

## 6 Times 621

### Chapter 622 Katherine!!

Alan eagerly moved to the dining room table, leaving his robe behind.

In less than a minute, Katherine was back. She came strutting back into the room wearing four-inch red high heels, just like the kind Susan favored. She thought, Ha! I'm no dummy. The best way to suck cock is not just naked and kneeling; you gotta have the heels too!

As she walked in, she came to a halt, raised her arms above her head, and dramatically announced, "Who's ready to rock and roll?"

Alan playfully acted like an overeager student. He raised a hand and waved it around. "Oh, me, me, me! Over here!"

Katherine burst into giggles as she kept on strutting to her brother. All right! Now we're talking! I can see why Mom wears high heels all the time. I can feel my legs firmed and my ass lifted up. I feel so sexy, so eager to SUCK!

Mindful of Susan being so cool about things, she made sure to position herself and her brother so Susan would get a clear view. Then got on her knees between her brother's legs and resumed licking.

Alan thought, Boy, this is great! I don't even have to say or do anything. In fact, it's better that I don't, as usual. The two of them are so into cocksucking that it's brilliant!

With Katherine totally focused on her brother's cock, Susan knew it was up to her to revive the discussion. "Nice heels, Angel. Don't they put you in a good and sexy mood?"

"MMMM!" Katherine emphatically agreed while slurping all the way up the underside of her brother's hard-on.

Susan went on, "Anyway, it's not our place to say who he can or cannot fuck. If he wants to fuck Heather as much as he wants, that's his business. especially since she can help him at school."

Katherine griped while she slathered her brother's sweet spot with saliva, "But Mom! You don't know what she's like. She's nothing but trouble!"

Susan said proudly, "I'm sure that's true, in general. But Tiger has her half-way tamed already, from what I understand. Once she's fully tamed, she'll be a good, obedient little fuck toy for him to play with at school. He NEEDS that. Don't you, Tiger?"

He tried to dodge answering. "Um..."

Katherine complained more forcefully, while still lapping on and slurping up and down her brother's cock, She had a hand pumping on his shaft too. "Mom, that's not gonna happen! You don't know what she's like. She'll never-"

Susan cut her off. "Hush! I've made up my mind on this. Maybe things with her will peter out after he's fucked her half to death; maybe he'll turn her into his sex slave. That's not for us to decide. I know Tiger likes you 'uppity,' but there are limits, young lady. I don't want you meddling in this Heather matter, is that clear?"

"But-"

"I said, is that clear? And I don't want Amy or anyone else to meddle either. Understood?"

Katherine dropped her head, causing her to stop licking. She spoke glumly. "Yes, Mom."bender

She thought, There's no reasoning with her when it comes to things like this. I need to talk to Aunt Suzy instead. She shares my concern about Heather, and she gets things done with her rockin' schemes. Enough already with waiting for this "passing phase" with Heather to end. I've got a feeling that, if anything, the two of them are getting even more serious!

Feeling better about the situation, Katherine lifted her head and resumed slurping all over her brother's shaft. Then she decided she was probably done talking for a while, so she engulfed his cockhead and began a very vigorous bobbing, complete with busy tongue work.

Thinking the issue was resolved, Susan said, "Good." Just then, she heard the sound of her son gasping and wincing. That was followed by loud slurping noises, leaving her little doubt what Katherine was doing.

Susan looked to the dining room, and sure enough, Katherine's head was bobbing and sometimes twisting this way and that. She hungrily licked her lips. Oh God! So hot!

Look at her go! I'm so proud of my darling Angel. She's turning into such a good personal cocksucker! I can tell from his constant moans and happy smile that he loves what she's doing. When I first heard her calling herself his "number one fuck toy," I must admit that I scoffed. But she really takes being a fuck toy seriously.

I'm such a good mommy. That could be me right now, with my jaw stretched open as wide as it can get, stuffed to the gills with hot son-cock! But no. I'm sharing. Angel is such a wonderful daughter, she deserves a nice long cocksuck. Mmmm!

Susan turned away, because she worried that if she kept watching the sexy sight, she'd lose control and not be so selfless after all. She resumed talking, partly because she hoped her own voice would help block out the tempting sucking sounds. "Now, as for Brenda, she's a different case. I admitted to Tiger last night, and I'll freely admit to you now, that I get jealous about her absolutely gigantic breasts, not to mention her all-around fuckableness, if that's a word. But Tiger, clever boy that he is, made me promise to help ease her into our world, and I'm gonna sincerely try to do that. After all, as Suzanne constantly reminds me, she knows all our incest secrets so we pretty much have to. Besides, the more I get to know her, the more I like her. She has the kind of sexually submissive attitude we all should aspire to. Excepting you, of course, Son."

It was hard to argue with that logic, but Katherine wasn't happy about the whole Brenda situation. However, she kept quiet and concentrated on lapping all over his sweet spot while her lips slid up and down relentlessly and with great suction. She'd boasted to Alan about how eager she was to help share him with other beautiful girls, and if she was going to use up some of her "cool fuck-toy cred" to complain, she deemed it more important to complain about Christine and Heather.

Alan enjoyed the stealth sucking, but he was keen to push for more, and especially to get Susan more involved.

Just as Alan was on the verge of cumming, Susan announced, "Hey, kids, the pancakes are ready, along with the rest of breakfast."

After some more prodding, Alan and Katherine disengaged and moved to the dining room. Susan had laid out the chickpea pancakes on the table, together with salsa and slices of avocado and tomato. And since they wanted to eat the pancakes while they were hot, and Susan was sticking to her "no touching" rule, Alan ate without any penis tending. As a result, by the time breakfast was over, he'd had such a prolonged break that his dick was fully recovered. It even briefly went flaccid at times (until he looked up and saw his naked sister or his nearly naked mother).

He'd eaten as fast as he could to get more fun time before school. With his meal finished, he thought how best to enjoy all that time. Since his mother said she didn't want to touch him, he didn't want to trick her into violating that - that wasn't his way, to directly subvert her wishes. However, he thought it would be nice if Susan and Katherine could physically bond some more. He figured that could help Susan in her slide to further sexual debauchery.

Recalling their previous morning kiss to help him, he once again pretended that he was having trouble getting and staying erect. Even as Katherine finished her meal and resumed jacking him off, he thought of disgusting things to force himself to lose the erection.

The only problem was, between his sister's constant stroking, his mother's continued sexy contortions and wiggling in the kitchen, and the frequently arousing discussions about which girls at school he should have sex with, there was no way for him to lose his erection. Even thinking about two male sumo wrestlers trying to have sex with each other failed to have any effect on his dick.

So he decided to pretend. While Susan had her back turned, he said with feigned distress, "Oh no, Sis. Looks like I'm getting flaccid." He winked at Katherine and motioned at her towards Susan, then made silent kissy motions, so his sister got wise to his game.

Katherine had been about to resume sucking him, but instead she said, "Brother, what's going on? Arrrgh! So frustrating. I'm trying my best." She pretended to stroke his dick even more vigorously, but in fact it only looked that way from where Susan was, because her hand merely slid over open air around it. Katherine and Alan had the same goal in mind: a repetition of the sexual kissing between Katherine and Susan.

"Oh dear," said Susan when she noted Alan's predicament as she walked back over from the kitchen to collect the dishes (Katherine briefly reverted to really jacking him off while Susan was looking closely).

"You've finished eating and you're losing it. You're not your usual erect self. Is there anything I can do to help?"

He suggested, "Well, you could take off your apron."

"Oh my. Hmmm. I suppose I have no choice." Her pretend reluctance fooled no one. Soon, not only was she stripped down to just her glasses and high heels, but she preened and posed in the sexiest manner possible.

All the while, she kept watching Katherine stroke Alan's boner. There was no denying the visual evidence that his erection was as stiff as ever, but he kept sighing and acting like there was a problem. Plus Katherine played along, acting frustrated.

Susan tried to step up her game. Already she'd been moaning so erotically that it sounded like she was working herself up to a big climax. Now, she bent over, clutched her hefty globes from below, and purred, "Angel, when am I going to get MY turn? That looks soooo yummy! After he paints your face, can he paint mine? MMMM! Tiger, please! Let me suck and stroke you just a little bit? Mmmm... Let your big-titted mommy show what she can do with her hungry, hungry lips and needy tongue..."

Alan thought, God DAMN! I'm not made of stone here. How can I not react to that?! If my friends only knew the kinds of things that happen to me in the mornings... No one would believe it! Somehow, he managed to frown and shake his head in disappointment.

Susan kept on showing off her perfect body at different angles and poses while saying sexy things, but seemingly to no effect. After a while, she asked, "Angel, dear, can't you try any harder?"

Katherine falsely complained. "I've been trying all my best stroking moves, but if I stop for even a second I can feel him going flaccid. It's just not happening like it should. And my mouth is all tired out from sucking him earlier."

Susan frowned. "What, from just a couple minutes, and before breakfast, no less? Angel, you have to do a lot better than that! And just when I was thinking that you were doing so well, too. Being one of his personal cocksuckers carries certain responsibilities, and probably the most important one is being able to orally demonstrate your love for very long periods of time!"

Katherine sighed, annoyed that her reputation was taking a minor hit in order to keep up the pretense. "I know. But sometimes I just get tired. I'm sure I'll be okay in a little while. Do you want to take over until then?"

A worried look crossed Susan's face, and she held her hands up defensively. "No! Please no! Don't tempt me like that!"

Katherine pretended disappointment, but she was secretly relieved that Susan hadn't called her bluff. Then she looked up into Alan's eyes and eagerly asked, "Big Thermos Bottle Brother, would it help if Mom and I kissed again, like we did the day before yesterday?"

"Yeah, that would be a big help, Sticky Little Sister," he replied, but even the idea of the kiss made it hard for him to keep up his flaccid pretense. He added, "But not a mere hello or goodbye kiss. We're talking a serious, long, super sexy naked-body-to-naked-body kiss. That's what it would take."

Luckily, Susan and Katherine already looked at each other hungrily, even though Susan also looked quite worried after hearing his description.

There were a lot of things Susan could have suggested to do first. For instance, she could have asked Katherine to see if a titfuck would be more effective. Or she could have tried a handjob, titfuck, or blowjob herself (although that would have violated her new "no touching" rule). Plus, she could have pointed out that Alan's dick was as stiff as it could get already, so there was no need to do anything special in the first place. But she didn't make any of these suggestions because she was very keen on being "forced" to do the kiss, even though she tried to maintain the thin pretense to herself and the others that she wasn't.

She said in a reluctant voice, "I suppose we'll have to do that then... But Angel, this is for Tiger's special problem this morning, so let's not make this a regular habit, okay?"

"Okay," replied Katherine, also knowing full well that when Susan said something like that it invariably meant a further slide down the slippery slope. But it was good to stay mum about such things.

Susan gulped, and thought, Here I go again! I was just saying to myself how I have no self-control, and now look at me. Why do I have the feeling we're going to be doing this every morning before long? This is why I need to see the psychologist, to retain some control over my own children. I'm completely

nonfunctional except as a cocksucker and sex object. How will I survive in society without my husband's money, if I keep going like this?

But Susan was hot to trot. Not allowing herself to even touch her son's dick all morning, plus all the talking and posing, had put her in a desperate state.

She thought to herself as she contemplated the make out session, I'm too horny! I shouldn't be doing this when I'm so frustratingly close to climax. And I must admit that I'm getting even hotter thinking about kissing Angel again. What's worse is having to do it naked. But Tiger ordered me to be naked, so of course I have no choice.

The shameful thing is that I love it! I'm beginning to think like Amy; clothes are just so WRONG! Well, except for high heels of course. I'm so glad I'm wearing mine!

Maybe if I give Angel a really intense kiss and run my hands all over her sexy body, Tiger will see what a shameless slut I am. It's important that I disabuse him of his illusions about me. Then he'll know why I have to get help for my uncontrollable, sinful cravings. Maybe this psychologist will tell me that I'm a hopeless case and that there's no recourse for me but to be a naked cum-guzzling slut for my son, forever and ever! We have to get over his aversion to the word "slut," because we're all his happy sluts! First, I'll give him a slutty striptease performance. He seemed to really enjoy that the other night, so I should do more of those.

Susan started a "striptease" to another one of Harry Belafonte's calypso tunes, although she had no clothes left to take off. Partly she figured that would help get her in the mood. But mostly, each day that passed she grew more justifiably proud about her remarkable, voluptuous body, and she simply loved showing it off for her son.

Katherine saw what Susan was doing, and thought, Why am I just sitting here? She stood up, and started dancing and gyrating even though she had nothing left to take off either.

This put them in direct competition with each other for Alan's attentions. Due to their high heels they couldn't get that athletic, so it was more a matter of projecting a sultry attitude.

Chapter 623 Mother And Daughter.!

Alan could see trouble brewing from this situation. He had them stand right next to each other so he could pretty much gawk at both of them at the same time. That kept the jealousy in check, though Susan and Katherine did shoot some competitive looks at each other while they danced. He kept his hands over his hard-on in the probably unnecessary precaution of preventing his mother from seeing that his dick was already fully erect, and thus calling off the kiss.

He thought to himself as he surreptitiously rubbed his erection a little bit, I've probably seen more tits and ass in the last couple of weeks alone than most men see in their entire lifetimes. I wonder how many other kids in my class this morning are getting blown and stroked all through breakfast and then get to see their sister and mother do striptease-style dances and a passionate mouth-to-mouth kiss? Ha! Nobody!

And nobody has a sister and mother who look half as hot as mine do either. Heh!

Well, now that I think about it, obviously Brad does. But I've stolen Amy and Aunt Suzy from that family completely. It's like I have two mothers and sisters now. I'd like to know Brad better so I could find out why he's such a fucking idiot not to bang them, not that I'd ever try to enlighten him on his stupidity. But dang, look at this!

Alan was distracted by the way that both Katherine and Susan stopped dancing, leaned forward, and let their heavy racks drop down. They looked back and forth at each other, making sure to strike the exact same position, despite the lack of any prompting to do so.

Susan thought as she blushed furiously, This is so terribly shameful! But it's so, so very HOT! It's like I'm proudly saying that I'm nothing but a hot body and huge pair of tits for my son's endless amusement, and I approve of him using Angel in the exact same way! Mother and daughter, nothing but his big-titted sex toys. Why does this arouse me so much?! Why do I get so excited thinking about the effect this will have on his big fat cock? Just look how stiff it is in his hands! I've given up my wedding ring and my whole darn marriage for him, and I'm going to make out with Angel next. Do I have no shame?!

Katherine merely thought, This is too cool! I can't believe Mom is up for doing this with me. I can't wait to tell Aims. Oh boy! This is the life of a happy fuck toy!

As Alan sat and watched, he went from merely greatly aroused to absolutely astounded as the implications of their identical poses sank in. God DAMN! I'm having a serious mental orgasm right now! I'm flying so high that it's not even funny! If I were a guy and I had a girlfriend strike a pose like that, it would be crazy awesome. But to have TWO at the same time... the mind boggles! It's like they're willing



to do literally anything and everything to get my dick throbbing with pleasure. AND, they're not just any two women, they're my smoking hot Mom and Sis! Oh God, and so stacked! From this angle, it looks like they're all legs and boobs. I swear, I'm so horny and excited that my entire body is trembling! If things get any better, I'm gonna spontaneously cum, without even touching my dick!

At first, Susan felt very ashamed and shy about her pose, even though she'd done it voluntarily. Seeing her own daughter in the exact same position increased her shame, but it simultaneously gave her confidence. It helped that while Susan was blushing, Katherine was beaming with pleasure, showing no reluctance at all. Katherine was having a ball.

That attitude rubbed off on Susan, and seeing Alan's penis towering out of his lap stiff and strong emboldened her even more. Soon, she was smiling too. As if reading Alan's recent thoughts, she wanted to make him so insanely aroused that he'd cum despite the lack of any tactile stimulation. So she said, "Tiger, you meanie!"

This startled him out of his lusty daze. "Uh... what do you mean?"

Susan pouted sexily, "Making your mommy and sister strike such lewd poses. It's outrageous! It should be a scandal. Is there no end to the depths of the depravity around here?"

At first, Alan was hurt, because he thought his mother was truly offended and unhappy. But he was learning, thanks to other similar situations recently. Despite the redness of her blush, he could see she was happy and very horny too. So instead of going with his first instinct to apologize, he said, "No."

Susan thought she'd been asking a rhetorical question, so she didn't expect that. "No?!" bender

Alan spoke with increasing confidence. "I said no. There is no end to the depravity. This is how things should be around here. Don't you agree, Sis?"

Katherine could see where he was going with this, and she was delighted to play along. "Oh, definitely! The way I see it, there are two kinds of people here. One, there are the handsome young sons with their powerful, stiff cocks. We're blessed with one of those, who happens to be right around here, as a matter of fact." She winked playfully at him while still maintaining her lewd bent-over pose.

She continued, "And two, there are the beautiful women, the sexy and big-titted women, with their hot cunts, hard nipples, and needy mouths. And when I say needy, I mean we need your stiff cock sliding between our lips like we need air to breathe! We needed to run our tongues all over your thick, throbbing, and oh-so HOT cock-meat! Right, Mom?"

Susan was hanging on every word. She was finding it increasingly difficult to maintain her absurd pose, because her chest was heaving for air. As a result, she was unready to speak, and just said, "Uh..."

Katherine plowed on, "And what's worse is, you know it! You know how much we need your cock in our hands, in our cleavage, and especially in our hungry mouths! Hungry for SPERM! Your delicious, sweet sperm! So that gives you ALL the power! You can make us pose like this. You can make us CRAWL! And BEG! And PLEAD! Humiliate us in the worst way! But we don't care, we'll do it all, because we're hooked on cock! Your cock! Somehow, you've turned your very own sister and mother into your big-titted playthings! Isn't that right, Mom?"

Susan thought to herself, I can't agree! Can't agree! That'll just make it worse! But she was so out of control horny that she practically shouted, "It's so true! Every last word! Oh, Son! Have mercy! I'm embarrassed too much already. Don't... don't make it any worse!"

Katherine giggled, she was so pleased at Susan's response. Goading her more, she asked, "You mean like making us swing our tits in circles?"

Susan felt shivers run down her spine. She instantly knew what she wanted to do, and even had to do. It was such a thrilling prospect that she thought she might faint.

Looking at each other, as if reading minds, Susan and Katherine smiled and then simultaneously moved their shoulders so their boobs started to swirl around in circles. With their eyes still seductively locked on one another and their arms pinned behind their backs, they managed to keep their boobs swinging in perfect time. Then they looked at him and smiled giant shit-eating grins.

Alan thought, This is nuts! I'm not making them do anything! You'd think I'm cracking a whip, but it's like they're running with their submissive fantasies and I'm just along for the ride. The problem is, it's too, too much! I really am gonna cum on the spot! If they so much as touch my dick, I'm gonna shoot a load clear over their heads!

Susan must have known that if their antics didn't keep Alan erect then nothing on Earth could. Plus, there was no hiding the visual evidence - Alan was so horny that he felt like his boner was three feet long. Even as she remained bent over with her tits swinging in circles, she asked him provocatively while staring directly at his exposed erection, "Tiger, how's it hanging? Are you still going to force me to make out with my own daughter?"

He looked down into his lap as if he didn't know that he had a raging and pulsing hard-on already. He lied, "I'll admit my dick is doing better, but you'd better share a really sultry kiss just to be sure."

He hated to lie to Susan, but in this case it was okay because he knew that she really knew what was happening and that she wanted him to lie about it. Besides, he knew she could easily see that his cock was as stiff as it could get, so it was like they were all playing along. The mood had become so erotic that events had their own momentum.

Susan felt shivers run down her spine again. She sighed theatrically as she stood back up. "You heard what he said, Angel. I guess we're going to have to pretend to be two totally lesbian nymphos, deeply in love with each other."

Mother and daughter wordlessly leaned into each other and held on in a tight embrace. They exchanged deep, loving looks and for the moment Alan was forgotten. Both of them knew they didn't need to pretend about being deeply in love with each other, it's just that they never expressed their love in a physical way before.

The two women went at it with gusto. They engaged in a thorough lip-lock, tongues happily dueling in each other's mouth. Their hands roamed everywhere, even more than their last kiss on Alan's behalf, which was saying something.

For instance, Katherine stuck her leg between Susan's and used her thigh to rub against her mother's hairy pussy. Then Susan did the same to her daughter. Their thighs became much wetter than they already were from all the flowing pussy juices being spread around.

Katherine mostly kept her hands on Susan's ass, slowly working her way into her ass crack and then down until she could touch her pussy. By the end of the kiss, she had found her mother's asshole and was wantonly probing the sensitive ring, although not plunging a finger directly into it.

As the kissing went on, Susan thought, This is my lot in life! Tiger just admitted that we're his big-titted playthings! That proves it! Humiliation is my fate. It doesn't matter if I enjoy kissing my daughter or not. It's gonna happen! It's gonna happen over and over again! I'm going to get to know every single square inch of her body. And Suzanne's body. And Amy's body! Plus the many other personal cocksuckers that he collects like so many stamps in a stamp collection. Oh God! So hot!

So why try to fight it? Mmmm! So yummy! Kissing a woman is just as good as kissing a man, except their bodies are softer and curvier and are all around more fun to play with. I can understand why Tiger loves boobs so much. I can feel my own pressing up against two delightfully soft pillows! Mmmm! And then, when our nipples rub together... Oh my goodness! My heart is pounding too hard. I still think I'm going to pass out!

Dear Lord, my pussy is on fire! It's smelling up the room, and plus the smell of Angel's pussy... what a heady mixture! I could faint!

Needless to say, Katherine was ecstatic, although her thoughts were a little different. I can't believe I'm making out with MOM! AGAIN! But what's more amazing is that she's so into it. You'd think she'd be shy or hesitant about it, but no. This is a serious take-my-breath-away soul kiss! And our nipples are rubbing together, and our crotches are rubbing together, and I'm playing with her ass to my heart's content! Plus, she's playing with MINE! Is that mind blowing, or what?!

And as if that isn't great enough, this is just the warm-up! I can see out of the corner of my eye that Brother's cock is as stiff and long and thick as it usually is, and the odds are good I'm gonna be feasting on it some more in a little while. Now that Mom is starting to understand that she's one of his big-titted fuck toys, I hope she's keen to lick it together with me again! Whoa! And then we'll snowball his cum back and forth as we make out afterwards!

Oh no! It's too much! Gonna cum! Katherine did climax, but she managed to hide it so it seemed only like she was trembling from head to toe. The passionate necking went on.

So far, Katherine had carefully avoided touching Susan's pussy, just as Susan avoided touching hers. But eventually she worked herself up to such a heated pitch that she couldn't resist, and she ran her fingers right over her mother's clit and wet lips.

Susan had been hovering at the edge of a great orgasm for virtually their entire make-out session, and that touch was what she needed to go over the edge. Her body shook all over, but she was so

embarrassed that she managed not to scream out loud. Oh no! I'm cumming! I'm cumming while kissing my DAUGHTER! So wrong! So wrong! But oh so right! YESSSS!

Chapter 624 My Own Daughter! Oh Dear Lord, Please Don't Send Me To Hell!

When the orgasm subsided, her energy seemed to completely drain from her. Katherine was forced to hold her up, or she would have collapsed like invisible puppet strings had been cut.

A minute or two later, Susan suddenly remembered where she was and what had happened. She looked at the clock on the wall and realized the need for her children to get to school in time. She finally disentangled her body from her daughter.

She was relieved that it was over. She didn't regret it, but she didn't want to think about it either. Then, panting, she looked over at Alan and noticed that he'd put his robe back on, but it was wide open in front. That reminded her about his boner.

She walked around the table so she could have a good look at his crotch. She saw to her dismay that he was still openly masturbating himself to the sight of the kiss.

She pointed her finger accusingly and said, "Tiger, don't you EVER let me catch you masturbating yourself, not when your sister or your mommy can help you out instead! That's an order! We live to guzzle your thick cum juice down our throats, and it just breaks my heart to see it wasted. Don't even THINK about touching yourself anymore. Is that clear? You know that the Bible says it's a sin to spill your seed onto the ground. It belongs on or in one of your big-titted babes, and that's an order too!"

"Okay, Mom," he said with a roll of his eyes, as if she had criticized him for not taking out the trash. While he still looked away, he felt a warm sensation around his shaft and realized it was his mother's quick-acting mouth. He was shocked at how quickly and quietly she'd knelt into position.

Katherine butted in. "Um, Mom, you said I could do it all by myself this morning, remember? I have permission for one and a half times, and don't tell me I did all that stroking earlier without a spermy payoff!"

Susan's mouth was occupied, but she managed to say, "Yeah but..." <slurp, slurp> "don't you have to ..." <slurp, slurp> "get ready ..." <slurp, slurp> "for school now?" <slurp, slurp, slurp>

"I only have to dress and get my book bag. And what about your "no touching" rule? You were really adamant about that a little while ago."

Susan stopped sucking. "Dammit. All right. This exact damn thing happened to me last night with Suzanne. Why is everyone conspiring to deny me cock? I know I said I shouldn't touch, but how can I keep away and let Tiger abuse himself like that?"

No one answered her, so she said, "Go dress and get your book bag, and then he's all yours."

Katherine considered that, and then said, "Only if you let me suck him when I get back."

"Fie." Susan was trying to say "Fine," but it came out muffled because she was already bobbing down to his sweet spot and then some.

Katherine took off like a rocket for her bedroom.

Susan sighed with contentment. Ah! Finally! Bliss! This doesn't really count as violating my "no touching" rule, 'cos I'm only keeping his cock hot and hard until Angel gets back. Plus, if it weren't for me, he'd still be committing the Sin of Onan. Besides, I'm not touching him that much. Mmmm. I mean, besides my tongue and lips sliding all over his magnificent shaft... Mmmm! Besides that, I'm only fondling his balls a little bit. Well, that and my other hand jacking off his long, thick shaft. Ah, so much COCK to play with! But still, when you get right down to it, I'm mostly just touching his sweet spot, and I'm touching that A LOT!

She giggled happily. Her head twisted this way and that as she practiced some of her more difficult moves.

Katherine came back down far too quickly for Susan's tastes, since the girl had only selected her school clothes and brought them with her instead of putting them on upstairs. Katherine bee-lined straight to where Susan knelt, and tapped her urgently on the shoulder. "Okay, Mom. Time's up."

Susan finally and very reluctantly stood up. However, she still kept one hand on Alan's erection, as if she was permanently tethered to it. "Very well. You see? I'm in control. I know how to share." Her hand jacked her son off even as she said this.

Katherine maneuvered her way in between Alan's legs and said, "Okay, Mom, thank you very much, I'll take over now."

"Oh, poo! ... All right." But Susan still didn't let go. Her hand slipped up and down, up and down, his pre-cum soaked shaft.

"Mom, you have to actually take your hand off of Big Redwood Tree Brother's thick tree trunk." Katherine rather forcibly took Susan's hands away and replaced them with her mouth.

Susan still would not be denied. She managed to keep fondling his balls for a bit until Katherine shifted positions and blocked Susan's access.

Susan stood back, but then asked, "Do you think maybe a double blowjob is needed?"

Katherine was greatly tempted, because that sounded like lot of fun for everyone, but she was irked at Susan trying to be a cock hog. She managed to shake her head no as she bobbed.

Susan pleaded, "Can I at least fingerfuck his ass?"

"Nope." Katherine resented having to play second fiddle to her mother every morning, so she was determined to hold Susan to her pledge to let her daughter have all of Alan for once. Hoping that she was all done talking, she really went to town with her bobbing, flicking her tongue at Alan's sweet spot even as her lips repeatedly slid back and forth over it.

Susan sighed heavily as she watched her daughter take full control. She said, "Okay. Then you two obviously don't need me." She let out another big sigh, as if fishing for sympathy.

Katherine's body mostly blocked Susan's view of Alan's crotch, so Susan stared at Katherine's backside instead. She found herself fondly recalling the heavy make-out session they had just concluded. She was

very tempted to roam her hands over Katherine's butt, especially as her daughter's wet pussy was easily visible as the butt wiggled high in the air.

She thought, I think Tiger needs a really powerful ejaculation to get him through the rest of the morning. It's not like I WANT to fondle my daughter's marvelous ass, I'm no lesbian... But if he were to think I was getting all lesbo on my own daughter, wouldn't that cause him to shoot his load with even more gusto?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Alan. "Sis, that's great, but remember that I have to go to school early today. So I'm not going to try to hold out very long." He wanted to get to school early so he could talk to Glory before his classes started.

Susan watched. She couldn't quite bring herself to roam her hands over her daughter's butt. Frustrated at being only a spectator, she made to leave the room, but was annoyed that no one paid her the slightest attention to her, as they were both far too involved with the blowjob. She said, "Have a good day at school."

Alan grunted in reply, "Thanks, Mom."

Katherine also said, "Shanks, Maab," but her words were muffled by the thick erection in her mouth.

In a further attempt to get some attention, Susan said, "Angel, I really should punish you for touching me in such naughty ways during our kiss."

But that didn't get any response at all. Katherine seemed completely consumed with her oral task. She was hmmm-ing and moaning and writhing like she was already in the throes of an orgasm. Knowing that Alan wasn't going to last long, she wasn't trying to hold out either.

Alan stood up so his sister could fingerfuck his ass as she fondled his balls and sucked his rod with every trick she knew.

She knew he was in a rush, so she bobbed on him faster and faster, and with greater suction. She moaned and slurped so loudly that Susan wondered if she'd have to shout to be heard.



Susan continued to stand and stare. She found that she was unable to leave the room, even though she wanted to. My goodness! My pussy is terribly hot, wet, twitching, and needy. I think I could cum again, right now. But no. I'm going to be good and not masturbate while watching. After all, this morning is all about proving to myself that I have some self-control. My brief cocksucking didn't really count as touching since it had been less than five minutes. Compared to my usual daily efforts, that's nothing. Plus, I was just keeping it warm for my darling Angel.

She found herself slowly slipping, literally. Her legs started to spread wider and wider, as if she was slowly doing the splits. Her hands began to wander across her body. She caught them drifting down below her belly button and kept them frozen there, just inches from the top of her dark brown bush.

Then she saw all the signs of Alan's impending climax. Even from across the room, she could see his balls tighten and Katherine's lips speed their sliding along his thick rod. Her daughter's head was moving back and forth so frantically that it almost seemed like a blur.

But then, just as suddenly, Katherine's head came to a near stop. Her cheeks bulged and her whole head shook as if the force of Alan's seed blasting into her mouth was driving her head backwards.

Susan couldn't stop herself anymore. She spread her legs even wider and began frigging her pussy with one hand. "Oh God, it's so hot! So hot! Suck him dry, Angel!" She brought her other hand to her mouth and stuffed four fingers in it, pushing them in and out as if they were Alan's erection.

Katherine's eyes rolled up in her head as she had a great orgasmic experience of her own at the same time Alan did.

When their mutual climaxes passed, Katherine kept right on sucking, even though she could feel her brother's boner going flaccid in her mouth. Even when he sat back down in his chair, she managed to keep on.

She thought, So good! I simply can't get enough. What's neat is that I'm finding it easier to climax with each passing day. I absolutely adore giving blowjobs, maybe even as much as Mom does! I can't understand how some women don't like them at all. Losers! I love the feeling of my mouth being completely stuffed to bursting with hot cock. I love the power of making Brother cum, sometimes even when he's used every control trick not to. I love the smell, the texture, the taste - everything!

But the kicker is that my own blowjob orgasms are always great! I've learned that all I have to do is touch my clit at the height of a blowjob and, WHAMMO! I can always get off in perfect time with my loving brother. Then there's the reward of all the tasty cum to be consumed. My mouth is full of it. I'm in spermy bliss!

She finally pulled off his dick in order to fully concentrate on savoring her "cum snack." She had truly come to love the taste more than the most delicious and sinful dessert imaginable.

Susan knew that delightful taste extremely well. It was the height of frustration for her to have to watch Katherine's cheeks puff in and out because she knew that meant the cum was being consumed by someone else. She could even watch the twitching in her daughter's throat as the cum passed down it. Her whole body fidgeted in frustration as Katherine ostentatiously gargled with Alan's cum and made contented purring sounds.

With Katherine's mouth still holding lots of her brother's cum, she tilted her head back so as not to lose it before managing to say, "Mom, I was listening to you. You mentioned something about punishments. That reminds me. You were supposed to get a spanking yesterday, but that didn't happen because Suzanne was gone all day. But we're not going to forget about it today, so look forward to it."

Susan gasped and nodded meekly. It was increasingly questionable just who was in charge of the family now, Susan or her children, and in particular Alan. Susan knew that he could order her about and she'd follow any reasonable command, just so long as she got her daily cum fix in the end. She was beyond horny all the time. It was only the fact that Alan was a loving and kind son that saved her from constant degradation and humiliation.

He had no idea how easy it would be to fuck her in every hole any time he liked. He foolishly continued to believe that when she said no she really meant it.

Seeing Katherine continuing to swirl Alan's cum around in her mouth was almost more frustration than Susan could take. She'd had a climax of her own and now she was having depressing post-orgasmic second thoughts.

She couldn't even wait to see her children out the door as she always did, not even to get her goodbye kisses. But before she went upstairs to mope, Katherine stood up and said, "Hey! Mom, what about our goodbye kisses?"

Susan sadly waved a hand over herself. "No. Look at me. I'm naked, wet, and horny. This is no way for a mother to behave, even when she has a wonderful son with special cocky needs. I really need to give Tiger's cock and balls a thorough cleaning. Especially since we can't let him go to school all cummy and smelly."

As Susan was talking, Katherine closed the distance to her. She interrupted her and said, "Don't worry, you just saw me giving him a cleaning of sorts. Besides, I promise it'll be a very spermy kiss. I swallowed some, but kept more in my mouth."

"Oh!" Susan opened her mouth wide in surprise. She put up no resistance while her daughter kissed her on the lips.

Alan would have loved to stay and watch, but he really did want to get to school early. He rushed upstairs to change and wash up, since he smelled of sex now (and he knew a more thorough "cleaning" by Susan's tongue wasn't enough to get rid of it).bender

The kiss went on a very long time. They snowballed Alan's cum back and forth until it was all gone, and then they kept right on kissing. As their passions grew and grew, their hands fondled all over too.

After a while, Susan thought, Oh no! This is bad! Really bad. Tiger isn't even here to watch, and the sperm is gone, so what's my excuse? Sure, there's the goodbye kissing tradition, but how does that explain how my hands... Oh! ... They're touching such naughty places! This is wrong, wrong, wrong! And with a GIRL! My own daughter! Oh Dear Lord, please don't send me to Hell!

Susan couldn't really think of an excuse to justify her behavior, but she was too far gone to stop. She pretty much turned off her mind and gloried in fondling her daughter's breasts and especially her nipples. When Alan got back downstairs, Susan was still in Katherine's embrace, but her eyes were closed and she was slumped down like she was comatose.

Katherine whispered to Alan in explanation, "I touched her clit and she just exploded! Again! That's what happened to end the earlier kiss too. I'm surprised you didn't hear her screams. I seriously think she's passed out or something. Can you help me lift her to the sofa?"

Alan grinned widely. "Sure."

He and Katherine were able to leave for school shortly after that without further incident, mostly because Susan was only semi-conscious at best. He was a bit disappointed that he didn't get a goodbye kiss from her too, but that was small potatoes indeed compared to all the great fun he'd had.

For once, Katherine was very happy with the way things had gone. Alan had given her the loving attention that he had showered on Suzanne and Susan lately. Furthermore, her physical relationship with Susan had grown by leaps and bounds. She wasn't sure exactly how bisexual Susan would end up being, but even if it was only this much, that was extremely good news, and far more than she would have suspected a few weeks ago.

## Chapter 625 French Kiss

Lately, Alan had gotten good at arriving at school as late as possible to maximize the fun time at home. But he arrived fifteen minutes early because he had some burning questions for Glory. He rushed to her classroom and closed the propped-open door behind him. He was glad to see that no other students had arrived yet.

Glory was grading papers behind her desk. She looked up in pleasant surprise to see him.

However, Alan was rather more muted in his affections because he was still miffed by the "Michelle incident" from the day before. He gave her a perfunctory smile, but didn't kiss her. He said, "Morning, Glory. I gotta be quick before the other students come in. But I just had to ask you: was there really a Michelle in the closet yesterday? I still can't figure that out."

"No. There wasn't. I told you that already."

"You told me lots of things yesterday, and most of them were tricks and lies. How do I know you're being honest about this?"

She looked up at Alan with concern. "Young man, just what is up with you today? Are you still upset with the spanking?"

"Yes. It was very upsetting. You must have gotten a sense of how I felt when I spanked you at the end while you had the blindfold on. That blindfold was the killer."

She replied, "I have some sense now, yes. But maybe it wasn't the same, because you didn't know what was real, and I did. I'll say it again: I'm really sorry. And I swear on my grandfather's grave that there was no Michelle. Pretending and tricking during a role-play is one thing, but I wouldn't lie to you now."

"If there was no Michelle, then whose voice was that on the tape recording? There's no way that was your voice."

"Sorry, that's a secret. I can't tell you, and you'll just have to trust me as to why."

"Glory! Argh! That's frustrating."

"I'm sorry about that too. It's nothing to worry about. Trust me on that. By the way, check this out." She walked to the closet in the corner of the room where Alan thought Michelle had been hidden. She opened the door, reached deep into a pile of junk, and pulled out some clothes. She held them up briefly and revealed them to be nun and priest outfits.

She grinned an infectious grin. "For lunch. Start your role-play fantasizing." She closed the closet and returned to her desk.

"I don't think we should meet for lunch," he said rather petulantly.

"Oh, come on. Don't hold a grudge. How much more sorry can I be? I'm not going to do anything remotely like that to you ever again. Remember that I would do anything to make it up for you? Let me start today. Also, I only have a one-day rental on these things, so this is your one chance to act out your nun fantasies."

He wavered and finally gave in. "Okay. You got me with the nun thing. But I can only be there twenty minutes at most. I have other people I'd like to spend time with. I'll see you later."

He was still very bitter and hoped that she would understand when he said, "I have other people I'd like to spend time with," he meant, "I'm going to be having sex with other women during lunch instead of you." He wanted to upset her and make her jealous. His emotions were all tumbled around due to the spanking incident, and he was acting with surprising immaturity for him.

Luckily, Glory didn't appear too bothered by his comments.

He started to walk away.

But before he got more than a couple of steps away, Glory stood up and said, "Hey, where do you think you're going?"

"What does it look like? I'm leaving. Gotta get to class."

"No, you don't. You still have time. And I don't want you to leave feeling miffed."

He replied, "Oh yeah? Well, I am miffed. What are you going to do about it?" He wasn't quite sure if he was joking with his defiant attitude or not.

She walked to where he stood, halfway between her desk and the door. "I'm going to do this." She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him hard on his lips.

He was reluctant to give in, because he didn't want her to think that she could easily manipulate him. However, he was a horny kid, and her kissing felt so good that he couldn't help but respond. Soon, he was kissing back with just as much passion and energy as she was displaying.

The only problem was that they were aware that they were in an unsafe place and time was running out. As a result, he fondled her, but he was careful to keep his hands outside her clothes. Mostly, he just squeezed her ass cheeks through her skirt, pulling her close.

She also was mindful not to go too far. She was pleased that his dick grew stiff almost immediately, but all she did was grasp it through his shorts.

At least, that was the plan. But somehow her fingers unzipped his fly and fished his erection out. Her fingers started sliding all over his shaft while they continued to neck with ever-increasing arousal.

After a couple of minutes, she broke the kiss. Smiling, she asked, "Am I forgiven?"

He replied, "Nah. Not really." Again, he wasn't sure if he was joking or not. He was trying to sound playful, but he still felt resentful about the whole Michelle incident.

"Oh, really?" She kept stroking his boner. "What do I have to do to earn your forgiveness? Maybe you'll have to tell me exactly what I have to do, and then at lunch I'll do it." She slowly slithered down his body, running her free hand down his tummy. "You might even be a really nasty, naughty young man and force your teacher to do this."

Suddenly, she was on her knees, and she engulfed his cockhead and some.

As she started bobbing, he clutched her head, trying to cope with the huge surge of arousal that literally curled the toes in his sneakers. Oh, man! She's so fucking sexy! Best history teacher ever! He chuckled out loud at that.

She wondered what he was chuckling about, but she was too into sucking his cock to stop and ask.

But she was only at it a minute, two at the most, when there was a knock on the door.

She pulled her lips off his shaft in a flash and stood up. Her eyes were wide with fright. She hissed quietly at him, "Quick! Zip up! Look presentable! Do I look okay?"

He managed to tuck his stiff hard-on away, but at the same time he leered, "You look so much more than okay." He wrapped his arms around her and gave her another scorching French kiss.

But after just a few seconds, she pushed him away. "No time! Not now. You're incorrigible, Young Man, do you know that?" She patted herself down to make sure her clothes and hair were in place, even as she quickly headed to the door.

Before she reached it, she stopped and looked back at him to make sure he was presentable too. She whispered, but loud enough for him to hear, "That was just a taste. Wait until lunch. I'm gonna knock your socks off!"bender

He left her classroom right as her first student entered. The fewer people who saw that he'd been alone with her, the better. He still had a raging erection, and he was frustrated about getting all worked up and with no ability to do anything about it. But he willed his dick to grow flaccid before he made it very far down the hallway.

Dang! I so can't wait until lunch now! The only problem is, now I have three places I need to be. I've promised to finish off Janice's paint job, and I also want to share lunch with my friends, before they file a missing persons report on me. Especially since I saw Sean yesterday and strongly implied that I'd eat lunch with him. And, of course... Glory! Glorious Glory!

Because of his new commitment with Glory, he went and found Janice and Heather before school started and rescheduled his plans with them for after school. That way, he could split his lunch between his male friends and Glory. That also allowed him to have a break between being with the cheerleaders and with Glory, which would give him more sexual energy for both.

Over in the Plummer house, Susan and Suzanne began their usual daily morning rituals. After Alan left for school, it didn't take Susan all that long to succumb to the urge to engage in a very busy masturbating session. Admittedly, it was a very new tradition for her, but in recent weeks it had become an extremely consistent and important one to help her get through the seven hours her kids were away at school.

She had whipped herself up to a masturbatory frenzy by the time Suzanne came over. Susan could hear rustling downstairs as Suzanne let herself in, just like she always did.

Shoot! Susan complained to herself. Why now? I was just in the middle of some really good stuff. Tiger and me back on the beach. Except it was an empty tropical island and he said he needed me to make his babies. I was going to have his babies! He was going to fuck me! Really fuck me! It's okay in fantasies, isn't it?

Suzanne needs to give me more masturbation space. I can still practically feel his thick cock sliding into my tight little pussy. Son, bang your mommy good! Drill me deep!

She sighed. I wonder if I just stay up here, would she mind?



But Susan was a good host. Despite her preference to continue what she was doing, she quickly dressed and came downstairs, although she still felt randy and decidedly unsatisfied. Though Suzanne didn't realize it, Susan was practically ready to fuck a duck - she'd gotten all worked up with Alan before school, but Katherine had reaped all the rewards (and all the cum). She unconsciously rubbed her stomach, as she couldn't shake the fantasy of her son getting her pregnant.

Suzanne was dressed up in "outside clothes," meaning she was still wearing a bra and panties. Susan could immediately tell because Suzanne's clothes were so tight and daring that the panty and bra lines showed quite clearly. Susan by contrast had just quickly thrown on the first shirt and skirt she could reach, leaving her obviously braless and pantyless.

Susan stared ravenously at Suzanne, especially since Suzanne's outfit still showed a considerable amount of milky white cleavage, but she tried to play it cool. She thought to herself, What's wrong with me? Am I looking at Suzanne in THAT WAY? Again? This psychologist's appointment can't come soon enough. I keep saying that because it's so true. I just have to hold out until tomorrow. Dear Lord, please give me strength. Keep it cool, Susan. You can't give into any lesbian urges, especially with your best friend. That would be so totally improper!

She went to make some coffee for the two of them, and hoped that doing so would give her time to calm down a bit.

Susan made small talk. "Why are you dressed like that? How are we gonna do our morning exercises and nude sunbathing with you all bundled up in your undies?"

"Unfortunately, I'll have to skip all that today," Suzanne answered ruefully. "I just wanted to stop by and say hello. I have some actual business to attend to in L.A."

"Business?" Susan laughed. "Actual business? I've almost totally forgotten about the need to make money, but I guess the world does go on. We're so lucky that we can rely on our husbands' salaries and just have fun all day long. And how do we both repay them? By playing around with my son. I would feel horrible, absolutely horrible, about the cheating, except that my husband has been such a god-awful lousy husband. But technically I'm still married, and that nags at my conscience."

"Me too," Suzanne chimed in. "But I don't let it bother me. If this happened before Eric and I had our... falling out, that would be a completely different story. But now I don't think about it much, except that it makes playing with Sweetie that much more arousing, knowing that he's completely stolen me from my husband."

Susan giggled like a teenager. "Well, there is that. When I do think about it, it makes me so, well, hot." She looked at the spot on her finger where her wedding ring used to be, and rubbed it. "I'm just glad that I don't love my husband anymore, because I know if I did I'd be doing all of these things with my Tiger anyway. You're right that it's for the best that Ron turned out to be gay, because that helped lead me to my one true love - my son! He's such an irresistible, lovable hunk! Every day I realize more and more how good he is for me. I'm completely alive and in love!"

She added in a more practical tone, "But I guess there is the occasional nonsexual thing we have to do to survive. What takes you to L.A.? And why would you go outside like that?"

What Susan meant was that Suzanne's dress was unusually daring, even for her, for something to wear outside. For Susan, it would still be completely inconceivable since she remained like her old shy self when it came to the outside world. Suzanne wore a low-cut, navy blue, skin-tight tank top. Her matching blue skirt was more like two short flaps of cloth with high cuts going up her hips.

Suzanne bent forward to emphasize her cleavage; her huge breasts threatened to burst her tight top completely open. She could tell that Susan was looking at her with lust in her eyes, and she wanted to encourage that.

She answered flippantly, "Oh, I've got some dead dull business stuff to do. Taxes and that kind of thing. I bore myself to tears just thinking about it. I figure I can help sway those boring bureaucrats if they're too busy looking at my chest to think."

The answer was designed to cut off any further questions, and the ploy was successful. The real reason she dressed so daringly (by outside world standards) was that she wanted to impress Xania when she went to L.A. to make sure everything was set for the faux psychologist appointment the next day. The two outstandingly beautiful women had very similar physiques, and so they had a long-standing but generally friendly rivalry over who was sexier.

Suzanne thought to herself as she stood back up, How ironic. She thinks I'm taking a day off to do something nonsexual, when in fact this trip, too, is quite intentionally sexual. At least the end goal is, anyway.

Susan fiddled with the coffee machine to avoid further gawking at Suzanne's ostentatious display of cleavage. Her effort not to lust after other women, and specifically Suzanne, was slipping by the hour.

For once, she was a bit frustrated she wasn't wearing a bra, because her erect nipples were constantly rubbing against the rough fabric of her shirt, which didn't exactly help her state of mind.

To distract Susan from asking any more questions about the trip, she changed the topic in a way that she was sure would fully distract her. "By the way, did you open up Brenda's gift last night? We haven't had a chance to talk since then. How did you like it?"

Susan's eyes lit up, as she remembered the vibrator modeled precisely on Alan's erect dick. "Oh my gosh! Best gift EVER!"

Suzanne laughed. "I knew you'd say that."

Susan leaned forward, suddenly bursting with curiosity. "I feel pretty awful about how I treated her last night when she was leaving. I just got so jealous after Tiger said what he did about her breasts. Meanwhile, she was being so thoughtful and thinking of me with that perfect gift. By the way, how'd she make it?! She said you helped her, and your help must have been crucial. It's SO similar in every detail that it's uncanny!"

Suzanne chuckled. "That's the general idea. As for how it was made, don't worry about it. Some things are more enjoyable as mysteries. And don't worry about Brenda. You two will no doubt be talking sometime today, so you can hash it all out with her."

The truth was that about a week earlier, Suzanne realized that Susan was using various phallic objects like bananas for blowjob practice, and she had great need for a dildo or vibrator, even if she didn't use it in her pussy. She bought Susan one at that time and she was about to give it to her when Brenda called asking for gift suggestions for Susan. She came up with the scheme to bring Brenda and Susan closer together as friends instead, allowing her to kill two birds with one stone.

She'd taken photos of Alan's erect dick from every angle while he was sleeping with "morning wood." She knew there was special computer software that could make a 3D object out of 2D photos, if they were enough of them taken from the right angles. Then she and Brenda worked to find professionals who could do a rush order, with money basically being no object. Even then, it had taken a week. Luckily, it was sent to Brenda just in time for the party.

All in all, Suzanne considered that another highly satisfying successful scheme.

Susan asked some more questions about the vibrator, but soon realized that Suzanne wasn't going to reveal anything. Then she hit on a question Suzanne was delighted to answer. "I feel pretty bad that she did something so nice for me on the same evening that I was being petty about her breast size. I want to get her something that will be as great or greater than the gift she gave me. But what could that be?! I've been thinking about it some already, and I'm stumped. She's a multimillionaire. She has everything she could possibly want."

Suzanne slyly grinned. On the inside, she was overjoyed, because she had been anticipating this exact question. "I don't know about better, but I know just the thing you could get her that would be exactly as great a gift."

Susan's eyes bugged out in amazement. "What?! No! That's impossible!"

Suzanne jubilantly explained, "What does she want that she doesn't get nearly enough of? Sweetie's cock! She only had one vibrator made, because if she made one for herself, it would seem like that was the real purpose and your gift was the afterthought. But I spoke to the makers on the sly, and had them make a second copy of the sly. Which I have and which she doesn't know about."

That thrilled Susan so much that she rushed at Suzanne and practically tackled her to the floor in her eagerness to hug her. "Oh, Suzanne! You're the BEST!" She gave her a crushing hug like a boa constrictor.

Suzanne was giddy with delight. She'd learned over the years that giving often was better than receiving. She particularly loved it when she could make her best friend happy. Laughing, she said, "Okay, okay! Please don't crush me to death!"

Susan eased up with the hug. But still wanting to express her surge of joy, she gave Suzanne a scorching French kiss too.

Suzanne kissed back with just as much fiery passion. She loved that her relationship with Susan had evolved to the point where they shared these lusty and loving kisses on a regular basis.

As their necking went on, she mentally gave herself a pat on the back for her clever scheme not just to arrange Brenda's gift to Susan, but to anticipate the logical gift in return. She'd been sorely tempted to

secretly have another copy of the vibrator made for herself, not to mention copies for Katherine and Amy. But she ultimately decided that it would be extra special for Susan and Brenda if they had the only ones. Later on, she could easily get more copies made, now that the mold had been made.

There was some more kissing, fondling, and small talk, though no more clothes came off.

## Chapter 626 Susan And Suzanne

Susan finally disengaged. She switched the topic back to Suzanne's trip, asking, "When will you be back?"

"Oh, I don't know. Dinner time. By the way, speaking of husbands, what do you think you'll do when Ron comes back? Isn't he going to come back for Christmas?"

Susan looked down sadly at her ring-less finger again. "Well, when Ron visited last month, he said it was because he wasn't certain he'd be here for the Holidays. Knock on wood, he may not. I hope and pray. But whenever he comes back, I know there are going to be big changes. I may have to move out and get a job. I can't keep living a lie. If he insists on trying to touch me, I might even have to confess that I have a young lover."

"Oh, come on," Suzanne sniffed dismissively. "He's gay. He'll be glad not to have to touch you, if you don't touch him."

"Perhaps. But who knows? Do I tell him that I know he's gay by then, or do I wait? So many questions, especially relating to divorce. I don't want to think about that right now. I have so many other worries on my mind. For instance..."

Susan was thinking more out loud than anything, but just in time she realized her next thought was about Suzanne. She came to an abrupt stop. She was glad that she was facing away from Suzanne to make the coffee, because her face got very red.

Suzanne looked at her curiously. "What is it? You can tell me. Something about your cutie Tiger, I assume?"

"No, not about him for once. Something else." Susan was so embarrassed that she wanted to run and hide under a rock, but she was only making matters worse with her shy look.

Suzanne raised an eyebrow, staring with intense curiosity. "What?"

"I can't say," Susan said, blushing more and making Suzanne even more curious.

"Ah, come on. I'm your best friend. You can't keep secrets from me. I'll tickle it out of you if you do," she added in a sing-song voice.

That just got Susan even redder, as she imagined Suzanne tickling her, then holding her, then doing very sexual things to her. To make matters worse, the coffee was done, so she had to turn around and give a cup to Suzanne. She did so, but kept her head down and blatantly avoided eye contact.

When she turned, her huge boobs swung around wildly inside her shirt and then kept on wobbling. She thought, Damn you, nipples! Why are you so damn super sensitive all the time? That's fine when Tiger's around, but not now! Not now!

A curious Suzanne suggested, "Talk about it in the abstract. Pretend you're talking about someone else. That makes it easier."

Still blushing and looking away, Susan started, "Okay." She steeled herself with a deep sigh. "I have this friend. Jill. Jill has a problem. She has a daughter and a best friend, and a best friend's daughter. And a most wonderful son. And the thing is, lately they've all started kissing each other. Not just the studly son, but all the women kissing each other too! On the lips, no less."

She sighed again. "And it's great. The problem is, Jill is really, really liking it. Just this morning, she told me, she seriously made out with her own daughter! While they were both naked! I'm worried. Is Jill a lesbian? Is it wrong to feel these things? Is it a sin? Is she taking advantage of her friends and family for her own perverse sexual urges? What would they think? What would God think? What would her best friend think?"

Susan shyly looked up at Suzanne's face to see how Suzanne was taking it, and then quickly looked away. That set her unsupported tits swinging again, and that made her bite her lip.

Suzanne smiled softly, and that made Susan feel a little bit better.

Suzanne thought, Awww. How cute. This is one reason why I love Susan so much. She manages to remain so good and innocent, even while discussing how she has become completely sex-obsessed. She decided to play along. "Tell your friend Jill that I know her best friend. Her name is, uh, Janet. Dammit! Janet fooled around with other women in college and Jill knows that, doesn't she?"

"I guess I do. I mean, uh, I guess she does. She was told that a very long time ago. I think Jill hasn't really been thinking clearly lately, and that totally slipped her mind."bender

"Well, Janet did fool around. A lot. So that already tells you that Janet doesn't find lesbian relations a problem at all. You know that Janet goes to church sometimes, and she doesn't think that love between women is a sin or immoral at all. Besides, most women are naturally bisexual to some extent or another."

"Really?" Susan was so surprised she briefly made eye contact, but then shyly looked away again.

"Certainly. God made us that way so we'd be more eager to take part in threesomes and moresomes with naturally superior males such as Alan." Suzanne thought that was a load of bull, but she knew Susan would eat it up.

"Well, that makes sense," Susan said. That line of argument definitely hit home for her, since she was a big believer in fate and destiny.

"Sure it does," Suzanne added with a firm nod. "There's nothing wrong with female bisexuality. It's a totally different thing from out-and-out lesbianism, so you don't need to worry about that. What are you going to do when Sweetie wants you to take part in a threesome? Are you going to chicken out?"

"No, of course not. You know that I sucked his cock along with Angel yesterday. I'm okay with things like that, just as long as there's no, you know... no vaginal penetration."

"Then you might want to practice being more intimate with women, so you can pleasure him that much better. There's nothing wrong or immoral about that. It's about being a better big-titted sex toy mommy for him. Everyone will love that."

"Like this morning," Susan said with relief, gladly seizing on that justification. "Angel and I kissed and fondled each other for a long time, but it doesn't really count as a lesbian thing since we were doing it to get and keep him hard. Right?"

"Exactly! And don't worry about enjoying it; that's all a key part of doing a good job making him happy. The problem is when people hide their urges and bottle them up, and repress them. That's what's wrong." Suzanne twirled her fingers in her dark red hair innocently, aware that doing so would tempt Susan all the more.

"Really? You mean that?" Susan finally looked her friend in the eyes with hope and relief. "So you're not mad at, uh, Jill?"

Suzanne smiled even wider, happy with how the conversation was going and also still amused at the continuing "Janet and Jill" pretense. "No. Janet's not mad at Jill. You already told me, I mean, Jill already told Janet that she had feelings for her. To be honest, Janet finds Jill attractive too. Very, very attractive. Lately she's even been thinking some very horny thoughts about all the things she wants to do with Jill." She upped the scratchy sexiness of her voice while lowering the volume. "Jill is very curvy and sexy and kissable and busty and, well, all-around HOT."

To drive the point home, Suzanne let one of her hands slowly and seductively wander to her own cleavage. She began to gently trace her fingers in the deep, open valley between her voluminous breasts. She was thinking she could be a little late in meeting Xania in L.A.

"Don't say that!" Susan cried out. Her pussy began to pulse with excitement. She crossed her legs and squeezed her thighs to try and make the feeling go away. She was so aroused, she was convinced she could feel the tips of her nipples pulsing too. She regretted bringing the topic up when she was already so horny, especially since Alan left this morning without giving her her usual morning mouthful of his cum to savor in his absence. But then again, lately it would have been hard to find a time when she wasn't horny.

Suzanne reached out and tenderly touched the top of Susan's hand. "But it's true. Janet loves Jill very much. And there are many ways to express that love. Physical ways, even. Now, if it was just the two of them, one might call that lesbianism. But if they're both big-titted sluts for a certain studly teenage boy,



then it's okay. They can get intimate with each other to help him cum six times a day... or even more if he needs to. Even when he's not around, it's probably good if they practice."

Susan felt her knees begin to buckle. She had to grab hold of the counter to support herself. She felt glad there was a counter between her and Suzanne or she wouldn't have been able to resist the temptation to rush into her friend's arms. "Oh no! Oh dear. I don't know what's worse. If you agreed with what I said or if you disagreed. Either way is so scary." Her eyes were wide with a mixture of fear and surprise.

She asked in a very shy and frightened voice, "What if I want to kiss you for me, just because I love you, and not for Tiger or to help him out?"

Suzanne reached to the counter edge where Susan's hands had withdrawn, and held Susan's hands in hers. She looked intensely into her best friend's eyes. "Susan. I love you. I'd love you no matter what you do. We've been friends too long to stop now. If you wanted to make love to a goat, I'd even support you in that. Wait. Let me take that back. I'd think you'd have to be fuckin' nuts to want to do that and I would find a way to get you to stop, but we'd still be friends. No matter what. Right?"

Tears rolled down Susan's cheeks as she was overcome by the love that radiated from Suzanne. She rushed around the counter and threw herself into Suzanne's arms. They hugged each other tightly. "Suzanne! I love you so much! You're closer than a sister. Jill is so lucky to have Janet as a friend."

Suzanne felt her heart soar with love. "Janet's just as lucky to know Jill. You're just about the best thing that ever happened to me all these long, lonely years before Alan's 'problem', not counting having Brad and Amy."

They held each other in an emotional embrace for several minutes.

Susan had her head nuzzled into Suzanne's neck. Finally she looked up into Suzanne's eyes, and said, "So you don't think I'm a freak if I have these... lesbian urges?"

"Here's what I think about that." Suzanne grabbed Susan by the back of her head and kissed her on the lips. This wasn't the first time they'd kissed that way, but their previous times, as great as they were, paled in comparison to the intensity of this kiss. Susan had opened her mouth to gasp, making it easy for Suzanne's tongue to penetrate.

The kiss went on for many minutes as their tongues delightfully battled each other. They were left gasping for air. The coffee was long forgotten, and the "Jill and Janet" pretense was as well.

"Wow," Susan exclaimed as they finally broke away. She kidded, "I take it that means you're okay with it."

"You might say that," Suzanne replied wryly. "I think we need to resume our hello and goodbye kiss greetings, don't you?"

"Yeah!" Susan laughed. They stared happily into each others' eyes.

Then Susan spoke out loud more to herself than to Suzanne, "How long did I put those kisses on hold? One evening? No, I kissed Brenda last night, so not even that. I'm so hopeless. But what will the psychologist think? As if I'm not gonna come across as enough of a nympho freak already! This is so weird for me, the former Ms. Prude of the World. Xania is gonna order me locked up for sure!"

"No. It's not like that," Suzanne said sweetly. "You can tell her all about this. Xania does a lot of counseling for gay and lesbian couples. She's totally fine with these things. She'll be very pleased to see that you're finally getting in touch with your true feelings. After all, it's not like you're becoming a lesbian; you're just appreciating both sexes. Do you think you'll ever stop wanting to suck your son's cock?"

Susan snorted with laughter. "Are you kidding me?! No way!" She showered Suzanne's face with a series of affectionate pecks.

Suzanne did likewise and then replied, "So there's no problem, and you know he's only gonna love the bisexual action. Look. I wish we could talk about this much more, but I really have to run. I'm expected in L.A. already."

She thought to herself, That's too damn true. I wish I could stay here and get seriously passionate with her. She's so ripe and ready! This is so fucking incredible! Unbelievable! Everything in my larger plan for the Plummer family is going so great. But I can't keep Xania waiting too long. Everything has to go perfectly tomorrow so Susan can get through that appointment more sexually open-minded and ready

to play than ever before. Then she and I are going to fuck each other to kingdom come. Or maybe to the kingdom of cum, hee-hee! Well, when I'm not fucking Sweetie or Angel, that is! Hee-hee-hee!

Loving and fucking, and fucking and loving, with such lovable people. I feel like I'm getting back in control of things, especially after wowing Sweetie with anal sex last night. Somebody pinch me. This is too good!

They had one more goodbye French kiss session at the front door before Suzanne had to leave. Suzanne slid her hands under Susan's loose shirt and had fun with Susan's braless boobs. That soon got Susan so aroused that she tried to do the same with Suzanne's bra-supported rack.

But just when Suzanne more or less extricated herself from Susan and put a hand on the door, Susan said plaintively, "Please! Don't go!"

Suzanne stopped and turned back.

Susan continued, "Please. I need reassurance. We just had some pretty sexy moments, but can we still just be friends too? I'd feel reassured if we could spend some time without kissing or touching. That would be so very important to me. Besides, we do have to do our daily exercises. If you go, I'll be too weak willed to do it by myself. Then I'll get all flabby and ugly and Tiger won't want me to suck his cock anymore."

Suzanne chuckled at that. "That is so untrue. First off, you're never gonna get 'flabby and ugly.' I won't let you, and even if I wasn't around, your genetics won't let you. And I can guarantee he will NEVER tire of you sucking his cock!"

"Maybe so." Susan held both of Suzanne's hands. "But please don't go! Can't you leave after a short workout?"

Suzanne looked deeply into Susan's eyes. I love her so much! She's just so damned lovable. When she looks at me like this so needfully, how can I ever tell her no? Besides, Xania can wait a little while. I'll tell her I got stuck in traffic.

"Okay. Twist my arm."

"Yeay! Suzanne, you're the best friend in the world!" She hugged her tightly, but she was careful to leave it at just a hug. She was sincere about simply wanting some platonic time with Suzanne.

Chapter 627 I've Totally Fallen In Love With Him! - Brenda

About half an hour later, Susan and Suzanne were in the Plummer basement doing their daily exercises when they faintly heard a doorbell.

Suzanne stopped exercising and frowned. "Hrm. I wonder who that could be. Susan, are you expecting anybody?"

"Definitely not!"

"Well, should you check or should I?"

Susan started briskly walking to the stairs as she said, "Let's both go. You're better at putting your foot down and getting rid of people. I don't want anyone to come in. I hate to say this, but I think the house is smelling a little... funky lately."

Suzanne followed, while smirking at that. "Yeah, you could say that again. I'll bet the smell of last night's party is still in the air."

Susan muttered, "Mmmm! God, I love that smell. Spermy goodness!"

The two of them hurried upstairs to the front door while still wearing their revealing exercise outfits.

Suzanne checked through the peek-hole in the door to see who it was. "Oh. It's just Brenda." She opened the door.

Susan relaxed upon finding it wasn't a complete stranger. She brightened considerably upon realizing that it was Brenda. She was going to call Brenda later anyway to thank her for the greatest gift she ever received, but also to apologize to her for the way she acted during her jealous snit the night before.

Brenda was obviously distraught. Curiously, she was dressed to impress in a dark gray "power" suit. She walked into the house, saw Susan and Suzanne there, and wrapped her arms around Susan for a supportive hug. "Oh, Susan! I'm so sorry for coming by unexpectedly like this, but I need help!"

Susan's initial enthusiasm gave way to concern, because she was a very caring person. She tenderly patted Brenda's back, and asked, "Really? What's wrong? Tell us all about it. Let us try to help you."

Brenda wailed sadly, "It's Alan! I mean, he's wonderful, but he's turned my life all topsy turvy. No, it's me. I'm going to pieces because of him, but it's all on me!"

Suzanne also reached out and patted Brenda's back, trying to show her support. "Come on. Let's go to the kitchen and get something to drink while you tell us all about it."

Brenda looked over at Suzanne and noticed her exercise outfit for the first time. Then she took a closer look at Susan and saw the same. She broke the hug. "Uh-oh. I didn't mean to interrupt anything, but I'm interrupting, aren't I?"

Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Don't worry about it. Yeah, we were working out, but we were almost finished anyway. So long as you don't mind us being a little sweaty and stinky..."

"I don't mind," Brenda said quickly, desperately eager to stay. "Though I thought that you'd already be done by now." She looked at Susan. "I waited on coming over until the time you told me you finished your exercises."

Susan said evasively, "Yeah, well, we had some distractions that delayed us a little bit today." She gave Suzanne a look that was both loving and smoldering with sexual promise.

Suzanne gave her an even more sultry "come hither" look in return. "Yes, we had an interesting... discussion." She said that in such a tone of voice that Susan understood "discussion" to mean "hot kissing session."

They shared a knowing smile with each other in response to that.

Suzanne wanted to do nothing more than kiss Susan again with lots of tongue action, but she looked at Brenda and tried to focus on the here and now. "Anyway, don't worry about it. We really don't mind the interruption."

Brenda gushed, "Oh, you two are so nice to me!"

Susan's face lit up as she recalled Brenda's gift, the vibrator modeled exactly on Alan's erection. "Posh! Speaking of 'so nice,' I have to thank you for your gift! As I told Suzanne earlier, it truly is the 'best gift ever!'" She moved to Brenda and gave her a big hug.

Brenda tightly hugged back. She giggled. "I would express surprise that you liked it, but of course I knew you would. How could you not?"

Susan pulled back and resumed eye contact. She was smiling from ear to ear. "Darn straight! There was something I told Tiger about the gift that I'll tell to you too: it's worth more to me than if it was made out of solid gold! I truly believe that!"

Brenda loved hearing that the gift had been so well received. But she looked at her with embarrassment. "You told him about the gift?!"

"No, only that I liked what you got me, because he was asking. He doesn't know what it is."

Brenda breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank God! It would be so embarrassing if he knew, since he still doesn't know me that well. Or if he knew just how much I want him, and want to serve him. He played with my body and especially with my big tits, but all that only whetted my appetite for more! I think I'd just DIE of joy if he crammed his huge cock down my throat!"

Susan wagged a finger playfully at Brenda. She pretended to be upset. "You naughty, naughty girl!" But then she broke into a big smile. "I love your attitude!"

They laughed and shared another hug.

Suzanne just watched with a knowing smile. She could have gotten Susan that gift on her own, but she thought it worked out much better coming from Brenda. She felt the two of them needed each other, for a variety of reasons.

The three of them were soon sitting around the dining room table. Susan got drinks for all of them and then joined them there.

Once everyone was settled, Suzanne said, "Okay, Brenda, let's hear it. I imagine it has something to do with what happened at the poker party last night. Am I right?"

Brenda had almost forgotten her troubles, due to all the happy banter about the vibrator gift. But that question put a frown back on her face. "Yes! It has everything to do with that! The problem is, the party was too good, too exciting! Most of all, it was far too arousing. I feel like I'm absolutely losing my mind! Last night was a life-changing event for me."

She went on, "Actually, every one of the card games I've been to here has been great, and better than the last one. And that's bad, because it's made me completely obsessed. Every time I'm here, it's such an intense and arousing experience that everything else pales in comparison. All I can think about anymore is Alan. Serving him! Serving his cock! Getting spanked by him! Getting titfucked by him! Getting fucked by him, even!"

She continued, "But that's while it's happening. Now that it's over, and I look back in the harsh light of a new day, I have to wonder: did I really do and say those things?! But I DID! It's totally messed up."

Suzanne carefully asked, "Are you regretful?"

"That's the craziest thing of all! No! I mean, yes, there are many things I wish I would have done differently last night. But I've been thinking about this, and if I had the choice to do it all over again, exactly the same, or not, I would. Heck, of course I would. That's the problem. My life is in total disarray. All I want to do is cry!"bender

Susan reached out and took Brenda's hand. She squeezed it in support. "Cry? Why cry? Do you mean cry tears of joy? Because it sounds like you're describing me and my situation, and I couldn't be happier. Nothing makes me happier than when I'm serving my son with my lips tightly sliding up and down his thickness."

Brenda said, "Yes, but even you said you're gonna see a psychologist soon to sort out some issues. Think about me! My problems are a thousand times worse! You're his mother. You get to see him and suck his cock every single day, sometimes more than once. Whereas he still hardly even knows me. Heck, I've NEVER gotten to suck him off yet, not even once! I'm getting all the psychological anguish without any of the good-tasting spermy reward."

Susan said encouragingly, "Don't worry, you will, and soon. With your looks, and your boobs, and your all-around enthusiasm, I'm sure you'll be a regular cocksucker before too long."

Brenda squeezed Susan's hand and smiled. "You say the nicest things. I can't wait! That would be a dream come true. But at the same time, that's probably just going to make my problem much worse. My life has been so empty, so devoid of meaning. And then he came along."

She paused dramatically, and then said, "I've totally fallen in love with him! I know I shouldn't, and that it'll only bring me heartbreak, but I can't help myself!"

Suzanne narrowed her eyes skeptically. "Hold on here. Fallen in love? Are you sure about that?"

Brenda admitted, "Well, I don't know if 'love' is really the best word. Maybe it's more really, really, REALLY intense lust. But I think that much lust must mean love too. After all, I feel like I'd do anything for him! Anything! I've never felt like this before, not even for either of my husbands. Last night was the BEST! Or the worst, depending on how you look at it. Alan, he... he... BROKE me! You, and him, the whole thing, it just... I feel like I've been absolutely ruined for all other men. The way I felt last night, I need it! Like a drug!"

If Susan's lust was measured by a red bar in a thermometer, Brenda's talk about being broken by Alan broke the thermometer. She loved thinking that her son could "tame" any woman he wanted, and Brenda seemed to be living proof that was true.



Brenda took a deep breath and went on, "That's my problem: it's my submissiveness. I'm just too damn submissive! I've kept that side of me buried deep for years, and now I can't control it! Suzanne, you encouraged me to explore those feelings and that Alan would be a safe target for that. So I did. And boy, do I regret it!"

"Why?" Susan asked, honestly confused.

"Because... it's just... too much! I can't do it halfway. I'm finding out I'm not wired that way. Last night just crystallized my feelings, which had already been growing really strong. I have a confession." She dropped her head as her cheeks blushed. "I... My greatest fantasy... I... Well... To be honest... I want Alan to... God, this is so hard to say!"

Seeing Brenda teetering on the brink, Suzanne authoritatively demanded, "Say it! Let it out!"

Chapter 628 Alan Is Going To TAME Me!

"Okay, I'm just gonna spit it out!" But Brenda still didn't say anything, and her face turned redder and redder. Finally, she blurted, "I... More and more, I'm thinking of Alan as my, my... my master!"

Now that she'd said that much, she lifted her head back up and the rest quickly spilled out of her. "I want to serve him... sexually! I want him to tell me what to do to him, to his cock! How to pleasure it, serve it, and love it! Just like you two do. I see that, I see how you're so devoted to keeping his big dick constantly throbbing with pleasure, and it's the most beautiful sight ever."

She looked plaintively to Susan. "Just thinking of you naked and on your knees, worshiping your son's cock for hours on end... it gives me shivers and goose bumps! I want all that, and more! I want to use my body, my curvy, buxom body, to satisfy his every desire!"

She paused, wondering if she was saying too much. But she decided she needed to lay all her cards on the table. "Sometimes, I get so carried away that I feel like I want, I want... God, I can't believe I'm about to say this, but... I want to be his slave! His sex slave!"

Upon saying "sex slave," she dropped her head and closed her eyes again, too ashamed to make eye contact. She expected there to be an uproar, but she was greeted by nothing but silence.

Suzanne thought, Hmmm. Interesting. VERY interesting! There's a lot I can do with that.

Susan thought, So I'm not the only one! That's my deep secret, my great shame. I can't even talk to Suzanne about it, or admit it to myself usually, but that idea arouses the heck out of me!bender

Brenda added in a defeated tone, "There. I said it. I'm all fucked up. My submissive side is far too strong! It's like some kind of monster that's been unleashed. Every day it grows stronger, especially after events like last night's party. It's consuming me, taking me over! I've been trying to hide this desire to have Alan as my master, even from you, Susan. But I can't lie anymore. Now you can see why I'm so distraught. I'm sick! I need to be institutionalized! Or at least I should go away, far away!"

Suzanne soothingly interrupted, "Now, hold on. You're overreacting. Nobody wants that. Right, Susan?"

"Right. Brenda, we're not mad at you. These things happen. I feel for you so much, because the same thing has happened to me."

Brenda finally opened her eyes and tentatively looked up just enough to see if Susan was lying. "Really?"

Susan said, "Really. Maybe my reaction isn't as strong as yours. I guess different people are wired differently. I'm also submissive at heart, but you're probably even more submissive than I am. So when we're exposed to the sexual power of a naturally superior man like Alan, our instinct is to submit and serve." She looked nervously at Suzanne as she added, "I must admit that I've had fantasies of having him as my master too."

"Really?!" Brenda looked up a bit more, her hope rising.

Suzanne was intrigued that Susan had confessed that, but she was hardly surprised; it fit in with Susan's recent general behavior.

Susan continued, "Definitely. Think about it. The way we live in this house these days isn't that far from a harem. Some might even call it that. When I get extremely aroused, which is quite often, all kinds of wild thoughts enter my head. My son and I have played around with some master-slave talk, and probably we'd do a lot more of that except for the fact that he usually feels uncomfortable about it."

Suzanne felt the need to get both Brenda and Susan to cool it down some. She wanted both of them to unleash their submissive sexual energies on Alan, but within limits. She knew that if they got talking to each other in an excitable and aroused manner, they could get completely carried away.

Therefore she interjected, "But keep in mind there's a difference between sexy talk and fantasies on one hand, and reality on the other. Sure, it's fun to think along those lines. Even I've had some fantasies about him like that. But ultimately, he is just an eighteen-year-old kid. He's Susan's son. It wouldn't be right to call him 'Master' for real. Susan and I are the authority figures around here. Yes, we lavish him with love and sexual attention, but when he screws up - and he does, believe me - we still need to be there to set him straight and punish him if need be."

She stared harshly at Susan as she added, "Already I'm concerned because Susan gets so horny that she sometimes forgets her motherly responsibilities."

Susan shamefully bowed her head. "It's true. I do."

Suzanne continued, "Technically, I'm not part of the family, but I'm his 'Aunt Suzy' in every meaningful way. So it often falls on me to be the tough one around here. We have enough problems with that kind of thing lately. My authority and Susan's authority would be even more undermined if he started to get called 'Master.'"

Brenda frowned. "So I am a freak. And what makes it so much worse is that he hardly even knows me. What if he's just not that into me? Do I come across as too needy? I live in fear that I won't even be invited to the next party!"

Suzanne said, "I think that's part of the problem, that you don't know him that well. It's easy to idolize someone when you only see the best side of them. Every time you come here, you see him acting like some kind of lord, a total stud ruling his roost, surrounded by beautiful women who are eager to please. You don't see him when he picks his nose, or has explosive diarrhea, or just lazes around watching some stupid program on TV. Ultimately, he's a pretty typical kid for his age. Sure, he's got a lot of great qualities, and obviously he has a very special sexual spark, but if you saw him sitting in a class full of kids, he wouldn't stick out."

Brenda started to sob. "I understand on some level that's true. And I keep telling myself that. But it doesn't help! It's like... I'm hard-wired to need some kind of master, and he's the first person to come

along to meet all the criteria, so I've latched onto him like my life depends on it. That's what I was trying to say at the start: it's not him, it's me. There's something in me that makes me want to obey and serve... and I hate it! That's why I fought it and kept it hidden all these years. And now those feelings and desires have escaped from the box I kept them in and I fear there's no going back. My life... it's ruined! I want to be an independent, modern, liberated woman, but there's this SICK part of me that prefers to see myself naked and on my knees, collared and chained!"

Before either other woman could figure out a response to that, she turned to Susan, with her tears falling freely. "One thing I don't understand is that you, of all people, know all of his foibles, his weaknesses. And yet you seem to put him up on a pedestal just like I do. Why is that?"

Susan took Brenda's hand again. "Brenda, I think you and I are very similar. I've been resistant to having you join our group, and to be perfectly honest, I'm still somewhat resistant. But I can totally relate to everything you're saying, because I've felt it to some degree too. And you're right that it's not so much Tiger as it is you, and me. I love him so much! I think he's the absolute greatest! But if I'm completely honest to myself, I have to admit that I'd probably have this need to sexually service him even if he wasn't half the wonderful man he is."

Brenda's crying increased when Susan said, "It's in me, this submissive drive. Just like for you, it was hidden inside me all these years. If you keep something under pressure a long time, when it finally comes out, it's like an explosion. That's what I'm going through right now, an explosion of lust and love and adoration for my son. I know on some level that's not normal and I'm probably getting carried away, but I can't help myself. Maybe, like you, I'm just made this way somehow."

Brenda was still crying, but Suzanne found a napkin and handed it to her.

As Brenda tried to wipe her face clean of tears, Suzanne said, "What we obviously have here is a mix of factors. Brenda, partly it is you and your submissive nature, and partly it's Alan and the way he's risen to the occasion and impressed us all with his sexual prowess and confidence. But even more than that, it's the whole situation."

Although Brenda kept on sobbing, she paid close attention to Suzanne's words.

"Take last night. Brenda, if you had the chance to be alone with him for an entire evening, I'm sure the two of you would have lots of sexy fun. But even so, I highly, highly doubt you'd have gotten as worked up as you did at the party. It's a group thing, where there's like a feedback loop and the energy rises higher and higher for everyone. We get that a lot around here. Even when I'm alone with him, I have a

sense that someone else like Susan might be watching or listening in, or even want to join in. And that makes it more exciting. Heck, to be honest, the mere fact that I have to share him with these other incredible, beautiful women adds to the excitement, even for me."

Susan nodded emphatically. "It's so true! Suzanne's right that it all adds up. And another thing: when I'm alone with him, I know I always have to do my absolute best to pleasure his cock, because on some level he'll be comparing my efforts to the likes of Suzanne, Katherine, Amy, and God knows who else!" She beamed with pride as she noted, "You know, he's pretty much tamed the entire cheerleading squad at school!"

"Susan," Suzanne chided, "that's an exaggeration."

"Is it? Really? Just this morning he pretty much admitted that he's played around with everyone on the squad and he's fucked most of them. Of course, since they're cheerleaders, they're all very busty and beautiful." Susan smirked and let that sink in. She particularly loved the gob-smacked look on Brenda's face.

She continued, "But my point is, that sense of friendly competition adds to the excitement. Heck, it seems EVERYTHING adds to the excitement! So, Brenda, don't feel bad if you feel like you're on a runaway train. We all feel that way. I know that even he feels like he's riding a wild bucking bronco, and he's wondering how long he can hang on."

"Really?!" Brenda was surprised by that, since she envisioned him as nearly infallible. Although she was impressed by the news about what he'd been apparently doing to the cheerleaders, she wasn't surprised since to her it made perfect sense that he was fucking the entire squad. She remained emotionally distraught, but at least she'd stopped crying.

Suzanne shrugged, and said, "It's true. He makes that kind of complaint all the time. Think about it from his perspective. He wasn't born a porn star. As recently as August, he'd never so much as really kissed a girl! So it's a wild ride for him. He does NOT stand 100 feet tall; I can't emphasize that enough. We've all jumped into unknown waters here, including him, and we're finding our way forward together."

Brenda started to get a little teary again. "But you have each other to help. Look at you two. Such great friends!" She nodded at their workout clothes. "You see each other every single day, without fail. Who can I turn to? I feel like some kind of submissive 'slave' freak, and I'm all alone!"

Suzanne was quick to soothe her before she started bawling again. "You have us! You do! We're here to help you, any time. Especially Susan. I've been encouraging you two to get to know each other better because I can see you have so much in common. You'll be best friends before long."

Brenda looked at Susan longingly, but she sniffed, "I wish. But Susan doesn't even like me!"

Susan said, "Not true. I LOVE our daily phone calls! I've felt a natural connection, and I love it, because I get a lot of benefit talking things over with others too. I can't deny that I've got some jealousy issues with you, but I'm doing my best to work through them. I'm sorry for being kind of mean last night. After you left, Tiger talked to me and got me to promise to help you along and not be jealous about it."

Brenda's hope soared. "He said that?!"

"He did."

"Wait, wait!" Brenda practically screamed. "What did he say, exactly?! This is extremely important!"

Susan said coyly, "I can't say. That would be betraying confidences, because I don't know how much he wants you to know. But at one point, I did say to him, and this is a direct quote, 'It's my duty to help you tame Brenda.'"

Brenda's eyes went wide and her mouth hung open. After a long pause, she said in a quiet, awed whisper, "Oh. My. God! Ohmigod!" Then she started to find her voice and said increasingly loudly, "No. No way! I'm going to be tamed?! He's going to tame me?!" Her heart began to thump fast and hard.

Susan reached out and squeezed Brenda's hand.

Brenda squeezed back. She was suddenly excited, like she was a special forces operative who had just been given an extremely dangerous mission, but a mission that could save the world from disaster. She suddenly felt light headed, and her pussy started to tingle and gush.

She thought, Oh God! Dear God! Alan is going to TAME me! Then I'll be effectively controlled and even owned, serving my master! I knew it already, but the confirmation is too much! What a RUSH! Her head lolled backward as she nearly swooned.

After a moment, she came back to her senses and asked in disbelief, "Are you serious about actually doing that?!"

Susan squeezed Brenda's hand again, and gave her a big smile. "Of course. After all, my son gave me a command, so I have no choice but to obey."

Brenda sat there, pondering that. Yes. Obey. OBEY! YES! I have no choice but to obey him too! Suddenly, she realized just how extremely aroused her body felt, although she was trying her best to hide it.

Finally, she let go of Susan's hand and said, "Shit! I'm really glad, and I thank you. But just hearing you talk about how you had no choice but to obey makes me seriously horny! Heck, even hearing the word 'tamed' makes me feel so giddy that I want to run around the room and jump up and down. Is there something wrong with me?"

Suzanne took Brenda's other hand this time and looked at her intently, using her commanding persona to emphasize her words. "There's nothing wrong with you. You're NOT a freak. Look at erotic fiction on the Internet. When there are stories of dominance and submission, I'd guess well over 95 percent involve a dominant man and a submissive woman. Or look at Harlequin romances. Every single damn one involves a confident, dominant man sweeping a beautiful woman off her feet as she swoons in his arms."

She continued, "I imagine there's a continuum about this kind of thing, and you just happen to be an outlier on one end of it. You feel bad because this is so uncool, so anti-women's lib, and so on. Hell, it's well known that many women have fantasies of being raped. True, it's a sexy kind of rape, not the real kind that usually involves violence, terror, and sometimes even death, but it's a rape fantasy just the same. But who would ever admit having a fantasy like that, even to close friends? It's taboo. It's embarrassing."

She further said, "One thing that's so great about our gang here in this house is that we're embracing these kinds of feelings instead of pretending they don't exist. Look at how Susan is embracing her submissive side. Sure, she's having some minor misgivings, but overall she's having great fun with it. Ditto with Katherine. I can guarantee you they've never been so happy!"

Susan emphatically nodded her head at that.

Suzanne went on, "So I say don't be ashamed if you fantasize about Alan being your master. Share your fantasies with us and we'll have a great time sharing our fantasies with you. Who knows? We might even help you live out some of them, some of the less extreme ones... for real."

Brenda looked like she wanted to cry again, but cry tears of joy this time. Her face lit up and it looked like she really was about to jump up and run around the room. "Are you serious? So you're not mad at me?"

Susan said, "Mad? Why would we be mad?"

"Because, well... everything! I've just sorta dropped into your lives from out of nowhere, and I'm causing all kinds of trouble, like interrupting your workout today. And God only knows what Alan will think of me and my crazy ideas. Here I am, getting a divorce. I should be looking for a new husband, but all I want to do is please my... please Alan." She looked abashed, because she'd almost called him "master."

Suzanne said, "Hold on here. Who says he has to know about your master fantasies? Look at you. You're beautiful! You're a perfect ten. You're so stacked that it's crazy, and we all know how much he loves that. Things got wild last night. You wound up naked before long, and he had a fun time groping your voluptuous body. I'm sure that before long you'll be sucking and stroking his cock most every time you come here."

Brenda's face lit up with hope again. "You think so? You really think so?!"

"I do. Don't you, Susan?" Suzanne wanted to make sure Susan was in agreement.

Susan nodded. "But of course! That's exactly what I said earlier. Tiger is building up a stable of the most gorgeous and sexually talented women to serve him. I'm sure you'll be in that mix. Mind you, that doesn't mean you'll be able to see him every day, or even every other day. But maybe a couple times a week, you'll be naked and kneeling and bobbing on his fat cock!"

Brenda had been slouching, but she sat up stiffly and eagerly upon hearing that. "You lie!"



Susan laughed at that, since Brenda clearly didn't mean it. "No I don't. And even though you'll only get to be invited here occasionally, when you are here, I'm sure he'll give you a lot of his attention since you're new and different. And your breasts! Girl, you'd better get used to having them fucked on a regular basis!"

## Chapter 629 Brenda X Suzanne

Suzanne could sense the time was ripe to further Brenda's indoctrination. She commanded in a voice that brooked no dissent, "Brenda! Stand up!"

Brenda was confused, but she promptly stood up straight and tall.

Suzanne continued in that voice, "STRIP! Now! Take off all your clothes!"

"But why-" Brenda started to ask.

"Don't ask why! Just do it!"

Brenda's submissive nature kicked in and she shed her clothes as fast as she could. When she was done, she resumed standing straight and tall with her arms at her side and her gaze staring straight forward, like a soldier at inspection.

Suzanne was pleased, but she didn't show it. She stood up too and pushed the chairs away so she could walk all the way around Brenda. She growled, "Arms pinned behind your back! Wrists crossed. Head bowed down. Legs spread wider. Tits thrust out, proudly!"

Brenda quickly complied with each of the commands as soon as they were out of Suzanne's mouth. Her face turned red and her legs trembled with arousal. When it seemed Suzanne was done, she meekly asked, "Like this?"

Suzanne ran a hand down Brenda's curvy naked body to her hips, and then said. "Legs wider. Oh, and thrust those tits out even more. Remember, tits like yours should always be displayed to advantage. Bend your back some, that helps."

Again, Brenda quickly complied.

Suzanne stood back to examine her. "Wider!"

Brenda spread her legs still wider, while keeping them ramrod straight.

But Suzanne still wasn't satisfied. "That may be good enough for most, but for Alan, you need to try harder. He may not ever be your 'master' per se, but if things go well he'll certainly end up controlling and owning you in some form."

Suzanne's words made Brenda shiver all over. It was like a dream come true to hear her talking about being controlled and owned by Alan. She had a very hard time staying still in her sexy pose. He's going to own me! And control me! TAME me! Oh God! Oh God! Can't... can't breathe! If he was here right now, I'd fall to my knees, spread my pussy lips open, and scream, "Fuck me! Fuck me, Master! Take me, I'm yours!"

Suzanne barked, "Quit squirming around! I know you're excited, but you have to learn to control yourself!"

With great force of will, Brenda managed to reduce her wiggling and gyrating of hips enough to mollify Suzanne. She remained so turned on that she wanted to scream her lungs out.

Susan was also more than a little antsy, because she felt a strong urge to follow the commands intended for Brenda. She secretly hoped that Suzanne would give her the same orders, but to no avail.

Actually, Suzanne was tempted to do just that, but she wanted to make clear to Brenda that even though Susan was submissive, she was still higher ranking than Brenda. She also wanted to emphasize Brenda's symbolically important nudity by keeping herself and Susan fully clothed.

Suzanne sat back down in her seat in front of Brenda, striking a very casual pose. "Good enough. By the way, Susan, look at her thighs. Can you believe how wet they're getting, in a matter of seconds?"

Susan was panting hard, half lost in her own submissive world. She definitely saw Brenda's wetness, but she was too spaced out to answer.

Suzanne looked at her best friend and smirked at that. Then she turned back to Brenda. "Now, let's turn your 'freaky' fantasies from the negative you thought they were into the positive you'll see they really are. Just because Alan doesn't like to be thought of as the master type doesn't mean you can't fantasize about that to your heart's content. You can. I fully expect you and Susan to keep up with your daily phone calls and tell her every last detail of your secret, naughty desires. And you are NOT going to hold back! Is that understood?"

Brenda nodded.

Suzanne pretended not to have seen Brenda nod. "I said, is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Brenda suddenly replied. She didn't even realize that she'd called Suzanne "Mistress," because she did so unthinkingly and it seemed perfectly fitting to her.

However, that term certainly surprised both Susan and Suzanne.

Suzanne was secretly pleased. But she decided to simply treat it as the new normal, and not worth mentioning. "At the same time, let's work on addressing your concerns. We've got a lot to talk about. Susan, you said that when you talked to Sweetie last night after the party, he made you promise to help Brenda along, correct?"

"Right." Susan nodded.

"Excellent." Then Suzanne said to Brenda, "Oh, by the way, feel free to sit down and relax."

Brenda quickly took a seat between Susan and Suzanne to start their discussion. She asked, "Um, can I put my clothes back on?"

Suzanne simply replied, "No." The fact that she didn't even give a reason served to further illustrate her domination over Brenda. After a long pause, she added, "I can help out some, but unfortunately, I have other things to do. Feel free to consult me when needed, but Susan, I'm putting you in charge of helping Brenda. Are you up to it?"

Susan replied, "Yes, definitely. But what's our goal, exactly?"

Suzanne waved a hand at Brenda's nude body. "Look at her. She's still a bit red-eyed and sad. With everything she has going for her, that should not be. So we need to cheer her up. And, of course, help make her fully Alan-worthy."

Susan nodded approvingly. "Okay. It sounds like a fun project."

Suzanne asked her, "You won't let your jealousy of her get the best of you? I know you had a relapse of sorts about that last night, due to some of his comments."

Susan spoke confidently. "I'm not perfect. But I've made a promise to you and another promise to Tiger that I'd do my best with Brenda, so that's just what I'm going to do."

"Good. I'm putting you in complete control of her then. If Brenda disobeys or displeases you in any way, you have the right, and even the duty, to punish her. Spank her if need be."

Susan's eyes widened. "Spank her?! I assure you that won't be necessary."

Brenda's heart started pumping hard and fast as her arousal level soared.

Suzanne's mention of a spanking was deliberate, since she knew Brenda had a special fetish about that. "We'll see about that. The point is, I'm delegating that authority to you when I'm not there to do it. Understood?"

Susan nodded. She was a bit overwhelmed by such power, but she was determined to do a good job.

Then Suzanne stared at Brenda. She didn't ask Brenda for permission about anything, since that in and of itself would be a sign of weakness.

Brenda tried to show her defiance by staring back, but that only lasted a second or two. She dropped her head and blushed some more. Oh shit! Suzanne just won that stare down contest. I all but gave her my permission to be disciplined through that and everything else she's been doing to me. My only chance is to speak up now. I must object! I just have to!

But dammit, I LIKE the idea of being punished. Being spanked, especially! Just look at Suzanne. She's so beautiful! So strong! To think: before too long, I'll be lying naked on her lap while she rains a flurry of hard slaps on my butt! DAMN, that sounds good!

And then she'll kiss me on the lips! And have her way with me! I'll have to serve her, just like I have to serve Alan! My master and my mistress!

Shit. Just listen to me. This is part of my sickness. I can't let myself think that way. It's doubly wrong with her, because she's a woman!

There was a long silence, giving Brenda ample opportunity to raise any objection. But she didn't say a word. Instead, she found herself gazing adoringly at Suzanne's body while being too afraid to make eye contact with her.

Finally, Susan said to Suzanne, "The only thing is, we've already talked about many of these things on the phone."

Suzanne smirked, knowing she'd just won an important victory over Brenda. She replied, "I'm aware. But think how much better it'll be in person. For instance, using a dildo instead of mere words to illustrate all your favorite moves."

Brenda shyly confessed, "I... I have been using a dildo, in practice. A lot, actually. I want to be... good for him." She bowed her blushing face.

The dildo mention gave Susan an idea. She took Suzanne aside and whispered in her ear so Brenda couldn't hear. "You know that gift you say you have for me to give to Brenda?"

"Yes?"

"How could you find it and have it ready?"

"Almost instantly. I have it gift wrapped and hidden in this house."

Susan did a double take. She look at Suzanne incredulously. "In THIS house?! How is that possible?!"

Suzanne smirked triumphantly. She whispered back, "Because I figured something pretty much exactly like this would happen. You'd want to give it to her, and nothing ever happens in my house, so of course you'd want it here."

Susan gave Suzanne a big hug and a kiss. "Thank you! My goodness! You are the BEST best friend in the history of best friends! Can you get it for her right now?! She could really use it. I think that'll help in a big way to put her worries about her feelings towards Tiger to rest."

"Agreed," Suzanne said. "You stall for time and I'll be right back."

Susan stalled for time, but she didn't have to do that for long, because Suzanne came back in less than a minute. Susan said, "Brenda, I want to say thanks again for the wonderful gift you gave me, and also how sorry I am for getting testy with you last night. I already was talking to Suzanne earlier how I wanted to give you a gift in return that would be just as incredible, but I lamented that no such gift could possibly exist. I was wrong!"

Brenda furrowed her brow, wondering what Susan meant by that.

Suzanne held a long box behind her back. She brought it to the front and handed it to Brenda.

Brenda eagerly took the box and ripped the wrapping to shreds. Her eyes lit up in awe and wonder when she opened the box and saw the copy of the Alan-sized vibrator. She looked back and forth between Susan and Suzanne. "How... How did you... Oh my Lord! It's... it's... a dream come true! How?!" She was flabbergasted.

Susan went on, "It turns out that Suzanne was thinking ahead. She anticipated your needs, and secretly had another copy made. Why I asked her what I should get you, she surprised the heck out of me with this too!"

Brenda reached into the box and pulled out a note.

Suzanne quickly said to her, "Please, read it out loud."

Brenda did so, "'Dear Brenda, I love your gift more than words can say. So much that I gave you the same thing! Suzanne assures me our two copies are the only copies in the whole world. I hope with all my heart that we'll become very good friends, like we should be. And I also hope that it won't be long until we're sucking and slurping on the real thing, together! Love, Susan.'"

Clutching the vibrator for dear life, Brenda rushed to Susan and gave her a bear hug. "Susan! This means so much to me! Not just the cunt-tingling gift itself, but the thought behind it! I hope even more that we'll become very good friends! I feel like I'm with family here! I'm so happy I think I'm going to cry!"

As Brenda continued to try to hug and kiss Susan to death, Susan managed to look over her shoulder to Suzanne. She made a very puzzled face, because she certainly knew that she didn't write the note that was inside the well-wrapped gift box. She was dying to know how Suzanne knew to write such a note, and furthermore knew exactly what to write.

Suzanne just gave her a knowing, smirky grin.

For the next few minutes, there was lots of hugging and kissing all around, as well as plenty of oohing and aahing over the vibrator. Remembering Susan's earlier words, Brenda similarly pronounced that the gift was worth more to her than if it had been made out of solid gold.

Eventually, Suzanne tried to get them back to what they had been talking about before, namely Brenda's use of a dildo to practice cocksucking, and Susan's project to make Brenda sexually worthy for Alan. Their discussion reached a point where she was able to ask Brenda, "Now that you have a vibrator exactly modeled on his cock, will that inspire your practices?"

"So much!" Brenda practically shouted with glee. "I get so excited just thinking about it! I'm going to wear this thing out today until I can't even more! I'm going to learn every last little bump and vein line! I know it's ambitious, but I want to learn to suck cock just as well as you and Susan do!"

Suzanne smirked. "That IS ambitious. You'll have to work hard at that, every day. But Susan can help you. I'm sure you'll have plenty to talk about, including sucking technique. Discussing sexy clothes to wear alone will take hours, I'm sure."

Suzanne redirected her attention to Susan. "So this project will take you days. Make that weeks if you teach her all I taught you about sashaying and generally moving sexily and controlling your body. There's a whole art to that. I can teach both of you how to do that, if you're interested."

Susan and Brenda nodded eagerly.

Suzanne concluded to Susan, "But in the near term, your goal should be to get Brenda ready in time for next week's poker party."

Brenda was brimming with excitement, but she couldn't help but sigh at that. "Awww. Next Wednesday? That's so long from now."

"Yes, I'm sorry about that. Maybe we'll find some other special events for you to attend before then. But keep in mind that Susan, Katherine, Amy, and I have known Alan pretty much since his birth, and he's gonna spend most of his time with us. If you want to be here more often you'll have to earn it by pleasing not only him, but all of us. In the meantime, you've got your gift to help keep you entertained."

Brenda considered all that, and resolved to do her best. But she said, "There's just one thing. Already, I worry that I'm too obsessed. All this talking plus the incredible gift is probably just gonna make me even MORE obsessed about him!"



Suzanne smiled enigmatically. "You're probably right about that." She winked. "But don't worry, I've got a plan. Ask Susan about those. They always work out to everyone's satisfaction."

Susan nodded. "It's so true. Suzanne's some kind of scheming genius. Just look at what she did as the secret genius behind the vibrator gifts for both of us. Put yourself in her hands, and my hands, and you can't go wrong."

Brenda nodded too. Put myself in Suzanne's hands... What a good idea! Look at her lips. What full, red lips... So sexy...

She found herself saying, "Wait a minute. I just realized I might need to be punished already, because I forgot about the 'hello kiss' tradition."

Suzanne's triumphant smile widened. "That you did." She stood up and crooked a finger at Brenda.

Brenda's heart thumped wildly as she put the vibrator down in a safe spot and then stepped forward towards Suzanne. She was painfully aware of the fact that she was completely nude while Suzanne was fully dressed. In fact, Suzanne's exercise outfit didn't cover much, but the disparity symbolized the power differential between them.

Suzanne took the opportunity to further cement her control over Brenda. She started off just French kissing her, but once she had her extremely hot and bothered from all the tongue dueling, she roamed her hands at will over Brenda's nude curves.

The kiss kept going, and before long, Suzanne had two fingers in Brenda's pussy and was steadily pumping them in and out. Her other hand clutched Brenda's ass cheeks, keeping her close.

Brenda, by contrast, was fascinated by Suzanne's big tits. Once she got over her initial shock, she loved to caress them with both of her hands, as well as pressing her own even larger melons against them. The fact that Suzanne was still wearing her skin-tight exercise top didn't hinder her much.

All of this was simply too exciting for Brenda, and she had to break the kiss to cry out, "Suzanne! Mistress! I have to warn you, if you keep doing that, I'm going to cum! Hard!"

"What, do this?" Smirking, she plunged her two fingers even deeper into Brenda's slit.

Brenda screamed, "Yes! That!"

Suzanne could see that Brenda was right on the edge, and her first instinct was to say, "Go ahead and cum then." But she came up with a better idea instead, and said, "Hold on! Do NOT cum!"

Brenda's face looked pained, even tortured. It was clear that she was trying her hardest to hold back. However, it also was clear that it was a losing battle, especially since Suzanne kept on relentlessly frigging Brenda's cunt.

Susan could see Brenda's predicament, and her heart went out to her. "Brenda, hold on! You can do it! Be strong! Think about Tiger. Think about being good for him. That means being obedient. You must prove that you're worthy of being tamed!"

Those words helped Brenda greatly. Tamed! Being tamed! Alan is going to TAME me! I have to be worthy! She gritted her teeth and steeled her nerves.

Suzanne spoke while continuing to hold Brenda and finger her pussy. "You're very wet. Your cunt gets wet extremely easily, doesn't it?"

Brenda meekly replied, "It... it does." She added giddily, "Especially with all this talk about taming!"

"That's good, very good. Sweetie's cock is thick and long. It's nice to be wet and eager, ready for him to plunge into you balls-deep at any time."

Hearing that practically made Brenda swoon. She was dying to kiss Suzanne again, and kiss and fondle her for hours.

But instead, Suzanne gave her a very hard slap on her ass cheek. Then she gave her another one on her other ass cheek. "That's a taste of what'll happen to you if you're bad. Or... if you're very good." She winked saucily.

That aroused Brenda so much that she did swoon, and in fact she very nearly passed out. Her desire to cum was overpowering. She whispered in awe, "Oh, Mistress!"

Susan was standing by, also hot to trot from watching all the kissing and mutual groping. So when Suzanne passed Brenda's limp body to Susan, Susan was ready to hold her up.

Brenda quickly revived upon realizing that she was being passed from one voluptuous beauty to another. She channeled all the sexual energy she'd been wanting to direct at Suzanne towards Susan by kissing her on the lips.

However, Brenda was still too wiped out from her swoon to be able to do much more than kiss.

Just when the two bombshells started to get into fondling each other, Suzanne clapped her hands. "Let's get started!"

Brenda and Susan reluctantly let go of each other, and all three women sat back down at the table. Brenda was crushed that she hadn't been able to climax, but at the same time she felt strangely satisfied that she'd been denied permission. Plus, the fact she hadn't cum kept her flying high with arousal.

It was hard to act as if everything was normal. Both Brenda and Susan were slightly out of breath, which caused their chests to heave up and down. It was an inspirational sight (even though Susan's chest was still covered with her workout outfit). However, Suzanne stared at them impatiently, showing she expected them to start talking, so they started to talk.

Susan started things off. "So... Why don't we talk about, uh, kissing? Tiger's a very good kisser, you know. That's one reason us ladies do all this hello and goodbye kissing, to stay in practice and learn from each other. How many times has he kissed you?"

Suzanne watched approvingly as Susan and Brenda began talking in a happy and friendly manner. Clearly, the kissing had helped bring them even closer together, and that nicely fed into an excitement to discuss kissing techniques. That's good so far, but what is my plan with Brenda? My goal has been to bring her closer to us so she won't spill our secrets, incestuous and otherwise. We're well on the way with that.

But what then? I don't want her to be TOO close. God knows I'm sharing Sweetie with too many other women as it is, due to his unexpected successes with the likes of Ms. Rhymer and Heather. But Brenda is special. I get a rush trying to turn her fully bisexual and imagining her as my little love slave as well as his. I can't let my own lust drive all my thinking on this though. The key thing is to make it abundantly clear that she can only see him when I invite her here. That way, if she gets to be too much she'll be here less, and if she works out well, she can be here more.

Dammit! Just look at her. Sitting there fully naked, embarrassed at the way I'm staring at her, but still trying to brave it out. It makes me too damn fucking horny! My lust is definitely trumping reason in her case, but so what? I deserve some Brenda fun after all I've accomplished with my overall plans, and the more we let her into our world, the more she'll love it, so it's win-win all around.

When Suzanne had said that she couldn't stay long because she had some other things to do, she'd only had a vague sense that she needed to be somewhere else soon. But now that she had more time to think, she remembered that she was supposed to have already left for Los Angeles to meet up with Xania.

As a result, she interrupted the other two and reminded Susan how she'd told her earlier she had errands to do. She gave Susan and Brenda sexual goodbye kisses, but she kept them relatively short and tame because she was suddenly feeling anxious about being late.

Right as she was about to leave, she said to Susan, "Oh, by the way, I'm leaving you in charge, if I didn't make that clear enough already. I do expect you to give permission for Brenda to have her climax... eventually." She winked.

Soon, she was out the door and on the highway. She was glad she drove a sporty silver Mazda RX-7 with the Performance Enhancement Package, because this was one time she was going to blow past the speed limit.

Chapter 630 It's Just A Matter Of Time Before He's Going To Be Fucking YOUR Ass!

As soon as Suzanne was gone, Brenda was on Susan like white on rice. Her arousal level was still sky high, and she was craving relief. Her hope was that she and Susan would French kiss for a nice long while.

She was keen to take off Susan's exercise outfit so they could revel in their nudity and fully explore each other's bodies. She hoped that, soon, Susan would finger her pussy and give her the great orgasm that she so desperately needed.

However, Susan had other ideas. She did neck with Brenda, but only for a minute or so before she disengaged and took a few steps back.

Brenda was puzzled, not to mention disappointed. "What... what are you doing? Don't you like the way I kiss and hold you?"

Susan smiled warmly. "Sure I do. But I could tell you were about to cum, even without me touching you down there. And you heard what Suzanne said. I have permission to let you cum, but only... 'eventually.'"

Brenda dropped her head in defeat. "Darn it. That sucks." Seeing Susan start to walk back through the house towards the kitchen / dining room area, she reluctantly followed her.

When they got to the kitchen, Susan said, "I don't know about you, but I'm thirsty. Want something to drink?" She reached for two glasses in an upper cabinet.

"Sure," Brenda said glumly. "Whatever you're having." She was still bummed about not being able to climax yet. She could feel her arousal level dropping, which would make it harder for her to cum if they started playing around again, and that only increased her frustration.

After Susan poured two glasses of milk and handed one across the counter to Brenda, she said, "Awww, come on. Why the sad look?"

"It's just that... I was so close."

Susan walked around the counter to sit on one of the stools. But then she decided it would be more comfortable to move to one of the sofas in the living room, so she headed there, forcing Brenda to follow her again.

Once they were seated, facing each other on different sofas, Susan spoke as she sipped her milk. "Don't be upset. We've got lots of time. Do you have anywhere you need to go?"

"No," Brenda admitted. She drank her milk too, but what she really wanted to do was play with herself until she got her much needed release. She felt increasingly awkward that she was completely naked (except for her high heels) while Susan was still dressed in her skin-tight exercise outfit.

Susan smiled encouragingly. "There you go, then. These hours when my Tiger is in school can be agonizingly slow for me. I love that you're here with me to help pass the time. And we've got LOTS to discuss! And as far as not being able to cum yet, think of it as a good training exercise. Remember, if Tiger is going to tame you - and he will, have no doubt about that - you're going to frequently experience frustration and humiliation like this, whether you want to or not. I'm sure it won't take long before he'll have you on your knees desperately begging and pleading for permission to cum!"

There was a fiery look in her eyes as she added, "And once it starts, it'll never stop. The life of a big-titted sex pet is one of constant shame. You'll have NO dignity. Remember, your body will exist for HIS pleasure! Does that bother you?"

"Well..." Brenda was conflicted and didn't know how to respond, because it sounded both wonderful and frightening at the same time. She was so exhilarated that she found it hard to breathe.

Susan said, "Remember that I'm in the same boat as you. He's already done that kind of thing to me, many times. And I don't know about you, but it makes me so hot!"

There was a long pause while Susan waited for a response.

Brenda thought, Dammit, every single time I come here, it seems I end up naked and humiliated. Even when Alan isn't around. Think how much worse it'll be when he's my boss. My... my... lord and master!

The phrase "lord and master" was like an instant aphrodisiac for her, reminding her of her pivotal first private conversation with Alan.

He's going to teach me my place over and over again. My proper role... as one of his big-titted sex pets! Spanking my ass, slapping his big cock against my face, spraying his hot cum on me... and IN me... I bet he'll make me wear his cum on my face all day long, even in front of others... Oh! HOT DAMN!

Finally, Brenda grinned and admitted, "Okay, I'll admit it makes me really hot and bothered too. But that doesn't make it any less frustrating while it's happening!" She pouted, "Like right now. Can I play with myself? Please?"

"No, you may not." Susan got a slight rush out of saying that, which surprised her a little.

"Argh!" Brenda's bare ass squirmed all over the sofa. She sat on her hands to help resist temptation. At the same time, she tried to kickstart an interesting conversation to get her mind off the nagging desire she felt in her pussy and nipples. "So... What was this you were saying about Alan and the big-titted cheerleaders?"

Susan's face brightened. "Oh, isn't it wonderful? Unfortunately, I don't know many of the details yet - I just get hints here and there, since he says he can't kiss and tell. But it sounds like he's turning the cheerleading squad into his own personal harem at school! Isn't that just the hottest thing you've ever heard?"bender

"It is!" Brenda started squirming in her seat again. "That goes to show that no woman can resist him!"

A burning wave of arousal hit Brenda like she was standing next to a blast furnace. As much as she would have liked to hear more, this wasn't the time. She decided that they needed to talk about something else or her urge to cum would reach unbearable levels before long. So she said, "Um, let's talk about that later. What about you? How have you been doing lately?"

The disappointment on Susan's face was obvious - she'd been looking forward to having an extensive, arousing talk about Alan playing with the cheerleaders, even if they had to make it all up themselves.

But she recovered quickly. "Oh, good, good. Let's see... I haven't updated you on things since you left yesterday, have I?" Her eyes went wide when she recalled all over again what had happened to her last night.

"No, you haven't." Brenda tried to brace herself, because this could be extremely arousing too. But her curiosity made her incapable of changing the subject.

Susan put down her unfinished glass of milk and sat up eagerly on the edge of her sofa. "My gosh! So much has happened since the party last night! So much!"

Brenda had just removed her hands from under her ass. She already was wondering if that was a wise move. She sat up straighter, her interest growing. "Really? What?"

Susan grabbed the edges of the sofa. "Hold on to your hat! You won't believe this! My Tiger... he fucked Suzanne in the ass last night!"

"NO!" Brenda was genuinely surprised, and she felt a thrill run down her spine.

"Yes! What's more, I pretty much saw the whole thing!"

"Oh God, NO!" Brenda loved that even more, and easily imagined peeking in on such a sexy scene.

Susan's head was filled with a clear picture of what she'd seen. "YES! I'm telling you, it's true! And it was amaaaazing!"

"But, but... I thought he was all worn out after I left."

Susan snickered. "Him? Worn out? Are you kidding me? He was just getting warmed up! I sucked his damn huge cock for such a very long time too!"

"NO!"

"Yes!"



"NO!" Brenda had to sit on her hands again to stop herself from masturbating. She was frustrated that she was naked but felt unable to capitalize on it.

"I'm telling you, it's true! It was INTENSE! It seems that all that oral fun I love so much pales in comparison to anal sex! I simply can't believe it, and yet at the same time I can't get the thought of it off my mind. In the hours since then, I've been thinking about anal sex even more than cocksucking and titfucking combined!"

"Wow!" Brenda sat back on her sofa, thoroughly impressed, letting that big news sink in.

Susan was so eager that she practically slid off the front edge of her sofa. "Brenda, I'm telling you, seeing his thick cock slide in and out of Suzanne's tiny little back door... it's like nothing I've ever seen or imagined! How could such a huge cock get in such a tiny hole?! How?!"

There was a pause until Brenda realized she was expected to answer. "I don't know!" Her head was spinning with excitement so much that she had to gasp for air.

"I don't know either! I mean, what if that's ME?! What if that's MY ass? Should a handsome, virile son like him fuck his own mother's ass?!"

Brenda knew that was a rhetorical question, but in her mind she thought, YES!

"And you should have seen her! Dear Lord, have mercy! She was screaming and thrashing around, begging for more, cumming over and over until she was practically drowning with total erotic, orgasmic overload! He kept on ruthlessly drilling her, taming her, pounding her poor tiny anus until she literally cried tears of joy!"

She spoke louder and faster with growing excitement. "He MADE HER take him up the ass and she took it ALL! He even came inside her while she shivered and shook and trembled in orgasm! With her butt stuffed full to bursting with his cock! And I stood there naked at Tiger's door, secretly watching the whole thing! God, was it SO HOT!"

Brenda was regretting this change of topic, because it was even more arousing than talking about Alan and the cheerleaders. But she was so horny that she simply couldn't control herself anymore. She pulled

her hands out from under her ass cheeks again and began wantonly pulling on her nipples and her clit. "You know what this means, don't you?"

"No. What?" Susan was suddenly so carried away that chastising Brenda for playing with herself was the last thing on her mind.

"You're next! It's just a matter of time before he's going to be fucking YOUR ass! It's inevitable!"

Susan silently gasped. Oh my goodness! But it's true! It must be true! He WILL!

"And then he's going to get to the rest of us," Brenda intimated firmly. Then her eyes widened as she breathed huskily, "That means he's gonna fuck my ass too!"

"Oh Lord! Dear God! Please, Lord, please, have mercy!" Susan decided that playing with herself just like what Brenda was doing was a very good idea. She was frustrated though that she was still wearing her exercise outfit. So she frantically pulled it all the way off, needing to get to her pussy and nipples.

Brenda continued, "It's true! Susan, I hope you enjoy feeling comfy sitting like you are. Soon, you'll hardly be able to sit at all, and that'll be a permanent condition since your ass will always be recovering from some recent anal spearing he's given you! Not to mention all the spankings!"

Susan gasped, and clutched at her now fully exposed rack. "'Spearing?' Do you have to use that word? It sounds so... invasive. Like he's going to split me in two."

Brenda wantonly fondled herself all over as she panted, "Yes, I do! And he will! His massive cock is going to penetrate your ass over and over again, like a thick spear or lance! And there's nothing you can do about it but wantonly churn your hips on his stiff snake and totally love it!"

Susan was still holding her tits with one hand, but her other hand had already migrated to her pussy and she was digging two fingers deep into her slit in the best imitation of a "spearing" that she could imagine. "But... what if I don't want that? The idea of anal sex makes me more than a little bit squeamish. Some things just aren't natural. Unholy, even! If God wanted people to-"

Brenda cut her off brusquely. "Shut up! Don't even say that. Sorry to be rude, but that's not the Susan I know talking; that's the old you. I've heard about the prudish way you were brought up. You know who told you that? Some deeply sexually unsatisfied religious nuts!"

Susan frowned. "Hey! You're talking about my family." Nonetheless, she didn't stop masturbating.

"So what? Look, I'll admit that I don't know your family from Adam, but I'm willing to hazard a guess here. Did you ever have any hint or clue that your parents enjoyed sex? Or your preacher or anyone else filling your head with this claptrap?"

Susan admitted, "To be honest, I can't imagine my parents or any of them even having sex, much less enjoying it. But they must have done something, because families with lots of children were the general rule where I grew up, including mine."

"Maybe so. But can you imagine your mother joyously screaming out as an orgasm rips through her? Or her luxuriating in the total joy of giving your father a great blowjob? Or even her giving him a blowjob at all, ever?"

Susan conceded, "I'm sure they've never done that. Father would say that's unnatural, and a sin."

"And what do YOU say about it?"

Susan sat up stiffly and proudly. "Why, blowjobs are just about the most wonderful thing on God's green Earth! I honestly don't know what I'd do if I couldn't slurp and suck on my Tiger's sweet, hot cock for hours at a time! Well, okay, maybe not hours at a time, but maybe someday. A girl can dream."

She stared off into space with a blissful smile. "There's something so magical, so precious, so thrilling about being naked between his legs. Just that alone gets me so hot, especially when he's fully clothed and I'm wearing just my high heels. Mmmm! God, I feel helpless to his sexual power. And then I take a big whiff of his manly scent, and blow a puff of air on his sweet spot... Mmmm! I'm rewarded with my first sexy moan from him! And then... feeling my lips stretch around his thickness.... Aaaah!"

She snapped back to reality and said emphatically, "Every part of it is my favorite! Every part!"

Brenda chuckled at that while she continued to masturbate too. "You see? If you listened to your parents, you'd never do that at all. And yet you continue to heed their advice on anal sex?! Don't you remember how deliriously overjoyed Suzanne was last night when he was spearing HER ass? So you know everything you learned about anal sex is wrong."

Susan fretted, "I know, I know! But it's one thing to know that in theory. My revulsion is so deeply ingrained that I can't simply turn it off, like flipping a light switch."

Brenda pointed out, "But at the same time, the idea of it arouses you greatly. I can tell. For instance, you can't stop playing with yourself, even while talking about your objections."

"Hey! You're playing with yourself too."

Brenda laughed, because it was true. But she didn't want to stop now. However, she also was careful not to get too overheated. She was close to the cusp of an orgasm again, and she was determined not to cum, not until Susan gave her permission. Somehow, that had become very important to her.

Although her new vibrator was resting in a box nearby, she knew she couldn't use it, unless she was going to break Suzanne's command not to cum until it was time. She tried not to think about it.