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Chapter 281 Aunt Suzy Is Fucking UNREAL!

Suzanne did stop, but did so reluctantly since she was increasingly eager to guzzle down one of his creamy loads. However, she was willing to wait, since she could see that he was fighting with all his might to hold out.

Realizing that he needed a longer strategic break, she crawled back up his body until she was face to face with him, which had the added benefit of letting her stretch a bit after being cramped in the limited space under her dashboard while she was between his legs.

"Aaaaaah! That's better!" She stretched her arms as best she could. "Now you know why I borrowed your mother's minivan, so I could fit down here."

"Indeed! Wow!" He was amazed.

She kissed him playfully on the nose and said, "You know what? You should move your cock to your nose. Then I could alternate between kissing you and sucking you off. That would be a lot more comfy for me in a tight spot like this."

He said sarcastically, "I'll work on that."

She tenderly ran a hand over his face. Staring at him from inches away, she said, "So, you like your ol' Aunt Suzy?"

"For my own self-protection, I'm not going to answer that."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I see you're still jacking me off with one hand. Just having your beautiful nude body on top of mine in a place like this is too sexy to be believed. If I answer that question honestly, I'm going to have to say that I don't just like you, I love you, and I love you so much that it almost makes me cry tears of

joy whenever I think about it. And then you're gonna get way too excited and go to town on my dick even more than you already have, and I'm gonna cum way too soon during a lunch break."

His talk of love made her heart soar. She was so thrilled, and already so much in love with him, that her entire body seemed to be humming. She said playfully, "You think you've got it all figured out, don't you?"

"I do." He looked at her with a mixture of triumph and love.

She just stared at him for a long moment, then suddenly scrambled back down to her previous spot between his legs. "Dammit, you're right!" Once she was settled in, she gave some long licks from his balls to the very top and then back down, after which she said, "But you're half right and all wrong. I'm not going to blow you; I'm going to give you another titfuck! You like those too, don't you?"

He groaned with a mixture of delight and dismay. "Oh God! Please! Give me strength! Aunt Suzy, if you do that, I'm gonna cum in, like, three seconds!"

"Hmmm. We don't want that. We've got to maintain your treatment program." She had added that last statement to try to maintain the pretense that he was getting a medical treatment. She let his hot erection settle in the depths of her cleavage, but took his warning seriously and delayed starting the titfuck.

He closed his eyes again and started counting.

She could tell what he was doing because she saw his lips move. "Doing the old 'close your eyes and count to ten' trick, huh? Good idea." She lapped her way around his cockhead until he had to gasp out loud, then stopped. "That's an old hit from the sixties, you know. Dusty Springfield, I think." She sang:

"I close my eyes and count to ten,

and when I open them you're still here

I close my eyes and count again,

I can't believe it but you're still here"

He wasn't familiar with the song but he liked the melody. "Nice." Her scratchy voice made her sound like Bonnie Tyler or a female Rod Stewart. His chest was still heaving from the endless waves of pleasure, but he at least managed to open his eyes and look at the beach and the ocean.

Waiting a few more moments to recover, he dared to glance briefly at Suzanne, and at his dick trapped between her huge globes. "Fuckin' A! That song must be about me. I can't believe you're still here. Hell, I can't believe you're here with me at all!"

She replied, "Sweetie, let's not go down that road again right now. Beautiful women need love too, you know, and it just so happens I'm kinda fond of you." She winked. "But we need to talk about Brenda. Our time is short, especially since I've hardly gotten started on your tongue-lashing punishment."

She looked down toward his cockhead and tried to reach it with her tongue. "I'm gonna whip it with my long tongue over and over again until it's red and 'bleeding' pre-cum. Maybe that'll teach you."

He laughed. "Teach me what? What did I do wrong in the first place? I forget."

"Me too." She tried "lashing" him, but since she couldn't reach his sweet spot, she "lashed" the top of his cockhead around the opening instead.

When she felt him tense up, she had to stop. "Okay. Let's really talk. I promise I'll be good... for the most part." She laughed wickedly. "Now, tell me what you told Brenda."

"Do you seriously expect me to be able to talk at a time like this?"

"What? Is the view of the beach too distracting?" She swirled her tongue around his cockhead and tightened the grip of her boobs around his shaft, pushing him to the very brink of climax.

"Jeeeesus! Aaaaaiiiiiieeee! DAMN!" Panting hard, he complained, "You're gonna kill me!"

"True, probably, by and by. But what a way to go! So anyway, talk. Time is running out."

"Aunt Suzy, you're crazy!"

"Never call anyone crazy who has their teeth close to your cock." Due to the titfuck position, the best she could do was lightly scrape the top inch of his cockhead with her teeth to playfully make her point. "Anyway, the human body is very, very flexible. You may not realize it, but I'm training you. Right now, it may seem crazy to expect you to talk, but soon it'll feel odd for you to talk to me WITHOUT some beautiful woman actively sucking or at least stroking you at the same time."

That was such an arousing thought that it almost took him over the edge. He managed, barely, to hold on, but it left him breathless all over again.

Suzanne tried to give him more of a break, but with his hot erection trapped in her cleavage and his bulbous cockhead so close to her mouth she couldn't completely help herself. After another minute or two of keeping him right on the edge, thanks to playful little licks and tit squeezes, she crawled back up him until her mouth was back in kissing range.

"There. I promise not to do anything more than jack you off a little bit." She was already stroking him steadily as she said that. "Now, tell me about Brenda. And if talking about that big-titted babe inspires you to fondle the G-cups of the naked babe resting on top of you here in this public parking lot, well, so be it. Just don't put your hand here..." She took one of his hands and brought it to her pussy lips. His fingers immediately grew wet as he unthinkingly probed an inch or so into her slit.

She concluded, "...because that would be wrong."

He wasn't sure if she was teasing or serious, and frankly, neither was she. But he withdrew his hand, if only because he was overcome with stimulation and he was still trying hard to stave off his own climax.

She stopped stroking his shaft, only to fondle his balls instead. "Start with why you think she's so keen to talk to me all of a sudden."

"Well... I, uh... One thing I forgot to mention to you yesterday... I told her that she was unhappy. ... And, uh... Awww, hell! I give up! How can I talk like this? Your body feels so damn good! Your mouth is literally like an inch from mine. I wanna kiss you so bad!"

"Then kiss me, you fool!" she said in a challenging, sultry purr. "We still have time." She turned her head and quickly glanced at the clock on the dashboard. "Would you believe we still have fifteen minutes before we have to start back?"

He was tempted, but he closed his eyes and said, "No. I'm just gonna shut out all sensory information and pretend you're not jacking me off, and keep cool until I've told you all about Brenda."

He mentally counted to ten again, which helped a good deal. "Okay. I suggested she should talk to you right away about finding a good man, and making her life happier in general. I figured that if she did talk to you, you'd gain more insight into her, and then we could use that to kind of tempt her so she'd desire me more."

Before he could say more, Suzanne interrupted excitedly, "Brilliant! I knew you had it in you! You're like a chip off the ol' block. You're gonna make a great schemer, kid! And a killer seducer. Just from what I saw and what you told us last night, it's clear that you really got under her skin. And soon you're gonna get under her panties and into her burning hot CUNT!" She immediately locked lips and kissed him with a soulful passion.

He could feel beads of sweat rolling down his face, because she had him so hot in more ways than one. For once, she wasn't overtly doing anything to his hard-on, because she had brought both hands up to hold his head in place while they kissed. But his cock didn't get any respite, because her curvy, naked body was writhing on top of him and she seemed to make a point of grinding and churning her hips on his shaft.

It took him a while to recover from that combined kiss and cock rubbing. He couldn't seem to let go of her ass to save his life. Nevertheless, he finally managed to resume his story.

After Suzanne got over her initial excitement, she calmed down enough to let him summarize the rest of his discussion with Brenda. She avoided stimulating his cock too outrageously, more or less. He recounted everything he could remember, including such details as his "lord and master" comment.

Suzanne had a good laugh about that, and a few other things, such as how carried away he got with his doggy-style fuck suggestion. But all in all, she was very impressed at how he'd handled things, and she told him so. "Remember yesterday I told you that it's better to be lucky than good, but you're lucky AND good. I had no idea how true that was! Given her reaction to your 'lord and master' comment, plus other clues, I suspect she's even more submissive than we thought. You may have a real firecracker on your hands!"

She started sliding back down his body, to get back in position between his legs. "I'm so proud of you. I couldn't have coached you any better if I'd been able to tell you exactly what to say through an earpiece. She's much further along than I'd hoped for by this point. Once we get Brenda fully addicted to serving you and your cock, we can rest easy about what she knows regarding the incest."

Suzanne's mouth was positioned for more cocksucking, not titfucking this time. She licked all over his sweet spot as she added, "Would you like that? Would you like super busty Brenda to be your submissive toy to fuck and fondle any time you like?"

He just groaned lustily.bender

"I agree! You need a big reward. I'm going to have to give you a severe tongue lashing. I'm going to whip you with my tongue until your cock is completely soaked! Oh, wait. It already is, and mostly with my saliva!" She laughed gaily.

He grunted between labored breaths, "That's exactly what you said... about my... my punishment."

She laughed some more, even as she kept on stroking and licking. "I did, didn't I? Oh well, punishment, reward, or anything in between - it doesn't matter. The main thing is, I know I've gotta pleasure your incredible cock!"

With that, she engulfed his cockhead and then some, and got busy bobbing with strong suction. She'd been careful up to that point, easing up or stopping altogether if she thought he was too close to eruption. But she knew they had only a few minutes left, so this time she went all out.

It didn't take much. He too was aware of the time. In fact, he was more aware of it since he was facing the dashboard clock and glancing at it occasionally. She'd said it would take five minutes to drive him

back to school, so he was aiming to last until then. But in the end, they still had a couple of minutes to spare when he started firing his load into her hungry mouth.

She kept bobbing through his climax and for about a minute afterwards, until he was completely flaccid.

She sighed happily; they both seemed content and mellow.

But then she was a sudden ball of energy. In a matter of seconds, she was back in the driver's seat and fumbling to put her clothes back on. "Quick, Sweetie! Your clothes! And you only ate half your sandwich. Finish it up, and your drink too."

He grabbed his shorts from the floor and started pulling them up his legs. By the time he was dressed, he was surprised to see that Suzanne was already starting the minivan. When she meant business, she meant business, and she didn't want him to miss even one minute of class on her account.

On the ride back, she asked, "Do you remember yesterday, when you came up with the idea that I should investigate all the girls on the cheerleading squad?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I was thinking about it, and I've decided against it. The problem is, if I have investigators really start digging around, they're going to end up poking around into your life, and Angel's life, and Amy's life too. Even if they try not to, and only focus on the other cheerleaders and not Angel and Amy, it's hard to avoid them if you're all interacting. And what if, say, some investigator takes photos of you and Angel kissing rather intimately, and puts two and two together? Then I could have a whole new set of problems on my hands!"

He admitted, "I hadn't thought of that."

Suzanne chuckled. "Yeah, well, you were a bit preoccupied at the time. If I recall, a certain crazy redhead was busy licking your Johnson."

He quipped, "Yeah, I gotta tell Ginger Spice to stop doing that. It's distracting!"

She chortled, "Ginger Spice?! Ha! Yeah, right."

Pondering the situation more seriously, he asked, "Um... Aunt Suzy? Here's an idea. What if, instead of a full-on investigation, you just do a little background check yourself? Didn't you say you have personal experience doing that kind of thing?"

"I do," she admitted. "And nowadays with the power of personal computers, it's surprisingly easy."

"To be honest, the main one I'm worried about is Heather. She's scary! But knowledge is power..."

Suzanne smiled. "Knowledge IS power. That's a saying that people know to be true, but they're usually too lazy to act on it. You're right. I'll see to it personally, to find out a little bit about her. And that may help you, Angel, AND Amy from being crushed under her stiletto-booted heel."

"Thanks! You're the best!" He leaned into Suzanne's seat and kissed her cheek.

Suzanne grinned. "So... you and Heather, huh? Who'd'a figured?"

"Wait! I didn't say that! I haven't named any names. It's just that, as head cheerleader, she has her tentacles in everything."

"Ah. I see. Okay, we'll have to keep an eye on Ms. Octopus then."

"Good."

In the end, Alan made it back to class on time, although he did have to run from the minivan to the classroom door, making it by only a few seconds.

The only problem with his whole lunch adventure was that Christine sat next to him in their fifth-period calculus class, so she noticed his post-coital lethargy and patina of sweat. Luckily, since she saw him run in, she figured it was due to his running a good distance to get to class on time. She kept her eye on him

though, forcing him to stay alert and focused for the entire class, when what he really wanted to do was fade out in a post-orgasmic nap.

As he sat there pretending to listen to their teacher, he thought, Dang! Aunt Suzy is fucking UNREAL! I hate to say this, because I totally love Glory and how we're spending our time together, but lunch in the car with my auntie is a notch more awesome than lunch in class with my sexy teach. And that's saying a lot! But then again, Glory and I are just starting to get to know each other in an intimate way. Aunt Suzy already knows me so well that she has a big advantage.

Hell, the truth is, I couldn't take a lunch like that on a daily basis; I'd be totally useless for the rest of the day!

Chapter 282 Why Can't I Be One Of His Lovers Too?-Brenda

At one-thirty on the dot, Brenda rang the doorbell to Suzanne's house. That was when Suzanne had asked her to arrive, because she'd figured she'd need time to recover from meeting Alan and to make herself presentable. It had also given her some time to think about what she was going to say. But she also wanted Brenda gone before the school day ended, before Brad or Amy might come home.

"Welcome! Come in," Suzanne said, acting the perfect hostess. She was dressed in just a long-sleeved blouse and short skirt, since she wanted to project an informal air.

Brenda was dressed more impressively, because she actually did want to impress. Her dress had a plunging neckline because she thought there was at least a slight chance she might also end up seeing Alan before she went home.

After a few minutes of pleasantries, the two women wound up sitting on opposite sofas in the Petridge living room. Suzanne could tell that Brenda was too embarrassed to state the real reason for the visit, so she kept beating around the bush.

Suzanne broke the ice. "I got ahold of Alan during his lunch today at school and asked him about what you two talked about last night."

Brenda's entire body stiffened in response to hearing that. "You met with him just to talk about what he and I said in private?!"

"No, no, no. Relax. It wasn't like that at all. For starters, the reason I saw him had nothing to do with you. Since you know all our secrets, and you don't mind me speaking frankly about sexual matters..." She left that dangling to get Brenda to confirm again.

"I don't."

"Then I'll just come out and say it: I was getting hungry, for cock. For Alan's big cock!"

Brenda gasped.

"I'm sorry. I thought you could handle that kind of language."

"I can. Please, don't censor yourself for me. It's just... rather startling to hear it out of the blue like that."

"Ah. I see. I took Alan to a private place away from school so he could titfuck me, and boy did he!" She ran a hand down her chest, right between her boobs. "I can practically still feel the heat, the wet heat, burning into my skin. I got so hot that I couldn't help but suck his thick meat too. But listen to me; you don't want to hear me go on like that."

"Um..." Actually Brenda did, very much, but it didn't seem proper to admit it. She was starting to get quite horny, but she felt she should conceal that fact.

"That Alan. He's such an honorable, kind-hearted kid. Naturally he told me he couldn't share what you two had talked about, since there was a presumption of privacy. But he told me that he'd said that I could give you some pointers on finding a new man in your life, as well as on how to cope with the post-divorce blues. That was already on my agenda."

Brenda relaxed when she inferred, mistakenly, that that was all that Alan had told Suzanne. She nodded. "I guess that's... true enough. I must admit, being at the house next door last night, I saw a family, or maybe I should call it a group of very close friends..."

Suzanne suggested, "'Family' is good."

"A family, then, that's extremely happy. It's not just the sexual excitement in the air, although there's a lot of that too. There's just so much love, and joy, and laughter. It made me realize by contrast how unhappy my life has been in recent years. Alan talks highly of you. He says you can solve any problem, no matter how big or small. So I guess I could use your advice. How can I change things so I can be as happy as you all are?"

Suzanne nodded, pretending that Brenda's disclosure was new to her. "Okay. I can help with that. I've already suggested that, although Alan is off limits for you, I'd like to help find you a man like him."

"Yes." Brenda felt a pang in her heart. She didn't want a man like Alan; she wanted Alan. She wanted the real thing! But she figured that might not happen, so she needed to be willing to accept the next best. Besides, the more she learned and the closer she got to Alan and those who knew him well, including Suzanne, the better her chances would be with him.

Suzanne went on, "I understand your divorce is nearly final, so you're approaching a crossroads. That's the perfect time to shake things up and start down a new road - a better road. But before I can help you figure out where you want to go, I need to know where you've been. There's still so much I don't know about you. Can you fill me in?"

"Sure. What would you like to know?"

"Why don't you just tell me what you feel is relevant? For instance, more about the regrets and frustrations that have led you to desire a new man."

Brenda sat back and sighed heavily. "I do have some regrets and frustrations, but talking about them isn't easy. But then again, in many ways I've been incredibly lucky, so I should be grateful. For starters, because I've been married to a very wealthy man, people assume I'm some kind of gold digger who married into wealth. Not true. My parents were also very wealthy, so I was born into a life of luxury."

After a pause, she said, "By the way, last night, Alan pointed that out to me, even though he had no way of knowing. How did he do that?"

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Suzanne grinned. "I'm not surprised. He's a VERY perceptive young man. Sometimes when I'm with him, I feel like he's looking straight into my soul. I can't keep any secrets from him. He knows my innermost secrets, my deepest desires."

"YES! YES! That's EXACTLY how I felt with him last night! It was an intense experience. Rather frightening, to be honest."

Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, he's harmless. He's just very insightful, but he's very careful not to share any confidences. Well, he's harmless unless he's trying to seduce you, in which case watch out!" She chuckled knowingly.

Brenda's heart was thumping wildly as she thought about Alan seducing her. He's such a handsome, sexy STUD! If he were to try to seduce me, there's no way I could resist! Hell, why would I even want to resist? I'd drop to my knees in a flash and show him just how good I could be! That I'm worthy to be one of his many sluts. I'd show him with my lips and my tongue!

Suzanne smirked a little bit, seeing that Brenda was momentarily visualizing herself with Alan. Suzanne asked, "How has that affected you, being born into wealth?"

Brenda sighed again. "Unfortunately, in many ways that's more a curse than a blessing, at least the way I was raised. You see, I was spoiled rotten. On top of that, I've been blessed with this body." She looked down at her voluptuous form. "But in some ways that's more of a curse too. You see, I got my breasts very early and they just kept on growing. By the time I was fourteen, everyone treated me like I was royalty, just because I have all this extra fatty tissue on my chest and butt. That only spoiled me even more, especially when it came to men."

She looked over Suzanne's body. "I'm sure you can relate."

Suzanne nodded. "Probably. We've talked about our similar problems due to our somewhat similar bodies."

"I never had to lift a hand to do anything, because some horny guy who wanted to get into my pants was there to serve me. In a way I lucked out, because the reaction of others was SO extreme, SO over the top all the time that I got completely sick of it pretty quickly. Well before high school even ended, all

I wanted was to be left alone. I guess we always want the things we don't have, which in my case was for people to like me for my brains rather than my body. I put my nose to the grindstone and did well in school. As a result, I ended up going to the University of California at Berkeley."

Suzanne nodded. "Yeah, I heard that."

"You're not surprised?"

"Why should I be? Brenda, we're in the same boat. The only difference is, I went to UCLA because I wanted to stay in Southern California. But I was accepted to Berkeley and quite a few other top universities as well. My story's exactly the same. Everyone loved me for my body and I wanted to be loved for my mind. Heck, we might even have ended up as classmates."

Brenda nodded. "Everyone treats me exactly like that. I'm so used to it that I find it hard to switch gears when someone actually understands me. Anyway, at Berkeley, I continued my spoiled ways. Believe it or not, I have a housekeeper named Anika who has basically raised me since birth. She continued as my full-time maid all through college, and she's with me still. How many college students have their own maids? None, that's how many."

Brenda was still having lusty thoughts, even as she carried on the serious conversation. She found herself staring at Suzanne's mouth in an odd way. Just an hour or so ago, that mouth was wrapped around Alan's cock! Her lips were stretched almost painfully wide, but I'll bet she loved it! No, I know she did!

"You seem bitter about it," Suzanne pointed out, unaware of Brenda's thoughts.

"Not really. Anika is the greatest; I don't know what I'd do without her. She's so much more than a maid. But I did pay the price for being pampered, and I continue to pay it. Anyway, it wasn't long before I met a man named Quintin Ross and married him. I was only nineteen. Not long after, we had a little 'accident,' meaning I got pregnant. My one and only child Adrian was the result. Although the timing was unfortunate, Aidy is the joy of my life, so now I have no regrets that I got pregnant."

She thought, I wish I could truly talk to Suzanne about anything. For instance, what's the policy around here regarding pregnancy? Is he going to knock up all his women? Or just use them as his sex dolls? Does she want him to impregnate her? Either way, it's too hot to be believed!

She regained her earlier train of thought and continued, "Sadly, Quintin didn't feel the same. He couldn't handle being a father at such a young age and skipped out on me. I dropped out of college and got divorced. Things were not going well. At least I had Anika and my Adrian, and I was still rolling in money. Quintin certainly was not poor, so he sort of threw a ton of money at me to try to make up for running off."

Suzanne nodded in sympathy. "I know what it's like having a baby or two at a young age, believe me."

"Yeah. At first I let it overwhelm me, but I eventually got back on my feet and went back to Berkeley to finish my degree. But before long I met another man and fell head over heels for him too. Bob, Bob Hunter. He's the man I'm divorcing now. Since I was hanging out with the rich students, I suppose it's not surprising that he turned out to be extremely wealthy too. I can't say I married him for his money, but then again, at that point in my life I was too snobby to date anyone who wasn't rich. At least I managed to graduate that time."

"What in?"

"A double B.A., in History and Art History."

Suzanne was pleasantly surprised, since she hadn't known that. "Oh, really? How interesting. You're going to be very popular around here. Alan loves history, and my daughter Amy is just crazy about art. She's quite a painting prodigy."

Brenda thought, What Alan really loves is SEX! And busty, beautiful women. Like me! Why can't I be one of his lovers too, dammit? I could be so good to him. He might be exactly what I need!

She pushed those feelings to the side and said, "That's nice. Anyway, after graduation, Bob and I moved to Orange County, to a brand new mansion that I still live in. Anika continued to work for me, but we had a whole squad of servants helping out." She frowned. "I know this sounds insincere, but I really think there's such a thing as having too much money. Bob stayed busy with his business, but we were so wealthy that it was utterly pointless for me to work. I had too much money and too much free time. Too much help, even, which meant Anika raised Adrian as much or more than I did. I think I would have been a lot happier with a lot less. I sure don't want to be poor, but money does not equal happiness, that's for sure!"

"I agree," Suzanne said. "Obviously it's good to know you won't ever have to live on the streets but, in my experience, rich people aren't any happier than the rest. And sometimes they're a lot less happy. It's my theory that people often get rich because they're so focused on getting ahead that family and love and health and other important things fall by the wayside. That almost guarantees big problems before long."

Brenda nodded. "So true! That was Bob in a nutshell. I mean, fuck! Pardon my French, but we had more money than we knew how to spend, and yet it was never enough for him. That became a big bone of contention between us. I wanted to enjoy life and have more of his time, but the opposite happened. As time went on, it's like he got more and more into his job. I think he loved the power, having lots of people to hire and fire and kiss his ass. Me? I'd been through that already due to my looks. I still have this big 'everyone leave me the hell alone!' chip on my shoulder, so the last thing that would interest me is some kind of power trip."

She sighed heavily again. "I just want to be done with it, all of it. The money, the servants, the snotty friends, the superficiality of it all. I've realized that I don't like ANYBODY that I know! I don't have a single real friend, except for Anika and Aidy, my son. Everyone else is just so fucking fake! Again, sorry for cursing."

"Not a fucking problem." Suzanne grinned, making clear that she didn't mind the profanity.

Brenda smiled at that. "You - and by 'you' I mean the whole Plummer house gang - you're the first real people I've come across in ages. You guys don't care which rich or powerful people I know, or how much my jewelry costs, or which exclusive resort I'll be going to for my next vacation. You guys actually LIKE each other, instead of sniping and backstabbing. It's so refreshing!"

Suzanne reached out and held Brenda's hand. "I've been where you are, believe me. I was lost for a long time too, looking for happiness in all the wrong places. My marriage went to hell years ago, which is a story I'll have to tell you later. I thought I could fill the void with sexual affairs and parties, but all the people I met were the same type of vacuous, elitist snobs that you don't like. In fact, that's how I first met you, at one of those parties a couple of years ago."

They both had a laugh over that.

Suzanne continued, "Too bad we didn't get to know each other better then. Susan's been my saving grace. She has these old-fashioned conservative values. I have a LOT of problems with some of that, especially in the religious and political areas. But some of those old values turn out to be the most important things, like family."

"Excuse me, but how does she juggle that with her new, um, focus on sexually helping her son?"

"Good question. The two things aren't in conflict at all. Sex and love reinforce each other. Sex strengthens the loving bond, and love makes the sex much, much better. It's a virtuous circle, the exact opposite of a vicious circle."

"I can see that." And I want it! Damn! Susan's so lucky! Suzanne too.

Suzanne continued, "I'm all about family these days, although I continue to be estranged from my husband and his seeming clone, my son Brad. I guess the Plummers have become my new family, and my daughter Amy's too. But Susan helped me in other ways. For a while, I tried to get her to go to those society parties. But she complained so much it was like pulling teeth, and only ever went as a favor to me. She called those people 'a bunch of puffed-up posers.' And she was right! I'd rather have one good friend like her than a thousand fair-weather friends. People who will stick with you through thick and thin."

"Exactly! Suzanne, it's like you're reading my mind."

Suzanne pointed out, "That's not so surprising. We're both about the same age and our histories aren't that different. We've had many similar experiences, from all the attention our big breasts and curvy figures have got us to unhappy marriages to husbands who are more interested in work and making ever more money at the expense of everything else. Susan's story is a bit different, but also broadly similar. There's no reason why you, or Susan, or I have to stumble in the dark alone; we can help each other."

Chapter 283 Brenda's Inner Struggle.

They held hands again, then Brenda firmly squeezed Suzanne's. "Thank you! Alan was so right about how I needed to talk to you one-on-one. And I haven't even gotten to the main reason I wanted to talk to you!"

They both laughed, enjoying their new camaraderie.

Suzanne pulled her hand back and said, "Let's talk about that, then. Finding a new man. Yes?"

Brenda nodded. Her real interest at that moment was Alan, and trying him out, but she thought Suzanne wouldn't allow that. However, she hoped to learn things that could help her with that quest.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"Nah. This conversation is far too interesting to take a break."

Suzanne smiled. "Very well. Let's talk about finding you a good man, one of those 'real men' like Alan that I've talked to you about. But first, let me explain a little more about my situation today. I've come to the conclusion that the most important thing, and maybe really the only thing that matters, is love. One of the ways Susan influenced me was to make me see that materialistic and selfish desires really don't matter much. I know that sounds a bit hypocritical when I'm living in this big house. I'm not saying that stuff doesn't matter at all, but once you reach a certain point... Let's put it this way. Have you ever heard of Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs?"

Brenda's face lit up. "I have! I love the fact that you mentioned that! Wow, talking to someone about something of intellectual substance. This is such a rare treat for me, because people see my looks and treat me like I'm a brainless bimbo. Maslow was a psychologist who said that each person first tries to fulfill his or her most basic needs, like food, water, and shelter. Once those are secure, the person moves on to higher needs, like secure employment, good health, and so on. The person keeps going up to get to still higher needs, like self-actualization."

Suzanne smiled. "Exactly! You and I, with our basic needs more than taken care of, we can move up. A lot of wealthy people never truly get that concept. They think the goal is just to collect more and more stuff. But that's a dead end. There's always that one more thing you want or think you need, and you keep working yourself to death until you literally die."

"So true," Brenda agreed. "You can't take it with you. I have more money than I could ever reasonably need to spend. Why couldn't Bob see that? Why couldn't he at least have found a better balance?"

Suzanne nodded. "Tell me about it. It's like you're describing my husband Eric. I'm at a point where what I desire above all else is love. To love and to be loved. Friends and family are what matters the most. And I've found that. Susan's a big, big part of it. And my daughter Amy. And Katherine, who's like a second daughter to me. But most important of all is Alan. I've gotta say the sexual aspect with him plays a big role. Had it not been for that, he'd be like a son to me, which is fantastic. But he's so much more! Brenda, I'm in love! I'm so much in love!"

Brenda smiled, even as she felt a sharp pang of jealousy. "That's wonderful. But isn't it kind of difficult for you? I mean, I'm sure he loves you too, but he's also sexually involved with Susan, and Katherine in a way, and others."

"Oh, definitely others," Suzanne said with a leer. "He's quite the stud."

Brenda noticed more than a touch of pride in Suzanne's voice, and that puzzled her. "I still don't get your attitude on that. Be honest; doesn't that bother you?"

"We're working it out. It's definitely a work in progress. We're lucky that there's just one male involved. I don't think men can share women very well. It goes back to some primal caveman instinct. But if one man has several women, that can work. That's been proven throughout history time and time again."

"The harem pattern," Brenda suggested. Harem-related porn was one of her favorite types of porn. The mere word could get her wet. It was hard for her to talk about the subject in a supposedly disinterested manner.

"If you want to call it that. In fact, I think it has big advantages. Look at us last night. You felt the vibe. The whole Plummer house is high on happiness and love, because we're all in love with Alan, and he's in love with all of us. It's incredible! For instance, I can share the joy of being in love with Alan with Susan, my very best friend. I thought we were the very best of friends previously, but it's made us even closer than before. Sharing Alan with other women you like, well, it's just better all around."

Brenda found herself nodding, because she was in complete agreement. I'll bet it is! Alan, with his harem of gorgeous women! Then she caught herself and stopped.

"So anyway, my point is, if you want to be happy, to be deliriously happy, you need to find love AND sexual satisfaction. Right now, you're lacking both in a big way."

"I am?"bender

"It's written on your face."

"It is?"

"Brenda, I'm going to be blunt. I'm going to be very blunt. You look like a woman who hasn't had a good fuck in YEARS!"

Brenda was shocked at first, but then she burst into laughter and Suzanne joined in. "You're right! You're so right!" After the laughter died down, she asked, "Is that really written on my face?"

"Well, yes and no. It's not something a stranger might notice, but I've been seeing you and talking to you more often in recent weeks, so it seems obvious to me. Of course, a big clue was the way you shouted out how you need to get laid at that party a few nights ago."

Brenda laughed. "Oh yeah! When I was drunk. That was a teeny, tiny clue."

Suzanne winked. "Very tiny. I'll bet it's actually true that you haven't had sex in years, at least any really good sex. Meanwhile, Bob has been having affairs right and left."

"What?! How did you know that?!" She was well aware of his affairs, but she didn't see how Suzanne could know.

"From what you told me before. Alan's not the only one who can be perceptive, you know. Your husband's on a power trip, you said. For people like that, sex is a manifestation of power. Way back when, I'm sure he pursued you aggressively because you were the best. The most beautiful. The most endowed. Smart and rich, too. It was impossible for him to find a more physically impressive wife than you. To put it bluntly, you were a gorgeous trophy to be won. Then he was happy with you for a while,

because having and flaunting you was one way for him to prove his superiority over others. But people like that get bored with the status quo."

Brenda nodded as she listened. She was very impressed.

"Eventually, he concluded that having you, and some other women on the side, would be even more of a power trip, plus there's the thrill of the chase and the excitement of keeping a dangerous secret, and so on. Believe me, I know, because my husband Eric is a lot like your Bob, and the same kind of thing destroyed our marriage."

Suzanne went on, "For a long time, I was stumped: why on Earth would a man cheat on ME? Let's not toot the false modesty horn; I'm extremely beautiful, smart, good-hearted, an insatiable tigress in bed, and lots of other positive things besides. But eventually I realized what happened wasn't about me. His personality made his cheating inevitable. Some people are just never satisfied with what they've got."

Brenda asked, "Why didn't you just divorce his sorry ass years ago?"

Now it was Suzanne's turn to sigh heavily. "In retrospect, I should have. Keeping a sham marriage going was the dumbest mistake I ever made. But I thought it was vital to keep the family together until the kids graduated from high school. What I didn't realize was that a family split in two while living in the same house was no favor to the kids. In fact, just the opposite. But now it's a moot point. Somehow we've muddled through, and now the kids are of age and I can finally get a divorce. Which of course will allow me to devote myself to Alan full-time. So you can see how very similar our situations are."

"But how is Eric cheating on you different from Alan having multiple lovers?"

Suzanne's eyes narrowed and she had to control a surge of anger. "It's totally different! Nothing could be MORE different! Cheating is cheating, and it's just about the most painful kind of personal treachery you can imagine. But you probably can imagine it, since Bob cheated on you."

Brenda nodded. Her heart ached from the reminder. Bob had cheated on her for years and years.

"Whereas everything Alan has done with other women has been with my full approval. I may not know every last detail, but there's no real duplicity or treachery going on. In fact, I've encouraged him every

step of the way. You see, we're a family - a real sharing family. If Alan were my lover but not theirs, we would have all kinds of problems. Sharing is the only way to go here."

Brenda was silent, since she didn't know quite what to think about that. Damn! I'm an outsider. If I were part of that group, say, Suzanne's sister, I'm sure I'd have the taste of sperm on my breath right now! I'd spend hours naked and kneeling, choking and gagging, then getting the fucking of my life! That would be a dream come true. But Alan doesn't know me at all, so why would he be interested?

Suzanne continued, "So, as you can see, our life histories are pretty similar. The big difference is that now I have Alan."

Brenda said wistfully, "What I need is my own Alan." Maybe I'll have to settle for that, someone like him. God, that sucks! So much money, and it can't buy me the one thing I really need.

"My thoughts exactly! In fact, you need someone exactly like Alan. Too bad Alan is already taken, several times over. We've lamented that already. Someone like him would turn your life around. Of course, I'm not talking about the superficial things, like age or looks, though it's wonderful to have a handsome young stud who can last so long. But it's the stuff inside that counts. The key thing for me with Alan is that he's just such a GOOD person. He doesn't care about power, wealth, or status. I think he saw what Susan and I went through, and he's been lucky to learn what really matters at a much younger age than you or I did. He knows it's about family, friends, and love. If his loved ones are unhappy, he's unhappy."

After an apparent pause, Suzanne unexpectedly added, "And sex!"

"Excuse me?"

"Sex! Sex is key. It's like the glue, the bond, that holds it all together. I don't think you can have a happy romantic couple without good and fairly frequent sex. If they go without, then they're just roommates and not really a couple. With sex, we reaffirm and strengthen our loving bonds every day." She leered, "And it's a hell of a lot of fun!"

They laughed. Brenda added, "Amen to that!" Again she thought about the fact that Suzanne had blown Alan just an hour or so earlier. Lucky slut. Lucky lips. And he titfucked her too!

Suzanne continued, "So what you need is a man who has good values, not superficial ones. And he has to be someone you find attractive. And someone who can ring your chimes over and over again, if you know what I mean."

Brenda said with chagrin, "Basically, Alan."

"Pretty much. Unfortunately, there aren't many Alans out there, and I'm sure they get snapped up fast. But I've found mine, and with the right attitude, lots of work, and knowing where to look, I'll bet you'll be able to find yours."

Brenda said anxiously, "I hope so. The fact that I have a teenage son already, that doesn't help matters."

"No. But I believe there's someone out there for every lonely soul. Or, in Alan's case, someone for several lonely souls." She chuckled.

Brenda was fishing for details about Alan's sex life. She asked, tentatively, "Um, you don't have to answer this, but just how many 'lonely souls' do you think one person like him can satisfy?"

"Hmmm. In Alan's case, who knows? I do know that I'm much, much happier sharing him than having someone like my husband-in-name-only Eric all to myself. The sharing has so many benefits. To give you an example, Susan was already my very best friend before this all started. I thought we couldn't possibly get any closer. But then we both started sharing Alan, and we've gotten MUCH closer! We spend even more time together every day, and we're constantly talking about the sexy, fun things we did with him. It literally doubles the joy, because I get to do something with Alan, and then later I get the joy of reliving it by talking about it with Susan."

Brenda asked hesitantly, "Do you get... graphic?"

"Oh, yes! VERY graphic! We go over every blowjob nearly lick by lick. Not only is it great fun, but we also learn a lot about what works best, so we can serve him that much better."

Brenda felt goose bumps when she heard that. "Serve him!" Oh God, she's living the dream! MY dream! But am I ready to make that dream a reality? That's scary!

Suzanne added, "Of course, that wouldn't work for some personality types. We're lucky in that our group, or family, meshes so well. Different strokes for different folks, as the saying goes. There are a lot of different ways to find happiness."

"That's true," Brenda agreed. She was miffed that Suzanne had dodged revealing the number of Alan's lovers.

Brenda and Suzanne continued to talk about this and that. Mostly, they focused on Brenda's problems. Suzanne tried to stress that it would be difficult to find the kind of man she wanted and needed, and in the meantime she needed to get in contact with her sexual side and "go a little wild." Once she "found herself" sexually, that would make it easier to know what she wanted with her ultimate mate.

At one point, Brenda asked Suzanne to describe how good it felt to be fucked by Alan.

Suzanne was forced to state that she hadn't actually been fucked by him yet, since she'd been holding off on real intercourse until Susan was ready to accept it for them both. But she reassured Brenda that, based on the great pleasure that she'd experienced with other sex acts with Alan, she was sure it would be absolutely fantastic. She pointed out that all the other sex acts with prolonged arousal were training him to have incredible stamina, on top of his innate teenage ability to recover rapidly. She further asserted that she and he would fuck within the next week or two, once Susan got past her issues about so-called "true incest," meaning vaginal penetration.

Given everything else that Brenda had learned about Alan, she had no reason to doubt Suzanne's prediction.

There was much that Suzanne refrained from saying. For instance, she didn't bring up Brenda's sexually submissive tendencies, even though she was tempted to. She reminded herself that her scheme wouldn't come to fruition in one day, so on this day she was just planting seeds that would flower in the future.

There was also much that Brenda refrained from mentioning. She still considered her submissiveness a deep secret that only Alan had figured out. She thought Suzanne might have an inkling, in a vague way, due to the kind of "real man" Suzanne said would suit her, but she was ashamed to reveal just how strong her submissive feelings were. She was very afraid of those feelings. Life was safe, if boring, as long as she kept them bottled up. Alan tempted her to take the plunge and let those feelings run free, but that scared her. She still felt reluctant and conflicted.

Suzanne's goal was to give Brenda the idea that the person she should "go a little wild" with was Alan. Furthermore, she wanted Brenda's desire for Alan to grow and grow. It didn't take a big mental leap to conclude that if Brenda's ideal mate was a man "exactly like Alan," who better to fit that description than Alan himself? Once Brenda was fully under Alan's spell, her knowledge of the incest would no longer be a threat. Ideally, Brenda could find a role as a kind of associate member of Suzanne's new sexual family, benefiting from it in many ways without being a core member who took up a lot of Alan's time and energy. Suzanne considered the fact that Brenda had a teenage son to be a potential bonus, because it would hopefully keep Brenda occupied much of the time so she wouldn't be too clingy or upset about not being closer to Alan.

Suzanne hadn't worked out all the answers when it came to Brenda, but she had a gut feeling that things were working in a direction that would make everyone involved very happy, including Brenda. In fact, in the same way that Suzanne felt that Susan's sexual awakening would ultimately end up being the best thing that had ever happened to her friend, Suzanne thought that Brenda's life also could be radically transformed for the better.

Even though the supposed purpose of Brenda's visit was to get Suzanne's help in finding a man like Alan, she left the house with less of an interest in that option and even more desire for Alan himself. That had been exactly Suzanne's intention all along.

Chapter 284 Driveway Flash And Hot Sex With Kim

Susan had told Alan and Katherine to be home from their S-Club meeting by five o'clock. With school ending at three o'clock, that gave them less than two hours for another ménage à trois at Kim's house under the cover of the S-Club meeting.

Had Alan gotten together with Kim and Katherine one day earlier, there would have been a lot of weariness. Katherine was still recovering from the drilling of a lifetime on Monday. Kim also wasn't used to being fucked, and so had taken some time to recover. But by Thursday afternoon both girls were hot to trot.

Not so for Alan. He'd recovered from Monday reasonably quickly, but Wednesday had been another intense day for him. He'd had seven orgasms, which would have been tiring enough in any case, but they'd also all been very intense and prolonged. He decided that he needed to pace himself better.

Alan and Katherine had been dropped off at school that morning, which left Alan wondering how the two of them would get to Kim's house after school. But Katherine said she'd take care of it.

When Alan finished with his tennis practice, he went to meet his sister in the student parking lot, as she'd requested. To his surprise, Kim was there too.

Kim immediately grabbed his arm and led him towards a car. "Nice to see you, big guy. In short, Katherine and I decided that we need to maximize every minute we're together since our time today is so short. That's why we'll be taking my mother's old SUV and Katherine will be driving."

Alan looked as clueless as he felt. "Katherine driving? I don't understand. It's still the same distance to your place no matter who drives there."

They'd reached Kim's car by that point. Kim said as she opened the door to the back seat, "Yes, but think of all the precious minutes wasted while you were driving last time. Minutes that I could have spent with your cock in my mouth."

Alan looked around frantically to see if anyone was within hearing range, but no one else was even close. "But..." he protested, "but I need to take it easy."

Kim practically shoved him into the far back of the car where there was a lot of room. Meanwhile, Katherine hopped into the driver's seat and started the engine.

Before the car even began to move, Kim had Alan's shorts off and his erection in her hand.

But Alan was serious about taking it easy, and especially not overtaxing his dick. He convinced her that he could do a good job of "warming up" her pussy with his fingers.

The only problem for Alan was that when they were about halfway there, Kim took her top and bra off and said to Katherine, who was driving the car, "You know what I've always wanted to do but never had the guts to go for?"

"What's that?" Katherine asked.

"Press my breasts against the window of a moving car, flashing everyone in sight!"

Katherine enthused, "Oooh! What a great idea! Boy, Kim, I wish you were driving 'cos I'd love to do that right now!"

Alan complained, "Kim, I hope you don't think you're actually going to go ahead with..." His voice trailed off because she was already doing it.

Kim's breasts were small by Alan's lucky standards, only B-cups, but flattened out against the window they looked to be a size or two larger.

Alan responded with increasing panic, "Kim, you can't do that! Everyone will see! We're getting closer to your house all the time; there could be people you know!"

Kim giggled, "What people?"

She had a good point. The car was well into the suburbs and she was pressed up against the passenger-side back window, which looked out onto the sidewalk (rather than being visible to cars coming in the other direction). In any event, the streets were deserted and there almost weren't many cars passing them.

Alan was aroused by the display, though he didn't want to admit it. He moaned, "I give up. The whole world's gone insane."

Kim joked, "I don't care if you give up talking, but don't give up fingering! I'm having the time of my life here!"bender

Indeed, Kim was so aroused, especially by the three or four minutes she'd sat with her boobs plastered against the window, that it took Katherine and Alan some effort to talk her into putting her top back on long enough to go from the car to her house.

But as soon as the three of them got through the front door and closed it behind them, all bets were off. Katherine and Alan were panting with excitement, but Kim's lust left theirs far behind.

Kim practically tackled Alan to the floor and had him naked from the waist down before he knew what was happening. She fell on top of him, sucking his dick like her mouth was a black hole in deep space, pulling in all adjacent matter.

After only a minute or two, she went so deep that she started to gag and had to pull back a bit.

Katherine leaned in and kidded, "Save some of that for the rest of us, okay?" After Kim failed to answer, Katherine started to get annoyed. "Kim, don't we want to move this from, like, two feet from your front door?"

"Sorry," Kim said as she briefly and reluctantly removed her mouth from Alan's dick so she could talk. "It's just that I'm so excited. This is, like, a feast! I have no idea how you can manage to live in the same house as him; I'd be sucking him off twenty-four hours a day."

Katherine leaned in and giggled. "You'd be surprised how accurate that is sometimes. But do save some for the rest of us, okay?" She began taking off both her clothes and Kim's.

Alan also needed Kim to take it easy, because her great zeal already had him on the edge of climax. He didn't want to shoot all his loads from blowjobs instead of fucking, so he added, "Yeah. Not that I don't love it, but can we at least make it to your bedroom?"

Kim got up from the floor and led the other two upstairs to her room. Even though she was excited about her newfound discovery of penises and wanted to do nothing but play with Alan's all afternoon, she was mindful not to neglect Katherine. Since Kim was basically a lesbian, she wasn't suffering from that obligation: it was like having to choose between one's two favorite flavors of ice cream.

So, when Alan declared he needed a rest to recover his energies, Kim turned her attention to his sister. As soon as Katherine sat down on Kim's bed, Kim yelled, "Yee-hah!", jumped on her, and went after Katherine with abandon.

Now Alan was the odd one out, but he didn't mind. After everything that had happened to him that day, he wanted a more mellow sexual experience, plus he really did need the break. So he just sat and watched Kim and Katherine sixty-nine as he slowly stroked himself.

After five minutes or so, the two girls calmed down enough to remember again that he was there and see what he was doing. While they continued to mainly go after each other, they made sure to keep a hand or mouth on him as well so he wouldn't have to masturbate.

They went on like that for quite a while. But although Kim was still bursting with excitement, Alan managed to set the pace and generally keep their sexual fun languid and slow. Thus they spent much of their time talking and lightly caressing each other.

Alan didn't want to fuck just yet, as he wanted to save that for the finale. So, after about half an hour when the other two were looking for something different to do, he suggested, "Hey, I've got an idea. I know your pussies are sensitive and sore from Monday. Let's try titfucking. Have either of you done that before?"

"No," Katherine admitted.

Kim also shook her head 'No.'

Katherine was unreasonably afraid that her breasts would be too small to give a good titfuck. But she was slightly encouraged by the fact that she knew they were much bigger than Kim's. At least, for once, she didn't have to compare her bust to those of Susan and Suzanne.

She said, "Sounds weird. But if it makes you feel good, I'm all for it. I want you to fuck any part of my body, any way you want, any time you want. It's part of my fuck-toy code."

"Me too!" Kim agreed. "I don't know about this fuck toy business, but I'm quickly learning that anything involving either of you doing anything to me is great."

Alan naturally started with his sister. He poured some baby oil on her chest. Then, while he sat on her stomach and pounded into her ample cleavage, Kim lay between Katherine's legs and licked her slit.

Katherine was soon rendered nearly insensible from the double attack, with drool literally rolling down her chin.

Once she'd had a nice orgasm, she and Kim switched positions. Kim had the smallest pair of tits Alan had titfucked yet, but she made up for that by cocksucking him at the same time - there was no way she was going to let an opportunity of having her mouth that close to his erection go to waste.

A titfuck was something new for both women, and they decided they really got off on it.

Kim pointed out, "That's one thing at least that a man could do that no dildo could compare with. I've gotta admit, the hot flesh of a cock pressed between my boobs is so much better than cold plastic put in the same place."

Katherine joked, "I like it too, except for the fact that there's not even the slightest chance that I could get knocked up that way."

She loved talking about getting pregnant at every opportunity when she was having sex with her brother. Alan didn't like that very much, but he tolerated it because he knew it was something she really got off on.

Alan's dick was still in a bad way and it still hurt for him to ejaculate or pee. But the three of them kept going anyway. He remained hard nearly the entire time, and all three of them had fun trying to keep his prick fully stimulated and aroused without actually taking him over the edge. Even when they mostly just sat and talked, at least one of the girls had a hand on his manhood, lightly caressing it. He felt he could live like that all day long, keeping a low-level erotic buzz from morning to night.

Kim was also in heaven. She just couldn't get over how much she loved cocksucking. She still considered herself a lesbian, in that she really didn't like men. She certainly didn't want a boyfriend; she strongly preferred the company of women. All she wanted from a man was a cock to suck and fuck, without the hassle of actually having to go on dates and the like. She realized this "S-Club" arrangement was perfect for her, so she stayed on her best behavior to make sure it would continue.

Kim also took advantage of Katherine's tiredness to monopolize Alan's dick most of the time, sucking it until her jaw muscles couldn't take anymore. She sucked him slowly and backed off when necessary to

prevent his orgasm. For her, taking it easy amounted to lazily licking his cock or, failing that, rubbing it against her cheek. She was constantly rewarded by a slow drip of pre-cum that she licked up.

Although there was a lot of cocksucking and titfucking, Alan made sure that the finale for each woman was a good fucking: Katherine in missionary position and Kim cowgirl-style. He shot one load directly into Katherine but with Kim he used a condom. Katherine was delighted to see that he was going bareback only with her.

Kim, though, didn't mind, because in the end she pulled off him, removed the condom, and had him ejaculate into her mouth. She just couldn't guzzle down enough of his sweet cum.

Despite their exhaustion, they were all very disappointed when their relatively short "S-Club meeting" had to end. They felt like they could have kept at it for a full afternoon, slowly fucking, sucking, talking, and just hanging out.

As Kim drove them home, Katherine thought about their driver. She was surprised at the change that had come over Kim. Katherine had barely known Kim before they became sexually involved, as they'd only been cheerleaders together for a couple of weeks prior to that. Her first impression had been that Kim was an evil bitch, working hand in hand with Heather to make Katherine a sex slave. But that turned out to be completely wrong. In fact, it was remarkable just how fawning Kim had become to both the Plummer siblings, but especially to Alan.

In this latest "S-Club meeting," Kim seemingly all but worshiped Alan and his dick. She'd run to the kitchen to get him orange juice or fruits, wipe his forehead with a cool towel after he sweated, lick his cock clean after each orgasm, and generally treat him like a king.

Katherine could relate to that, because she'd been acting towards him more and more like that herself lately. She reflected, There's something about getting a really, really good fucking. There's a bonding that takes place. Not only that, but you're ready to do anything to get it again. I hope Kim doesn't get more possessive and try to take my brother away. If that happens I'm not going to let go of him without a hell of a fight!

But what am I thinking? There's no way she can steal him, not with what he's doing to Mom and Aunt Suzy, and somewhat with Aims. Why the hell would he give up having four beauties in his own house for anybody? That's one benefit of having to share. I may not get all of him, but I'm pretty much guaranteed to get a good piece of him.

Alan had also noticed Kim's new subservient attitude. Though he wasn't the type to be rude or demanding, he was curious, so he experimented a bit with what she would do. Unfailingly polite, he nonetheless started acting more assertive, saying things to Kim like, "Boy, I could really use some juice." He noted that Kim would hop up immediately and run downstairs to get the juice. She also would take any sexual position he asked, unquestioningly.

She acted even more eager to please than Katherine, which was saying something. He noted the irony that while Katherine loved to talk about being a fuck toy, she generally didn't act that subservient or submissive. He was glad, too, because he loved her just the way she was, personality-wise, and didn't want to see a big change.

The whole experience presented him with much food for thought. He didn't want to turn into a selfish asshole; he realized he'd have to pay serious attention to that possibility.

Chapter 285 Fun With Suzanne

Susan had been thinking about what might happen the next time Alan needed to cum while at home. She was supposed to be punishing Suzanne, but she also had her own vow not to help him too much until after Ron was gone. If push came to shove, she thought she might give him a handjob, but she wanted to avoid that eventuality because she doubted that she'd be able to resist turning the handjob into a blowjob.

She assumed Alan would be tired and want to take a nap when he returned home after school and his S-club meeting. Ron's departure for Asia was imminent, leaving her feeling obliged to spend some time with him. There were certain errands that she and Ron needed to take care of together, such as deciding some important purchases. She wanted to make sure that Alan and Katherine made it home by five o'clock, as they had promised, but with Alan being gone with his S-Club meeting and then napping, she figured the late afternoon would be a good time to do her errands with Ron. She'd asked Suzanne to stop by and make sure the kids got home on time.

Alan and Katherine did make it home on time. Katherine, also assuming Alan would take a nap immediately, took off for next door to hang out with Amy.

However, for once Alan didn't feel like napping. It was past his usual nap time, and he was still so energized from the S-club meeting that he knew he'd have a hard time getting to sleep.

He mentioned this to Suzanne when she showed up at the Plummer house to check on him and Katherine. She sensed opportunity. She told him that his alertness was a good thing, because they needed to discuss what had happened the day before with Brenda. Suzanne requested that the discussion take place in Alan's room, in case they might get intimate.

As soon as they were in his room, she closed the door and asked him, "So, what's your pleasure?"

"What do you mean?"

She struck a provocative pose, with her hands behind her head. "I mean, what would you like to do with me? Within a reasonable approximation of Susan's rules, of course." In fact, she was breaking Susan's punishment with that suggestion, but she calculated she could get away with it.

He shrugged. "I don't care. Not because I'm not interested, but because I'm going to be with you whatever we do, and that's the main thing. Anything with you is good. Just sitting here and talking is good. I just love being with you."

Suzanne looked at him in disbelief. Is this kid for real? Or is he filled with more shit than a sewage treatment plant? The thing is, I know him almost as well as I know myself. Sometimes he does shade things a bit - he is a charmer! But I also know from his face when he's totally sincere, and he meant that! My God! Does he have any idea what that does to me? This is true love!

Although Alan was happy to be with Suzanne in any context, the main reason he'd said those words was because he'd just come from a lot of sexual activity at Kim's house and he didn't think he'd be up for more any time soon. But he felt he couldn't explain the real reason for his reticence, due to his need to maintain the S-Club cover story.

They were standing in the middle of his room, fully clothed, but Suzanne was so overcome with lust and love that she suddenly attacked him. She practically tackled him to the bed, kissing him as if she were pouring her heart and soul out to him via her luscious lips.

"Whoa!" he said a few minutes later when they finally came up for air. By that time, she'd managed to get every item of clothing off them both. They lay in the middle of his bed.

His sexual reluctance had been totally forgotten, as demonstrated by his newly engorged boner. He had to snicker to himself over how wrong he'd been with his notion that he couldn't quickly get erect again, especially considering he was with super sultry Suzanne.

She shook her head. "You don't even know, do you?"

"Know what? I know that I love you."

"AAAAIIIIIEEEE!" She squealed like she'd just been stabbed. Then she kissed him passionately, for a long time.

She hadn't so much as touched his erection yet, because she'd focused entirely on the kissing. But it had been rubbing against her here and there, and she was suddenly too aroused to ignore it any longer. She paused in her kissing and said, "Sweetie, just keep saying things like that to me and you'll be amply rewarded. In any case, we may not have a lot of time, so let's get it on!"

"What about talking about Brenda?"

"Oh, we'll have time for that eventually. But... fun first! Again, what would you like me to do? My treat. I wanna blow your mind and set your cock squirting like an out-of-control fire hose."

"Hmmm. Well, there's handjobs, blowjobs, and titfucks, right? Everything else seems off limits, since I'm not allowed to get near your pussy."

"Not true! Well, you're right about Susan's stupid rules, at least for now, but there's all kinds of other things we can do. For instance, check this out." She scooted down the bed, held up one of his feet and began to kiss and lick it.

"Whoa!" he said after a minute or two, when he'd had a chance to consider what she was doing. "That feels pretty good. It's like you're giving my foot a blowjob or something. And it's weirdly intimate. I mean, you've really gotta love someone to get so passionate with their stinky feet. Let me do you."

Again her heart soared, but then she said, "No! Some other time, okay, but not now. We need to get your cock squirting, then get back downstairs. So, again, what's your pleasure?"

He'd had a lot of blowjobs lately, but titfucks were still a comparatively new thing, so his choice was easy. "Well, what about another titfuck? Those are awesome!"

She grinned, thinking about the prolonged titfucking fun she'd had with him yesterday, as well as the one she'd given in the car earlier. "I thought you might say that. One titfuck coming right up." She scooted back up the bed and trapped his erection between her huge tits. "How does this feel?"

"You're a goddess! You're awesome!"

She giggled with glee as she slid her tits along both sides of his shaft. "Well, that's true." She winked while lapping at the tip of his cockhead with her long tongue.

She got into the lapping so much that he assumed she'd lost her train of thought. But then she continued: "Consider this a reward for handling Brenda so well. You really hit a home run there! I talked to her while you were at school today, like I told you I would. Supposedly she wanted my advice on how to find a man like you. But I know what she really wants: THIS!" She licked in a circle all the way around his cockhead to make clear what she meant.

Then she added, "Her panties are all in a squishy twist over you. It's so cute. At the moment she thinks you're the biggest stud on the planet!" She snickered.

His natural modesty came to the fore. "I find that hard to believe." He meant it too.

"Believe it!" She planted a slurpy kiss right over his urethra.

"So what did you two talk about, exactly?"

"This and that." She was stopping to lick between each sentence. "I think it's best that you don't know exactly. It was mostly very specific stuff about her past. It's brilliant if you can 'perceive' something in general, like that she has an uninspired sex life, but it'll be a disaster if you 'perceive' something too

specific, such as the name of her first husband. You're not supposed to know that until she tells you herself."

"Ah. Good point." Even though he was enjoying her titfucking, their pace and excitement level was still fairly relaxed. So he asked, "By the way, what's the deal with her?"

"What do you mean?"

He felt a sudden surge of lust. "Dang, she's just got such huge fuckin' tits!" He was so excited, he grasped both of Suzanne's nearly-as-large globes with his hands.

She chuckled. She'd been holding a tight tunnel around his erection, but she let go since his hands were doing the job. "That's your question?"

He brought his momentary surge of lust under control and tried to think. "Um, no. I know about the whole incest disclosure problem, of course. But she just sorta dropped in out of nowhere. With all the stuff going on in this house lately, having anyone over is pretty risky. How did she even get into a position to know about our incest in the first place? I suspect you had some scheme up your sleeve, even before the disclosure, like you usually do. Am I warm?"

She paused her titfucking activity while keeping his hard-on deep in her cleavage. "VERY warm!" She bent her head down to lap at the head of his cock. Then she strained and struggled and managed to get all of it in her mouth. She slid her lips back and forth over his sweet spot several times before she had to release his cock. "In fact, I'd have to say you're downright HOT!"

He chuckled, even as he felt goose bumps all over from the sheer pleasure. "I didn't mean it like that. You're dodging the question!"

She grinned widely; she was proud of her reputation for scheming. She resumed the titfuck, sliding one tit up as the other one went down. "Guilty as charged. She's something else, isn't she? Tits out to here, and a great body. Plus a really cute and beautiful face. And smart as well. Are you happy that she's well on her way to becoming your latest conquest?"

He groaned, mostly from lust. "Aunt Suzy, you're still dodging the question."

She chuckled. "I see I can't get anything past you, not even when you're in the middle of a slippery titfuck. Okay, I'll tell you: yes, it's been my scheme all along. My plan has always been that I want you to FUCK her! But now, with her learning about the incest, that's gone from a great idea to a necessity. Reaming her with your big cock was the plan all along!"

That triggered an erotic reaction in him that nearly set off his orgasm. He closed his eyes and grunted loudly. "UGH!"

Suzanne suddenly pulled back, hoping to reduce his stimulation temporarily so he wouldn't blow his load so quickly.

It was a close call, but somehow he hung in there. He kept his eyes closed and just panted for a few moments, trying hard not to think about what she'd just said, or in fact anything at all.

Suddenly, he focused on what Suzanne had said about how he would eventually fuck Brenda. That nearly made him hyperventilate all over again. Finally, with his eyes still closed, he asked incredulously, "What?! No way! Why?!"

"Don't you think it's a good idea? Don't you want to do her?"

"Duh! A castrated, gay Pope would want to do her! But seriously, that doesn't make any sense. I'm super happy right now. I love the royal treatment you, Mom, and Sis are giving me. I'm not looking for anyone new."

"I know. And neither am I. But I'd been vaguely aware of her for a while now, after seeing her at various social functions. After all, there's no way to avoid noticing her! Recently, at a party, I saw her again and had a realization that we needed to get her involved in this somehow. It wasn't really one of my full-blown schemes, because I didn't know where it might go exactly. I just knew that I wanted to see her bouncing on your cock."

That was honest enough, although she hadn't fully committed to pursue that last objective until Susan had revealed her incest, which had forced Suzanne's hand.

His arousal surged so much that he leaned forward as if he were being buffeted by a wave. "But why?! Why would you do that for me?!"

"First off, because you're my Sweetie, and I like to make you happy." She again paused the titfuck and bent her head downward. She had an easier time of it the second time, managing to engulf his entire cockhead immediately.

The pleasure of her lips repeatedly sliding over his sweet spot was so intense that he clutched at the bed sheets and started moaning ecstatically.

Eventually she relented, for fear that he'd cum too soon. She switched back to "merely" titfucking him. But tilting her head down just a bit wasn't so difficult for her, so she also licked the top of his cock. "See what I mean? Stick with me and you'll go far!"

"Jesus Christ!" His heart raced and sweat tricked down his face. "I don't doubt that. Good grief! But... that still doesn't really explain why you threw her my way."

"I know. But a woman like Brenda, she's one in a million. Rarer than that! In my entire life, I've never met another woman who's so curvy, so stacked, and yet so basically slim, and has a gorgeous face. She's a genetic freak! AND she's getting a divorce, so she's fair game and vulnerable. It was such an amazing, timely opportunity that I simply couldn't let it escape." She thought, Besides, I want to have fun playing with her myself!

"Wow!" He marveled at that while also luxuriating in her titfucking motions. But then he asked, "Even so, wouldn't you be jealous of her? Doesn't that cut into my time with you? We still hardly know her. That means there's all kinds of danger!"

Suzanne decided to halt their titfucking, because the conversation was becoming both important and complicated. She was happy to just keep his boner snuggled in her deep cleavage. "Jealous? Maybe. But by now you must know that I'm a switch hitter. Maybe I'd like a taste of Brenda myself."

"Oh man!" he groaned lustily. "Don't even put that thought in my head! I can't take it!"

She grinned wickedly. "What, of Brenda and me, naked and kissing, rubbing our big racks together?"

He groaned again. "Big? You mean fuckin' HUGE! Oh man!" He took hold of the sides of her breasts and started thrusting in and out of her cleavage more proactively. Thinking about both Brenda and Suzanne was getting him really worked up, especially from picturing them rubbing their bare racks together.

Still imagining that sight, he exclaimed, "If that were to happen... Man! There'd be such a great mass of tit-flesh collected there that it would cause a boobtacular black hole or something!"

Suzanne laughed heartily at that. "So, are you saying my rack compares favorably to hers?"

"Oh! MAN! Don't even get me started!" He squeezed the sides of her tits even tighter, then caressed them all over, enjoying the feel of their sheer roundness. "You, Mom, and Brenda! The three greatest racks in the universe!"

She was tickled pink. She asked, "What about... Christine? I've seen her at your school, and she's remarkably top-heavy for her age."

"Shit! Okay, four then! Please don't make me think about that too!" With his eyes closed, he continued to explore every last inch of Suzanne's round mountains, but now he imagined that they were Christine's instead.

Suzanne was slightly miffed, since she'd been hoping he'd say hers were better than Christine's. But she shrugged it off.

With the titfuck on hold, he was quicker to comment. "The whole bisexual attraction explains a lot though. You're not really being totally altruistic, are you?"

"No, I'm not. Hell, you're involved with WAY too many women as it is. Like you need one more!" bender

He chuckled. "True." With the titfuck still stalled, he continued to have fun caressing Suzanne's big melons.

"In a way, I'm kind of using you, because I have the hots for Brenda, but I haven't seen any hint that she's even slightly into women. Still, I figure she'll get so hot and bothered with you that threesomes may become a possibility. Can you picture her and me sucking your cock together? And then kissing each other at the end of your cock, kissing it some more, then swapping the cum that you've shot all over our faces?"

"UGH! UH!" He was getting carried away with some very vivid mental images. He had to stop fondling his aunt until he calmed down from that description.

Suzanne knew that if she flicked her tongue out and licked his cockhead some more, he'd shoot his load. She was tempted to do so, especially since she wanted his cream on her face, but she decided to let him have his rest. It was more fun talking about Brenda in the middle of all this sexual activity. There would be time for a facial later.

Once he had recovered a bit, he quipped, "If that's getting used, then please use me some more!" Then, realizing how similar that was to the words to the old soul hit "Use Me" by Bill Withers, he sang,

"I wanna spread the news,

that if it feels this good getting used,

you just keep on using me

until you use me up!"

She laughed. Then she resumed her titfucking. She took over the squeezing while also sliding her upper torso up and down, causing his hard-on to slide through her tight tunnel.

He grunted. He realized that he was sweating bullets, but he loved it.

She continued, "Sweetie, this can be just the start of many good things to come. Because I'm bisexual, you and I can go 'pussy hunting' together and have a hell of a good time. I didn't want to tell you about

this just yet, but when someone like Brenda comes along, you have to seize the opportunity, even if it means breaking the rules a little bit."

He grunted with approval. "Agreed! So what's the plan?"

"Like I said, I never had an exact plan with her. I just knew that I had to act fast. She's coming out of a failed marriage and starting to look around for the first time in ages. She actually was on the prowl for a man the night when Susan and I ran into her a few days ago!"

"Oh no. What happened?"

"I blocked that, of course. I can't let someone else snap her up. Now she's moony over you. The plan is to just keep stirring the pot, keep building up the hype, until she totally cracks and gives herself to you completely. Then your incest secret will be safe, and you'll have a brand new sex pet!"

He grunted loudly as a new surge of lust ran down his spine and practically made his hair stand on end. Thinking that she was done explaining, he started thrusting up a little bit to improve the titfuck even more.

But she wasn't done yet. "I figure it's like, let's say you're managing a football team and your team already has a really good running back. But in the draft you see a running back that you're convinced is gonna be a Hall of Fame player, but he's not gonna go until the later rounds. You've got knowledge that gives you an inside scoop on just how great he is. So you've gotta snap him up before anyone else can, even though he doesn't fit in with your immediate plans. You'd be a fool not to. That's kind of my thinking with Brenda."

He groaned lustily (because of the increasingly exciting titfuck), "Wow! I didn't know you... know so... so much..."

"About football? How could I not? I don't want to, but it seems like you have some game or another on the TV every Sunday all autumn long, and Brad and Eric do even more. Anyway, sometimes it's more fun not having an exact plan."

He struggled to speak. "It's kinda... kinda weird that... you're, you're... behind the scenes, planning everything..."

Seeing his breathing trouble, she helped him by clarifying, "Maybe you're feeling a bit chagrined that I'm manipulating things so much? I'll bet you feel like a puppet on a string, and that's annoying."

"Yeah, kinda. I mean, I totally appreciate it, but..."

She came to a decision. "I'll tell you what. I think I might dial back monkeying around behind the scenes for a while and just let events evolve on their own. Now that she's past a critical point, let's see how you handle things with her."

He groaned again, not just in approval of that idea, but just because he was so close to cumming.

For clarity, she asked, "Sounds good?"

"UNGH! YES!"

She chuckled at his lusty response. "Okay, then. I figure you're not going to get TOO involved with her, because you have three of us, and how many guys can handle even three lovely ladies? Don't bother to deny that things are happening between you and Angel. She hasn't said anything to me, but I can tell."

She paused to see if he responded to that, but he was careful to stay mum. The only obvious sound was his heavy panting.

"Boy, you're really trying to stick to that 'don't kiss and tell' policy, aren't you? You know I don't mind if you do your sister. In fact, I fully approve! Anyway, maybe Brenda can be a 'special guest star' of sorts, coming over here to get fucked every now and then. Once or twice a week, perhaps. Susan is against her getting any more involved than that. Or maybe nothing will happen at all. We'll see."

They could have continued talking about Brenda and other matters, but Alan had already gotten so aroused that he was having trouble talking, as well as concentrating. Suzanne went silent as she engulfed his cockhead yet again and resumed her titfucking-cocksucking dual attack.

Suzanne could have kept that going for a long time, with lots of well-timed strategic breaks, but she didn't want to push her luck. She'd been "busted" by Susan the day before, and that had put a dent in Susan's deep trust in her best friend. Suzanne didn't want to get caught again.

As a result, once she started sucking, she didn't stop. She tried to make it last for as long as possible, but since she wasn't allowing herself more strategic breaks, it was just a matter of time before he blew his load. Getting titfucked and sucked at once was too arousing to handle for long, even with his stamina.

When he came, she took it all down her throat, so there wasn't a cummy mess to deal with.

Afterwards, he was even more wiped out than usual. He couldn't even keep his eyes open.

So she dressed, said goodbye as she kissed his forehead, and then went back to her own home.

Chapter 286 Susan And Brenda

By the time Susan got home from her errands with Ron, she was feeling anxious and depressed. Spending time with Ron continually reminded her of what a broken, loveless marriage she had. But what bothered her even more was that she hadn't so much as touched Alan's penis all day.

She quickly found Alan in his room, working on his homework for a change. She hinted heavily that she'd be happy to help him with at least a handjob, as soon as they could get away from Ron to do it. So she was crushed when Alan told her that he didn't need any help right away.

This puzzled her. She checked his orgasm chart. "Tiger, I don't see any checks on the chart for today. A virile, well-hung young man like you-"

He cut in, "Sorry, Mom. I'm getting a bit slack keeping the chart updated. I'll get to it later. The truth is, I did get some help."

He had to think fast, because he couldn't be honest about any of the help he'd gotten. Suzanne had shanghaied him at school, and then again when he came home, but she wasn't supposed to have any

sexual contact with him because of Susan's punishment. And he couldn't talk about his "S-Club meeting" with Katherine and Kim, for obvious reasons.

So he said, "The S-Club meeting didn't start right after school ended. There was just enough time for me to get some help. And I got some more quick help after it was over. So I'm good for a while, especially since, you know, Ron is home."

"Oh." Susan couldn't hide her disappointment. "Are you keeping in mind what Akami said, about the need for both quality AND quantity?"

He replied in a typical bored teen voice, "Yes, Mom."

"Good. Well then, let me know if you need me later. You're still well under your daily target, aren't you?"

"I am."

She left after some more small talk. She felt sad at the lack of action, but she didn't want to be too pushy. She also was dying to know who had helped him, but she didn't want to be pushy about that either. She figured she would find out who his other helpers were before too long in any case.

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Later, the entire Plummer family ate dinner together. The idea was that the four of them would spend time together that night, since Ron would be leaving the next day and he hadn't actually been around that much. Nobody seemed too excited about it, not even Ron, but it seemed like the thing to do.

Susan baked a fairly indifferent champignon, tomato, and chayote quiche, and then they all decided to watch a movie, which wouldn't require much social interaction.

Not long after the movie started, Susan got a phone call from Brenda. She answered it in the kitchen. The others were in the living room with the movie, so she felt she could speak freely. She spoke in a quieter tone than usual though, just to be safe.

Brenda said, "I'm sorry for bothering you but... to be honest, I'm feeling troubled. I'm shaken over what happened last night."

Susan asked, "Didn't you talk to Suzanne earlier? Didn't she get things straightened out?"

"I did, and she was great. But even though she was helpful, she actually made me even more upset at the same time. I was hoping I could speak to you, in person, tonight. I guess I just need some emotional handholding."

That appealed to Susan's altruistic nature, despite her jealousy issues with Brenda. "I'd be happy to help you, but, uh..." She thought about spending the rest of the evening with Ron and watching the movie, and decided she'd much rather talk to Brenda. But there was another problem. "Where would we meet? Everybody's here tonight, including Ron. It's not good."

Brenda was relieved about that. She was actually scared about seeing Alan again.

The two of them discussed alternatives. Suzanne's house was rejected because Eric, Brad, and Amy would probably be there. Brenda suggested her own house, but Susan was reluctant. She explained that, although she knew that Brenda was extremely rich, that didn't affect how she felt about Brenda. However that might change if she saw Brenda's big mansion.

Instead, Susan suggested that they meet the next day during school hours.

That would have been much easier, but Brenda was so emotionally churned up that she longed to see Susan that night. She said, "Tonight would be much better for me. I've got an idea. If you don't want to see my place, I also have a guest house that is much more manageable. It has its own driveway, so I can tell you how to get straight there. It's right next to the main house, but you won't see much in the dark."

So they made plans to meet there. Susan figured she wouldn't be missed much during the movie, so she left just a few minutes later. She told Ron and the others that the call had been from a friend who was having an emotional crisis and she needed to go to console her friend right away. That was true enough.

Susan was amazed at what she could see of Brenda's estate, even in the dark. She had to go through a security gate, and then the drive through the front yard was longer than a couple typical street blocks. She actually made a point to not look towards Brenda's mansion, instead driving straight to the guest house.

Brenda was already there and led her inside. They were both wearing not especially revealing clothes, although they also dressed to impress each other.

After a friendly hug and kiss, Susan took a look around the main living room. "Wow! This is a guest house? This is the size of a normal house. When was it last used?"

Brenda replied, "To be honest, I don't know. A long time ago, I'm embarrassed to say. It gets dusted and cleaned, but other than that it just sits here. I feel bad about it. Keep in mind that this is all Bob's doing. He's so vain. If you think this is bad, you should see the main house! We have so many unused rooms that I feel like I live in a ghost town. It's all for show. Once the divorce is final, I'll be happy to move into a more modest abode. I was the trophy wife living the trophy life in a trophy mansion, but no more!"

"Good for you." Susan sat down in an easy-chair, and Brenda sat in one next to her. "Enough about that. I'm not here to judge you. What's got you so worked up that you had to see me right away?"

Brenda looked down shyly. "I don't know where to begin. It's the card game last night. To me, that wasn't just a card game. What happened really rocked my whole world! I'm still reeling!"

Susan was secretly pleased; clearly the Alan hype was having an impact. But she played dumb. "Oh? What exactly do you mean?"

Brenda sighed. "It's Alan. All the talk about sex. And him. And... well..." She sighed. She was particularly troubled by his "lord and master" comment and how deeply that affected her, but she had trouble admitting that to anyone, even Susan.

With trepidation, Susan said, "Tell it to me straight: you think I'm some kind of horrible, immoral person for helping him out, don't you?" That wasn't part of Suzanne's hype scheme; Susan couldn't help but express some of her own insecurity.

Brenda sighed heavily. "No, I don't. I'll admit that it's weird. And yes, I guess I do judge you a bit about that. But it's not just a negative thing. After all I've learned, I admire you for your willingness to help him even before you discovered the pleasure involved. That took a lot of guts."

Susan nodded. "Yes it did. Given my religious upbringing, I've had to overcome practically everything I knew to help my child in his time of need. Keep in mind..." She interrupted herself. "Brenda, can I be painfully honest with you, and really bare my soul for a minute?"

"But of course! I'll be glad if you do, because I'll probably do the same in a little while." She still didn't know what to say about her submissiveness and how Alan had shook up her whole world with his comments last night, but she wanted to say something about it.

Susan explained sincerely, "Up until just weeks ago, I was about as sexually innocent and inexperienced as a wife with children could be. I'd been taught that sex was bad and only for procreation. Ron was brought up the same way. You don't even want to know how infrequently we had sex. Whatever you think it was, it's way less than that. It's so sad. Ron was the only man I'd ever been intimate with in any way, shape, or form, so my libido had basically shut down from sheer disuse. I hardly ever thought about sex. Given my devout Christian beliefs, cheating wasn't even a consideration. Heck, I didn't even masturbate!"

Brenda was incredulous about that last point. "Oh my gosh! Are you serious?!"

Susan nodded gravely. "I thought it was a sin."

Brenda pointed out, "A lot of people think it's a sin, but that doesn't slow them down much. The sexual urge is just too strong."

Susan said, "Perhaps. But remember what I said about my libido shutting down. If you live life like a nun, then eventually your sexual urges go away. That's where I've been at for basically my entire adult life."

Brenda was moved. "Oh, poor you! That's horrible!"

"When I started helping Alan cum, I initially thought that would be about as appealing as, say, having to lance a boil. You know, one of those odious tasks that you have to do as a loving mother. Luckily,

kindness reaps rewards, because in the last month or so my life has blossomed like you wouldn't believe! I was reasonably content before, but it's like I've discovered true happiness for the first time. It's a whole different level! The sexual pleasure is a big part of it, but not all. Everything is great! I can't stop smiling. Only now do I look back and realize how much I've missed out on."

Brenda was so moved that she was nearly teary-eyed. "That's beautiful! You're really making me see this with new eyes."

"What started out as awkwardly helping my son has turned into a magical, precious journey. You're seeing us at a time where things are only starting to catch fire. I can't even imagine how much BETTER it's going to get!"

"Wow. Susan, you really are an inspiration. Thank you for sharing that with me. Since you've been so open, let me be open with you. I talked to Suzanne about some things today, but I didn't really get to the heart of the matter. She's so very impressive, you know what I mean? I like her a lot, but I feel a bit intimidated by her too. Whereas with you, I feel like we're on the same wavelength somehow."

Susan grinned. "I feel that too."

"Good. Here's the thing. In the past few days, I feel like my life has turned upside down. Suzanne got to talking about an ideal 'real man,' and it was like every word she spoke was a slap across my face, because she spoke such powerful truth! It was like she could read my mind. Then, last night, I got to talk to Alan, and the same thing happened again. He's my ideal man, my dream man! It's like he walked straight out of my dreams!"

Susan beamed. "I couldn't agree more! And you don't know the half of it! Mmmm... When I have his big, fat... er, member... in my hands..."

Brenda clarified, "You can say 'cock.' It's better that way. I think we can easily agree that if any man has a cock, it's him!"

Susan giggled happily. "Ain't that the truth!"

"And don't censor yourself on my account. As I keep telling you, I can handle it, no matter how graphic it is."bender

"Good. Because right now I'm thinking about holding his big cock in my hands." She gestured with her hands, as if she were stroking him while he stood in front of her. "Running my fingers up and down all ten throbbing inches..."

She brought her hands to her face as if holding his erection so that she could lick and suck it. She even closed her eyes and blissed out for a few long moments, as she obviously fantasized about doing just that. But then she re-opened her eyes and asked in a pouty tone, "By the way, did you know I haven't even so much as touched his cock once today?!"

"No!"

"It's true! Ron being home is a real problem. Luckily, Alan told me that he got a lot of help from some big-titted cheerleaders. But if he were here right now, Gaawwwd! I wouldn't be able to control myself! I'd just HAVE to swallow him deep, as deep as I could! He'd probably start fucking my face vigorously, making me choke and gag! But you know what? Confession time: I secretly love it when he does that! I feel like he's taking total control and really putting me in my place! MMMM!"

She suddenly dropped her hands and seemed to snap back to the here and now. "Oh my. Sorry. I got a little carried away there. We were talking about your problem, and I went off on a tangent. Where were we?"

Brenda was floored yet again. In particular the words "I feel like he's taking total control and really putting me in my place" hit her like a sledgehammer smashing a chandelier. Her body trembled and her heart raced so intensely that she was lucky she was already sitting down.

She just stared at Susan as she clutched at her chest, trying to hide how much her gasping was causing her huge tits to heave up and down. She was struck dumb.

Susan frowned. "Sorry, did I get too explicit? I did. I'm really sorry."

That caused Brenda to snap out of it and respond. "Oh, no! It's not that! PLEASE don't censor yourself. In fact, my problem is the opposite: I love what you're saying so much that I can't get enough of it. True, I've been married twice, and I've had a few other lovers besides. But when I hear you or Suzanne talking with such passion about helping Alan with his problem, I realize that I've never really had sex at all! You've opened my eyes. I want that. I want to feel what you've been feeling!"

Susan said modestly, "I've been blessed by the Lord."

"You have!"

Chapter 287 I've Got The Body Type That He Likes, Don't I? - Brenda

Brenda grew contemplative. "I just hope it's not too late for me. You see..." There was a prolonged pause while she pondered what to reveal. She ultimately decided to go for it. "The problem is... I... Well, to put it all on the table, I asked Suzanne's help to find me a man like Alan. But that's not what I really want. I want Alan himself!"

"I see," Susan said stiffly and guardedly. She knew that already, but it still alarmed her to hear Brenda confess her feelings so directly.

Brenda hastened to add, "Mind you, I don't mean to take anything away from you at all. Or Suzanne, for that matter. You two are his main helpers, and I totally respect that. But Alan has lots of other helpers too, such as his big-titted cheerleader help. You keep emphasizing that he needs a LOT of variety. So why not add me into the mix?!"

There was a long pause while Susan wrestled with her emotions. Her jealousy of Brenda's larger breasts came to the fore, but she also was mindful that they really had no choice but to get her involved, due to her knowledge of the Plummers' incest. Still, Susan was determined not to make it easy on her, which was also part of the "playing hard to get" strategy Suzanne was promoting.

She said, "I appreciate your honesty. However, it's not easy. His other lovers all know him well. We're a tight-knit group. Group harmony is extremely important in something like this. We can't have people joining and then leaving willy-nilly. We've made really major commitments!"

Brenda pleaded, "I'm not talking about just a fling. I'm willing to make a major commitment too."

"Are you? Really? How do we know that? How can we be sure? You're still a stranger to us, for all practical purposes. Heck, how can you truly know yet? I can see you have strong feelings for him at the moment, but will that still be the case a week from now? Or a month or year?"

Brenda sighed in frustration. "You're right. I can't know the future for sure. I just wish I could explain the passion of my feelings for him. Maybe then you'd understand."

"Passion is good, but passion can be fleeting. I'm sorry, but we need to take a wait-and-see approach before we even consider the possibility."

Brenda was severely disappointed, but at the same time, she realized that Susan had left a door open. "So... there's hope?!"

Susan was really working the "hard to get" angle. "Perhaps. But consider it a long-shot at best. This is not some easy thing you're asking. This is a major commitment."

"But what about his big-titted cheerleaders?"

"What about them?"

"You don't even know all their names, from what I understand. And they're not tightly connected to your group at home. If he can get help like that, why not me too?"

"That's a different situation," Susan replied, sounding a bit irked. "Tiger, I mean Alan, is a very, very virile, well-hung young man. His powerful cock has big needs! You don't expect him to go the entire school day without at least some blowjob help, do you?"

"I suppose not."

"So that's an 'any port in the storm' kind of emergency situation. We can't be there, and those busty girls are. They're not taking any time or attention away from us. Whereas, if it were you, you WOULD."

Brenda dropped her head sadly. "Damn. I see what you mean."

"This is an especially big problem for Suzanne. In case you haven't noticed, she has a really big libido. She feels like she doesn't get enough of him as it is, so she's been especially adamant that you not get involved."

Brenda held her hands together in a begging pose. "Then please don't tell her about this conversation? Please? I don't want her to hate me or think I'm her enemy. I promise I'll go along with whatever it is that you and she decide, and what Alan wants. I'm just hoping that maybe there's some possibility. For instance, what about when neither of you two are around and he gets a big stiff boner? What then?"

Susan grunted grudgingly. "I suppose there are situations like that. To be honest, we haven't worked everything out yet. Mind you, these are very early days. For instance, I talk like I'm a blowjob expert, but I've only been sucking him for two weeks. And not every day either, due to problems such as Ron being home. So the situation is still very much evolving. It may turn out that Tiger wants more variety."

Brenda bounced in her seat. "So there IS hope! Isn't there?!"

"Maaaaybe. Maybe. We'll see. There are many factors that would have to fall into place just right. For instance, what about what Alan thinks? From what Suzanne told us, he's not even that interested in you."

Brenda sat on the edge of her chair. "I know, but that can change! Give me a chance, please!"

She suddenly stood up. "Look! I've got the body type that he likes, don't I?" She struck a provocative pose, jutting out a hip and putting a hand on her waist.

Susan stared up and down her for a few long moments, "Well, I suppose."

"You suppose?! Come on! Everyone says I'm the best of the best!"

Susan narrowed her eyes with irritation. "You certainly are full of yourself! Not everyone will necessarily feel the same way. You heard what Suzanne said about Alan's ho-hum attitude."

"I know, but later, when he was talking to me alone, you should have seen the way he looked at me. He was undressing me with his eyes! He was lusting for me, big time!"

Susan said skeptically, "That's no surprise. He's such a horny young man that he'll lust after anything with boobs."

Brenda lowered her arms and straightened up in disappointment.

Susan got what she considered an unusually clever idea, one that she thought Suzanne would approve of. "Look. I'll try to help you out. And I'll even keep this a secret from Suzanne, for now. You have one big advantage in that you know our big secret. The fewer people who know that the better, obviously, so if he did want more help, you'd be an obvious candidate. Maybe even the top candidate."

"YES!" Brenda's mood changed in a flash. She pumped a fist in the air.

"Hold on! Don't get too excited! Like I said, there are lots of obstacles. For starters, we need to know at a bare minimum whether he would be interested in you. I'm not just talking about a horny guy lusting after a pretty woman. It's gotta be more than that. You need to really get his engine running if you want to have any chance of becoming one of his regular helpers."

Brenda asked plaintively, "What do I have to do?! Can you arrange for him to see me more often?! The weekly card game isn't much of an opportunity for me to make a big impression, particularly since he doesn't even play cards with us."

"I can certainly work on that. For instance, maybe you can come over for dinner after Ron is gone."

"Oh God!" Brenda's heart thumped wildly as she considered that scary yet hopeful opportunity.

Susan got to her clever idea. "But there's something else you can do that could get us a good sense of whether you stand a chance."

"What's that? I'll do anything!"

"Are you sure you mean that? Because what I'm thinking is to take some nude pictures of you. I'll edit them so your head can't be seen, and ask him what he thinks of them without revealing your name. He'll undoubtedly have a raging erection, 'cos he usually does, so I'll be able to feel his reaction with my mouth and my sliding fingers. Believe me, my lips know when he's feeling excited!"

Brenda was torn. But then she thought, Fuck it! Why not?! I was lamenting to myself that no amount of money can buy me Alan. But maybe courage will! If I'm going to get what I want, I have to be brave and go for it! Besides, I can always back out, so this isn't so scary. This is just to see if I can get my foot in the door.bender

She asked breathlessly, "What are you thinking?! When? Where? How?!"

Susan spoke calmly. "I'm thinking right here, right now. I didn't bring a camera, but your house is right over there." She pointed in the direction of Brenda's mansion. "Surely you have one. Then you can loan me the memory card or even the entire camera if need be. I'll take care of the rest. We'll have the pictures in his hands tomorrow."

Brenda started considering the possible dangers. Susan seemed like a lovely, sweet person, but she wasn't sure if she could trust her. "What about if we take the pictures now, but I edit them and print them out myself? I can bring them by tomorrow, no problem."

Susan had been secretly hoping to show Alan the full pictures, including Brenda's face, but she realized that could be pushing her luck too far. So she said, "That'll work too. In fact, that's less work for me."

"Good!" Brenda was panting heavily, suddenly aroused by the prospect of showing her nude body to her dream master. "Ohmigod! I can't believe I'm actually going to do this! But what the hell? Let's do it!"

Susan smiled. "That's the attitude! If we're gonna do it, let's do it right. While you're getting the camera, why not pick up some sexy clothes too? You can make it a striptease for him. I don't know what exactly. Lingerie, perhaps. Oh! And don't forget high heels!"

Brenda's eyes lit up. This was starting to sound like fun. Scary and thrilling, and highly arousing, but fun. "Okay!" She started to rush out of the room.

Susan shouted to her back, "But don't take too long! I don't have much time; I have to get back to my own family. I know how it can be picking out clothes. Just grab a bunch of stuff and bring it over here to sort out. Ten minutes, tops!"

Brenda had paused until Susan finished. "Okay! Ten minutes!" She ran out the door, slamming it behind her.

Chapter 288 Naked Photoshoot Of Brenda ?

The Hunter guest house was to the side of the backyard of the main Hunter mansion, so the distance wasn't that far. Brenda ran all the way there and back in her attempt to make Susan's ten minute deadline. She was a few minutes late, but Susan let that slide. She came back carrying a camera and a bag full of clothes, plus a couple of pairs of high heeled shoes.

Susan had carefully closed all the curtains while she was waiting. There was no way anybody could look in.

Still breathing hard from the running, Brenda handed the camera to Susan and laid out the clothes on a sofa. "What do you think? What should we start with?"

Susan was feeling uncommonly bold. Thinking about Alan seducing Brenda made her horny, but her jealousy towards Brenda meant she didn't mind making things a little difficult for her. "First, we start with some nude shots. Let's see if you really are as great as you say."

Brenda started to feel panicky. She'd never done anything like this before. Even her two husbands never took any nude pictures of her. She'd been a high maintenance wife who rarely granted special favors like that. "When you say nude, do you mean completely nude? Can't I at least keep my panties on? That'll show him my complete figure."

Susan had been examining the camera. It was a digital "point and shoot" type similar to one she'd used before. She looked up, and said, "To be honest, this isn't JUST about taking pictures. I'm also testing your resolve. These are still early days, as I've said, but one thing I've discovered already is that if you're one of Alan's helpers, you're going to be completely naked A LOT. Furthermore, you'll find yourself in

humiliating situations frequently. For instance, have you ever knelt naked under the table and sucked off a man while he casually eats breakfast while talking to others at the table who know you're under there with his cock in your mouth?"

Not surprisingly, Brenda gasped. "MY GOD!"

Actually, Susan had never done that, but it was a frequent and powerful fantasy for her. In fact, a few days earlier, she'd had a particularly intense fantasy of that happening while Ron was sitting at the table. She strongly suspected that once Ron was gone, it would happen to her for real.

Brenda gathered her courage. "I can handle it. I've got what it takes! You'll see!" So far, she hadn't taken any clothes off, but she started to strip.

She undressed quickly at first, but as more clothes started to come off, she started to reconsider the wisdom of what she was doing. I must be losing my mind! Am I really doing this?! I must be desperate. I've got the face and body of a centerfold, and millions of dollars in the bank besides. I can have any man I want! Except Alan, that is. Dammit! I want HIM! Why does it have to be so difficult?

And why did Susan have to mention sucking him under the table during breakfast? I've never even truly enjoyed a blowjob before, but if that were to happen to me... SHIT! I would cum like a raging river the entire time! God DAMN! I would suck his cock like my life depended on it!

Inspired by such visions, Brenda bravely took off all her clothes, including her bra and panties. She even stood with her arms out to show she had nothing to hide. "There! I'll bet you didn't think I could do it. Start clicking away. I don't care! I'm ready!"

Susan stood in front of Brenda still wearing her ordinary clothes, but she hadn't raised the camera to her face yet. "That's good. But you're not there yet. I saw some high heels in your bag." She grinned with fond memory. "Those are a must. If you ever become one of Alan's women, that's about the only thing you'll ever wear around him."

"Oh. Right." Brenda went back to her bag and selected a pair of black high heels. The fact that she was "forced" to wear such heels aroused her still more. Her hands were trembling so badly that she had some trouble putting them on, but she managed. She went back to standing in the middle of the room. "How's that?"

"Better. I should warn you that I'm not a professional photographer. But I suppose I should start taking some pictures now." She took a few pictures of Brenda just standing there.

However, the pictures didn't look that inspired to Susan. Then she stopped and asked, "Is that it? Are you just going to stand with your arms at your sides like you're waiting for the bus?"

"Shit! Right! Sorry, I've never done this before. How's this?" Brenda struck a somewhat sexy pose, with a hand behind her head.

"Good." Susan took a few more snaps. Then she stopped again. "Hold on. Your pose is good, but what about your face? You look scared."

Brenda broke her pose. "I AM scared! I've never done this before! I'm posing buck naked for an eighteen-year old kid I barely know! I never did this for either of my husbands!"

Susan replied as if she wasn't surprised in the slightest by that, because she wasn't. "Of course you haven't. They're just men. Maybe they're rich and charismatic or whatever, but still, just men. And you were just a woman. Beautiful, sure, but just a woman. Whereas Alan, you know what he is! Let's put it this way: he won't just make you one of his women. He'll make you one of his SLUTS!"

Those were exactly the kind of words Brenda needed to hear to get inspired. That's right! Alan is a superior kind of man. A natural master! That's why he's got me doing this much already. He has MANY women who love to serve him. When I think of him staring at my big breasts last night, stripping me naked with his eyes, staring into my soul... Oh God! That's what I've been missing my entire life, a man who makes me feel like that!

Alan Plummer, my natural lord and master! The only man I've ever met worthy of serving!

She resumed her sexy pose. "Here, let me try again." While her position was the exact same as before, this time, lust radiated from her eyes like burning flames.

Susan began snapping more pictures. "Better! MUCH better! ... By the way, do I have to worry about the memory card running out?"

"No, you should be good."

"Excellent." Susan kept on clicking away. "If it helps, imagine that I'm Alan. I'm standing here in just my T-shirt. Suzanne is kneeling naked below me, trying to get my dick hard with her hands and mouth, but I just came all over her face and tits a few minutes ago, so I'm stubbornly flaccid. Sometimes, pleasuring his cock, er, I mean my cock, can be a team effort. What can you do to help, standing in front of me?"

Brenda's body surged with arousal as she imagined that scenario. "More talk like that, please! That really helps!" She struck a different pose. In the previous one, her body had been angled just enough to hide her pussy and bush. But now she stood full on with her legs slightly spread.

"Good! Good! You're having an effect on him already. Remember what Suzanne said last night? 'Ladies and gentlemen, we have lift-off!'"

Susan and Brenda shared a good laugh over that. But it also reminded Brenda how Suzanne left to go take Alan upstairs to suck him off. Her arousal rose a couple more notches.

Susan continued to take pictures. She was feeling horny and emboldened, so it was easy for her. Brenda tried out several different poses from the front.

As she did so, Susan continued the narrative about Suzanne trying to revive Alan's penis. "Mmmm! Suzanne can report that there's progress. She's taken him into her mouth, but he's still only half-hard. He needs more visual stimulation. More!"

As the minutes passed, Brenda found herself relaxing and even enjoying herself. Because she'd started off completely naked, there was no way to hide her shame, and she just decided to let it all hang out. This was a brand new experience for her, and it seemed every nerve in her body was humming with energy. Her face still displayed an embarrassed blush, but she also smiled with genuine joy.

Her arousal steadily rose higher and higher. Due the fact that she had an unusually leaky pussy, it wasn't long before rivulets of cum were dripping down her inner thighs. She wanted to clean that up, but Susan saw that and insisted that she didn't.

All the while, Susan kept a running dialogue of how Suzanne was stimulating Alan's cock and balls. She went into great detail about all the moves Suzanne was making with her hands, lips, and tongues, based on her own experience, of course.

This got Brenda hotter and hotter. In her mind, Alan really was getting sucked and stroked by Suzanne while she posed for him.

Then Susan had Brenda turn around and show off her backside. Brenda did so with verve and swagger. She was so into posing by now that when Susan told her to stretch down and touch her toes, she didn't hesitate.

Even as Brenda held that lewd pose, Susan asked her, "How do you feel?"

"How do I feel?!" She was incredulous that she was being asked this now.

"That's right."

"Can I stand up?"

"No. Answer the question."

"UGH! Horny!"

Susan laughed. "I know that. I can SEE that! Goodness gracious, girl, do you always get that wet?"

"It's kind of a problem," Brenda muttered with embarrassment. "But this is way more than usual." The rivulets of cum had nearly reached her knees.

"So what does that mean about how you feel? Spread your legs wider. Then compare this experience to, say, sex with either of your husbands."

Brenda dutifully spread her legs as Susan took some more pictures. "Oh, there's no comparison! Sex with my husbands? That was okay. No big fireworks though. I had to fake my orgasms more often than not. Whereas, this... I don't know! I've hardly ever felt like this before! I'm soooo horny that it feels incredible! Can I stand back up yet?"

"No! But I'll tell you what's happening behind you. Tiger's cock is still nice and stiff, of course, and Suzanne's cheeks are sunk in, she's using so much suction. He's practically out of mind with too much stimulation! She's stroking and sucking him good! But he's asked for you to stay in that pose as he contemplates making you his next personal cocksucker... and more! He's thinking how it's going to feel to fuck your tight little pussy!"

Brenda moaned lustily. "UNRGH! Don't say that, or I'm gonna topple over with these damn high heels!"

Jesus Christ! Alan is gonna fuck me! He's gonna SLAM his huge pole into me, maybe even when I'm bent over like this! I'll be nothing but one of his many fuck sluts! When I don't have his thick cock in my mouth, that is! God, this is all too hot!

Susan continued to click. "Wider! Wider! And how do you feel, already?"

Brenda attempted to spread her legs still wider. "To be honest? Like a TOTAL SLUT!" She had a sudden realization. "Oh my God! That was your intention all along! Not just to take the photos, but to give me a taste of what it truly feels like to be one of his sluts!"

Susan chuckled knowingly. "Yep! Are you feeling so horny that you're afraid you might pass out?"

"Yes!"

"Are you feeling humiliated too? But in a good way, like you've never felt so alive?"

"Yes! EXACTLY like that!"

"Good! Welcome to my life! That's how I feel EVERY time I take his throbbing thickness into my mouth! Tiger puts me in some kind of compromised, humiliating, but oh-so-arousing and wonderful position

pretty much every day. It's his specialty! If you become one of his sluts, you'll feel like this a lot! Except imagine a great big cock pounding into you on top of everything else!"

"Oh my God! NO!"

"Yes! Maybe he'll slap your ass a couple of times to remind you who's in charge. Then, as you keep your hands locked around your ankles, you'd bend up at a stiff right angle so he can fuck your face!"

Brenda practically screamed. "AAAAEEEE! NO! HNNNG! UNGH! NO!"

Susan didn't realize it, but Brenda had a spanking fetish. Even the mention of a couple of ass slaps practically drove her out of her mind.

Susan was going to say more about the face fucking, but she could see Brenda's body wobbling dangerously on her high heels, so she had mercy on her.

Brenda actually clutched her ankles tightly to prevent herself from falling over. But that reminded her of Susan's words and excited her so much that she nearly fell over anyway. She finally recovered enough to pant, "I'm sorry, I have to stand up or I'm going to fall over for sure!"

She stood back up and turned around. She immediately clutched at her immense tits. Her idea was to stop them from wildly bouncing, but once she had them in hand she started blatantly caressing them and pinching her nipples. "Oh shit! I can't... I can't help myself!"

"That's okay. I know the feeling. Believe me, I know!" Susan continued to take more pictures.

Brenda felt as if she was truly unable to control her hands. So she just closed her eyes in shame when one of them slipped down to her pussy and started fingering her clit and slit. "What... what's happening with Suzanne, by the way?"

Susan hadn't expected things to go so far that Brenda would end up freely masturbating right in front of her, but she decided to keep rolling with the punches. In fact, she had to summon her willpower not to do the same.

She replied, "I'm glad you asked! She is drowning in STIFF COCK! She just finished pounding her fist up and down his shaft while she sucked his balls, and now she's bobbing on him again! But he STILL hasn't cum yet, because he's that amazing! She's going so deep that she's taking him to the root! Oh my! She's deep throating him!"

"NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"Yes, it's true!" Susan had never seen a deep throating, but since it was a fantasy she wanted to let her imagination run wild. Her pussy was getting quite wet.

"Oh no! Oh God! OH NO!" Brenda was frantically fingering her clit while tugging on one of her long nipples. "Susan... I wish you hadn't said that! Now... now, I'm gonna cum! Sorry! Avert your eyes, please!"

Brenda came a few seconds later. The orgasmic joy hit her so hard that she had to drop to her knees. But she kept right on going. She tilted her head back and screamed. The guest house was far enough from her main mansion that she didn't bother about the noise.

Susan didn't avert her eyes. In fact, she kept right on taking pictures. She even stepped closer to take some close-ups. She was impressed by the volume and passion of Brenda's screams.

Brenda had a multiple orgasm that lasted nearly two minutes. When it was over, she practically crawled to the nearest chair, flopped into it, and curled up in a ball. Even then, her body continued to twitch due to occasional aftershocks.

Susan took a few more photos of Brenda curled up in her chair with a dazed freshly fucked look on her face. Then she put the camera down and sat back in the nearest chair. She was somewhat surprised to find that she was still fully clothed, and with bra and panties no less, since she always wound up buck naked in these kinds of situations.

Brenda buried her face in her hands. "I'm so ashamed! Can you throw a blanket over me, please?"

"Why be ashamed? You did great!"

"Really?!"

"Really. You say you want to be one of Alan's sluts. I don't know about that. Like I said, there are many things that would have to line up just right for that to happen. But your stock just went way up in my book. It's not just about having big tits or a stunning face. Those things are just the foot in the door with him. The main thing is attitude. And you really showed me you know how to be a sexy slut. Don't ruin it now by chickening out at the end."

Now that she was coming down from her orgasmic high, Brenda never felt so naked and ashamed. But she bravely uncovered her face and looked Susan's way. Her voice was trembly. "There. See?"

"Good. You must really want him."

"I do! I do!" She sighed. "Susan, I wish I could explain. It's not just the prospect of the best sex in my life, although there is that. There's been a huge hole in my life. I feel like I'm... hollowed out. Like I'm just going through the motions. The only thing that makes me want to get up in the morning is taking care of my son Adrian, and he's gone to school or elsewhere most of the time. I want what you have. It's the whole package. Like the way you say you've blossomed and have an entirely new outlook on life."

Susan said encouragingly, "That's true. I do. And you can too. We're similar, you and I. We're each coming out of bad marriages and broken dreams. But we're still young, and life is long. Brenda, the future is SO bright for me that I can't even tell you. Now, when I wake up, I want to leap out of bed. I can't wait to see what each new day will bring! And then, when I wind up naked and kneeling, with my son's big cock in my mouth... OOOH! I get shivers just thinking about it!" That was true. She visibly shivered in a way that couldn't be faked.

She concluded with an encouraging smile, "It'll be like that for you too, if not with Alan, then with someone like him."

Brenda groaned. "I don't want someone like him. I want HIM, dammit! UGH! Sorry. I'm just a little frustrated. Anyway..." She looked over to the sofa where she'd laid out her sexy clothes. "What about all those?"

Susan considered that. "You know what? I think we're good for now. We've got plenty of pictures, so this is a good place to stop. If we keep going, I'm going to get too horny to stand it. Besides, you inspired Alan so much that he just blew a big spermy load right into Suzanne's mouth!"

Brenda smiled from ear to ear. "Did he? Good!" She actually felt a big sense of satisfaction from hearing that.

"Oh, he did! Her face is absolutely DRENCHED with his sweet cum! She's such a sexy sight. Picture Suzanne's face, but so splattered with Alan's manly seed that she can't even open her eyes!"

"Wow!" Brenda's embarrassment lessened as her arousal grew from thinking about that.

After fully recovering from her orgasm, she sat in a more comfortable position. "So... what do you think? Did I pass?"

"Well, that's up to Alan. I'm just his mother. He rules the roost. I just pleasure his cock whenever he lets me."

Brenda whimpered lustily at that incestuous reminder. She almost had to beg Susan to shut up. She felt like her body simply couldn't handle any more arousal. However, her body had a different take on the matter.

Susan was genuinely very impressed, and she wanted to be honest. But she also wanted to continue Suzanne's strategy of having Alan play hard to get. So she said, "For what it's worth, I think you have a GREAT body! Not just your huge tits, but all over. Nice legs, nice ass, cute face. I'd be surprised if he doesn't find you worthy. We'll find out soon. But remember, even if he does like the pictures, that's just one step on a long road."

Brenda nodded with grim determination. Dammit, I can do this. I've come this far. If you want something bad, you have to fight for it with all your might!

Susan left a short time afterwards. As promised, she left the camera with Brenda. She said she'd call tomorrow to ask how the pictures came out.

Brenda had greatly desired Alan already, but now her desire spiked still higher. Even though she didn't even see him or talk to him whatsoever during the photoshoot, Susan had successfully given her a taste of how it felt to be simultaneously aroused and humiliated by him and with him. It was like an addictive drug that she couldn't get enough of.

Chapter 289 Dirty Talk With Susan

Later that evening, Susan found herself deeply conflicted. On the one hand, she had really enjoyed the tuck-in and goodnight kiss that she'd given Alan earlier in the week, and wanted to make it a regular event. But on the other hand, she knew that she had a tendency to lose control around him, and she was very aware that Ron was still at home.

She was also still feeling uneasy about her recent nightmare of giving Alan a blowjob while Ron slept next to her, and she remembered her vow to avoid helping Alan sexually, for the next few days at least. Yet she knew he needed her help to reach his daily target, particularly while Suzanne was being forbidden to help him as a form of punishment.

In the end, she decided to compromise: she would go give Alan a tuck-in and goodnight kiss. Maybe she could inspire and encourage him a little, but limit herself to doing nothing more than that. To make sure that was the case, she would wear a heavy robe over her nightgown to be doubly safe that she wouldn't lose all her clothes.

She kept busy in the common rooms, doing chores while dressed in her nightgown and robe. She was very proud of what she had accomplished with Brenda and wanted to tell someone about it, but Suzanne had gone home. So she relived the photo shoot in her head until her husband fell asleep.

Stopping by the front foyer after giving a final check that the house was locked up, she made the impulsive decision to put high heels on. Then she went to her son's room and quietly knocked on the door.

"Tiger? You still up?" She knew he was despite the late hour because his light was still on, but she felt obliged to ask.

"Yeah, sure, Mom. Come on in."

She went in and found him already in bed, under the covers. "Hi, Tiger. I thought I'd come in and give you another tuck-in and kiss... If that's all right?"

"All right? I love it! And I love you."

"Awww, you're so sweet. No wonder Suzanne calls you her 'Sweetie.'" She saw he'd been reading something, so she asked, "What are you up to? A reading assignment? I'm so proud of you."

In fact, Alan had been looking at the naked pictures of Suzanne that she'd taken for him recently. He didn't want to share that fact without Suzanne's permission, but luckily he'd put the pictures in other reading material. Unluckily, that happened to be one of the pornographic magazines Susan had bought him some weeks back.

"Um, well, actually..."

Before he could figure out what to say, Susan had a closer look at what he was holding and realized what it was. "Oh. I see. A, uh, blue magazine. I'm sorry for prying."

She thought with glee, If he likes nudie pictures, just wait until he sees the ones I took of Brenda tonight! However, she didn't plan to tell him about that until tomorrow. She wanted this time to be all about her and him, without Brenda getting in the way.

"No, it's cool, Mom. You're cool. It's just that, I still haven't made my target for the day. So, I, uh... I was about to start masturbating."

She put on her most stern, motherly face. "Tiger, what did I warn you about spilling your seed upon the ground?"

"But Mom! What am I supposed to do? I can't just cum on a beautiful woman every time I want! I mean, I'm beyond incredibly lucky already to get all the help I've been getting, but sometimes there's still going to be times like these. I mean, six times a day! SIX times!"

She tut-tutted, "Well, that may be, but I still disapprove. I wish I could help you myself, but unfortunately Ron is still here. And I made myself a solemn vow this very morning to not help you that way for a while. Until he's gone, at the very least."

He decided to see if he could try his luck with her. He sensed that she was saying one thing, but the fact that she was wearing high heels said something quite different. "Bummer! Well, couldn't you at least help with some visual stimulation? Isn't that less sinful than using a magazine? And anyway, what's with your get-up? Are you wearing a robe AND a nightgown? Mom, really! I feel like you're afraid of me or something."

"I'm sorry. It's just that things have gotten out of control lately and I feel the need to re-establish firm boundaries. I suppose I got a little carried away. Here. Is this better?" She took off the robe.

"Not really. That's one of your old nightgowns, the kind an Eskimo would reject 'cos it's too warm. If you're worried about losing control, you can't hide under ten layers of clothing. I mean, you're still going to be helping me in that way once Ron leaves, right? You pretty much promised to help me with your hands AND mouth whenever I needed it."

"Did I? Oh dear!"

"You did."

"Well, that's true," she conceded. She didn't like where the conversation was going. She was getting quite hot and bothered already as she imagined helping him on a daily basis, maybe several times a day, starting when Ron left tomorrow. She suspected that she'd find herself completely naked before too long. She was glad that she was wearing high heels, although she tried not to think why she had them on in the first place.

He cleverly suggested, "Why not do what Aunt Suzy was doing Sunday night and test your willpower? Strengthen it. We can work together to establish firm boundaries!"

Her pussy and nipples started to tingle. She asked suspiciously, "Does this involve me taking off my nightgown?"

"Well, yeah, but I promise you won't touch my member, if you don't want to. We're just looking for visual stimulation here. And you can't exactly sneak back into your room and pick out something sexy with Ron sleeping there, can you? Wouldn't it just be better to take the nightgown off?"

Her heart started pumping fast. Oh dear! He wants me completely naked! This is exactly what I promised wouldn't happen. But maybe he's right. What choice do I have?

She frowned with worry. "I don't know. It just somehow doesn't seem fair to your father. He's only here this one last night, you know."

"I know, Mom, but what's worse? Me committing the sin of Onan right before your eyes, or you feeling like you've embarrassed Ron when he's sleeping through everything anyway?"

"Well, if you put it that way, I guess it would be irresponsible to knowingly let you sin like that." She pointed at him sternly. "But no penis contact! Right? Not even with a sheet in the way."

"Right."

She removed her heavy nightgown and found herself standing by her son's bed stark naked. She felt extremely awkward. She loved baring her body for him, but she also felt sinful and guilty. "I was afraid something like this was going to happen. Let's at least get this over with quickly. Now, what am I supposed to do?"

He had been working to get her clothes off and hadn't really thought beyond that point. He admitted, "I don't know, Mom. I mean, having a centerfold mom standing right here makes it hard for me to think. I dunno... Say and do sexy stuff. Meanwhile, I'll stroke myself."

She loved that he called her a "centerfold mom." He'd recently called her his "beautiful centerfold mom" too. Hearing such high praise made her sensitive nipples tingle. She smiled and shifted her weight from hip to hip.

Even just that was an extremely arousing sight.

She stared at the large bulge under his blankets and noticed it was moving. "Oh dear. Well, I suppose there's no alternative to you doing that. I suppose I can turn a blind eye, as long as you don't spill your seed upon the ground like Onan did. Boy, it looks like some kind of trapped animal under there. Oh my! Son, you're just so virile. ... Now, let's see. ... You want me to say something sexy?"

"Yeah. ... I dunno... Maybe... Oh, I know! Why don't you tell me what you'd like to do if you could do anything without worrying about boundaries?"

She thought about that, and then said in a sexier voice, "Well, Son, I came in here to tuck you in. But basically, I can't tuck you in with that big lump under your sheet. I need to smooth that lump down. Mommy wants to pull down that sheet and find out just what's causing that lump!"

"It's my dick, Mom. It's hard."

She was starting to get into the spirit of things, and found herself swaying back and forth to a song that was playing in her head. (The song was "Centerfold" by the J. Geils Band, inspired by his "centerfold mom" comment.) She didn't know much more than the chorus, which she altered to:

Her son is bold

His mommy's gonna do what she's told

His mommy is a centerfold

Mommy is a centerfold

Na na, na na na na

Mommy is a centerfold!

She said, "Oh dear! Well then, Mommy would just have to help make it go soft again. Good thing I've been taking cocksucking lessons from Suzanne. I'd just bend over you, letting my big tits dangle..."

"Can you show me? That's not touching, if you just show me that."bender

"Well, okay, but only because you're such an adorable cutie. Suzanne is right: you are a Sweetie."

She leaned over his bed, dangling her nipples within inches of his face. She thought excitedly, This is probably the kind of pose a real busty centerfold makes!

When she did that he pulled down his blankets, but in deference to her no-touching vow he left the sheet where it was, covering everything from his chest down. Then he kept his hands outside the sheet, using it to gain more traction with his visible stroking.

"God, Mom! I love it when you do that. So what else would you do?"

"Well, I think I would feel like kissing your belly button. I'd kiss you there, and then kiss and lick my way down, down, down. Would you like that? Would you like your mommy to lick her way down to your big cock? Mommy would! She'd love it!"

"I'd love it too! Then what?"

Suddenly she frowned. "Tiger, I'm worried. Thinking back, sometimes it can take AGES for you to cum. Am I going to be wiggling here naked for ten minutes or more? What if your father wakes up to go to the bathroom?"

"We could speed it up. You know how much I love your breasts. What if you really get them jiggling? Bouncing up and down, even."

"Tiger! That's so naughty." She began shaking and jiggling. "So dreadfully naughty. What you're suggesting is completely undignified. I'm your mother! It's bad enough that you talked me out of my clothes and are making me stare at your hands stroking up and down that magnificent bulge. Now you want me to jump? I suppose in your perverted mind I should do something like this?"

She started bouncing up and down. Her breasts were so big that they flew around in all directions like independent entities. Sometimes they went round and round in circles together, and sometimes they moved to separate rhythms and even crashed into each other. Whatever they did, Alan loved it as long as they stayed in motion.

She continued to speak as she jumped lightly. "I'll tell you right now, this is what it might look like if I agreed to your sinfully twisted suggestion, but I'm not going to do it. You can't treat your mother like some piece of meat! No! A thousand times no! I'm not... going... to... jump... for... you!"

She punctuated each word in that last sentence with a particularly big jump.

Of course her words were in jest and they both knew it. But such protests made everything that much more fun.

She stopped jumping, since having her huge tits flail around like that hurt a lot.

Alan got up briefly, moving away from her to turn on his stereo. He selected the funky song "Tear the Roof Off the Sucker (Give Up the Funk)" by Parliament-Funkadelic. He kept the volume rather low, though for fear of waking Ron.

Seeing his erection bob all over as he walked from and to his bed sent Susan's arousal up another level. She noticed he didn't get back under his sheet when he returned to bed, so his hard-on stayed jutting up for her to see, but she didn't say anything about it.

She stood there for a moment, listening to the song. "Hmmm. Interesting music. It makes me feel..."

"Funky?" he helpfully suggested as he resumed stroking his boner.

"What's that mean?" There were some major gaps in her musical knowledge.

"'Funky?' Hmmm, that's a tough one to define. But it definitely makes you want to move your feet and dance. Listen to the beat and see what it does to your body."

She started to dance. She was tentative at first, but the song had such a compulsive groove that she started to really get into it. She sexily ran her hands up and down the sides of her body, repeating the motion several times. She was somewhat limited by her high heels, but she was still glad she wore them because they made her feel extra sexy and inspired.

In the most sultry voice she could conjure up, she asked, "So what do you think of your mommy now, Tiger?"

"My God, Mom, you're the most lovable, sexy person in the whole wide world!" He was still happily and blatantly stroking his erection. He was so excited from her display and words that his fingers were getting soaked from all his pre-cum. He was already having to fight off the urge to climax because he didn't want the fun to end.

She raised her hands above her head and kept dancing. "How am I doing? Am I funky?"

"Mom, you're totally funky! I had no idea you had it in you. The way you move your hips, you could be a belly dancer! You know, this band has a saying: 'Free your ass, and your mind will follow.' Or maybe it's 'Free your mind, and your ass will follow.' I forget. But either way works."

"It does!" she exclaimed as her naked body continued to writhe and groove. "I really do feel free. This is so liberating! It's fun!"

She continued to dance until the song ended. Then she went to the stereo and turned the music off, because she was a bit exhausted and didn't want to be tempted to dance some more. She also liked the simple act of walking around the room, knowing that he was beating his meat to the sight.

Walking back to her son, she put her hands on her hips and said proudly, "So how do you like your 'centerfold mom' now?" Then she added shyly and tentatively, "Did you really mean that? Am I your centerfold mommy?"

"Totally!" He'd been steadily masturbating throughout her dance, loving every second. But now he stopped and reach out to her. He touched her knee, which seemed safe enough, but then he traced his fingers up her leg, hip, and right across her taut tummy. He wanted to go still higher to her fantastic

rack, but that was out of reach for him in his prone position. "Mom, you're a total hottie. I say with complete sincerity that you could win Playboy's Playmate of the Month right now."

As she saw him sit up, she took a step back and said, "You're too kind. You can't really mean that. Although, did you know, both Suzanne and I have been asked at various times to pose in magazines? Maybe I could have been a real centerfold mommy!"

"Really? That's exciting! Why didn't you ever tell me about that before?"

"Well, it's all rather improper, isn't it? It's not the kind of thing a mother usually talks about with her son. Besides, I was offered a lot of money at various times, but it could have just been hot air. Or even some kind of evil scam. Suzanne made sure I always said 'No,' no matter what promises they made. Anyway, I like this little goodnight-kiss tradition. Let's not go too far and blow it, especially with your father so close to leaving."

He gave up his plan to touch her some more, at least for now. "Whatever you want, Mom. Though in reality I'd be very happy if you 'blow it.'" He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

She laughed and playfully pretended to be upset. "Why, all I came in here to do was to give you a goodnight kiss. I hope you're not thinking of doing something naughty."

Chapter 290 There's Nothing Wrong With Kissing.

He was so overcome with emotion that he suddenly turned serious. He reached out and grabbed one of her arms, pulling her close. "Mom, let me tell you something important." He leaned closer to her face, while she leaned in towards him. He was nearly overwhelmed by her sexy scent. She was a little bit sweaty, which he loved.

He said earnestly, "I love you so much. You're in my thoughts every single minute of the day, either consciously or unconsciously. Just the knowledge that you're nearby gives me confidence and lifts my feet as I walk. I really mean that."

She was bent over to have her face level with his. Her impressive melons swayed pendulously. She caressed his cheek with a hand while staring lovingly into his eyes. Tears started to flow down her cheeks. "I wish I could express my feelings for you as beautifully as you just did, but I can't even begin to find the words to explain how I feel. Son!" She grabbed him and held him close in a tight embrace.

She pulled his face directly into her impressive cleavage. The sexual contact was mostly inadvertent on her part, but not completely so.

He could hear her sob. Even though his face was smothered by tit-flesh, it never occurred to him to take further advantage of the situation - his concern for her emotional well-being preempted his lust. Besides, unless he screwed up big time, he knew there would be plenty of other, better opportunities in the future.

He pulled her head back and once more they stared into each other's eyes. They visually probed each other's faces, staring deeply, as if staring straight inside one another's souls.

Without warning, she tilted his head up and kissed him squarely on the lips. Their mouths locked and their tongues probed hungrily. Soon, she dropped to her knees next to the bed so she could continue the kissing more comfortably.

At first, he contented himself with just enjoying the kiss. But his erection was still jutting up, and it still felt great for him to stroke it. So he resumed doing that with one hand while his other hand held her chin or cheek.

Their kissing went on and on for many long minutes.

As they kissed, Alan found himself thinking of Ron, who was sleeping just down the hall. He had nightmarish visions of him bursting into the room (though in fact the door was locked). He hated the danger of their tryst, but at the same time he couldn't deny that it made everything that much more intense and arousing. His heart swelled with triumph to know that his mother couldn't resist him despite the substantial risk.

She was feeling highly conflicted. On one hand, she was painfully aware of the fact that Ron was sleeping down the hall. This was his last night home, and she felt she should respect him enough to avoid sexual contact with his son at least this one time. She shivered with fear when she imagined how he'd feel if he came in and saw her kneeling next to Alan's bed buck naked while endlessly French kissing him.

But on the other hand, Alan's erection was stiff and hot and within easy reach. Also, she truly hated the idea of him committing the sin of Onan. Worst of all, she hadn't touched it all day, and that didn't seem right.

She finally decided on a compromise. She wouldn't give him a blowjob, or even a handjob, but she would put her hand on his and help him along. That's exactly what she did. She broke the kiss briefly, and purred, "Here, Tiger, let me help you with that." Her hand covered his, and she started to lead the stroking. "Such a nice cock. Such a BIG cock! MMMM!"

They kissed some more while she continued to stroke.

After a few minutes, he got clever and widened the gap between his fingers as much as possible. It wasn't long before her fingers slid into the gaps between his, and she was essentially jacking him off on her own.

After a while, she broke the kiss again to purr in an extra sensual voice, "You're a naughty son, aren't you? Making me do naughty things all the time!" She thought back to her photo session with Brenda as she said, "Always keeping me naked and humiliated. Forcing me to share you with lots of other busty babes. Mmmm! But it's such a THICK cock, such a tasty cock, how can I resist?" Her fingers were sliding faster and faster now, forcing his hand to keep the pace. "Why, you've even got me calling myself one of your personal cocksuckers! Which is true!"

That was the final straw. He gave up the struggle of trying to hold back his climax. With an erotic moan, he let go of his erection altogether, allowing her to slide her fingers faster still. He let go in order to bunch the sheet over the tip of his erection, since her hand wasn't over the tip.

To his surprise, she still didn't move her hand to catch his cum. The wet stain already on the sheet suddenly became a much bigger wet stain as he just kept stroking and cumming until he had nothing left to give.

Susan French kissed him again as his orgasm petered out. She was filled with a satisfying "mission accomplished" feeling, which gave her the strength to pull away and regain control. She avoided touching his cum, because she wanted to respect Ron at least that tiny bit and not take cummy hands back to bed with her. She was determined not to lick and suck his penis and balls clean for the same reason.bender

She looked away from him shyly. "Tiger, we shouldn't have done that. The boundaries."

"But we didn't break the boundaries. You didn't so much as touch my erection. There's nothing wrong with kissing. You should be proud of your self-control."

She knew the no-touching part was a lie, but she let it slide. At least she didn't touch him much, relatively speaking. She complained, "And I let you commit the sin of Onan right in front of me! You spilled your seed upon the ground!"

"Upon the sheet, actually."

"I know. But that's how the Bible verse goes. I feel terrible. But I suppose that since I was at least somewhat helping you, that doesn't really count as masturbating."

"No, it doesn't."

"What about your father down the hall?" She couldn't help but notice the similarities between her recent nightmare and the real life events that were happening at that minute.

"Do you feel bad about that? He's still asleep."

"I do. I do! I feel horrible. But the thing is, I don't know how to put into words just how much I love you. But I can express it with my body. When I make you feel good with my body, I feel so good, and I feel like we're as one. I love you so much. So much more than just as a son, or as a lover, or as both combined. It's so much more." Her confidence boosted, she looked back at him.

He caressed her face and hair with his hands. "Mom, you just expressed it beautifully. I couldn't have said it any better. Physical pleasure just strengthens a much deeper bond. I just want to touch you and hold you 24 hours a day. I know it's wrong, but I want to feel like you're mine and I'm yours. Don't tell the others this, but I just don't think it's possible for me to ever love anyone else as much as I love you right now."

She started to cry tears of joy. "You make me so very happy! Son! I love you so much!" She thought, I am yours, Son! But she wanted to wait until Ron was out of the house before she started saying that kind of thing out loud.

They kissed on the lips again. He rolled on top of her and generally had his way with her nude body, with a particular focus on her breasts. As usual, he avoided touching her pussy area.

She pulled away when they could no longer breathe, laughing to herself. "I don't know what I was expecting when I came in here, but I wasn't expecting this. I was terribly tempted the whole time to give you a blowjob or handjob to show you my love. I could have slurped and supped on your cock for a good half an hour. But don't you feel this kissing was just as good?"

"I do. I've never felt so close to you." He really meant that, and everything else that he'd said.

They hugged tightly again for a long time. Neither of them ever wanted to let go. She particularly loved the sensation of lying naked underneath him; it made her feel like she totally belonged to him and was helpless to resist his lusty desires.

He could sense she was shedding more tears. He tried to focus on remaining sensitive and responsive, although her erect nipples poking into his chest made it hard for him to be completely platonic.

She was lost in thought for a while, and then said, "I keep on doubting the wisdom, the morality, and the prudence of doing these things, particularly the physical part. Every time I do them I end up feeling so good. So right. At this point my real loyalty should lie with YOU, not with Ron, because of what he's done. You need me. Your penis needs my help to get rid of all that nasty cum, every single day, multiple times a day, while he apparently doesn't need me for anything. I guess I'm just a trophy wife for him. But I keep having... issues! You wouldn't believe some of the dreams I've been having lately."

She shivered as she recalled (vaguely) aspects of her most recent "nightmare," while was actually more like a blissful wet dream, where Alan took advantage of her in her bed while Ron was sleeping right next to them. "Please be patient with me. It's hard to overcome my past beliefs and my marriage vows, however inappropriate they might seem now. It takes time."

"That's okay, Mom. We have lots of time. Especially now that Ron will be gone soon." His hands continued to caress her bare back while she fondled his bare ass.

All this talk about her husband had her worried. She managed to get out from under him, then looked nervously at the door. "I'm really pushing my luck with these late-night visits. I should go. Goodnight, my love. Until tomorrow, when you-know-who finally leaves. Finally!"

She stood up, then put her nightgown and robe back on. Then she looked at the big wet spot on his sheets. "You want me to take care of that?"

"Yes, please! Oh, you mean the sheet?" He grinned at his joke.

"Oh, you! You're incorrigible. The sheet, you naughty, cum-filled boy. Let me put that in the hamper and I'll get you a fresh one."

She took the soiled sheet, got him a new one, then turned out the light as she left his room.

Alan's penis had stayed flaccid since his climax, but he was still in an erotic mood. Even just watching Susan in her nightgown while changing the sheets was arousing for him. Now that she'd left, he hugged his pillow tightly, wishing it was his mother and that they were sleeping in the same bed all night.

He thought, I just had a similar experience of deep connection the other day when I made love to Sis. I didn't realize that it was possible to completely and utterly love more than one person at the same time, but now I know that it is. I think I love four women. Aims maybe not as much, 'cos I know her the least, but I even love her a lot. Things wouldn't be complete without her. I don't know how I'll ever be able to part with any of them.

Hell, maybe five, because what about Glory? Dang! Is it possible to love four or even five women at once? That's nuts!

He had no shortage of amazingly arousing things to think about, so he had to will himself to put everything out of his mind to get some rest. Eventually, he fell asleep with a big smile on his face.