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Chapter 321 Alan And Amy

Suzanne, Susan, Alan, Katherine, and Amy went to the party together in Susan's minivan.

When they arrived, there were already at least two hundred people there. Ralph, the host, lived in a huge two-story mansion. The party sprawled all throughout it and out into his massive backyard, where a band played beside a swimming pool. People of all ages were there, including dozens of Alan's classmates, as well as many teachers.

Amy, dressed in an Elvira-styled witch costume that displayed her substantial cleavage, was quickly surrounded by a crowd of flatterers.

After doing some polite mingling, Suzanne went to look for Alan to start to put her scheme in motion. But there was a problem: Katherine was clinging to him like glue.

Katherine would have been surrounded by her own crowd of flatters too, but she managed to limit that hassle by remaining arm in arm with her brother. Secretly, she was also fantasizing to herself that they were an official couple. Not so secretly, she occasionally whispered sexy things into his ear, like, "Honey, I'm tired. I'm ready to go already. Take me home and fuck me."

That earned her a worried nudge and stern look from her brother. He worried that even her quiet whispering might be heard.

But rather than stop, she added with another saucy whisper, "Big Rail Spike Brother, do you think that if you drag me over behind those trees and screw me silly, anyone would notice?"

She giggled, but Alan gave her such a desperate pleading look that she toned it down - for a few minutes, anyway.

Suzanne decided to eliminate the competition. She walked up to Alan and Katherine as they stood outside talking to each other and doing their best to ignore almost everyone else. Then she handed each of them drinks.

Alan said, "Thanks, Aunt Suzy. I mean, Catwoman. What's in the drink?"

The liquid was black, and smoke rose from the glasses. "It's called 'spooky punch.' It's basically Long Island Iced Tea, with some coloring and dry ice."

Katherine took a sip. "Mmmm! Not bad. Is it alcoholic?"

"Just a tad. I'm sure Ralph wouldn't mind if you young'uns have a little." Suzanne was delighted that neither of the Plummer kids had any idea what a deceptively powerful alcoholic wallop Long Island Iced Tea packed. Her scheme was unlikely to work unless she could get Alan drunk.

Within an hour, Katherine was completely plastered. Her alcohol tolerance was low, and she had drunk two glasses of the spooky punch, which quickly all but knocked her out. Suzanne led her to the entryway, near the cloakroom, and helped her lie down on a nearby couch, where she immediately passed out. The party hosts had dealt with drunk guests in previous parties, so they arranged a sort of "pass out zone" in plain view of several other rooms to prevent any furtive molestation.

Alan had helped Suzanne get Katherine to a safe spot to sleep off her alcohol. But he felt very protective of her, so even as he mingled around and socialized, he tended to stay within eyesight of where his sister was resting.

He'd only been without Katherine for a couple of minutes when he heard a familiar voice. "Hey, Bo!"

He turned and smiled. "Hey, Aims!" Sure enough, it was Amy.

She rushed to him and gave him a hug. "Phew! Oh boy, am I glad to see you! Guys are, like, totally all over me."

In a flash, he went into super protective mode. "Did any of them touch you inappropriately?! Tell me who? Where?"

"No, silly. I'm not about to let THAT happen. Not after what happened with Jack Johnson. If some guy gets all gropey, I'll sock him myself! It's just that it's like they're eating me up with their eyes." She looked down at her exposed cleavage.

He said, "Well, yeah! Aims, how could they not? You look totally hot!" Only now was he getting a good look at her costume, because she'd waited to put most of the make-up and such on until they'd arrived at the party.

"I do?!" She beamed.

"Of course you do. You always do, but tonight you're super double duper extra heat hot-ariffic!" He'd playfully imitated her unique style of creating long words and phrases.

She giggled. "There's no such thing as heat hot-ariffic!" She winked.

He was all smiles. "Let me get a good look at you."

She took a couple of steps back. Since she was dressed as Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, she put her hands on her hips and tried to look serious. But, as usual, she couldn't stop smiling.

He chuckled and shook his head. Between the music playing and people talking, the room was quite noisy, so he stepped close to her to be heard. "Man! I barely even recognize you. It's weird." That was true. Between having her skin powdered white, her heavy eye liner and make-up, and her black wig, she looked nothing like her usual self.

He quickly continued, "But weird-hot. You're showing off soooo much cleavage and boob that of course all the guys are going to gawk. But I gotta ask: if you didn't want guys gawking, why did you choose such a revealing costume?"

"Three reasons," she replied. "It's Halloween, and I figure Elvira is pretty Halloween-y. Two, It's fun to play dress-up sometimes. And three..." - she looked around suspiciously, and then drew in close to whisper in his ear - "I DO want to be gawked at. But not by all those yahoos and bozo brains. I want to be gawked at by YOU!" With that, she licked his ear in a very sensual way.

Up until that point, Alan hadn't been that aroused at the party. True, nearly all the female costumes were some variation of sexy: sexy nurse, sexy mummy, sexy maid, sexy vampire, and so on. He certainly appreciated some of those costumes and the women wearing them. But compared to what he'd been seeing and experiencing at home lately, it was all fairly tame stuff. Plus, he was still feeling sexually satiated from his earlier adventures.

However, hearing Amy say those things to him while doing that to his ear got him horny in a hurry.

Then she said, "You know what?"

"What?"

"I'm not a big fan of this party, or parties like this. I guess I'm not a party girl. There's a whole lot of fake-o's and lame-o's around here. You know what I'd like to do?"

"What's that?"

"Find an empty closet, get in it with you, and see what happens! And let's just say it's got to involve a lot of smooching!"

He looked around carefully, and then back to where Katherine was sleeping. She wasn't the only one, or the first, since the Long Island Iced Tea had fooled a lot of people, mostly women, due to their lower body weight and thus alcohol tolerance. He looked at the sofas where a handful of women resting and thought, Sis'll be okay. I can leave her for a little while.

Then he looked back at Amy and said, "You know what? Let's do it!"

She was genuinely surprised. "No way! Really?!"

"Really!"

"M'kay! Totally! Let's go!" She looked all around, then took his hand and led him in the direction that held the best promise of empty closets.

As they walked hand in hand, he got the impression that Amy was somewhat tipsy. Her movements were a little erratic and unrestrained. He asked, "Are you feeling okay?"

She replied breezily, "I'm feeling way better than okay! I'm super okay!"

A minute later, they were in the pitch black of a closet in a little-trafficked section of the big mansion. Luckily for them, it was a big closet and there was more than enough room for them to stand together without being impeded by hanging clothes and other things. Alan had already taken off his tiger head and left it just outside the closet, because that would be an impediment to fooling around. Besides, it wasn't comfortable to wear. Amy did the exact same to the raven-haired Elvira wig that she'd been wearing, and for the same reasons.

Alan heard rustling sounds and Amy's nervous giggling. She whispered, "I can't believe we're really doing this!"

"I can't believe it either!" He meant it too. He considered himself risk-averse, but he couldn't pass up the opportunity.

They fumbled around in the dark and wrapped their arms around each other. That led to more giggling until they were settled in a comfy hug. Amy quietly exclaimed, "It's SO dark! I can't even see... anything!" That was true; it was pitch black.

He asked nervously, "Um, Amy? What happened to your costume?" Since he'd touched her, he felt nothing but bare skin. He ran his hands up and down her back and said, "I'm feeling nothing but Amy here!"bender

"Of course! That's 'cos I am Amy!" She giggled. "But don't worry, I'm not TOTALLY naked. 'Cos what if someone opens the door?"

He felt down lower, and realized that her dress had been pulled down to her waist. That was a relief, because he was very worried about getting caught. The room the closet was attached to had been

empty and dark when they'd come in, and they'd left the lights off. He figured he'd get some warning if the light in the outer room was turned on; they'd be able to notice the light through the cracks around the door. But still, it was a nerve-wracking situation.

What he didn't realize was that someone else already had an idea where they were: Susan. She also had been lingering near Katherine to make sure she'd be okay while sleeping off the alcohol. Thus she had seen Alan and Amy when they walked off together hand in hand. She didn't follow them immediately because she wanted to stay with and guard her daughter.

But eventually she realized that Katherine would be safe, due to other concerned people keeping an eye on all the sleeping drunks. She also was getting far too much attention from horny men for her taste, even though she was covering her chest with her hands and arms most of the time. She wanted to escape to the safety of the son that she loved, so she went off to discover where Alan and Amy had gone. She didn't find them off the bat, but by asking around she was able to eliminate where they had not been, and she kept searching.

Alan had no time to think about his predicament, because Amy's lips found his and then they were off to the races. They started necking madly, with a good deal of fondling as well. He'd felt her round boobs on his chest since the start of their embrace, but he hadn't initially realized that she was topless due to his own costume. Now that he knew that she was, his hands went to her chest and he freely fondled and caressed her soft yet firm globes.

After a couple of minutes, Amy broke the kiss to ask, "Hey Bo..."

"Yeah?"

"Do you like me?"

"Of course!"

"No, I mean, do you really, really, really like me?"

It felt bizarre to make a heartfelt declaration in the pitch blackness, but that's just what he did. He brought his hands to Amy's face and acted as if he was able to look directly into her eyes. "Aims, I not only 'really, really, really like you'; I totally love you!"

"You do?!" The joy was evident in her voice.

"I do. Of course I do! Why do you even have to ask? We're closer than most siblings. Don't you love me?"

"DUH!" She punched his chest with surprising force. "Don't even ask, you, you... big doofus!" That was Katherine's playful insult, but Amy used it for once. "I totally love you too! And now we can love each other even MORE!"

They kissed again, but it was even more passionate and loving this time. Both of them were very emotionally moved. Although they were very close, they had hardly ever expressed their feelings to each other. Amy was a de-facto family member, but the fact that she wasn't technically family had created a formal barrier between them.

The action in the closet got hotter and hotter. Alan liked playing with asses nearly as much as he did with breasts, so he slipped his hand inside her costume and probed until he was able to grip an ass cheek in each hand. Her panties would have been a barrier, but he simply slid his fingers under them and then pretty much forgot about them.

Soon, Amy's hands wound up inside his tiger costume. At first, she went for his ass just like he had done with her. But by and by, one of her hands migrated around to his front while staying inside his costume. She ignored his underwear, so her fingers wound up wrapped around his erection.

As soon as he felt her fingers grasp his boner, he broke their kiss and complained, "Aaaaaims!"

She giggled. "What? Everybody else is doing it? Why can't I? Don't think I haven't noticed what's been happening lately. Your thingy is super duper popular, isn't it?"

He groaned in resignation. "I suppose it is."

She was busy sliding her fingers up and down him already. "Why is that all of a sudden? I still don't really understand what's going on."

"It's complicated."

To his surprise, she saved him the problem of what to tell her when she said, "Then forget it! You can tell me later. We've got better things to do!" Her lips met his again, and they were off to the races once more.

Time passed. Both of them thought of going back to the party, but without speaking to each other, they independently decided this was much better than anything else the rest of the party had to offer.

Amy had been kissing and jacking him off for about five minutes, while he had mostly focused on kissing and tit-fondling, when the light to the larger room was turned on. In what seemed like just a second or two later, their closet door was opened wide.

"A-HA!" The voice was Suzanne's.

Chapter 322 Return And Meeting Glory

Alan and Amy were temporarily blinded, because the closet was so dark and the light seemed so bright in comparison. A few seconds later, as Alan's eyes adjusted, he looked out into the room and saw Suzanne standing there in her Catwoman costume. She was striking a sexy cat-pouncing pose, just like Catwoman would. "Got you!" she exclaimed. "Catwoman strikes again!" Clearly, she was hamming things up.

She didn't seem that upset, because she wasn't. Luckily, Amy had managed to pull her hands out of Alan's costume in a flash, so Suzanne thought the two of them had just been necking with some tit fondling. Suzanne was very reluctant to see Amy get sexually active, but compared to everything else going on at the Plummer house, that was small potatoes.

Then Alan saw Susan walk into view. If anything, she looked more upset than Suzanne did. With his arms protectively around Amy, he asked, "Mom?! Aunt Suzy?! What are you doing here?"

Suzanne folded her arms under her sizable rack and said wryly, "The better question is, what are you two doing in THERE?" Her voice dripped with sarcasm as she asked, "Did you get lost on the way to the bathroom?"

Amy asked Suzanne, "Mom, can't I get a little kissy with Bo? Everybody else is! And compared to you-"

Suzanne cut her off because she couldn't be completely sure they were free of eavesdroppers. "Let's not talk about that now. Later." She looked down at Amy's bare chest, and rolled her eyes. "Can you two make yourself presentable?"

Alan stepped out of the closet. "I guess the fun's over, huh?"

Susan was in chiding mother mode. "You can say that again! Tiger, you can't do something like this in a public place! It's HIGHLY improper! What if someone else had found you here?"

He was bummed, so lashed out, "If we're going to do something wild in public, is it better if we do it somewhere else... like a tennis court?"

Susan immediately blushed and turned away. Not only did that mention greatly embarrass her, it also aroused her wildly. Suddenly, it was like she was on her knees and bobbing on him right through the tennis net.

He turned to Suzanne and asked, "How did you find us?"

"You can credit Susan for that. She noticed you were gone and got concerned. She tracked you down through the process of elimination. I started wondering where everyone else had gone and ran into her, then joined the hunt."

Susan had recovered from his tennis court surprise, but she was still very red-faced. She pointed to his tiger mask and Amy's Elvira wig on the floor next to the closet door. "That's what gave it away. That, plus the moaning and kissy noises."

Amy finally had her dress pulled back up and into place, so she stepped out of the closet. She frowned. "Bummer." But then her frown turned back into her usual smile. "But I don't regret a second of it! That was super fun!"

She turned to Alan. "Thanks, Bo!" Despite the fact that Susan and Suzanne were standing right there, she kissed him on the lips again, and made it last.

Suzanne let out a heavy, defeatist sigh.

Susan stepped up to her best friend and put a hand on her shoulder. "Our kids are growing up. It's a part of life. Everyone gets older, even your cute Honey Pie."

"I know. I know. I need a drink. A stiff one!" She looked around as if expecting to find a drink within reach. Then she looked back at the teens. "Are you two going to behave?"

Alan and Amy nodded in the way that chastened kids do.

"No more sneaking off into closets?"

He grumbled, "No more closets."

"Good. Come on, Susan. Come on, you two. Let's go mingle and socialize. If we wanted to talk just to each other, we could have just stayed home."

The four of them returned to the party, and then they did try to talk to others. They also checked on Katherine. She'd woken up, but she wasn't feeling well and wanted to remain where she was for a while. Susan decided to stay with her and look after her. Not only was she a caring mother, but she knew that also would keep her from the lecherous men who tended to swarm to her even more than usual due to her revealing costume.

Suzanne was keen to kick her scheme into gear. That's why she'd been looking for Alan when she'd run into Susan instead. Unfortunately for her, Amy was sticking to Alan like glue. Amy was practically walking on air after what happened in the closet.

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Suzanne was determined to carry out her plan, since she knew costume parties were few and far between. She felt dastardly about it, but she encouraged Amy to drink more of the "Iced Tea" instead of warning her of the effects. Her plan was to get Amy drunk too. Then she could take her and Katherine back home.

She might have done the same with Susan, but she wanted her to stay around for a little longer. After all, she couldn't keep secret from Alan if some people went home, and if he knew Susan went home, she obviously wouldn't be able to try out her option of pretending to be Susan. It would be ideal for her plans if Susan got somewhat drunk (since her disorientation was key), but not too drunk, and she knew Susan had a low alcohol tolerance. So she actually warned Susan to be careful and not drink too much, and especially to stay away from the spooky punch.

Eventually, Suzanne's sneaky efforts paid off. Amy got fairly drunk, although not as much as Katherine had, and Katherine was still recovering slowly. So when Suzanne volunteered to take both girls home and put them to bed, nobody objected.

That's exactly what she did. But before Suzanne left, she told Susan, "Now, I know you're feeling exposed and vulnerable in that costume."

Susan nodded frantically. "To say the least! Why did I let you talk me into wearing this, this... napkin?! A bikini would be less revealing!"

"That's not true and you know it. Anyway, I have a special request. I know you're going to want to cling to your Tiger's side while I'm gone, but I want you to avoid that. Mingle."

Susan looked around with worry, like there were packs of wolves hidden just out of sight ready to get her. "'Mingle?' Alone?! Can't I mingle with him?"

"No."

"Suzanne, please! You don't know what it's like! It seems every man in this place is looking at me with bad intentions!"

Suzanne said, "That's because they probably ARE all looking at you with bad intentions. Susan, you still have no clue just what an extraordinary beauty you are. But you're also a big girl, and you've been to lots of parties. You can handle yourself."

"But not dressed like this! Not even close!"

"All right. I'll make you a deal. I'll get you a light jacket from your car you can wear. Remember we brought extra clothes in case it got cold."

"THANK YOU!"

"But wear it loosely, because if you zip it up, no one will know what your costume is. And mingle! Ever since things started with Alan's... medical situation... you hardly leave the house or see your friends. Tell you what. I'll make you an even better deal. If you mingle for the whole party and stay away from him, I promise..." She looked around, and then whispered right in Susan's ear. "I promise you'll get a turn with him as soon as we go home. Just think: in a few hours, as soon as the party ends, you'll be naked and on your knees, doing what you love best! You won't even be able to thank me because your mouth will be so stuffed with him!"

Susan's eyes lit up. "Deal!"

Suzanne was very pleased with herself. Now the path would be clear and she would be free to implement her scheme. As she walked away, she thought, Too easy. Just like taking candy from a baby. Or, more fitting, giving candy to a lady. A great big heaping hunk of piping hot cock candy, that is!

Suzanne drove Amy and Katherine home and put them to bed.

Alan was only alone for a minute when Glory walked up to him. "Well, well, well. Who do we have here, young man? A scary tiger? Oooh, I'm so scared!" She said that sarcastically, as if she was anything but scared. But then she winked and smiled at him, showing she was just having fun.

"Glory! Boy, are you a sight for sore eyes!" Then he remembered that others could overhear, and said, "Er, I mean, Ms. Rhymer. It's nice to see you." She was wearing a sexy cheerleader outfit, and he gave her an obvious sexually excited look over from head to toe. He remembered he wasn't supposed to look at her like that either, but it was too late to take it back. Luckily, no one was paying any mind to their interaction.

"And it's nice to see you." She was trying to act like she always did when talking to any of her students, but there was an unmistakable lusty fire in her eyes.

He said with sudden urgency, "There's something I've got to talk to you about. Very confidential, very important. Quick, come with me!" He started walking away at a brisk pace.

"What? What is it?" She had to hustle to keep up with him.

"Just a minute. Wait till we get there."

"Where?!"

But he didn't explain, and kept walking through the mansion with a purpose. Finally, he came to the exact same room with the closet that he'd gone into with Amy. He knew from that experience that it was a good spot for privacy, at least if he didn't have a bombshell mother and aunt actively looking for him.

Still without saying a word, he grabbed a chair and propped it under the doorknob of the door he'd just closed.

As he did that, Glory folded her arms suspiciously and asked him, "Just what do you think you're doing, young man?"

"Sorry, but we need total privacy. What I'm about to tell you is too important, too private, and too personal to even chance that anyone else might hear!"

She was starting to worry that he really did have some big, secretive news to tell her, although she remained suspicious.

As he finished securing the door, he muttered, "There, that's better. Fool me twice, shame on me, right?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind." He straightened up and stood right in front of her.

She looked at him expectantly. "Well? What is it already?"

"Just this." He blatantly gazed up and down her body, and said, "You look... really nice. Super sexy! I love it!"

She sighed heavily and expelled the concern that had been building up inside her. "That's it?!" She rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, that's kind of it, but it's a pretty big deal. Glory, you're costume is a work of GENIUS! I can't tell you that out there. I can't even call you Glory. But here, we can talk and kiss as much as we like." He stepped forward to hug and kiss her.

He got his arms around her, but she turned her head to avoid the kiss. "Young man, control yourself! What do you think you're doing?!"

"Isn't it obvious? I have a stone cold fox for a teacher who turned into a slutty cheerleader, and I can't keep my hands off her!" His hands slipped to her ass and he pulled her in tighter.

Her hands were being held awkwardly away from his body, because she didn't want to show approval by taking part in the hug. "Well, try!"

"Sorry, it's hopeless. You're too beautiful!" He leaned in to kiss her.

"Try harder!" She wasn't really attempting to fight him off, but when he tried to kiss her, she resolutely kept her lips shut tight.

That didn't discourage him even slightly. He already was worked up by what had been started but left unfinished with Amy not that many minutes ago. And seeing Glory in a cheerleader outfit had stirred him to such a degree that even he was surprised by it. He knew that she was very capable of firmly saying "no" if she wanted to, but what he was hearing from her was more like "maybe."

To test that premise, he took his hands off her ass, only to slide them inside the back of her skirt and panties until he was clutching bare ass flesh.

Glory didn't say or do a thing, and just stood still like a statue with her lips still pursed tight.

He knew then that he had her, although he had to heat her up some more first. He said, "What's the problem? We're in a room with no windows, and the one door is secure. There's no way anyone can get in. And if someone does come knocking, we can just say that we really were having an important private conversation. The brilliant thing is, most people here have no idea who you or I am. Even the teenagers, most of them go to the fancy private high school instead. Your costume is a perfect cover. In that, you really DO look like a teenaged cheerleader! Not only can we kiss and fondle, we could go back to the heart of the party and make out like two long-lost lovers and probably get away with it!"

All the while he was giving that verbose explanation, his hands were roaming. Now that he'd successfully "claimed" her ass, his hands went elsewhere. He was greatly helped by the skimpy cheerleader uniform, since he was able to slide his hands under her clothes with ease. By the time he was done talking, he had one hand under her top and bra and was rolling an erect nipple between his fingers, and his other hand had dipped inside the front of her skirt and panties and was working on her clit.

She started to protest, "Young man, that's a bunch of-"

But she didn't get a chance to say more. He had his mouth so close to hers that their noses were nearly touching, and he was waiting for his chance. When her mouth started moving, he brought a hand from her nipple to the back of her head to keep it in place and then he tried to kiss her again. This time, his tongue slid right in and their tongues started dueling before she fully realized what was going on.

She was so discombobulated from his uncharacteristically aggressive behavior that she was a couple of steps behind him. She thought, HEY! Unfair! Totally unfair! And get your grubby hand out of my panties! That's no way to treat your teacher!

But she was a goner, and she knew it. After about a minute of torrid necking, she thought, Fuck it! This is so wrong, so wrong, but I must have left my brain at home. My willpower too. FUCK! I'm too horny to say "no!"

In truth, Glory had chosen the cheerleader outfit pretty much just for Alan's benefit. She knew that the Pestridges and Plummers came to this party every Halloween. In fact, she'd chatted quite a lot with Alan during last Halloween's party. Furthermore, she knew he was sexually intimate with at least one cheerleader and very probably more. She wanted to show him that she was more desirable than anyone on the cheerleading squad, and somehow wearing a cheerleader costume seemed the way to do it. She'd even selected a red one that closely matched their high school's uniforms. But she assumed that he'd just secretly lust after her, and that was it. She still mostly thought of him as the shy Alan he used to be, who would have never, ever done something like this.

Even Alan was surprised by his behavior. When he'd rushed her to a private room, he was only thinking of getting to compliment and talk to her in private, and maybe give her a kiss or two. But he'd had so much sexual success lately that his confidence was soaring. He was feeling that if he let his lust roam wild, good things happened. His lust had taken over now, causing his intentions to rapidly evolve.

He was in such an erotic frenzy that he accidentally ripped her panties in two while he'd been moving his hands around inside her skirt. They eventually slipped to the floor. And while it was too much of a hassle to take her top or skirt off, at least just yet, he managed to get her top up around her shoulders, and her bra ended up on the floor too.

Glory again cursed to herself as she found herself unzipping the fly to his tiger costume while they continued to make out. Fuck it! Fuck it all! He seems to have my number and I don't know why. It's like I'm helpless to resist him!

She felt a thrill race down her spine as she held his thick erection in her hand. This thing again. This damn thing is the cause of most of my troubles. If only it would stay where it belongs and out of my hands! But she couldn't help but grin as she thought, I guess I'll just have to stroke it and maybe even suck it until the rambunctious little beast finally settles down!

One thing led to another, and the two of them got more hot and bothered with each passing minute. Eventually, every single thing Alan wore wound up on the floor, because his tiger costume was too thick and warm to be fun for the occasion. Glory would have ended up just as naked but he got a big thrill out of seeing her as a cheerleader, so he left her skirt on and her top pulled up to her shoulders.

Eventually, Glory was ready and eager to suck him, so she started to slip down his body.

But he stopped her. "Wait! I'd love that of course, but not yet. I've got something I need to do first."

She sighed, as if put out. "Oh no. What now?" But she couldn't wait to find out what he'd do next.

He dropped to his knees in front of her, but he sat up high so his head was level with her breasts. Then he started licking one nipple while pinching and fondling the other.

She loved that, and she loved it even more when he switched from licking her nipples to sucking on them. And when he kept doing that and started fingering her wet cunt at the same time, she was over the moon.

She thought, No! No, no, no! I refuse to believe this kid can wreck me like this. Any second now, I'm going to cum harder than I EVER did with Garth! Who is this guy and what did he do with the Alan I thought I knew?! UGH! OH! OH NO! It's coming! It's coming! AH! ... YES! YES! AAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEE!

She only screamed in her mind as her orgasm shook her, because she was very afraid of being overheard. It was one thing if they'd just been hearing talking or rustling around. That could be explained away. But a scream of total orgasmic euphoria definitely could not. She resorted to biting down on her hand to stay relatively quiet. It might have been an old cliché, but it worked for her.

Usually, after an orgasm she felt worn out for a while and she needed time to recover and recharge. But the opposite happened this time. By the time the last orgasmic aftershocks were finished with her, she

was barely able to stay standing. But at the same time, her entire body was buzzing, as if every nerve ending had been stimulated, and she was raring to return the favor.

She dropped to her knees, which both saved her from the struggle of remaining standing and put her where she wanted to be. She barked, "Now, you stand up, and that's an order from your teacher!"

He stood up, but as he did so he asked in pretend confusion, "Teacher? What teacher? I don't see any teacher around here. All I see is one VERY slutty and VERY sexy cheerleader. Glory the blowjob queen. We call her Glory Hole, for obvious reasons."

Glory was already so motivated to give him a great job that any further incentive seemed unnecessary. But it turned out that wasn't true, because those words took her to another plane of desire. Suddenly, she felt like she WAS Glory Hole, the cheerleader slut.

She didn't even say anything in response, because her lips were already tightly sealed around his shaft by the time he said "obvious reasons." She started bobbing at a frantic pace, and thought, Blowjob queen?! I'll show you a blowjob queen! You're going to rue the day you said that, because I'm gonna suck your cock so long and so deep and so good that it'll make you go blind! And then you'll lose your friggin' fuckin' MIND!

For several minutes, her lips slid over him with tremendous suction and her tongue showed dexterous skill few possessed. But that was just the warm-up as she psyched herself up. Then she started taking more and more of him with each lunge down his thick shaft.

Alan WAS going out of his mind, in a sense. It certainly wasn't anything he was about to "rue" though, because the sensations were absolutely incredible. Then he noticed a change, a wonderful change, and looked down to see that her nose was in his patch of pubic hair!

Holy cow! Glory, you rock! Man! That is what I call a deep throating!

She kept that position for a surprisingly long time. And while she did so, she created a sensation that felt just like she was milking him or squeezing him with the walls of her throat tightly around his shaft. And as if that wasn't enough, her lips and her tongue never stopped working.

Just when he was getting concerned for how long she could last without breathing, she quickly pulled all the way off and gasped for air. But she quickly recovered, took a deep breath, and dove right back on him, all the way down until she couldn't gobble down any more cock.

Then she did the exact same thing, because she knew not to mess with success. There was nothing she could do with her mouth that was any more devastating than her milking and squeezing technique. It was very difficult to do, so she hardly ever did it, but she felt plenty inspired to do it now.

He grabbed her head and cried out, "Glory, you're killing me! Too... too much! AAAAAH! Gonna cum!"

She was grateful that he said that, because she didn't want to waste his cum by having it go straight down her throat. She pulled all the way off, gasped for air, and then sucked him back in. But this time she just bobbed back and forth over his sweet spot while his cum rocketed to the back of her mouth.

When it was all over, he crumpled to the floor. It took him several minutes before he could even breathe relatively freely.

He finally lifted up and stared incredulously at Glory, who was sitting on her ass. "What the fuck was THAT?"

"What do you mean?"

"Friggin' EPIC blowjob!"

"Hey, what else do you expect from Glory Hole, the slutty blowjob queen?" She smirked with glee. "But what the hell was with you, Mr. Grabby Hands Who Doesn't Know the Meaning of 'No.'"

Now it was his turn to smirk with glee. "What can I say? You inspire me. And by the way, I like your new nickname better than mine."

"Well, don't be quite so inspired next time. We can't take such foolish risks. As for the nickname, let's not mention that ever again, shall we?"

"Awww?"

"I'll admit that at the time it spurred me to be even more slutty with you, and I even just said it myself, but glory holes are disgusting, horrible things and I hate how that drags my name down."

"Okay. It's forgotten already."

"Good. And here's a tip: when I deep throat you in the future, please don't hold my head in place. That could get dangerous."

"Oops. Sorry." He dropped his head back down to the floor and rested a little longer. He loved that she was taking it for granted that she would be deep throating him in the future, even though he wasn't surprised. It seemed that each time they got intimate with that each other, it only increased their mutual desires. They definitely had good sexual chemistry, to put it mildly.

Alan and Glory chatted for a while as they put their clothes back on and made themselves presentable again. Glory criticized him some more for taking such a risk, but she was secretly flattered at his explanation that he simply couldn't control himself around her when she was dressed like that. She knew that if she could turn back time, the only difference would have been that she wouldn't have stubbornly resisted so much at the start.

Since Glory's panties had been ripped in two, she was forced to go "commando." She acted upset about it, but it was a secret thrill for her, especially since the cheerleader skirt was so short. She knew that would keep her horny and thinking about Alan all evening, even if she wasn't able to be with him.

They agreed to leave the room at different times, go their separate ways, and then keep away from each other for the rest of the party. Both of them suspected that if they did get to talking of each other they'd wind up doing it all over again, but the risk was too great to do that. Alan also pointed out the obvious lusty look in Glory's eyes when they first ran into each other, and she revealed that he'd looked at her in a similarly blatantly desirous manner. So they agreed it was safest if they didn't even come close to each other for the rest of the night.

They went to separate bathrooms to better freshen up.

After that, Alan lost track of Glory and went out into the backyard, where maybe half of the partiers were. He looked around for familiar faces such as Susan or Suzanne, but didn't see them anywhere.

Just a few minutes later, a very attractive teenage girl named Carol came up to him and introduced herself. He didn't know her because she went to the private high school and he went to the public one. They started chatting away. She seemed interested in him from the very start, and grew more so, because he was even more sexually confident than before.

He thought, Boy oh boy! Today is my lucky day, to say the least! Why not try to see what happens with Carol? She definitely pushes my buttons. Right now, I feel like anything is possible with anybody!

Chapter 323 Suzanne's Scheme!

Suzanne ended up taking longer getting Katherine and Amy to bed than she'd anticipated. The distance from the party to their homes wasn't that great, but it wasn't as easy as dropping them off. Both girls were feeling lousy and wanted to be pampered and loved, and given aspirins and water and so forth. Despite feeling rushed, Suzanne kicked into motherly mode and helped them both out until they were both asleep in their beds.

As a result, she was gone for a full hour instead of the half an hour that she'd expected. As soon as she got back, she went looking for Alan. But one problem with Suzanne's scheming was that Alan had been drinking too. It started when he was with Katherine, and then when he was with Amy, before their closet adventure. Luckily for him, since he was a bit bigger and heavier than either of them, and male, he had more tolerance of alcohol. Plus, he'd only had one glass of the spooky punch.

He'd been feeling tipsy, but still fine and in control, during his adventure with Glory. But when he started talking to Carol, he drank another full glass of the punch, which was really the high-alcohol-content Long Island Iced Tea, and that pushed him way past "tipsy" in a hurry.

By the time Suzanne saw him, he was fully drunk and obviously barely hanging on. Suzanne wanted him drunk, but not too drunk. It was very difficult for her to get the balance right, especially since Alan had never been drunk before in his life, so she didn't know how much alcohol he could handle. Plus, since she hadn't been able to be with him much at all since the party began, she was forced to leave this vital aspect of her scheme mostly to chance.

So Suzanne was concerned by that. But what bothered her even more was that an attractive young female had become Alan's companion while she was gone. The girl was already flirting shamelessly with him. This kind of thing would never have happened to the old Alan, but the new Alan was oozing sexual experience and confidence, so such aggressive flirting was no surprise.

Suzanne decided to go look for Susan, hoping that by and by the girl would leave. She wanted to make sure her best friend was doing okay.

She also saw Susan mingling in the crowd but staying within eye contact of her son. Susan was surrounded by a small group of young men, all trying their best to hit on her.

Susan made eye contact with Suzanne, giving her a look that said, "Rescue me!"

However, Suzanne just mouthed a single word at her: "Mingle."

Susan frowned unhappily, but seemed resigned to the situation.

Now, Suzanne had an important choice to make. She could choose to wear her Renaissance outfit and see if Alan would seduce and fuck her thinking she was a total stranger. Or she could change into her spare Wonder Woman costume and a wig that matched Susan's hairstyle, and fool around with Alan that way. She couldn't get fucked with the second option, because Alan would definitely think he'd fucked his mother the next day, and Susan wouldn't, and the truth would soon come out. To even do something like oral sex with him could be tricky, if Alan and Susan compared notes after the party.

She thought it over, deciding that pretending to be Susan could be too difficult to pull off, plus it was a rather underhanded thing to do to her best friend. So she decided to wear the Renaissance dress. She had it in a big bag in the cloakroom, so she went in there and changed.

She walked around meeting and chatting with friends, but she tried to keep moving. All the while, she was keeping an eye out for Alan.

When she found him again in a different spot, the cute young girl was now draped all over him. She was running a hand over his chest and laughing at nearly everything he said. She had long, blonde hair, and

looked like the wild, slutty type. He had another glass of "spooky punch" in his hand, and was about as wasted as he'd ever been.

Suzanne had been careful not to drink too much, so she could keep her wits about her, as well as probably be the one to drive everyone home later. Thus she was nursing a martini as she boldly walked up to the pair.

This was a key moment for her scheme. With her other costume on, would he recognize her or not? She had her doubts, because she had such a distinctive appearance, from her remarkably voluptuous body to the unusual color and style of her hair. True, she'd chosen headgear to cover most of her hair and she'd brushed her distinctive long tassel down her backside, but she hadn't covered her hair entirely. There were also other telltale signs, such as her pale skin. In her favor was the fact that the lights were turned down low in the room they were in, Alan would have no reason to suspect anything since she'd never tried something like this on him before, and he was drunk. Plus, she knew that if she wore an outfit that showed off a tremendous amount of cleavage, as this one did, he would be highly distracted, to say the least.

Another big advantage she had was that she was very good at voices. She could disguise her trademark scratchy voice as long as she consciously worked at it, but she rarely did that, so he was unlikely to suspect. Furthermore, she used the French accent she'd picked up when she'd spent a couple of years in France in her younger days.

She also had an escape plan: she figured that if he did recognize her, he would do so right away, and then she could pretend she'd just been pulling a practical joke on him.

Her sexy French accent fit her period costume perfectly. She looked and acted like she'd just stepped out of the movie *Dangerous Liaisons*.

She waved a hand at Alan to get his attention, while completely ignoring the girl he was with. "Excuse me, young sir. Can you help a damsel in distress?"

"Sure!" he said unthinkingly. His eyes went straight to her cleavage before he remembered that was rude. He frowned, and squinted doubtfully at her. "Do I know you?"

"Not yet, but you will - very well. I'm from France."

"Oh. Cool."

Suzanne was delighted to confirm that he didn't recognize her. "Call me, um, Elle."

"Hi! I'm Alan, and this is Carol."

"Nice to meet you, Alan." Suzanne shook his hand and pointedly ignored Carol.

"Well excuse me, Elle," Carol said to Suzanne in a nasty voice. "Can't you see we're a little busy here?"

Suzanne sneered dismissively at her. "Little girl, why don't you run along to your Barbies and your doll house." The way she said it, it was an order, not a question.

"Well! I never!" Carol said huffily.

Suzanne chuckled to herself, then said, "That's your problem, missy. Leave this one to those of us who have."

Grabbing Alan's arm, Suzanne said to him with sudden alarm, "Quick! It's urgent! Please come with me. I need your help!"

Carol stood there, stunned and at a loss for words. "Alan, are you going to let her treat me like that?"

"Sorry, Carol. I'll be back in a bit," he said as Suzanne started dragging him away. "I can't let down a damsel in distress."

The conversation stalled because Suzanne was focused on leading him away from the girl and steering the two of them through the crowd. She had to keep an eye out for Susan too, and avoid her.

As they walked, she thought, Girl, this is it. This is your last chance to back out. Or just have fun without fucking. Once the fucking starts, you know what's gonna happen! Her worry was that once she got a taste of getting fucked by him, she'd want and even need it every day. When it came to her sexual desires, her highly sensitive pussy basically called the shots. But she didn't see how she'd be able to get away with frequent fucking at this stage, since Susan was nearly always at home.

But she was willing to take the risk, so she kept on walking. Her fuck lust had been building, day by day, and she felt she couldn't hold out any longer.

His head was foggy from the alcohol, so he asked, "What was your name again?"

"Elle. Remember that, because you'll be screaming it later."

He was in such a state that he couldn't figure out what she meant by that, although he had a vague sense it was a very good thing, judging from her sultry tone of voice.

She pulled him all the way to the foot of the inside stairwell that led to the upper floor of the mansion. "Come with me here," she said, and began to climb the stairs, still leading him by the hand.

He dumbly tried to process her comment. "'Come with me here.' 'Come with me here...' Something about that is weird. Don't you mean 'Come here with me?' Yeah, that's how it goes."

"Oui, that too," Suzanne said, as she discovered an empty bedroom and pushed him in. However, when she'd said "come with me here," in her mind she'd spelled the first word "cum."

Her heart was racing with anticipation. Finally! This is so much fun! First I'm gonna fuck him as "Elle." Then I'm gonna fuck him as Susan. No, wait, I can't do that, because he'll think it really was Susan and the truth will come out tomorrow. But if there's time, hopefully I can at least suck him off as Susan, and have a nice long, big-titted mommy to well-hung son talk! That'll be a blast!

"Are we there yet?" he asked, still not really thinking.

Suzanne shut the door behind her, and leaned against it with Alan now trapped inside the room. The room was dark except for the light of the moon pouring through the windows. That was important. She figured that as long as the lighting was poor and she could remember to use her French accent instead of her scratchy voice, she could get away with her deception. She put her hat on a dresser by the door, figuring she didn't need it anymore, now that he believed she was Elle.

"Yes, we are," she replied, but now that she had him there, she wasn't sure how to proceed. "Um..." she said aloud, but she couldn't think of anything to say. She'd finished off her martini to give herself some "liquid courage," and she'd been drinking some earlier, so she wasn't as sharp as usual.

Chapter 324 Disastrous First Sex With Suzanne ?

Alan stood in the middle of the room, not too concerned with much beyond trying to stay upright. It was slowly dawning on him what a gorgeous, big-breasted woman he was standing in front of. He loved the way her tits were all but popping out of her extremely low-cut dress. He couldn't stop himself from staring.

"You know, Elle, I gotta say, your boobs are almost the biggest..." He staggered, and fell forward until he was supporting himself with a wall.

"Yes, almost the biggest what?" she said.

"Oh, nothing, I shouldn't have said anything."

"No, I really want to know. Almost what?"

"Well, I was trying to say they're almost as big as the boobs of two other women I know."

Suzanne smiled a devilish smile, realizing this would be a good "foot in the door" for her plans. She loved that she was obviously one of the two other women. "Now, just a moment! My breasts are my best assets. You're telling me you know not one but two women with bigger boobs?"

bender

"Yep." He smiled smugly.

"I don't believe it." She put her hands on her hips and acted indignant.

"Well, it's true. I live near two of the most gorgeous women in the universe. Yours are pretty nice, but theirs are even nicer."

Suzanne was amused that Alan thought "Elle" wasn't as big or beautiful as her real self. "I think you're wrong," she said firmly. "How can you tell for certain?"

"I don't know. I can just tell."

"Non! You have not felt my boobs, mon ami. I refuse to concede they're smaller than these other women's until you make sure by checking them with your hands."

"That's a fair cop. Okey-dokey." He walked towards her, but then he suddenly steered away and went to the light switch by the door and flicked it on. "Wait. Let me get a better look at you."

Suzanne was secretly terrified. She hadn't been expecting that, and she had no way to stop him. She turned her head away as if she was shy due to the light, when in fact it was so he couldn't get a good look at her face. She was grateful that she had her mask on at least, because there wasn't much else providing her cover, considering that she was anticipating getting naked in a minute or two.

Luckily for her, he was drunk, horny, and oblivious, so he didn't get a clear look at her. Then she remembered that she could pretend to be modest. She squealed, "Please! Turn off the light! I'm shy!"

He turned the main light back off, but turned a smaller lamp on instead.

She felt that would be okay. She didn't want to raise his suspicions by complaining too much.

He exclaimed, "Dang! You're so HOT!" He staggered right up to her, reached out with both hands, and cupped her boobs from below.

She held her hands on his and pulled down on her dress, which had just ever-so-barely covered her nipples in the first place.

Her two pale melons popped free, and he began investigating their size more boldly. However, he was in his tiger costume, so he couldn't feel much with his "paws."

"Hey, Tiger. Let's take off that tiger suit, so you can check properly," she said huskily. She pulled a zipper down his back and dragged the costume off his arms and down to his chest.

His hands flew back to her boobs, as he stared at them with wide-eyed wonder.

She thought with amused chagrin, I probably don't even need the mask. Knowing his tit lust, it'll be a miracle if he looks at my face again!

She purred with her sexy French accent, "So, what do you think? Are they the biggest?"

"Hmmm. They're pretty fuckin' huge, lady. I mean Elle. Fuckin'... basketballs! ... I mean, they're quite large, madam. Pardon my language! You're nice, and yours are nice!" he said as he nearly swooned from alcohol. "But Susan's are nicer."

"Oh, are they?" Suzanne said, suddenly genuinely upset. It's amusing when he's comparing me to myself, but not when he prefers his mother! "Who is this Susan? Is she your girlfriend?"

"No, she's my..." He caught himself before he said "mother," since he believed he was with a stranger. "Actually, yeah. I guess you could kinda say that. Lover maybe fits better."

"What about this second woman? How do her breasts compare?"

"Oh, Suzanne? Way nicer too. Sorry, but that's just how it is. She's a major babe!" He continued to fondle her, pulling at her nipples nearly painfully.

"I refuse to believe that," she said as she began to pull her dress further down. "Is she your girlfriend?"

"Well, kinda, kinda not. It's complicated."

Carefully keeping her head turned away, she pointed at her chest with both hands. "Look at me naked, and tell me honestly if you think these other women are prettier than me." She wore nothing under her dress, so she was suddenly completely nude, except for her high heels and mask.

"Ho boy! That's nice!" His hands began running all over her, but still focusing on her huge tits. He'd been conditioned in recent weeks to avoid touching pussies, so he refrained from doing that. "You look a lot like my Aunt Suzy, but she doesn't let me touch me much. I mean her. Much, I mean."

"She must be crazy. Am I having an effect yet?" She pulled his suit down further until it came to his knees.

Alan didn't answer with words, but his erection sprang straight out, showing off its full length. She chuckled. "Looks like I just got my answer! What do we have here?" She reached down, enveloped it with her hands, and began stroking. "Is this not proof that I am the more beautiful woman?"

"Sorry, Elle. I mean, you're making me really hot, and you're so beautiful and busty that it's crazy! I like you a lot. But you should see what these other two women do to me. It's REALLY crazy, it is!" He looked around the room dumbly. "By the way, what was the thing you wanted me to help you with?"

Suzanne grabbed Alan by the shoulders and pushed him backwards until he fell back onto the bed. Then she pulled his tiger costume completely off his feet, so he was now totally naked except for the tiger fur covering the hair on his head, which was a separate piece. Even with her mask on, she was still trying to keep her head away as much as possible.

"These women," she said. "Do they let you play with them?"

He nodded. "Oh yeah! God, yeah! I played tennis with Susan today, and... Wow!"

"I don't mean playing like that."

"You should have seen us play!" He laughed far too loudly. "Super sexy blowjob!"

She thought, I did! Hee-hee! She pretended to be surprised. "What, are you saying these two beauties, they suck you off?"

He nodded more assertively. "Totally! So much and so good! God, it's so good!" Through his drunkenness, he remembered talking about other women wasn't polite. "But let's not talk about them; let's talk about you. Do you live in France, full time?"

Not wanting to make up lies she might not remember to keep straight, she avoided the question. "Wait. I'm curious about these women. Look at what my hands are doing. Does it look like I mind talking about them?"

He gaped at her two hands stroking up and down his shaft. "Woaaaaow! So cool! Man, I'm so lucky! How the heck does this kind of thing keep happening to me?!"

She was tempted to ask him which one sucked him better, but she felt it was a bit too sneaky to ask him questions like that in this circumstance. Besides, such odd questions might make him suspicious. Instead, she pretended to be curious but clueless. "These two women, your two lovers... Do they let you fuck them?"

He stopped nodding and became sad. "Oh, man! What a drag. That's the one thing I can't do. It sucks so bad! I love 'em so much. All I want to do is fuck 'em all day long, but they say they're not ready."

He considered revealing that he had more than two lovers and that he did get to fuck a couple of them, but he thought that would sound like boasting, and displease her. He didn't understand how they'd gotten on talking about Susan and Suzanne, and he was eager to change the conversation or just stop talking.

She walked to the side of the bed, pulled his limp body up the bed until his head was on a pillow, and then lay on top of him. "That's too bad. But don't fret, because I would very much like you to fuck me. That errand I need help with? It's simply that I want you to give me a good fucking."

He still looked befuddled, so she clarified, "I want you to stick your cock in my cunt and ram it back and forth inside me like there's no tomorrow. Is that clear? Do you think you can do that?" She drew one of his hands to her pussy and let him stroke her furry patch.

"Whoa! Wow! Really? You'd really let me do that?! I just met you!"

She chuckled, because normally he was suave, or at least clever, but now he was saying all the wrong things. "Have you ever heard of a one-night stand?"

"Oh yeah. But, uh... I don't know, Elle. I can try. But I'm... I'm pretty drunk." The room spun around him, and he was having a hard time focusing on the task at hand. About the best he could do was grope and ogle this mysterious (from his perspective) beautiful woman.

He'd heard that it was hard for a man to get and keep a firm erection while drunk. But he also realized that that wasn't a problem for him, at least at the moment. His lust was ruling his befuddled brain, so he decided to give it a try.

He managed to position himself over Suzanne/Elle, then sat on her legs so that his cock pointed towards her cunt. Without any further ado, and before she had a chance to get wet, he tried to stick his tool into her hole. But with the room spinning, the effect was that he kept poking his dick everywhere but where it belonged.

Suzanne, desiring more foreplay, decided that had been fortunate. She grabbed control of his dick, but rather than stick it in, she played with it, moving it against her pussy, teasing herself by rubbing it against her clit and all around the area.

She whispered to him, "Close your eyes and keep 'em closed. Let me take charge. I'll take you to Heaven!"

"Okay!" He closed his eyes right away. He was glad, because it meant he could concentrate on holding his head to stop the room from spinning.

She began poking it in her tunnel a fraction of an inch and then pulling it back out, making herself increasingly wet.

That got Alan increasingly frustrated yet aroused in the process.

She was still looking away out of habit, but it occurred to her she didn't need to do that anymore, now that his eyes were closed. When she looked back at him, she saw him holding his head, and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I don't know. I'm really dizzy. I worry I think I'm gonna be sick."

That's really romantic, she thought in frustration. She paused her teasing his cock with her cunt and asked, "Are you going to be sick, or just maybe, or what?"

"Maybe. I don't know! I've never gotten drunk before. But I'm... I'm... hanging in there."

She thought, Okay, this REALLY is "last chance to change your mind" time, girl! This is not how I wanted my first time with him to be. Not at all. But, dammit, this is my only chance! I can just test the waters, and scratch my itch, and then things'll go back to before. No one will be the wiser. We can have a real first time later, and do it properly. I don't even know what'll happen tomorrow and beyond if we do it now. Maybe this'll sate my need and I'll be able to hold out until Susan is ready to accept it. I don't know.

But the fact is, it's not like I have any choice. My damn cunt is in control again! She just can't wait anymore! If I don't get to fuck my Sweetie, the love of my life, I'm simply going to lose my mind!

"Here, maybe this will help distract you." Giving up hope of any lovemaking prowess from him in his current state, she simply stuck his erection in all the way. She figured she had to hurry, before he got sick or went flaccid.

His natural instincts took over and he began pounding her with a steady rhythm.

That's better. Much better! she thought, as he pleased her with long, deep strokes that seemingly penetrated to the center of her being. He's plenty thick and plenty long, so it should be a good fuck even if he's too drunk to have any style. Gaawwwd, that fills me up!

"I'm hangin' on, I'm hangin' on," he said out loud to himself. "So good. You're so good, Elle. Fuck! Yes!"

They went at it for the next five minutes, without any variation or playing around but with a steady, solid pounding.

Then he climbed up on her and went at it doggy-style, so he could penetrate her even deeper and play with her hanging tits at the same time.

Suzanne was having a great time. She felt like all her sneaky identity switch scheming had paid off. She let out a guttural gasp with his every thrust. "Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh! ..." She was loving life, even if his technique lacked subtlety.

Alan began going faster and faster, but then his energy peaked and he began going slower. He was like the little engine that couldn't. Finally, he stopped altogether, with his hard dick still inside her, and simply lay down on top of her and hugged her.

She cursed inwardly. Dammit, this is not how it's supposed to be. I'm not seeing stars here. Sweetie's just too drunk. We're both too drunk.

Luckily, he wasn't having trouble staying erect, like many drunk men do. But the alcohol had made his brain decide to go to sleep and it seemed there was nothing he could do to prevent that. Not even a great fuck could keep him awake.

Chapter 325 I Get Off On Incest Fantasies, Don't You?

Suzanne sensed he was going to go to sleep or get flaccid at any moment, maybe simultaneously. So she pulled him out and flipped them both over, changing places. Now straddling him, she slowly impaled herself, lowering herself onto his still-rigid pole.

That seemed to work better, because she did all the work, bouncing up and down. He was still fighting his drowsiness, but it was a lot easier just to lay there than be the active one. The pleasure was so intense that that alone was keeping him buzzing enough to stay awake.

To help inspire him, and because she was feeling very inspired herself, she kept up a patter of sexy comments, such as, "You total stud! Fill me up. Fill me up deep with your man meat! Fuck me back into the Stone Age. Fuck this sexy mama senseless. Fuck me silly! You can do it! Hard! Yeah! Just like that! Good!"

Her French accent was forgotten, and the natural scratchiness of her voice was back, but he was in no condition to notice. Also, at one point her signature tassel of teased hair came loose to her front side while she was bouncing on him. But luckily his eyes were closed and she remembered to return it to hanging down her back side.

As the time passed, his close call with falling asleep seemed to pass. His worry that he would get sick was long forgotten as well. It helped that the fucking exercise was burning the alcohol out of him. He opened his eyes and began enjoying what was happening more than before. The sight of her bouncing tits seemed to revive him even more.

She threw her arms up in the air and rode him like a bucking bronco.

"Fuck me!" she yelled. "Fuck me, Son!" That was a very telling comment. Although she loved that Alan considered her his aunt, for years and years she had secretly considered herself to be his second mother. (The same went for her feelings for Katherine.) She was so carried away by her fucking ecstasy that she had let that slip.

She realized she had to say something quick before he got too suspicious. The danger of being discovered caused her to remember to resume her French accent. She added, "Pretend I'm your mother!"

That's a bizarre thing to say, he thought, but it hit him like a jolt of electricity nonetheless. Energized, he sat up somewhat, groping at her tits.

"Oh, you like that, don't you? Yes, pretend I'm your mother. I get off on incest fantasies, don't you?"

He grunted affirmatively.

She did her best to run with her new cover story. "Good! That's why I like fucking young men your age. It's really hot! Fuck me, Son! Be a motherfucker!"

"Yes! A motherfucker!"

She stayed silent for a couple of minutes. She figured she'd let him get used to the incestuous role-play idea. Plus, the fucking was picking up in speed and intensity, and since she was doing all the work with her bouncing and/or gyrating hips, she was too winded to want to talk.

But then her energy ebbed and the pace slowed for a while. She stopped her bouncing and switched to a sort of slow churning.

He grunted, "Hot damn! You're really good at that!"

"Thanks!" She considered using her pussy squeezing techniques on him. But she worried that if she did, the next time they fucked he would make the connection and realize the deception. Few women could squeeze their pussies as well or as powerfully as she could.

Instead, she just slowed down some more, and said, "I'm inspired by this incest fantasy. By the way, your two lovers, Susan and Suzanne, you said they're older women about my age, right?"

"Right." Actually, he hadn't. But he was still drunk enough to not remember well, and he assumed that he must have if she was asking him that.

"Do you pretend that Suzanne is your mother?"

His entire face lit up, although she was relieved that he kept his eyes closed. "Oh yes! She's totally like my mom! I love it!"

Suzanne filed that away for future reference. "What about this Susan? Do you pretend she is your mother too?"

"Oh God! Fuck! Yes!" His arousal was increasing more and more with each new incestuous thing Suzanne said, and it showed in his fucking.

"Then fuck your mother! Fuck us all!"

"Yeah! Mom, Mom, finally, I'm fucking you! Yes! You've teased me too much! So mean! Too mean! I can't take it anymore! I'm gonna finally cum inside you!"

"Yes! Cum inside me! Fill me, Sweee-- Sweet Jesus!" She'd started to say his nickname "Sweetie," but luckily stopped herself in time.

It wasn't likely that he'd notice the slip-up in any case, given his intoxication and what they were doing. Everything was too arousing, and this talk about fucking Susan and Suzanne was too much for him to take, on top of everything else. He'd been holding back and trying to control himself a bit, but he just didn't have the mental focus to maintain control through such a highly erotic situation.

"I'm a motherfucker!" he yelled really loudly as his climax triggered, shooting torrents of cum into Suzanne's vagina.bender

His semen blasted into her like a nuclear explosion going off. Even though he wasn't on his best game, he still dependably shot huge loads. The cum hit the back of her vagina and more just kept coming.

Suzanne was glad he wasn't wearing a condom, so she could feel his jism on her cervix, filling her up. She didn't have to worry about pregnancy, since she'd had her tubes tied after Amy was born. She fell on top of him, exhausted and sweaty but content.

"Boy, Elle, that was great," he said in a surprisingly casual tone.

"Merci beaucoup. Thank you very much, Tiger," she said, and kissed him on the cheek, while she ran her fingers through the tiger fur of the last remaining part of his costume. Now that the fucking was over, she again remembered to disguise her voice with her French accent.

Being called "Tiger" now turned him on intensely. He had to remember that he hadn't actually just fucked Susan.

Suzanne had used Susan's nickname for him deliberately, knowing it would have an effect. She would have much preferred to call him "Sweetie," but figured that was too dangerous, since it would have been one more clue he could have lined up.

He tried to figure out about why she'd called him that, and then decided that she had to be referring to his tiger costume. She wouldn't have pushed her luck unless there had been such an obvious explanation.

He sat with eyes wide open. "I feel so revived. My stomach even feels better. But why the weird incest fantasy? And what if someone heard us? I think you're great just the way you are. ...Dang! What a hot, horny, randy woman. And I just met you. Wow."

She answered his first question. "I don't know. I just like it. Everything is hotter with an incest fantasy, don't you think? It appeared to work for you too, didn't it?" Then she thought about the second question and suddenly felt intensely worried about having been overheard.

She looked up at the windows with a start, and felt a great wave of relief as she realized they were closed. I can only imagine what would have happened if the windows were open and a couple hundred people heard him yell "I'm a motherfucker!" The irony! What would Susan have thought if she'd recognized his voice?

He thought, Yeah, but it's a weird thing to do to someone you just met. Man, she must have a serious crush on her own son, or something like that. That would explain it. She is the right age to have a son like me. Hey! Maybe that's why she was so hot for me, so fast! I must remind her of her son! That explains things. Dang. I'm such a lucky guy.

But the effects of the alcohol still lay heavily on him, and in his post-orgasmic bliss he suddenly felt his eyes drooping. He asked, "What were you saying before about comparing? I don't know about that, but you were great."

His voice started to slow, like a cassette player whose battery was running low. "Can I see your whole face now? I'm curious. You really remind me of my, uh..." He had just enough of his wits about him to catch himself from saying "aunt." His voice slurred and slowed even more. "Speaking of forbidden fucking, you were almost as good as... As good as..."

His eyes closed, and he instantly fell fast asleep. He began snoring, seemingly completely dead to the world.

Suzanne wondered what name he was about to say. Hrm. Probably Katherine. Are they fucking? I wouldn't be totally surprised if they were. That would make sense for forbidden fucking, and it would be great news for my overall scheme. But she can't be a better fuck than me; she has to be a clumsy virgin. Who else could it be? Maybe a teacher? That would be forbidden too. Ms. Rhymer, perhaps? Nah. I know she has a serious boyfriend, and fucking a student would be too risky.

She lay naked next to him for the next half an hour or so, waiting for him to wake up, but he didn't. She tried shaking him, but all that did is cause him to mumble and turn over. She even tried squeezing his flaccid penis with her fingers, looking for signs of life, but it just flopped over like a limp sausage.

Some schemer I turned out to be! she thought, chagrined. I got him too drunk and had him fuck me when he could barely walk. Then, to add insult to injury, I got him thinking about Susan instead of me. It's a miracle he didn't recognize me as well, especially since I let my strand of teased hair get exposed in the midst of the fucking.

Duh. And now he's done for the evening. At least I know I am. I'm so tempted to close my eyes and fall asleep on this bed, but if we don't wake until morning, I'd be in big, big trouble. Besides, I have to check on Susan and make sure she's okay. Not to mention, I can't wait here until she starts looking for me! This was not one of my better schemes, that's for sure!

She thought more about Alan's sexual performance. Although, at least I finally got to scratch my itch! We were really going for a while there! I enjoyed that a lot because it was him. It was a good fuck overall, and boy oh boy did my cunt need that after all these weeks of build up! But objectively speaking, as a first time fuck with my special Sweetie, it sucked. I'm lucky he didn't get sick or fall asleep

on me. He only was really going there for about three minutes, maybe five. The rest was all me. It was a good fuck because I made it that way, while he just laid there like a log.

No way does this count as my first time with him! I want a better memory! I'm going to pretend this didn't happen, and try again when he's sober and fully aware of whom he's fucking. I shouldn't have tried to rush things, but my needy cunt got the best of me, as usual.

I need to do things in their logical order. Susan has to progress much further first. I'm going to act like this never happened. And since he doesn't know it was me, he won't press for a repeat performance. I don't know how long I can hold out with just blowjobs and such, but I have to try. If Susan were to catch me fucking him, with her current attitude, that would be a big, big setback for her. It's all about her, really. She's the key to unlocking the glorious future we'll all share. She's fallen in love with oral sex, which is great. But as long as she's so dead set against fucking her cutie Tiger, I can't fuck him either.

She pulled covers over him, put her Renaissance-themed dress and hat back on, and then slipped out of the room. To her immense relief, the entire floor appeared to be essentially empty, though she heard some other panting noises coming from nearby rooms.

She made her way downstairs and into the cloakroom. Once alone, she slipped the black mask off her face. Then she left the cloakroom with her bags of clothing and went to the nearest bathroom. She changed out of her Renaissance outfit and back into her Catwoman one.

But then she thought, You know, if Sweetie wants his mother so bad, why don't I give her to him? Then there won't be any barriers anymore, and we can all fuck each other with abandon. I've been far too tricky with her lately, lying constantly. It's time we bring that to an end, and bring it all out into the open. We can muck about for weeks or even months trying to break all her barriers, or we can do it all in one fell swoop! Yes, there'll be a lot of gnashing of teeth, but once she discovers the joys of fucking her cutie Tiger, she'll never go back. And she thinks she likes blowjobs! She chuckled to herself.

I'm gonna make all my scheming up to her, and give her the best present she could ever want. I made her hair look like mine with the possibility for such an identity swap in mind, so I should use it. Not only that, but what'll be really brilliant is that if she gets fucked pretending to be me, then she'll have to understand if he continues to fuck me from now on, since she'll be the one who started him fucking "Suzanne." God, I amaze myself sometimes!

Also, let's face it. Now that I got to feel him in me this once, how long can I really hold out before I absolutely need him in me again? Not long! It's time to break through all the barriers and bring all of us straight into the sexual utopia of my dreams!

So, changing her mind, she changed back into her Renaissance dress, hat, and mask.

Chapter 326 Susan Pretending To Be Suzanne !

Suzanne went looking for Susan. For starters, she wanted to check that she was okay and that aggressive and horny men weren't giving her too much trouble.

Susan was in a crowded room on the ground floor, talking to Gloria Rhymer. Glory didn't live in the neighborhood, but many people who lived elsewhere had been invited, and she'd been regularly invited and attended for the past three years, ever since she'd started teaching at the local public high school. Right from the start, she'd been one of the most popular teachers, and she was on good terms with many of the students and teachers who did live nearby.

Suzanne was glad to see that Susan looked like she was having a much better time than before, no doubt due to the fact that she was talking to Glory, who she already knew and liked. Plus, there were no men around her and trying to pester her.

Glory was much better at putting her foot down than Susan was. She had no problem being rude and/or insulting if she had to. So she'd managed to drive off the crowd of leering men that had been following Susan around constantly, like a pack of hungry wolves.

Since then, the two of them had been talking for a long time, and just with each other. They were having a grand time. If Alan had been able to listen in, his ears would have burned with embarrassment, because he was the common link between Glory and Susan, and since they were both secretly in love with him, they couldn't say enough good things about him. It was like they were trying to outdo each other praising him to the skies.

Interestingly, both of them had secret agendas. Susan knew Glory's reputation for taking a personal interest in her students' social lives and being up on the latest gossip. So she was trying to subtly press her for information about who Alan was getting sexually intimate with at school. Meanwhile, Glory was

dying to know how many other lovers Alan had and who they were. She had no suspicion whatsoever that Susan could be one of them, but she knew that Susan was about as honest as a person could be. So she hoped that Susan might reveal some secrets.bender

However, neither of them were having much luck. They both commented on how he had "come out of his shell" lately and started having great success with the girls. That much was obvious and couldn't be denied. He was brimming with confidence and even sexual swagger. But Susan pretended like she didn't know any details, and Glory did the same.

Susan had no suspicions that Alan could be involved with Glory, because for all of her praise about him being an "unstoppable stud," she considered it too farfetched that even he could be intimate with a teacher. She'd heard of major scandals in the news about isolated cases like that. But after talking to Glory for a while, she started to rethink that a little bit. When they talked about the recent changes in Alan and his newfound sexual success in general, Susan thought she detected the fire of lust in Glory's eyes. But still, she dismissed it as far too improbable, like Alan having sex with a nun.

Glory didn't detect a similar fire of lust in Susan's eyes, even though it was there too, because Susan spoke with such passion and pride about virtually anything related to her son. So it was easy to assume that Susan was similarly wildly enthusiastic about Alan's social life successes too.

Suzanne had been standing back for a couple of minutes, observing the dynamic of Susan and Glory talking to each other from afar. Finally, she decided to walk over to her best friend. "Hey, Susan. It's me."

Susan took a few seconds to recognize Suzanne in her new costume. She quickly recovered, and smiled. "Boy, am I glad to see you! Where have you been? Oh, where are my manners? Ms. Rhymer, you know Suzanne Pestridge already? Don't you? Or, but of course you do, because of Amy." She remembered that Glory had taught Amy in the past.

Glory smiled and nodded. "Yes, of course. Amy is a pure delight. How are you, Suzanne?"

"Good. Yourself?" Suzanne gave Glory a brief hug and a kiss.

Glory was strangely titillated by that. It was like she felt a jolt of electricity buzzing through her for as long as it lasted. She didn't consider herself even slightly bisexual, but she figured that Suzanne was such

an extraordinarily beautiful and obviously highly sexual woman that anyone would be affected by her. She was grateful when the hug ended.

Suzanne said to Glory in reference to her sexy cheerleader outfit, "By the way, I love your costume. So sexy!"

Glory very nearly blushed in embarrassment. Her heart did wild flip-flops, because Suzanne all but called her sexy. She stuttered, tongue-tied, "Uh, y-y-y-you too!" Then, recovering, she looked to Susan. "But the real winner is Wonder Woman here. Suzanne, you should have been here earlier. When I say I had to fight the guys off with a stick, that's almost literally true!"

The highly modest Susan was slightly abashed by that, and eager to change the subject. "I'd love if the three of us could chat. Suzanne, you should hear some of the stories she has to tell about Alan! But, Glory, if you don't mind, I've got some important things to discuss with Suzanne."

The three of them said their goodbyes after a little more small talk. Then Suzanne and Susan moved away so they could talk in private.

Susan asked urgently, "Suzanne, where HAVE you been? I'm ready to leave. Glory has been protecting me from the lechers, but I feel like I'm completely naked! Everybody keeps staring at me!"

Suzanne moved in close and spoke very low. "But don't you like to be completely naked and have someone stare at you? A certain someone!"

Susan's eyes went wide, as lusty thoughts of her son suddenly hit her. "Oh my!" She whispered back, "Let's not talk about that here!" Then she said in her regular voice, "But, completely changing the subject, I can't find Alan anywhere. What do you think happened to him? And you've changed. What happened to your other costume?"

Suzanne avoided answering about the costume change, hoping Susan would forget to ask again. "Don't worry about him. I was just checking on him. He had too much of that spooky punch and he's sleeping it off. Just like Katherine did earlier."

"My poor Angel. How is she, by the way?"

"She's fine. I put her to bed and she's sleeping like a baby. The main thing is she didn't get sick. Come with me." Some curious men were starting to draw near, pulled in by seeing two total bombshells without any men with them. Suzanne took Susan to a nearby balcony so they could have more privacy.

Susan asked, "What about Tiger? Where is he? How is he?"

Suzanne said, "I helped him to a bedroom upstairs and I stayed with him for a while, in mothering mode." She was secretly amused by that once she'd said it, since she had been "in mothering mode" in a sense, due to the mother-son role-play. "For a while there, it looked like he was going to be sick, but it passed when he got sleepy instead. He's up there right now, sleeping it off like a baby."

"Oh Suzanne, you're such a good friend! Always so thoughtful of others. Thank you soooo very much for looking after him. Earlier, I was running away from one guy after another all evening. It was awful! I had to find someone familiar to latch onto, and luckily I found Ms. Rhymer."

She looked distressed. "Why did I ever let you talk me into wearing this low-cut Wonder Woman costume? The men all have good reason to think I'm some kind of wanton hussy. I'm practically naked! It's horrible! One guy even took a bunch of pictures without my permission! He called it 'cost play' or something. What does that mean? Oh, and one guy actually put his hand on the bare part of my ass cheek. I had to turn and slap him!"

Suzanne leaned close and whispered directly into Susan's ear. "There's only one man who's allowed to do that, isn't there? And he can do that - and so much more - any time he wants!"

Susan shivered lustily, but then she looked around with worry, as if everyone in the room had heard and knew who Suzanne was referring to. Trying to change the subject, she asked, "Why are you wearing that different costume now, anyway?"

Suzanne answered, "I was worried that Catwoman suit would get too hot, seeing how it covered every inch of me. So I brought a spare costume, just in case. And thank God I did. I was burning up inside it. And unlike you, I don't mind showing off a little bit of skin. This one is much better."

Hey, that excuse actually sounds pretty believable, Suzanne realized, pleased with herself.

"Well, it certainly suits you," Susan replied. "So where is Alan exactly? It must be midnight already. It's way past his bedtime."

Suzanne thought, It's funny to hear Susan want to lay down the law about his bedtime, given that she willingly calls herself his "personal slut." She was tempted to whisper something to that effect, but even though they were standing alone, she figured it was an unnecessary risk.

Instead, she said, "I can take you to where he is. But before I do, how are YOU feeling? You're standing unsteady and your cheeks are flushed."

Susan sheepishly replied, "I avoided the spooky punch, just like you told me. But I did have two glasses of wine." That was a lot for her.

"I think you're past tipsy. Would you say you're drunk?"

Susan shyly admitted, "Maybe." Then, more honestly, "Probably."

Suzanne thought, GOOD! Hey, maybe my idea to have her pretend to be me could work after all. At the least, let's dangle the bait and see if she takes it.

She said, "An idea just struck me. You're not happy with your costume, and I'm not using my Catwoman one anymore. It's much less revealing. In fact, it covers you all the way up your neck. So why don't you change costumes? Not only that, but you can play a really devilish trick on Alan! Since we have the same body shape and size, when you put that costume on, he'll think that you're me! You can give him a big surprise!"

Susan thought of the possibilities. Mostly, she let the alcohol do the thinking for her. Tiger is lying upstairs in bed. I can give him a big surprise, all right! I can wake him up with a loving cocksuck, and he'll think it's Suzanne! Hee-hee! Maybe I can somehow use that to find out how we compare.

No, wait. Why stop there? We could go all the way. Oh my God, we really could! He'll stuff his cock right in his mommy's naughty hole, and he'll never even know it's me! I know it's soooo wrong, but wouldn't it be better if I got these urges out of my system? Then I could stick to the boundaries so much easier.

It's my one chance to get fucked by him without consequences! I keep thinking about doing all kinds of nasty things with him, and I can't control myself. This afternoon, I came way too close to letting him slip his big cock in me. Maybe I need to get this out of my system, or I'll keep tempting him until he finally snaps! Or I'll snap, for that matter. Better to do it when he doesn't realize it's me.

Suzanne could practically see the wheels turning in Susan's head, and she liked what she saw.

But even though Susan was contemplating the idea, she asked, "Shouldn't we just go home already?"

Suzanne said, "It's not as late as you think. It's definitely not close to midnight yet. Between having to take the girls home and then tending to Sweetie, I've hardly been able to enjoy the party at all. Besides, if he's resting, we should let him be until he's feeling better. Even a short car trip could make him sick, in his condition. If you're tired of the party, why don't you go upstairs and stay with him? When he wakes up, you can mother him. I'll stay down here and socialize until you come get me and tell me it's time to go."

Susan thought, Oh my goodness! That sounds like a perfect situation! I could have some quality time with Tiger, in Suzanne's costume, and Suzanne will never be the wiser! Maybe he'll recognize me. Then I can give him a nice, long blowjob. It's been HOURS since his last climax. His balls must have grown in size from all the billions of spermies building up. Spermies that belong in my tummy! And if he doesn't recognize me, that's much better! Then I can do all kinds of naughty things that are against the rules. OH MY! What a great idea!

Susan asked doubtfully, "So, do you really think I should play a practical joke on him?"

"Sure. What a great chance. Just talk with a scratchy voice and call him 'Sweetie.' Remember, he's still quite drunk, probably more so than you. In that state, he'll believe anything."

Susan thought, WOW! I can't believe it! My heart is thump, thump, thumping. I've never been so nervous in all my life! Could I really pull this off? Would I, should I, actually let him fuck me?! Suzanne says that as great as blowjobs are, sex is even better! I wouldn't know, since I've only ever been with Ron, but I could believe it!

On a more practical level, Susan began to wonder if this being taken for Suzanne might actually work. "What about my hair? How does that work? Yours is so different."

"I had most of my hair stuffed under the hood, and down my back under the costume as well. Anyway, thanks to your special hairdo tonight, your hair looks pretty much the same as mine, except you don't have the reddish tinge that I do. But no one can tell the difference about that in a semi-dark room. All you have to do is ditch the glasses, and work on your voice. Do you think you can sound like me?"

"I don't know. I've never tried." Hmmm. The voice is a bit of a problem. Suzanne's scratchy, sultry voice is so distinctive. Mine is generic and blah. I wish I could sound like her. But I can't miss this opportunity!

"Well, try. Try right now."

"I don't think so. I'm not a good actress like you. What if I pretend to use Catwoman's voice? What does she sound like?"

Suzanne remembered that Susan was a terrible actress. Susan was so innocent and honest that she was bad at deception and lying. So Suzanne replied, "Hmmm. That's an idea. She sounds pretty much like you, now that I think about it, so that would work out just fine."

Actually, Suzanne had no idea what Catwoman sounded like. She knew next to nothing about Catwoman except that she wore a sexy costume that worked great for costume parties. But she wanted Susan to feel reassured, and she figured as drunk as Alan probably still was, the voice wouldn't matter.

Susan still was scared to try to pass herself off as Suzanne. But as they talked about it, Suzanne gave her another glass of wine. Susan was so nervous that she quickly drank the whole thing. Just like Suzanne did earlier, she was looking for "liquid courage."

Eventually, after yet more encouragement from Suzanne, she agreed to give it a try.

A few minutes later, Susan crept into the room Alan was sleeping in, dressed as Catwoman.

Suzanne had brought Susan near to the room, and then quickly and silently left. She knew from how seriously Susan was taking this that Susan was contemplating much more than a practical joke, and she knew she'd ruin everything if Alan was awake and saw both her and Susan at the same time.

The wily redhead went back downstairs. She intended to actually socialize just like she'd said, because she had nothing else to do.

By now, Susan was definitely drunk. Her third glass of wine had quickly gone through her system and was having a strong effect on her. It was remarkable that she could still walk relatively steadily. She cursed the four-inch heels that came with the costume and repeatedly muttered to herself that she didn't understand how Catwoman could somehow hobble around in them, much less fight crime.

Susan had taken her glasses off to make herself less recognizable, and she couldn't see close objects very well without them. She had no choice but to make do.

Because it was a hot night, Suzanne had put just a sheet and light blanket over Alan. Still, Susan could tell right away that he was naked. She loved how his boner tented the bed sheets.

Oooh, look at that! The thick, powerful cock I love so much is practically pulling the sheets off the bed. What a stud! And what a cutie too. She looked at the pieces of his tiger costume that had been left on the floor. Awww! My little-whittle Tiger is really a tiger tonight! Should I really let a cute, well-hung tiger-stud fuck my tight, hot, hungry little kitty-cunt?

I think I just answered my own question! She felt great tingles of arousal all over, but especially in her pussy. She didn't even seriously fret and ponder if she could go through actually getting fucked by him, at least not yet, because the alcohol was making her reckless.

She sat on the bed and began shaking his shoulder. "Alan, Alan," she said in her usual voice.

Then realizing the need to be Suzanne, or at least to not be detected as herself, she changed her voice some. She couldn't sound scratchy, but she tried her best to purr in Suzanne's sultry tone. "Alan, wake up. Catwoman is here. Wake up!"

He opened his eyes. "Oh, hi Aunt Suzy."

"I'm not your Aunt Suzy; I'm Catwoman."

Suddenly he opened his eyes wide, staring as if in horror.

Susan worried, Oh no! Has he found me out that fast?

He jumped up out of bed and, with his hands over his crotch, looked around desperately. Finally he saw the bathroom right before him, darted into it, and slammed the door behind him.

Susan heard the sound of pissing. It wasn't just a little; it sounded like a flowing river that went on for over a minute. She realized. Oh yeah. All the alcohol, it has to come out of him. ... I've never really listened to him peeing before. ... My goodness! It sounds like he pisses as much as he cums! It's fitting though: he's hung like a horse, and he pisses like one too!

I can't believe I'm seriously thinking about filling myself up with THAT MUCH cock! He'll skewer me and split me in two! It'll be nothing like sex with Ron.

Oh Dear! Ron! I am still a married woman. Just because he's cheating on me doesn't give me the right to do this. What'll I do?!

Her nervousness increased as she waited. She noticed that her hands were shaking. I really shouldn't do this, but I need to feel him within me at least once in my life. I don't want to die without knowing that the one man I truly love has made love to me. God, you can forgive me for one slip, can't you?

Thinking about God reminded her how she perceived incest as a grave sin, and just made her even more of a nervous wreck. As if that wasn't bad enough, she thought about her wedding ring, hidden under her costume. She had to stifle an urge to flee.

Alan finally came back into the room, still naked, not bothering to hide his now flaccid penis. He sat next to Susan and held his head in his hands. "Sorry, Catwoman, but that was an extremely urgent nature

call. Too much of that damn punch! Boy, am I regretting that. What the hell did they put in there? I thought you said it was iced tea or something."

"Are you feeling okay, Sweetie?" Susan remembered to use Suzanne's nickname for him.

"I'm feeling better than before, but... Oh man!" He rubbed his numbed face vigorously. "I still feel like I'm flying. Drunk. Head still spinning a bit. Argh," he moaned in frustration. "At least I don't feel like throwing up anymore. That was close."

She held out open arms. "There, there, come to Mommy - your Aunt Suzy. I'll make it all better." He leaned in to her, and she placed his head on her ample boobs.

For the next five minutes, she simply held him in a hug while running her hand over his head. She really wanted to kiss him, but she worried he'd detect her kissing style.

"Do you feel better now?" she finally asked.

"Oh, much. Yes. You're so sweet, taking care of me. I was wondering where you'd been all evening."

Susan was perplexed by that comment. Huh? I thought Suzanne said she'd helped him up here and checked on him regularly. Maybe he had already passed out. Or maybe the alcohol is making him forget? "T- Sweetie, are you having trouble remembering what happened earlier?"

"Big time. My head is like in a fog. I doubt I'll remember anything that happened tonight, come tomorrow."

She realized, This really IS my big chance! I can do anything with him, and he won't even remember it! How can I pass this up? If I'm going to be a good mother, there's only one way I can purge my mind of all the horny, nasty thoughts I keep having. Just one time is all I need and then I'll never feel like wanting him in me again. Maybe I'll find his big cock is actually TOO BIG for my tight little pussy, and it'll hurt. Then we'll all be much better off, knowing that that temptation is removed. Yeah, I'll bet that's what'll happen. After all, he is such a well-hung, potent, virile young man.

She didn't even believe that prediction. Somewhere deep down she realized that fucking him once would only whet her appetite for more. She knew she'd love it, and if it hurt at all, it would be in a "hurt so good" kind of way. But I just HAVE to get fucked by him! Pounded. Reamed. Knocked up. Ravished. Raped. Done. Filled. Yes! My son has to fill me up with his big cock! He must! It's for my own sanity. I can't stand it anymore!

She was being much more honest with this line of thinking.

To start things off, she reached for his erection.

"Oh shit," he said, and got up again and ran to the bathroom.

Again, Susan heard a torrent of pee, but less this time around.

While she waited, she thought, Okay, Susan, this is it. Calm down. Calm down. Don't be afraid or ashamed about what you're going to do. What did Tiger say to me the other day? "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." That's what I have to do.

As she still waited, she stood up and unzipped the top of her Catwoman costume. As the zipper made its way down the middle of her chest, her tremendous tits came into view, and then her firm stomach. She pulled the zipper all the way down past her cute belly button to the top of her bush. She kept the mask on her head though, to help keep her real identity secret. Despite being drunk, she was determined not to act foolishly.

She thought to herself, Don't be nervous. Wipe that fraidy-cat look off your face. This is for the best. ... Although I can't believe I'm seducing my own son! I just have to be confident and decisive. Tiger loves my big tits, and Suzanne's for that matter, and since they're the exact same size, it's all good. I've gotta use them to my advantage to really get his tasty sperm churning in his yummy balls. I'll thrust my tits up still higher.

He washed his hands, then came back into the room. He took one look at Susan with her chest arching forward, surrounded by skin-tight black leather, and his eyes bugged out in Roger Rabbit style. "Aunt Suzy! Shit! You look even better than usual. And that's saying something."

That gave Susan confidence. She smiled as she thought, Maybe that's because your mommy really is hotter than your Aunt Suzy!

Again she held out open arms in invitation. "Come back to my chest, Sweetie."

He immediately returned his head to her soft, pale boobs, but now his face rested on naked flesh.

Her hand went to his penis, but it was flaccid. "is something wrong? Am I not sexy enough?"

"God, no! It's just the alcohol. I still don't feel so good."

"I have an idea," she said, still holding his soft penis. "Maybe if you suck on my nipples, that will help you forget your pain."

Even though he was drunk, he didn't need to be asked twice. He immediately placed his mouth over an erect nipple and began suckling contentedly. He also caressed the undersides of her breasts with both hands under the pretense of merely holding them in place.

Susan cooed, "That's it. Suck them just like that. Pretend you're a baby and you're breast-feeding from your mother. Suck your mother's tits, Sweetie."

Why is everyone so into pretending they're my mom this evening? he wondered. How weird.

Soon, he emptied his mind and concentrated only on the sensation of suckling on a nipple. He switched from tit to tit as the minutes rolled by, and pinched and stroked the nipple he wasn't sucking.

Susan was in complete ecstasy. Her nipples were so sensitive that having them suckled almost felt better than being fucked. She also found the suckling very soothing, and a lot of her worry and doubt melted away.

Also, funnily enough, Susan's "forget your pain" idea was actually working - Alan's mind began to clear.

Even better, his dick began to revive. She immediately noticed that, and slowly stroked it to full hardness. Then, of course, she kept right on stroking. Now that she considered herself one of his personal cocksuckers, being able to do this to him gave her great satisfaction.

But their focus remained on his suckling. She kept up her provocative commentary about it, at a lazy pace. "That's it. ... That's it, little baby. ... Keep sucking your mommy's tits. ... Drink my milk. ... Make me lactate. ... Keep suckling until you can milk me. ... Milk your mommy..."

Finally, he turned his head up and asked, "But Aunt Suzy, Mommy, Catwoman, ... whatever I should call you ... isn't what we're doing wrong? What about Mom's rules? A little bending is okay, but maybe we're getting into it too much?"

"That's okay. It's okay," she cooed, as she pressed his head back onto a nipple. "Just leave it to... your Aunt Suzy. If a little bit of rule bending is good, then a lot is better." As her hand slid up and down his shaft, she cooed, "Play with my nipples, you big Tiger. Play with me. Suckle my tits until I cum milk. ... Drink your mother's milk, my little baby!"

He began suckling again, at a more intense pace.

Now she was feeling very good indeed. Being able to jack him off reassured and mellowed her even more than before. Her qualms about fucking were still there, but they seemed like a hazy, distant memory. My son has a powerful, demanding cock. Even when he's drunk and ill, he still gets this stiff easily. Isn't it just a matter of time before he fucks me? It may be a sin, but I AM one of his big-titted playthings. That's the life I've chosen to live. Angel's not the only one who wants to be his fuck toy. But how can I be a good fuck toy for him if he doesn't get to fuck me whenever he wants?!

I'm a good woman, a good Christian woman. Everybody does some sinning. What if I make getting frequently fucked by my son my sin, and live an exemplary life in every other way? Won't that balance out?

After a delay of a few minutes, he pulled his mouth off a nipple again, and said, "Aunt Suzy, you don't have any milk in your tits. Didn't the doctor say just a while back it would take days of constant suckling for a woman to start lactating? Remember when he used that metaphor when talking about my condition?"

"That's right, Sweetie. But we can continue this at home. You can suckle on my tits all day long for as long as it takes, until I finally gush milk. Won't that be fun? To have you fondle and grope and suckle at my tits until they're sore? Then you can drink my milk every day! And then, after that, you can suck and suck, and just keep sucking! Tie my hands behind my back and use me as your personal milk machine!"

She threw her head back in ecstasy, imagining permanently enslaving her boobs to Alan's thirst. She was so carried away with that fantasy that she let go of his dick and forgot about it for a little while.

"Catwoman, I think you're getting a little crazy. That's just impossible with Mom watching, and you know it." He switched his mouth to the other nipple.

"You're right," she sighed. "Although you might be surprised how she thinks about these things. I think she secretly wants to do EVERYTHING with you, really bad! She just can't get up the courage to go all the way, and you're not being aggressive enough. You need to take charge. She's one of your personal sluts now. Treat her like it!"

With no response to that, she took another tack. "But since you can't get my boobs to leak, why don't you aim a little lower? There's lots of leaking down there!"

She stood up briefly and wiggled further out of her Catwoman suit, until only the pieces of her costume on her arms, legs and head remained. All of her hair now fell free, except for some still under the Catwoman hood. Paradoxically, this made her look even more like Suzanne. In the dim light, her skin was pale enough to pass for Suzanne's alabaster skin as well.

If Alan had been really alert, he would have noticed that she had brown eyes instead of Suzanne's green ones, or that Suzanne's trademark long strand of teased hair was missing, or any other number of minor differences. But he was anything but alert. He was exceedingly horny.

And, in his defense, their bodies were nearly identical from the neck on down. And their skin was so flawless that there were almost no distinctive markings. With such a body as his playground, he wasn't looking at her face much.

He began stroking his hand over her stomach, going steadily lower and lower. Even her stomach was a turn-on: it was perfectly formed, like a statue of a Greek goddess. He loved the feel of the tiny, invisible hairs that covered it.

Meanwhile, she wrapped her fingers around his boner again and resumed stroking it. "Why don't you suck on my clit instead?" she suggested enthusiastically. "Put your tongue in my pussy. Lick my hairy pussy until I cum! Since you're a tiger, bite me! Bite down on my clit! Make me cry your name, scream your name, at the top of my lungs!"

She was still trying to talk in a sexy whisper to sound more like Suzanne, even if she couldn't imitate her friend's scratchy voice completely. But her voice was becoming more Susan-like with every minute as she got increasingly distracted by her steadily growing arousal.

Luckily, he didn't notice that either. There were far too many other exciting and arousing things demanding his attention. If nothing else, her hot body looked even hotter, thanks to the pieces of the costume still remaining, and he couldn't tear his eyes away.

He put his hand on her clit and began rubbing it. Both Suzanne's and Susan's pussy areas were considered off limits in his mind, so this was quite exciting for him. His mouth followed his other hand, slowly kissing his way down her stomach until it was at the top of her bush.

She continued to enthuse, "Just like that! Yes! Lower! Bite my clit! Do me! Get nasty!" All the while, she kept jacking him off.

But he stopped abruptly and pulled away from her. He looked sad and frustrated.

"What's wrong?" she asked, as she tried to push him back. She grabbed his dick with both hands and stroked it more vigorously, hoping to literally stimulate him back into action. "Don't stop now! Please! It's just getting really good!"

"I just remembered the boundaries. We're going too far! I'm getting so horny, especially with the way you're talking, that if I go down on you now I don't think I'm going to want to stop at all! And frankly, Aunt Suzy, I'm surprised at you. You're egging me on and on. It doesn't seem like you want to stop either. One of us has to have some control. What about my mom, who's your best friend? Don't you want to respect her rules at least somewhat? I just can't do this to her. Not now. It feels like cheating."

"Oh Alan! That's so sweet!" She leaned in and kissed him on the mouth. Her hands kept running all over his erection, despite his comments.

"You see?" he said, pulling his body slightly apart from hers, but only after enjoying a good, long kiss, "You're doing it again! We're not supposed to do that."

She looked away, guiltily. She'd been trying to guide his dick into her slit.

"Look, Aunt Suzy, you know I love you with all my heart. I'd love to fuck you, more than just about anything in the world. But not without Mom's permission! I love her too! I can't let her down!"

Susan was overcome with love for her considerate son. But she was also overcome with lust. Ironically, his words made her want to get royally fucked even more than before. He's such a good boy! Such a great son! A son like that deserves a big-titted mommy to fuck!

Somehow, he ignored her slipping and sliding fingers on his shaft, and continued, "My head was all fogged up a bit before. I'm still drunk, and you're obviously more than a little tipsy. So let's just chalk this one up to us not being totally with it. I've got to go pee again. When I get back, it would be better if I come back to an empty room, 'cos I don't know how much more temptation I can take. I mean, Jesus Christ! I must be an idiot for not fucking you right now. You're so insanely beautiful!"

Her hands flew back to his cock. "Can't I just suck you for a little while? Can't we do that first?"

He noted the curious word "first," but replied, "I'd love to, but I have to pee so bad. And things are spinning out of control. It's good we stop. I just can't control myself around you. Seriously! You're like a sex drug!"

His words sobered her. She even let go of his stiff, slicked-up boner. She thought, Can I at least give him a nice, prolonged blowjob? He needs to be rewarded for following my rules, and I can think of no better way. But the problem is, Suzanne and I have different styles. And there's her extremely long tongue. He'll notice the difference soon enough, and then he'll realize it was me all along. I want to slide my lips and tongue all over his fat cock so very, very badly, but I can't!

Or, at least... I can't here. What if I wait until we go home and he's safe in bed? Then I can do it as me! That won't be so long from now. I can hold out until then!

With that decided, she felt a lot better. "Okay, you're right. Let's just forget this ever happened, okay? No need to mention it to anyone?"

He nodded, and said, "We'll have other chances soon, I'm sure. Then we can do it right. I want that so bad."

She cried, "At least touch my clit!" She touched it herself, causing her whole body to shake violently, almost as if she were being rattled about on an amusement park ride.

He stood gaping as he watched her cum.

He groaned. "Dear God!" The sight was too sexy to endure. He hurried off to the bathroom. It took a while before his hard-on softened enough for him to pee.

As Susan began pulling the Catwoman costume up over her legs, she thought, What an amazing son I have! Tempted beyond all reasonable expectations, and the only thing he could think of was me, not Suzanne, and respecting the promise he'd made to ME! I'm so happy I could cry!

Here I've been acting like a total slut, even though a lot of it was the alcohol, and I haven't been listening to my own advice. Enough! I'm not going to make this kind of mistake again. I'll be a mother he can be proud of! Cocksucking, yes. Definitely yes! But nothing more.

After a pause, her mind began working in a different direction. Even though ... the idea of him milking my tits until I lactate is so hot! Oh Gaawwwd, I've gotta get out of here before he comes back in the room! Too hot!

She realized that not only did she need to leave for that reason, but she needed to change costumes before they headed home together. So she shouted, "I'll be back for you in a few minutes! Okay?"

"Okay."

With her Catwoman costume back on, she stood up and somehow managed to stagger out of the room, despite her drunkenness and the towering heels that came with the costume.

A few minutes later, Susan found Suzanne socializing downstairs. They quickly hustled to the cloak room to get their things, and then to a nearby bathroom to change. Susan changed back into her Wonder Woman costume. Then Suzanne changed into the Catwoman outfit Susan had just taken off. Only then did they go up together to get Alan, who had changed back into his tiger costume.

Finally, they went home together, with Suzanne driving. She hadn't drunk any more alcohol since her Elle act upstairs, so she was good to drive. Suzanne was dying to ask Susan how things had gone with Alan, but she knew she'd have to bide her time until tomorrow.

Chapter 328 Aftermath Of The Party (2 In 1)

All the party-goers from the Plummer and Pestrige houses woke up late Sunday morning. Nobody made it out of bed in time for church, and in fact Alan didn't even wake up until noon. They all felt woozy upon waking, and all three teens had full-blown hangovers. But after showering and relaxing for a while, they felt somewhat better.

Susan's plan to give Alan a blowjob as soon as they came home from the party turned out to be a non-starter. She wasn't used to drinking a lot of alcohol, and she didn't take into account the effect her drinking was having on her. By the time Suzanne had her home, she felt queasy and very sleepy. Suzanne had to guide her and an equally sleepy Alan to their rooms just to make sure they were okay. Susan was so out of it that she didn't even remember her blowjob plan until she woke up the next morning, when it was far too late.

Suzanne and Amy came over to eat a very late brunch at the Plummer house. Nobody really said anything about the party, and when questions were asked, for instance by Katherine who had slept through almost everything, few were answered. Instead, they talked about innocuous things, like favorite costumes they had seen.

Suzanne in particular was extremely keen to find out what had happened between Alan and Susan the night before. She started out by subtly probing Alan about it when she had a brief private conversation with him just after brunch.

But Alan had very little recollection of that part of the evening. Once he started asking her about what they'd done (since he thought he'd been with her, not Susan), she made an excuse to leave the room.

His memory was similarly foggy about what had happened between him and "Elle." He thought it best not to mention Elle to anyone, not even Suzanne (ironically enough). He hoped he'd remember more if he gave it a little time.

He kicked himself for not getting any contact information from Elle. Frankly, he'd gotten the impression that she was an easy lay, and would be a great fuck. He certainly thought she looked gorgeous. Despite all the sex going on in his life, he craved more actual fucking. However, he consoled himself by speculating that she was probably on vacation from France, so he wouldn't have been able to see her much more anyway.

Susan remembered full well what had happened between herself and her son while she'd pretended to be Suzanne, but for once in her life she didn't immediately confess every last detail to her best friend. In fact, the only clue she gave to Suzanne was a stern lecture on the importance of maintaining boundaries.

After brunch, Suzanne overheard Susan mumbling as she washed the dishes in the kitchen, "It was the alcohol, I swear. That was too close! I'm gonna be a teetotaler from now on!"

From that, Suzanne guessed something physical must have happened to make Susan feel somewhat guilty, but not overwhelmingly so. She speculated, Had they had actual sex, knowing Susan and how she's been acting just under the surface lately, I would half expect her to snap totally, instantly turning into a wanton, incest-loving slut. Just like she is about blowjobs now, except with fucking. Wow! Either that, or she'd be way more upset.

I can just picture her right now, naked on the couch with her feet up around her head, rubbing her pussy while just begging Sweetie to fuck her like an animal! And then we could all take turns with her. I could be licking one load of my Sweetie's cum straight from her pussy while he slams into me doggy style, pumping in another hot blast of spunk! But noooOOOoooo, she just sits in the kitchen making orange juice. Such a shame, and a waste of her perfect body.

Oh well. It's just a matter of time. We're on the right track. Yesterday we had some major breakthroughs. I just have to keep pushing and scheming. If only there were more costume parties! Those have such potential.

Suzanne was remarkably accurate in guessing just how close Susan was to completely snapping and giving in utterly to her desires.

But Susan's close brush with incestuous intercourse was an epiphany of sorts. She no longer had an overwhelming desire to be fucked, at least for the moment.

Susan thought, If my Tiger could show that much self-control and respect for my wishes, I have to try and do the same. I haven't been helping him enough lately; I've been doing everything wrong. I have to focus on a simple task: stimulating his cock in every way I'm allowed. I'm going to suck his member every single day until it plain falls off! I'm going to forget completely about fucking and focus entirely on cocksucking. I'm going to be the best cocksucker there ever was! That way, we can both have fun, and at the same time he'll respect me for adhering to my own boundaries.

Susan was ready to launch into her new cocksucking campaign right away, especially since she felt that she'd left him hanging at the end of last night's party. But the atmosphere wasn't right. Everyone, especially Susan herself, remained groggy and barely functional well after brunch. The whole gang, including Amy, hung out in the living room while reading different sections of the newspaper.

Later in the day, Susan found some time to be alone with Suzanne. They went out by the pool, sitting in the shade in lounge chairs. They wore fairly standard bikinis.

Suzanne took the opportunity to bring up an issue that was practically driving her crazy. "Okay, we've had a lot of distractions in the last 24 hours with the costume party and everything. But now, you **MUST** tell me about your Brenda secret!"

Susan grinned knowingly. "Ah yes, the Brenda secret."

Suzanne wanted to shake her fists. "Aaaaagh! You're getting some kind of perverse pleasure torturing me about that, aren't you?"

"Nah. Well, maybe a bit. It's just that you're the queen of schemes and secrets, and I never have any good schemes or secrets, and now I have one of both. It's fun!"

"So tell me about it already!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to postpone again. It's one of those things where I know as soon as we get started, we're going to get super horny, and right now I can't handle horny. I'm still recovering from last night."

"Damn!" Suzanne groaned in frustration. "But... I suppose I can understand that. But soon, right? Soon!"

"Yes, soon. It'll be a blast, I promise. But remember, not a word to Tiger about it. Boy, is he going to get a surprise!"

"A good one, I hope?"

"You bet!"

"Grrr!" But Suzanne restrained herself.

They went back to resting quietly for a while.

Thinking about the future, Susan's thoughts drifted to her husband Ron. Nervously fingering her wedding ring, she asked, "Suzanne, I've got a question. What we're doing with Tiger... It's not exactly loyal to our marriage vows. I believe now that Ron's been cheating, although I didn't feel that way when I started helping my son with his medical treatments. The truth is, regardless of what Ron did, regardless of the need for Tiger's medical treatment and saving him from the sin of Onan, sometimes I just feel like an adulterous, cheating slut."

After a pregnant pause, she asked plaintively, "Tell me... am I a slut?"

Suzanne acted indignant. "Of course not! A slut will have sex with practically anybody. That doesn't describe you at all. No, you're your son's personal slut. That's a TOTALLY different thing!"

"It is?" Susan's face was lined with worry.

"Of course! It's like day and night! A slut just wants to feel good, and damn the consequences. Whereas you're all about loyalty, love, altruism, and bonding. You already had a relationship with your son that most other mothers would kill for, and now it's getting even better because you both can express your love for each other physically. Sure, it's a kick when Sweetie calls you his slut, and there's nothing wrong with that, but really, it's like you're the anti-slut. Sluts are disloyal, and you're as loyal as they come."

Susan sighed, "Loyalty. That's a painful word for me these days, because what about Ron? You haven't been faithful to Eric for some time now. Doesn't that bother you sometimes? Whatever happened to all those pledges, 'forsaking all others,' 'in sickness and in health,' and all the rest?"

Suzanne growled irritably, "I told you, there were extenuating circumstances."

"What? You've always been so mysterious about that. We're best friends, and a lot of time has passed. Why have you never told me about that secret?"

"It's... I don't want to talk about it. Let's just say that the reason I cheated was all HIS fault, and leave it at that."

Susan felt just as frustrated as ever, since Suzanne had left hints like that before. Over the years, she had come to suspect that Eric had cheated first, but if that had been the case she didn't understand why Suzanne wouldn't just tell her that.

Susan continued, "Maybe you had an excuse of some sort, but what's my excuse? I mean, I still wear my wedding ring! Sometimes I look at my hands as they're holding my Tiger's big erection, and I notice my ring as it slides up and down. And sometimes, quite often, actually, it gets covered with his cum or pre-cum. I feel awful!"

"Doesn't that turn you on though?"

"Well, yeah! Of course! It makes me so hot, knowing my son is relentlessly taking full control of me and my marriage be damned. I LOVE being one of his personal sluts and cocksuckers. You know that. But that doesn't make it right. Help me here. I need some good advice. What should I do about my marriage, one way or another?"

Suzanne gave the question serious consideration before replying, "I don't consider myself a cheater because I don't really consider myself married. My marriage died a long time ago. Eric was the one who put a knife through it, and then he continued to make things worse until I felt that I had no choice but to do what I did. I tried. I really did try to save my marriage, but did he put in any serious effort? No! Not one little bit!"

She stretched out her arms. "Look at me. I'm hardly ugly. I have to fight men off wherever I go. But Eric hasn't been interested in having sex with me for years! Years! I think when he put on all that weight, he somehow lost his sex drive. I don't even think he masturbates. Somehow he gets off just on money."

Actually, Suzanne was only telling part of the story. Eleven years earlier, she'd caught Eric having sex with his secretary. Worse, she'd discovered it was a long-standing affair. They'd never managed to repair their marriage, especially when she caught him a second time. After that, they only grew further apart as time went on.

She was so humiliated that she'd never told anyone the full truth, not even her best friend Susan. She couldn't understand how a man could be dissatisfied with a woman as beautiful and highly sexed as she was. His rejection had caused even her to feel inadequate sometimes during the following years. In fact, his affair had hurt her pride so badly that she'd tried to completely repress the incident.

She frowned as she went on, "But it's not just that. Our love died in so many ways. We have an implicit understanding that we'll stay married until the kids graduate. At least that's what I'm thinking, but we haven't had a serious talk in so long, who knows what's in his mind these days. But the long and the short of it is that I don't feel any guilt; I haven't for ages."bender

That part was all true, especially the point that they'd stayed together for the children. In retrospect, she regretted that decision. Her children had felt obliged to choose sides in the cold war going on in the Pestrige house: Amy had sided with her mother while Brad had sided with his dad. It was a terrible situation, effectively having two separate families living under the same roof, never talking seriously to one another. But since Brad and Amy were in their senior year and close to graduating, Suzanne figured she might as well see it through to the end.

She concluded, "Enough about me. You know how I hate to talk about that unpleasantness. This is a new thing for you though, so I imagine you're more troubled."

"Yes I am," Susan admitted sorrowfully. "Very troubled. What troubles me the most is that, okay, the love is gone from my marriage too. That should be some consolation. But is it? The thing is, my desire

for my Tiger is so strong that I suspect I'd have fallen for him and become his hopelessly devoted daily cocksucker even if I had been still deeply in love with Ron! Tiger's just too cute, and handsome, and kind, and smart, and funny, and clever, and all-around completely irresistible!"

Needless to say, Susan was extremely proud of her son, and had been even before his diagnosis and six-times-a-day treatment began.

She added, "And don't even get me started about his big dick and how good it feels to hold it in my hands. Or the sweet taste of his cum. Or his stamina. Or the way fate all but put his penis in my mouth due to his medical condition. What do you think? Would it have happened anyway, no matter what was going on with Ron?"

Suzanne replied honestly, "I think you're wrong about that. For you, when you love someone, you love them with all your heart and soul. You would never cheat on someone you really loved. Like I said, you're like the exact opposite of a slut. Had you been deeply in love with Ron, this whole situation of your helping would never have come up. I probably could have managed Sweetie's daily help some other way. Maybe Angel would have assisted from the start, for instance. Who knows? It's pointless to speculate now."

Susan wondered about that, but didn't say anything.

Suzanne continued, "But you're confused, because you still maintain the fiction that you used to love Ron. I know you, and the fact is, you NEVER really loved him and he never loved you. The two of you tried to pretend there was something there for years, but there never was. You're such a dutiful wife and a big believer in marriage that you forced yourself to think you were in love and all was well, when it clearly was not. At best, the two of you were good friends and roommates. Believe me, I've had to sit by and watch everything for years, but there was nothing I could do. The worse things got, the more in denial you were."

Susan thought back. Everything seemed different now, with 20/20 hindsight. She realized Suzanne was completely right. She suddenly exclaimed, "Love is different! Because what I have with my Tiger now is love. And not just a motherly love, like I had with him before. It's such a powerful feeling that I want to sing and dance and shout for joy!"

Suzanne thought, Ditto! That's exactly how I feel too. Somehow, I fell in love with him when he was just sixteen. And love makes me do some pretty crazy things. Someday soon I won't have to hide my feelings

anymore. He's so close to his mother and sister that I could never pry them apart. Nor would I want to, but they'll learn we can share him together and all be happy.

Suzanne nodded approvingly. "So don't feel bad. You're not a bad wife; you tried your best to make your marriage work, long after it was dead. What your helping your Tiger with his special needs shows is simply that you're a good, loving mother. The fact that you get sexual pleasure from helping him is besides the point because you'd help him anyway, even if it was extremely painful for you. That's the kind of person you are."

Susan breathed a big sigh of relief. "Thank you, Suzanne! You know just what to say. Oh my gosh! What words of wisdom. I feel so much better. I'm so glad I got this off my chest." She leaned over to Suzanne's chair and kissed her on the cheek. "You're the best friend in the world!"

If only that were true, Suzanne thought ruefully. If only I could open up fully to her like she opens up to me, we both might have been able to avoid a lot of pain and suffering. There's been too much deception and self-deception going on. Now that things are finally getting better, that's something I've gotta work on changing too. Once this scheme is over, of course. She can never know the truth about that, or it could all unravel.

She suggested, "If the thing with the wedding ring is bothering you so much, why not just take it off and keep it off? You know that I never wear mine, except if I want to ward off grabby men. You should do the same. What loyalty do you have to Ron now? We've been talking about how you could best divorce him, and he spends all his time in Thailand, cheating on you, without a care for you or even your kids. So why should you still wear his ring?" She knew more about Ron and why his marriage to Susan was doomed, but she still didn't feel it was time to share that with Susan just yet.

"I don't know," Susan said doubtfully. "I probably should take it off. But that ring has a lot of meaning to me. Taking it off would be so symbolic, so final. It's not even so much about Ron; it's a symbol that I'm married. That's very important to me. I'm scared of being single and alone. I need to be part of a family."

"But you are!" Suzanne said with a surge of empathy and passion. "You'll never be alone, because you have a great family all around you. What are Katherine, Amy, Alan, and I but your real, de facto family? And who is the head of that family?"

Susan didn't even want to ponder that, because she didn't know the answer. She waited for more of Suzanne's wisdom. She, Suzanne, and Alan all had leadership roles these days.

"Tiger!" Suzanne declared proudly. "He's the real head of this family of sorts, don't you think?" She actually thought of herself as the natural leader, followed by Susan, since she was the other mother. But she said Tiger because she knew that Susan naturally looked to men to lead families, thanks to the conservative way she'd been raised. Plus, she knew it fit in with Susan's sexually submissive tendencies.

Something profound clicked for Susan. "You're right. You're so right! Tiger... He's the man of the house now!" She found that idea extremely arousing, as well as reassuring.

Suzanne continued, "He is. You'll always be his mother, of course, and that gives you authority over him in certain respects. But in other respects, especially sexually, he's the one you should obey. And, as the head of the family, how do you think Sweetie feels about you wearing Ron's ring? It's kind of a sign of disloyalty, if not adultery, don't you think?"

Again, Susan was floored by how appealing this way of looking at things was. "Wow! When you're right, you're right. Now I feel just terrible. I suppose I should just take it off. Maybe then I won't feel so guilty when I'm wiping my fingers through Tiger's sticky goo."

"Of course you should take it off. There's no question about that. You've told me that you've told Sweetie that you're going to be his 'centerfold mom.' And not just today or next week, but, and I quote, 'forever and ever.' Again, I ask you, what's more important to you than serving him, and constantly servicing his demanding cock?"

"Well, nothing."

"Are you or are you not one of his official personal cocksuckers now? One of his personal sluts?"

"I am, of course." She stiffened proudly.

"What does that mean to you?"

"It means the world to me! I realize in retrospect that my life has lacked meaning and focus for a long, long time now. But now I feel revitalized, focusing on giving him prolonged orgasms."

"Great! So take your ring off already."

Susan pulled the ring most of the way off her finger. But then she stopped, and fretted. "But Suzanne, that's just such a big lifestyle change! I need time to figure out what this all means!"

"Fair enough. But it seems clear enough to me. Your loyalty is still divided as long as you wear that ring. And frankly, it's kind of insulting to Ron if your Tiger's cum drips all over it every day. And it's insulting to your cutie Tiger. If you're serious about serving his cock, your obedience and devotion to him should be total."

Susan was anguished to hear that. She reluctantly slid the ring back into place. "But Suzanne! If only I could see definitive proof about Ron's cheating! I'd feel so much better. What if the whole thing is a horrible mistake? Maybe there still would be a chance to go back."

"Go back to what?! You were miserable! What if he wasn't cheating? Wouldn't you still dedicate yourself to serving your son's cock? Isn't that still the most important thing? Hasn't your marriage been all but dead and buried for years and years?"

"Yes, yes, and yes." Susan sighed like she had the weight of the world on her shoulders. "I suppose there's no going back in any case, but proof about his cheating would make this all so much easier for me. I wouldn't have to feel so conflicted about my marriage vows. Can you please get that for me? Soon?"

"Of course. You know I'm on it. I've got a private investigator over there collecting evidence even as we speak. And I warn you, you're not going to like what he has to say. But I still think it's a moot point. You need to get your head out of your dead marriage, and put it right where it belongs: in between your Tiger's legs, happily slurping away."

"I know, I know!" Susan sighed.

Susan felt a lot better after talking things over with Suzanne, as she usually did. However, she still felt conflicted. While Suzanne briefly went inside to use the bathroom, Susan stared at her wedding ring again and twisted it on her finger. She seriously considered taking it off, but in the end she couldn't quite bring herself to do it. While her feelings for Ron were fading, she still had a strong sense of loyalty

to the idea of being married, and she still harbored guilt over her own cheating with Alan. She decided that she could wait a few more days until Suzanne's investigator came back with the report about Ron's cheating. She figured Alan would understand, and he'd be able to forgive the delay.

Ironically, it wasn't even an issue for Alan, at least not yet. His mother had worn her ring ever since he could remember, so it didn't even occur to him that that might change.

Chapter 329 Did Susan Want To Let Him Go All The Way? WOW

Susan and Suzanne were still lying on their lounge chairs in their bikinis and chatting when Alan came to the pool area in a bathing suit.

Suzanne smiled at him and waved him over. "He's alive! Come over here, Blob Boy. What are you doing?"

He walked over to Suzanne's lounge chair and sat down on it, near her waist. He smiled. "I figured I've had enough blobbing around inside the house so I should blob over here for a while. Plus, I thought a swim in the pool might help rouse me." He looked to Susan. "Pardon my language, Mom, but I still feel crappy. It's like my head is in a fog."

Susan sighed. "I know exactly what you mean. I feel terrible. I should NEVER drink more than one glass of wine." She sighed again, and stared longingly at Alan's crotch, even though there was no bulge there.

She added tentatively, "Son, speaking of... rousing you... I'm concerned."

"Why?" He gave Suzanne a brief peck on her cheek.

Susan spoke earnestly, "Think about it. When was the last time you had an orgasm? I'll bet it wasn't since last night, which means it's been over 12 hours!"

"That's true," he admitted.

Susan spoke like a concerned mother. "Son, we still have your medical condition to think about. Luckily, you've been cumming so much lately that hitting your daily target hasn't been much of a worry for me. But with over half the day gone and not even a single orgasm, you could fall well short!"

She sighed heavily. "I wish so much that I could help you out. Unfortunately, I just don't feel up for it."

Suzanne playfully pretended to be amazed. She asked Susan, "Excuse me?! Did I hear you correctly?"

Susan looked at her unhappily. "It's not funny. Tiger's balls are building up with cum even as we speak, and it's probably reaching dangerous levels, and I feel helpless to do anything about it. Suzanne, this is a great chance for you to come to the rescue. What if I leave you two be, so you can, you know, take care of him?"

Suzanne nodded. "No problem. I feel fine."

But Alan said, "Unfortunately, I don't. Aunt Suzy, I'm sure you could arouse me if you put your mind to it. Heck, you could give a marble statue an erection."

"What on Earth are you talking about?" She sounded indignant, but she proudly sat up and struck a sexy pose with her hands behind her head.

"See?! That's exactly what I mean! But I don't want to make this something that feels forced and kind of take the fun out of it. What if I just swim around for a while first? Maybe I'll feel better after that."

Suzanne lowered her hands with obvious disappointment. "Sure. Whatever works for you."

Alan went swimming, and Susan went inside.

After a few minutes, Suzanne noticed that swimming was helping Alan revive, because he started energetically swimming laps. So she took off her bikini and sunglasses and joined him in the pool.

She could tell he still wasn't up for an orgasm, but they had fun getting frisky. At first, they played around and splashed water at each other. But before long they were hugging and kissing while neck deep in the water.

His penis remained flaccid, but he was having fun running his hands over Suzanne's nude body mostly under the water.

As they continued to lazily play around and fondle each other, he said, "Hey, Aunt Suzy, I've got a question for you."

"Shoot."

"What exactly did we do upstairs at the party last night? I'm trying to remember, and my memories are coming back to me, but... it's weird."

"Weird?" She knew she was in a tight spot. She couldn't tell him what happened since it had been Susan pretending to be her, and Susan had been unusually tight-lipped about what had happened.

"Yeah. I kind of remember you were getting into some weird stuff. Like the role-play."

"Role-play?"

"Yeah. When you pretended to be Mom and started calling yourself 'Mommy.'"

"Oh. That role-play. To be honest, my memories are kind of foggy too."

"Well, I just want you to know that kind of thing is almost unnecessary because being with Suzanne, my great Aunt Suzy, is just as much of a thrill for me as being with Mom. So it's not like you have to do that to make things more arousing for me. That's total overkill."

She smiled. "Well, thanks. That makes me feel good. But still, variety is the spice of life. And since I was drunk, I was letting my inhibitions go and getting a kick out of pretending to be her."

"So does that explain your lactation talk?"

"What?"

"Don't you remember? I don't fully remember myself, but a few memories do stick out. Something about you wanting me to milk you. You kept saying that. Is that, like some kick of yours that you've been keeping secret?"

Suzanne thought, Interesting! It sounds like Susan's got a lactation fetish. But then again, I shouldn't be surprised. It's obvious that her breasts and especially her nipples are highly sensitive. Plus, she never got a chance to milk him when he was a baby. Too bad it's too late for her to do it for him, for real. She said, carefully, "Oh yeah. Now that you mention it, it's coming back to me. But just because I said that, it doesn't mean much. People say and do strange things when they're drunk." She guessed, "Wasn't it just that I wanted you to suckle on my nipples, and I was encouraging you to do that?"

He thought back, and nodded. "Yeah. I guess."

She already had her arms around him, and she slipped her hands down to his ass and his crotch. She'd noticed his penis was starting to stiffening. "Speaking of suckling and sucking, when are you going to let me take care of you? We don't want Susan to worry." She lasciviously licked her tongue all the way around her lips.

He could feel his dick fully engorge, thanks to her sliding fingers. But he wasn't done talking. "No, we don't. And speaking of that, I guess it's a good thing we stopped when we did."

Suzanne stuck with a safe guess. "You didn't seem to feel too good."

"Well, yeah. Between that and trying to stick to Mom's boundaries, it was weird. I loved it, of course, but I was frustrated too. Just because of what I said, that doesn't mean I don't want to do that with you, but not until Mom's rule on that changes. Heck! Who am I kidding? I'd love to do that with you! It's so frustrating that Mom is so adamant about it."

Suzanne thought, Is he talking about what I think he is talking about? Did Susan want to let him go all the way? WOW! But then they stopped for some reason before it could happen. That explains why Susan is trying to avoid my questions. I better watch my expression so I don't give too much away.

"Same here, Sweetie. But we have to be patient." Although I don't know how much longer my patience will last, she added in her mind.

He nodded. "Good thing we came to our senses in time."

She thought, A-HA! They DID get close to fucking! Boy, I wish I knew the full story to that. But Susan is staying completely mum, and if I ask Sweetie too many questions, he'll realize that I don't know shit. At least I got the gist. That'll help me a lot going forward with Susan's indoctrination.

As she fondled his stiff boner, she changed topics before her lack of knowledge could be exposed, "On a different note, what exactly happened between you and my daughter in the closet last night?"

A guilty look crossed his face. "What do you mean? We were, uh, necking."

She stared at him hard. "Normally, you're a pretty clever and smooth guy, especially for someone your age. But you just wrote the word 'GUILTY' all over your face. Besides, when I opened the door, I saw all kinds of hand movement and clothes being pulled back into place. And let's not forget that she was topless."

He sighed with frustration. "Okay, I'll admit that there was more than just kissing going on. My hands were all over her, and she had her hands on my ass, and my... penis."

"A-HA! I knew it!"

Despite her "A-ha" moment, he couldn't help but look down between their bodies and grin. He couldn't actually see anything due to the water and the way they were pressed together, but he could definitely feel it. He said, "Kind of exactly what you're doing to me this very minute, as a matter of fact."

She had to grin at that too. "There does seem to be a lot of that going around lately, isn't there? But don't get all cocky with me, Mr. Cock Man. You have to be careful with Amy, you hear? I understand that it's probably all but inevitable that you and her are going to get sexually involved. But I want you to take it slowly with her. Please!"

He nodded. "I am. Believe me, I am. With her, it's like... she has no sexual barriers with me. I could probably tell her I'm going to fuck her, and she'd happily say, 'M'kay!'"

Suzanne chided him, "Well, DON'T! That's exactly what I'm worried about!" She stopped jacking him off to wag a warning finger near his face.

"Relax! I said I could, but I obviously haven't. You know how much I love Amy. At first, I started playing with her, kind of toying with her innocence and her, well, her Amy-ness. But then I realized that sex stuff is way too important for the fun and games we've always played."

"Damn straight!" Suzanne said emphatically. She reached back down to his cock under the water and gave it a firm, almost painful squeeze. "This naughty boy right here, he's the cause of all the trouble in this house. Susan had a point about all your cum building up to dangerous levels. I think it's time I suck all that evil naughtiness right out of you!" She resumed jacking him off.

bender

He chuckled, then acted scared. "Oh no! Not that! Anything but that! Please, Brer Fox, please don't throw me into that thar briar patch!"

She laughed at that. "Nice reference. I suppose I'll cut you some slack, since you called me a fox." She winked. "Now, come on, let's get back to my lounge chair."

The two of them got out of the pool and toweled off. Happily for Alan, Suzanne let him towel her off, and she toweled him off. Needless to say, their private parts got the most toweling. They would have done it far longer except that they were eager to get to the blowjob they had "promised" Susan they would do.

However, Suzanne felt she still had more to say about Amy. They lay side by side on the lounge chair and resumed jacking him off. "Before I get started sucking the evil cum out of you, I want to reiterate that you need to go slow with Amy. Unfortunately, her body has matured a lot faster than her mind has. I wish I could just freeze her from getting sexually involved for a few more years, at least, but obviously that's just a pipe dream. With the way things are getting sexed up around here, there's no way I can expect her to stay out of it."

Alan said, "That's definitely true. Believe me, I've tried my best already. But she's just too hot and too willing! I love her so much. Now that I can express my love for you, Mom, and Sis in a physical way, how can I resist doing that with her too?"

Suzanne nodded sadly. "I know. I get it. And you two have already gotten involved, like what you were doing last night, so it's hopeless for me to put Pandora back in her box. But promise me this: don't take things to the next level yet! Meaning blowjobs. You two can kiss and fondle if you must, including your penis, but keep it at that until I give you the green light. Please?"

He said, "I'll try, but... it's really tough! How long am I supposed to hold back like that, and for what purpose? With the way things are going, she's going to see all kinds of sexual stuff happening all over the house and want to be a part of it."

Suzanne sighed wearily. "I know, I know. To be honest, a delay is as much for me as for her. I need to adjust to the fact that she's becoming a woman. And we also have to be careful about her blabbing to others. For instance, it wouldn't be wise to fully reveal the details of your medical treatment."

He nodded. "Sometimes, her enthusiasm gets the best of her."

They talked some more about Amy and Suzanne's concerns about her. But all the while, they were freely fondling each other, with Suzanne steadily continuing her handjob, and they got so worked up that they switched positions for a blowjob.

Suzanne started sucking. She'd noticed that Susan was working at the kitchen sink, which meant that it was all but impossible for her not to stare right at her and Alan. So she figured that she could help break Susan of her prudish ways a little bit more while helping Alan enjoy himself. Knowing that Susan was almost certainly watching her every move inspired her to really go to town on his cock. Unfortunately, there was a good distance between where she was and the kitchen window, but she was careful to position herself for Susan's benefit to make sure she always had something to see.

After a few minutes, she switched over to a titfuck-blowjob combo because she figured that would be easy for Susan to see and enjoy. Plus, she was proud of what she could do with her long tongue, and she couldn't resist showing off a little bit.

Chapter 330 Sexy Time

Suzanne was fully absorbed with her titfuck-blowjob combo when she heard Alan say in a casual, happy tone, "Hey, you cuties."

Alarmed, Suzanne looked up and around, and saw Katherine and Amy walking towards them. They smiled, seemingly unfazed whatsoever by what Suzanne was doing. Amy said, "Hey, Bo. Hey, Mom," and Katherine said, "Hey Bro. Hey, Aunt Suzy."

Suzanne sat all the way up and covered her privates. "HEY! What's going on here?! You can't just come strolling out here like that!"

The two girls stopped a few feet away and struck a sexy pose. They stood back to back with hands held between their bodies, and each of them had a leg slightly bent. They smiled and preened for Alan's benefit, when Katherine asked, "What, you don't like our bikinis?"

Suzanne huffed in frustration, "Bikinis?! What bikinis?! Where are your bikini tops, for starters?!" bender

Amy said, "We were kinda thinking we don't really need 'em. I mean, haven't we sorta moved beyond being all formal and stuff?" She glanced knowingly at Alan's erection, which was still stiff and fully exposed.

Seeing that, Suzanne attempted to cover his boner by wrapping one hand around it, while still covering her nipples with the other arm. She managed to hide her pussy too by the way that she sat. She protested, "Never you mind about that. Sweetie needs his special assistance, as you both know. You can't just come strolling out here while I'm helping him, especially with you two dressed like that! Especially you, Angel! At least my Amy is wearing proper bikini bottoms. Yours makes dental floss look thick in comparison! You might as well have not bothered at all!"

Actually, Suzanne wouldn't have minded Katherine's presence at all, if she'd come out alone. What unnerved her was the presence of her daughter Amy. Although she'd just told Alan that she'd let Amy jack him off, there was a big gap between saying something like that in theory and then seeing her daughter nearly naked in such a situation in reality. Suzanne picked on Katherine's bikini bottoms mainly because they were an easy target.

Katherine and Amy turned to each other with big smiles on their faces, as they both had the same idea at the same time. Katherine enthused, "Might as well have not bothered at all."

Amy had already started pulling her bikini bottoms down. "Then why should we?"

Suzanne uncovered her breasts to smack her forehead. She winced and shook her head at her incorrigible teen girls. But she knew she was facing a losing battle: since she was buck naked, she was in no position to chide them for going naked too.

Alan shook his head in awe as he ogled Katherine and Amy standing naked almost within arm's reach. God, I'm so damn lucky! I know I keep saying it, but that's because it's true. And not just these two! He looked at Suzanne, her face unusually flushed with embarrassment. Then he looked down at her hand wrapped around his shaft. It wasn't visibly moving much, but he could feel the joy from the way she was subtly rubbing his sweet spot with two fingers.

Hot damn! That feels really good. I wondered if she even consciously realizes she's doing that. And then there's Mom. He looked up towards the kitchen window. He'd noticed that she'd been looking out at them more often than not, and sure enough, she was staring with interest.

Now that Amy knew she and Katherine weren't going to get kicked out, she sat down on Suzanne's lounge chair, rested a hand on her mother's nearer leg, and struck a more conciliatory tone. "Mom, we're totally sorry for walking in on your special private time. It's just that Kat and I were up in her room and we saw you two out here, but you were just swimming around in the pool and having fun. By the time we got all dressed and stuff, thing had kinda changed, and you were doing a lot of that." She nodded at Suzanne's hand wrapped around Alan's erection.

Suzanne hadn't realized what she was doing to Alan's cock, but now that it had been pointed out to her, she let go of it. She shook her head in frustration. She was no longer bothering to cover her privates, because it seemed pointless.

Katherine sat down nearby. She complained, "Awww. Why'd you stop? Don't stop because of us. In fact, you should resume doing what you did before, that titfuck-blowjob thing."

Amy nodded. "Yeah! That was cool! Too cool for school. Mom titfucking Alan by the pool!"

Picking up on the rhyme, Katherine gleefully added, "Busty MILF moms rule."

Amy giggled. "They do! And they make their naked daughters drool." She playfully licked her lips, as if licking away drool, while staring overtly at Alan's uncovered and still very stiff boner.

Katherine added, "Especially when they suck and titty-fuck Big Brother's tool."

Both girls giggled at that, and Alan chuckled. Amy cheered, "Good one!"

Suzanne was amused too, but she tried not to show it. She said with chagrin, "You two would go on making silly rhymes all day long if I let you, wouldn't you?"

Amy joked, "Your rappin' rhymin' daughter ain't no fool!"

"Ugh!" Suzanne groaned, but she smiled too.

The four of them made small talk for a while. Alan sensed that Suzanne wasn't going to get back to what she'd been doing to him, and his penis went flaccid after a while as a result. He definitely loved all the nudity, but he deliberately willed his penis to go flaccid and stay that way, both to give it a much needed break and to make the situation less embarrassing for Suzanne.

Suzanne was frustrated that she couldn't finish what she'd started before the interruption, but the girls showed no sign of wanting to leave. In fact, the two of them plus Alan started frolicking in the pool. Suzanne wasn't about to finish Alan off if Amy was in sight. She had other things to do and she didn't feel like swimming with them, so eventually she said, "I've gotta go. Angel, I suppose it's up to you to help your brother cum this time. He hasn't shot his rocks off all day long, isn't that right?"

Alan nodded.

Katherine said, "No problem!" Then she added shyly, "But... would it be okay if Amy sticks around and kind of learns from what I'm doing?"

Suzanne sighed heavily. "I suppose. Just so long as I don't have to see it."

Amy cheered, raising her fists up in triumph. "Yeay!"

Suzanne wagged a finger at Alan. "Just remember what I talked about earlier."

"I will. Don't worry," he replied earnestly.

Suzanne left a short time after that.

The three teens got out of the pool and toweled each other off, because they were eager to have more sexy fun.

The mutual toweling somehow turned into a three-way kiss-and-fondle. With Suzanne gone, Amy asked, "What did my mom mean with that 'remember what I talked about earlier' thingy?"

Alan answered with a hand on Amy's ass and the other one on Katherine's. "She kind of laid down the law about what you and I can do together. You know how she's super protective of you?"

Amy grumped, "Uh! Believe me, I know. What did she say?"

"She said you could play with my dick if you want, but you're not allowed to use your mouth on it. At least not until she gives you the okay."

Amy didn't reply immediately to that. Clearly, she considered that a mixture of good news and bad news.

Katherine was already stroking Alan's boner, which was trapped between their three bodies. She brightly told Amy, "That's pretty good, Aims, considering everything. For your mom, that's a pretty big step. There's a LOT of fun you can do with this, you know." She took Amy's hand and guided it to Alan's hard-on. Then she assisted Amy's hand by helping it up and down his shaft.

Amy looked down and smiled. "Yeah, that's true. But still, I'm not blind. It's all about the oral help these days, isn't it, Bo? That feels way better, doesn't it?"

"It does," he admitted, even as he switched to fingering her pussy. "But it's kind of like two scoops of ice cream instead of one. It's still ice cream either way, and it's still awesome."

Amy's smile widened. She tilted her head, and asked him quizzically, "What about the titty-fucking thingy Mom was doing when we got here? Would that be allowed now?"

Alan thought that over. "Hmmm... Hard to say... She just specified 'No oral.'"

Katherine, who had a hand around Alan and was fingering his ass crack, asked Amy, "Girl, would you say that your cleavage is part of your mouth?"

"No. Definitely not!" Amy's smile grew even bigger somehow.

Katherine exclaimed, "Then let's do it! Right now! I'll show you how."

The three of them repositioned. Alan laid back on a lounge chair, which was tilted way back, and Katherine and Amy sprawled over his legs so they were up close to his crotch. Amy had the prime position, and wasted no time trapping his hot pole in her cleavage. But then she stopped, and breathlessly told Katherine, "M'kay! Cool! Now, tell me what I'm supposed to do!"

Katherine giggled. "Calm down. His great big cock isn't going anywhere, especially now that you've got it safely imprisoned in your tits."

Amy enthused, "I know! Isn't this super neat?" Her entire body wiggled with excitement, causing his dick to slip and slide inside her cleavage. "What do you think, Bo? I think it's super double duper ultra neatalicious!"

He chuckled. "Definitely ultra neatilicious all the way!"

Katherine moved in closer with her hands. "Hold on, Aims. The first rule about titfucking is, before you even get started, you need lubrication. Either your tits or his cock, or both, so it can slip and slide in a very delightful way. In a pinch, you can always spit down into your cleavage, but since I'm here, let me help you out."

With all but the cockhead trapped in Amy's cleavage, Katherine leaned in, swallowed his head, and started sucking on it.

Amy exclaimed, "COOL! I'm so psyched that we're doing this!"

Katherine had a vague notion to just bob long enough to get the top third of Alan's stiff rod wet. She drooled and salivated as much as possible, to help with that. But once she got started, she didn't want to stop. After about a minute, she started focusing on lapping her tongue against her brother's sweet spot inside her mouth.

Amy sighed with longing. "I totally wish I could do that. That's the one bummer. Bo, I've been waiting all along for you to ask me to suck your big thingy, and now it's against Mom's rules."

He thought, Why the heck didn't I say or do more with her before this?! Duh! Oh yeah. I was trying to respect Aunt Suzy's wishes, even before she laid out any specific rules. Heck, the real rule used to be that I shouldn't do anything at all with Aims if I could help it. So today is a pretty big leap forward. Plus, I have to admit, I've kinda had my own issues. Aims is so sweet and lovable, but she is innocent and spacey too. Aunt Suzy has a point that we should go slow. Plus, can she be trusted?

That reminded him to say, "By the way, Aims, whatever you do, you can't tell anyone that we're doing stuff like this, okay?"

"Don't worry. I totally know that already. Kat reminded me about that too, upstairs, just a little while ago. Haven't I been good so far?"

"You have. Definitely. Oh, and by the way, it looks like Sis might be a while getting me lubed up. So why don't you get started anyway? Squeeze my shaft tightly with both of your boobs. Then start sliding them up and down, either together or one goes up while the other one goes down."

She squeezed him very tightly indeed, and then started sliding, keeping both of her tits in tandem at first, since that was easier. "Like this?"

"Not like that!"

Alan and Amy looked up and around, because that voice didn't belong to either of them, and Katherine's mouth was stuffed full of cock, so she obviously couldn't speak that clearly.

The three teens quickly noticed Susan striding towards them. She was wearing just her bikini bottoms. Her hands were crossed over her great tits, both to hide her nipples and to stop her globes from wildly bouncing when she moved with such speed.

Alan was slightly alarmed, but not for long. The last he'd seen his mother, she was wearing a bikini. He figured that she couldn't be too upset if she was coming out to them while topless. He said cheerily, "Hey, Mom!"

Susan was upset, but more irked than truly angry. Plus, it was easy to see that she was very aroused. Not only was her face flushed, and her breath heavy, but the others could smell her arousal once she got close. As she hustled towards them, she complained, "Don't you 'hey' me. What do you think you're doing?!"

Alan explained, "We're teaching Amy how to titfuck." He had to be the one to say that, because Katherine hadn't stopped her blowjob at all. In fact, she was bobbing on him with double speed, for fear that she wouldn't be able to do it much longer.

Susan finally reached them, and stood just a couple of feet away. She kept her privates covered. "I can see that! Obviously! But you're breaking a very important rule!"

He stalled for time, with his shaft still trapped between Amy's tits and his cockhead and then some in Katherine's quickly sliding lips. Just like Katherine, he suspected they wouldn't be allowed to do this for much longer. "What rule is that? I just had a talk with Aunt Suzy a while ago, and she's okay with this, I'm pretty sure. She said Amy can play with my dick as long as she doesn't use her mouth."

Susan huffed, "I know that. She talked to me on her way out too. I'm talking about another VERY important rule, the one that says that only one of your big-titted babes can help you at any one time!"

Like the other two, Amy had caught on this wasn't likely to last long, at least in present form. So she'd resumed sliding her tits up and down Alan's shaft. She also looked at Susan and said, "That's kind of a weird rule."

Alan chimed in, "Yeah. I don't like that rule."

Susan knelt down right next to his lounge chair. She was still annoyed, but she was drawn to the action like a bee to honey. "I know YOU don't like that rule. But there's a reason for it."

He was still stalling for time. "Which is?"

She sighed with exasperation. "UH! I've explained this to you, several times. If I allow this to go on" - she waved a hand towards his cock, which was almost entirely buried in Amy's cleavage and Katherine's mouth - "where will it end? It'll be a full-blown orgy, all the time!"

Still delaying, and prolonging the joy, he asked, "And what's so bad about that?"

"Because, if we don't have limits, you'll end up fucking all of us! And don't ask why that's bad. You know it's a grave sin to fuck your mother or your sister, and Amy clearly isn't ready for that either. Now, Katherine, stop that this instant!"

Katherine froze in place, with her lips still tightly wrapped around her brother's shaft.

Susan rolled her eyes at that half-hearted response. "Pull your lips all the way off - NOW! And keep them off! Your tongue too!" In contradiction to her words, she thought, Goodness gracious! That's SO HOT! Angel is turning into a wonderful cocksucker!

Katherine had no choice but to comply with that direct order, so she did. Still, she was secretly delighted at how long her brother had managed to stall for time. Now that her mouth was free, she griped, "Awww! Bummer!"

Alan decided to take the offensive, before Susan could issue more commands. "Mom, why are you more than half-naked? When you left, you still had your bikini top on."

His sexy mother looked away, abashed. Her erect nipples were throbbing almost painfully, and the way that she was attempting to cover them with her hands weren't helping. "Never you mind about that."

He pressed, "And there's a really pungent smell of wet pussy that seems to be coming from you. Have you been watching us from the kitchen, and playing with yourself?"

Susan blushed. She didn't say anything, because she didn't want to admit it, but she knew it was pointless to try to deny it. She had been watching nearly non-stop. She would have come out to complain much earlier, except she was worried she'd get drawn into what the girls were doing instead of getting them to stop. She was increasingly afraid that was happening.

Luckily for her, Amy spoke up. "Kat was just showing me how to titfuck him. Why don't you help as well? I'm sure you have all kinds of great tips to share." She was keeping her tits still for the time being, but she was using her upper arms to keep his boner in a tight squeeze. And now that Katherine had vacated the top portion of his cock, she rubbed his sweet spot with two fingers.

Susan bashfully looked down to the ground. "To be honest, I haven't... I haven't... titfucked him yet."

Katherine exclaimed, "WHAT?! MOM! That's bizarre. His fat cock and your big tits? That's a match made in heaven!"

Susan found herself clutching her huge breasts with both hands, fondling them somewhat from below. She'd given up or forgotten about covering her privates, because she was too damn horny. "I know. But,

to be honest, I didn't even realize it was a real thing until very recently, when Suzanne started talking about it. But... now that I do know about it... I'm... I'm kind of scared."

Amy asked, "Scared? Why?! This is my first titfuck and I'm not scared at all."

"I know, but it's just... I worry that it could be TOO good! My breasts... they're so sensitive! TOO sensitive! Already, Tiger, I've become obsessed about pleasuring your cock. Too obsessed! I think about it all day long, and I freely call myself one of your personal cocksuckers. I even think of myself as one of your... one of your sex pets!" By now, she was so worked up that she was freely kneading and fondling her tits while staring directly and exclusively at Amy's sliding fingers exploring his thick shaft. Her heart was racing and her chest was heaving with her heavy panting.

She continued, "If it's as good as I think it will be... my goodness! I'll lose all control! That's why we have to have rules and limits. In fact, I can't even watch now, or I'm going to totally lose it!" She shut her eyes tight.

Alan said, "Mom, you're really missing out. If it weren't for that dumb 'one woman at a time' rule of yours, you could engulf my fat knob right now and suck on it to your heart's content while Sis shows Aims how to titfuck the rest. Doesn't that sound like fun? In fact, why don't we do that right now? Aims? Is that okay with you?"

"M'kay! Totally! Sharing is fun!"

He asked, "Sis?"

"Sure. Why not? In fact, the three of us ladies could spend the whole afternoon together, just having fun sucking cock, and titfucking it, and stroking it, and all around loving it! Doesn't that sound like a great way to pass the time?"

Susan clenched her teeth and tried to summon her willpower. She felt like she was on the verge of falling off a cliff, into total sexual abandon. She was pinching her nipples and coming close to an orgasm from breast play alone. It does! That sounds divine! Like a dream! Why not just give in?! Forget that dumb rule! Give in to... cock! To serving and loving my son's wonderful cock! It's going to happen anyway, isn't it? It is! It's just a matter of time until we're all sucking him off together! HNNNG! So good! SO HOT! Oh GOD! The three of us could lick his cock as a team! UNGH!

She was on the cusp of giving in, but the fear of getting fucked held her back. She truly worried that could lead to eternal hellfire and damnation for herself and her son, and her daughter too. Only Amy would be spared.

She suddenly stood up and opened her eyes. With her hand still playing with her breasts, she weakly complained, "You kids, watch yourself! One-on-one help only. Don't make me come back out here!" With that, she turned and ran back to the house, somehow both clutching and fondling her tits all the way.