sometimes needed comforting after waking from a bad nightmare.

Susan looked over and saw Ron lying next to her, on his side of their big bed, snoring gently. She said just loudly enough for Alan to hear, but hopefully not loudly enough to wake Ron, "I am now."

"Can I come in?"

"I suppose." The annoyance in her voice was obvious.

Alan opened the door. He was wearing baggy pajamas, which in her dream did not strike her as unusual. He closed the door behind him and walked up next to Susan while keeping the light turned off. He whispered, "Sorry Mom, for waking you, but I just had to. I'm so afraid! I had the most terrible nightmare!" bender

Susan felt a strange sense of déjà vu. Indeed, it had been over a dozen years since this had happened last, and yet in another way it seemed as if it had been just yesterday. Back then, when he was a toddler and woke up from a bad nightmare, he would rush into his parents' room and jump right into the space between them. Once he felt safe, he would settle down and go to sleep. Even back then, Ron was traveling more often than not, which meant that usually only Susan was there to comfort him. Katherine did the same thing, and sometimes they would have nightmares on the same night, for instance after both had watched a scary TV show or there was a nighttime thunderstorm. Oftentimes, the three of

them would end up sleeping together - not close enough to touch intimately, but close enough to each other to feel safe.

As the dreaming Susan recalled those memories, she realized just how much she missed those years. Back then, she felt free to hug and kiss her children many times during the course of the day, and they would frequently say "I love you, Mommy!" and run to her for hugs. She didn't know when she'd stopped encouraging the physical affection, but even casual hugs had ceased almost completely by the time they reached junior high. Thinking about that loss made her feel very sad.

So, in a powerfully nostalgic mood, she looked up at Alan's silhouette as he stood there in the darkness and said, "That's okay. What can I do to help?"

He looked shy and embarrassed as he said, "I know this sounds silly, but can I get in bed between you and Ron until I get rid of these jitters? I'm totally freaked out!"

She smiled. "You're a bit bigger than last time, but sure. Hop in." Technically, Susan and Ron slept in separate beds, but the beds were flush together. One large bedspread covered them both, but beneath that each bed had its own sheets and blankets. Susan pulled down the sheets on her side of the crack between the two beds, inviting Alan to lie there.

He immediately took up the invitation, but not before pulling off his pajama top and bottoms and dropping them on the floor. Suddenly, a hard and insistent erection loomed into view.

Just as suddenly, Susan started to think that allowing him into her bed was a very bad idea. As he gently and quietly scrambled up the middle of the two beds, she exclaimed in a loud whisper, "Tiger! Why are you taking your pajamas off?!"

"Sorry, Mom, but that's how I sleep now. I can't sleep in pajamas anymore. There's just no way." As he talked, he ducked under the covers and lay down right next to her.

"But Son! I thought you said you were scared!" She didn't want to admit it, even to herself, but her nipples quickly grew erect and her pussy tingled with arousal.

"I am! Terrified! Thank God you're here." He scooted up closer to her in the bed, his front side cuddling right up to her front side. That put his bare chest right up to her unavoidable large breasts.

She was so shocked that she froze in place. She wished she were facing the other way, but it would be rude to turn over now. She was thankful at least that she was wearing her nightgown, but in some ways that was worse because it was made of satin and the feel of her son rubbing against her silky curves felt even more delightful than if it was skin to skin.

She held her breath for a long time, fearful of what he might do next. But he finally seemed to settle down, and then stopped moving altogether. She exhaled with relief.

She considered the situation, and decided that all in all it wasn't that terrible. True, he was naked and her nipples were pressed into his chest. She hoped that her nightgown was thick enough to disguise from him just how erect her nipples were - she blamed that on the excitement of an unusual situation. But aside from that, their bodies weren't touching much except for some incidental leg contact. He seemed to go out of his way to bend his torso in such a way that his erection wouldn't poke into her.

She whispered, "Tiger, you're not five years old anymore, you know. It's not exactly appropriate for a boy your age to lay here like you are, especially without your pajamas. What would your father think?"

He whispered back, "I know, Mom, I'm sorry. But in the nightmare there were burglars breaking into the house and it was all so real and scary!"

"Well, that does sound pretty terrible. But you can only stay here for a little while, until you calm down, okay? Then it's right back to your bed. If your father were to wake up right now and see this, he'd have a hissy fit!" Her voice dropped lower. "I can't even imagine what he'd think."

"Okay, Mom. Sorry."

In her dream, both of them briefly looked at Ron, with Alan twisting his neck around to do so. Though the room was dark, they could see Ron's chest rising up and down under his covers and hear a steady snoring. Clearly, he was sound asleep.

Since Alan was partly turned the other way, Susan attempted to scoot away from him while he was distracted.

But the move backfired. He ended up scooting in closer as he readjusted, and now she was at the edge of the bed and didn't have any more room to move away again. He said, "Don't worry; it'll be all right. I won't be long. In fact, I feel better already. But do you remember how you'd comfort me when I was really small?"

"Alan!" Susan nearly shouted. Had it not been for Ron being right there, she most certainly would have shouted, because her nightgown had a tie right over her cleavage and, while he was talking, he had found it and untied it.

Acting fast, he pulled the front of her nightgown open, exposing her big breasts, and then dropped his head down to her bountiful charms. His mouth latched onto her left nipple and he started to suckle.

She exclaimed, in an urgent but much quieter voice, "Son, just what do you think you're doing?!"

He was too intent on suckling to answer.

So, after a brief pause, she continued, "How can you remember that? I stopped nursing you before you were two!" (In reality, she hadn't nursed him at all. But in her dream world she had, and in fact in that world he wasn't adopted at all.)

He still didn't answer. He just contentedly suckled like a newborn babe.

She fidgeted about. She even tried briefly to push him away, but her heart wasn't in it. She felt something primal about having him suckle at her breast, and she just couldn't deny him that.

Milk soon began to flow, which would have been a miracle in reality but seemed normal and even expected in the dream.

Susan knew that, as a faithful wife and responsible mother, she had to do or say something. But her nipples were her greatest weakness - any fondling of them, or of her breasts in general, rapidly got her

hot. Within seconds of him starting to suckle on them, she felt a lusty heat rising within her. There seemed to be a direct line between her nipples and her clit and pussy. The more his lips nursed at her breasts, the more she started to leak down below.

Soon the room was fragrant with the musky smell of her arousal. Her big breasts rose up and down with Alan's face on them like a ship riding the ocean waves. She felt a deep contentment as the milk flowed into her son's mouth. She absolutely loved being a mother, and this was the height of motherly happiness for her.

After a couple of minutes, he switched to the right nipple even though he hadn't exhausted all the milk from the left one. As he did so, he kept a supporting hand on her left breast. It soon became a fondling hand. He lightly twisted and pulled her free nipple. Then his hand holding her other pillowy globe started to do more than just hold it.

Susan had been quiet, afraid of even whispering for fear of waking her husband. But now she said in a nearly inaudible voice, "Tiger, you can't do that! You're, you're... feeling me up! That's too sexual! What if your father wakes up?! This could cause soooo much trouble. Think about it!"

Alan still didn't answer. Instead he just kept suckling and playing with her breasts. In fact, both his hands were wandering and exploring all over her upper body. Then he scooted in closer, causing his now throbbing erection to press up against one of her thighs.

She quietly gasped as she felt the hot shaft of flesh against her cool skin. A few minutes earlier, it would have pressed against her nightgown, but as his hands wandered they had a curious habit of pulling on her nightgown and exposing more and more of her voluptuous body. Now the nightgown was bunched uselessly around her waist.

Oh God! It's happening again! she thought with growing alarm (and arousal). He's gonna get me naked, and then he's gonna make me suck his cock! But what's terrible is he's gonna make me love it too! Dear Lord, please, give me strength to resist! This is so terribly wrong. I can hear Ron breathing!

But even that wasn't enough for him. He continued to undo the nightgown until it was open from top to bottom, and then he pulled it out from under her and tossed it onto the floor. Then he cuddled in closer with his head near hers instead of at her chest. That allowed him to actually rest his erection directly over her bush, clit, and slit.

Good Lord, I'm totally naked now! I should have resisted more, but I'm too hoooooorny! His cock is resting on me and it feels sooooo good! She reflexively cuddled back and found herself gripping one of his ass cheeks. But when she realized what she was doing, she let go. "Alan!" she hissed, "have you gone mad?!"

He finally pulled away to speak. He wiped off the milk dribbling down his chin, looked into her eyes lovingly, and said, "No, Mom. It's just that you're so beautiful, I can't resist looking at your breathtakingly beautiful body."

She griped, "Well, if you're gonna suckle, then suckle. But please, do it fast!" She said that mainly so he'd have to scoot back down. She couldn't bear to have him keep his boner rubbing against her clit - it was driving her crazy. She also didn't want him to notice how her cunt was leaking like a broken faucet.

Chapter 278 Midnight Crazy Blowjob

Alan pulled down the sheets and blankets on Susan's half of the double bed until they lay in a useless heap around their feet and ankles. Then he went right back to fondling and suckling on her breasts. That put his erection back between her thighs, which at least was too low for fucking.

Both of them had completely forgotten about his nightmare, if indeed he'd ever had one.

Susan knew she should be mad, but she couldn't stop smiling. She looked down at her exposed nudity, then at her son's big hard-on poking into her inner thigh, then finally over to Ron where he was still blissfully snoring away. She was so turned on that she wanted to scream for joy. She knew what her son was doing to her was wrong, horribly wrong, but it felt so fantastic that she was completely helpless to stop it. The fear that her husband could wake up and discover her at any second made it all that much more deliciously sinful and exciting.

She thought, I've never felt so alive! My son is such a MAN! He just takes what he wants, and right now what he wants is his busty mommy! He doesn't care that Ron is right here; he knows that Mommy is slave to his cock, anytime, anywhere! Besides, Ron cheated on me, so why should I care about what he thinks? Isn't it time that I start to live for myself? And that means serving my son and his wonderful cock! MMMM!

But still, it's so cruel to do this while Ron is still here. If the tables were turned, I would just die. I really have to stop this! I need to somehow lure my studly and virile son out of the room.

She grabbed his erection and began stroking it. She whispered huskily, "Tiger, I'll bet all that suckling and playing with your mommy's big titties has made you nice and hard. I'll bet your balls could use a thorough draining."

He just murmured as he suckled, "Mmmm-hmmm."

She raised her head briefly to make sure Ron's eyes were still closed. Comforted by his continued light snoring, she said quietly as she pumped Alan's shaft, "Mommy loves jacking you off. Your cock is hot and alive in my hands! But I would love it even more if I could give your big, thick sperm-filled meat a nice suck. Mmmm! Mommy can't wait to get all those pulsing hot inches of cock-meat into her mouth! But not here! It would be too noisy and messy. Let's go to your room right now and have lots of fun. How does that sound?"

He disengaged. "Great, Mom." But instead of making a move off the bed, he straddled her and then climbed up her body until his long, stiff dick was dangling right over her mouth.

She hissed with renewed fear, "No, baby! Not here! I said 'in your room'!"

But he seemed not to hear her. "Come on. You said you want to suck it, so suck it!"

Aroused beyond comprehension, she finally gave up all resistance. Her mouth had been firmly shut, but then he started to tickle her underarms. She opened her mouth to protest and laugh, but somehow it just stayed open, and even opened wider and wider as his erection drew closer to her red lips. She remained motionless, but let him feed inch after inch of hot cock into her mouth.

Normally when Alan got a blowjob, he was so happy that he was content to just stand there and enjoy the terrific erotic pleasure coursing through his body. But this dream Alan was much more aggressive than the real world Alan. Kneeling over her, he began thrusting his hips vigorously, effectively fucking her face. Meanwhile, he steadied himself by grasping her shoulders, somehow managing to caress and massage them despite his increasingly wild thrusting.

Susan was humiliated, but even more aroused than before. She didn't know whether, technically, she was climaxing or not, but every passing second she felt better than she had during her best orgasms,

and the waves of pleasure simply never ended. Her son kept fucking her face minute after minute after minute like an unstoppable fucking machine.

My God! I love it! My son is fucking my face in my marital bed with my husband sleeping right next to me, and I love all of it! It's so wrong. I'm going to go to Hell for this, but I don't care! Mmmm! I just hope Ron doesn't wake up, but Tiger is shaking the bed so violently and I'm moaning so loudly, how could anyone sleep through this?! It's just a matter of time now before Ron discovers everything! Then he'll know; he'll know that I've been completely tamed by my son's cock! Mmmm! Mommy's just a naked, big-titted, cocksucking son-slut, Ron! Sorry 'bout that! Hee-hee! I'm evil! Pure evil! But I just can't resist these eight inches of sinful bliss! Eight? Heck, it has to be ten inches long, at the very least! MMMM! SO GOOD!

By now, Alan was practically standing on the bed, shaking it so much that it rocked back and forth like a major earthquake was hitting the room. And Susan was completely unrestrained in her moaning. Had it not been that her mouth was stuffed full of juicy thick cock, she would have been screaming to the heavens.

She hadn't looked Ron's way for a long time for fear of what she might see there, plus she couldn't turn her head, given the way that Alan was rhythmically and deeply plunging his cock in and out of her mouth. (She had no gag reflex in her dream, so his entire boner magically fit into her mouth with each pass.)

As if that wasn't enough stimulation for Alan, her index finger had found his anus and she was plunging it in and out in time to her imagined deep throating. She'd done it once to him in real life in one of her more uninhibited moments. In the dream, she didn't need to worry about first lubing her finger.

But she finally looked over to Ron out of the corner of one eye, fully expecting to see him sitting up, crying and horrified. To her surprise, he was awake, but he wasn't paying her or Alan the slightest attention. Instead, he was on top of a slim, petite Thai woman, rutting into that woman just as intently as Alan was fucking her own face.

Susan was shocked and appalled. Despite her own actions, she felt a great anger burning inside. Jealous and humiliated, she started flailing her arms about, to no avail. As she began pounding on Alan, trying to get him to stop, she felt the dream slipping away. Only then did she realize that in fact it was a dream.

Suddenly, there she was, in her own bed, wide awake with her heart pounding wildly. There was no sign of Alan anywhere, and she was still wearing her nightgown. Needless to say, Ron was asleep and there

wasn't any Thai woman to be seen. Her labia certainly were wet though, and her breathing was very ragged.

She sat up in the darkness. A dream! Only a dream! Thank the Lord! Praise Jesus! Oh my God!

She just sat there for a few minutes, recovering.

Eventually, she calmed down enough to begin thinking seriously about the dream. That was the most disturbing nightmare of my life! True, it was unbelievably arousing. It was like one endless multiple orgasm. But it was SO WRONG! If nothing else, there are all the horrifying Oedipal implications of Tiger just TAKING me like that while Ron was sleeping next to us! I don't even want to think about it. Ron must never know! Never, ever, ever! Tiger must never know either! Even Suzanne can't know. I can't tell anyone; it will have to be my secret shame.

Oh my God! What if Tiger found out about it, and decided to try it out in real life? That would be SO HOT! But so wrong! Really, really wrong! I can't even go there in my fantasies.

But boy would it be hot. ... And wrong. I can't forget the wrong part!

After an hour or more of tossing and turning, she finally went back to sleep.

When she woke, she went through her morning routine in a daze until after Ron and both kids had all left the house. She felt like everyone could read her mind, but of course they all remained completely unaware of what was bothering her, though it was quite apparent to each of them that something had happened.

Ron guessed it was a nightmare, since she'd gone to sleep perfectly happy and then awoke next to him quite agitated. But he didn't ask her about it before he hurried off to his office.

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As usual, shortly after the others had gone, Suzanne came over to join Susan for their morning exercises.

Susan's resolve not to tell Suzanne about the dream lasted at most five minutes. Suzanne occasionally kept secrets from Susan, but Susan was pretty much incapable of keeping any secrets from Suzanne, and this was no exception.

As soon as Suzanne walked through the door, Susan rushed up to her and began crying in her arms. She bawled so passionately and for so long that she had no choice but to explain to Suzanne what had set her off. Other people could have lied their way out of it or made up some feeble excuse, but Susan was too honest and relied upon Suzanne's help and guidance too much to do that. She blurted out the entire dream as best she could recall it, crying the entire time. She was so distraught, she didn't even get very aroused while retelling it.

She felt a lot better after unloading her burden. She felt even better after Suzanne began to interpret the dream for her.

Suzanne said, "Susan, that is a pretty weird dream, I have to admit. But it's just a dream! Just a dream! People dream all kinds of strange things, and it means nothing. Frankly, I'm not surprised in the least."

"You're not? You don't think I'm some kind of horrible, sinful freak?"

Suzanne laughed. "Hardly. I think you're a lovely, loving person. No, what I mean is, the medical help you've been giving Sweetie has been weighing heavily on your mind. You've been forced to think about your rather unusual treatment of him quite a lot. At the same time, Ron's been home here and you were hit with this huge bombshell about him cheating on you. It's only natural that with these two things dominating your thinking, you'd have a dream that encompassed both. If you, say, were mugged at gunpoint and then had a grandmother die a couple of days later, don't you think you'd have dreams about one or the other event, and sometimes both?"

"Probably," Susan admitted, nervously twirling her thumbs.

"Of course you would! For days and days and days. You might dream about your grandmother getting shot during a mugging or something like that. That's how the mind works. There are absolutely NO disturbing Freudian or Oedipal implications to this dream. None whatsoever. It's just pure coincidence to have dreams about Alan's treatment and Ron's cheating intersect in that kind of story."

"Really?!"

"Absolutely! Now, obviously, I wouldn't go and tell Ron or Sweetie about it. You're wise not to do that. Sometimes people misunderstand things like that, and not a lot of people have taken a class on dreams in college like I did. But I tell you honestly, put it completely out of your mind because it has no meaning whatsoever. Changing the subject, I've heard that Macy's is having a big sale today. I say we go there right now and check it out!"

"But what about our exercises?"

"We'll do those later. If we go now, we'll avoid the crowds." Suzanne knew Susan often ruminated during her exercises, but a shopping trip would distract her more and help her forget the dream faster.

It took some time and effort, but Suzanne eventually managed to get Susan to forget almost completely about her dream. In fact, as the day went on, the details of the dream grew increasingly fuzzy, the way dreams usually do. Within hours, Susan could only remember a hazy outline, because Suzanne kept her so distracted that she didn't have any time to reflect on and reprocess the dream. By the time they returned home, Suzanne's recall of the dream was better than Susan's, due to the way memories of dreams fade unless one actively records the dream upon awakening.

However, Susan felt a lingering sense of guilt and unease that not even Suzanne's efforts could dissipate. The details of the dream were gone, but the emotional impact was still there.

Susan vowed to herself to avoid all sexual contact with Alan, at least for the next few days until she could get her head together. But at the same time, she knew she'd also forbidden Suzanne from doing anything with Alan, as punishment for the pool incident the previous day. She'd already made an exception for that the night before, and any further exceptions would make the whole punishment pretty much worthless. She also was dead set against Alan committing the "sin of Onan." She'd actually let him do that the night before, because she figured that was less of a sin than helping him out with Ron down the hall.

But Alan still had to cum six times a day. Susan had no idea how to cope with that fact.

Chapter 279 Flirting With Christine

bender

When Alan got to his first-period physics class, he was feeling on top of the world. Even though nothing special had happened at home before going to school, he'd had such great sexual success in general lately that he felt like he was flying instead of walking. His joy made him playful, so when he saw that he was a couple of minutes early, he decided to play a little trick on Christine. Instead of entering the classroom through the usual door at the front of the room, he entered through a second door at the back of the room. Then he snuck up from behind to where Christine was sitting.

He was in luck, because Christine had gotten there just before he did, and she was bending over to put her backpack on the ground. Unusually, she was wearing a skirt. True, the skirt went all the way down to her knees, but by her standards that was quite revealing.

Feigning a different, gruff voice, Alan spoke to her while standing just behind her, out of her sight, so she wouldn't be able to see who was speaking. "Hey, babe, nice ass! You look as good from behind as you do from the front!"

Christine straightened up and turned around slowly, prepared to blast whoever it was with a withering look of total disdain. She started to say, "I wonder how much trouble I'm gonna get into when I rip your eyeballs from your face!" But just as she finished saying that, her eyes made contact and she realized who she was speaking to.

She immediately broke into a big smile. "Oh, hi, Alan! I didn't see you come in." But then she frowned and followed up with, "What's this B.S. about 'nice ass'? When I heard that I thought you were just some asshole."

He joked, "No, I'm an asshole with a name. And this is a building of facts, and learning, and truth."

"So?" Her eyes narrowed, because she suspected another joke was coming.

"So... I cannot tell a lie. And the shocking truth is that you do have a very nice ass."

Christine immediately blushed, and quickly sat down in her seat, seemingly to better hide her rear from wandering eyes. Yet she sat facing toward the back of the class so she could keep talking to him face to face. She shot him an evil look, hissing, "Hush!"

He hadn't planned on saying anything more about her ass, other than his initial surprise comment. The truth was, he really hadn't been able to see much of her ass while she was bending over, due to her long skirt. But he felt that he was on a roll. He could tell somehow that, even though on the surface Christine seemed bothered by his comment, on a deeper level she actually enjoyed it. So he quieted his voice so the other students wandering into class wouldn't overhear him, then said, "How can I be quiet when I'm in the presence of such posterial greatness?"

She couldn't help but grin a little at that, despite her great discomfort at being complimented about her body. "Posterial is not a word."

"Good point. How 'bout 'patootie beauty' instead?"

She rolled her eyes. "No."

"Okay. Number one bum?"

"No, and that doesn't even quite rhyme." She looked around nervously, double checking that no one else was paying attention.

"Hey, cut me some slack. I'm thinking off the top of my, well... you know what."

She still couldn't help but smile, even as her face reddened some more with all the continued ass talk. "Change the topic already, please!"

"Okay, fine." He leaned in and spoke in a conspiratorial whisper. "Did you hear the big news? It's all over school already!"

Christine leaned towards him eagerly. She was always keen to hear the latest gossip.

He looked all around like a nervous spy before continuing, "The word is, this really sexy fox named Christine was caught bending over in a skirt just before school, and it turns out she gets an A plus in the Mighty Fine Behind class. She's in the ADVANCED track on that too!"

Christine was fit to be tied. She shook a fist at him and growled. "GRRR! Stop it, already! You're embarrassing me!" She added with amused chagrin, "I think my first instinct, which was to poke your eyes out, was the right one. What am I going to do with you? Or should that be to you?"

"I can think of some fun things." He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, clearly still joking.

She turned around in her chair and looked pointedly at the clock on the wall, hoping for class to start already. She muttered at him, "Take a chill pill. Geez! Do I have to blast you with a fire hose?"

He considered making a joke about blasting her with his fire hose, but with Christine he knew not to take his sexual comments too far. So instead he just said, "Hmmm. Sounds kinky!"

"GRRR!"

He was rolling with the punches, sensing that Christine was actually greatly enjoying the compliments and sexy joking, even if she didn't fully realize it herself. But he wanted to be sure he wasn't offending her in some way. So he put a hand on her shoulder, forcing her to turn back to him. He said in a friendly voice, "Hey, we're just having fun, right? Back when I wanted to date you, we couldn't talk like this. But now that we're just friends, we can tease more freely, right?"

"I guess." She honestly didn't know what to say. She didn't like his sexual jokes, but at the same time she didn't want him to stop. It also frustrated her that she seemed incapable of joking back when the subject was sexual.

He withdrew his hand, but continued talking while staring intently into her eyes, "You need to loosen up. Fight fire with fire. When I talk like that, you should get all sassy and say something like, 'Damn straight I've got a fine ass! Too bad you're never gonna get to touch it!'"

Christine raised her hands and waved them in frustration. "Come on; that's not me. I'm not good at that kind of thing." She looked around again nervously, feeling relieved when she saw that other students entering the classroom were ignoring them. After all, it was very common for the two of them to talk before and after class.

Alan said with a sly grin, "Hey, it's not like you're a shrinking violet. I feel lucky I still have both my eyes. And that's a good thing, because otherwise I wouldn't get to admire your prize-winning rear end. It's so great, it ought to win the Nobel 'Piece' Prize." He made air quotes as he said "Piece" to make sure she caught the play on words.

She snorted with amusement at the absurdity of all that, then quickly covered her mouth with embarrassment at being outed for laughing when she was supposedly disapproving of his comments. She growled menacingly, "Alan, you're soooo dead! I swear, you better enjoy this class because it'll be your last!"

Just then the bell rang, marking the beginning of their class. Christine turned away from him, toward their teacher, indicating that the conversation was over.

Alan sat back in his seat, still pleased with himself. He wasn't worried about her threats, since that was just one part of their special way of communicating with each other. Geez, man! What's gotten into me? I'm acting so aggressive towards her. I never used to talk to her like that. Or anybody else, for that matter. I guess I've had so much sexual success lately that my confidence is sky high. I'm also a much more sexual guy these days. When I see a nice ass, I'm gonna revel in appreciating it, darn it. And even though I couldn't see more than the outline through her long skirt, I know she's got a really nice one.

But what I really like is that she complains about it but obviously loves it! She knows I'm a horn dog, but she also knows I'm sincere. And even though it makes her squirm and blush, the fact that she couldn't stop smiling shows that she likes hearing that she's beautiful. Heck, what woman doesn't?

In fact, now that I think about it, it's pretty dang cool what happened when I got here. I pretended to be someone else making a crude comment, and she got all pissed, but as soon as she realized that it was me her attitude changed in an instant. The fact is, nobody else could talk to her like that without her getting all pissed off. We've got a special thing going on, which is really great. Besides, teasing her about her ass today was soooooo much fun! I love that I'm not letting my shyness stop me anymore.

As Alan was thinking that, Christine was busy thinking too. That Alan! Jesus, he really knows how to piss me off! I swear, I should just smack him upside the head one of these days. Although... how could I not laugh at some of those names? "Posterial greatness." "Mighty Fine Behind class." And it looks like I'm going to win the Nobel 'Piece' Prize in "assiness," or something. She chuckled inwardly.

She smiled widely, already fondly recalling the conversation even as her embarrassed blush was still fading. But then her smile turned to a frown as her self-consciousness about her looks came to the fore.

I wish I was half as sexy as he seems to think I am. Just because I have these oversized bags on my chest, he gets all moony and loses his mind, just like all the other guys.

And this all happened because I decided to wear a skirt for a change. If he's gonna carry on like this, I'm not gonna wear a skirt like that again! It's back to pants for me. Although...

A wicked grin covered her face as she considered possibilities. I wonder how he'd react if I show up in an actual miniskirt? He'd probably really blow a gasket. I'd love to see the expression on his face if I were to come to class in a shockingly revealing miniskirt and then bend over with him standing right behind me! What clever quip would he come up with if I bent over enough for him to see the color of my panties? I'll bet he'd be truly speechless for once! Ha ha ha!

But her grin disappeared as she realized, Not like I would ever do that. But still, it's fun to imagine. I should do something to shock him at least a little bit. Look at what I'm wearing now. it's ridiculous! This shirt covers me to my neck, like I'm trying to be Amish. He's right: I do need to loosen up, and maybe fight fire with fire. In fact, I wonder if I should wear my red shirt to school tomorrow, the one that's really tight and shows off more than a little cleavage. He's never seen that one before. Or I could wear that brown skirt that shows off more of my legs...

Christine had never cared much for fashion. Even though class had started and the teacher was speaking, for once Christine wasn't paying attention. She didn't consciously realize it, but Alan's ribald joking around plus his bold looks of lusty appreciation had put her in a horny mood, and she found it fun thinking about all the sexy clothes she could wear, and the reactions from him they would elicit.

Eventually though, her unusual, slightly naughty mood subsided and she focused on the teacher's words with her usual laser-like intensity.

Chapter 280 Would You Like Me To Be Another One Of Your Personal Cocksuckers?

Alan and Glory were worried about spending too much time together at school. To reduce suspicion, they were trying to limit getting physical with each other to only about three times a week. They'd decided in advance that this day was one of the days for them to stay away from each other.

Glory was very disappointed, because she'd already gotten used to having sexy fun with him every single school day since they'd first gotten sexually intimate on Friday. But Alan was concerned that people were starting to get suspicious. In particular, Christine commented to him as they walked between first and second periods that she hadn't seen him at lunch for several days, and no one else had either.

As a result, Alan figured he had no choice but to eat lunch with his friends. Hopefully that would stop Christine from getting curious and digging deeper. He didn't even stay after class to talk with Glory for a few minutes, as he often did, instead walking out of class and into the hall with his good friend Sean.

But as soon as they left the classroom, Alan was in for a shock. "Aunt Suzy! What are you doing here?!"

Indeed, Suzanne was standing in front of him, waiting for him to appear. She was dressed elegantly and expensively, not because it was any special occasion but because she dressed like that almost every day. She smiled a warm smile at him and said, "Hey."

Sean was floored, so much so that he nearly stumbled as he came to a stop along with Alan right in front of her. He exclaimed, "Whoa! Mrs. Pestridge!" Suzanne was showing off a very generous amount of cleavage, and Sean's eyes went straight to her deep valley. He and many others knew from parent-teacher conferences that she was Amy's and Brad's mother. She'd made a lasting impression on the male students of Alan's school, to put it mildly.

Alan got an erection almost instantly. But then again so did Sean and every other male who saw her.

Suzanne grabbed Alan's hand. "Come on. We've got something of a family crisis to discuss." She began quickly click-clicking her way down the hall with Alan in tow. The normal hustle and bustle of the students as they left their classes and headed to the cafeteria was replaced by a kind of awed hush as everyone stared at Suzanne's incredible beauty.

One reason Suzanne regularly dressed so exquisitely was because she liked to draw attention to herself. But she didn't want this much attention, so she was in a rush to get away.

Alan was in so much of a daze that he could barely keep up. At one point he asked her what was going on, but she didn't say anything because she was waiting until they had complete privacy.

As they walked down the hall, they passed Christine, and Alan noticed that she had definitely noticed them. In one way that seemed like a good thing, because she wouldn't wonder where he disappeared to during lunch again. But in another it seemed like a bad thing, because she'd likely wonder why he was leaving school with Amy's mother. He was gratified that at least Christine knew that Suzanne was like a second mother to him, so him being with her wasn't so strange.

They finally reached Suzanne's car, which turned out to be Susan's Honda Odyssey minivan that Suzanne had borrowed for her "errands." She got in the driver's seat and took off in a great hurry as soon as he was buckled in.

Alan was too disturbed to fully enjoy this unexpected adventure. "Okay, Aunt Suzy, what's going on? For starters, why are we in my Mom's minivan, instead of your sports car?"

"You'll see." She gave him a mysterious, mischievous look.

He groaned in frustration. "I hope you really needed to come here, 'cos I'm gonna get no end of grief from my friends about this."

She asked with pretend cluelessness, "Oh? Why is that?"

"You know why! It's like a famous movie actress, like Nicole Kidman or Catherine-Zeta Jones, just appeared in our school halls for no apparent reason. You look so fucking HOT! It's like all the girls are, I dunno, ice cubes in comparison."

She smiled widely, then pouted winsomely and teased, "Nicole Kidman, huh? I must be losing my touch."

Before he could respond to that, she said, "But there's no time. Let me be quick, because I know you only have 40 minutes for lunch. Oh, and here. Eat this." She pointed to a paper bag she'd put on the floor in front of his seat.

He opened it and saw it was a bag lunch she'd made for him. Realizing they were in a big hurry for something, he immediately began unwrapping and eating the lentil and chickpea salad sandwich he found within.

Seeing him do that, she said, "Okay. Now I can answer your questions, Sweetie. I got a call from Brenda an hour or so ago. She wants to meet me in a little while. She wouldn't really say what for, as she seemed rather shy about the whole thing, but she said it was something that you highly recommended that she do. Do you know what she means?"

He shook his head.

"Now, here's the thing. I'm supposed to meet her before you even get home from school. I don't like to go into these things unprepared, which means I have to talk to you now, before you get home. That's why I had to see you at lunch."

He said as he chewed his sandwich, "That's it? I thought it was something important, especially when you said it was a family crisis."

"It IS important! And it is a family crisis of sorts. Brenda's not just some woman. That's all she was, up until she learned of the incest. I don't think I need to remind you that means she's become very important to us and we have to treat her extremely carefully."

"Okay. I'm psyched to see you in any case. What do you want to know? And where are we going, anyways?" He'd noticed Suzanne wasn't driving to their home neighborhood. He couldn't think of any reason for her to be driving in the direction she was taking.

"Let me worry about that. First, I want to know why you were so insistent that she talk to me. But more than that, I want you to tell me EVERYTHING that you two talked about last night while you had the chance to be alone."

"Everything? Aunt Suzy, I already explained things in a general way last night. Isn't that good enough?"

Suzanne glanced over briefly, giving him a discouraging look. "No! Details matter. I want you to remember everything you can. Every word, every expression. Everything! Not only is Brenda a highly fuckable piece of ass that I expect you to lay claim to and royally fuck someday soon--"

He interrupted, "Whoa! I still can't believe that."

Suzanne rounded a corner at speed, squealing the tires briefly before replying, "Believe it! Brenda needs a man like you wouldn't believe, and if you're even half the man I know you to be, she'll be spreading her legs for you faster than you can say, 'Rumpelstiltskin.' Remember, if we don't play our cards right with her, she could ruin absolutely EVERYTHING with what she knows. You know I'm a schemer. The key

to a successful scheme is information. That's why I need to know everything you know before I talk to her again."

Suzanne pulled the minivan over and turned off the engine.

Alan had been so preoccupied with talking to her while eating his sandwich that he'd lost track of where she'd been driving. He looked around and realized they were in a parking lot overlooking the beach. The minivan was parked right at the top edge of a cliff, so they had a great view of the sand and the ocean, while their height and position made it very unlikely that anyone would look up and see them.

Still looking around at the view, he asked, "Why are we here?"

She smiled wolfishly. "I was thinking... where can we talk that's only five minutes from your school, and get cozy at the same time?" She said "get cozy" in such a sultry manner that it made him look over at her.

To his amazement, she was suddenly mostly on top of him and not wearing any clothes! Her ass and legs were still in her seat, but her top half was leaning over his chest.

He cried out, "Whoa! How did you get naked so fast?!"

She took his half-eaten bag lunch and set it aside. "I picked clothes that were quick to take off. Plus, no undies helps." She kissed him on the lips while pulling down his shorts, so that by the time her passionate kiss had ended his shorts were down his thighs and her hand was sliding up and down his rigid shaft.

He gasped quietly, with genuine awe, "My God, you're gorgeous!" His heart was pounding hard, more from being in close proximity to a naked Suzanne than from the danger inherent in their public location.

She grinned, but otherwise ignored his compliment. She said in her sexy, scratchy voice, "I figure we've got nearly half an hour, and then it's five minutes to get you back to class on time. Do you want to just talk, or do you want to have some naughty fun with that beautiful woman that all your friends at school were gawking at and dreaming about?"

He asked in confusion, "But I thought you had an urgent need to talk about Brenda?"

She yanked the lever controlling his seat, causing it to slide all the way back so they'd have more leg room. Then she tilted his seat back. "I do, but later!" She kissed him again in a way that took his breath away.

Alan was worried about being seen. It was true that the beach below them was mostly empty, in part because it was the middle of a school day. He was relieved that they weren't at the White Sands Beach, the one closest to his high school, where any of his classmates who cut class might see them. Also, fortunately, the back and side windows on the minivan were tinted as much as California law would allow.

Suzanne loved the feel of skin on skin, as well as the thrill of danger, so before long she had his shorts all the way off and his T-shirt pulled up to his armpits.

He could tell she was extremely hot to trot. So, in addition to running his hands all over her ass and upper body, he dared to touch her pussy, which he was excited to find was soaking wet. To his delight, she didn't say or do anything to stop him. He assumed that was probably because she was so busy with the kissing.

After one particularly breathless kiss, she suddenly broke away. She looked at him with fire in her eyes. "You naughty boy! You naughty, naughty boy!" She laughed with pure joy. Her ass was still in her seat, and now she readjusted her position so her head was right over his crotch.

His heart pounded even harder as he realized what was coming next.

She said, "I'm going to have to punish you for that. Trying to play with my pussy - you should know better. I'm going to have to give your cock a good tongue lashing. Yes indeed!"

He let out a strangled cry, because she skipped the usual step of merely licking his boner and went straight to bobbing on it.

He clutched at the door handle and the center tray to hang on. His ass rose slightly off the seat as an intense surge of pleasure coursed through his body. "Oh! MAN! Fuck me!"

She bobbed on him for about five minutes, using a variety of styles and rhythms.

He found himself thinking, The Tongue comes out to play. Not just any tongue, but THE Tongue! Dang, the things she can do with that sucker! God damn! Now she's just showing off, practically wrapping it around my entire shaft! Fuuuuuck!

Oh man! If she keeps on like this, I'm gonna blow! Like, NOW! Shit! Shit, shit, shit! Gotta hold out! I don't want her to think I can't handle it. But her tongue! Her lips! Her fingers! Just the things she's doing to my balls are driving me crazy! And the bobbing! Dear God, the BOBBING!

I know! The best defense is a good offense! He reached out and started playing with her nipples. He wanted to play with her pussy again, but it was out of reach.

Had he been able to reach her pussy, he might have successfully distracted her and caused her to slow down. Instead, pretty much all he did was get himself worked up even more, since her huge, soft tits felt so good in his hands.

The situation was getting desperate - her oral skills were fantastic and her efforts were relentless. He let go of her boobs, but that didn't help much, not in the face of her rhythmic bobbing. In desperation he cried out, "Mercy! Uncle! Oh God! Please stop!"

Amused, she stopped. She pulled her lips off and switched to merely licking him for a while. This allowed her to talk again, but she couldn't help but crow a little.

"So... Sweetie... Are you still bummed that I showed up unannounced at your school?" She licked her way down to his balls, slathered them in her saliva, and then went right back to the most sensitive region at his cockhead.

"No! Fuck no! Jesus!" His eyes were closed and he was straining hard. His T-shirt had fallen back down most of the way, so at least he would seem clothed to someone looking in from the outside. He worried that he'd appear to be some weirdo having a powerful masturbation session, but he reminded himself that between the tinted side and back windows and the angle of the cliff in front of the minivan, the odds of anyone noticing him were very small indeed. As usual, Suzanne had everything figured out ahead of time.

She knew almost better than he did just how much pleasure he could take without cumming. She was making repeated X patterns over his sweet spot with her tongue, finally giving him the "tongue lashing" that she'd promised earlier.

FUCK, man! he thought, gripping onto parts of the minivan like his life depended on it. So fucking INTENSE! I swear, she's playing me like a fiddle! How does she know when to ease up just enough?! I'm so damn high on lust that I could fly!

She said between licks, "So, I think... What would your friends think... if they knew... that the hot MILF they saw you with... was doing THIS to you right now?!" She giggled. "Your mom likes to call herself one of your 'personal cocksuckers.' Would you like me to be another one of your personal cocksuckers? Would that turn you on?"

She found herself aroused by her own words, so much that she went back to a steady bobbing right over his sweet spot. It was so pleasurable that he practically ripped the handle off the door. After just a minute or two he had to shout again, "Aunt Suzy! Please! Stop!"