

SPACER **X** STORIES

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Dating Maggie

an e-novel by

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Prologue: Hillary & Maggie

Nick was obsessed, doubly obsessed.

His first obsession was a high school classmate named Hillary. She had a body to die for: huge and shapely breasts, long muscular legs, a perfect bubble butt, and a face that was somehow both sultry and girl-next-door innocent. The thing he liked most about her face was that she was almost always sporting a big smile, reflecting her inner happiness and natural kindness.

But her looks were just one part of why he was deeply in lust and love with her. She was smart - incredibly smart, in fact. Like him, she was seventeen years old and just starting "Advanced Studies," a program for a small number of very gifted students that was on an even more advanced track than the usual gifted track.

One thing that made Hillary stand apart was her "hippie chick" personality. She had hippie parents, and one could see some of the "hippie" in her too. Her dress style was extremely casual, as if she didn't care at all about what people thought of her. Sometimes, she even wore tie-dye shirts, which was almost unheard of in Nick's school.

Despite her stellar academic record, she wasn't any kind of geek. There were many stories and rumors about her wild side. For one thing, it was well known that she liked to get high. It seemed to be a legacy from having hippie parents, especially since she only showed interest in "hippie drugs" like pot, LSD, and mushrooms. She loved rock and roll and was musically talented on top of everything else. She also had a "hippie" taste in music, loving classic rock from the late sixties most of all.

She was openly bisexual, and proud of it. She considered herself equally attracted to both sexes. She dated girls just as often as guys, and didn't sneak around to date girls either. A lot of people in the area where they lived - Orange County, California - especially parents and teachers, frowned at her defiantly open bisexual stance. Not surprisingly, images of Hillary getting it on with other women filled Nick's fantasies.

It was also clear that she had a very active sex life. It seemed she was always dating somebody: if it wasn't a handsome guy, then it was a

gorgeous girl. There were rumors of her taking part in orgies, gangbangs, and who knows what else.

Whatever Hillary did, that's what Nick wanted to do too. Whatever she liked, he liked. He worked hard at school so he could be in the same gifted classes as she was. He jogged almost every morning, even though he hated it, just because Hillary did it. Hillary lived nearby, and sometimes when he got lucky they would cross paths when she was jogging.

However, Nick wasn't some kind of stalker. In fact, he was just the opposite. He appeared to pay no special attention to what was happening to her when he sat near her in class, which was most of the school day. But other than the classroom interactions expected of him, he went out of the way to avoid interacting with her. It wasn't that he wanted to, but he was shy and even afraid of her. She knew his name well, because of the classes they shared together, and they said "hi" or "what's up?" or the like to each other every now and then. But that was it. Having to actually talk to her beyond the "Hey, how are you doing?" level was absolutely frightening for him.

Hillary was only Nick's first sexual obsession. If anything, he was even more obsessed with his mother Margaret. When he was at school he would endlessly obsess about Hillary, and then he'd spend the rest of his hours at home obsessing about his mother. And the two were interrelated, because Hillary and Margaret shared many similarities.

Most obviously, they looked very much alike. Like Hillary, Margaret was a complete knockout. And also like Hillary, she didn't seem to be aware of that fact, or at least she didn't let it go to her head. Margaret was just a normal mother, doing normal motherly things. The fact that she had a body that could easily grace the cover of Playboy or feature in a porn film was something that took him a long time to appreciate as he was growing up. Only when he hit puberty did he start to realize that she was more than just a soccer mom with above-average looks - she was totally hot!

Margaret and Hillary had the same curvy but fit physiques. Margaret worked out religiously, and as a result her looks completely defied her age. Nick had surreptitiously checked Margaret's bra size once, discovering that she wore E-cups (on a scale that included double-D cups). After countless

hours of furtive staring across classrooms, he decided Hillary wore the same size, or perhaps even larger.

Their faces were very different, but they both had that sexy-yet-innocent look that really aroused Nick. Both radiated health, happiness, and wholesomeness.

They even had the same shade of brown hair, although Hillary kept hers long and straight while Margaret kept hers short and a bit curly. They both had brown eyes. Their nice tans with rosy cheeks suggested they spent a lot of time out in the sun.

Technically, Margaret was Nick's second overt obsession, not his first, because he'd felt a strong attraction to his mother for a long time. But he didn't consciously realize it or allow himself to "go there," so he'd been projecting those feelings onto Hillary from the start of junior high. Only much later, around the time he started high school, had he allowed himself to masturbate about his mother.

Even then, he long denied that Oedipal attraction as much as he could. Yet slowly but surely, his feelings for her had developed into an undeniably full-blown obsession. She was simply too sexy to resist! Like Hillary, she dressed down in a casual style, but there was no way to completely hide her voluptuous curves.

Nick's obsessions left him profoundly unhappy. He didn't have the guts to approach the very popular Hillary at school. Worse, any thought of doing something sexual with his mother at home was completely out of the question. He was a virgin in every way. He had never even been on a date or kissed a girl, because he had no interest whatsoever in anyone other than Margaret or Hillary, and both of them seemed hopelessly out of his reach.

Nick's parents Margaret and Andy had seemed to have a typical marriage up until two years earlier, when two pivotal events happened in quick succession. First, Margaret discovered that Andy had been having a long-term affair with a neighbor. Andy was quite a handsome and charming man, which helped explain how he'd won Margaret in the first place. But even though their marriage had been a happy and sexually active one, he couldn't resist using his charms on others.

Margaret was devastated. But Andy was too, since he really loved his wife, yet thought he could cheat without major consequences.

The second pivotal event quickly followed. The night Maggie found out, he went driving in a nearly suicidal mood and ended up in a terrible car crash. Miraculously, he was pulled out of the tangled wreck still alive, but his legs were never the same after that.

He walked with a cane thereafter, wobbling and limping painfully with each step he took. He couldn't go up or down stairs, and he often got around the house by rolling an office chair over the hardwood floors. He could still ride in a car as a passenger, but he preferred not to leave the house unless he absolutely had to.

The accident put Margaret in a fix. Had it not been for his injuries, she would have divorced him since his cheating wasn't just a drunken one-night stand or something like that. His affair had gone on for years. To make matters much worse, it soon came out that it wasn't the only affair he'd had. However, with Andy so severely injured, she felt obliged to take care of him.

Somehow, Margaret and Andy's marriage limped on, but all the love and trust was gone. They mostly stayed together because they thought it would be better for Nick. But it was more like they were roommates instead of spouses. They agreed that their marriage was effectively over; and the only reason they were delaying their divorce was so that their family would continue to live together until Nick graduated from high school. Rather than argue and fight all the time, they kept their emotional distance from each other and lived generally unhappy lives.

Margaret had no intention of resuming sexual relations with Andy, due to all of his cheating. But it turned out even that was impossible, because Andy had also been made impotent by the accident. While he still had all his equipment, he could no longer achieve an erection. He might have gotten better, but he had grown so depressed and sullen that he refused to take part in any physical therapy. Luckily, he had a job that he could do from his home computer, otherwise he probably wouldn't have been able to work at all.

Although Maggie and Andy slept in separate bedrooms and didn't have much to do with each other anymore, Andy still selfishly used Margaret as his maid and cook, leaving her very unhappy with the situation. But, due to his injury, she took pity on him.

Andy and Margaret had always hidden their sex lives from their son, so it took a long time before Nick had even realized what was going on. Although he knew something terrible had happened around the time of Andy's accident to tear his parents apart, he had not learned of Andy's history of cheating. He also didn't know about Andy's impotence. He'd only overheard cryptic disparaging comments about his father from his mother's friends, when they thought they were talking with her in private.

Then one day Nick overheard a conversation that changed his life. Margaret was conversing with her best friend Sally in the living room, and neither of them realized that Nick had wandered into the adjacent kitchen for a snack. After a couple of minutes, Sally got to the heart of the matter and said to Margaret, "When are you going to get off your ass? I understand you stick with Andy because of Nick, but Nick is nearly an adult now. He's going off to college soon, and then what? Will you STILL stay with Andy?"

"No," Margaret replied. "No way. You know I told you that already, and I'm more determined than ever. This dead marriage is slowly killing me. Andy knows we have no future, and he's resigned to it."

"Well then, you need to start looking NOW! Get a grip! Start dating already. What are you waiting for?"

"You know what I'm waiting for," Margaret testily complained. "As long as I'm married, I intend to honor my marriage vows."

"But Andy-" Sally started to say.

"I know, I know. He certainly didn't honor his vows. He cheated, lied, and betrayed my trust repeatedly. But so what? If he took drugs, does that mean I also have to? I would be a hypocrite after what I've said to him about his cheating if I were to go and do the same thing myself."

Sally complained, "But it's totally different! For one thing, he can't even get it up anymore. You haven't had any sex in TWO YEARS! Hell, I can't imagine going two weeks, let alone two whole years. But more importantly, he's GIVEN YOU PERMISSION! He actually said he'd honestly prefer that you have affairs rather than being forced to remain celibate because of the mistakes he made. He'd feel less guilty about that. Come ON! The only caveat is that you be discreet, so he doesn't have to know. So what are you waiting for?"

Margaret didn't reply.

Sally sighed with frustration, then continued, "I keep pointing this out, and you keep bringing up your 'honor your marriage vows' crap. You're gonna lose out and miss the man of your dreams. You won't look young and hot forever, you know. Besides, you're totally miserable. Sometimes I honestly want to slap you silly because of your stubborn attitude. Isn't there ANY scenario where you could at least sate your sexual urges so you aren't moping around all the time?"

Margaret considered that carefully, then said, "If I could find a guy just like a human dildo, someone I could have sex with without any strings attached, I'd go for it in a heartbeat. But there are always strings attached. Finding the right guy who could be discreet about that would be a huge challenge. I wouldn't want to be vindictive and throw my affairs in Andy's face. Two wrongs don't make a right. And then I wouldn't want Nick to know. So discretion would be key."

She went on, "But even if I found a discreet lover, that would just create a whole lot of new problems. He could get too attached to me. Or I could get too attached to him. There are sexual diseases to worry about. And on and on. And I'd have to change partners frequently or we'd develop at least some emotional attachment no matter how hard we fought it. So I'd go through the same hassles over and over again. It's just not worth it. My trusty dildo does me just fine, thank you very much."

Sally pointed out, "But you WANT to develop emotional ties. If you'd break your marriage vows anyway, then find yourself Mr. Right! Why wait?"

Margaret groused, "But it's different. It was the obvious love between Andy and his primary girlfriend that really killed me. That hurt me way more than all his other lovers combined. I wouldn't wish that kind of pain on my worst enemy, not even Andy. He's already a beaten man due to his injuries. I'm not going to kick him when he's down. I can wait a little longer until Nick graduates from high school; then I'll get a divorce and start living my life again. I've been staying in tiptop shape and working on an all-over tan. When the time comes, I'll be ready to hit the ground running."

"The time is NOW!" Sally complained. But when she didn't get a reply, she asked a bit shyly, "Wait a minute. You're working on an all-over tan? Seriously?"

Margaret said proudly, "I should rephrase that: I have an all-over tan already. You know how bored I am most of the day. Well, while Nick is in school, I go to our sun roof. There's perfect privacy up there, and of course Andy can't go up there due to his injured legs."

"Wait. So you get totally naked outside, every single day?!"

"Some days. It's been hard to find the time this summer, since Nick is home so much, but I manage. It's kind of fun. And my tan-lines are long gone!"

From Nick's perspective, the conversation went off on a tangent about tans from that point.

Shortly thereafter, Nick managed to steal away without being discovered. He was so horny with thoughts of his mother naked and tanning all over, plus excited from everything else he'd learned, that he rushed straight to his room to masturbate - twice. He had a curious tendency to "cum in twos," as he called it to himself, because he would typically stay erect after cumming the first time but always go flaccid after cumming the second time. He also just tended to masturbate a lot, cumming about four to six times a day.

It took him a while to process all of that shocking news. Nearly all of it was news to him, even though he'd already guessed that his dad had cheated, since it was the best explanation for his mother's coldness to his father.

He'd long suppressed his lust for his mother, figuring the odds of them ever getting intimate were beyond impossible. Even if it weren't for the age difference, the incest, and the fact that she was still respecting her marriage vows, he felt he just wasn't that handsome. There wasn't anything wrong with him; he was just ordinary by many measures. For instance, he was five foot nine - only an inch taller than both Maggie and Hillary - and of average weight and muscularity for his age. He didn't stand out in any way except for his intelligence, but he felt that his being smart reduced his attractiveness to girls rather than helped.

By and by, he came to think: *Why not me? If Ma were to have sex with me, she wouldn't have to worry about all those problems. In fact, I'm the one person in the world who could be a reliable sex partner for years to come without having to worry about the attachment problem. And I'm right here in the same house - it would be so perfect!*

But then he reconsidered. No. She's my mom. My fuckin' MOM! That's so wrong! It doesn't matter how hot and sexy she is; she's still my mother. Dammit! Dammit! She'd never be willing in a million years.

Life is so cruel. Why the hell do I have to have a mother who's simply the most arousing woman on the entire planet? I can't even hear her name mentioned without getting a hard-on. And now to find out she's not having sex with Dad... It's like God is fucking with my head just to torture me. Damn!

From that point on Nick actively fantasized about really having sex with his mother. The fact that there was at least a remote possibility something could actually happen made his masturbation sessions much more arousing and emotionally powerful than ever before.

He was surprised at how little guilt he felt about it. He worried that she would disapprove, but he didn't care much about how his father Andy felt. Partly that was because he'd lost so much respect for Andy after finding out that he'd been a multiple cheater. But as time went on, Nick realized more and more that Andy had stopped being a good father long before he'd been exposed as a cheater. Andy had been a very good father when Nick was young, but around the time that Nick hit puberty, Andy had started to withdraw, seemingly losing interest in all father-son-related activities. It was at that same time that Andy had become a much worse husband to Nick's mother.

Nick didn't understand why that had happened, and because he'd grown so distant from Andy he had never even felt like asking. It was easier for him to just keep a distant truce going, presumably until he graduated and moved away. But Nick had his own theory as to the cause: he believed that Andy had become distant around the same time that he'd established a serious romantic relationship outside his marriage, causing him to put more time and energy into his illicit affairs than with his family.

In hindsight, Nick wondered whether his father had been running away from the pressures and responsibilities of being a father and husband, because that's exactly how it looked to Nick. After a year or two of Andy's growing increasingly distant attitude, things reached a point where Margaret had essentially raised Nick all by herself.

The only things Andy still did with Nick, beyond eating meals together as a family, were things that Andy liked to do anyway. Their one big common interest was a love of football, so father and son would watch football games together on Sundays during football season. But that was about it.

At first, Nick was deeply hurt, but over time the wound scabbed over and he grew more indifferent than hateful.

It helped greatly that Nick's mother had stepped up and always been there for him, essentially serving in the roles of both mother and father. After Andy's cheating revelation and accident, that process had accelerated further.

Because of all these events, perhaps it wasn't surprising that Nick's love for his mother was especially intense. And due to her incredible beauty, it was understandable that his lust and love for her overlapped. But all his fantasies about her remained just fantasies, since he knew that he didn't have the courage to act on them. He was still as shy about sexual matters as ever, so didn't even try to flirt with her. She was his mother, after all, and he knew she wouldn't put up with that.

That pivotal overheard conversation had come just after Nick's sophomore year in high school. All through the following summer, he tried to think up ways to "offer his services" to help Margaret with her sexual problem, but none of the ideas seemed viable to him. The risk of failure was great, because it could hurt their loving relationship. At times, he even fantasized about blackmailing her to overcome the incest objections he knew she'd have, but he loved her too much to do something like that in reality.

His mother Margaret was no Bible thumper, but she had firm religious and moral beliefs. There was just no way she'd agree to incest, no matter what the situation with her husband was. He'd pretty much resigned himself that his fantasies would remain fantasies forever.

Things for him seemed just as hopeless with Hillary. Although they had many classes together, she barely knew him. Even there, without incest and marriage vows as obstacles, he was so shy that he made no progress at all. He had no love life because, to him, it had to be Hillary and no other girl would do. Since they had no mutual friends, he didn't see her at all over the summer.

His pivotal inspiration came one day near the end of summer after his sophomore year. when he was watching a Seinfeld rerun. In the episode, Jerry Seinfeld's friend George managed to date a really hot woman, even though George was chubby, bald and not very sexually appealing. George did this by showing off a photograph of a sexy woman he claimed was his last girlfriend. Other gorgeous women assumed that there had to be a reason such a hot woman was dating him, although they didn't know exactly why, so they agreed to date him too.

Nick spent the last weeks of summer vacation refining his plan and gathering the courage to enact it.

Finally, one afternoon the week before the 2002 school year started in mid-September, he decided he was ready. He found his mother sitting and reading a book in the living room. She was wearing an ordinary blouse, but the top couple of buttons were undone, showing off miles of cleavage. He'd hidden his lust for her so well that she didn't worry much about dressing that way around him.

He sat down on a chair directly in front of her. "Hey, Ma. What's up? You have a minute?"

He was trying desperately to act casual, but he wasn't succeeding very well. *It's a good thing I'm too nervous to have a boner, because she'd notice a bulge in my shorts for sure. Why does Ma have to be so fuckin' hot and stacked?! I have to keep my eyes up at her face. Up, up, up!*

She could see how stressed out he was, so she just smiled kindly and said, "Sure, Son. What's on your mind?"

He looked down at the ground, both because he was nervous and to avoid looking at her cleavage. "Um. Well... You know about me and Hillary." By that, he meant that she knew all about his obsession with Hillary. Since she was his close friend and confidante, as well as his mother, he'd told her about his feelings for Hillary a long time ago, and he had asked for her advice about Hillary many times. She always encouraged him to be bolder, but he always found himself unable to do that.

Margaret smiled knowingly, glad to see her son was finally showing a more active interest in girls and trying to overcome his shyness. "I sure do. I'll bet

you're thinking about school coming up, and seeing her there."

As Margaret already knew, both Nick and Hillary were switching from one public high school to another at the same time, when the new school year began. Both had been accepted into the same "Advanced Studies" extra-gifted program at a different school. Only those with an IQ above a certain level were eligible, and even then only about twenty students in total from a cluster of all the nearby high schools were accepted. The program was only for the last two years of high school, so they were both switching schools at the start of their junior year.

Nick said, "Yeah. You know I've never REALLY talked to her, beyond saying hello and that kind of thing. But when we start at the new school, I'm gonna be nearly the only person she knows by name, since we're making the same transfer at the same time. We'll have all the same classes, or nearly all the same classes. And we'll both be in the same gifted program, and those classes are especially small. We'll practically be thrown together!"

Margaret smiled. "Isn't that wonderful? That sounds like a great opportunity for you to get to know her better. I'll bet she'll even seek you out, wanting to talk to someone who remembers her old school and all the people there."

He replied, "I know! But I'm scared! Ma, I'm totally, totally scared! I mean, I think I can deal with talking to her. I've been getting more confident in talking to girls, finally. Well, at least somewhat. But I don't just want to talk to her, I want to... you know! Date her and stuff. That's the big problem. How am I going to make that leap? From friend to... you know... date." He shyly looked down at the floor.

"Nick, you're a handsome boy."

"I am NOT!" he protested. He knew he was smart, but his self-confidence was low when it came to looks. He glanced down at Margaret's boobs. Her clothes weren't especially revealing, but there was still no way for her to hide her natural endowments. *Damn! I can totally see the shape of her nipples. I swear, it's like there's two basketballs in there! Ma is SO STACKED! And the rest of her is just as amazing!*

He forced his eyes back up to hers.

She said, "You are handsome. Now, admittedly, you're no Tom Cruise, but who is? You're more than handsome enough. And I'm not just saying that

because I'm your mother. I mean it." It was true; she did mean it - although the fact that she was his mother did color her opinion a fair amount.

She added, "You've told me before that she's dated some guys who you thought were not as attractive as you are."

"Yeah," he admitted, "but they had other stuff going for them. They're outgoing and cool and jocks, and things like that."

"You have LOTS of other stuff going for you! You're smart, nice, funny, g-"

He cut her off and looked back up in her eyes. "Ma, that's easy for you to say. You're my mother. I know she and I will have a lot in common, but that would only make us good FRIENDS! To be considered a potential date with a total babe like Hillary, I need to have some kind of sexual charisma or something. And you know I'm a zero in that area. That's the one bad thing about us both transferring from the same school - I wish I could have a clean slate with her, but she knows enough school scuttlebutt to know that I'm a complete virgin who's never dated anybody, ever! I don't even know how to flirt! I'm hopeless! I'm a ZERO!"

"You're not a zero, Son; really you're not."

His eyes drifted down to Margaret's big breasts again, but then he caught himself and looked away. He complained, "You're just saying that because you're my mother. Encouraging words are nice, but they don't really help. I feel like a zero, so I have no confidence, and it shows! It's a vicious circle."

She knew there was a lot of truth in what he was saying, but she wanted to be encouraging. "Well, if there's anything I can do, you know I'd do anything to help you."

Those were the magic words he'd been waiting for. He looked up into her eyes again. This was the big moment to try out his plan. His palms were sweaty and his heart was pounding. "Really? You mean it? You're not just saying that?"

"Of course I mean it! I'm your mother! I'd leap in front of a train to save you. That's what caring mothers do."

He tried not to hide his delight that she was playing right into his hands with that comment. "Huh. Well, since you say that, there is one thing you can do that would totally help me out. In fact, this one little thing could completely change my life!"

She looked at him warily. She knew he was very clever for his age, and could be too clever for his own good sometimes. "Well, I'm willing to help, but within reason. What is it?"

He looked at her face more confidently now, gathering courage to make his appeal. "Ma, I've noticed something about women. Why do women like a certain guy? In my opinion, looks aren't as important for women as they are for men. I mean, with a gorgeous woman, just about every single guy is gonna be drooling all over her, even if she has the personality of a potted plant. But sometimes I see a good looking woman out with a not-so-good looking guy, and I wonder, 'What's up with that? What's he got that I haven't got?' You know what I mean?"

She corrected, "'What does he have that I don't have,' you mean. But yes, I've seen that kind of thing sometimes."

He went on with the appeal he'd prepared in advance. "Right. It's occurred to me that women, maybe more than men, take their lead from what other women say about guys. 'Is he good in bed? Is he well mannered? Is he a cheap date? Is he, well, you know, endowed down below? Is he a nice guy? Does he have a nice car?' And on and on. With guys, at least guys my age, all we think about is, 'Is she sexy?' We're pretty simple on this stuff, like cavemen or something. But girls, they think about all kinds of different things. They talk and talk and talk about guy stuff with their friends. Us guys, we don't really share any info, except when guys want to boast about their sexual conquests and stuff, and most of the time they're lying."

"That's all true, I suppose," she agreed. "That's how it was when I was your age, and I imagine it hasn't changed much. So what's your point?"

"I'm getting to that. At this new school, nobody's gonna know me from Adam, right? Except Hillary and a couple others I barely know who are also transferring from our old school, that is. So this is my chance to start a whole new reputation. I can instantly go from 'shy, lame virgin' to 'super studly guy' if I play my cards right. Even with Hillary, she'll think I've changed over the summer, since she hasn't seen me for a few months. I just need one thing to change everyone's opinion of me."

"What's that?" she asked, intrigued.

"A really, really hot girlfriend! Or at least a really hot pretend girlfriend. In other words, you!" This was the idea he'd gotten from the Seinfeld show.

"ME?!" She was surprised and incredulous.

"You!" He was so nervous he thought he would faint. It was a relief to get that much out, but the really big moment would be her response.

She protested, "Now wait a minute!"

"No, wait, Ma. Listen! I've figured it all out. It would be totally pretend. Obviously!" He laughed nervously. "All you'd have to do is show up after school and pick me up in your car a couple of times. Kiss me on the cheek and kind of act, well, like a girlfriend. Like you're all happy to see me and stuff. Then the other kids will ask me, 'Hey, Nick, who's that totally hot babe who picked you up from school yesterday?' And I'll say, all casual-like, 'Oh, she's my girlfriend. I met her this summer.'"

Her surprise turned to amusement. "Totally hot babe? Who's that?"

"Ma, that's you! Seriously! I know you're really modest and all, but you're seriously one of the most gorgeous women on the entire planet!"

"Oh, please!" She was enjoying the flattery. She found his compliment harmless and amusing, so didn't worry about it too much. She knew he ogled her sometimes, but she didn't imagine that her sexually shy boy would want to act on his urges.

He said excitedly, "No, I mean it! You know what Hillary looks like, and how I think she's a totally hot babe? Well, I think you actually look even better and sexier than she does! If you weren't my mother, I'd be like... drooling! So what I figure is, Hillary will see you, see how beautiful you are, and think, 'Hey, if Nick is dating the likes of her, then he must really be a catch.' Meanwhile, I'll be her friend in class and stuff. Then, after a couple of weeks of you picking me up and dropping me off and whatnot, everyone will be convinced we're going out. At that point, we can pretend to break up. Then I'll wait a week or two, pretend to be all sad, and then I'll ask Hillary out! She'll say yes! She'll HAVE to say yes, if only to figure out how and why I could have been dating the likes of you."

Margaret laughed. "You've really thought it all out, haven't you?"

But to herself she thought, *Actually, as crazy as it sounds, something like that might work. At the very least, Hillary would have to feel intrigued. Besides, it would be good for him to boost his reputation in general. The big problem is, I'm too old; I could never pass for a teenager.*

He was excited and encouraged, since she didn't shoot him down straight away. "I have! Come on, Ma! Admit it, the idea makes sense! It could work! It WILL work, 'cos it'll give me the confidence I've been lacking. I've been doing some reading on how guys are successful with girls. The main thing is that confidence is everything! Besides, it'll not only help me with Hillary, it'll cement my reputation at school for years! I won't be seen as the sexually clueless uber-virgin going to the super-geeky Advanced Studies program. Instead, from day one, kids will know me as the guy with the hottest girl in the history of, well, ever!"

She laughed. "You flatter me, but seriously, I'm not all that. I'm not even half that. Nobody gives me a second look anymore. Besides, I'm your mother! I'm twice your age. I'm ancient!"

"HA! Ma, you're soooo not ancient. I know the way you and Dad had me wasn't exactly a fairy tale. You got pregnant with me when you were fifteen and had a shotgun wedding at sixteen. I know that dashed a lot of dreams for you and stuff."

She cut in, "But it gave me new dreams, new happiness. Don't ever think you were a mistake. If I could do it all over again, I would, because if it happened any other way, I wouldn't have you."

"Awww, Ma, that's sweet. But still, my point is, we can find a silver lining to your early pregnancy. You're barely over thirty-"

She snorted with derision. "Barely? Ha!"

"It's true! You are. You're so young. You're way younger than the mothers of any of my friends. But the main thing is, you look even younger than that. You always get carded wherever you go. You know it's true! You have one of those perpetually young faces. That's a fact. You wouldn't even have to try to look like a teenager, 'cos you look that way naturally."

She conceded, "Okay, so I still get carded sometimes. Big whoop. That doesn't turn me into a high school junior or senior all of a sudden. Teenager? Puh-lease! There's no way we could get away with that."

"Ah, but I've worked that out. We'll just say you go to the local university. You could even have been going there a couple of years. Will people believe you're a twenty- or twenty-one-year-old college student? Totally! You know I'm right!"

She considered that. "Okay, maybe you're right about that part. Maaaaybe. But that just brings up another problem. I don't mean to sound harsh, Sport, but if I'm this supposedly 'totally hot babe' a couple of years older than you and going to college, then what the heck would I be doing dating you, a mere high school student?"

("Sport" was her occasional loving nickname for him, one that only she used. She also called him "Son" more often. But he didn't have any special nickname for her since he always called her "Ma.")

He replied, "That's the whole point! It's intriguing. What IS this guy doing dating her? There must be something special about him!"

She laughed. "Touché. But it has to be at least somewhat plausible."

"Hey, it happens more often than you'd think. Admittedly, it's usually the other way around, with the male college student dating a high school girl, but why can't it happen both ways? Besides, I've worked out a background story in my mind. We'll say that you're boarding at my house. We'll pretend our family has rented out the bungalow in the back yard. You did badly in the housing lottery to get into the college dorms, so you're renting a cheap place off campus, and you're living back there in the bungalow. With you and me living just a few feet from each other, we naturally began to hang out, sparks started to fly, and the rest was history."

She thought, *Damn! He's really thought this out. He's too clever for his own good. That would at least be believable enough for most people. I can't let this actually happen! What if I have to kiss him? On the lips, even! The whole thing could get really weird.*

She held up a hand. "Hold on. For starters, that bungalow is really just a glorified storage shed. It's stuffed to the gills with old crap. Nobody could live there."

"I know that, you know that, Pa knows that, but nobody else knows that. It looks pretty big from the outside. Remember, the sum total of our so-called relationship would be you dropping me off at school and picking me up. We just need a plausible cover story for the rest. Nobody at school knows what you look like, not even Hillary. By luck, I've been biking to and from school every day for years and I never have friends over, so nobody would recognize you, not even kids from my old school. This is a case where my reputation for shyness and lack of friends actually comes in handy."

She pondered that. "True. But I did go to some parent-teacher functions."

"Yeah, but that was at the old school. This is a brand new school for me! We're totally starting fresh!"

She thought up a good point. "A-ha! But this will ruin things for the future. What if I want to go to parent-teacher meetings at the new school? Or you have friends over here next year, or the year after that, and they see me? Think of the implications. Nice try, but no cigar."

He countered, "I've thought that through. Sure, there could be a few difficult moments, but it'll be worth it. We can have you change your appearance so people won't recognize you later. Dye your hair blonde or red for the next couple of weeks. Or wear a wig, maybe. Wear flashy clothes, lipstick, dark sunglasses - stuff like that. Take a new name. One thing that's so totally perfect is that you've kept your maiden name of Palmer, so your last name is different than mine. It would work. Margaret Palmer has nothing to do with Nick Stevens. It totally would work!"

She shook her head. She found herself strangely excited, because this sounded like a mad adventure that would put some spice in her otherwise boring life. But she told herself not to encourage him. "No it wouldn't. There are all sorts of problems. What if someone did figure out who I really am? We'd be in big, big trouble!"

He pressed, "But how would that happen if you dye your hair and such? It's not like you'd be talking to people, or seeing them up close. You'll just be dropping me off and picking me up."

She shook her head some more. "Sport, this is crazy. There's just no way-"

He put on his best sad-puppy-dog look. "Ma, didn't you mean it when you said you'd do anything to help me? This could totally change my life! Reputation is everything, especially at my age. This is THE key chance for me to reinvent myself. Do this for a couple of weeks and I'll seriously be able to ride this reputation boost for the rest of high school. And you could totally hype me up too. You know, hint that I'm a great lover and stuff like that. Even if things don't work out with Hillary, this could at least give me a dating life with some nice girl."

"Now, just a minute. Who would I be hinting to? You just said I wouldn't be talking to people. I'm just dropping you off, waving good-bye, a kiss on the

cheek and that's it, right? Now I'm talking to other girls?"

"Well, you don't have to if you don't want to. Honestly, I don't know what'll happen. You know how Hillary is, from all the things I told you about her. She's not shy. What would stop her from talking with me after school until you come to pick me up? Then she might want to talk to you and ask you a few questions. That might happen once or twice - who knows? So we'd need to roll with the punches. But just think about it: that means I'd be walking with her, and talking with her! Wouldn't that be AWESOME?! Plus, that would give you a chance to meet her. Wouldn't you want to actually meet her after hearing so much about her?"

She chuckled. "Yeah, it would be nice to meet her. But... Hey, wait a minute. You're talking as if we'd actually do this. I hate to break it to you, but it's not gonna happen. No way." She defiantly crossed her arms below her big breasts.

"Why not? You said you'd jump in front a train to save me, but you wouldn't do this?"

She frowned. "Please don't throw my words back at me like that. I also said I'd be willing to help 'within reason,' and this is a little too crazy for me. You know I'd help you if I could. But this idea just couldn't work. So many things could go wrong. For one thing, what if it spiraled out of control?"

"What do you mean?"

"What if your friends don't believe that I'm really your girlfriend? After all, it would be a stretch, if only because of the high school - college difference. And I don't believe for a second that I'm this great hottie you claim I am, but some people do tell me I'm attractive-"

He interrupted, "Oh, come on, Ma. You're a total babe!" Normally, shy Nick would never have told her something that bold, but his confidence was growing the more they talked about his plan.

He said, "The thing is, you dress like a plain Jane and hide behind dark sunglasses. It's like you don't want to be noticed. Especially since your de facto break up with him, you've been keeping a very low profile. Half the time, you go out wearing the kind of clothes you might want to use when painting the side of a house. Believe me, if you allow your beauty to shine through, everyone will see you're a serious hottie."

She blushed a little at that. "Never mind that. What if they demand proof? What then? What if they expect to see you kiss me on the lips?"

He shrugged. "Big deal. So we'll kiss on the lips. We can just keep our lips closed and fake it. Heck, your cousin Hildy kisses me on the lips at family reunions. It's no biggie. We just have to roll with the punches. If things get out of hand, then we'll just break up." He made quote marks in the air as he said "break up."

He was trying to act nonchalant about the problems she mentioned, but he was secretly delighted by the prospect of the plan spinning out of control. In fact, that was his greatest hope.

The way he looked at it, the plan could serve two purposes. His main goal was to use the fake girlfriend idea to kick-start a physical relationship with Hillary. He felt it honestly had a good chance of success. But on top of that it would give him a chance to spend time with his mother in at least a semi-romantic setting. Even if their romance was just pretend on her part, it would still be a thrill for him. For instance, he remembered how much he'd envied the boy who got to play opposite Hillary in the school play the previous year, and that was just an acting role. If all he got was to kiss his mother on the lips a few times, that would still make all the effort worthwhile, even if they were fake kisses.

Aside from that, he was mostly being honest about his goals. He did think his scheme might do wonders for his reputation at the new school, even if it didn't have any effect on Hillary, so he might at least be able to date somebody.

He figured the odds of this working well enough for him to get sexually intimate with his mother were like a remote moonshot. But as long as there was any chance whatsoever of that happening, his life would be a lot more exciting.

With only a week to go before the first day of school, Margaret still flatly rejected Nick's plan, but he badgered her about it relentlessly. They discussed it every single day - but always when his father wasn't around. Slowly but surely, Nick turned her around. She never flat-out agreed to do it, but they gradually went from arguing about doing it at all to arguing about the how-to-make-it-work details. When she bleached her hair blonde

three days before school started, he finally knew for sure she'd go through with it.

Interestingly, they never did tell Andy about it. At one point, Margaret told Nick that Andy would be against it, but she figured that what her husband didn't know about this "harmless prank" wouldn't hurt him. Andy couldn't help but notice the change in her hair color and style. So she told him that she'd impulsively dyed her hair and changed her hairstyle while at the beauty parlor one day when she realized how bored she was with having her hair exactly the same, year after year.

Actually, she looked incredible with her new hair color. Before, she'd had a kind of mousy light-brown hair that was one of her least attractive features. The blonde color looked perfectly natural, as in fact it wasn't that big a change from her normal hair color. But the blonde hair caused more people to give her a second look and then see just how attractive her face and the rest of her were. After a couple of days going out for errands showing off her new hair color as well as her new hair-do, she couldn't continue to deny to Nick that she was still a real head-turner. She was starting to come out of the self-imposed isolation that had started when her marriage fell apart.

Nick could hardly wait for the big first day at his new school. Normally, he dreaded the end of summer and school starting. He hadn't really been considered a "true" nerd since he was unusually good at school sports, but he generally kept to himself and didn't have many friends. He was more of a loner than a nerd, since he didn't even hang out with the other nerds much. Partly that was because he was shy, but partly it was because he didn't relate well to kids his own age. They seemed immature to him, and his taste in music, movies, books, and so on was different from just about all of his classmates.

Normally he would have had a particular dread at the prospect of talking to Hillary face to face. Now, thanks to his fake girlfriend scheme, he was actually looking forward to it. If nothing else, his plan was already a big success in that it had boosted his own confidence a great deal.

He had always feared Hillary might reject him, despite the fact that she always seemed sweet and nice even to guys who were socially clueless with her. She was a naturally nice person who knew how to let guys down

gently. But he didn't fear her rejection much anymore, because he felt he had an 'ace in the hole' that was an almost certain guarantee of success.

Of course, there were a lot of big 'what-ifs,' but he was very hopeful she would at the least start to see him as potential boyfriend material after she saw him with his hot "college girlfriend." That was vital, because the thing he dreaded most of all was having Hillary take pity on him, humoring him as he flailed about while trying to talk to her. Once she thought Margaret was his girlfriend, even if she did turn him down, he could act like he didn't mind at all since he could do as well or better. Margaret would be the proof.

As the first day of school approached, Margaret's attitude started to improve. Nick was ecstatic that she was obviously starting to get enthused about the whole idea. She relished the opportunity to dress up and have some fun. Because of Andy's accident, Andy's resultant reluctance to leave the house except when absolutely necessary due to his damaged legs (and only if Margaret drove him), and the fact they didn't get along anymore, Margaret hadn't had many chances to really dress up in the last two years.

This was a chance for her to turn back the clock and be seen as the "totally hot college babe" that she'd never had the chance to be. Because she'd gotten pregnant so young, she'd missed out on many aspects of high school life, and she'd had no possibility of going to college. So she began looking forward to having a second chance to act like she was that age again, even if only for a little while.

She actually bought a whole bunch of stylish new clothes, together with some killer Matrix-styled dark sunglasses. She'd even bought some sexy bras and panties. She assumed no one would see them but herself, but she felt they would help her assume a sexier attitude. She drove a red, five-seat Toyota Prius, and while it wouldn't be as hot as showing up in a fancy sports car, it was still only a year old and looked really good. She even took it to the car wash and got it cleaned inside and out.

Nick could hardly wait for the first day of school. Over the previous week, he'd masturbated more frequently than he'd ever done before, just thinking about all the things that might soon happen. If his wildest dreams came true, he might have at least some sexual success with both of his obsessions!

Chapter 1: School Begins (Monday)

Finally, the big morning arrived. Margaret dressed as provocatively as she dared, showing a great deal of cleavage. She also put her hair into a ponytail, which helped peel the years away. Between her newly blonde hair, her ponytail, her dark sunglasses, and her unusually daring outfit, there was little chance that even a good friend would recognize her.

But Nick had a letdown that first morning when Margaret dropped him off at school. The other kids had their hands full getting reacquainted with old friends, and nobody seemed to notice him getting dropped off at all.

Still, Margaret was having fun. She felt like she'd stepped into a time machine. She was practically ready to walk into the high school building with Nick to attend classes.

Nick was able to kiss her on the cheek for an unusually long time, to increase the odds of someone seeing them. But that wasn't such a big deal for him since he'd kissed her there many times before.

Still, his confidence surged. He was certain that even if his plan didn't start to pay dividends that day, it would soon enough. He surprised himself by actually choosing a seat next to Hillary in their first class together and initiating a conversation with her in the couple of minutes it took for everyone else to arrive and settle down.

For the first time in his life, he didn't have a tough time talking to her, despite the fact that he had a raging boner just from being near her. He'd carefully thought out what to say in advance and what her likely responses would be, so it felt a bit as if he was reading from a script. But at least he was talking. The main difference was his soaring confidence.

He said, "Hey, Hillary! Nice to see a familiar face around here."

Hillary looked at him in surprise, because she wasn't used to him saying much more than "Hi" to her. "Yes, it sure is. You know, I think you and I are the only two people from our high school in the Advanced Studies program."

"I think you're right. How was your summer?" He forced himself to only look at her face and not down at her stunning body and especially not at her huge breasts.

"Oh, it was all right. I had no trouble finding ways to waste time." She chuckled. "What about you?"

"It was great! I had an awesome summer." He dropped his bomb. "The best part was that I met this girl and we've been having a great time together."

"Oh, really?" Hillary was very surprised to hear that. She and Nick had been in nearly all the same classes, so she knew some things about him just from talking to other people, plus seeing him around and noticing who he was with. She'd never heard of him dating anyone, or even asking someone out. She'd figured he was too shy for that sort of thing. "Good for you. Do I know her?"

"No, I doubt it. She goes to a local college, not high school. But she's driving me to and from school, so maybe you'll see her some time."

With that, he baited the hook. He had a good feeling that Hillary would want to see who was driving him, if not that afternoon then soon.

"Cool," she said.

"Yeah, it's been great," he continued. "I used to be kind of shy, and I guess I still am, but going out with her has helped me come out of my shell."

Hillary raised an eyebrow, giving him a new appraisal. "Yeah, I can see that. Good for you."

They kept talking amiably until the bell rang.

As with past years, their class schedules were nearly identical, since they were both in the gifted track. In fact, the only class they didn't share was P.E. at the end of the day. Nick made a point of sitting next to her in as many classes as he could. Hillary was a very outgoing person and had no trouble meeting new people, but since Nick was literally the only person in class that she already knew, it was only natural for them to stick together at first.

By lunchtime, he'd already said more words to her that morning than he'd had in the rest of his entire life combined. He was flying high, because he'd gotten over the hump of being a casual acquaintance to becoming a friend. With each new success, his confidence soared ever higher.

It was a chore for him to meet other classmates, because he was head over heels in love with Hillary. In his opinion, any time not with her (or his

mother Margaret) was time wasted. But he went through the motions easily enough. To his surprise, he discovered his new confidence based on his supposed new girlfriend translated to a new confidence in talking not just to Hillary but to other girls his age as well.

Thus, he was filled with high hopes when school let out. He figured that other kids wouldn't be in such a hurry this time. Surely, at least some students would notice the "hot chick" picking him up.

— — —

Margaret had driven to the school a few minutes early and found a prime parking space right in front of the main entrance. She was leaning back against the car when Nick walked out of the building.

Other students (mostly guys, not surprisingly) were already staring at her and lingering near her as Nick walked towards her. She wore the same stylish outfit she'd had on that morning, which showed off her long legs and ample cleavage.

Nick timed his exit from the school building so he could be near Hillary and see if she was going to look for his "girlfriend."

Sure enough, even though Hillary was walking with some other girls she'd just met, he looked back and saw her watching as he walked closer towards his mother.

As Nick came face to face with Margaret, he shocked himself with what he said next. He muttered to her under his breath, "It's no good. Everyone will just think you're my mother or something. We have to kiss on the lips for a minute. Just a pretend lips touching thing. Not a big deal."

She frowned briefly but then nodded slightly, indicating her agreement.

He took the last couple of steps towards her and planted his lips right on hers. His penis had been flaccid due to the stress of the situation, but as his lips touched his mother's he found himself with a fully engorged erection in a matter of seconds.

Nick had never kissed another woman on the lips before, other than non-sexual contact with old relatives. He was beyond excited. His hands trembled as he hugged her, and his heart pounded like a big bass drum.

He didn't try to slip his tongue into her mouth, although he would have loved to try that since he'd often read about it. He was so carried away by the moment that he didn't even seriously think about doing that, because he instinctively knew that would be pushing her too far. He spent more time worrying about his erection, fearing that she would feel it pressing against her and get so freaked out that she would call off the whole fake girlfriend scheme. What little coherent thought he had left was dedicated to trying to keep his groin away from her without making it look too obvious.

Holy crap! I'm actually kissing Ma on the lips! And I'm hugging her, and everything! And her huge tits are totally mashing into my chest. I can feel her nipples! Oh my God, I think I'm gonna cum in my shorts!

The kiss was incredible, at least for Nick, even though it remained a closed-mouthed one. It ended far too quickly for his liking.

Margaret didn't know what to think when he proposed the kiss. In theory, such a kiss was no different from the way some Europeans and others sometimes kiss relatives or friends on the lips. But, in fact, she'd found herself getting excited too, just from thinking about doing it. Her heart was beating wildly, just as she knew his was.

When the kiss started, she thought, What the hell?! I should NOT be doing this with my own son! But I can see that Hillary is watching us, and he's got such a big crush on her. Well... as long as we both keep our lips closed, this should be okay. But dammit, my nipples are starting to get hard! He's gonna be able to tell for sure, 'cos they're pushing into his chest. I have to back off!

That's why she ended the kiss when she did, for fear of Nick feeling her nipples harden against his chest. When the kiss ended, she tried to take stock of the situation. She was surprised and disturbed to discover just how aroused she had become.

She tried to tell herself, *I'm not aroused in a sexual way; it's just the excitement of the situation. I'm excited to feel like a teenager again, and more than a little scared someone will recognize me.* But she knew it was really the sexual excitement that was sending the tingles down her spine, and somehow that made her even more aroused. She tried not to think about it, more or less managing to push her worries away.

As soon as the kiss ended, Nick muttered to her very quietly, "Is she looking, Ma? Did she see?!"

Margaret didn't reply at first, as she was specifically trying hard not to think about their kiss. She didn't even realize they were still in a very loose embrace, with his hands on her hips and her hands on his lower back.

He prodded with a whisper, "You know, she's the tall one with the long dark-brown hair and the, uh, the really big breasts. She's wearing short blue shorts and a white Led Zeppelin T-shirt, which has, uh, a burning blimp on it. She was standing with a bunch-"

Margaret cut in with a discreet whisper back, "I know what she looks like already. And yes, she was looking. In fact, she's still glancing our way from time to time as she talks to her friends. She's clearly very curious about you and me."

"YES!" Nick hissed quietly. He pumped his fist triumphantly a little bit and then brought that hand back down to hold her hip again. He took a big whiff of the air - he loved the natural feminine smell of his mother, mixed with her perfume.

"Be careful!" Margaret hissed, in response to his fist pump. "So what now?" She was glancing all around, deathly worried about being overheard. Luckily, there was no one near them.

"Let's hang out in a light hug, just like this. Let everyone see that we're lovers."

She let him continue to keep his hands on her, but kept just enough separation so her hard nipples didn't touch his chest. She wished she'd worn a thicker bra. She whispered back with irritation, "We're not lovers."

"You know what I mean. Just be cool, like we're going out." Nick was still trying to keep his erection from pressing into her.

This is nuts! she thought. *Why did I ever agree to this crazy scheme? All these people walking by, they're going to assume that my son IS my lover! They probably assume that we make out - and more - every day! Hell, we look so casual and friendly with each other that more than a few will assume that I'm actually letting my son have sex with me! I mean, can you imagine that? Lying naked in bed, with my son's sweaty body on top of mine, his hard cock driving-*

She froze, and pushed him away a little bit. *What the HELL?! Where did THOSE thoughts come from?!*

She'd never really thought of her son in a sexual way before, and it greatly disturbed her. Even in the last week or so, she hadn't given any serious thought about him in a sexual way.

Then it dawned on her that her panties were getting moist. *WHAT. THE. FUCK?! No way! This is seriously fucked up! Dammit, I've gone way too long without any sex. Even hugging my son is turning me on! This is a bad idea. A TERRIBLE idea!*

She pushed him further away, breaking their loose hug.

The school grounds were quickly emptying out. Many of the other kids drove their own cars or had rides. Those without cars headed to the bike racks or just walked home. Almost everyone had to pass within about twenty feet of the prime spot where Margaret and Nick had hugged. Had it merely been Nick standing there with his ordinary looks, no one would have looked twice, but Margaret was so beautiful and curvy that both girls and guys did double-takes when they saw her.

Clearly, passers-by were having trouble figuring this couple out. Margaret's voluptuous body obviously was that of a woman, not a girl. Yet she looked too young to be somebody's mother, especially with her pony tail. The way Margaret and Nick were holding each other also seemed to rule out that they were related. Yet she seemed too beautiful to be dating a mere high school kid like Nick. It was improbable that such a sexpot probably would date ANY high schooler, even if he were some perfect Adonis.

Margaret was in a position to see more students than Nick could (since he more-or-less had his back to the school entrance), and she was delighted by the puzzled expressions she saw. She pushed her concerns away as her ego soared with all the admiring looks. She muttered to her son, "We're definitely neck deep in it, now. A lot of people are staring."

"Cool! I've been telling everybody I could that I'm dating a hot college girl, so hopefully the word will start to get around."

It would have seemed strange for the two of them to linger there too long, doing nothing. So, finally, with another kiss on the lips that only lasted a

second or two, they got in the car and Margaret drove off. She turned on the radio to a rock and roll station, and let the music play loudly.

As soon as they were a few blocks from school and the coast was clear, he gave her a high-five. "We did it!" he shouted exultantly.

Margaret was grinning from ear to ear. Her earlier worries about getting too aroused were swept away in her excitement that they'd managed to pull off what they'd been planning for a week or more. "So how 'bout that, Sport? Is your mother pretty cool, or what?"

"Ma, you're so cool! You're totally awesome! And thanks for, you know, the fake kiss on the lips and everything. That really sealed the deal. After nobody noticed us in the morning, I realized everyone would think you're my older sister or something if we didn't kiss like that."

Still smiling, she said, "Don't mention it. But don't expect that to become a habit or anything, either. That was a one-time deal. We have to tread a pretty fine line, since you are my son, after all. I mean, what if someone recognized me kissing you like that, like one of the teachers? I'd die of embarrassment!"

"Don't worry. Nobody knows you here. Nobody knows me either, except for Hillary. And your hair looks so different that, hell, even I don't recognize you! Seriously. If Pa didn't know you'd changed your hair already, he'd come home and ask, 'Who is this total babe in my house?'"

She laughed at that. She was having a great time. She noticed her nipples were still somewhat erect, but she decided not to worry about it until later.

Nick completely ignored her "one-time deal" comment, adding, "A few more kisses like that and everyone will know for sure that you're my girlfriend. My pretend girlfriend, I mean."

She felt a thrill run through her as she thought about that. But then she reminded herself, *Fat chance! That can't happen. No way!*

He paused and overtly gawked at her, especially checking out her deep cleavage. "Ma, you're so COOL! You're like the epitome of the cool, sexy woman, with your sunglasses and everything. If you were driving a Corvette instead of a Prius, everyone would assume you're a movie star."

"Flatterer!" But she loved it. She hadn't felt this good about herself and her looks in years. And forgetting for the moment why it had happened, she

even enjoyed the feeling of being turned on. Since the collapse of her marriage over two years earlier, she'd almost forgotten what sexual pleasure was like.

He added, "You know what you remind me of?"

"What?"

"That song 'The Boys of Summer' by Don Henley. Remember that?" He started to sing:

"And I can see you, your brown skin shining in the sun
You got your hair combed back, sunglasses on
I can see you, your brown skin shining in the sun
You got your top pulled down, radio on."

She laughed at that, and then joked, "Boy, oh boy! Give an inch and you take a mile. One kiss on the lips and already you want me to pull my top down."

He blushed, and then stared at her chest again. She was wearing a strapless top, which was very unusual for her. *Holy shit! I COULD totally pull that down with one hand! Then her huge boobs would be exposed for the whole world to see as she drives on down the road! As if my erection isn't hard enough already! It could totally rip my shorts in two. Holy Christ!*

He stammered, "I didn't mean it like that. I think, you know, in the song, it's a convertible, and you're wearing sunglasses, and-"

She laughed gaily. "I know. I'm just yanking your chain. I have to admit I had a lot of fun doing that, despite the inappropriate kiss."

She looked at him, and it was at that point that he realized she was sexually aroused like he was. Even with her sunglasses still on and his general inexperience with sexual looks, he thought, *That's not a normal mother-son look; that's a hungry look! Ma is aroused! Not only that, but she took my words in a sexual way and teased me when I hadn't really meant anything. Sex is on her mind! With ME! That's just fucking INSANE!*

He turned his head and pretended to look out the window so he could contemplate that development some more. *Maybe she didn't really mind the kiss, but actually liked it, even? Was I the only one who felt a tingle, almost like our lips caused an electric shock when they touched? I know her marriage with Pa has become non-physical. Not only are they not having*

sex, I don't even see them kiss or snuggle anymore, so she's probably longing for any kind of intimacy. Maybe she got into the kiss as much as I did. That would be too cool!

The silence between them was growing difficult, so she asked, "How did things go with Hillary today? Did you see her much?"

His entire body bounced with excitement. "Are you kidding? It was awesome! We were together practically the whole day! I even TALKED to her! Like, a LOT! We had a real conversation and everything! A bunch of 'em, in fact! I talked to her more today than all previous times combined! And it went well, like a good conversation should!"

Margaret was pleasantly surprised, because her son had such a history of being shy. "That's great news, Sport! I can scarcely believe it myself, but I think your crazy scheme may actually be working. Did you see the way she was looking at us?"

"No! Tell me about it!"

"Frankly, there's not much to tell. But since I was facing the school and had my sunglasses on, I could safely check things out as we kissed. I saw her walk practically right past us, with a couple of other friends. She must make friends fast since you said you two wouldn't know anyone there, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, but go on!" he implored her impatiently.

"Anyway, she didn't stop or say anything, since one of her friends was talking, but from her look I could practically read her thoughts. It was like she was saying, 'Is that NICK kissing that woman?' And then, after a pause as she took a closer look, realization came to her face. She must have thought, 'It IS! That IS Nick. Well, what do you know?' And then she walked past us. Even then, she looked back at us a couple of times, like she couldn't believe what she was seeing."

He was so happy he bounced up and down in his car seat. "You see? You see?! I told you it would work! I'm so PSYCHED!" He pumped a fist in the air. "Cool! Only, she wasn't thinking, 'Is that Nick kissing that woman?' You don't look like a woman; you look like a girl. Actually, you look like a foxy babe. I'm sure she thought, 'Is that Nick kissing that totally hot babe? Whoa! I've never seen a girl looking THAT sexy around here. I'm jealous!'"

Margaret laughed gaily again. "You silver-tongued devil! I'll give you two hours to stop that. What's with you and all the compliments about my looks lately?"

"Ma, can't you see my confidence is surging? Before, I was too shy to say those things, but now I can. You're darned good looking, and you need to know it!"

He couldn't see where her eyes were looking, but he saw her head briefly nod towards his crotch as she mumbled, "That's not the only thing that's surging."

She said it quietly, but he just managed to catch it. He was astounded, because even though his parents were rather hip for their age, they never even alluded to sex in his presence. He'd had many erections in the presence of his mother, and in fact lately he had an erection almost any time he was around her, but she'd never dropped even the slightest hint that she knew he had a hard-on.

He took that as another good sign. He thought, *Now, I'm not hung like some kind of porn star, but I'm proud of my penis size. I think it's above-average in length and width, and it could get even bigger if I have a late growth spurt. Ma's totally checking me out!*

He looked down at his crotch and noticed how lewdly his erection was tenting in his shorts. *No wonder she mumbled something about it - it's pretty hard to miss! Oops!* He adjusted his bulge to try to hide his arousal.

However, it was tough for him to contain himself. He was so excited, he practically vibrated on the seat as if he were on a trampoline. *Here I am, sitting in a car with Ma, having just kissed her on the lips for nearly a minute, and she's making a sexual joke and muttering about my boner. Not only that, but I talked to Hillary and didn't freeze up or make a fool of myself. I sat next to her and talked to her all day, and she saw Ma and me kiss! Could life get any better?!*

He started to describe the conversations he'd had with Hillary. He was high as a kite the rest of the way home as he and his mother talked and joked with each other.

Chapter 2: The Kiss (Tuesday)

The next day started much the same. Margaret dressed in another sexy outfit just to drop Nick off at school.

On the way there, Nick said to her, "By the way, Ma, you know yesterday, I told people I was dating this hot babe from a local college, but I didn't mention any name. I can't keep that up for long. I was thinking... Everybody calls you Margaret, and I know you don't like Marge, but what if I call you Maggie? That'll help with the deception. You know, in case you have to come to school in your mother role or something, there can be a Maggie and a Margaret."

She mulled that over. "Maggie, huh? ... I don't know. Normally, I don't like when people call me that, but I suppose I'll make a special exception for this crazy scheme of yours."

He perked up and smiled. "Awesome! I'm gonna call you Maggie all the time from now on, just so I won't mess up if I have to introduce you to Hillary or something like that. It's cool though, since Margaret and Maggie are variations on the same name."

"All the time?" She cocked an eyebrow.

"Well, for the next couple of weeks, anyway. You know what I mean. As long as we're 'dating.'" He made quote marks in the air.

She muttered, "Well, I guess that's okay and prudent. But don't get too carried away with this whole dating idea. All I'm doing is dropping you off at school a few times."

"I know, I know. But it's going to completely transform my life! It already has. In just one day, my confidence has soared, and that's the key! If I believe in myself, other people pick up on that, and it makes me believe in myself more, allowing myself to talk and act in a totally new way. It's like a reverse vicious cycle. A virtuous cycle."

"I can see that," she said. "And you are acting very differently. All I can say is: keep it up. Talk to Hillary every chance you can."

"I will, believe me! I used to fear even getting near her, but now I can't wait! We've broken through the barrier from 'acquaintance' to 'friend.' It's so

awesome! I can't even tell you how psyched I am!"

She looked him over and saw him practically bouncing in his seat and bursting at the seams. She chuckled. "I can tell, believe me."

When she dropped Nick off at school, nobody seemed to notice. It was the same as yesterday. It appeared that everyone was in a great hurry in the morning, not to mention bleary-eyed and struggling to get fully awake. Both mother and son could tell that not much would happen in the mornings, so there wasn't much point in making a big production out of it. He got out of the car immediately, and without any sort of attempted kiss. She drove away without ever turning the engine off.

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Nick sat next to Hillary in all of the classes they shared, which was most of his classes. Their seats in each class were getting locked in for the whole year, which he knew was a very big deal.

He sat next to her in the class right before lunch as well. That was key, because when class ended and everyone got up to go, he said to her, "Hey, should we go get lunch together?"

She was surprised by his boldness. "Sure!" She smiled and said, "Nick, I must say, I'm really pleasantly surprised. Before, you were so shy. But it looks like you've really opened up over the summer. It's like you're totally different."

"Yeah," he replied. He didn't say much because he was having a "pinch me, I'm dreaming" moment. She was going to eat lunch with him!

The two of them were up and walking side by side out of the classroom.

She joked about his short answer: "I take that back." She giggled.

"No, really, I have. As you might have noticed, I was especially shy around girls, before. But this summer I finally got over that."

"Oh, really. What changed?"

"I think I mentioned yesterday that I started dating this girl over the summer?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, being with Maggie - that's her name by the way - has boosted my confidence in a big way. Like I think I mentioned yesterday, she's helped me come out of my shell. It's been so great that I feel like a totally different person. She picked me up after school yesterday and I thought I saw you walk by then. Did you get a chance to see her?"

"Uh, yeah, I did. Good God, Nick, where the heck did you find HER? You're so lucky! I swear, I've never seen such a beautiful girl in my life!"

He grinned widely. "So you think she's attractive, huh?"

"Attractive?! Are you kidding me? Her body is just unreal! She's got more curves than a winding mountain road! And she's got a face to match. She could be a movie star!"

He wanted to say *"And so could you,"* but he was too shy. He immediately regretted the missed moment.

She asked, "How the heck did you meet her? And start dating her?!"

Nick laid out the cover story he'd prepared, describing how "Maggie" had supposedly moved into the bungalow behind his house and then they had bonded after seeing each other most every day.

Hillary accepted the story without any suspicion. But she noted, "Man, you should thank your lucky stars. For a boy your age to be dating a girl her age, much less one that looks like she does... Phew! You're gonna have to watch out. I'm sure there'll be lots of college guys asking her out right and left."

"Yeah. Well, that could be a problem. She seems to like me a lot, and of course I like her a lot, but we're not, like, exclusive with each other yet."

"Uh-oh!"

"Yeah, well, we'll see what happens." Nick made sure his cover story didn't have him and Maggie going steady, so Hillary would hopefully see that Nick was still open to date her as well. Despite the close-mouth kiss he'd shared with his mother yesterday, he still figured his odds of turning his scheme to some kind of actual, sexual success beyond fake kissing was thousands of times more likely with Hillary than "Maggie."

He asked, "By the way, would you like to meet her? I can introduce you after school."

"Would I? I'd love that. Thanks." She looked down at herself. She was wearing a T-shirt with the Clash's "London Calling" album cover on it. She loved music, and she had found an on-line outlet selling a wide variety of music T-shirts, so she'd become known for wearing that kind of T-shirt more often than not. "But look at me. I look like some kind of hobo punk rocker. I can't meet her like this, not with the stylish way she dressed yesterday."

Nick leaped at the invitation to stare at Hillary's chest. He couldn't decide who had the bigger rack, Hillary or his mother, but he guessed Hillary might be even more endowed, remarkably enough. He figured she was in the F-cup to G-cup range, incredibly enough.

His penis had been half-hard from just sitting near her, and he felt it engorging even more as his eyes started to glaze over with lust. But then he realized that a comment was expected of him. "Um, don't worry about it. You look great! She was dressed kind of all fancy yesterday, but she's pretty casual most days. She'll probably be wearing a T-shirt or something today."

He made a mental note to try to call his mother by the time lunch ended and tell her to dress down before she came to pick him up.

Hillary looked up, smiling again. "Really? Cool." But then she added, "Now I'm all nervous."

He replied, "What are you talking about? You're nervous about meeting her just because she's beautiful? Hillary, have you looked in the mirror lately? You're every bit as beautiful as she is." He was very happy to be able to get some compliments in, especially since his shyness usually stopped him. But his confidence was surging so much lately that he practically felt like a new person.

She frowned. "You're just saying that because of these." She looked down at her huge breasts.

"Are you kidding me? Sure, you get a lot of attention because of, uh, those. But look at your face. You have the most heartbreakingly beautiful face I've ever seen! And the rest of you? My God! You're so strong and fit! You could probably kick my ass!" He chuckled nervously.

She laughed too, but seemed to look at him in a new way, as if she was appraising him for the first time. "Nick! I never knew you felt that way

about me. Thank you."

"Well, I'm just stating a fact."

"Don't let your girlfriend hear you saying that."

He shrugged. "Nah, I don't mean it like that. I mean, uh, not counting her. Everybody knows you're the most beautiful girl in school."

If true, that was high praise indeed. They lived in an unusually affluent part of Orange County, with some nearby neighborhoods ranking amongst the very richest in the entire United States. All that money often resulted in more beauty. For instance, it was common for very successful businessmen to marry beautiful "trophy wife" types, who then typically had unusually attractive children. Also, even at high school age, many girls were surgically enhanced, with boob jobs being particularly popular.

It also seemed that more than half all the girls were blonde, which was statistically wildly improbable (even with the students overwhelmingly Caucasian). But that was due to all the hair dye jobs. That was obvious by the fact that there were way more girls with blonde hair in school than boys.

Furthermore, people of all ages were becoming increasingly obese in the U.S., but one would have never known that in this high school. The social pressure to look good was immense. That was especially true for the girls, who felt even more pressure to look good enough to wear a bikini at the beach (with the beach only a short distance away).

On top of all that, the high school was larger than average. There were just three grades (instead of the more common four): sophomore, junior, and senior. The school had about 1,500 students, so each grade had 500 students.

Hillary turned surprisingly pouty. "What about Debra?" She was referring to the other girl in their junior grade who was extremely well known for her beauty.

He didn't know many people, but pretty much everyone in school knew about Debra and her stunning looks, including him. "Debra? Just because she's blonde and some kind of model? She's such a fake-o."

Hillary nodded vigorously at that. " Even her name is fake."

"What do you mean?"

"Her last name, 'Fox.' Come on! 'Debra Fox?' Doesn't that sound like some kind of totally made-up actress name? Why can't she have a real last name, like mine?" (Hillary's last name was 'Mitchell'.)

Nick nodded, because "Fox" did sound suspiciously perfect. But he didn't want to get sidetracked. So he continued, "Besides, I'm just as attracted to brains and personality as looks. You're a winner in all three things."

"Why, thank you!"

Nick was beside himself with happiness. This conversation was going much better than he would ever have imagined. The more success he had, the more confident and daring he got.

They reached the school cafeteria and went through the line to get their trays of food.

Then they found an empty lunch table and sat down facing each other.

Unfortunately for Nick, as soon as they sat down, other students started to join them. He knew it was all due to Hillary, not him. Social ranking at the school was largely based on looks. But Hillary was also friendly and personable, so she was a natural social magnet.

Nick became more shy with other people sitting with them and talking. But he was riding such a confidence high that at least he talked from time to time instead of totally retreating back into his shell. It helped that most of the other people who joined them at the table were in the Advanced Studies program and so were smarter than even the typical students in the regular gifted track. With all that brain power, the conversation tended to stay interesting, and on things that Nick felt he could talk about.

After a few minutes, one of Hillary's new friends, a strikingly handsome boy named Spencer, came to sit with them a short time later, breaking Nick's mood. Nick didn't like Spencer at all, even though he acted friendly. He was sure Spencer had already picked Hillary out to be the most physically desirable girl in school, and was aiming to hook up with her.

Luckily for Nick, Spencer was popular and felt obliged to make the rounds, and he also wasn't in the Advanced Studies program, just the normal gifted track, so he didn't know the other people at the table or show much interest in them. He only sat with them for a few minutes.

But still, Nick sensed trouble. Nick figured that Spencer was exactly the sort of guy any girl would consider a "top catch," if not the most desirable guy in their entire grade.

Happily, the bond between Nick and Hillary continued to grow, especially after Spencer left.

They even walked with each other to their next class.

As they did so, Hillary drew very close to him and spoke in an extra quiet voice. "Nick, you know that I've dated both girls and guys in the past, right?"

"Right. I think that's great. I don't have any issue with that at all," he replied.

"Cool. But I've got a favor to ask you. You and I are just about the only ones to transfer from our last school to this one, due to us getting into the Advanced Studies class. So that makes you one of a very few here to know I'm bisexual. Could you please keep that on the down low for now?"

"Of course! No problem."

"Thanks." She smiled brightly. "I'm not ashamed of that by any means. But I want my classmates to get to know me as me first, because they start putting me into mental boxes due to my sexuality."

He smiled back. "I get it. My lips are sealed."

He was dying to ask if she was dating a boy or girl, or nobody at all. But he was too shy, since that question would make his own interest clear. He hoped that she was currently unattached, since it was only the second day of school.

He felt pretty confident about that, because he didn't see any sign of her being especially friendly with anyone. In fact, she was friendliest to him, by far.

As Nick sat in his next class, he marveled at what was happening to him. *Boy! This scheme is working so great! Thank you, George Costanza! Word hasn't even really gotten around yet about my new "girlfriend" Maggie, but already my social life is completely transformed. Going to a new school has given me a chance to start with a clean slate, and I've been acting like a completely different person from day one. Ma picked out a whole new*

wardrobe and haircut for me, so I look pretty sharp, and I've been acting cool and confident too. Even if I never get to date Hillary, this fake girlfriend idea has been a home run just for giving me this new surge of confidence. On top of that, I got to kiss Ma on the lips!

And even though it's only the second day, I feel like Hillary and I are not only on the path to becoming friends, but maybe even really good friends! Heck, she's so great. I mean, not only looks, but I truly like talking to her. We have similar interests in everything. We're totally clicking. My one problem is I can't let her know how much I know about her already. That would freak her out.

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Once school let out, Nick and Hillary walked with each other through the halls on the way to meet Maggie. Unfortunately, Nick had spent so much time talking with Hillary at lunch he'd forgotten to call and ask Maggie to dress casually, but he figured it didn't matter that much in any case.

Once again, Maggie was leaning up against the side of her red Prius, parked in a prime spot just as she'd done the day before. She was wearing entirely different clothes than what she'd been wearing when she'd dropped him off that morning.

If anything, she was looking even sexier than yesterday, or in the morning. In recent years, since Andy had been revealed as a cheater and then had his accident, she had gotten in the habit of not dressing to arouse, since doing so would only frustrate Andy and herself. So it had literally been years since she'd worn a top that revealed as much cleavage as she did at that moment. It was less like a shirt and more like a glorified bra, because it exposed her most of her tummy, from her belly button on down. She practically felt naked wearing it, but the exposure also thrilled her.

As Maggie saw Nick and Hillary walking towards her, she felt her pulse quicken and her nipples start to grow erect. *Damn! What the heck?! Nipples, go down, and that's an order! He's just my son, not some dreamy hunk. I should have worn a more substantial top. At least I have a sturdy and thick bra on underneath this time. I don't want another nipple incident, like yesterday!*

Despite herself, she straightened up and struck a seductive pose. She leaned forward a bit, knowing that would cause her boobs to swell out and look

even bigger than they already were. Her breasts were so large that they stuck out slightly wider than her upper torso (a fact that was even more pronounced with Hillary and her larger breasts). It was as easy as pie to get her son excited by getting him to look at her chest.

A part of her hoped her son wouldn't notice how erect her nipples were, thick bra or not, but deep down a part of her also hoped he would.

Nick's heart soared as he looked at her, and his erection lurched awkwardly in his shorts. He wanted to shout, "That's my mother, everybody!" but of course he couldn't. His rampant erection made him seriously consider taking the backpack full of books off his back and swinging it in front of his crotch to hide his bulge there. But he thought that would be too awkward, so he tried to cover up with a strategically placed hand in front of his shorts.

As soon as the three of them were close together, Nick said, "Maggie, I'd like you to meet Hillary. Hillary, this is Maggie."

Nick was delighted beyond belief as he watched Hillary and Maggie shake hands. *Here are my two obsessions, meeting face to face for the first time! I wish I could take a picture. The two frickin' sexiest women on the entire planet, right here!*

The buxom women stood so close to each other that their fantastic racks nearly brushed against each other. Nick was on the verge of creaming his shorts just thinking about that possibility. *Both of 'em are so STACKED! My God! It's a wonder they don't just fall forward into each other due to gravity! Amazingly enough, I think Hillary's breasts ARE even bigger than Ma's!*

Maggie took off her sunglasses to make eye contact, and then put them away. She smiled at Hillary and said, "I'm delighted to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too," Hillary replied.

Nick was so high on life and lust that he was only dimly aware of what was happening. He stood there with a great big smile on his face, looking like a complete idiot, but the two women were so absorbed with each other that they didn't notice.

He didn't fully understand it, but both women were modest about their looks on one level even as they knew on a deeper level that they were truly exceptionally beautiful. So when they came across another woman in their

same "league," they had a great interest and even a natural bond, like two world-class musicians meeting up.

Such encounters between exceptional beauties almost never happened to either of them. Hillary figured the only other girl out of the 500 students in their junior grade in her league was Debra, and she and Debra didn't get along at all, except in a fake, surface way. Hillary wasn't familiar yet with the girls in the senior grade, but what she'd seen so far, none of them matched the looks of herself and Debra.

Maggie didn't know anyone anywhere who was close to being in her league, but she felt she met her match with Hillary. She'd seen Hillary from afar before at some school events and paid attention to her due to Nick's lust for her. But that had been over a year ago, and Hillary had filled out and grown up a great deal since then!

Maggie felt strangely competitive towards Hillary, though she didn't consciously realize it. She wanted to say or do something that would make Hillary turn green with envy. She remembered Nick had repeatedly told her that it was vital that she and Nick kissed right in front of Hillary if they got the chance, to remove any doubt that they were going out. The more passion for Nick she showed, the more intrigued Hillary would be.

On a whim, she decided to wow Hillary with another fake kiss with her supposed boyfriend. She hadn't discussed this with Nick beforehand, but she figured he was very smart and would capably play along, just like yesterday. She thought, *Well then, this is the big moment! I hope this plan works!*

She said, "Hillary, please excuse me. Although it's a pleasure to meet you, there's something I'm dying to do first." Then she wrapped her arms around Nick and kissed him hard, right on the lips.

Nick was so blown away that he didn't know up from down. He hadn't been expecting that at all! But his body reacted without being told what to do, and he managed to wrap his arms around her in return.

Maggie was more curious about Hillary's reaction to the kiss than the kiss itself, at least at first. So she wasn't thinking clearly and was vacillating between looking at Hillary and forcing herself not to. As a result, she didn't realize that her lips had opened and Nick's tongue had gone inside her mouth until it was too late to stop him.

Then, mere seconds later, her tongue somehow found its way inside his mouth as well! She had been so used to kissing her husband like this for years, back when they'd had a real marriage, that it was difficult to provide just a "fake" close-mouthed kiss.

Nick was in such a daze that he didn't really catch what was happening, but the kissing felt so great that he wanted more. He hugged his mother tighter and probed his tongue deeper into her mouth. He'd never kissed like that before, but even so he found it a very natural thing to do. He didn't think much about what he was doing; his lips and tongue just seemed to know what to do on their own.

Then it fully dawned on him: *Holy shit! I'm actually French kissing my mother! My MA! My tongue is in her mouth, and hers is in mine!* His whole body jerked in surprise. He fully expected his mom to come to the same realization and pull away.

But she didn't. She was overwhelmed by the experience. What threw her off was that when she fully realized what was happening, she felt alarm and even disgust, but more than that she felt a tremendous surge of lust. In fact, she'd never been so aroused by a kiss in her entire life! It wasn't what Nick was doing physically. In fact, this was his very first open-mouthed kiss, and his inexperience showed. But that didn't matter much, because the realization that she was kissing her own son in an overtly sexual way, and how taboo that was, aroused her simply beyond belief. The fact they were kissing right in front of Hillary doubled her excitement and arousal.

She'd been feeling somewhat aroused in anticipation of kissing Nick, although she hadn't consciously realized it. Just dressing and acting generally sexily for the first time in ages contributed to that feeling, so within seconds she was so turned on that she was practically ready to rip his clothes off and fuck him on the spot! Far from pulling her chest away, as she had done during their previous kissing practice, she actually pressed her hard nipples deeper into his chest.

Since Nick was feeling the same way, the kiss quickly rose to dizzying heights of passion. Although he had no idea what he was doing with his kissing technique, he was rapidly learning in a trial-by-fire manner. His hands had been rather awkwardly holding her sides just above her hips, but

then they drifted up to her chest. Without even consciously thinking about it, his hands wound up cupping the undersides of her huge breasts.

He was so out of it that he didn't actively realize what his hands were doing. His attention was so much on the kiss and the new, weird feeling of tongue-on-tongue that he had only a vague sense that his hands were cradling something delightfully soft and squeezable. In fact, he'd lusted after and fantasized about her breasts for so long that his hands didn't need to be told what to do.

Hillary had been expecting to witness some kind of casual "Honey, I'm home from work" kiss. She was floored by the passion on display, and she found herself getting extremely aroused along with her new friends. She'd never had any serious sexual interest in Nick, not even in the previous day or two. She was starting to think of him as a good friend, whereas she was more likely to date a handsome hunk like Spencer. But what she was witnessing caused her feelings about him to change rapidly, practically by the second.

Furthermore, the fact that she was bisexual came into play in a major way. Her sexual desire for Maggie had been strong since the day before when she'd first laid eyes on her, but now, watching that extremely lustful kiss, her desire for Maggie doubled and then doubled again.

Maggie found herself thinking, *This can't be happening! It can't! I'm making out with my very own son. This is a real, sexual kiss! Even worse, I'm letting him play with my breasts! So wrong! So wrong! But it feels SO GOOD! I need to stop this! NOW!*

But she didn't stop it; it seemed that her body had a mind of its own. She even shouted in her mind, *STOP! Right now! I said STOP!* But that didn't result in any action either.

It's unclear how long the kiss would have gone on or where it might have progressed, except that Nick hadn't been prepared for the tongue duel, so in his inexperience he neglected to breathe through his nose. He tried to continue the kiss as long as he could, but after about a minute he had to pull away to catch his breath. In fact, after pulling away he was left gasping for air for a while, almost like a beached fish.

As he pulled back, he looked down at his hands and saw them still grasping his mother's huge breasts. *Oh my God! I'm touching them! I'm actually*

HOLDING them! Shoot me now so I can die happy! WOW!

Maggie was floored, and also panting for breath so hard that she wasn't thinking of much else. But her son's eyes were like saucers, staring right at her rack. She followed his gaze and realized that his hands were still all over her.

So far, his hands had mostly just been cupping her massive globes from their sides, but then he slid them more to the front and tried some experimental squeezes.

Alarmed, Maggie raised her hands to his in order to remove them. Her hands wound up on top of his, but she didn't know how to make him stop without tipping off Hillary that she was displeased with his groping, which would ruin their whole scheme.

To her great dismay, she found herself more or less forced to keep his hands there. To her even greater dismay, she felt great surges of pleasure with each new squeeze of her hefty, spongy breasts.

She hadn't had any real sexual encounter with another human being in over two years, and her body was going haywire! Her libido didn't care if she was being kissed and fondled by her son, only that it was thrilling!

Hillary commented while the other two panted for air, "Wow! What a kiss! When you two kiss, you don't mess around, do you?!" She could feel her panties getting wet.

Maggie could also tell that her panties were getting wet, very wet, in fact. She stared at Nick with concern, thinking, *Oh shit! I still can't believe I just did that! He's my son! This is seriously fucked up! He needs to take his hands off me, NOW!*

Luckily for Nick, Hillary was looking at Nick instead of Maggie, so didn't pick up on the motherly worry. When the kiss ended, he continued wearing an idiotic, face-splitting smile. Although he was worried about his mom's reaction, that worry was overwhelmed by his sheer joy at what had just happened.

Maggie squeezed his hands, hoping he'd take that as a signal that to remove them from her massive mammaries. But instead, he interpreted it as a request to squeeze them some more, so that's what he did.

Maggie's breasts were not only very large, they were very sensitive. Not surprisingly, her nipples were the most sensitive part, but the undersides and even her cleavage responded strongly to almost any touch. Additionally, unlike most women, she loved it when her breasts were treated roughly, so it happened that Nick's inexperienced groping was just the kind of fondling she responded to the most. She wanted to scream out loud, in frustration, in shame, and most of all in pure lust.

Hillary slapped Nick's shoulder like a buddy's. Suddenly she was all smiles. "You dog! If I didn't know better, I'd think that was the first time you two had kissed. It was soooo passionate!"

Nick was very smart, so even though he was still deep in a sexual fog he quickly thought up something clever to continue their deception. "Yeah, well, we feel so strongly for each other that we kiss like it's the first time pretty much every time."

"No way!" Hillary said with genuine happiness for the other two. "And to think I thought you were so shy. Nick, that was hot! Let's see that again!"

Kissing her son again was the last thing that Maggie wanted to do, as she was still trying to figure out how their pretend kiss had unexpectedly become such a very real, passionate one. She couldn't even blame Nick, since she'd started it and had been an active participant all along.

She'd just recovered enough to look around and see that quite a few people were staring her way as they walked past. She was acutely aware that her son was holding up and rhythmically squeezing her breasts with both hands, in a very public place, and that her panties were becoming completely soaked. She feared that Hillary would notice her musky smell. She thought, *I need to get out of here! I need to control myself! I'm burning up!*

Another thing Maggie didn't realize was that kissing in front of strangers was really turning her on, and kissing in front of Hillary was turning her on even more. Maggie didn't consider herself bisexual, but she was aware that Hillary was bisexual, and Hillary was so beautiful that it was hard for anyone not to be affected by her presence. There was a wholesomeness and vital sexuality to Hillary that made Maggie shiver and tingle.

Maggie's and Nick's lips moved inexorably towards each other again, as if Hillary's words were a command that they both had to obey.

Nick could scarcely believe his eyes as he saw his mother's eyes close and her lips open in preparation for their next deep kiss. Her lips looked full, red, and delicious. They were even trembling a little, just like his were. She looked sensual and aroused, because in fact she was. The smell of her perfume further intoxicated him. Even though he was flying high and barely thinking, it definitely registered on him that her parted lips meant that she wasn't even going to try to fake this repeat kiss.

Once again, their arms seemed to be controlled by someone else as they fully embraced. Nick felt his fingers spreading up and out, grasping her boobs more aggressively than the previous time, even before their lips engaged.

At the same moment, Maggie reached around his back and pulled him in closer.

Then their lips touched and... WHAM!

It was as if they'd both been jolted with a powerful electric shock! It was immediately clear that their kiss would be something special indeed.

As their necking went on, Nick thought, *Wow! This is NOTHING like the kiss from yesterday after school! It's even better than the one we just shared! If kissing is this good, I can't even begin to imagine how good full-on sex must feel! Besides, I'm also getting to fondle Ma's breasts as much as I want! Fucking EPIC!*

Indeed, this was a passionate and heartfelt French kiss from the get-go. It was electrifying from the start, and that sensation never stopped. Both of them felt tingles of excitement shooting all throughout their bodies and especially powerful shivers running up and down their spines. The fact that Nick was still fondling her breasts was merely a sideshow for now, because the nuclear kiss completely consumed the both of them.

In fact, Maggie was positively disturbed by how fantastic the kiss felt. She realized that it was much better than any kiss she'd ever shared with her husband or anyone else. She knew that was partly explained by its sheer naughtiness - the forbidden factor - but she also knew that didn't completely explain it. She'd heard people talk about some people sharing a special body chemistry, as if their bodies were especially designed for each other, but she'd never given that much thought. Suddenly, she understood.

I can't be doing this! He's my son! My SON! I have to pull away. Pull away now! ... NOW! ... I said, NOW!

Nothing happened, to her great frustration. *The next time I say now, I have to pull away for sure. NOW!*

She still was incapable of pulling away. *This is insanity! It has to stop! Nick, Sport, for God's sake, at least take your hands off my breasts! I beg you! We're in a public place, and everyone's watching! Hillary's close enough to touch you!*

But of course Nick had no idea what she was thinking, and her body was giving him an entirely different message. The kiss went on and on, much longer than the first one. (Nick was quickly learning how to breathe while kissing.) Hillary was totally forgotten for him for now, since she was standing behind him and to the side.

Maggie knew that Nick didn't really know how to kiss. Strangely enough, even in that situation a part of her was taking her parental responsibilities seriously, so without really thinking about it, she started non-verbally teaching him how to kiss.

She thought, *SHIT! This is so fucked up! But as long as we're kissing, we might as well make it a long scorcher, to really knock Hillary off her feet.* (Of course they didn't have to kiss like this for Hillary, but she was grasping for any sort of excuse to justify her behavior.) *And while we're at it, I might as well teach him how to kiss as much as I can. This crazy scheme of his seems to be working, so he's going to need to know how to seriously smooch before long!*

They quickly fell into a pattern where Maggie would demonstrate a move on him and then he would reciprocate.

Thus, Maggie generally took the lead in their kissing. She showed him how to vary the intensity of their lip-locks. She gave him long, soulful French kisses, only to surprise him by keeping her lips open and pressing them hard against his. Then she returned to more soulful necking. She kept changing her style and showing him new techniques so he had no way of guessing what would come next.

Maggie loved the forbidden aspects of her kissing so much that she simply couldn't stop. Not only was she unable to control her lips and tongue, but

she also couldn't control her hands. They roamed all over Nick's back, as if she were trying to touch him everywhere at once. Soon they settled on his ass cheeks, and she wound up clutching him tightly there, pulling him even tighter into her embrace.

Nick's fingers seemed to have a mind of their own as well. They sank deep into her tit-flesh, like he was gripping soft sponges. But his fingers also gradually drifted to her nipples, which were poking out like hard erasers despite her heavy bra and top. Again without thinking about it, he trapped each nipple between thumb and forefinger and began experimentally but gingerly squeezing and twisting.

NOOOOOO! Maggie screamed in her mind. *Not the nipples! That's my weak spot!* But by then her hands were on his buttocks, and they seemed somehow magnetically stuck there, so she was in no position to push his hands away. She couldn't complain either, because her mouth was still completely engaged with their electric kiss. In fact, Nick's mostly-accidental nipple play was arousing her so much that her kiss intensified, kissing him back as if her life depended on it!

She moaned and whimpered out loud, while begging in her mind for him to let go of her nipples.

But he didn't let go or let up. In fact, hearing her sexy moans only encouraged his kissing and fondling. Things were spinning out of control, to the point that both of them were worrying about cumming spontaneously. The fact that they were doing it all in a very public place just made them that much hotter.

FUUUUUCCCK! she thought with increasing alarm, *It's hot! Too hot! Gotta... Gotta stop! Gonna cum! Everyone watching! Hillary... watching! Hands... on my breasts! My son! It's wrong!*

Nick couldn't believe how much fun he was having. He'd had his fantasies, but he'd never seriously thought his fake girlfriend scheme would ever lead to this much sexual intimacy with Maggie, as opposed to Hillary. It was all so unexpected that he had no chance to over-think things or get nervous or shy. He simply let his lust run wild

As the kiss went on and on, although he was as excited as he'd ever been in his life, he still didn't feel scared. Instead he felt a great comfort, because he knew how much his mother loved him. Everything physical happening

between them felt right and natural, like they'd been doing it for years. He wasn't really thinking, instead simply letting his body run on auto-pilot. The less he consciously thought, the hotter all the kissing, nipple teasing, and all-around writhing and fondling together seemed to get, because his inhibitions were no longer holding him back. His body naturally drew upon age-old urges and instincts.

He felt one of her legs curl around one of his, like she was desperately trying to draw him even closer into her. That would have totally blown his mind, except that it had already been blown several times over.

Maggie felt as if she had truly lost her mind. Her body was completely out of control and there was nothing she could do about it because it was all just too hot and thrilling. In recent days, she'd had a few passing daydreams about sharing a real French kiss or two with her son, but even her wildest imaginings had been nothing as hot as this!

Suddenly, without warning, she seized up, realizing that she was climaxing simply from the kissing and the nipple play.

NOOOOOOOOO! she screamed in her mind. *I can't cum! Not with my son!* But her body didn't care who she was with, and a great orgasmic wave washed through her, drowning her in pure pleasure. She cried out, but it only came out as a muffled moan since she was still in a firm lip-lock with him.

She sagged backwards as her climax subsided, taking him back with her. Luckily, since her Prius was right behind her, she ended up resting her backside against it.

Nick was struggling with a growing desire to cum as well. The only thing that stopped him was that his stiff erection wasn't really touching anything, except for the way it was straining against his shorts. Had he rubbed it against his mother, he certainly would have made a big, embarrassing mess.

Their tongues continued to battle feverishly. More and more, Maggie was letting her son take the lead with the kissing. But her climax had drained much of her sexual urgency, so somehow she finally managed to break their kiss. Remembering where she was and who she was with, she looked around for Hillary.

Hillary was still right beside them, in fact standing even closer than before. In part, she had done that to block the view of most of the kissing and groping from the nearby sidewalk where other students were walking past. But mostly she was simply extremely interested and aroused, and wanted a very close look.

The way Hillary was shielding them relieved Maggie somewhat. She was panting hard, gasping for oxygen. She was reeling, trying to figure out how long that kiss lasted. *That must have been five minutes, if not longer! There's no way! Please tell me I'm way off!*

Then she blushed deeply when Hillary joked, "You two need to get a room! Seriously. That was soooo hot!"

Chastened, Maggie managed to bring her hands up to Nick's and pull his away from her breasts.

Then somehow her hands seemed to keep guiding his, until he wound up gripping her ass instead. She even found herself pushing away from the car so his hands wouldn't be impeded from fully enjoying his exploration of her behind. Then, again without her really understanding what was happening, her hands wound up back on his ass too, pulling their bodies closer together.

Nick couldn't have been more delighted! Margaret had a remarkable body all over. Her round ass was firm yet yielding. Nick loved the privilege of merely touching it. But the fact that she had guided his hands there told him she wanted him to fondle her, so he gladly did!

Up to that point his crotch hadn't really come into contact with hers, since her tremendous rack served as a pillowy shelf between them. But pulling each other together as they were, she couldn't help but feel his hard-on through his shorts. *OH NO! Bad, bad, bad! Things are completely out of control! This has to stop now, for real!*

But it was like her body was made of jelly after her orgasm, and she didn't seriously try to disengage. In fact, she couldn't even stop her hands from sensuously squeezing his ass cheeks through his shorts. Her face turned even redder, because it all seemed so very wrong, and what was worse, they were doing it all in public, with lots of people around. She also couldn't stop herself from moaning erotically; the fact that she seemed to be totally helpless in his hands was like a feedback loop making her moan even more.

She thought with chagrin, *Well, Nick wanted to convince everything that he has a "hot girlfriend." Boy, did he do that today! Tongues are going to wag after this!* She glanced at Hillary, and saw clear lust and desire in her eyes. She didn't realize Hillary was even more aroused by her than her son. *Oh, boy! This wild scheme of his could honestly work, and fast! She looks seriously hot to trot!*

Nick couldn't believe his luck that Maggie wasn't wearing heavy jeans or thick slacks. Her light, thin miniskirt covered only a thong-style pair of panties, leaving very little between his fingers and her smooth, bare ass cheeks.

He chose to believe that she was giving him a green light to do almost anything he wanted with her. Even her blushing face looked to him like another sign of her arousal, rather than one of humiliation. Completely carried away by his own lust, he kissed her mouth again.

He was further emboldened, because she kissed him right back, and with plenty of fire and desire! They began a serious tongue duel. Both of them knew Hillary and others had to be staring, but it was like they couldn't stop, even if they wanted to. And they didn't want to stop! She was just as eager as he was, despite all the worries swirling around in her head.

At the same time, he found himself boldly and brazenly kneading her luscious bottom through the thin fabric of her miniskirt. Even though she had a firm, muscular ass, he found he was able to sink his fingers in deeply, though not as much as he'd done with her soft, pliable boobs.

At first, he was alarmed by the way his boner pressed against her lower abdomen. He worried that she'd recoil and break off their contact altogether, or that he would cum in his shorts. But when precious moments passed and neither of those things happened, he gave up all restraint and started actively grinding his erection into her. He discovered that by grasping her ass cheeks, he could guide her hip movements to some degree, which helped him grind his hard-on into her even more. Although he was running a significant risk that he would shoot his load, he was feeling wild and reckless.

This make-out session had gone far beyond his wildest dreams of what could happen while kissing his mother, and yet the fun was still going! It

seemed that they had a magical chemistry that forced their bodies to do naughty things with each other.

Hillary hadn't gotten any response to her "get a room" comment, so the next time they broke their lip-lock to come up for air, she asked them, "So, how long have you two been going out?"

Maggie forced herself to reply, as she gasped for air between kisses. "Oh, about two months, seriously. But we started casually dating at the start of summer vacation. So more like three." She felt how absurd it was trying to act like everything was normal, when she could feel her son's big erection rubbing against her lower tummy. It was driving her totally insane, making her dizzy, giddy, even delirious.

Then, somehow, their lips met and they were off to the races again! Their kisses were absolutely scorching. Their bodies seemed to be on fire.

She thought, Damn! If I didn't have enough problems already, it turns out he's really well hung! I pretty much knew that already, but it's different to directly FEEL it! Someone tell me this is a joke! I'm loving my son's BIG COCK! If only we could merely go back to the disaster of making out with him. How is this happening to me?! It's like two years of pent up lust is coming out all at once, like a raging river, and I can't control it at all! And I can't even tell him to stop, not with Hillary right there, or it will all be for nothing!

Nick felt certain that he was going to cum if the sexual grinding kept on much longer. He was increasingly convinced that he needed to stop before he made an embarrassing mess in his shorts, yet he was unable to stop the arousing gyrations. It was really like his body was operating on its own. His hands were kneading her ass cheeks enthusiastically, and his erection was rhythmically pushing into her with such vigor that it practically looked like he was dry-humping her. Even his chest was loving the way her hard nipples and soft boobs were pressing against him.

He knew that it all had to look obscene to Hillary and to anyone else who was watching. He struggled to hold back from blowing his load, but everything was so arousing that he knew he wouldn't make it.

Maggie felt her willpower dissipating. She'd given up on her feeble effort to end the latest kiss, instead thinking, *Somebody help me! It's like I'm getting sucked down a black hole, or into a pit of quicksand! I have to stop, but I'm*

too horny! That's my son's penis! His god-damned PENIS! PENIS! PENIS! Warning! Danger! His dick! His cock! I can't touch that; I'm his mother! My SON is rubbing his PENIS against me! This is so wrong! Wrong! I can't!

She broke the kissing yet again, but only because she had to pause to take a big breath. That at least was a limited respite from the erotic overload, so she tried harder to get her body to obey her commands. *That's my FUCKING SON'S PENIS! STOOOOP! Can I make that any fucking clearer?! Stop! Stop! STOP yourself, Margaret!*

She managed not to resume making out with her son, at least for the moment, but her hands still lovingly fondled his ass, helping to keep his boner slowly grinding against her.

Hillary was still gamely trying to hold a conversation, if only to justify her continued presence there. With Maggie's mouth suddenly free, Hillary asked, "So, Maggie, how did you two meet?"

But Maggie was so far gone that she barely heard the words. Instead of listening to her own advice and pulling away to answer the question, she was helpless when Nick's mouth connected with hers again. Worse, she actually found herself grinding and gyrating her hips even more, as if she was trying to induce her son to cum from all the friction. In fact, that was exactly what she was trying to do!

Yet, at the same time, she thought, *I have to STOP! Hips, stop moving! That's an order! Oh Gaawwwd! His hands all over my ass, his tongue down my throat, and that positively HUGE cock pushing into me - it's too much! Help me, somebody! Too hot! I can't breathe! Hillary, stop us! In another minute, he'll be fucking me and I'll be having his baby! Well, practically! Sheesh! At least he's gonna cum on me, and that's really bad! We'll never be able to undo that!*

Hillary felt embarrassed just standing there while the other two were making out in such a blatant manner. She loved watching all the lusty looks, groping, and grinding from up close, but she was starting to feel unwanted and awkward. She looked away and said, "Um, maybe you two should be by yourselves."

"NO!" Maggie shouted far too loudly, after breaking their kissing yet again. *Hillary! Please! You can save me! Pry him off me, 'cos I can't stop myself!*

Then Maggie tried again, forcing herself to sound less panicky. "Um, what I mean is, we're just a couple of crazy lovebirds. Don't mind us. I'd love to keep talking to you, and I'm sure Nick would too. Right, Nick?"

"Uh, yeah." He managed to tear his eyes away from his mother's sultry face, not to mention her enormous rack, but he was in such a lusty overdrive that he just blatantly ogled Hillary's possibly even larger rack instead.

With big tits in mind, he reached up and resumed fondling his mother's. He went straight to her nipples and made sure to pull on them.

Far from minding, her eyes rolled up into her head and she moaned as if she were cumming again - which she was.

She thought, *NO! Oh no, no, no, no, no, no! Too much! This can't be happening! AAAAAIIIEEEE!*

Chapter 3: The Ice Cream Shop (Tuesday)

Trying not to notice the way the other two were still grinding and fondling, Hillary said, "Great! I've got an idea then. Why don't we all go get an ice cream? I just love ice cream. That is, if you aren't headed straight to that hotel room."

She giggled at that, but she was partially serious with the expectation the two others would want to be alone to get it on.

However, Maggie said, "That would be great. Let's do it. Now!" She nodded to her red Prius. "Hop in!" She was eager for any excuse to stop the groping and kissing, so she leapt on this one like she was drowning and it was her life preserver.

Hillary was surprised. "Really? Like... now? Okay." She had her own bicycle locked up nearby, but she figured she could be dropped back off to get it later.

Maggie and Nick kissed again, another open-mouthed scorcher. But it was brief, and then they finally pulled away from each other.

Maggie opened the car door, which was right next to her, and practically collapsed into her seat. She was flabbergasted at how she seemed entirely incapable of controlling herself, even now that the kissing had stopped. She longed to reach for her son, hoping they could make out some more.

But then she came to her senses somewhat. She stared off into space, feeling glum. *Whoa! What the HELL just happened?! I've just been making out with MY SON like we're two overexcited teenagers. My son! My son! This can't happen, ever! I need to talk to him in private, fast, and make clear we can't kiss like that ever again!*

Not to mention all the sexy grinding and fondling. UGH! He has such a BIG DICK! I can't even think about that though. Or the way he played with my nipples. Shit! I can't think about any of that!

Ever since discovering her husband's cheating two years earlier, Maggie had basically been living a sexless life. Thanks to Andy's inability to get an erection, she went out of her way to avoid creating any sexual stimulus, since she didn't want to be cruel. Sometimes she couldn't take her own

frustration, so she'd bring herself off with a dildo, but mostly she'd followed Andy's lead and simply turned her libido off.

Suddenly, it seemed like she'd just received Sleeping Beauty's kiss, only she found herself waking from years of sexual slumber instead of actual slumber. The primitive parts of her brain remembered how good sex could feel, and after years of frustration it simply couldn't get her to move fast enough. So even though her more rational mind told her to stop, the more basic part flat-out refused.

She'd told herself that it was like two years of pent up lust coming out all at once. That, pretty much, was exactly what was happening. She'd always had a strong libido, so there was a great amount of repressed lust that suddenly needed to find release. On top of that, she and her son shared some kind of almost magical body chemistry that seemingly made their every touch and kiss electric. And on top of that, the thrill of the incest taboo was very powerful. With all those things added together, it was understandable that she'd found herself incapable of stopping their kissing.

Maggie did her best to look and act normal, knowing that she was expected to drive. But she couldn't stop thinking about her wildly pounding heart, her erect nipples, and her throbbing pussy. *My panties are soaked! I'll bet I smell like a whorehouse. Hillary must know. Good thing I wore a lot of perfume; maybe that'll mask it somewhat.*

What the hell did I just do?! Damn! That was not the plan. AT ALL! With my SON! Ugh! I must look like a mess too. Shit! On the plus side, at least she has to be convinced that I'm really his girlfriend. Shit! There's no doubt about how THAT looks!

Maggie actually looked far worse than she realized. She looked pretty much exactly like she'd just been thoroughly fucked. Her hair was wildly out of place, her skimpy top was slightly askew, and she still had an orgasmic look on her face from the climaxes Nick's nipple play had given her. But she put her sunglasses back on and managed to calm herself. She felt a lot better hiding behind her dark glasses.

Hillary was still standing next to the car with Nick. She'd been growing more and more aroused too. She looked around and was surprised that more people weren't openly gawking at the kiss-and-fondle session she'd just witnessed. Some people certainly were staring, but they generally kept on

walking past, busy with their own lives. It hadn't been obvious just how intense the kissing was unless it was seen up close, so only Hillary had gotten the full impact.

Before that kiss had started, Hillary had thought of Nick as a potential close school friend. But now she considered him practically like a reincarnation of Don Juan! She had no idea that she'd witnessed something that was the culmination of years of frustration - Nick's intense obsession and lust towards Maggie, plus Maggie's sexual drought. She just assumed that the two of them kissed that passionately every single time. She'd never seen anything like it before, and she'd certainly never been kissed like that. Suddenly she really, really wanted to experience such a kiss firsthand.

That kiss had caused Nick to zoom to the top of her list of desired boyfriends. So Nick's scheme was actually working far better than he could have dared hope.

What neither Nick nor Maggie knew was that Hillary actually had a girlfriend named Anushka she'd been dating for the last two months, and it was her most serious romantic relationship yet, by far. Knowing that Hillary was bisexual, Anushka had agreed to allow for Hillary to date other boys, but not other girls. Anushka was going to the local private high school, the Academy, instead of the public one. Hillary wanted to keep her lesbian relationship, and her bisexuality in general, a secret until people at her high school got to know her for herself first. Nick was just about the only other student in the whole high school who knew she was bisexual, since they both transferred from out of the area due to them both being part of the special Advanced Studies program.

Because Hillary was bisexual, Maggie also zoomed to the top of her list of desired girls, although she felt she couldn't act on that due to her commitment to Anushka.

Nick was in a daze, but he recovered enough to say to Hillary, "Here, let me help you into the car." He walked her around to the passenger side, opened the door, and had her sit up front next to Maggie. That was partly to be polite, but mostly it was because he wanted a chance to sit in the back and recover.

He worried that he had a big wet spot in the front of his shorts, and as soon as he settled into the back seat he saw that he did. He didn't know what to

do about it though, except to pull his T-shirt down as far as it could go. It was an extremely close thing that he hadn't cum in his shorts, and even now his erection was still rock hard, with no sign of going down.

As Maggie started the Prius with shaky hands, she felt the need to explain things a bit better. "Sorry, Hillary. That was a bit, uh, awkward for you, I'll bet. It's just that I haven't seen my... Nick all day, and..." Her heart pounded harder with fear. She'd almost said "my son." She reminded herself to be more vigilant about that.

Hillary waved a hand dismissively through the air as Maggie began to drive. "Don't worry about it. I've been in my share of torrid relationships. It's cool. Actually, I like it. It makes me feel all... invigorated and inspired." She really meant "horny," but she felt she couldn't say that. "Boy, that was some kiss!" She giggled.

At first Maggie didn't know what to say, but she finally managed to joke rather lamely, "You're not kidding. Is my boy a good kisser or what?!" With that second sentence, she was hoping to praise her son's kissing skills for Hillary's sake, since that was the ostensible purpose to all of this, but she was so flustered that she didn't realize she was saying "my boy."

Nick, despite the fact that he was still over the moon with lust, kept enough wits about him to cover that faux pas by commenting to Hillary, "She calls me 'her boy' sometimes, just because I'm three years younger than she is. She likes to tease me about that."

Maggie quickly realized her mistake and played along. "Hey, you call me 'old lady' and even less flattering things, so I'm just fighting back!"

Hillary was a bit startled about the "my boy" comment at first, but their kidding attitude put her completely at ease over it. Luckily, Maggie and Nick had different enough features that they didn't appear to be related, especially since Maggie had dyed her hair blonde and genuinely looked like a natural blonde, despite her nice tan. By contrast, Nick's hair was a very dark brown.

At first, the three of them made a little small talk while Maggie drove. But soon Maggie pretended she really liked a song on the radio and turned the volume up loud so she wouldn't have to hold a discussion. She needed some time to recover, both mentally and physically.

She thought, Dammit, this is some kind of cosmic joke on me, right? Not only is Nick a much better kisser than Andy, but his penis is, like, twice as large! Andy's always been on the small side, but that never bothered me. I'm not some kind of "size queen." But since Nick has Andy's genes, how did he end up hung like a horse? It's not that his penis is so long; I'll bet it's maybe seven inches long at most. But it's THICK! Really, really thick! Feeling something that big and thick grinding against my body really drove me crazy!

And kissing him is so... addictive. I literally was unable to stop myself. That's never, ever happened to me before. It's like someone else was controlling my hands and my lips. Dangerous! That's very, very scary. I can't EVER put myself in that position again. Not with him! I'm starved for intimacy and my body craves sexual release. What a cruel fate it is that Nick is the first person to come along who happens to kiss me, well, that way. My own SON! And with Hillary standing there and watching so closely, and looking so gorgeous and all, how on Earth was I supposed to resist without screwing everything up?! I'm only human!

God, I really need to get laid. It's been too long! But please, obviously by someone OTHER than my own son! Sheesh! I need to rethink my plan to stay celibate until the divorce; I need to get myself a good boyfriend fast. As soon as we're free from Hillary today, I'm going to have to tell Nick that this faux girlfriend plan has to come to end immediately. I can't afford to put myself in a situation like that with him again!

(Maggie preferred the term "faux girlfriend" to Nick's "fake girlfriend"; to her it seemed less repugnant and demeaning, particularly when applied to herself.)

Alone in the back seat, Nick was able to think and recover somewhat as well. Holy crap! I thought I knew about kissing, but I didn't know jack. No movie or porn I've ever seen or read had prepared me for how truly AWESOME it is! I always thought kissing was just some perfunctory foreplay before getting to the "good stuff," like fucking and blowjobs. But damn! Kissing IS the good stuff! Now I know why sometimes couples are content to do nothing but kiss for hours and hours. That ROCKS! And that's not even counting the fact that I've been making out with my frickin' MOTHER! Jesus Christ! My hard-on refuses to go down, probably 'cos I can't stop thinking about her.

AND I got to play with her boobs and her ass practically the whole time! How cool is that?! Even if this scheme of mine ends today, it'll have been soooo worth it. But I don't want it to end, ever!

Man! I thought this Seinfeld scheme might work to interest Hillary, if I was lucky. But not only is it clearly getting her interested in me, big time, but it's already gone way, way beyond my very best case scenario with Ma! Friggin' MA! I might be able to get sexy with BOTH of them! I'm sure Ma is totally freaking out right now, and wondering what the hell just happened. I am too. But if I stay aggressive, maybe I can lock in this kissing and fondling as a normal part of our whole pretend relationship!

Wow! That would be too amazing to be believed! I'm totally going to go for it. I feel so encouraged and excited that I can't sit still!

He looked down at his crotch and saw that the obvious wet spot was still there. *Uh-oh! What am I going to do about that? It's not drying up. Shit, just thinking about that is making me too horny. I need to chill out so my dick will stop leaking.*

He closed his eyes and tuned out for a while.

To his relief, his erection did subside a few minutes later. He felt like he was on a non-stop roller-coaster ride, and he needed a breather, especially since he had a feeling the ride was likely to resume when the car came to a stop. He wasn't too worried about his wet spot, since he figured he could just pull his T-shirt down over it. His underwear was even wetter, but the others didn't have to know that.

They arrived at a Ben and Jerry's ice-cream store. As Maggie got out of her car, she looked down and saw that the big pre-cum stain her son had left on her miniskirt had more or less dried off. She was very grateful for that, but even so the sight nearly made her dizzy with both lust and dismay. *What the HELL am I doing with a sex stain on my skirt from my own SON?! This has to stop! As soon as Hillary leaves, I HAVE to tell Nick that this crazy ruse is over, forever! We've made a very convincing case that he had his "hot girlfriend," so he can get by without me from now on.*

Once inside the store, Hillary briefly got a bit separated from the other two, allowing Maggie to grab her son's arm and quietly whisper in his ear, "Where did you learn to kiss like THAT?!" But then she couldn't say any more because Hillary was again too close.

She'd been meaning to admonish him, and especially warn him not to get frisky with her some more, but it ended up coming out like a compliment instead.

Nick's heart soared even more to be given confirmation that he was a good kisser. In fact, he was so happy that he pulled her close. Just like that, they were kissing on the lips again.

Maggie found that she again had no resistance. She eagerly opened her mouth so their tongues could come out and play, while her hands went straight to his ass, just as his hands had gone straight for hers. Her huge tits pressed against his chest, with her erect nipples poking into him, like the car ride had never happened.

They were in a crowded restaurant, but they acted like there was no one else present. They weren't even aware that Hillary was trying to talk to them.

Finally, Hillary tapped Maggie on the shoulder. She laughed as she said, "Come on, you two."

Maggie looked like a deer in headlights. She pulled away from Nick as if he were scorching hot. *How did that happen?! Again! What's happening to me?! This is BAD! I seem to have strange urges and pent-up lusts that I barely understand. This faux girlfriend thing has to stop, RIGHT NOW!*

She quickly excused herself and went to the ladies room. Once safely inside a stall, she pulled up her miniskirt and pulled down her panties to inspect the "damage." *Christ. Just look at me. I'm like some kind of shameless nympho. My panties are absolutely soaked! Why did I have to wear this slutty thong in the first place? I was so keen on not having visible panty lines, and now it's coming back to haunt me.*

Using some toilet paper, she managed to dry the rivulets of fluids that were rolling down her thighs. But there was no way she could dry off her wet panties with just some toilet paper.

As she tried to dab them dry, she thought, *I must smell like a gangbanged whore, and I'm starting to feel like one. I must be the worst mother in history! Good thing I was able to keep the windows down on the ride here, so hopefully Hillary didn't notice. But this is just ridiculous - it's like I peed in my panties, except it's all cum. MY cum! And why did I have to wear such a short miniskirt? It's as bad as the thong. Between those incredibly*

passionate kisses and my sexy, skimpy outfit, she definitely has to think I'm some kind of slut.

She soon came to the conclusion that it would be better to take her panties off and discard them. At least that way she could get completely dry down there. That meant she would have to "go commando," but she didn't see any choice.

Luckily for Maggie, the toilet stall had a small trash can for sanitary napkin disposal. Although she felt guilty about doing so, she put her thong in that trash can.

Once she was rid of her panties, she tried to dry up the area around her pussy lips, but she was still riding such an erotic high that it took all her willpower not to turn that into a masturbation session. *Shit! This is so fucked up. Even now, if I so much as touch my clit, I'm gonna go off like a firecracker. Andy must NEVER know about this! True, he cheated on me, many times over, but incest is a thousand times worse! How could I ever explain that the best orgasm I've had in years occurred while I was kissing and fondling our own son?!*

Shit. Shit, shit, shit! What an utter disaster! Even now, lust is flowing through me like the rush of a hit of crack flowing through a crack head. I'm sooooo horny! I need to calm down.

She pulled her miniskirt up and sat on top of the closed toilet seat. *Just thinking about that last kiss is getting me all horny again. I'm really fucked up. If it only weren't for my husband's fucking cheating and accident! If only I had a normal sex life... It's not my son that's getting me horny; that's downright disgusting! It's just that I haven't gotten laid in years!*

Actually, it was both. She was truly disgusted and morally appalled at any incestuous act, but her needy body didn't care. In fact, and although she wouldn't admit it, in some ways the forbidden-fruit aspect was a big turn-on, and she had a special sexual connection with her son that was almost magical in its power and intensity.

She let out a big sigh of relief. *What the hell. Why should I hurry back out there? I can just sit here and calm down for as long as it takes, until this brief spell of insanity has passed.*

She sighed again and counted to ten to help her relax. But then, as she mentally checked over her body, she felt very uncomfortable under her armpits where her push-up plunge bra was pinching the sides of her breasts, making it annoying to wear. It was a special bra that she rarely wore, because her skimpy top showed so much that her usual bras wouldn't do. Because her breasts were so big, the bra had an extra-wide back band, with extra hooks in the back. Plus, she'd chosen an extra thick one, due to her embarrassing erect nipple incident during yesterday's fake kiss.

She decided that, to really relax, she needed to unhook it for a few minutes, so she unbuttoned her blouse and reached behind herself to unhook the bra. In doing so, she broke one of the hooks, a not uncommon occurrence for that type of bra (which is one reason that she seldom wore that style). She thought *Oh shit! That's all I need right now.*

Since the fasteners were broken, she took the bra off, then tried to decide what to do with it. She didn't have her purse - just a slim wallet in a hidden inner pocket in her miniskirt - so she reached behind her, alongside the toilet, and put the bra on top of the closed sanitary-napkin-disposal trash can.

She closed her eyes and slumped back on the toilet seat, getting really relaxed. *Crap. That was scary. Kissing my son like THAT! That's never going to happen again, that's for sure. Hopefully, today I can accomplish all Nick wants with this faux girlfriend scheme, because this is the last time for this charade. Period! End of story! I just can't trust myself. Hell, I don't even want to think about it; he's probably already damaged psychologically just from what we've already done.*

She realized again with a start, *Christ! He's my SON! I changed his diapers and breastfed him. I have to keep reminding myself of that fact. Okay, this stops now. For sure!* That firm resolution helped ease her worries.

As she drifted deeper into relaxation, she thought, *You know, I've never really thought about Nick as being handsome before. I mean, I knew he was attractive in an objective way, but he's always been shy, quiet, and not very good with girls. He's kind of a loner, actually. So, as a mother, it just kind of snuck up on me. It's almost as if one day I'm cleaning his diapers and the next he's grinding his big rock-hard cock into my thinly-covered pussy while fondling my breasts and kissing me like Don Juan!*

Shit! Did I just think that? That's so freakin'... WEIRD! "Big rock-hard cock?" I sound like some bad porno actress. Still, if he wasn't my son, it would be incredibly hot. He IS well-hung! And he just has a way... Some kind of natural sexual chemistry. And talent. Like he's been doing this for years. For instance, the way he twisted my nipples... Oh my God! That was INSANE!

Without thinking, she brought her hands up to her chest and touched her nipples, just as they erected again from her thoughts. They had only just gone down.

You know what would be good? I should masturbate now. The problem is that I'm too vulnerable because I'm so sexually frustrated. After a nice cum, or maybe two, I'll be able to think with a clearer head. I just need to get off, but without thinking about my son and his magic touch.

As she started to twist a nipple with one hand, her other hand dropped to her crotch. She pulled her miniskirt up, which wasn't difficult since it was so short to begin with. She tried to think of someone else for her masturbation fantasy, so her thoughts went to her husband. But that was such an unappealing idea that it actually cooled her ardor. She'd been very attracted to Andy earlier in their marriage, before his cheating was revealed and then later after his accident, but now he seemed more like a symbol of sexual frustration for her.

Her thoughts drifted right back to Nick and his "magic touch." But she immediately forced her train of thought away from him and towards a hunky movie star she particularly liked. That was safe, allowing her to relax.

Just as she started getting into fingering her pussy lips and clit, the door to the bathroom opened and she heard Hillary's voice. "Maggie? Are you in there? Are you okay?"

Maggie froze. She quickly removed her hands from her privates, even though Hillary obviously couldn't see what she was doing inside the stall. "Yeah, I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"It's just that you've been in here for a long time, like, over five minutes. Nick and I were starting to get worried."

"Don't worry. I'm fine." Maggie stood up and flushed the toilet, thereby demonstrating a reason for her to be in there so long. *Jesus Christ! Has it been that long? I'm so messed up! I've gotta get a grip!*

She hurriedly buttoned her blouse, put her skirt back in place, and walked out of the stall. She smiled at Hillary with a faked grin. "See? No problem."

Hillary smiled back, and then walked into the same stall that Maggie had just vacated.

Maggie walked to a sink and looked at herself in the mirror. She was shocked by what she saw. *FUUUUCCK! This day is going from bad to worse. I look like something the cat dragged in. That is, if a cat could drag in a shameless, slutty WHORE! And I don't have my purse, either, to properly clean myself up. Damn. Well, I can work wonders with just some water and paper towels.*

She quickly prettied herself up. Just as she was finishing, Hillary came out of the stall and used the sink next to Maggie to wash her hands.

"You're looking a lot better," Hillary said.

"Thanks."

"I must say, you're quite the wild one. Nick is very lucky to have you."

"I am? Why do you say that?"

"Oh, you know." Hillary looked over her shoulder at the toilet stall and winked knowingly.

Maggie didn't understand the over-the-shoulder look. Instead, she thought back to her hot kissing and groping session back at the school, and the kiss when they'd entered the restaurant. She blushed. "Oh. That. What can I say? I get so hot sometimes that I can't help myself."

"I'll say! You're an inspiration. You two have such a great sexual chemistry. Who'da thunk it with shy ol' Nick?"

"Yeah. I hear he used to be pretty shy. He sure isn't anymore."

Hillary wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. "You can say that again! He's a relentless tiger! Is he really as good a kisser as he looks?"

Maggie's face lit up. "Is he? He's the BEST! God! When he kisses me..." Her voice trailed off, because she realized she was letting her lusty feelings

run wild.

Hillary urgently asked, "What?!"

Maggie thought, *Wait a second here. The whole point of this scheme is to get Hillary to desire him. Maybe at least some good can come out of this fiasco. I should hype him up to the max!*

With that new resolve, she smiled knowingly. "Sorry. I'm spacing out a bit, reveling in how great he is. I think of him as the 'magic man' with the magic touch. He's SUCH a good kisser! Such a good... everything! When he puts his hands on me... Oooh! Goose bumps, every time! I know it seems a bit weird that a college girl like me would date someone as young as him, but if he ever kisses and fondles you, you'll understand."

"WOW!" Hillary was very impressed. Maggie's attempt to hype him up was going like gangbusters.

Unfortunately for Maggie, her words were further arousing her. Feeling uncomfortable with this conversation, she led the way out of the restroom.

She and Hillary walked together towards Nick.

Maggie didn't realize it, but she'd left her bra in the bathroom stall!

There were a couple of reasons for this. For one, even though she was in her early thirties and her breasts were very large, they still sat high and firm on her chest. As a result, they didn't move around that differently when she was wearing a bra compared to when she wasn't.

But more than that, she'd been feeling very discombobulated. She thought that she'd gotten her act together after taking a rest in the bathroom stall, but that was far from the case. She'd been in a lusty daze ever since she and Nick had French kissed back at his school, and although when she talked she sounded in control, that was an illusion. In a very real sense, she was going through some sort of profound shock, so she was struggling just to cope and regain her bearings. Given that she'd also been distracted in the bathroom by the arrival of Hillary, it was no great surprise that she'd forgotten the bra.

Nick had cleverly chosen to sit in the remotest booth, in the very back of the store. He was hoping for more opportunities to make out with his mother, especially in front of Hillary. He'd been so very emboldened by the French kissing that his shyness was long gone. His lust was in the driver's

seat. He was chomping at the bit for more necking. He was truly having the best time of his life, hands down.

He'd waited for them. He hadn't ordered his ice cream yet.

Hillary slid into the bench opposite Nick, pretty much forcing Maggie to sit on the bench next to her son.

Maggie was alarmed at that, but she tried not to show it. She was actually afraid of touching him in any way, for fear she'd lose control all over again. But she reminded herself that she was cleaned up and again in control. To prove it, she decided she'd put on a show by continuing to play the role of the sexy teen girlfriend. She sat down next to Nick and winked saucily. "Miss me?"

"You have no idea how much!" He pulled her close. Just like that, they were necking again.

Oh no! Maggie cried out in her mind. *Not again!* She hadn't expected that response from her supposedly shy son. But once again her needy body betrayed her, and all she could do was kiss him back and love it.

Hillary laughed. "You two are too much! I don't know about you, but I'm starving for some ice cream. While you two are, er, getting reacquainted, do you mind if I get something?"

Being a tit man, Nick's hands went straight to his mother's perfect orbs. He was so horny and emboldened that he didn't even worry about the fact that he was visibly fondling her in a public place.

He noticed right away that something was different. There was a lot less fabric to try to feel through. *Whoa! No way! Did she take her bra off?! I think she did! NO WAY! This proves she's totally hot for me!*

He felt obliged to reply to Hillary's question, so he broke from the kiss. He glanced Hillary's way while continuing to fondle his mother's huge tits through her top. "No, not at all. In fact, could you get something for me too?"

"Sure. What would you like?"

"I like my foxy girlfriend!" He leaned in and kissed Maggie's lips again.

Maggie was discovering she had no willpower whatsoever when it came to his kisses. She eagerly kissed him right back.

Hillary laughed. "I can see that!"

He broke the kiss relatively quickly, because he didn't want to keep Hillary waiting and feeling awkward. He looked to her again and said, "Sorry about all the PDA."

Hillary knew that meant "public display of affection." She shrugged. "No problem. I think it's great, actually. Really inspirational!"

"Cool." As he squeezed the undersides of Maggie's tits through her top, he replied, "Um, about the ice cream, I know this sounds boring, but I really like vanilla. A scoop of French vanilla."

"Sounds good," Hillary replied. "Some people appreciate the classics." She smiled at him. She looked to Maggie. "And you?"

"Nothing for me, thanks. I'll just have some of Nick's."

"Okay. I'll be back in a jiff. Don't get TOO friendly while I'm gone, okay? I don't want the police to arrest you." Hillary laughed as she walked off to order the ice cream.

Maggie started to reply, "No, in fact, we're all done kissing, so don't worry." But in fact, she only got as far as "No, in fact-" before her son's lips were back on hers.

Again, all she could do was moan lustily and eagerly melt into his arms.

With Hillary temporarily gone, Nick felt even more emboldened than before. He'd been so shy all his life that he could hardly believe it when he saw his own hand slip under his mother's skimpy top so he could test to see if she was wearing a bra or not.

But when his hand got there, he confirmed his great hope: there was no bra there at all! He felt an erotic jolt all the way to his fingers and toes as the implications of that sank in.

Maggie was doubly shocked. For one, she was amazed that her innocent, reclusive son would make such a bold move. But she was even more floored to realize that her bra was gone.

Then it all came back to her, how she'd taken the bra off in the restroom stall and left it on the sanitary-napkin-disposal canister, and then how she'd been interrupted by Hillary and rushed out of the stall without thinking. *NoooooOOOooooo! FUCK! This is like the perfect storm of crazy lust! I*

thought I felt something different when I was walking back - my breasts were swinging too freely under this useless top of mine. But I guess I was just so horny that I was floating in a daze. And my panties! They're gone too! I've never felt so naked in public, because I practically AM naked! Shit, shit, shit!

With a gasp (even as her son kept kissing her), it further occurred to her, *Hillary went right into that stall after I left! She must have seen the bra sitting on the trash can! Oh my God! She knows! She thinks I took it off on purpose! I'm so embarrassed that I could DIE! No wonder she made that comment about me being "quite the wild one" while nodding back towards the stall. She has to think I'm a total slut! This is crazy! I have to go back into the bathroom and put at least my broken bra back on while I still can!*

That was her intention, but while she was thinking that, Nick was even further emboldened now that he knew his mother had removed her bra. He took that as a blatant indication that she was no longer just playing the role of a fake girlfriend, but that she was really enjoying the kissing and fondling and wanted him to take it even further. He was so thrilled that he could hardly stand it.

Within seconds, he had both hands under her top, with his fingers directly manipulating her erect nipples.

No fuckin' WAY! he exclaimed in his mind. *Ma must be loving this! Oh my God, her tits - they're just the, the, the greatest tits in the whole world! So huge! So soft yet firm! Perfection! Yeee-haaaa! Woo-hoo!* He was so ecstatic that he completely forgot all propriety, including that others might be watching them.

As before, as soon as Nick's fingers began twisting Maggie's nipples, what was left of her already tattered resistance simply vanished. She kissed back with even more passion and desire than previously, which was saying a great deal. It didn't seem possible to put any more effort and emotion into a kiss than what they were doing.

That, in turn, drove Nick even further in playing with her breasts and nipples. Neither of them gave any thought to the fact they were in a public place, because they were totally focused on each other, to the complete exclusion of everything else. It was mostly chance that he didn't pull up her skimpy top to completely expose her gorgeous rack.

He loved twisting her nipples like radio knobs, because whenever he did she responded with particularly sexy moans. But he also loved running his hands over the smooth, curved slopes of her massive tits. Her flesh was so firm, yet pliant and soft, that he wanted to play with her perfect globes forever.

Maggie thought *I'm such a SLUT! But I don't care! I'll worry about that later. Right now, I need more!* She actually went on the offensive and soon had Nick pinned up against a wall of the booth. Her hands ran all over him, as if she couldn't get enough, which was actually the case.

At one point, her hand brushed over the large bulge in his shorts. Then, rather than trying to avoid that area, her hand went right back to it and grasped it tightly. At one level, she knew that she shouldn't be doing that, but it was as if a feral animal inside her had taken over. She wanted and needed his cock!

He was already worked up to a fever pitch and was teetering right at the edge of orgasm. The main reason he hadn't climaxed earlier was that his erection hadn't been directly stimulated. So when she squeezed his thick and throbbing shaft, he couldn't hold off anymore and immediately discharged a load into his underwear. *Oh shit! I'm... I'm... I'm cumMMMMIIIIINNNNGGG!*

Naturally, he'd climaxed many times before by his own hand, but this time was completely different. The feeling was too intense to be believed, even though it had just been one squeeze through his clothes. It was the fact that his mother was deliberately touching him there that doubled or tripled his already great pleasure. He wanted to scream out with pure joy, but their French kiss never slackened so he never had the opportunity.

Instead, he laughed with glee and naughtiness as he felt his cum squirting, and squirting, and squirting some more!

Maggie didn't understand why she'd squeezed him there. She could have justified it to herself as an accident, since she hadn't been deliberately thinking about or planning to do it. And that was true, on one level. But once she had his dick in her hand, even through his clothing, she didn't let go. As his climax seemingly went on forever, she kept holding and even rhythmically squeezing his shaft through his shorts.

Her mind shut down for a little while, because that was easier than thinking about what she was doing and trying to come up with some lame justification.

When it was over, she pulled her hand back, only to discover it soaked with his cum and pre-cum, which had leaked through his underwear and shorts.

She thought, *OH NO! No, no, NO! What have I done?! Oh God! Talk about an out-of-control disaster. Things are going from bad to worse! I'll really go to hell now!*

But the words were empty of powerful emotion, because she was still too horny. In fact, she wiped his seed on her bare thigh to clean her hand as best she could, and then went right back to fondling and necking with him.

At seventeen, Nick was in his sexual prime, so was hardly slowed by his sudden climax. In fact, his refractory interval was so short that his penis hadn't even finished going flaccid before it reversed course and revived to full hardness. That was in keeping with his usual tendency to "cum in twos."

It seemed like forever since Hillary had gone to get the ice cream cones, and also no time at all. In fact she'd been absent for about five minutes, because there'd been a line.

When she made it back to the booth with a cone in each hand, she could scarcely believe what she saw: Nick and Maggie were up against a booth wall, kissing and groping so intensely that it practically looked like they were fucking. Luckily, Maggie's body covered most of what was going on. But even so, Hillary could see that Nick had his hands all over Maggie's big orbs underneath her skimpy top.

Hillary already knew Maggie wasn't wearing a bra, since she'd seen it left behind in the bathroom stall. But she didn't even need that special knowledge, because Maggie's top had ridden up almost to the point where her nipples were exposed from below, showing off a fair amount of bare "underboob." Hillary was impressed by Maggie's lack of tan lines or any pale areas on her breasts.

Hillary thought, *These two are the sexiest, horniest kids I've ever met! It's like I'm watching a porn movie or something. And in an ice cream shop, no*

less. Just imagine them going at it in a bedroom! I wonder if she's jacking him off. I can't see, but I totally bet she is!

I really underestimated Nick. I guess it's true when they say that it's the quiet ones who surprise you most.

She cleared her throat. "Um... Guys?"

That brought Maggie back to reality. Suddenly remembering where she was, she withdrew rapidly from her son, then sheepishly tried to sit down normally while straightening her clothes.

Going bra-less, with her stiff nipples poking obviously through her white top, was bad enough, since the shape of her nipples could easily be seen. But she became even more alarmed that she was sitting there without panties, because her very short miniskirt gave her an even greater cause for alarm.

Dammit! Another disaster! Despite all that Nick has done already, I know he's basically a good, shy boy. I can't possibly imagine that he would try to feel his way up under my miniskirt. But what will happen if my miniskirt rides up a few more inches and he looks down and sees my exposed pussy? I'm so naked! Would that make him too horny to control himself?!

I can't let that happen! No way!

That led her to pay constant attention to her legs, making sure they were closed tightly so her miniskirt wouldn't ride up. But while that problem was a bother, it also gave her a constant thrill. She'd never been so naughty in her life. There wasn't even a close second.

Nick, by contrast, looked like a hurricane had almost embedded him in the wall. His clothes and hair were totally askew and he wore a dazed expression. He only gradually managed to slump into something like a normal sitting position.

Maggie realized that Hillary was probably on the verge of leaving, since she was unsure how to deal with such blatant public displays of affection. Maggie didn't understand what had happened, so she desperately needed Hillary there as a check on her own behavior. So she said, "Sit down, please! Don't mind us. I swear, that's the last time something like that is going to happen. Come on, Nick, take the ice cream cone that she brought for you. Sit up straight."

Hillary sat down on her side of the booth and tried to relax. She laughed as she handed Nick his cone. "Listen to you, Maggie. You sound like his mother. That's a sign you two are getting serious - as if I didn't notice already!" She laughed some more.

Maggie blanched, because the "mother" comment was way too close to home. When she realized that there was no implied double meaning, she allowed herself to exhale. She forced a smile. "Yeah, well, it's been a whirlwind romance, that's for sure."

"Tell me all about it," Hillary said as she started to lick her cone. "And I do literally mean 'tell me about it.' I'd love to hear more about how you two hooked up."

Just then, Nick said to Maggie, "Uh, I need to get by. I have to go to the bathroom." In fact he didn't need to pee, but he did want to do something about the mess in his shorts. There had already been a big wet spot on them from before, but once he'd climaxed a big load into them, he knew that he couldn't hide that simply by pulling his T-shirt down.

As he stood up, he made sure to angle himself and keep his T-shirt pulled low so that Hillary wouldn't be the wiser. Luckily, he managed to succeed in that.

Maggie was glad to let him pass and then leave the area. She didn't understand why she was suddenly feeling so horny around him, when she'd gone all his life without any similar feelings towards him.

His departure allowed her to calm down, at least a bit. She tugged her skimpy top down some more, making sure it covered as much of her tanned and taut tummy as possible. Her pussy was leaking again, but she surreptitiously used some napkins to clean up. While she did that, her miniskirt was so short that she had no choice but to sit bare-assed on the plastic seat.

She thought, I don't understand what's happening! The no-bra fiasco is bad enough. Now, I'm totally helpless because all he has to do is fondle my breasts under my top and I completely lose my mind! But what's a thousand times worse is I actually held his erection through his shorts and felt him shoot off! I made him cum! It was kind of an accident, but still. I'm his mother! That's something that will always be a part of our history now. I can never undo that! UGH!

Before long, she found herself holding a relatively normal conversation with Hillary. Her goal was to simply endure the rest of this situation without further incident, then go back home and regroup.

At one point during a pause in the conversation while they licked their ice creams, she told herself, *If there's one thing I know for sure, it's that this "faux girlfriend" charade is OVER! It's way too dangerous! God, what if he really does date Hillary and gets serious with her? At some point, will she find out I'm actually his MOTHER?! Oh, fuck! But I still need to try to salvage something from the wreckage, or this will have all been for naught. There's a real chance I can use what's already happened to get Hillary interested enough in him to date him. And then I'll be off the hook.*

It's kind of a must that I redirect his lust and attention, or he's going to want to kiss me again and again. And I'm not sure I have the willpower to say no! So I really need to make this work.

Hillary continued to ask about the background to their supposed romantic relationship. She was genuinely very curious.

Nick had prepped Maggie on a detailed story about how they'd supposedly met, and what their relationship was like, so she simply drew from that and added embellishments here and there.

Before long, Nick returned with a suspiciously large wet spot over his crotch. He'd used a lot of water in his attempt to clean the cum, but he'd only managed to make things look worse. He had his T-shirt pulled down once again, but it was done in such an obvious way that it actually drew more attention to his problem.

Hillary was able to ignore that fairly easily. After all, it seemed par for the course given everything else she'd seen, heard, and even smelled.

But Maggie was shocked and appalled. *Look at that! I stroked my son to orgasm. I did that! If I had a gun, I swear I'd shoot myself right now. I'm a terrible, terrible mother. Yet... I can't help but recall how hot and stiff it felt, even through his shorts. Imagine if I had it directly in my hands...*

Oh God! Just listen to me. What is WITH me?! It's like my body has gone crazy on me! I'm definitely going to have to find some normal guy my age, and fast! Then I need to get fucked back to normal. Seriously, royally fucked! I had no idea that my suppressed need had built up to this

uncontrollable degree, but that's what two years without sex will do to a person.

Nick mostly just listened while Maggie and Hillary went on like a couple of old gossips. Maggie had gotten over her shock and was having a great time pretending to be a love-struck teenager, and with Nick back and listening she was able to embellish her tales even more without worrying that he would contradict her tale. After all, their stories had to match.

He put an arm around his mother and kept it there. But that's all he did for now. He figured they were in a public place and he didn't want to alienate Hillary with too much PDA. His dick remained very stiff and aroused, but he was okay with that.

Before long, Maggie realized she was no longer just trying to endure this disaster; she was actually really enjoying herself. She wasn't sexually out of control any longer, so her major concerns were her bare ass and pussy being so easily exposed if she sat the wrong way, her big melons wobbling around unsupported in her top, and her easily visible nipples poking through her blouse. She genuinely liked Hillary and was fully engaged in talking with her.

Even when their ice cream was gone, no one made any suggestion to leave. The conversation shifted to Hillary for a while, and Nick learned some things about her he'd never known before.

For Maggie, most of this information was new and interesting. For the last two years, Maggie had been in a kind of self-imposed exile, so she hadn't met new people or even socialized much with older friends. She loved talking to Hillary.

The shop was fairly empty that late in the afternoon, so nobody minded how long they occupied the booth. A half hour became an hour and still they were talking up a storm.

Or at least the two women were; Nick had trouble getting a word in edgewise. While he didn't feel shy around them, at least not anymore, he also didn't feel the need to always be speaking. He was mostly just content to watch and listen. And with his focus on fooling Hillary, he was careful to remember nearly everything that was said.

All the while they were talking, Nick kept his arm around Maggie. At first she minded, but after a while she gave up trying to subtly pry herself free and even put an arm around him too. They wound up cuddling very close together. She was initially annoyed by that, but he didn't try to get any more aggressive, so after a while she found herself enjoying the contact. That included feeling the side of one of her barely covered breasts pressing into his chest.

Compared to earlier, their sexual heat had cooled a great deal, but it hadn't completely vanished. In part that was because most of their focus was on the conversation with Hillary. However, some flirting and touching continued between them, and Maggie was the instigator more often than not. For instance, sometimes when he talked, she would twist her upper body to face him. In so doing, she would squish at least one of her huge breasts against his chest. She found herself doing that a lot.

She definitely noticed that his dick was erect and lewdly tenting his shorts. She had calmed down enough to not feel tempted to touch it. But she found herself thinking about it a lot and even sneaking glances at his crotch. Just knowing he was erect and horny kept her somewhat horny, no matter what they were talking about.

Meanwhile, Nick still had one hand free, so after a while he decided to use it. Keeping that hand under the table, he reached across his body and "walked" his fingers across his mother's bare thigh, just below the hem of her miniskirt.

She kept on smiling, but she playfully swatted his hand away. She didn't realize that her relative tolerance of this showed just how much the relationship between them had changed in the last hour. She didn't really mind him fondling her, but she just wanted to be sure he didn't play with her pussy.

A few minutes later, he tried "walking" his fingers there again, making sure to stay on top of her miniskirt this time so she wouldn't freak out too much. Again she swatted his hand away (while making sure Hillary didn't see what she was doing), but she didn't show any anger, or even serious annoyance, because she didn't really feel any.

A few minutes later, he tried again, with the same results. But he kept trying and trying. He was amazed at his own boldness, but his arousal felt so good

that he was hooked and eager for more. Plus, he was continually emboldened by the way she was behaving, especially how she kept pressing her tits against his chest at seemingly every opportunity.

Maggie was mostly focused on the conversation, and so she gave up trying to discourage him.

Before long, his fingers weren't just walking over her nearest thigh. He started caressing and stroking her here and there, but with two limitations. One, he avoided directly touching her pussy, or the area just around it, since he didn't want to get her upset enough to push him away. And two, he kept his hand under the table edge, so Hillary wouldn't be able to see it (though the movement of his upper arm often gave away that some hanky-panky was going on). That meant the "fair game" areas were mostly her legs and her hips. But sometimes, he also caressed her mostly bare tummy, even though Hillary could easily see that.

At first, Maggie was frightened that he would discover her panty-less state, and then he'd feel emboldened to take even more liberties. Before long, it was clear he had to know she wasn't wearing panties, since his fingers should have come across her panties above her thigh and did not. But she soon realized that he had set certain boundaries he wasn't ready to cross. Namely, he wasn't touching her pussy mound. As a result, she didn't even really need to "police" where his hand went. Slowly but surely, she relaxed and even started to enjoy his caresses.

Eventually, she decided to "retaliate" by running her hands over his body below the table edge, doing the exact same thing to him that he was doing to her.

Nick was not exactly upset by her response. The only disappointment he had was that she kept her hand well clear of his package, which was especially disappointing since she'd previously held and squeezed his erection through his shorts until he climaxed. However, by this point she was still aroused, but not insanely aroused like before. Neither of them were careening wildly out of control, but between their cuddling and wandering hands they maintained a nice, medium-level erotic buzz.

Nick was tempted to bring his hand closer to his mother's pussy, in hopes of triggering a more lusty response. But since his own lust was more controlled than earlier, his innate shyness dominated and he always

chickened out. It was almost as if some invisible force field was keeping his fingers at least a few inches from that magical, forbidden zone.

However, his hand around her back did stray down to her ass a few times, especially when she leaned forward to make a point with Hillary. Even then, he'd eventually chicken out and bring his hand back up her back. It was hard for him to do much with her backside while she was sitting in the booth.

To Maggie, all of this "finger wandering" was a fun and exciting game. She was in a happy, frisky mood, so her concerns about doing inappropriate things with her son were mostly forgotten. A part of her remembered how inappropriate it was, but she didn't mind their play very much as long as neither of them went too far. She found herself loving the way they cuddled and touched, just as if they were real lovers. Frankly, she hadn't felt so loved in year, not since her problems with Andy had begun.

After a while, Hillary said, "I'm feeling thirsty; I'm going to get something. Do either of you want anything?"

Nick replied, "Just one of those little cups of water for me, thanks." But then, with a start, he stood up. (Thankfully, his wet spot had mostly dried by that time.) "No, wait! Let me get it, please. I want to be a gentleman."

"Be my guest," Hillary replied.

Nick took orders for what the others wanted to drink, then went off to the counter. The reason he was so eager to get the drinks though was not because he wanted to be a gentleman, although that was a nice bonus. Mainly, he wanted to avoid being alone with his mother. Now that both of them had somewhat calmed down, he worried that if she had a chance to talk to him in private she would chastise him for what had happened and demand that they cool off completely. He rightly sensed that she felt she'd gone too far, way beyond what she had intended to do, and that she regretted it despite the fact that they were continuing to play around a bit.

In fact, she had been planning to chastise him as soon as they were alone, but she'd been foiled by his clever chivalry.

He returned a short time later with the drinks.

Even with all of the low-level fondling going on, the three of them managed to hold a serious conversation about vegetarianism. Hillary and Nick were

in favor, while Maggie was on the fence. (Actually, Maggie was against, since she ate meat, but she didn't want to come across as too "square" in front of Hillary.)

That conversation led to a new flirtation on Nick's part. Every time Maggie agreed with the other two, he "rewarded" her with a brief kiss on the lips. Sometimes, when she'd merely made a good point, he'd rewarded that with a kiss as well. These started out as more like pecks, but Maggie's resistance gradually lessened, and eventually they were dueling tongues for up to about half a minute at a time. Sometimes they would have gone at it even longer, but they didn't want to bore Hillary too much or cause the conversation to sputter to a halt.

As their kisses grew longer and more frequent, their general arousal levels started to soar back up. Before long, their upper bodies were facing each other nearly all time, even while they would turn their heads to hear Hillary speak. That allowed Maggie to keep her barely covered tits pressing into his chest. During some of their longer kisses, he would reach a hand up and fondle one of her tits a little bit, usually under her top.

When Hillary made good points, she repeatedly joked that she deserved a nice kiss from Nick as well. That aroused him to no end.

At one point, after she made a particularly good argument in favor of vegetarianism, she even said, "Okay, that definitely deserves a kiss? Don't you agree, Nick?" She leaned way forward across the table, using her upper arms to push her huge tits up and out, creating a very tempting sight. She actually was game for a kiss of some sort, if he would literally meet her halfway by leaning across the table too.

He grinned from ear to ear. "Definitely!" He started to lean across the table. He didn't know what would happen, but he was in a mood where he was up to try almost anything.

Or at least he tried to lean forward. He didn't get far because Maggie still had her immense tits against his chest. She surprised herself by saying to Hillary, "Hands off, girl! He's mine!" Then she gave him a particular scorching and prolonged kiss while overtly rubbing her tits up and down his chest.

The rubbing caused her top to slide around some and actually caused her nipples to come uncovered.

He reached up and fondled the acres of tit-flesh that had been exposed.

Hillary laughed good-naturedly. "Okay, okay! Geez! You two are too much!"

Maggie was distressed by her behavior. She reminded herself that her purpose was to get Hillary interested in him, not to tell her to back off. She tried to undo the damage by breaking the kiss. She carefully pulled her top down over her nipples and turned slightly in place to better face Hillary.

Then she said, "Sorry about the 'hands off' stuff. In truth, we're not going steady, so if he wants to kiss you, I can't stop him."

He playfully wiggled his eyebrows. "Hmmm! Interesting idea!"

Hillary laughed. "You two! Geez!" But she was secretly even more intrigued, especially by the confirmation that they weren't going steady.

The talking, flirting, kissing, and joking around continued. Nick and Maggie were acting exactly like two young lovers who couldn't keep their hands off each other.

Hillary was very impressed. Her interest in each of them was growing by the minute.

At times, Maggie found herself tempted to touch Nick's bulge in his shorts, since it never went down. She even fantasized about stroking it through his shorts or inside his shorts. But she couldn't come up with any sort of remotely plausible excuse to do that. Her arousal level never rose so high that she was seriously tempted. But the mere thought of such forbidden contact helped keep her hot and bothered all the time.

By contrast, Nick's free hand was on his mother non-stop. He caressed her everywhere he could reach except for her pussy mound. Sometimes, he even slipped a hand under her top to fondle her bare flesh when they weren't kissing and were facing Hillary. Mostly, he liked to caress her firm and tanned tummy. She was so athletic that she had sexy curves there, including a narrow groove running down to her belly button.

All that touching of her thighs, tummy, tits, and more was having a subtle yet important effect. She was coming to be very comfortable with him touching her in a sensual and sexual way. In fact, she increasingly craved his touch, even if it was to a "safe" part of her body.

The three had been there well over an hour when Hillary suddenly said, "I think our welcome here is wearing thin, especially if we're not going to buy anything else."

The other two agreed that they weren't interested in more ice cream or drinks.

Hillary went on, "Well, then, I must say I've really, really enjoyed talking with you two. You know, it's only the second day of school, and I've been so worried about making new friends. But look: I have two new friends already!" She beamed.

Nick said with a touch of bitterness from his own social problems, "You can't be serious. You? Having trouble making friends? Back at our old school, you were, like, super popular. You were friends with everybody."

Hillary thought about that and then replied, "Not really. I know it may have LOOKED that way, and it's true that I get along with everybody. I'm not like a lot of girls who get all catty and competitive. I do like to be nice with most everyone I meet. But real friends? That's a whole different matter than just being good acquaintances. There really aren't that many people I can truly connect with."

Maggie asked, "Why not? You're beautiful, you're friendly, you're smart, you're fun to be with... Stop me at any time."

"I'm in no hurry!" Hillary laughed. "But seriously, that's the problem, especially that beautiful and smart combo. My dad once told me that if you have good looks, you can pretty much ride that to success, and so you don't put a lot of effort into being smart or getting educated. But on the other hand, if you don't have the looks, you tend to focus on being smart and doing well in school. It's very rare to find someone with both. I guess I've been genetically blessed, and I appreciate it, but it's also kind of a curse. The beautiful people don't like that you're so smart, and the smart people don't like that you're so beautiful. Lots of problems all around, believe me."

Nick said, "I must say, I feel a bit insulted. I guess I fall into the category of the guy who concentrated on being smart 'cos he's not good looking."

"Not at all!" Hillary replied. "I can tell already that you and Maggie are just like me - smart and beautiful, or handsome in your case. Maybe you don't feel handsome, but you are. Trust me on this; I'm a woman." She winked at

him. Actually, she hadn't really considered him handsome before that day, but she definitely did at that moment, thanks to the sizzling hot sexual chemistry that she'd just witnessed between him and Maggie.

Then she said, "If you doubt yourself, just look at your girlfriend! You're dating a COLLEGE girl! And not just that, but a total knockout with a magazine cover face, more curves than an Indy 500 race, and a genuinely nice personality to boot! Would she date you if you were ugly and unappealing? I think not!"

Nick was secretly delighted. Oh my God! That's the "Seinfeld scheme" in action! The fact that I have a hot girlfriend is taken as proof that I must be highly desirable. So cool!

Maggie also was secretly delighted, because she was thinking the exact same thing. *I can't believe it, but his crazy scheme is working exactly as he said it would! At least maybe he'll end up dating her because of all this. Hopefully, someday we'll be able to look back on this insane day and laugh.*

Maggie asked Hillary, "It's plain to see that you're drop dead gorgeous, and I know you're in the Advanced Studies program, so you're super smart too. But how is it you've manage to not fall into the trap of using your good looks as a crutch? Getting into that program isn't all just lucky genetics. It's a lot of hard work too."

Hillary replied, "Like I said, my dad warned me about that, repeatedly. He and my mom made very sure that I put academics first. Don't get me wrong - they believe in 'work hard, play hard' - but the work comes first, so only play when the work is done."

"Smart P's," Maggie commented, trying to sound cool.

For some reason, the mention of parents caused Nick's arousal to spike. He dropped the hand that had been around Maggie's back a long time until it was at the same level as her breasts. Then he slipped it inside her top and began fondling her far boob. He was disappointed he hadn't thought to do that earlier, because it left his other hand free. He boldly slipped that hand inside her miniskirt. All he did was caress her near hip.

But the fact that he was acting as if her miniskirt wasn't even there caused Maggie's arousal to spike too. She felt a similar surge in her desire to

"retaliate" by reaching to his crotch and fondling his bulge. Or at the very least, she wanted to neck with him a lot more. But she managed to control herself and just sit there listening to Hillary talk.

Hillary noticed the tit fondling, but pretended not to, as usual. She went on, "Yeah, but the problem is that school is divided into a bunch of tight cliques. I'm friendly with everybody, and I go out of my way not to make enemies, but I don't really like ANY of the cliques. I especially dislike the 'beautiful people' clique that's supposedly at the top of the school pecking order. Everybody tries to push me into that, but they're the most vapid and bitchy people I've ever met."

"People like Debra, the model?" Nick asked. He switched from the hip caressing to idly running a finger around, and sometimes dipping into, Maggie's belly button. He continued to fondle her far tit with his other hand, getting dangerously close to her nipple.

"ESPECIALLY Debra!" Hillary huffed. "This is just between you and me, okay? Even before school started, I'd heard a lot about her. She sought me out, wanting to be my BFF right away."

She made a disgusted look. "I guess she expected we could divide and conquer the school, based on our looks alone, or something like that. But did you ever spend some time with a person and get the feeling that they'll stab you in the back the first chance they get? I got that feeling from her literally within five minutes of talking with her. So I have to do a delicate balancing act, of being nice to her but keeping my distance at the same time. Luckily, she's not exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer... I can't believe I'm being so open with you two. Somehow I feel like I can trust you with my innermost feelings. I hope you'll honor that."

"You can, and we will," Maggie said. "If there's one thing I know about Nick, it's that he can be trusted with secrets."

"Thanks!" he said.

She took that as an excuse to twist her upper body in place and look him in his eyes, as a prelude to a kiss. "I only say it because it's true." Then she planted her lips on his.

Hillary nodded. She looked a bit sad, but then continued more positively, even as Nick and Maggie engaged in a fiery hot tongue duel. "But you two,

it's just the opposite. We've only been talking for what, nearly two hours now, and I'm getting this really GOOD vibe. It's like we've only talked a few minutes 'cos the time flies by. I DO trust you both. And we have soooo many similar interests, it's uncanny. Especially you and me, Nick. Like I absolutely LOVE your taste in music. I could talk to you about music for hours!"

Nick knew that was because he'd been in love (or at least in lust) with Hillary for so long that whenever he found out something Hillary liked, he'd check it out too, and usually find out that he liked it as well. With music, it was really easy to know what she liked, due to her rock band T-shirts and the way she constantly talked about her favorite groups. Fortunately, she loved the same kind of classic rock he did, so it was all good.

However, he knew better than to explain that, and that he'd been stalking her. So he broke the latest hot kiss with his mother, and said, "I know. It's great. I mean, you like the White Stripes, Beck, AND the Kinks. And Nick Drake too! That's just totally uncanny."

"I know! Hey! I've got an idea. You like Pink Floyd, right?"

"Like 'em? I love 'em! Both the Roger Waters and Syd Barrett eras, of course."

"Of course." She grinned at that, while also smirking at the way he continued to fondle Maggie's far tit. "Well, the other day, I downloaded this totally incredible bootleg concert from 1977. They play the ENTIRE 'Animals' album, and then the ENTIRE 'Wish You Were Here' album, and then they play some other great songs on top of that. You definitely have to hear it. We should go back to my place and give it a listen."

Hillary was amazed at how Nick and Maggie literally couldn't keep their hands off each other. She figured that if they were this hot for each other in public, she wanted to get them in private to see what more might happen. She had a small hope that some kind of threesome action might break out if things went really well.

Nick looked back and forth between Hillary and Maggie. Then he asked, "What, the three of us? Right now?"

"Sure, right now," Hillary replied. "That's what I was starting to get to, in my long-winded way, when I said that we were overstaying our welcome

here."

Maggie was having a great time, genuinely enjoying talking to Hillary. She could see why Hillary didn't have many true friends who were teenagers, because Hillary was extremely mature, both emotionally and intellectually. She was proud that she'd raised Nick to be similarly mature, and it made sense that the three of them would quickly bond.

But on the other hand, if she went with them, she worried she might find herself in more kissing and fondling situations with Nick, and she didn't want that. Besides, she wasn't wearing a bra or panties. Furthermore, it sounded like a long bootleg, two hours at least, and she would need to make dinner for Andy, Nick, and herself at the usual dinner time.

Oh God! she thought with a pang of dismay. My husband! Even if he is a disgusting cheater and our marriage is a sham, I'm still actually married. What the heck do I think I'm doing? Running around practically naked with a couple of teenagers and making out with my own son? This has to stop! I MUST say no!

Even as she said that, Nick was subtly pinching her stiff nipple on her fat tit while caressing her nearest thigh, dangerously close to her pussy mound. But that sort of touching had somehow become normal and acceptable. She didn't even think about trying to discourage him.

She cleared her throat. "Uh, um, that sounds very nice, but maybe you and Nick should go without me."

"No way!" Hillary replied. "I'm not gonna poach your boyfriend, or appear to do so... even with your permission. That wouldn't be cool. I'd feel weird being alone with him, given how hot you two are for each other. Besides, you said you like Pink Floyd too, and you told me that the fall semester at your university hasn't even started yet and you don't have a job, so you can't be that busy. Come on; it'll be fun. There's so much more we can talk about."

Maggie felt her willpower weakening. "I dunno. It sounds great, and I'd love to, but I shouldn't."

"Why not?"

Nick desperately wished he could talk freely with his mother, to convince her to join them. He felt that it was a golden opportunity for him to lock in

his friendship with Hillary. At the same time, he also wanted to lock in his new sexual intimacy with Maggie. There was no telling what might happen if he got her in a private room, given how horny they both still were. And if Hillary was there to see it all, her desire for him would probably soar higher and higher. It sounded like a perfect plan.

He considered whispering in Maggie's ear, or maybe taking her some distance away so they could talk in private. But whispering was too dangerous with Hillary right there, and talking away from Hillary was dangerous in a different way, because it would probably lead to Maggie making him promise not to kiss and fondle her "that way" anymore.

Finally, he decided he could risk whispering a couple of words in Maggie's ear, since he was sitting right next to her. So he brought his mouth right up to her ear and whispered very quietly, "Hand off! Hand off! Big chance!"

That would have been cryptic had Hillary been able to hear it, but Maggie knew exactly what he meant by "hand off." After all, the entire point of all their scheming had been to get Hillary interested in Nick, and then make it seem like Maggie was handing him off to her younger friend.

Maggie thought about it. *This IS a good chance for the hand off, I must admit. I've only briefly mentioned the "open" relationship that Nick and I are supposedly having. It would be good for me to explain that to Hillary in detail, so she'll feel free to date him. (She wasn't aware that Nick had already explained that to Hillary at school.) This whole faux girlfriend thing has to end today. The original idea was to keep up the pretense for a couple of weeks until Hillary was sufficiently interested, but maybe I can finish this whole insane scheme after only these few hours.*

Perhaps if I steer the discussion to our open relationship, and if she takes the bait and expresses interest in going out with him, my work will basically be done and I can end this dangerous charade immediately. She has to be intrigued by him after seeing all our hot kissing. Hell, she teased about wanting to kiss him across the table a while back. Maybe I could even set up a situation where they can kiss. And then I can back out and leave them to each other. I'll be the best mom in the history of ever, setting her up like that!

Speaking out loud, she said, "Okay. I'll do it!"

Nick couldn't believe his good luck. He wanted to jump up and shout for joy, but he forced himself to stay calm. Relatively calm, that is. He twisted in place and rewarded her with another hot French kiss. At the same time, he brought his free hand to her tits and twisted both of her nipples at once.

Maggie just about melted, and came dangerously close to cumming. *Oh! Fuck me! I'm so horny! He has the magic touch! We HAVE to do this, so I can hand him off to her, fast! I can't stand all this sexy kissing!*

"Excellent," Hillary replied with a big smile, as she watched them make out yet again. "I don't know what you whispered to her, Nick, but you sure know what to say. Let's go now. Actually, the only problem is my bike, which is back at school. Can we put it on or in your car somehow?"

Maggie somehow managed to break the lip-lock. "Sure. No problem," she replied while panting for air. "My car has a bike rack on the back."

She was so distracted by Nick's continued nipple play that she didn't realize the import of that comment. By allowing Hillary to use the bike rack, that meant Hillary would ride with them, which in turn meant she wouldn't have any time to talk to Nick alone. That would have been the perfect opportunity for her to lay down some rules about his behavior.

But perhaps deep down she didn't want to get him alone to restrain him.

Maggie still had serious doubts about the wisdom of going to Hillary's house. However, she consoled herself, *It's not a big deal. Sure, it would be better if Nick and I could talk first and clear the air, but the main thing is that I've calmed down. I got a little crazy earlier, but I'm over that now. So if he tries to get too fresh, I can shut him down fast enough. As far as the lack of panties and bra, the panties didn't turn out to be an issue after all, since he's been a gentleman about that. Well, kind of.*

She blushed as she recalled how he'd been stroking her bare legs under the table.

And with the bra, I have the willpower now to keep his hands off my breasts if I really want to. It's just that I don't want to, because I'm trying to hype him up as a great, insatiable lover. Even as she said that, he was still playing with both of her nipples, right there in the middle of the ice cream shop! True, his hands were under her top, but it was such flagrant fondling

that they would have been in trouble if a cop came by. She was seriously deluding herself.

Besides, Hillary will always be with us. That'll ensure that things don't get out of hand. No problem. I can deal. And besides, the worst is already over. A little more kissing is no big deal. After all our making out, what's the harm with a little more? The main thing is that I can complete the hand off in one fell swoop. With any luck, I'll be able to leave with him kissing HER! Regardless, this faux girlfriend plan ends when we get home. Period!

Nick still couldn't believe his luck with Maggie. She LOOKED like she had a body built for fucking, but he'd never really seen her obviously aroused.

One minor frustration he'd had was that she had been sitting on her ass the entire time, so he didn't have a chance to fondle her ass. When they were ready to leave and she stood up, he made sure to stick to her closely and "help" her up by giving her ass a good fondle. He had been in constant contact with her body for nearly two hours, and she'd grown used to his touch, so she didn't think much of his groping.

With Hillary still standing nearby, he whispered in Maggie's ear, "Thanks for being so great today. You're the best!" Then he French kissed her again. It was even better than usual this time, because they were standing up and facing each other, instead of sitting and having to twist and turn to make good face to face contact.

As soon as the kiss got hot, he slipped his hand fondling her ass over her miniskirt so it was inside her miniskirt! That was a key first. He clutched nothing but bare ass cheek, and it was awesome!

Even better, Maggie was so carried away with the kissing, and hot and bothered in general, that she made no attempt to stop him.

Hillary saw them make out again, and snickered. "Come on, you two, before they call the police." She led the way out.

Nick and Maggie followed right behind her. Nick kept his hand on her bare ass cheek, subtly fondling it as it flexed with each step she took.

He thought, *GOD DAMN! Ma is SO hot for me! She's up for anything! Apparently, she'd decided to act like my girlfriend, for real. I am soooo psyched. I have GOT to see just how far I can take this, as long as she's in this mood!*

His interpretation kept him from reverting to his usually shy habits. In fact, he was greatly emboldened. He could hardly wait to get her to a place where he could explore her body more freely and intimately.

Chapter 4: Hillary's House (Tuesday)

The three of them drove to the school, got Hillary's bike, and then drove to Hillary's house.

All the while, Maggie was very conscious of the fact that a foolish move could expose the fact that she wasn't wearing panties. As far as being bra-less, she'd pretty much given up on that. It seemed that every move she made sent her perfect orbs subtly bobbling and bouncing. Nick's gaze seemed glued to her chest whenever he could see it, except when he was ogling Hillary's equally voluptuous body.

The ride to Hillary's house was uneventful. Maggie and Hillary gabbed away in the front seat like old friends, while Nick again sat in the back again, remaining relatively quiet.

He did frequently try to check out the two hot bodies sitting in the front seat, as best he could while sitting behind them, while trying not to be too obvious about it. He mostly stared at Maggie's chest, since her lack of a bra meant her great globes jiggled enticingly every time the car hit a bump.

He had a lot to think about. His scheme to date his mother had originally been focused on getting close to Hillary. Like many adolescent boys with bombshell busty mothers, he'd had fantasies about getting intimate with his mother, but he'd always considered those to be just that - fantasies. He'd realized that she had no physical attraction towards him. Although he'd sometimes let his fantasies roam wild, he hadn't imagined anything could ever change that in reality.

His recent "Seinfeld scheme" had been great "what if" masturbatory fantasy fodder, but he still hadn't expected any serious intimacy to actually happen with her. The most he even hoped for with his fake girlfriend scheme was that she would need to kiss him on the lips a few times in order to demonstrate that they were dating, and one or more of those fake kisses might turn real.

But he thought, *Man oh man! How things have changed! In just a few hours, my assumptions have been turned completely upside down. I'm still VERY interested in Hillary - that hasn't changed. But now that I've had a real French kiss with Ma - in fact, a whole bunch of them! - maybe I can go*

further! Much, much further! Based on the way she's reacting, the sky's the limit. And she's so fucking hot and STACKED! Her body feels so good in my hands. I could caress her silky skin and her boobs forever! I want to make her cum, over and over! Is that so wrong?

Sure, things could lead to incest, which could get us both in trouble. If I were to actually fuck her, I'm sure I'd feel guilty about it, mostly because it would hurt my dad if he ever found out. Andy's used to be a good father to me, even though his cheating made him a terrible husband to Ma.

The possibilities are so great! I'm basically dating Ma already! We're kissing and fondling and all sorts of awesome stuff! I don't know how long it'll last, or if she'll "come to her senses" at some point, but I have to keep going with her as much as I can, for sure! Maybe I could date her for a while. Weeks, maybe! Or even months! And then date Hillary! Or, even better, date both of them at once! Man! Too awesome! Anything could happen at this point!

He kept in mind the fact that Andy had actually asked Maggie to take on outside lovers, since Andy could no longer satisfy her sexual needs and knew they were heading for divorce once Nick graduated from high school anyway.

They arrived at Hillary's house after a short drive. Nick was very impressed by the place. Even at first glance, her house didn't look at all like a typical suburban home, as his did. It was dripping with character. It reminded him of some sort of English home that was hundreds of years old, but in a good way. It was covered with ivy, making it blend into its lush green surroundings.

Hillary opened the door and ushered them all in.

"Cool house," he said. He was just as impressed by the inside. He commented, "You know what this place reminds me of? Some kind of hobbit house, but sized for humans. Everything's made of wood, and it's all carved with care. I feel like I've stepped out of the real world and into 'The Lord of the Rings' or something."

Hillary chuckled. "You're not the first person to say that. My dad is a professional sculptor and glass blower, so he really appreciates fine craftsmanship. But we've got a lot of modern stuff too, including a pool and a hot tub out back. Come on, let me show you guys my room."

"Where are your parents, by the way?" Maggie asked while walking up the stairs. Since Hillary seemed to be buying Maggie's cover story, Maggie didn't worry much about that, but she had a nightmarish mental image of seeing Hillary's parents for the first time and hearing them ask, *"Hillary, who's your new friend, and why is his mother here too?"*

Hillary said, "They're at work, of course. Don't worry; they won't be back for another hour or two, at least. Even then, they won't disturb us."

Nick really did feel like he was in Bilbo's hobbit hole in Hobbiton, because so many things were expertly sculpted from wood. For instance, the entire stairway railing had designs carved into it. It was, quite simply, the most impressive and artistic house he'd ever been in.

Hillary led them up the stairs. Nick lingered a good ways back, pretending to be fascinated with a carving he saw. In fact he hoped to look up his mother's short miniskirt to glimpse more of her fantastic body.

He wasn't disappointed. *Damn! I swear, I caught a glimpse of her pussy there! My mom's pussy! This is turning out to be such an awesome day! I still can't believe she isn't wearing any panties. OR bra. She must really be hot for me!*

When Hillary reached the top of the stairs, she paused and looked down at Nick, who was way behind. She said, "Aren't you coming?"

"Sorry, I'm just checking out this railing." He ran his hand over the wooden rail. "The designs on it are so intricate and amazing. It reminds me of the kind of detail Gaudi put into his work."

Hillary smiled brightly. "You know of Gaudi and his work? That's so cool! He's one of my dad's main inspirations."

Nick couldn't believe his luck. He'd had to say something fast to hide the fact that he was trying to linger to look up his mother's miniskirt. In so doing, he'd accidentally impressed Hillary even more.

He hurried up the stairs and entered Hillary's room.

Like the rest of the house, the walls, floor, ceiling, and most of the furniture in Hillary's room were made out of hardwood, giving it the feel of an Alpine lodge. But there were plenty of windows, and the late afternoon sun poured in. Hillary had added her own touches that showed her personality. The room still had the feel of a typical high schooler's, complete with

computer, books and CDs. But it looked much more like a boy's room than a girl's room. There were no "girly" things in sight, like stuffed animals, or girlish wallpaper, and there was nothing pink at all. The walls were generally covered in posters of classic rock stars from the 1960s and 1970s, like Bob Marley and Bob Dylan.

It seemed obvious from the moment they'd stepped into the house that Hillary's parents were hippies, and not even ex-hippies but the real deal, just judging from the décor and artwork. Just as obviously, Hillary wasn't rejecting her parents' values and culture, but was heartily embracing it.

Hillary could pretty much guess what her guests were thinking, so chuckled. "I know, I know, I'm basically a closet hippie. My room is kind of like a time machine from 2002 back to 1969 or thereabouts. Heck, my parents even took me to see the Grateful Dead when I was little, back before Jerry died. Maybe now you can see why I have such a hard time hanging out with the beautiful crowd at school, or even finding real friends there."

"Aren't there hippie types at school?" Maggie asked.

"Yeah, but all they do is get high, or talk about getting high. I love getting high as much as anybody, but not 24-7! And only pot, please, not the harder stuff. For the most part, they're a bunch of lazy slackers, so we have very little in common. Things have changed, I guess. I'm proud to be a hippie. In my book, being a hippie is about being self-aware and socially conscious, not about taking drugs and wearing a tie-dye shirt. You couldn't drag any of that lazy bunch to a protest march. And even musically, they're more likely to listen to Cypress Hill than Pink Floyd. Yuck. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's rap or hip-hop."

"What about techno?" Nick asked with a grin, already guessing the answer. He had the same distaste for dance-based modern music that she did.

"Gag me!" Hillary stuck her finger down her throat. "I want my music real, played by real people on real instruments! But speaking of Floyd, let me get this concert started. I'm sure you'll like it." She sat down at her desk, woke up her computer, and keyed in some commands until the concert began playing. She turned around in her chair and said, "It's just MP3 files, but I have my computer hooked up to a pretty nice stereo so it'll sound pretty good." She grinned.

She stood back up, then realized that her guests were still standing. "Hey! Sit down on the bed and relax already." Her bed was huge, a king size instead of a single, and there were all kinds of pillows on it, both big and small. "Make yourself comfortable. My house is your house and all that. Is there anything you need? A drink, maybe?"

Hillary and Nick walked towards the bed, intending to sit on it. They both shook their heads 'No'.

A bit of naughtiness crept into Hillary's voice. "Wanna get stoned? I have some really primo pot. I know I just said I don't get high all the time, but if there's one time to do it, it's while listening to classic Floyd."

Neither Maggie nor Nick had ever tried any kind of illegal drug, and Nick was a bit scared to start. But he didn't want to seem square, so he said, "Maybe another time. Definitely another time, but I don't feel like I need it now. I'm high enough, just being around you and Maggie." He moved to his mother and wrapped an arm around her.

Hillary grinned, happy with that answer. "Nice. He's a smoothie. How 'bout you, Maggie?"

Maggie also didn't want to seem square. "No, I'm good for now. I've got Nick." She put her arm around him too and gave him a squeeze.

Hillary nodded. "Okay. Cool. I've gotta go do a few things first, including making a couple of phone calls, but I've started the concert for you. Don't worry; I've heard it a couple of times already."

She started to walk out of the room, but then stopped and turned around. "Don't get TOO freaky with each other without me, okay? I'll knock before I come back in, so don't worry. Oh, and if you need any condoms, there's a whole bunch in the top drawer in my desk there. Have fun!" She winked, and closed the door on her way out.

Maggie lurched forward a bit, as if starting to escape the room, exclaiming "That won't be necessary!" She'd been getting a sinking feeling that she was making a big mistake coming here, but the mention of condoms really freaked her out. Her heart started pounding wildly. She was panicky that her son would start kissing her again, and she feared she wouldn't resist. For the first time, she realized that she might end up getting fucked eventually if she wasn't careful. She seemed to have no willpower left at all.

The one thing she managed to do was avoid sitting on the bed with him. She worried things could get even more out of control if that happened, with him possibly ending up lying on top of her.

Nick was also panicky, but for a very different reason. He feared being alone with his mother because she might start lecturing him, telling him to cool his engines. He didn't spend a lot of time thinking about it, but just acted. He figured that as long as they were kissing, she couldn't talk, so that's what caused him to act with unusual boldness.

Maggie yelped with alarm as his arms enveloped her, and she even tried feebly to push him away once he started kissing her lips. But she didn't try to push him away **THAT** hard. Still, it would have been enough to cause her naturally shy son to give up, except for the fact that he knew she wasn't wearing her bra or panties, and he remembered well all they did earlier. That gave him great confidence. He figured she'd already demonstrated how horny she was for him, so he just needed to get her warmed up again.

He was right. In fact, she didn't even try to keep her lips closed. At first she tried passive resistance, hoping that if she just let him kiss her but didn't kiss back, he'd give up before long.

That didn't deter him at all. Within seconds, he brought both his hands up to her massive rack, hoping to continue the tit play that he'd only been able to start in a limited way at the ice cream store. He immediately slipped his hands under her top from below. Just as had occurred earlier, she was a complete goner as soon as he got his hands on her nipples and started twisting them.

FUUUUUCCCK! she cursed to herself, just like she had several times already that day. *Stupid nipples! Traitorous nipples! They weren't even hard a few seconds ago, but now I'm practically ready to cum! Why the hell are they so damned sensitive? Don't they know that he's my son? Don't they care?! This is WRONG! Wrong, wrong, wrong! Andy! Hillary! Somebody! Save me!*

But she was a little more honest with herself this time, because once Nick got going on her nipples she didn't even pretend to herself that she'd have the willpower to stop him. She started kissing him back with a desperate passion. She wrapped both her arms around him and squeezed him tightly,

but not so tightly that his fingers didn't have room to keep exploring her nipples and boobs.

Nick really felt like he was in seventh heaven. Knowing he had complete privacy for a change, he lifted her top up nearly to her neck, completely exposing her huge rack. He figured he could pull it back into place when Hillary returned, since she said she would knock first.

He paused the kissing to lean back and take his first good look at her fully-exposed E-cup globes. He was in awe. They were so perfectly round, with nipples in the right places and the right size, that one might have thought they'd been enlarged and improved upon by a plastic surgeon. But he knew they were all real. He was particularly impressed by her flawless tan.

Maggie felt tremendously embarrassed. Her face burned red. She shyly looked down, too ashamed to make eye contact with him. But that caused her to see her huge tits, completely exposed with her erect nipples lightly resting against her son's chest. That humiliated her even more. But all this embarrassment aroused her in a powerful way that she'd never felt before. Sure, she had been highly aroused with Andy many times, but not from extreme embarrassment, as well as a curious feeling of helplessness.

With his mouth no longer occupying hers, Maggie attempted to regain some willpower. She started to say, "We shouldn't do-"

He let out a gleeful yelp as he resumed necking with her. That was very deliberate, since he knew she wanted to say something to discourage him. At the same time, he put his hands back on her bare boobs. Watching his fingers sink into her tanned tit-flesh was almost too much. He actually felt so dizzy that he worried he was going to pass out. He would have been happy to just continue nothing but play with her enormous orbs, but doing that and making out was even better.

A couple of minutes passed. Not only did Maggie fail to even try to pull her top back into place, she clutched his ass tightly, pulling his steel-hard boner against her lower tummy in the process. Before long, her hands wound up inside the back side of his shorts, clutching his bare ass cheeks.

He mainly desired to fondle her great tits. But since they were both still standing, he saw a golden opportunity to go further playing with her ass. So he eventually slipped both hands back there, sliding them inside her miniskirt like it didn't exist.

He had a great time thoroughly caressing and even kneading her muscular ass cheeks. He even boldly explored her ass crack for the first time.

She was getting hotter and hotter with each passing moment. She didn't even have the excuse of doing it to help hand him off to Hillary, since Hillary wasn't there. She simply couldn't get enough of his kissing and fondling. She particularly loved the way his erection rubbed against her body. It remained inside his shorts, but with her miniskirt askew and covering so little in the first place, his shorts often was the only barrier between his cock and her bare skin.

She found herself thinking, *This is not my son! I'm with some other guy. Some hot young hunk. Not my son! This other guy, let's call him Nick too - after all, there's nothing wrong with that name... This other Nick, he's making me crazy! Does he know what all his nipple and breast play does to me?! He must, because he just won't stop! Oh God! And his cock! His big, thick cock! It's burning me even through his shorts, just like a hot branding iron!*

Suspecting that her willpower had vanished completely, he even dared to break the kiss and talk. He was so overcome with amazement over her remarkable hard body, and especially being able to see and feel her massive, bouncy tits, that he just had to say something.

"Ma-aggie, you're so beautiful! So beautiful! And your breasts!"

She gasped at his near slip-up, knowing that he'd almost said "Ma." Even though they were alone, that was dangerous. But rather than berate him about what he was doing, as she wanted to do, she found herself asking him in a leading voice, "What about my breasts?" She was fishing for compliments.

"They're perfect! Absolutely perfect! Not a flaw anywhere. And the shape! Oh my God! So firm and high! They're HUGE! I just have to kiss them!" As he spoke, he ran his hands all over them, and then hefted them and down, weighing them in his hands.

"Nooooo!" she squealed with real fear. "Not that!"

She thought, *Okay, this is bad! I've pretty much lost control of the situation, but if he starts kissing my nipples, I'm gonna lose whatever tiny shreds of*

control and self-restraint I have left. My nipples are my greatest weakness! She really tried to push him away.

But because of everything else she'd let him do that day, plus the way she was partly undressed, he thought she was just playing hard to get. They pushed back and forth a bit, and in the struggle, her skimpy top was ripped open. It actually didn't take much for that to happen since there was so little fabric there to begin with.

Sensing victory, Nick tossed the now useless top aside and dropped his head to lick her left nipple while continuing to play with her right one.

Maggie let out a heavy sigh. *I'm so fucked! Oh God! Oh no! This can't be happening to me! He might as well fuck me now, because that's how fucked I am! I can't put my top back on now, even if I want to. All I'm wearing is a skimpy miniskirt, without panties. That's it! What'll I do when Hillary comes back?! I'm a total goner!*

She sounded unhappy, but in fact she was so horny that when she had heard her top rip she'd thought she might cum on the spot.

She let out another sigh, but this one was from pure pleasure, because he had started suckling on her left nipple.

She thought, *Oh crap! More trouble and disaster! So few people know it, but there's a direct hotline between my nipples and my clit. What he's doing now, he might as well be fucking me while diddling my clit; that's how good it feels! I'm gonna cum before long, dammit! This SUCKS! Today has been a total nightmare in every possible way, and I can't wake up!* But again, her words of dismay didn't match her unbridled erotic desire.

She figured that the only plus for her self-restraint was that if he was licking or suckling on her nipples, at least that meant he wasn't kissing her. And frankly, his kisses turned her on nearly as much, which indicated how much she loved them.

She found herself thrusting out her ample chest and cupping the undersides of her heavy melons for good measure. That made it much easier for Nick to suckle and play with them.

But even as she encouraged him with her body, she complained, "You really are evil, you know that? You shouldn't be doing that with your, uh, girlfriend." She was going to say "mother," but she worried Hillary might

be just outside the door, listening to them. It was unlikely, but she wanted to be on the safe side.

Her body was heating up to an unbearable degree, like a volcano about to explode. Her voice turned sultry as she told him, "That's it; suckle it just like that. And play with my big titties! You love that, don't you, you motherfucker?"

She'd used the word "motherfucker" as a general curse word because a part of her was angry with him, not to mention her anger at herself and her lack of willpower. But after she said it, she realized just how appropriate it was, due to the actual incest factor. *Shit! He really is a motherfucker, or he's gonna be before long if I don't do something to stop him! My own son might actually FUCK me! I'm certainly not doing a thing to stop him. It's not fair. My entire body is burning up! I can't even think straight!*

Curiously, she decided she liked calling him that. In her current mood, the reminder of incest actually turned her on, but at the same time, if Hillary or anyone else overheard they'd just assume that she was being angry (or pretend-angry) with him.

She spoke lustily, as she provocatively gyrated her hips against his stiff cock, "You love how big my tits are, don't you? That gets you all hot, knowing you've snared such a stacked babe. Isn't that right, you evil motherfucker?"

He just moaned contentedly as he continued to suckle and fondle. Again, this went way, way beyond his greatest expectations. He felt like he'd just hit the jackpot of life, and nothing else could ever feel as great. His heart thumped, his head spun, and his entire body trembled with lust, but luckily his body seemed to know instinctively what to do, no matter how stunned and thrilled he got.

She threw her head back and panted, "Well, don't neglect the other one! She needs your mouth, too! And I'd love it if you lick me all over, especially down my cleavage! And what about the rest of me? Kiss me again, you motherfucker! And don't stop playing with my ass!"

She tried to pretend that she was just playing the role of an enthusiastic girlfriend, to impress Hillary with Nick's sexual skills, but even she didn't really buy that excuse. It was better not to think at all, because there was no

way she could logically justify any of this. The simple truth was that she was insanely aroused again, and her lust had spiraled out of control.

Nick was like a kid in a toy store with way too many toys to play with at once. Mostly, he was fascinated by her malleable tits, so he hefted up one and then the other, over and over, even as he kept on suckling. *My God, these things are HUGE! It's like they're bigger than my head! And they're so much fun, 'cos everything I do to them makes her moan like she's really enjoying it! 'Cos she IS totally enjoying it. There's no doubt about that! I want to make Ma CUM!*

His mouth went to her other nipple, but only for a few moments. Then he planted another explosive kiss on her lips. While she was still reeling from that, he pressed her boobs together with both hands and then licked his way down the tight crack he'd created between them.

She hadn't expected that, or how good it would feel, especially when he started flicking his tongue deeper into her cleavage.

"Oh God! Son! Don't! That feels too good! And be a little more gentle, okay?"

She realized with a start that she'd just called him 'Son,' but it was too late to do anything about it. She hoped and prayed that Hillary hadn't overheard, and resolved to be more vigilant about what she said in the future.

But she didn't have much time to think about that, because Nick had her whole body humming with arousal. *Why am I giving him tips on what to do with me? It's bad enough already! He's fucking driving me wild! How does he seem to know just what to do?! He's never been with another woman, but he's playing my body like a fiddle! True, it's not very tough in my case: just go for the boobs and especially the nipples. But still! It's not fair! If he was clumsy, I could resist!*

She took control of squeezing her huge E-cups together, so he could do other sexy things with his hands. To her surprise, she found herself saying, "Feel how deep my cleavage is. I'll bet you'd love to stick your fat cock in there, wouldn't you, you fuckin' motherfucking bastard! You wanna fuck my tits, don't you? You wanna drive me wild with your wonderful cock, and then spray my face with your seed, don't you?"

Actually, he'd been having such a great time with his new discoveries that he hadn't really been thinking along those lines. Truthfully, he wasn't doing much thinking at all; he was just going on instinct. But now that she'd put those thoughts in his head, it sounded pretty damn good.

He thought, *What the hell is going on with Ma?! She's so horny that I can't believe it! This is GREAT! Should I fuck her tits? Right now?! HERE?! With Hillary about to come back in at any time?! Is that what she wants? Hell, she's calling me a "motherfucker!" Does that mean she wants me to fuck her for real too?! This is the best day of my life! AND we're in Hillary's house!*

Titfucking her was still too big of a leap for him, especially since he hadn't even taken his shorts off yet. But her words reminded him that there was a lot more going on with her luscious body than just her boobs. Since she was the one helpfully holding her tits up and together now, he finally realized that his hands were free to roam elsewhere as he continued to suckle on a nipple.

He immediately dropped both hands back to her ass, but then didn't stop there. He was getting greedy, and it bothered him that her miniskirt was in the way, so he simply pulled it up in back until it was hanging uselessly above her butt cheeks. Then, with that obstacle removed, he brought his hands back to her bare ass.

She screamed in her own mind, *Oh God, NO! Nick, NO! You have me effectively completely naked now, and that makes me too horny! I'm your mother and you're my son, and that makes me even MORE aroused, for some sick reason! We have to stop! I am NOT a slave to pleasure! I have to say no! Out loud!*

However, she said all of that only to herself, even though her mouth was free to talk. With what little resistance she had left, she crossed her legs, trying to do her best to keep her pussy hidden from her son's lusty eyes. She was at least reassured that, although her miniskirt was up high in back, it still hung down enough in front so that his hot cock wasn't pressing right against her skin.

In fact, the reason it hadn't pulled up higher in front was that his cockhead was pinning it in place. It was true he was wearing his shorts, but she wasn't sure how long that might last, given the way things were going.

She was so hot and horny that she was actually longing for him to take his shorts off. She was throwing caution to the wind, and she wanted to get her hands directly on his thick cock! But the fact she was his mother gave her just enough restraint to prevent herself from taking the lead with that.

He was panting hard and his heart was pounding even harder, but somehow he managed to speak, and even managed to remember to call her by her safe name. "Maggie, you're so sexy and slutty! Taking off your panties for me in the ice cream parlor! I love it!"

"That was an accid-AAAHHAAAIIEEE!" She squealed unexpectedly, because while one of his hands was simply kneading one of her ass cheeks in back, his other in front had wandered between her thighs and brushed against some very sensitive areas before reaching the base of her pussy lips.

Her effort to keep her pussy hidden wasn't working out too well. She was suddenly so desperate for air that she almost couldn't think. *My son! My dear Nick just touched my bare pussy!*

A climax came out of nowhere and hit her hard. She screamed even louder, and then physically folded like a cheap chair, collapsing back onto the bed.

But that didn't provide her any respite. Nick followed her down and wound up lying on top of her. He was overcome with a frenzy of lust, brought on in part by the pheromones of her vaginal lubrication that were filling the air. His mother was so voluptuous and sexy that he could barely breathe, and watching her cum with great pleasure had ripped away what was left of his restraint.

He was so far gone that he was ready for the unthinkable. He unzipped his shorts, pulled them down his legs, and kicked them away. Then, holding his erection with one hand, he kissed his mother's mouth in an effort to stifle her continued wild screaming.

She realized that her pussy was completely exposed to him, since her miniskirt had now come up in front too and was covering her belly button and little else. He was completely on top of her, and she could feel how his shorts had dropped, leaving him effectively naked below the waist. *GOOD GOD! He's gonna fuck me! My own son is gonna fuck me, and there's nothing I can do but lie back and take it! And LOVE IT!*

Had he been more sexually experienced, he might have struck while the iron was hot and plunged his raging erection into her steaming pussy. But he wasn't. He had vague notions of perhaps doing that at some point someday soon, as scary and incredible as it seemed, but he wasn't in a rush to get there. Frankly, he was still in disbelief that things had gotten this fast, this fast. He was still like that kid in a toy store, only now he wanted his throbbing cock to get in on the fun somehow too.

She whimpered helplessly. *Oh God! Dear God! Help me! Hillary, where are you?! Please come back and save me! Stop him from fucking me! I truly don't want things to go THAT far!*

He remembered how good it had felt when Maggie had held and squeezed his dick until he'd ejaculated, so he decided that was a very good place to start. She'd been grasping and clawing his back, just like she was getting fucked already, but he took one of her hands and guided it around his body to his erection. He took the lead until her hand firmly held his exposed shaft, and then he let go.

Tears came to Maggie's eyes, but she wasn't sure if they were tears of joy or frustration. Actually, they were a bit of both. "Oh! Nick!" she gasped, as lust and love threatened to overcome her again. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't let go of his exceptionally thick boner.

She thought, *HOLY MOTHER OF GOD! I'm holding my son's COCK! I really am! Hillary, where are you?! Save me! Even this is too much! And wrong! But it feels SO GOOD! So fucking huge! So THICK! So big and fat! UNNNGH! HNNNG! Gonna... gonna cum again!*

Up until that point, Nick hadn't had a good look at his mother's bare pussy, and he still didn't get one since he was right on top of her. But he decided that he wanted to at least give it a good feel, since he knew her miniskirt was completely out of the way, even in front. He resumed kissing her while bringing a hand up her thigh, on the prowl for her slit.

Maggie sucked in her breath as she felt his fingers fumble their way across her nether lips. She could hardly wait to find out what he'd do next. At the same time, without thinking, she started to stroke his cock.

HOLY SHIT! he thought. *She's stroking it! She really is! Ma is holding my dick and jacking me off! This is beyond a dream come true! Way beyond the*

greatest beyond! It feels sooooo fucking good! He looked down at his crotch in amazement, literally not believing his eyes.

Maggie was looking there too, through gap between her big tits. She couldn't believe what she was seeing either, even though she was the one doing the stroking. It was as if she were having an out-of-body experience. Her lusty body had taken over, and her brain had no effective say in the matter. She felt horribly ashamed and kept telling herself, *I can't! He's my son! Let go! Let GO!*

But she didn't. She kept right on stroking his thick boner, while staring incredulously at her hand.

She thought, Dear God, please! I know this is so wrong. All of it! But just once, for once in my life, I want to completely lose my mind to total ecstasy! I can do this one time, have this one "date" of sorts with my son, and it'll be okay. I can fix the damage later. The pleasure... it's too great! I can't stop! Good God! His cock! So HOT! So HUGE! So ALIVE! I love it! Forgive me, please, but I love it! I want it! I want to hold it and stroke it! Even suck it! Fucking hell, did I just say that?! I need to make him cum, and fast, before I do something crazy like that!

She began stroking him with more deliberate intention, trying to make him cum fast. She and Andy used to have a good sex life, and she definitely knew her way around a penis. She focused on rubbing his frenulum, his "sweet spot," knowing that would make him cum the fastest.

Nick was off in la-la land. He literally couldn't believe his "lying eyes," or the intense physical pleasure radiating from his cock. It was inconceivable this could be happening, but it was! He was zooming up towards a big orgasm, and fast.

But less than a minute after she'd started jacking him off, there was a knock on the door.

It was Hillary. She knocked harder. "Howdy! How are you two doing in there? Are you still decent?" She added with a chuckle, "Are you still alive? I've heard a lot of serious moaning."

Maggie panicked. "NO!" she yelled. She immediately let go of Nick's pulsing boner and pushed herself off and away from him. Not only did she worry about being seen naked by Hillary, but she had a particular concern

about Hillary seeing her brown bush, since it didn't match the dyed-blond hair on her head.

She started to put her clothes back in order, only to find out she didn't really have anything to put back on since her underwear was long gone. She pulled her miniskirt back down, but that was all she could do. She looked around frantically for her top but didn't see it. Then she remembered that it had been ripped almost in two, so finding it was pretty much pointless anyway.

Nick was also panicking. He found his shorts on the bed, pulled them back up, stuffed his erection inside, and zipped up. His shirt was still on, so there were no worries there. Looking at his mother, he didn't see what else they could do to make themselves any more decent, even though she was still topless, so he said loudly, "It's okay now. You can come in."

Maggie had her arms across her huge hooters as she sat back up on the bed. She was blushing furiously, finding little consolation in the fact that her hands were covering her erect nipples.

The first thing Hillary noticed when she walked in was Maggie's toplessness. Being bisexual, she absolutely loved what she was seeing of Maggie's round, nicely-tanned big tits, and she looked forward to seeing more. Maggie's hands didn't cover much. But she just smiled and acted like it was no big deal, since she didn't want to scare her off.

Then she took a look around, saw Nick looking flushed and horny, and smiled even wider. She also noticed the outrageous bulge in his shorts. She asked him, "So, what do you think of the music?"

"Music?" Nick asked in confusion.

Hillary laughed. "Yeah. The Floyd I'm playing at a pretty loud volume. That music." She giggled some more.

"Oh." He'd been so focused on his mother and her amazing body that he'd completely forgotten about the bootleg concert. Now he finally noticed Pink Floyd was still playing "Sheep", the first song on the "Animals" album (but admittedly, a very long song, especially when stretched out in concert). He grinned. "THAT music. Yeah. It's pretty good."

Hillary grinned back. "All ten seconds that you've paid attention to it just now, I'll bet. But don't worry. If I were you, I'd rather be smooching and

rolling around in bed too. By the way, Maggie, I'm very pleased to see you topless. Don't take that in the wrong way, 'cos, you see, I'm a bit of a nudist. It's probably my hippie parents corrupting me with their sinful, evil, communistic ways yet again, but I love it just the same." She laughed at her sarcastic comment.

Nick thought, *Hillary is a secret NUDIST?! Pinch me, I MUST be dreaming!*

She asked Maggie, "Do you mind if I join you and take my top off too?" She chuckled as she added, "I'm not going to ask Nick, because I have a feeling he won't mind."

Nick's jaw dropped, he was so in shock. *Oh God! Too much! Maybe I died and this is Heaven?!*

Maggie was also staggered by Hillary's words. It wasn't like she was topless on purpose. In fact, there was nothing she would have loved better than to have her top back on, if only it hadn't been ripped apart. She felt like there was some kind of cosmic conspiracy against her. She blushed profusely at her predicament.

But, on the other hand, she loved essentially being a teenager again. Not only that, she was being treated as a super cool teenager. She figured that Hillary must be even cooler than the "beautiful people" high-school crowd because she rose above them with her smarts and maturity, so Hillary was essentially the coolest of the cool. Yet Hillary wanted to be her friend. That was very heady stuff to Maggie, especially since she'd never had a normal high-school experience, since she'd given birth to Nick at such a young age.

She was having a great time, even without considering all her orgasms and near-constant sexual arousal. She didn't want to ruin that by suddenly being square. Besides, she was about as horny as she could be, although she was desperately (and unsuccessfully) trying to hide that from Hillary. She shuddered to think what might have happened had Hillary come in ten minutes, or even five minutes, later.

She thought, *My own son would have fucked me! At the very least, I'd probably have a face full of cum by now. Or maybe a mouthful. Mmmm. Yum!*

No. Wait! "Yum?!" What the hell?! I have to resist! Well, at least I kind of have to keep things in check. Gaawwwd, I'm too horny to think! I'm feeling so hot all over, it's like my skin is on fire! It was never this good with Andy. Never! But I can handle it. Being topless a little bit here and there isn't gonna hurt anybody. In fact, if she gets naked maybe Nick will divert his attention from me to her. That can only be good.

Oh yeah! The hand-over plan. How could I forget? This is ideal for that. So I have to agree, if only for that.

She brought her hands to her sides, exposing her huge rack to Hillary's eyes (and Nick's too). "No, I don't mind at all. Go for it."

"Excellent!" She looked back to Nick, and couldn't resist glancing at the bulge in his shorts some more. "Nick, you don't mind, do you?"

He gasped, "Oh, God no! Please do!"

She chuckled. "As I thought." But instead of whipping her T-shirt off, Hillary walked to her closet in search of something.

Nick was loving life so much that he half-seriously worried he'd left the real world and fallen into an erotic Twilight Zone episode. Everything was just too amazing to be believed. He had some hope his "Seinfeld scheme" would bear fruit, but not this much, and not on only the second day of school! He held his breath, hoping and praying that Hillary would take her shirt off.

She came back from the closet with a curious bra in her hand. It wasn't really a bra at all, but a wire frame in the shape of a bra. The only substantial part of it was where it would fit on the undersides of a pair of breasts. It was almost invisible, because even the plastic frame was see-through. She held it up and explained, "When I say topless, I don't count this. I wear this most of the time when I'm home, so I don't get saggy. I'll show you."

Finally, to Nick's great delight, she whipped her Led Zeppelin T-shirt off, and then her bra, until she stood there in nothing but her shorts. She seemed to revel in Nick's attention, letting him get a good long look. She even stood stiffly and thrust her chest out more.

Kill me! Dear God, kill me now! he thought. *This is how I want to die, gazing at her! Ma may have the best tits on the planet, but Hillary has the best tits in the entire freakin' UNIVERSE!* Needless to say, in his current

overexcited state, he didn't remember that the universe included the planet Earth too.

Hillary's boobs were even larger than Maggie's, probably by one cup size. But otherwise they were remarkably similar. They were nicely rounded, with medium-sized nipples that were ideally centered. Just like Maggie's they sat remarkably high and firmly on her chest, almost like they were fake. Most noticeably, they were as fully and richly tanned as the rest of her.

As a wide-eyed Nick sat and stared, he unthinkingly reached to the side and caressed Maggie's nearest boob.

He actually had to do a double-take when he realized Maggie didn't try to stop him or seem to mind that at all. After checking her facial expression, he brought his other hand over. He began sensuously caressing Maggie's E-cups with both hands while staring shamelessly at Hillary's F-cups.

He looked with concern to Hillary for her reaction, but Hillary just gave him a knowing, devilish grin.

He couldn't believe that either. He was in big-tit heaven!

Still standing topless, Hillary explained to Maggie, "With big breasts like mine, sag is a serious concern." She lifted up a boob slightly and let it bounce. "These special frame bras provide support, so I can run around naked, and FEEL naked, but still get all the support I need. Actually, I see your breasts are nearly the same size as mine. You have a truly fantastic pair of girls, to be honest."

Maggie blushed, but also thrust out her chest with pride as she sat there on the bed. "Thanks. You're just saying that."

"No, I mean it, believe me. Nick is one very lucky guy." She looked down at her see-through frame. "You really should try one of these. They're specially made. Most of these have a black frame, but this one is pretty much transparent."

"I can see that!" Nick said eagerly. *Two days into school, and I'm seeing both Hillary AND Ma topless! And at the SAME TIME! AND I'm playing with Ma's! Are you kidding me?! No fuckin' way! I never imagined this could happen, EVER!*

Hillary and Maggie laughed at his eagerness. "I know you can," Hillary replied with a sly grin. "Just wait until I put it on. I think it's actually

BETTER than total nudity, because it lifts the breasts and thrusts them out."

Nick had a hard time breathing, because his every dream was coming true. He looked over at his mother and her equally impressive body and bare chest. His eyes bugged out as he watched his own fingers roll her nipples. It was like he was watching a great porn film, except he could feel exactly what he was watching.

"Does it really help with sag?" Maggie asked, pretending not to notice the way her son was playing with her soft-yet-firm globes, and especially her nipples. Despite the embarrassment, she was getting a great sexual thrill from his aggressive groping.

"Does it ever!" Hillary replied. "Just look." She stood even stiffer and straighter, like she was a soldier on parade. Her purpose was to show how firm and high her tits stood without the frame, while also deliberately titillating him. "What do you think?"

"They're AWESOME!" Nick exclaimed. He was practically ready to cum in his shorts just from looking at Hillary's bare bosom, not to mention feeling Maggie's at the same time. He especially loved the way they both had nice even tans, yet no tan lines. He hoped that would hold true with their crotches and asses too. A professional centerfold couldn't ask for a better-looking (or bigger) bust.

Hillary laughed. "Not you! I can guess what you think well enough. I was asking Maggie."

"They're AWESOME!" Maggie deliberately aped Nick's words, even to mimicking his voice.

Hillary cracked up, which set her rack jiggling and bouncing wildly.

She knew she had Nick's full attention, and was eager to milk that for all it was worth. By now, she was convinced that he would make a great boyfriend. True, he didn't have outstanding looks, but she'd always been more interested in personality than looks, at least when it came to her boyfriends, as opposed to her girlfriends. She could see he was very well-endowed, and that mattered a lot to her. She genuinely liked him and enjoyed talking to him, now that he was no longer acting so shy.

But most importantly in terms of sexual attraction, she could tell from how he treated Maggie that he was positively bursting with lusty desire. She'd

never been kissed the way he kissed Maggie, and she'd never been fondled the way he fondled her, judging from Maggie's intense physical reactions. She didn't want to steal him away from Maggie, but it had been mentioned more than once that they weren't going steady, so she hoped she could come to some mutual agreement where she could date him too somehow.

If Nick had known what she was thinking, he probably would have passed out altogether from too much joy.

Hillary knew he desired her. That was a given, since pretty much the only male schoolmates who didn't want to fuck her were gay. He had been very low key showing his lust, but from the way they'd interacted in the last two school days, she knew for sure he wanted her a lot. But even so, would he lust for her as much as he clearly lusted for Maggie?

For possibly the first time in her life, Hillary worried she was less attractive than another woman. Even Debra didn't wow her the way Maggie did. So she felt she had to do more to increase his desire for her. If she aroused Maggie at the same time, that would be a really great thing too.

Hillary's display of her special bra was mostly a thin excuse to show off her enormous breasts to both Nick and Maggie. She cupped the undersides of them and started to lightly heft them, moving them up and down. "See? They're bouncy, but when I let go, they stay up high." She showed off that effect by letting go of them and waiting until their bouncing stopped. Then she resumed playing with them, generally putting on a show that was a tit man's greatest wet dream.

Nick continued fondling Maggie's melons while watching Hillary's with utter fascination. It was almost like he was fondling Hillary by proxy. He knew his cock was making a very lewd and obvious bulge in his shorts, and that there must be a large wet spot where his cockhead was pressing against his shorts, but he didn't care. In fact, he rather hoped Hillary would see how endowed he was.

Even Maggie was transfixed by Hillary's titty show. She found herself panting before long. She wasn't into women, or at least had never been before, but any human with a pulse couldn't help but be awe-inspired at Hillary's muscular yet very feminine and voluptuous body. Plus, Nick's tit play was driving her wild as it had earlier, even though he was mostly

avoiding her nipples and just holding and squeezing her breasts from the sides and below.

Hillary relished the attention. But finally she ran out of plausible excuses to stand there and play with herself, so she ended up putting on the strange bra frame.

Nick was having a hard time just remembering to breathe. He thought his heart would burst from his chest at any moment. Either that, or his dick would burst through his shorts. It seemed like a race to see which would happen first. He knew that even the slightest brush against his bulge was bound to make him cum.

Hillary stood in just her shorts while she showed off the bra frame. That was really merely another excuse to keep her huge tits the center of attention. She said, "You see how it holds them up and even pushes them forward? It's both functional and sexy!"

She squeezed a hand through her cleavage, showing off how her great globes were pressing together.

Maggie was like Nick and completely forgot to speak or even breathe for some long moments. *God, I hope my body is half as sexy as Hillary's! No wonder Nick has been lusting after her so much! And she seems a genuinely nice person too. The miracle is that this faux girlfriend plan is actually working, and has put us in her bedroom!*

Then she belatedly said, "What a great invention. That IS better. Oh my goodness. Hillary, you look SO sexy in that! In a way, it's even sexier than before."

"Thanks!" Hillary proudly thrust her effectively-bare chest out even more.

Nick just about passed out. He couldn't believe any woman could look so impossibly sexy. His mother had been his idealized sexual object, completely off the scale. But he had to admit that Hillary was completely off the scale too. He was so staggered that he momentarily forgot to keep playing with Maggie's tits.

He thought, *Hot damn! How is it Hillary doesn't just tip forward and fall down from the weight of all that tit-flesh? Especially when she's standing stiffly like that! And it's not just her chest that blows my mind. She's sexy all*

over! Especially her tummy, wide hips, and long, athletic legs. I could stare at her all day!

Hillary directed a sultry stare at him that just about bowled him over. "How do you like it, Nick?"

"I'm... I'm speechless!"

Hillary laughed, which set her breasts jiggling again, frame or no frame. "Safe answer. Actually, I wouldn't mind at all if you wanted to check 'em out with your hands too, but I can't do that if you have a serious girlfriend."

She suddenly grew sober and serious. "Oops, I'm getting way too flirty here. I'm terribly sorry, Maggie. I'll go put my shirt back on."

"No you will NOT!" Maggie exclaimed forcefully.

Nick looked at Maggie with surprise. His gaze went to her passionate face, and then drifted down to her bare chest. *Oh man! Total titty awesomeness everywhere! How did I forget that I'm actually holding these puppies?!* He moved his hands up to pull on her nipples some more.

Maggie was very glad to hear Hillary's flirty words. She was positively scared at how much she loved Nick's "magic" touch and his kiss, and she was even more scared at her complete loss of willpower with him. She saw Hillary's statement as the golden opportunity to start the hand-over process that Nick had whispered about, which had gotten her here in the first place.

She explained her outburst in a calmer tone. "Actually, I think I mentioned this back at the Ben and Jerry's store, but just to make sure you know, Nick and I aren't in an exclusive relationship."

"Nick told me that earlier," Hillary conceded, as she still stood there in just her frame bra and shorts. "But I kind of forgot about that, because, well, you two are so passionate with each other. I mean, technically, maybe you aren't officially committed for some reason, but aren't you pretty serious anyway?"

"Sit down." Maggie motioned for Hillary to sit in a nearby chair, and Hillary did. "Let me explain. Yes, it's true that we're passionate with each other" - she looked down significantly at Nick's fingers still tugging her nipples - "but it's also true that I want Nick to date other people."

Hillary was very surprised to hear that, not to mention greatly encouraged.
"What?! Just Nick!?"

"Just Nick."

"That's not fair. What about you?"

"I've been around the block more than a few times, if you know what I mean," Maggie said with a knowing smile. "But Nick, he..." She stopped, and looked at Hillary searchingly. She asked her, "Can you keep a secret, and I mean a complete secret? Can I have your complete confidence?"

Hillary nodded. "Yes, of course. I know you've only just met me, but Nick's known me a long time, even though we were just casual acquaintances. I think though, Nick, that you know me well enough to know I'm not the kind of person to make a promise like that and then not keep it."

Nick didn't really know where Maggie was going with this, since she was acting on her own inspiration. But he did feel that Hillary was a good and trustworthy person. He said, "Go ahead. Hillary can definitely be trusted."

Maggie nodded. "Good."

Chapter 5: Forgotten Music (Tuesday)

Nick had a feeling that this conversation could take a while, and it didn't sound like he needed to verbally participate much, plus he had his own centerfold-worthy MILF within reach. So he repositioned to angle himself towards her. He kissed his way up her neck while still fondling her enormous tits.

Maggie swatted in his general direction, like he was an annoying fly, but that didn't dissuade him at all. In fact, the wide smile on her face showed how much she was enjoying his attention. She said to Hillary, "You see, up until he met me, Nick was a virgin. And I do mean a complete virgin. He'd never even kissed a girl. You had some idea how shy he used to be, right?"

"Right."

"You're right that he and I have a special thing going. Now that he's discovered how great sex is, it's only natural for him to want to sow his wild oats. It wouldn't be right for me to hold him back. I'm actually insisting that if he wants to keep going out with me, he has to date other girls!"

That hit both Nick and Hillary like a thunderbolt. The sexual tension in the room doubled in an instant, because Nick most definitely wanted to date Hillary, and at some point at the ice cream shop Hillary decided she would leap at a chance to date him too. She actually was dating a sexy girl already, but she had an arrangement that allowed her to date a guy at the same time if she wanted to.

"But you're so beautiful," Hillary complained, playing the devil's advocate while also trying to figure things out. "Any boy is gonna jump through a million hoops just to stay with you, because you're special."

"Well, Nick is pretty damn special too," Maggie replied, still trying to pretend he wasn't licking and kissing her neck while freely running his hands all over her hips, tummy, and especially her tits. "He may not look like Brad Pitt, but just wait until he makes love to you, and then you'll know what I mean."

After Maggie said that, she realized that she'd basically implied that it was okay if Nick went all the way with Hillary. She'd just been running with inspired bullshit, but she decided it was for the better if she gave that

impression. After all, her goal was to hand him off, and maybe if that could happen she'd be able to quickly and easily get herself out of the crazy sexual situation that she'd found herself in.

Hillary raised an eyebrow, seemingly looking at Nick in a new light. She said, "I can believe you, if he makes love as good as it looks like he kisses."

"Oh, he does," Maggie said, even though she obviously had no experience about how well he could fuck. But she realized that Hillary's comment was spot on. The odds were, if he could kiss and fondle as well as he did, especially with no training or experience at all, he'd probably be a devastating naturally-talented fucker as well.

Maggie's nipples were already hard, but they perked up and poked out a little more as she contemplated that.

Hillary's nipples had also risen to attention some time earlier, which was something that the other two could see very clearly, thanks to her see-through bra that hardly covered anything in the first place. She looked at Nick with renewed interest, and even hunger.

Then Maggie dropped a bomb. "Hillary, let him kiss you and play with those amazing breasts of yours. You won't regret it."

Hillary's eyes grew wide. She looked surprised, but also very excited by the suggestion. Then she stood up and rushed out of the room. "Sorry!" she yelled as she went. "Hold that thought! I've got to make a phone call first!"

Nick pulled back in confusion. Maggie and Nick were left staring at each other, puzzling over that.

"Well, that was weird," Nick said. Then it occurred to him that his mother was sitting topless right next to him, and nearly bottomless too, since she hadn't managed to pull her miniskirt down all the way, and it just barely came down enough to cover her pussy. He realized an opportunity like this might not come again soon, so he had to do more to take full advantage.

Without saying anything, he simply swept her up in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

By the time Maggie took a breath to recover, he had both his hands working on her nipples again. The soulful kiss went on and on.

No, not the nipples! she thought. But her protests were exceedingly weak this time, almost pro forma. And, of course, such protests were only in her mind, so they didn't discourage Nick at all. Within seconds, she was panting and purring and kissing back with a fervor.

He thought, *I love Ma's nipples! It's like she's a stereo, and these are the volume knobs. It's almost like I just have to turn them a bit and she goes from the "normal" setting to the "horny" setting, then to the "super horny" setting. I think I'm gonna put her back on "super horny!"* He chuckled to himself.

Maggie tried to will herself to not let things go too far. She was so horny that her thoughts were mainly on Nick's thick dick and how good it had felt to stroke it before Hillary had come back in. *I can handle this! Let him play with my nipples and kiss me all day long. See if I care. The main thing is, I have to keep my hands off his big cock. I'm his mother, after all! It just won't do for me to jack off that big, fat, incredible cock, so thick and hot in my hands...*

That's what I'm NOT going to do! I'm NOT going to hold it, and stroke it, and love it, and feel its magnificent thickness sliding in my hands, all slick and wet with pre-cum. No! I'm too horny and I can't control myself! I'm his mother, and he's my son, goddammit!

But because of that mental focus, her hands suddenly lurched towards his crotch. She stopped herself just in time, and grasped his thighs instead. *What am I doing? I need to show some control! I know I can make it through this extreme temptation. I'm not helpless. I need to prove my strength to myself! My willpower! I'll just take his dick out and hold it for a moment, and then put it back. That'll prove that I can overcome any thick-cocked temptation. He needs to understand that I'm NOT cock-crazy! I CAN resist!*

Even as she was thinking all this, her hands were sliding up his thighs. Soon one hand rested on his bulge, and she began stroking it through his shorts. Her other hand went to his zipper and started pulling it down.

Nick was amazed to see her doing this of her own free will. His hope had been to get her so horny with the kissing that he'd coax her into playing with his erection some more, but she'd actually beaten him to it. It was such

a thrill that he worried he would shoot off at any second, even before she started actively stimulating his throbbing boner.

But once she had her hand on his dick, he certainly wasn't going to ask her to remove it! He figured that if he came, he came. He was so insanely aroused that he was sure he'd be hard again in minutes anyway. It was only the problem of making a sticky mess in Hillary's room that concerned him, and even that didn't bother him much at that point.

Maggie had a vague plan of her own to prove that she could restrain herself by merely gripping his bare cock, after getting his annoying shorts out of the way. However, Nick was already kissing his way down her cleavage. Once he started doing that, she was so overwhelmed that she just kept holding and lightly squeezing his dick through his shorts, delaying her plans to hold it in the flesh.

As she did that, she thought, *FUUUUUCK! This feels soooooo incredible! Gaawwwd! It's like a super cock! I've been good. I'm working on the hand-over plan. I came up with some pretty inspired bullshit, if I do say so myself. I deserve a little reward. If the hand-over happens soon, this could be my last chance to play with his cock! I touched it through his shorts already, so really I'm not doing anything that I didn't do already. Just more of it!*

Her rhythmic squeezing was just enough stimulation to drive him half-insane. Having his shorts in the way was actually a positive thing, because it kept him a hair away from being so out-of-control-horny that he climaxed too soon.

Hillary returned only a couple of minutes later, in time to see Nick slowly turning Maggie into a quivering pile of goo. She took a good long look at Nick and Maggie, and the way Nick was French kissing and running his hands all over Maggie's bare boobs, with Maggie's miniskirt up around her belly button and covering absolutely nothing. Most importantly, she saw the way Maggie was stroking his bulge through his shorts.

She bit her lip and practically swooned. She didn't know who aroused her more at this point, Nick or Maggie, but seeing them get it on together was like a double blast of pure lust.

She laughed out loud, getting their attention. "I should have figured. Is he always like that?"

Maggie quickly took her hand off her son's crotch. She knew that Hillary must have noticed the way she was jacking him off through his shorts, and she found that very embarrassing. But other than that, she found herself surprisingly unbothered by the compromised position Hillary had found her in.

She broke the kiss, but she didn't try to push Nick's eager hands away from his relentless nipple play. "Pretty much, yeah," she replied with a naughty smile.

She didn't really know if that answer was true, since this afternoon was the only time she'd been intimate with him (not counting the "fake" kiss they'd shared the day before). But she could guess well enough that it was an accurate answer. Her shy son was turning out to be a natural horn dog with a great sexual appetite.

She sat back on her hands, giving Nick even better access to her huge rack, not to mention the rest of her stunning body. That exposed her pussy, including her suspiciously brown bush, but she was too high on lust to think about that or care. "Who was it that you called?" she asked Hillary.

Nick resumed suckling on one of her nipples while tugging on the other.

Hillary had been gawking at Maggie's beauty, but that snapped her back. "Oh. Yeah. That was, uh, Anushka. It's confession time. Anushka's my girlfriend."

"Oh?" Maggie asked. She couldn't understand why Hillary thought that was so important, and she was so horny that she wasn't that curious about it, or what that might mean for her possibly dating Nick. She was reveling in what Nick was doing to the point that she had trouble thinking about anything else. She was tripping on extreme lust. She wondered how long it would take before she'd cum again from his nipple play alone.

As Hillary sat there in just her frame bra and shorts, she explained, "I mean, Anushka and I are intimate with each other, and pretty serious. Does it surprise either of you that I'm bisexual?"

Nick was surrounded by two beautiful bodies, but in different directions. He had no idea where to look, so his eyes kept bouncing back and forth. He ended up staring at Hillary's rack while he played with Maggie's. He pulled his lips off Maggie's nearest nipple to reply, "I've known that for a long

time. You've never tried to hide it. Heck, I believe I've even mentioned it to Maggie before."

"Yeah, you did," Maggie said. Those were her words, but the sexy, breathless way she said them made it seem like she was really saying, *"Keep playing with my tits, you glorious stud!"*

Hillary seemed almost disappointed that they weren't surprised. "Well, then, I guess you know. Does it bother you?"

"Are you kidding me?" Nick asked. "I think it's hot!"

Maggie breathed, "Ditto!" She giggled when she realized that she'd agreed that being bisexual was hot. She pictured Hillary standing naked, which wasn't at all hard to do - she only had to look Hillary's way and mentally remove the shorts. Then she pictured Hillary kissing an equally hot and centerfold-worthy naked girl.

Yeah, she concluded to herself as she giggled some more. I'm straight, but that's pretty damn hot anyway! Nick has great taste in girls, that's for sure!

Again, Hillary almost seemed disappointed that they weren't scandalized. But she continued, "Anyway, like I said, that was Anushka I was calling. We have kind of an arrangement. She knows I'm bisexual, and so I have certain desires that she can't fulfill. If I want to do something with a guy, like date him, I call her first, to make sure she's okay with it."

Nick asked, eagerly, "So what did she say?"

"Wouldn't you like to know!" Hillary laughed good-naturedly, which set off a jiggle-quake in her massive rack despite the see-through frame that was providing some support. But realizing that he was about to burst in frustration, she added, "If you really want to know, why don't you come here and kiss me and I'll tell you. That is, if you can tear yourself away from Maggie for a minute."

He took a look at Maggie, who gave him an 'okay' nod. He eagerly leapt from the bed. *NO WAY! No fuckin' way! Talk about a GOOD DAY!*

"Wait a minute," Hillary said. "This bra is good for support most of the time, but now I want your hands supporting me instead." She quickly undid her frame bra and tossed it aside.

Then, with a sexy smirk, she added, "Oh, and let's get rid of these too." She bent over and pulled her shorts down her legs. She stepped out of them and tossed them aside. That left her in just a pair of white panties, which went up over her hips.

Nick had another "pinch me, I'm dreaming" moment. If he was a betting man, that morning he would have bet that the odds were better than even that he would never ever get a chance to French kiss Hillary, even with his clever fake girlfriend scheme working for him. But now it was going to happen already, and while she was practically standing naked!

It was all so incredible and overwhelming that, as Nick found himself standing in front of Hillary, he grew shy all over again. Even after everything he had done with his mother, somehow it was different with Hillary. It was scary! She'd had lots of boyfriends and girlfriends. How would his kissing efforts compare to all that? True, he'd had a lot of kissing practice with Maggie this afternoon, but he still was a total beginner for all practical purposes.

Besides, he was so close to cumming that he worried he'd shoot off in his shorts as soon as he touched her. He knew that wouldn't make a good impression, to say the least.

Luckily, Hillary sensed his shyness and took mercy on him. She stepped forward, wrapped both arms around him, and put her lips on his. Her huge breasts pressed into his T-shirt.

Nick didn't get over his shyness immediately. He opened his mouth to let her tongue in, but he was too paralyzed to do any more. He was terribly afraid that he wasn't going to live up to her expectations.

But just as luckily again, Hillary wasn't content to stop there. She was so horny from watching Nick and Maggie go at it that she was willing to cut him a lot of slack. Having seen that he was a tit man, she brought his hands up to her chest. She let go, and hoped he'd got the hint that her F-cups were his for the taking.

Then, just for good measure, she pulled his T-shirt up to his armpits.

The feel of her soft, round breasts pressing directly into his skin was out of this world! He felt goose bumps all over! That gave him another jolt of lusty energy that all but forced him into action.

His hands were hesitant, but not for long. He cupped her globes from their undersides, and hefted them, weighing them in his hands even as their unexceptional kiss continued. *Holy Hell! These things are freakin' enormous! They really are even bigger than Ma's! My hands are dwarfed by these, these... small watermelons! Wow! Awesome!*

His excitement grew so much that he simply forgot to be shy, and that excitement quickly reached his lips. Within seconds, he was kissing her back with great inspiration. Luckily, he didn't climax since his erection wasn't in direct contact with any part of her body, letting him slowly retreat from the precipice of orgasm. That allowed him to relax and go with the flow more than before.

Hillary was pleased by his passionate efforts, so she upped the ante by giving the kiss all she had too.

Maggie still sat up on the bed, closely watching everything. She was shocked by how jealous she felt. Her entire body tingled and even burned with sexual need. She had grown used to Nick fondling and caressing her everywhere but her pussy mound, and she longed for his touch.

She had to tell herself, *This is what being a responsible mother is all about. My sexual lust means nothing. Less than nothing. The only thing that matters here is the hand-over. This is what we've worked for, ever since he first proposed his crazy scheme. It's working! It's really working! I should be glad. So why am I so upset?!*

But even if I am, I have to push those feelings aside. They belong together. I need to fade away, back to my boring soccer mom life. UGH!

Nick's fingers quickly worked their way up Hillary's perfect orbs until he reached her nipples. He immediately started twisting them, just like he had to such good effect with Maggie. But Hillary's nipples didn't react in the same way. They were almost equally sensitive (which was saying a lot), but they didn't respond well to such vigorous and rough twisting and turning; they needed to be treated more tenderly.

Luckily for him, Hillary wasn't shy in making clear what she liked and didn't like. She brought her hands up and gently but firmly moved his hands away from her nipples and back to her sensitive undersides. She liked what he'd been doing there much better.

Even though his intense lust, he got the picture and made a mental note. He would have to try another approach with her nipples later.

But for her, the main focus was on the kiss. She'd been very intrigued by all the hot kissing she'd seen. In fact, that was the main reason her desire for him had changed so dramatically in such a short time. She was pleasantly surprised to find that his kiss really was as good as she'd hoped it would be.

It was true that he still didn't really know what he was doing when it came to kissing. He was winging it all the way. But his infatuation for Hillary was no passing phase. In fact, even "infatuation" didn't convey the intensity of his feelings. It was more like an all-consuming obsession, though matched by the same feelings for Maggie.

As a result, kissing Hillary was surprisingly easy for him. He just had to let out his feelings for her through his mouth, and some deep seated knowledge on kissing did the rest. It was as if he'd opened the door to a raging hot blast furnace while she was standing nearby. His desire was so powerful that she almost had to step back and break the kiss to try to cope.

But she held on, and even loved it. It was exactly what she'd been hoping for when she saw how he'd repeatedly left Maggie glassy-eyed and breathless. She had no idea just how powerful his feelings for her were, and how long he'd felt that way, but she was starting to at least get an inkling, thanks to his kissing style.

Of course he absolutely loved their fiery lip-lock. But being a tit man, he loved hefting and squeezing her tits even more than the kissing (although it was a close call). Thus he was crushed when she suddenly pulled away.

She saw the crestfallen look on his face and explained, "Sorry, but that was TOO good."

"Too good?" he asked in confusion.

"Too good. You're making me lose control already. I want to go even further, right away, but I can't. Not with your girlfriend, and my girlfriend. It wouldn't be right." She meant all that too. His kissing and fondling made her want to lose all control. She hadn't expected to react that strongly that fast, and she needed time to regroup and reassess.

Maggie completely agreed with the "too good" sentiment. *Ha! See? I'm not crazy. It looks like I'm not alone in feeling that way, thank the Lord. He*

really is some kind of magical man, with magical lips. And this is his first day kissing anyone in passion! My boy is scary good with his natural talent!

She spoke up. "I told you, I'm not really his girlfriend. Think of me as more his friend with benefits."

Hillary laughed and stuck her hands out in front of her. She pretended to heft a big pair of breasts as she joked, "Big benefits."

Maggie laughed too. "Okay, big benefits, true. Especially for an obvious tit maniac like him. Hmmm. What's the obvious distinctive physical feature you and I both share?"

Hillary and Maggie shared another laugh. They both looked down at their own bare chests and then gave delighted naughty smiles in Nick's direction.

He grinned unrepentantly from ear to ear. He was walking on air, since his first kiss with Hillary had clearly been an unqualified success. That put his worry to rest that he wouldn't live up to her high standards due to her previous lovers.

Maggie continued, "That's hardly all there is to my body, by the way, or yours for that matter, but I digress. My point is, feel free to do whatever you want with him, at any time, whether I'm there or not. Anything! Go on a date with him and let him have his way with you. I well and truly mean that. I really do."

"I'm not sure I believe you," Hillary replied, "He's such an incredible lover! I can tell from just that much. There's no way in hell you'd willingly give him up."

Maggie's jealousy burned like a bonfire. But she nonetheless continued to try to help with the hand-over plan. "That's true. But I'm not giving him up. He's going to get curious about other girls sooner or later. It's better if he sows his wild oats now. I can't let myself get truly serious with him if I'm the only lover he's ever had."

Hillary considered that, and it made sense. She said, "Maybe so. But it's a moot point, because Anushka might mind."

Disappointed, Nick sat back on the bed next to his mother.

Maggie was still reeling over how jealous she'd gotten watching him kiss and fondle Hillary. She was even more surprised when that jealousy only drove her arousal to even higher heights. She wanted him, and BAD! She even felt proud about it in a weird way, because after all, that was the entire point of what they were trying to do. His crazy faux girlfriend scheme was already turning out to be quite clever and successful.

So she sidled up to him and said in a mock pouty voice, "Awww, look. My little baby is all sad, because he doesn't get to play with the nice girl's big boobies. You'll just have to content yourself with mine."

That definitely perked up his spirits. Before Maggie could say "boo," she found herself on her back on the bed with her son lying on top of her. He kissed her neck as he worked his lips up to hers. He twisted and turned her nipples at the same time, just like he had earlier. It might not have worked well on Hillary, but he knew it drove his mother wild every time.

Her miniskirt had fallen back to cover her pussy while she'd been sitting and watching, but it wound up around her belly button again when she fell back to the bed. His cock and balls wound up directly over her fully exposed cunt. The only thing stopping them from getting into a fucking position was the fact that he still had his shorts on.

Maggie was almost delirious as she felt the full length of his erection pressing down on her body with only his thin shorts in the way. *Ooooooh! Oh! Oh, oh, oh! His cock! Such a THICK one! And his kissing and caressing! I'm his mother, but how can I ever give this up?! I don't want to hand him over! I want to drop to my knees and suck his cock like my life depends on it! But it's not what I want. I have to do what's right!*

Hillary watched closely and chuckled. "Look, he's doing that to you too. He was twisting my nipples like they were radio dials."

Maggie blushed, but she turned her head and broke the latest kiss to explain, "I don't know about you, but I love it when he does that! He probably thinks that all women are like that, since he's only been with me."

Hillary nodded thoughtfully. "Ah. That's it. I'll have to set him straight the next time he plays with me there. He's a little too... vigorous."

Nick wanted to pump a fist in the air. *"Next time?" YES! I love the sound of that! Best day ever!*

Hillary asked, "By the way, you two, do you want your privacy? We don't have to listen to this concert, you know."

Both Maggie and Nick had forgotten all about the music again. They couldn't help but hear it, but they hadn't been actively listening to it at all.

"No!" Maggie replied, nearly shouting. "Stay!" She had to break another kiss just to say that much.

Hillary laughed. "Okay, already. But why all the shouting?"

"Uh, it's just, well, if you leave me all alone with this beast, this wild man, your bed will never be the same! For one thing, it'll take weeks for all the puddles of cum to dry."

Hillary chuckled some more.

But Nick thought, *Geez, Ma, you're laying it on a little too thick there. She's gonna think I'm some kind of sexual superman, and how can I live up to that?* To Hillary, he said, "She exaggerates. A lot." Then he locked lips with his mother some more.

"It's good to know she thinks that highly of you, just the same," Hillary pointed out. After a pause, she added, "If I do stay, you two need to tone it down a notch though, okay? I can't tear my eyes off you two, and I'm getting way too horny just from watching. If you don't chill out a bit, I'm afraid I'm going to have to dive right in and join you."

Nick thought, *And that would be so terrible, wouldn't it? NOT! That would be fuckin' totally awesome! What would that even mean?! Taking turns kissing them? Or more?! But I guess even this super day can't be that great. That much awesomeness would probably kill me!*

Maggie also was very turned on by the "dive right in and join you" comment. She'd never had any powerful lesbian feelings before, but Hillary was so gorgeous that she couldn't help but be affected. Besides, more than that, she was reveling in throwing all her normal morality aside as simply letting her raging libido take over. From that perspective, thinking about Nick fondling and kissing her and Hillary felt even more naughty and wrong, and thus even more exciting and tempting.

For better or worse, things did settle down somewhat, thanks to Hillary's request for them to "tone it down a notch." At least that let him avoid cumming again when he'd again been on the verge.

Hillary joined them on the bed, but not in a directly sexual way. It was such a big bed that there was room for her without a chance of accidental contact. She reduced that possibility even further by strategically placing some pillows between herself and them. Then she kicked back on still more pillows, and relaxed and listened to the music.

At least, that was ostensibly what she was doing. In fact, she propped up her head and upper torso, giving her a great view of what Nick and Maggie were doing to each other from only a couple of feet away. She couldn't help but look, and then keep watching.

The three of them returned to just talking. That prevented Nick and Maggie from kissing each other very much, and the lack of kissing helped keep their slow-boil lust from spiraling out of control. But Nick was endlessly fascinated with Maggie's body. He'd been lusting after her for years, though never been able to touch her except for familial hugs. He took the opportunity to explore just about every inch of her body, except for the area that she was protecting right around her pussy.

She didn't mind her ass being exposed and fondled; in fact she loved it. She even let him keep her miniskirt hiked up above it. But she tried to keep her miniskirt down over her pussy to indicate that was a no-go area. However, her miniskirt had a tendency to ride up to the narrow of her waist, giving him frequent glimpses of her very wet pussy and her dark brown bush. Sometimes, it would take a few minutes before she'd see him looking and tug her miniskirt back down again.

She knew this meant that Hillary had to have noticed the fact that her brown bush didn't match the blonde hair on her head. But although Hillary had noticed a while ago already, she was discreet and sensitive, so didn't say a word about it.

Maggie was prevented from similarly exploring Nick's body as freely, because he was still wearing his T-shirt and shorts. She could have easily removed at least his shirt, but she didn't because she was content to be the center of his attention. Besides, she felt the fact that he was still clothed helped keep things more or less under control.

However, she liked what Hillary had done, pulling his shirt up to his armpits while making out with him, and she subtly let his shirt ride up his body until it was that high on him again. She much preferred feeling her

bare and slightly sweaty tits rubbing and even sliding against his bare skin. Thanks to things like that, she was having the best sexual experience of her life, even though it was a far cry from a serious sex act like fucking.

At one point, she decided, *You know what? As long as things stay like this, I give up. I'm not going to fight it. I'm Maggie! I'm not his mother, or anybody's mother. I'm a cool college student hanging out with my awesome boyfriend. I'm having a hell of a great time, and I have to admit that the way Nick is fondling me and kissing me is a big part of it. I might as well enjoy this afternoon to its fullest, because it can never happen again.*

That new attitude helped her relax and enjoy herself even more.

Somehow, despite Nick's constant fondling, the three of them had no trouble keeping an active discussion going. Sometimes, they even managed to appreciate the Pink Floyd music as well, but only incidentally.

Not surprisingly, their discussion was mostly about sexual matters, because sex was on all of their minds.

At one point, Nick complained, "Man, I'm so mad at myself."

"Why's that?" Hillary asked.

"Because I had my big chance to make out with you, and it was beyond great. But you were standing there in just your panties, and I didn't touch your incredible ass even once!"

Hillary laughed. "Hmmm. That is your loss. Such is the tragic life of the boob-obsessed horndog!" She laughed some more.

Maggie joked, "I'm surprised he even knows women HAVE asses." Even as she said that, he was lying by her side, but with his head at her chest level. That allowed him to hold and lick her left tit while caressing her right tit. She merely had a hand running through his hair, basking in the pleasure of his titty focus.

Hillary said to him, "Hey, don't sweat it too much. I AM going to kiss you some more, unless your girlfriend or my girlfriend expressly forbids it. Or I should say you kiss me, since you're like a kissing tornado! And I'll make sure you don't miss my ass next time."

A naughty thought popped into her head. "In fact, do you mind if I adjust the volume?"

The Pink Floyd bootleg was so forgotten, even though it was playing fairly loudly, that Nick had to take a few moments to even remember what she was talking about. He muttered, "Um, sure."

She got up off the bed and walked towards her stereo. As she went, she made sure to brush a leg against his foot dangling off the bed, so he'd pay attention.

Once she glanced back and saw him looking, she continued to the stereo, sashaying with the slowest, sexiest walk, she could possibly conjure.

"Oh, man!" He groaned erotically. His interest was so great that he sat up, temporarily forgetting about his tit-licking and fondling.

Hillary didn't actually want to change the settings on the stereo; she just wanted an excuse to show off. She bent over outrageously, at a stiff ninety degree angle. The room wasn't that wide, so she knew that would give the others a very good look at her ass. She was equally interested in titillating both of them.

As she maintained that pose, she muttered, "Let's see... What am I doing here?" She reached back to her ass and started tugging on her panties. "When I have trouble thinking, I tend to pull my panties off!"

He sat up straighter, and even leaned forward. "OH! Oh man! Man oh man oh man!"

His heart thumped hard while Hillary slowly pulled her white panties down her ass, inch by inch by inch. She really knew how to put on a sexy show. She spread her legs wider too.

Maggie sat up in alarm. Her jealousy was like an inferno raging out of control. She saw that Hillary's panties only had another inch or two to go before she started to expose her pussy.

Hillary glanced back over her shoulder to see how the others were taking this, as well as to draw out the titillating moment. She saw that Nick was practically drooling, just as she'd hoped. But Maggie was slightly behind him and waving her hands in concern, clearly trying to get her to stop before exposing herself any more.

Hillary had been getting carried away by the moment. She realized it was probably smart to stop anyway, at least until the confusing situation of what she was allowed to do with him had more clarity.

Knowing that Nick hadn't seen Maggie's furtive waving, she slowly stood back up, while leaving her panties as they were, exposing most of her ass crack and just barely covering all of her pussy.

She turned around and sashayed back to the bed, making sure to emphasize her tit wobbling with subtle shoulder rolls as she did so. Once she was sitting back where she was before, she said, "There! Doesn't the music sound better now?"

"Totally!" Nick exclaimed with great enthusiasm.

All three of them shared a good laugh.

Maggie's secret signal not to go further left Hillary even more confused about Maggie's true feelings. She decided to play it cool for a while, at least relatively speaking.

Several minutes passed without anyone saying anything. Nick went back to playing with Maggie's great tits, and even suckling on her nipples from time to time. But he was generally slow and lazy with his attentions, helping to keep things from getting too overheated.

Once they'd all relaxed more due to the silence and relative lack of action, Hillary suggested, "Let's play kiss and tell."

"Oh no!" Maggie replied. She was content that she'd reached a happy place with a constant erotic high, but she could see a game like that spinning completely out of control.

"Don't worry," Hillary replied. "This is the mellow version. Nick kisses you, and then you tell a sexy story."

"Oh. I can do that." She giggled like a schoolgirl, totally high on life. After yet more necking with her son, she told an extremely arousing, yet totally fabricated, story about how she'd jacked off Nick in a public library, running a great risk of getting caught.

Handjobs were definitely on Maggie's mind during and after that story, leading her to want to stroke her son's cock. But she found it fairly easy to resist doing that. It wasn't so much because she was Nick's mother, since she was falling into the mindset of being "Maggie" for the afternoon and not "Margaret." But Hillary was there and sitting up enough to observe everything, and Maggie was too embarrassed to do that in front of her.

Although her story was made-up, it was a great fantasy. Most importantly, Hillary had no reason to even suspect that it was fake. As far as she knew, Maggie really had given Nick a handjob in a library. That further cemented her feeling that both of them were sexually adventurous and fun, and exactly the sort of people she wanted to get intimate with.

After Maggie finished her arousing story, and then shared another long French kiss with her son, she said, "Okay, Hillary, your turn."

Hillary grinned mischievously. "But I don't have anyone to kiss for the kiss part."

Not surprisingly, Nick said, "I volunteer!"

Hillary chuckled. "Okay! That is... if it's okay with you, Maggie?" She was seriously hankering to neck with Nick some more. She felt she could handle it despite being overwhelmed earlier, thanks in large part to the much more mellow overall mood. But she wanted to make doubly sure of everything, after Maggie's mixed signals.

Maggie stated emphatically, "It's VERY okay! I keep telling you. Actually, I look forward to seeing it. It'll be hot!" To her surprise, she found that she meant those words, even though she felt another surge of jealousy.

Nick joked, "It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it!"

Still, Hillary wanted to be cautious. She asked Maggie, "But... there are limits of what you want me to do with him, right?"

Maggie replied, "Sure. In case you haven't noticed, I've been making clear to him in various ways not to touch my pussy or anywhere around there, because once he does... phew! All bets are off!" She chuckled knowingly, as if he'd fucked her brains out many times. "So, since you're waiting to hear from Anushka on something apparently, that's probably a good line to draw with you too."

Hillary nodded. "Ah. Okay." Maggie's furtive hand waving to keep her pussy covered made complete sense to her now. That was ironic, since Maggie's excuse was an after the fact justification to cover for her surge of jealousy.

Nick spoke up. "I can stick to that with both of you, no problem. But, uh, Maggie, you don't need to keep tugging your miniskirt down. I get that

area's off limits, doubly so now that you said it out loud. I promise I won't touch you there, no matter what."

"Really?" Maggie asked uncertainly.

"Really."

"Well... if that's the case, you might as well take the damn miniskirt all the way off me then. It's just a bother."

He wanted to ask "Are you serious?!" But he played it cool, even though his jaw dropped and he was tripping out with shock and lust. He finally managed to mutter, "Um, cool."

Maggie rolled over and spread her legs slightly. She waited expectantly.

While sitting to her side, he carefully but steadily pulled her miniskirt down. She had to lift herself up to slight to help it go below her ass.

Hillary was watching from across her pillows, and almost drooling. She exclaimed, "Nick! You fool!"

"What?" he asked in confusion.

"Don't just pull her miniskirt off, you bozo. Take full advantage! Your girl has a PERFECT ass! And she's serving it up to you on a platter! Give it a good feel! And explore her legs too!"

He looked back and forth between his mother's bare ass, totally free of any tan lines or even lighter skinned areas, and then back to Hillary sitting up and showing off her massive F-cups. He said, "I'd want to, but I don't want to keep you waiting with the kissing and storytelling."

"That's sweet," Hillary said, "but it's okay. In fact, it would make a lot more sense if I tell a story first, and THEN you reward me with a kiss or two if you like it. That way, you can take your time stripping your girlfriend completely naked!"

His head spun with excitement and sheer lust. "Okay! It's a deal!"

Hillary's words hit Maggie like a hammer. I'm his "girlfriend," my son's girlfriend! This isn't pretending! He really IS stripping me completely naked! He already had my last vestige of clothing below my ass! This is SO NUTS! But... it's also part of the hand-off process. I'm getting Hillary hotter and hotter for him, I know I am. So, in a way, I'm taking a hit for the team.

That was a fairly pathetic justification, but it was the best Maggie could come up with. In truth, her lust was in control and she was letting lust rule.

Somewhat surprisingly, Nick pulled Maggie's miniskirt all the way off less than a minute later. That would have been a big disappointment to both Maggie and Hillary, since Hillary wanted to see him play with Maggie's ass so much that she was willing to wait for her next necking session.

Happily for all, that was just the start for him. He ended up down by her feet, so he began caressing her feet and ankles, making it clear that he was going to gradually work his way up her legs while Hillary told her story.

So Hillary told her story. It was about how she and Anushka had also played with each other in a public library. Unlike Maggie's story, it actually was true. Hillary and Anushka had gone to a local college library to get some specialty books to read over the summer. The library was very large, with many areas that were almost never frequented. They had started getting frisky with each other while looking for their books. But eventually they got so worked up that they found an unoccupied study room, locked the door, and got it on.

Hillary went in great detail about the lesbian love-making that happened there. In so doing, she dropped some revealing details about Anushka, such as the fact that she was ethnically Indian, extremely gorgeous, and also extremely well-endowed in the chest. In fact, she hinted that Anushka's breasts were even larger than her own, a fact both Nick and Maggie found hard to believe.

All the while that story went on, Nick gradually worked his way up Maggie's legs, almost massaging her as much as caressing her.

She spread her legs wider and wider as she both relaxed and grew more aroused. That left her pussy in full view for Nick's gaze, though not Hillary's, due to the angle. She knew full well what she was showing, but it only made her feel more liberated and horny.

As much as he loved fondling all of her legs for the first time, he didn't take as much time on that as he otherwise would have, since he was in a bit of a rush to get to her ass. For most of Hillary's story, he caressed, explored, and kneaded his mother's ass cheeks while she laid there face down. Sometimes, she would turn to her side to look at Hillary talk. When she did that, he often brought a hand up to her chest to play with her tits some too.

All in all, he was keeping his mother in constant erotic bliss without ever quite bringing her over the orgasmic edge.

Maggie wished the time like that would never, ever end. She especially reveled in her total nudity. She'd never felt so wanton and wicked, and she was getting addicted to it, like it was the world's most intoxicating drug.

On top of that, Maggie found herself curiously aroused by Hillary's lesbian story. Even though she'd never taken part in any lesbian activity whatsoever, all she had to do was put herself in Hillary's shoes in the story and Nick in Anushka's shoes. Most of the talk was of kissing and fondling, so that worked in her version too.

But sometimes, as the story went on, Hillary talked about things that only two women could do together, such as rubbing their massive racks together, or fingering each other's pussies. That really brought home the fact that Hillary actually was bisexual. But Maggie was so very horny that even that part of the story greatly aroused her. Since she couldn't imagine Nick in one of the roles, and only knew the vaguest details of Anushka, she increasingly put herself in Anushka's role, which meant she was getting kissed and felt up by Hillary!

That was a really big turn-on for her. She was letting it all hang out.

Nick, like most guys, loved to hear about two extremely gorgeous women getting it on with each other. Since he also didn't know what Anushka looked like, he pictured Hillary with Maggie the entire time. That made it was the most arousing erotic story he'd ever heard or read in his life.

The fact that he got to freely play with all of his mother's naked body except for her pussy sent his lust into the stratosphere. He didn't consciously realize it, but since Hillary was watching his hands pretty much the entire time, she tailored her story more to fit what he was doing to Maggie, or what he could do to her. For instance, she toned down a lot of the pussy play and went into much more detail about ass play.

If she said something like, "Then I pulled her ass cheeks apart and put my face right in her ass crack to kiss and lick it," he could actually do that! And he did!

Finally, Hillary's great story came to an end.

Nick crawled over the "wall" of pillows to Hillary's side of the bed. He French kissed her for a couple of minutes, while also playing with her huge tits. He also ran his hands all over her sleek long legs, her firm tummy, and most of the rest of her.

His only obstacle was the fact she still wore her panties. However, she'd kept those as she'd left them from before, nearly pulled all the way down her ass and only precariously covering her pussy. As a result, and especially after his earlier "ass mistake," he made sure to spend a lot of time fondling and exploring her ass cheeks. That was the very first time he touched her there, but he got extremely familiar with it in a hurry.

He understood that Hillary wanted a less intense kissing experience than his first time with her. So he necked with her like they had hours to spend together, instead of as if he might only have one chance to kiss her in his entire life, which was how he'd acted the first time around.

Hillary adored his pace, and absolutely everything he was doing to her. She too was getting the sense that he had some kind of "magic touch," because even his soft and lingering kisses were in a different league than the kisses she'd shared with her previous boyfriends. Only some of her girlfriends, including Anushka, kissed as well or better than he did.

Furthermore, she took the time to silently teach him how to play with her tits, and especially her nipples. She usually kept his hands over her hands whenever he was focused on her chest instead of her ass, and she would give him approving pats when she liked what he was doing or move his hand a little when she didn't.

It was only a partial lesson, especially since he spent more time with her ass, but he was getting the impression that he had to be much gentler with her tits than with Maggie's. He still couldn't fathom that he was actually in a position where he could make such a comparison!

After maybe five minutes or more, Maggie sat all the way up, to make sure he could see her. She said, "Nick? Sport?"

That got his attention. He broke his latest kiss with Hillary and looked back to his mother.

She held her huge globes from below, caressing them while pushing them together. "I'm getting kind of cold and lonely over here. My twin girls

especially miss your special touch."

She rubbed her tits together even more, sliding one up while sliding the other one down, and vice versa. It looked exactly like she was titfucking an invisible cock. At the same time, she made an adorable, pleading face.

He looked back and forth between Hillary and Maggie. It was a true embarrassment of riches.

Hillary saw his predicament. She playfully smacked his ass. "Go to her, stud! She's your girlfriend. I'm just your, well, hopefully your future date." She sat up higher and said to Maggie, "I'm sending him back to you. I just hope you send him back to me soon."

Maggie smiled from ear to ear. "Oh, definitely!" She had been feeling jealous and neglected, but Hillary's generous sharing attitude made her feel a lot better.

Nick crawled back on top of his gorgeous mother. As before, his thick erection rested right on top of her pussy mound, but that technically didn't count as "touching." His hands went back to her tits, and he leaned his face down over hers. But before he brought his lips back to hers, he briefly brought a hand up to brush some bangs off her forehead. Then he whispered, "Maggie! You're so beautiful! So beautiful! I'm so lucky to have you!"

Those were simple words, mostly just stating a plain, undeniable fact that she was very beautiful. But there was something about the way he stared deeply into her eyes and spoke with great feeling that made her heart flutter and even soar.

She breathlessly purred, "Oh! Sport!"

Then she pulled his head down and kissed him with even more passion than ever before, except maybe their first real kiss earlier in the afternoon, standing by her car.

Hillary watched, only now it was her turn to feel the pangs of jealousy. She realized that while Nick most definitely lusted after her body, he and Maggie shared a deep emotional connection that she couldn't hope to match. At least not yet.

Her desire for him was growing and growing. She had a history of not staying with any one boyfriend for long, and her track record with her

girlfriends wasn't much better. But Nick seemed like the kind of guy she might want to get more serious with. She wanted to have what he and Maggie had. But there was the problem of her not wanting to take him away from Maggie. She tried hard not to be the kind of girl who would break hearts.

Nick kept kissing and fondling his mother until she had an orgasm. The way he subtly rocked back and forth caused his boner to rub against her clit, and that more than anything pushed her over the edge. She tried to be quiet about it, mostly successfully, thanks largely due to the way she was swapping spit with him at the time.

But when it was over, she needed a breather from the nonstop sexual excitement. She sat up in the bed, and said, "Okay, stud. I think it's YOUR turn to tell us a story."

That was a problem for him, since he didn't have any true sexual stories to tell, and he was supposed to have been dating Maggie hot and heavy for most of the summer. Furthermore, he wasn't in the mood to make something up, since he much preferred kissing and fondling.

He complained, "I'm sorry, but I'm way too horny to be able to think. How 'bout I just focus on the kissing part for a while?"

Hillary laughed. "That'll work."

Maggie said, "Very well. We'll let you off the hook this time. But you're so insatiable, as usual, that I need a bit of a breather. Why don't you have another turn with your NEW girlfriend?" She winked at her own "new girlfriend" comment.

He said, "Gladly!" He turned to Hillary.

"Please!" She opened her arms for him.

He crawled up and over the pillow barrier again. he was well aware that was the only thing stopping a threesome from breaking out.

Before he reached her though, she turned around and raised her ass high up in the air, essentially mooning them. As she kept that sexy pose, she said, "Maggie, before Nick gets started again, can I ask a favor?"

"Sure." Maggie was very curious what the favor would be, in that pose.

"Last time, my panties slid down and kind of got stuck in the crack between the bottom of my ass and the top of my thighs. Do you mind if I take my panties off, all the way? If he can control himself with you, he can do the same thing with me, can't he?"

Nick was frozen in place, waiting for Maggie to make her decision.

Maggie gave him a stern look. "Well? Can you? Can you promise not to touch her pussy, not even a little bit? Don't even look at it! And it goes without saying that you need to keep your shorts on." She poked at his chest playfully.

He replied solemnly, "I promise. But I also promise to go whole hog playing with her ass without any panties getting in the way."

Maggie broke into a smile. "Now, THAT is perfectly okay. Go get her, Sport!"

Hillary was going to put on a big show pulling her panties down while staying bent over like that. But after hearing Maggie's warning not to even look, she changed her mind.

Instead, she laid down face up and waited for him to lie on top of her. Once he did, she cooed, "Nick! I can't believe how quick things are evolving between us! I'm kind of a raging slut, to be honest, but I'm a slut for one man, not the sleeping around kind. And yeah, I know, I'm dating Anushka, but I consider that a separate issue, since she's a girl. Is that okay with you? Do you think you can handle that?"

He lingered with his face right above Hillary's exactly how he'd been over Maggie a little while ago when he told her how beautiful she was. He said, "I definitely can handle that! You may not have noticed, but I've been keeping an eye on you for a while. I know exactly the kind of person you are. You're lusty and passionate, which I love, but you're kind and loyal too."

She smiled from ear to ear. "Actually, I had noticed. I knew you were one of my 'silent admirers.' I must admit I misjudged you. I thought you'd stay shy forever. I'm so glad you've changed!"

"Mmmm!" He started to bring his mouth in a for a kiss. He already had his hands on her huge tits.

But she said, "Wait! Before you do that, I still have my panties on. Will you do me the honor of taking them off? And while you do that, think about what it would be like to still date Maggie, your wonderful beautiful girl, and date me too! Would you like that?"

His eyes bugged out with amazement and joy. "Would I ever! That would be AWESOME!"

She giggled. "I thought you might say that. Let's not count our chickens yet. You and Maggie need to talk more, I'm sure, and Anushka and I need to talk too. But I'm telling you right now that I'd..." She started wiggling and writhing sexily underneath him. "I'd really love that! I want you to... take me! Take my panties off!"

In truth, she was getting so worked up that she already was thinking about getting fucked by him. In the heat of the moment, when she said "take me," she was thinking about him plunging his thick cock into her tight slit. But then she remembered Maggie there, and the no pussy touching rule, as well as other obstacles, so she added the "take my panties off" part.

He eagerly slid her panties down her legs. At least he tried to. They were the high cut kind, and very thin at the sides. In his eagerness, he ripped them in two.

That turned out to another lucky mistake, because he didn't have to get off her to pull them all the way off her legs. Besides, it furthered his growing reputation as a sexual wild man.

He roughly kissed Hillary's hot mouth again. Sparks practically flew this time. Somehow, having him stare down at her and look deeply into her eyes sent her desire soaring much higher than last time.

To his utter delight, he kissed and fondled Hillary for about five minutes. About halfway through, she rolled over to be on top. That gave him a great opportunity to focus on fondling her bare ass cheeks, and he took full advantage.

He was careful not to touch her pussy with his hand, or even look at it. Not looking was easy, since he was lying on top of her or vice versa. But he had no choice but to press his stiff cock against her pussy mound nearly all the time, just as he'd been doing with his mother. By now, he had leaked so

much pre-cum that his wet spot covered the entire length of his long hard-on, and then some.

He was getting increasingly savvy with what he would do while ostensibly keeping his T-shirt and shorts on. For starters, he kept his shirt pulled up to his armpits, allowing him to enjoy the feel of Hillary's incredible F-cups even when he wasn't actively fondling them. But more importantly, he was learning how to rock his entire body back and forth and sometimes up and back. That caused his boner to make the exact same motions, usually rubbing up against her clit, or her clit and sopping wet slit.

The effect was the same on Hillary that it had been on Maggie: after about five minutes, it got to be too much and she had a silent orgasm. She was very careful to be quiet about it, since she still wasn't sure exactly how Maggie would feel.

Maggie sat up and watched everything Nick and Hillary were doing. She wasn't that concerned about policing them, because she felt confident that if she told him not to touch Hillary's pussy and to keep his shorts on, he would do exactly that. Mostly, she just was getting off on watching the hot, sexy action.

After a few minutes of staring, she thought, Boy, is the hand-over plan working! And in spades! I kind of hoped that if we left "Ben and Jerry's" and came here, we could find a way to get him to start kissing her. Sure enough, that's exactly what happened. But I didn't expect to wind up buck naked, with Hillary buck naked too!

God, she's so beautiful! A heartbreaking face, and curves that have their own curves. The last time I saw her was over a year ago. She was beautiful then, too, but a girl. Now, she's a full-bodied woman. What a difference! Had I known she looks like this, I probably would have never agreed to his fake girlfriend plan in the first place, because I would have figured he had no chance.

But look at him go! She's so hot for him already! Just like me. I swear, he has magic in his mouth and in his fingers. He's like a natural-born sex machine! Who knew?! My shy little guy has grown all up!

She sighed quietly. The only problem is this hand-over is working TOO well. If things keep evolving with her, like they should, what does he need me as his faux girlfriend for any more? And I can't believe I'm admitting

this, but I don't want this to end! Oh God! I'm soooo baaaaaad! Look at me. She looked down at her voluptuous nude body. I've completely let go of ALL restraints. And I'm loving it! I love watching him drive Hillary wild, but I can't wait for my next turn!

I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow and beyond. All I know is that for the rest of today, I'm Maggie, not Margaret! I don't know who the hell Margaret even is! I'm just my son's hot college girlfriend!

She winced as she realized she'd just used the word "son." *Er, I mean I'm Nick's hot college girlfriend. So there!*

Maggie waited as long as she could stand, considering her responsible urge to help with the hand-over plan. But eventually her jealousy and sexual need grew too strong. She sat up in bed like before and struck a sexy pose to tempt him to come back to her side of the pillow wall.

This time, she got up on her heels and sat much like a gorilla does, leaning forward with her arms going straight down to the bed. That caused her enormous tits to dangle forward and down.

At the same time, she purred, "Oh, Niiiiiiiiiiiick! Your Maggie is getting cold and lonely again!" (She very nearly said "your mother.") "My big titties need you, especially. Can you come over here and warm them with your hands and even your mouth?"

He sprung up like a jack-in-the-box. "YES! Sorry, Hillary!"

Hillary just laughed.

He spent the next five minutes or longer making out with his mother. Like he just did with Hillary, he mostly laid on top of her. That made it hard to play with her fantastic ass, but he preferred that position the most because it allowed him to experiment with rubbing his raging boner against her pussy mound, with only his shorts in between.

Once again, it was highly effective. Maggie just about lost her mind. She had no doubt this was more enjoyable than even getting fucked by her de facto ex-husband Andy.

Hillary was getting wise to how he was using his cock despite his shorts and the no pussy touching rule. She watched carefully until she detected the subtle but clear signs that Maggie had an orgasm, such as her increasingly labored breathing.

Only after she was sure Maggie's climax was over did she get up on her knees to strike a sexy pose in order to tempt him back to her side of the pillow wall. She actually was greatly enjoying the competition, because she wasn't used to having to work to get a man's attention, and it stayed on a playful and fun level.

Just as Maggie had done, she called for him in a sing-song voice. "Oh, Niiiiiiiiiiiick! I hate to interrupt, but... God! I'm so hot for you!"

He broke his latest lip-lock with his hot mom and sat up. He was flabbergasted to see Hillary sitting up in a similar position that Maggie had used last time. The main difference was, mindful of Maggie not wanting him to see her pussy, she got on all fours. That both put her pussy out of sight under her body and also caused her even larger tits to dangle down even more.

Hillary was going to say more to titillate and arouse, but hearing the girl of his dreams say "I'm so hot for you" while in that pose was more than enough! In fact, he truly was living out his greatest masturbatory dreams, only they were a thousand times better in real life.

He spent the next five minutes making out with Hillary again. Like last time, he used the cock grinding loophole to drive her to a very nice climax.

Nick was truly on cloud nine. He had to resolve not to marvel at his great luck all the time, but rather just enjoy himself to the fullest.

He went through another round of making out with Maggie and then Hillary. Each time seemed even better than the last, including the sexy poses and words to tempt him back to their side of the pillow wall.

They might have continued like that for many more times, except he was a victim of his own success. He made them cum each and every time with his cock rubbing technique, which only grew more effective and blatant each time. Although he never quite had to cum, both of them ended up sexually worn out from all of their orgasms.

He didn't mind though, because he wound up just plain tired. It was all just too arousing to maintain their high energy level for so long. Even though he never quite came, staying at the cusp of orgasm nearly non-stop for such a long time left him sexually exhausted too. Even his penis needed a break.

They went back to talking about non-sexual stuff for a while, which he spent on Maggie's side. They mostly talked about music, it so happened, since that was a safe and easy topic. Plus, they were ostensibly listening to a Pink Floyd concert.

Even though they were in a sexual time-out, Nick never really took his hands off Maggie's naked body. However, he did give her a respite by not twisting her nipples.

Even better, the pillow wall had slowly been destroyed after he kept going back and forth between the two busty beauties.

Hillary felt lonely after getting to make out with him all those times. So she moved in closer.

He didn't dare try it just yet, but he realized she was within reach for him to fondle her and Maggie at the same time! He was very hopeful that a full-on threesome would break out soon, if they weren't there already.

He wished the afternoon would never end. He knew that no matter what happened from that point on, this afternoon would be one of the absolute high points of his life.

Chapter 6: More at Hillary's House (Tuesday)

At one point, Hillary left the room to go get them all drinks, which gave Maggie and Nick a chance to talk in private while she was gone.

As soon as they were alone, Maggie held up a hand and quietly told him, "Don't even try to kiss me! I'm on to your trying to keep me from talking."

Hillary had left the door wide open, and there was no telling where she might be or when she'd be back, so Maggie knew she had to speak in vague terms. "All I can say is that once we leave here, you and I are going to have a talk. A big talk!"

She gave him a look implying that he was seriously busted. But even while she was talking, he had her in a close embrace, lying on top of her with his hands under her but still ably fondling her ass cheeks. She didn't make any move to discourage him.

He was relieved, because as far as a dressing-down went that was about as mild as he could have hoped for. He knew that even half an hour earlier, her words would have been very different. But all he had to do was smell her soaked pussy to know that she was enjoying what was happening. Furthermore, there were several rivulets dripping down her thighs, even though she kept using the miniskirt to wipe her thighs clean, and the smell of pussy was heavy in the air. He was mindful of all the times he'd made her climax too.

Since she'd gotten wise to his technique of kissing her to stifle her complaints, he tried switching to suckling on one of her nipples while stroking the undersides of both her breasts. That worked nearly as well as kissing, because soon she was panting and gasping with her head tilted way back.

Maggie had planned on chastising him much more when they finally had this chance to talk in private, but she was so overcome by his lusty attentions on her tits that she forgot what she intended to say. Instead she wound up with her eyes closed, moaning erotically.

She at least tried to think about her planned words. *Think! Think! I remember it was SOOO important to talk to him without Hillary listening. I was going to tell him to, well, not go too far. But I think we're in a good place. He keeps his shorts on and he knows not to touch my pussy.*

Although... Gaaaawwwwd! It feels so good when he grinds his cock into me like he does! Admittedly, that's kind of pushing it. But... it just feels too good! HNNG!

Just like what he's doing to me now! Dammit, I'm such a slut! It's like he's turning me into his naked sexual plaything! I can't resist! And when I see what he's doing to Hillary... SO DAMN HOT!

Hillary had removed her frame bra for a while so Nick could fondle her better during their "kiss and tell" and beyond, but when she returned she was wearing it again. As she walked back into the room, somehow carrying three drinks between her hands, she took a look at Nick feasting on one of Maggie's nipples while playing with the other, and laughed. "You two! Get a room. Oh, you have one already. My room!" She laughed some more.

Maggie pushed Nick's lips from her breast in embarrassment. Then she took a good look at Hillary and said, "You know, you look kind of funny."

Hillary handed them their drinks, while deliberately dangling her huge orbs over Nick in the process.

With the other two distracted by repositioning for the drinks, he took the opportunity to finally take his T-shirt all the way off. Nobody paid much attention to that since his shirt had been off for all practical purposes for a while already.

Hillary asked Maggie, "I do? What do you mean?"

Maggie explained, "It's just weird that you're somehow even more topless than topless with the way your breasts are jutting out. It's super sexy, actually."

"Why, thank you." Hillary put her drink down on a nearby table, then took a graceful bow. She ended up with only leg slightly crossed over the other and her arms stretched out, but she was also very careful to bend over so her huge globes dangled down in front of them. She was continuing her subtle but deliberate attempt to arouse and tempt both of them with her body.

Just then, something occurred to Hillary. She straightened up and gasped. She covered her mouth with one hand and her pussy with her other.

Nick asked her, "What's wrong?!" Like the others, he was quickly downing his drink so he'd have his hands free.

She looked to Maggie. "I'm so sorry! I just realized I forgot all about your request that Nick shouldn't even look at my pussy. He could hardly avoid looking at it when I waltzed in here wearing absolutely nothing at all!"

Maggie thought about that, and her own nudity, and everything that had happened so far. She sighed, and said, "Forget about it. I meant it at the time, but come on, there's no way he could avoid looking even as he caresses you from head to toe but there."

She turned to Nick. "Tell me, honestly. You've seen some of her pussy already, haven't you?"

He sheepishly admitted, "Yeah. Especially just now, when she walked in."

Maggie sighed again, then waved dismissively at Hillary. "That's it. Remove your hands."

Hillary already had taken her hand from her mouth, but she was keeping her pussy covered. "Are you sure?"

"Very sure. In fact, come here closer, so he can look all he wants and get it over with." She wagged a finger at him. "But remember: no touching there!"

He nodded urgently. Then he looked back to Hillary just in time to see her step right up to the edge of the bed and then take her hand from her pussy mound. She spread her legs out slightly for good measure.

Taking a closer look at her pussy mound, he saw a very suggestive "camel toe." He already knew from glimpses before, but this look left no doubt that all of her bush was shaved off.

"You really don't mind if I'm like this?" Hillary asked Maggie. She briefly turned her head to Nick and said in a naughty, teasing tone, "I know YOU don't mind, so I won't ask." She laughed at that.

Maggie replied, "Not at all." In fact, it did bother her some. Now that it was happening, the situation was becoming a bit scary - she worried about things spinning out of control again. She could tell things were on a slippery slope. If her son looked at Hillary's pussy, how long would it take before he touched it, and petted it? And once he did that, how long until he fucked it? He was having such great sexual success that all those things seemed almost inevitable.

That was truly astounding, given that he'd never so much as hugged Hillary before school ended mere hours earlier.

After a long pause, Maggie said to Hillary, "I see you've shaved down there."

Hillary shyly answered while still standing with her wet cunt on full display, "Yeah. It's all the rage these days. I'm surprised you haven't."

"Maybe I should," Maggie replied, hoping that would end that topic.

Hillary said as she crawled back onto the bed, "I'm so glad both of you are okay with all this. I love being naked. I'm kind of a nudist, in fact."

With the "pillow wall" destroyed, she wound up close to Nick.

He had been lying on top of Maggie, but he rolled over so he was lying face up right next to her. That put him even closer to Hillary.

Hillary knelt upon the bed. She faced Nick, so close to him that her knees were very nearly touching his side. She stuck a sexy pose with her hands on her knees. That caused her F-cups to dangle down within easy reach.

He started to reach up to fondle them. But he stopped and looked over to his mother on his other side. He asked, "Do you mind?"

Maggie was also feeling a bit jealous, both at Hillary's fantastic body and, perhaps even more, at Nick's reaction to seeing it. But she was still eager not to be seen as square, and she reminded herself that her prime goal was to get Nick and Hillary together.

She fought her jealousy, and managed to say casually, "Of course I don't mind! Look. Hillary, I know this is weird for you. You don't know where you stand. But I sincerely want him to date you AND me! If I didn't want that, I wouldn't have allowed everything that's happened today."

Nick gladly reached up with both hands and cupped Hillary's dangling melons from below.

Hillary frowned at Maggie. "Are you SURE?! I mean sure sure. Totally 100 percent sure."

Maggie said patiently, "I'm totally sure, yes." She came up with some more inspired fake backstory. "You may not know this, but Nick has told me a lot about you, even before school started back up. When I insisted he date at least one other person, he protested at first. But after I made clear it was that

or I'd break up with him, things changed to talking about who it might be. We talked it through together, and you emerged as the best candidate by far. So this isn't some whim."

Hillary was pleasantly surprised by that. "Whoa! Good to know! But... what if things between me and him get serious?"

"Good!" Maggie spoke emphatically. "I WANT things to get serious. It can't be said he's played around until there's fucking involved!"

"Whoa!" Hillary said again.

All three of them pondered that heavily while Nick continued to play with Hillary's dangling, gigantic tits. The "fuck" word was very strong stuff.

Eventually, the silence started to get awkward, because nobody knew quite what to say after that.

Nick tried to change the subject to slightly safer ground. "Hillary, can you tell me more about your love of nudity? Do you go naked every day at home?"

She answered brightly, "Oh, for sure!" But it was hard for her to maintain her tempting pose, so she disengaged and laid down next to him. "For instance, if I'm in my room, you can be sure I either have guests over or I'm buck naked. Or, on rare days like today, both!" She chuckled.

Nick naturally loved that mental image.

But Maggie was scandalized as she thought that through. "But what about your parents? Don't tell me you walk around completely naked in front of them too!"

Nick worried he was neglecting his mother's body too much. He turned his head in her direction to hear her speak. Then he brought his hands to her tits to play with them some more.

Hillary asked, "Promise you won't be mad?"

Maggie nodded. Nick had just started experimenting with pushing her nipples in until one couldn't even see them. She loved that, and virtually everything else he did to her nipples or her big tits in general. She pinned her hands behind her head both to make clear that she wouldn't stop him, no matter what, and because it was a relaxing pose. Her only concern was him not touching her pussy, but so far he was faithful sticking to that rule

(minus the grinding loophole that she preferred not to think about at times like this).

Hillary said, "The truth is, I do get naked around them. But it's no big deal. Most of the time, they're just as naked as I am."

Maggie was even more scandalized. She stammered, "But, but, your father!"

Ironically, she gave no thought to the fact that she was complaining about family nudity while lying naked next to her partially naked son as he played with her stiff nipples.

Hillary said, "Don't worry; it's not like I'm committing incest with him or anything. Clothes are just a bother. We're so used to it that it's not even an arousing thing. Have you ever been to a nude beach?"

Maggie and Nick both shook their heads 'No'.

When one of Nick's hands strayed into Maggie's ass crack, she allowed it, as she'd been doing for a while. But when his fingers started to wander down through her perineum ("taint") towards her pussy lips, she gently but firmly moved his hand back to her ass cheek instead. She was drawing an imaginary line over where he could and couldn't touch her.

Hillary frowned. "Well, the ones here in the U.S are a bit weird, but I've been to nude beaches all over. And when you first go to a really good nude beach, like the kind they have in Europe or the Caribbean, you think: 'Great! I'm gonna see all kinds of sexy people. I'll be horny all day!' But it doesn't work like that. Yeah, there are attractive people here and there, but it's not arousing. You never see a guy pop a boner on a nude beach. The nudity is just the norm. And when you see your mom and dad naked day after day after day after day, they're no more arousing than an old lamp. Less, in fact. Trust me on this."

Nick piped up. "That would be true for most people, but you're not most people. You're incredibly sexy! If I were your dad... Oh my God! I'd be thinking forbidden thoughts about you, like, constantly!"

Hillary laughed, and said, "Thanks. You flatter me. But trust me, it's not like that. I know my parents have active sex lives, but to me it's like they're sexless. There's no flirting or ogling or any of that. We're a perfectly normal family, except we like to be nude a lot. Keep the age difference in mind. My

parents had me late. They're part of the original hippie generation, growing up in the sixties. My mom Petra gave birth to me in 1985 when she was 36. Now, in 2002, she's 54. My dad Peter is three years older, so he's 57. Also, he's put on a lot of weight. Believe me, picturing the two of them getting it on is NOT a turn-on for me!"

"Fair enough," Nick said. That sounded like a good explanation to him, especially the age and weight aspects.

Maggie was shocked by some of those ages, but tried not to show it. *Hell, I'm only 33. Hillary's parents are old enough to have been MY parents! That's really weird.*

Hillary added, mostly jokingly, "Maybe I'll invite you two over for a nude dinner sometime, so you can see how it is."

Maggie said, "Thanks, but I don't think I'd be ready for that just yet." She was lazily stroking his chest, while his hands were back on her hefty tits.

"Okay. Suit yourself. But the offer is open, anytime."

With the conversation reaching a prolonged silence, he turned slightly to face Hillary more, and took his hands from Maggie's big tits to Hillary's even bigger ones.

Maggie mewled unhappily.

Nick chuckled. "Don't worry. I'll get back to you soon." Then he had a great idea: he brought one hand back so he was fondling one of Hillary's tits and one of Maggie's tits at the same time. He literally couldn't believe such a great thing was happening, but it was.

As they laid there relaxing, Maggie marveled at how quickly the extraordinary had become their norm. *Earlier today, I would have slapped Nick so hard if he tried to grope at my breasts that his brain would have rattled right out of his skull! But now I moan unhappily whenever he stops playing with my titties! I'm hopeless. Somehow, I suspect things are never going to be the same between us. That's scary. But I'll have to deal with that later. Right now, I just... I'm Maggie, not Margaret. This isn't happening to me!*

She kept on moaning and purring, showing her pleasure when Nick did something she liked, which was nearly any time he touched her. *Mmmm! Like that, son!*

As the minutes passed in pleasant silence, Maggie wound up facing Nick on her side with one of her tits resting against the side of his chest. That made it even easier for him to play with her body.

Hillary saw that and did the exact same thing on his other side.

The possibility of some sort of threesome action was becoming increasingly likely. Furthermore, Hillary was finding it harder and harder to not just slip her hand into his shorts and jack him off, at the very least. She wanted more clarity on their entire situation

So, by and by, Hillary commented, "Call me slow, but I still don't understand your arrangement. Just how serious are you two with each other?"

Maggie fielded that with more inspired bullshit made up on the spot. "Physically, we're pretty serious, as you can see. But emotionally, not that serious. I'm just coming out of a major, long-term relationship that didn't work out at all. Right now in my life, I just want to have fun, and lots of great orgasms, and Nick is the perfect person to do that with. The very LAST thing I want to have happen is for him to get all clingy and exclusive with me. I've been there, done that, and got the T-shirt. I won't be ready for that again for a long time to come."

This made good sense to Hillary. However, she suspected Maggie was deluding herself, because she sensed a powerful close bond between them. But it wasn't like she could call her on a lie when she was only starting to get to know both of them on a deeper emotional level.

Maggie went on, "That's why I would be pleased, no, make that absolutely DELIGHTED, if he were to get involved with someone like you. Someone pretty much exactly like you, in fact. Heck, let's just come right out and say it: you!"

Hillary laughed at that along with the others, but she was secretly very pleased.

Maggie added, "I don't know how things stand between you and your girlfriend; maybe you can explain that some more in a minute. But the fact that I'm basically Nick's first everything makes it almost inevitable that he's going to become much more attached to me than I want. Maybe I'll be into that in six months, or a year from now, but not now. So if he can latch on to

someone equally appealing - i.e., you - that could help keep our relationship on a lighter level, at least until I'm ready for more. How does that sound to you?"

"Brilliant, actually. Perfect." Mere hours ago, Hillary had had no interest in having Nick as a boyfriend. But after all that had happened since, she didn't even need to think about it. Not only did she suddenly find Nick very desirable, but the thought of eventually having a threesome with Maggie played a big part in her appraisal.

Hillary then said, "Let me tell you about Anushka and me."

Nick was still having the time of his life playing with the breasts of his two lusty obsessions at once. *Whoa! Awesome! I still can't believe they're letting me do this! This is so great, I'm not even gonna allow myself to think about it. Gotta keep cool, like this is normal for me.*

He asked Hillary, "What kind of name is that, by the way?"

"Indian, as in from India."

"Really? Huh. You mentioned she was ethnically Indian during your super hot library story, but I was still uncertain about that. When I hear 'Anushka,' that sounds like a German or East European name to me."

"Funny you should say that. It turns out it's a common name in Russia and Israel, and also in other countries. But it's also a common name in India, and she's told me that there it means something like 'the first ray of sunlight.'"

He nodded. "Cool. I didn't know that."

"She's great. Very beautiful too. We've been going out for about nine weeks, which may not seem very long, but that's a record for me. You see, I've got a 'grass is always greener on the other side' kind of problem. I like boys and girls pretty much equally, but I really like both. So, when I go out with a boy, it's good, but before long I start longing to be with a girl. I break that off, and inevitably date a girl next, but then I start longing to be with a boy. I flip back and forth. I've been doing that for the past two years or so, ever since I started actively dating. Everybody's always wanted me to be exclusive, and they get serious right away. Lately, I've been trying to break out of that pattern."

She continued, "Then Anushka came along. She's kind of like how you are, Maggie, in that she's practically demanding that I see guys while I continue to see her. I don't know how happy she really is about that, but she's probably noticed my dating pattern and she doesn't want to be another 'one month and done' casualty." She sighed. "So there's that."

She turned to Nick. "Nick, I really like you."

He sat up. That forced both of them to slide away from resting their tits on his chest. But he wanted to face her directly with eye contact while she was saying something emotionally important to him.

She sat up too, very close to him. She took his hands and brought both of them to her chest. She said with a happy snicker, "There. I wouldn't want you to go two minutes without some tit fondling." She giggled.

He chuckled too, but in truth he didn't want to go two minutes without some tit fondling if he was in bed with the two of them, and it wasn't a joke.

Hillary went on, "It's like you just dropped into my life since yesterday, but especially today, only the second day of school. But I'm really glad you did. I don't know exactly where things with you and me might lead but, with Maggie's permission, I'd love to try to find out." Her eyes dropped to the pre-cum soaked bulge in his shorts as she said that.

Her sultry look made his stiff dick twitch. He was surprised at how long he'd gone with a continuous erection but without cumming, and how much stimulation he'd enjoyed. It seemed that every time he was on the verge, the situation would change and give him a respite. He was loving the constant arousal.

Maggie nodded at Hillary. "You have my permission for anything. In fact, I think a comment like that calls for a nice kiss-n'-cuddle. Go get her, Sport."

Hillary laid back down and stretched her arms open for him.

Nick laid on top of her in the same way as he'd done a few times before. The two of them shared another scorching kiss. At the same time, he played with her breasts and nipples yet more. He'd clearly gotten the message to be gentler with her breasts, and especially not to do the "knob turning" technique that worked so well on his mother. He had fun just caressing the fullness of her round melons.

But he also really liked the fact that Hillary was completely nude, so he could really go to town fondling her ass cheeks. He couldn't get over how firm her ass was, maybe even more so than Maggie's. She was so fit and athletic that when she flexed her muscles there, it really did seem one could bounce a quarter off her ass. But at the same time, when her muscles weren't flexed, her ass cheeks felt almost as soft as her boobs.

The way he kissed and fondled her further confirmed her desire to have him as a boyfriend, possibly a serious, long-term one. Most of the time he still found himself painfully shy, but when he got horny around Maggie or Hillary he was full of confidence. His lusty desire simply overwhelmed everything else, and all that passion made him a naturally talented lover. She had no doubt he'd be great at every other sex act, including fucking her.

Her only frustration was that his stiff cock remained off limits. She loved how he not-so-subtly rocked and ground on her pussy mound with it, which he was doing again. But that also made her want more. With his body on top of hers, she found one of her hands slip between their bodies until she was holding his boner through his shorts.

When he didn't say anything in response, she started to subtly stroke it.

But she felt guilty, like she was cheating on Maggie for breaking one of her rules. She felt like she was cheating on Anushka too. Unfortunately, she had to push him away after only a minute or two.

She panted, "Oh, Nick! I'm sorry, but you do things to me. You're making me go crazy! If you keep arousing me that much, I'm gonna have to call Anushka back up and ask for some more permissions!" She gazed hungrily at the shape of his erection.

Nick was really bummed, especially since he'd been encouraged by her secret cock stroking. He was getting very tired of that restriction too. But he merely joked, "And how would that be a bad thing?"

Hillary laughed, but pushed him further away. "Git! Get back to your girlfriend before I lose all control."

Things settled back down, and the three of them resumed relaxing, chatting, and listening to the music.

Nick went back to exploring his mother's body while they talked.

At one point, out of the blue, Maggie was startled by how normal all the kissing and fondling with her son had become. *What's happening to me?! It's like I've become my son's personal slut. I'm lying here in Hillary's room without any clothes whatsoever and I'm not bothered by that fact AT ALL! Even if I'm just "Maggie" and not his mom, I must be some kind of slut to do this with Hillary right here and naked too! But I AM his mother, and that makes me an even bigger shameless slut! Times a thousand!*

This is so, so wrong... but also so, so hot! It's as if I never knew what true sexual pleasure was until now, and all we're doing is some kissing and groping! How can I stop being his faux girlfriend?! What'll happen when he actually fucks me?!

Wait. Did I just think that? Scratch that. He's not going to fuck me, period! Even if we have to keep up this charade after today, that's not going to happen!

Maggie's last thought about "having to keep up this charade" was very telling. She was getting so hooked on the fun and stimulation that she was beginning to talk herself into the idea that she might well be "forced" to continue the fake girlfriend scheme for weeks or even months to make sure that the hand-over of Nick to Hillary went smoothly.

She was trying hard not to think about that though, since she knew on some level that she was deceiving herself. With the way things were going between her son and Hillary, she could fake out of sight tomorrow and they probably would go on fine without her.

Nick was playing with his mother's body so very much that he was starting to get a more advanced understanding on how to turn her on. He was noticing that certain things he did and certain areas he touched got particularly good reactions. For instance, she really liked it when he touched or kissed her neck or ears. To his surprise, the backs of her knees were another erotic area.

He was nothing if not clever, and he had a very good memory when sufficiently motivated. Even as he was having fun, he started to experiment with her body in a systematic way. He made a careful note when he did something that made her moan with pleasure.

Maggie didn't realize it just yet, but after two straight hours of fondling and kissing, Nick already knew her body nearly as well as her husband Andy

did after years and years of touching her. (Andy had always been a selfish lover, which was one factor that had led to his repeated cheating.)

The most important lesson Nick had learned was that her nipples were her Achilles' heel. He actually had to avoid them sometimes, because playing with them made her so very horny very quickly, and this was supposed to be a mellow, languid hang-out time.

After two hours, Maggie began to grow worried. She knew Andy was waiting at home for her to cook dinner. Her guilt came back. *Here I am, lying around naked, literally completely naked, and letting my son do anything he wants to my body. My SON! And all the while, my husband is sitting at home, probably getting hungry for me to make dinner and wondering where I am. Even though he's a cheat and we're divorced in all but name, it still isn't right. I have to go!*

She explained to Hillary in deliberately vague terms that she had to go home soon.

But Hillary said, "Okay, but not just yet. The concert is nearly over, and you can't miss the last encore. The Oakland show was a special one, and the band showed their appreciation to the crowd by playing 'Careful with that Axe, Eugene' for the first time in years. In fact, I think that was the last time the real Pink Floyd ever played that one. You can't miss it. Besides, Nick's had a boner for pretty much two hours straight. Believe me, I've noticed." She laughed. "You can't just leave him suffering like that."

In truth, Maggie wasn't that into the music. While Nick really did know what Hillary was talking about (and he was even interested to hear the encore), Maggie was just playing along, pretending to be cool. So she didn't care one way or another about hearing the encore, but Hillary's other comment alarmed her greatly. "Just what do you expect me to do?" She tried hard not to sound too panicky.

Hillary stood up and winked. "I think you know." She went to a dresser and pulled out a towel. She tossed it to Maggie. "Here. Use this to clean up after. That is, unless you take it all down your throat, or something else." She shot Maggie a sexy look over that idea.

She added, "Remember, there are condoms in the drawer. Whatever you want to do is cool with me. I'll come back after the last song is over. Have fun!"

She waved, sauntered off, and closed the door behind her.

Nick seemed nonplussed. What Hillary had just heavily suggested was simply too fantastic for him to believe, even after all his amazing luck all day long. He was sure Maggie would tell him 'No' and to just cope with not getting to cum before leaving.

Maggie found herself transfixed by Hillary's bare ass cheeks rising and falling as she walked out of the room. Once they were alone, she said in a very quiet voice, "Nick, that is one sexy, sexy girl. I knew you had a thing for her for ages, but I never understood until today that she's almost certainly the most desired girl in your entire junior grade. Maybe even your entire high school!"

He thought that over. "She probably is, for the whole school, except maybe for this girl named Debra. But she's number one by a mile in my book."

Maggie said, "I can't believe it, but things are really working out, just like you thought they would. She's special. Physically, mentally, and every other way." She wagged a finger chidingly, like the mother she was. "Don't lose her!"

"I know what you mean, Ma-aggie." He'd nearly called her 'Ma' again.

Maggie shook her head in disbelief. "Good Lord, that girl has a body!"

His face lit up. "Tell me about it! Did you check out her ass just now, as she was walking away? My God, what an ass! It almost makes me forget her boobs. Or her face. Wow!" He grinned like an idiot.

"I can't disagree. And how could I miss an ass like that?" She chuckled, because that was not the sort of thing she'd ever imagined discussing with her son. She sat up and frowned while looking at the towel in her hand. "But what are we going to do about your... predicament? What am I supposed to do with this towel?"

He didn't really believe he'd get the answer he wanted, but he figured it wouldn't hurt to ask. "Well, can't you just suck me off? Then you won't need the towel."

Her frown turned to a scowl. "Ha! You'd love that, wouldn't you? Fat chance!" She lowered her voice. "Look. Things have gotten a little out of hand, to say the least. I suppose some things were done that can't be undone, but I'm still your m- ... your you-know-what!" Even apparently

alone, she was afraid to say "mother" when someone else might be listening.

She glared at him, but then concluded, "I understand you need relief, but you're just gonna have to take care of it yourself!"

"Awww, Ma-aggie. That sucks."

Then an idea came to him. Even though his blowjob idea went over like a lead balloon, he'd noticed that he'd had great success all afternoon long just by being bold and confident. He decided to take a big roll of a dice to see just how far that approach could take him.

To her surprise and horror, he slipped his shorts all the way off and tossed it aside. Then held his stiff erection with both hands. "So you want me to jack off right here and now? Is that what you want me to do?"

Her horror faded fast, replaced by an overpowering lust.

"Yes!" She belatedly realized that she'd said that far too eagerly. Furthermore, she was staring at his dripping, pulsing pole with obvious hunger. She even licked her lips.

She sat back and tried to act indifferent, but not very successfully. *Holy shit! Look at that cock! It's so much better uncovered! It's so thick! He's gonna make some girls VERY happy with that fat thing! Hnnng! I shouldn't even look at it, because it's making me too horny. What kind of cruel fate put me naked in bed with a guy endowed like that, only to have him be my son?!*

Oh God! I've never felt that thick a cock inside me. What would it be like?! Even sucking on it would be a serious challenge, if not an ordeal. So why am I salivating all of a sudden? My heart is racing way too fast too. This is fucked up!

Her huge tits wobbled around her chest as she readjusted her position. "Do what you have to do, and quickly, so we can get out of here." She thought again of her husband waiting for her to cook dinner and felt another stab of guilt.

"Okay, if that's what you want." He started jacking off with one hand, but he used the other hand to play with his mother's nipples, since she was still sitting within easy reach. "Mmmm. Actually, this feels really good. I've been dying to do this all day!"

She froze up, but didn't remove his hand. "What are you doing? You can't do that! Don't involve me in, in... this!" She was particularly concerned that he was twisting her nipples again. She was helpless when he did that.

"Oh, come on, how can you not be involved? For instance, how can I not look at your gorgeous body as I do it? You're so hot! I don't just mean you're good looking. I mean, whoever the Playboy Playmate of the Month is this month, she's got nothing on you."

He lewdly wiggled his pulsing erection at her. "I mean, who do you think gave me this in the first place?"

"You're just saying that." Notably, she let him keep playing with her nipple as he jacked off.

She couldn't stop staring at him stroking his exceptional hard-on. She thought, *I gave him that boner in more ways than one! I helped it get that stiff and huge today, and I gave birth to him! Fuck! What a fucking thought. As much as I want to reach out and stroke that fat monster myself, I can't! I really can't! We've had a nice time here today, but if I go too far we'll have to put a permanent stop to all this. I can't let that happen!*

He insisted while lewdly stroking his thick boner, "No I'm not! Between you and Hillary, I'm the luckiest kid ever! I could always tell you had a hot body, and of course a gorgeous face, but it's like, the more naked you get, the hotter you are. Your great all-over tan is good proof of that. That's not true with most women. I mean, generally, it's like, 'Please put some clothes back on,' because all kinds of imperfections come out. But you're so fit and firm and flawless that it just takes my breath away. Between you and Hillary, I'd say you tie for the sexiest woman I've ever seen, and that includes everything! Movies, TV, and even Internet porn."

She was loving the compliments. She even flirted with the idea of rewarding him by taking over jacking him off before she thought better of it. But modestly protested, "Now you've gone neck deep in the bullshit."

"No! It's true! I love you so much!" He was still tweaking her nearest nipple while jacking off. However, he was careful to not really stimulate himself that much. He'd masturbated countless times before, so he knew which spots to avoid so he won't cum anytime soon. He was very purposely stroking himself for maximum visual appeal, sliding his fingers from top to bottom and back again with his hand at an angle that allowed his mother to

see nearly everything. He made certain to avoid his frenulum, the sweet spot that he normally rubbed constantly when he was masturbating for real.

He got to thinking, *I figured no way in hell would she jack me off now, but why not try and see what happens? She's stroked my dick twice today already! True, it was brief and through my shorts, but a precedent of sorts has been established. Now that I think about it, a blowjob is obviously way out of reach, but she may well go for another handjob if I pretend like I'm incapable of getting off myself!*

Wow, what a concept. I can keep going like this pretty much forever. She'll give in before long, I can feel it. I know it! She's sitting completely fucking buck naked while letting me play with her nipples, for crying out loud. Is it really such a stretch for there to a handjob?!

There's no need for me to be shy anymore. She's hot for ME! Boldness and confidence wins the day; that's my big lesson from today. I have to get used to all the changes. Things are getting so good that it's unreal! And today's only the second day of our scheme!

He also kept on playing with her nipples, alternating between them with his free hand. That caused her heavy tits to continually heave up and down on her chest. It was a good thing he was basically faking his handjob, because the sheer visual splendor was almost enough to get him to spontaneously blow his load.

She kept on staring wantonly and longingly at his hand stroking his hard-on. She licked or bit her lips repeatedly. She didn't even bother trying to hide her desire anymore.

She thought, *Good fucking LORD! When is he going to cum already?! And when I think about it, he's been through such extreme arousal with me and Hillary. He's literally been playing with our naked bodies and kissing us over and over for two solid hours! But the last time he came was all the way back at "Ben and Jerry's" when I briefly touched his cock.*

Okay, I did more than just touch it. I kind of stroked it a little bit. Maybe that's what it takes to get him to cum, a woman's touch?! Maybe I need to help him right now! But then how the hell does he masturbate on his own?!

He figured this was as good a chance as he was likely to get, since her eyes were actually glazed over with lusty need. He suggested, "Geez, it's been a

while already. Hillary must be wondering what's taking us so long. As good as this feels, can't you just, you know... take over?"

She snapped out of her cock-lust reverie somewhat. Her eyes narrowed suspiciously, even though she'd just been thinking the exact same thing. "What are you saying, buster?!"

"It's not like it's a big deal. After all, you jacked me off twice today. You even did it until I came in my shorts."

She realized with a start that he was right. "But... that was different! You were still wearing your shorts. Skin-on-skin would be... outrageous!" Her heart was in her throat. She was so excited from the growing thought that she might take over that she could barely breathe or think straight.

He muttered, "I'm just saying. It's not that different. I mean, we just need to get this over with, and it'll be faster this way. Come on. Please?"

He'd been studying and learning about her body, and one thing he'd discovered was that when she got really horny, her face grew flushed. Her face was very flushed now. So, even as he was asking her "please," he took his hand off his dick and used it to hold her hand and bring it to his crotch.

She didn't resist at all, except to mutter half-heartedly, "Don't make me do this." But by that time, her fingers were already wrapped around his exposed shaft.

Both she and he were surprised at just how little she resisted.

In fact, she didn't resist at all. Within seconds, she started to jack him off all on her own. His pole was liberally covered with pre-cum and even some cum that had leaked out, so her hand glided up and down easily.

Another pang of guilt shot through her as she stared at her own hand in total disbelief. *It's true that I did this to him before, but this is different. I have his cock in my hand! My son's COCK! The feel of skin on skin, holding his fat cock in my hand... Sliding my fingers all over it... Good Lord! It makes me so happy and horny that I wanna scream! My heart is beating like a big bass drum, and my entire body is burning up! I'm almost too excited to remember to breathe!*

She began pumping on him with more energy and passion, trying to get him to cum faster. But she was unthinkingly using the same technique he'd just

been using, which looked good but didn't do much for his all-important sweet spot.

What the hell is wrong with me today?! How did it come to this, somehow?! It's been like this all day long! One disaster after another. This whole faux girlfriend thing was a trap, whether he knew that or not, and I fell right into it like a total fool. My son just does whatever he wants with my naked, helpless body and I go along with it. Hell, I even love it and encourage him! I know that I've been starved for any kind of physical affection for a couple of years now, but this is ridiculous! Look at me! Look how easily he got me to stroke his magnificent, fat cock! I've totally lost my mind! It's not right that my son, of all people, takes sexual advantage of me!

She stared at his boner in disbelief as her fingers flew up and down it. *Gaaaawwwwd, it feels so good! Why does he have to be so young, yet so well-hung? That's just, I dunno, adding insult to injury! How am I supposed to resist this wonderful cock? I swear, it's twice the size of Andy's little thing. So delightfully THICK too. I wonder how it would feel sliding down my throat. Would it even fit in my mouth?*

She brought her second hand-over, and kept on stroking him with both hands. That forced her first hand to slow down a great deal.

What if I were to somehow manage to start bobbing on it and Hillary were to walk in and see me? She might get excited and want to join in. In fact, she's such a sexy thing she almost certainly would. So, in a way, I should do that to help speed up the "hand-over" process. We could take turns bobbing on him until he blasts his cum all over us! Then he'd probably be so excited that he'd stay stiff and we'd keep on going, sucking and slurping, stroking and fondling, loving every last inch of this perfect cock for who knows how long! Hours, maybe!

NO! I can't think that! What's WRONG with me?! I'm deluding myself. Of course it would fit in my mouth and I'm sure I'd love feeling his thickness pulsing between my lips, sliding with great suction up and down his hot meat, but I can't go there! He's my son! I should just be happy that I get to stroke and fondle his boner like this. I mean, how many chances am I going to get to play with his cock and make him cum? Probably not many, so I should make the most of it.

She realized with a start, *This is my SON's cock that I'm lovingly stroking. So of course I can't do this again. Ever! Even though... Nick's really turned into a man, all man, with a man's cock! I'm jacking him off with two hands, and he's so big and thick that it really takes two! And he still doesn't seem to be even close to cumming! God, it feels so good!*

She'd been silent while thinking all that.

With his second hand free, he made sure to keep on fondling her tits, but with both hands. He repeatedly twisted her nipples, knowing that aroused her possibly more than anything else he could do.

The lusty look on her face as she stared right at what her hands were doing and her constant erotic moans showed how much she was enjoying it. But out of the blue, she groaned in frustration, "This is soooo wrong!" She whispered in dismay, "I can't do this!"

He looked at the expression on his mother's face, which was lusty and near rapturous. Plus, her hands weren't stopping their wonderful stroking motions. That just confirmed to him that sometimes even if she said 'no' at first, she really meant 'yes.' It was just a matter of getting her horny enough for her true feelings to come out. He didn't feel guilty at all.

More time passed. Funnily enough, Maggie kept on using the same ineffectual stroking motion from top to bottom. At first, that was because she was so very horny that she wasn't thinking straight. But time passed and she definitely remembered there was a much better way to best stimulate a penis. She knew very well that if she wanted to get him to cum fast, she should focus nearly all of her attention on his sweet spot. But the truth was that on a subconscious level, she didn't want him to cum fast at all. She worried this might be the last time she could justify doing this to him, so her aim was to prolong the experience as much as possible.

She slowed her stroking even more. That made it even less likely he'd cum anytime soon, but it helped her have great fun exploring every last inch of his cock. From time to time, she freely fondled his balls too, but she mostly was interested in his thick cock, so she told herself that jacking him off was a two-handed job. She couldn't get over how thick it was. She loved the way it was constantly leaking pre-cum, leaving her hands soaked in it too.

Meanwhile, Nick never stopped fondling her naked body too, and especially her tits, and most especially her nipples.

His only restraint was that he avoided her pussy, for fear that if he touched her there she would get spooked and completely disengage. But he was sorely tempted at times, even running his fingers through her dark brown bush.

Hillary was nowhere to be seen, but both of them were having such a great time they forgot all about her. They lost all track of time too.

After a while, Nick moved in closer. He bent over and slowly kissed his way up her mountainous boobs while licking them a little too. Then he planted a series of kisses up her body and even her neck until he reached her face.

She tried to pretend that wasn't happening and focused on stroking his fat erection. She was telling herself that the sooner she could make him cum, the sooner this "nightmare" could end. But she wasn't even trying to get him to cum and would have been very upset if he accidentally lost control and shoot his wad.

When his lips finally got near hers, she cried out, "Oh no, don't you dare!" She brought one hand up to his head in a belated attempt to keep his head back, even as she kept on jacking him off with her other one. But she was more playful than alarmed, like protesting a tickle attack.

He purred, "Thank you SO MUCH for helping me like this. You're the best!" Then he went ahead and kissed her lips anyway.

She was so distracted by yet another toe-curling kiss that she let go of his cock for a while and just held the back of his head with both hands while bolts of electricity shot through her.

She was surprised when she felt an orgasm rip through her body. That led her to complain, *AAARGH! Dammit! Why?! Why does it feel so good just to kiss him?! This is NOT NORMAL! And the feel of his big fat cock in my hands... it affects me way too much! Is it some special chemistry we have, or is it just the fact that we're mother and son? Or, God help me, is it both?!*

Although Nick was new to sex, he knew the condition of his dick very well from masturbating every day, and he knew it needed a break. The kiss was a clever way to distract her so this joyous time could go on and on.

However, he didn't get that much of a break, because after a minute or two, she remembered her "duty," and then pulled away from him a little bit so she could watch her hands as they stroked. She really liked watching what she was doing to it.

Soon, she was back to jacking him off with both hands, and seriously getting into it. She desperately needed to cum again already, since that last orgasm had only whetted her appetite for a really big one. But her clit wasn't being touched by anything, and he wasn't playing with her nipples enough to push her over the edge. Even though she had highly sensitive nipples, it was still hard for her to cum from nipple play alone.

Since she was completely naked, Nick could easily look at her hot and wet cunt to his heart's content, and she loved the way he looked there with desire. But she felt it would be dangerous to take things to yet another level and masturbate in front of him, or, worse, let him finger her there.

Being in such a needy state, she grew even more wanton about her handjob, and she pumped him more vigorously. Between kisses, she'd give him instructions, like, "Pull my nipples harder! Twist 'em good!" She also started to focus more on his sweet spot. As a result, it wasn't long before she had him panting hard.

She purred, "How do you like that, Sport? Do you like seeing your, er, girlfriend, hold your big fat cock, and jack it off with both hands? Do you think it's hot how my hands look so tiny compared to your great thick pole? Does that turn you on?"

She'd said "girlfriend," but both of them knew she meant "mother," and that aroused them greatly.

She was torn. As her arousal grew and grew, she increasingly longed to actually see and feel him cum. But at the same time, she didn't want the experience to ever end. She worried this might be her one and only time she'd get to do this with him. She was blowing hot and cold, trying hard to rub his sweet spot until he came, only to unexpectedly switch to merely fondling and exploring all up and down his long pole.

It was keeping him teetering on the edge, like some kind of delightful torture.

She told herself, *I'm "Maggie," his slutty girlfriend, not a mother. "Margaret" is somewhere else entirely right now. So there 's no reason why I can't say and do whatever it takes to get him to cum!*

With that in mind, she started cooing things like, "You have such an impressive cock! I knew it was big, but I never knew it was THIS big! Especially the thickness! I can't even reach my fingers all the way around it! You must have soooo much cum in your big balls, and I'm going to coax it all out of you!"

They both stared in fascination as her hands slid up and down, up and down. Nick was so transfixed that he even forgot to fondle her breasts for a little while, although he kept holding them from below, where she was more sensitive.

She went on, "Does it get you hot to think that you might end up with TWO girlfriends?! Two buxom and gorgeous girls?! Hillary is SUCH a fox! I saw how much she longs to jack you off! I'll bet she wishes she could be doing exactly what I'm doing right now! Do you want that? Do you want her to jack you off? Or even suck you off?! Is that what you want?! Do you want to see her fucking sucking on your enormous cock, you motherfucking stud?!"

She'd started talking about Hillary, but at some point there it switched to being about herself. She could freely express her growing cocksucking desire if she pretended she was talking about Hillary instead.

She went on, "Tell me! Is that what you want? She has such a beautiful face. Can you imagine her kneeling between your legs and staring up into your eyes while her lips are stretched painfully around your impossibly thick pole?! I bet she'd love it! I know she would! God! She's slide her lips on you with such love and passion! She'd get you to cum in no time flat doing that, I'm sure!"

She forced herself to stop talking along those lines, because she was working herself up too much and she feared he'd realize she was talking about herself due to her sheer enthusiasm.

As her breath grew increasingly ragged, she added quietly, with a twinkle in her eye, "I'll bet you think you're pretty clever, making me act all slutty, getting me completely naked, and eager to jack you off. And I guess you

are. You've bested me in every way! It's wrong, so wrong, but it feels so right!"

She added in a quiet whisper, "And I'm your you-know-what!"

They both knew exactly what she meant by that. Hearing her admit it out loud, even obliquely, nearly caused him to spontaneously blast his cum out.

It struck him that now was a good time to get her to make commitments. He knew that after she calmed down, she'd be in a very different frame of mind. So he said, "I love it! Tell me that you're going to keep on doing this, all the time from now on!"

She thought about that, and even paused in her stroking a bit. She remembered her decision to end the fake girlfriend scheme as soon as they got home. Now was the time for her to put her foot down about that.

But she was so insanely horny, that what she said was, "Well, I don't know about ALL the time. But I do have to admit that I've had a hell of a great time today. Heck, I might as well just admit it: this is pretty much the best time I've EVER had. So I can't lie to you and tell you I don't want to do this kind of thing again."

She dropped her voice to a barely audible whisper and asked him shyly, "Do you think it's necessary that I continue to pretend to be your girlfriend? After all, she's practically your girlfriend already."

He knew his answer was vital to giving her a fig leaf excuse to continue. He whispered back, "That's true, but half the reason she's doing what she's doing is because you're there. You're my mystique. With you around, I come across like a total stud. Without you, I'd be nobody again. And my confidence would crash. This whole thing is like a house of cards. Without that confidence, I'm sunk!"

She smiled from ear to ear, because that gave her some great excuses to keep going, maybe for a long time. She said as she stroked, "Don't doubt yourself, Son." Her entire body jerked with worry realizing she'd just said "son." But luckily she realized she was in the middle of quietly whispering to him.

She went on, "But I can see you can't just flip a switch and have total confidence. Without me, you'd go back to your shy ways, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, for sure." He wasn't actually sure about that, but he knew that was the right thing to say.

She pretended to be reluctant, even as her heart was soaring. "I guess we'll have to continue like this for a while longer." She gave him a stern look. "But there has to be limits! Big limits!"

He grinned from ear to ear. It was hard to take her "limits" admonition seriously when she was naked and jacking him off with both hands while she was saying it.

He replied, "Okay, Ma--aggie. Oh God, that feels so good!" He almost screamed, because she was doing a corkscrew move focused on his sweet spot that was too intense to bear.

This was truly a dream come true for him. When he'd woke up in the morning, he never would have imagined in his wildest fantasies that he'd wind up in bed with his mother completely naked and happily jacking him off with both hands, never mind all the great stuff that happened with Hillary too.

She grinned. "You like that, huh? You're not the only one who's clever, you know. I can already tell that with your dick, it's all about the underside, especially the frenulum. You're really sensitive there."

That's where she was concentrating her rubbing action now, right on the sweet spot below his cockhead. However, she was still careful not to rub too much there, because she still had a sneaking feeling that she wouldn't be able to do this with him again anytime soon, if ever.

She thought, I'm having way too much fun here! I need limits, because I lack willpower. The most important limit is that I should never, ever touch his penis, like I'm doing now. This has to be the one and only time. Clearly, this is way too sexually serious for any self-respecting mother to contemplate. I know it's weird that I'm jacking him off even as I'm thinking about a rule for not jacking him off. But I have to do this so we can finish quickly and go home. He's been stiff for two solid hours. This is almost a medical emergency. I really have no choice!

Yep, this is definitely something I won't be doing in the future. Never, ever, ever! Pretending to be his girlfriend, letting him kiss me and even fondle me... that I can justify. There's a point to that, especially if Hillary is around

to see it. But this? This is just depraved! No mother should have a son with a thick and delicious looking cock like this. It's just not right!

Well, not unless he has another medical emergency like this, that is. I'm not cruel. If he has to cum, he needs help!

She didn't consciously admit it, but that line of thinking almost ensured she'd be playing with his cock again soon, because if this was a "medical emergency" then any other time he went a long time without cumming could count as one too.

It was a great relief for her to realize this didn't have to be her one and only time jacking him off. With that in mind, she felt she could finally let him cum. She turned her focus to delivering greater pleasure, so he could cum faster and this could end. She started using some tricks, varying her rhythm and moves. Most importantly, she focused more and more on his sweet spot under his cockhead.

As soon as she switched to a full commitment to actually making him cum, he didn't stand a chance. He already was very close to the edge, so it wouldn't take much to push him over.

He also worried that this might never happen again, so he was struggling like mad not to cum. He felt like he was about to go out of his mind. He wished this pleasure could go on forever, but his dick had been erect and aroused for nearly two hours straight. It was a huge struggle for him just to last another minute. He knew the time was coming very, very soon.

But there was one last thing he wanted to do before this great and even life-changing experience came to an end. He had a long-time fantasy about shooting his cum all over his mother's face and chest, and he figured now was his chance to make that dream come true. He decided not to ask her first, since her words said one thing and her body said the opposite most of the time anyway.

So he brought both of his hands back to his crotch, and said while panting hard, "Ma, can you put your hands on your nipples and twist 'em?"

The two of them were so far gone that neither of them even noticed he'd said "Ma."

She did as he'd asked, even though that meant she had to take her hands off his pulsing cock. She was surprisingly upset about that. She struck a sexy

pose as she followed his suggestion. "What, you mean like this?"

He smiled from ear to ear. "Just like that." She was sitting between his legs on the bed, and her face was leaning down, nearly into his chest. There really was nowhere he could shoot his cum that wouldn't hit her. But he grabbed his dick with both hands, just to be sure, and aimed it at her huge tits. Then he simply gave up trying to hold back his climax.

The first rope of cum shot out and splattered directly onto his mother's deep cleavage. She should have known better that he was setting her up for a pearl necklace, but she wasn't thinking and so was taken by complete surprise. "Wha...? What?! What are you doing?!"

By then, even more cum was jetting nearly straight up onto her. It was a huge load, probably the biggest load he could ever remember shooting. And still more hot cum shot out, and while Maggie was miffed, she made no effort to get out of the way. In fact, she was feeling goose bumps and chills all over. *The bastard! What a sneaky devil!*

But he really wanted to paint her face, so he aimed his cock there while his ropes were still powerful.

She closed her eyes just in time, but she still made no effort to move away. In fact, she even smiled and brought her face closer. *Good God! Now I'm REALLY a slut! SO MUCH CUM! This is ridiculous! My son is drowning me in his incestuous cum, and I can't get enough! That's it, Sport! More! More! Cover me! Gaawwwd, I think I'm gonna cum again too! This is soooo wrong!*

She brought her hand down to her pussy. Just touching her clit was all it took, and she started screaming like a banshee. There was no way Hillary couldn't hear that, if she was still somewhere in the house.

Nick's erection kept on shooting, and shooting, and shooting. He'd been thinking what he'd blasted out so far counted as a big load already, but more cum kept firing from his pisshole until it almost seemed ridiculous. Ten powerful and full ropes of cum shot out before his erection finally began to shrink and fall.

Maggie realized that about her only self-restraint was that she'd kept her mouth closed instead of opening it wide like a chick waiting to be fed. It wasn't actually restraint though, since she wanted as much of his cum on

her face and tits as possible to look as slutty as possible. She was so far gone that she hoped Hillary could see her like that.

Nick wasn't keen on tasting his own cum, but he took advantage of the fact that there wasn't much of it on her lips to resume French kissing her.

Just like all their previous kisses, she completely melted with lusty need, and then kissed back with a feverish hunger.

That's how Hillary found them when she came back in a couple of minutes later, still buck naked.

She coughed. "Um, hello? I thought I'd give you some extra time, and then some. Finally, I knocked on the door a few times, but you didn't hear me."

She didn't say it out loud, but she had been patiently waiting for Maggie to get him to cum. She'd briefly peeked in once to make sure that was what they were doing, and then again later to see if she could figure out what was taking so long. But aside from those two very brief peeks, she kept clear until she heard Maggie scream in obvious erotic ecstasy. She gave them a couple of minutes after that, figuring they needed some time to recover.

She hadn't expected to see them passionately making out, after all that.

She was very impressed by all the cum on Maggie's face and tits, but she wasn't so surprised by that. She had come to believe that Nick was a total stud, so she expected nothing less. The only mystery to her was why Maggie limited herself to a handjob, but she assumed Maggie had deliberately held back due to being in a strange place.

Maggie quickly pulled away from her son. She was going to cover her exposed chest with both arms, but then she noticed how soaked and sticky it was, and she wasn't sure she wanted to run her arms through that. But having Hillary see the cum on her was extremely embarrassing. So she held her arms over her chest without actually touching it.

Hillary got a good look at Maggie's stickiness, since the arms only covered up some of the cum on her chest and none of it on her face. She laughed good-naturedly. "WHOA! Nick, you certainly are a BIG boy! That is quite a load! Good grief! It's like three cum loads combined! And Maggie, I LOVE the way he painted you. I'm psyched that you're into facials and pearl necklaces too. I'm soooooo into that!"

Maggie looked down at herself and was mortified. She felt like Nick had thrown a plate full of agar-agar (a gelatinous, gooey, and wormy seaweed) at her face, and then another plate full at her chest. *I look ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous! Furthermore, this is my son's seed! His sperm! My son! My son! His CUM! His incestuous cum! Why can't Hillary see that? It's WRONG!*

I never let my husband do this to me, back when we had a real marriage. And I remember how he asked about it sometimes too. Whereas Nick doesn't ask, he just does it! What happened to the shy boy I thought I knew?!

But she found herself casually telling Hillary, "Yeah, I'm into that. Way into that."

As soon as the words left her lips, she asked herself, *Why did I say that?! I'm not! It's gross! And demeaning!*

Am I just trying to look cool for her? All this slippery goo is sliding down my face, and I'm not even doing anything about it. I must be mental!

Hillary said, "Cool. You know, some women hate it, and say it's demeaning or some bullshit like that. I think it's just the opposite, don't you?"

"Um, yeah." Maggie said that even though she didn't see how it could possibly be the opposite. *What did she mean by that?! A facial as a sign of women's liberation or something? I wish she'd explain how THAT works.*

But she didn't want to ask and expose that she'd just agreed to something she didn't understand.

Given what she'd just said, and the way Hillary was curiously staring at the way she was covering her chest, she reluctantly dropped her arms to her sides and fully exposed herself. She tried to act cool about it, but she couldn't stop herself from blushing a ruby red. She crossed her legs though, so Hillary couldn't see her wet pussy.

Hillary looked at Nick's fully exposed crotch. In fact, it was the very first time she'd seen his dick without his shorts in the way. "Wow! Nick, I so wish you and I were going out already. I'd have you paint me next. You certainly look up for it. Wow! What a great cock!"

Maggie looked over, and was surprised to see that Nick was still erect. *Oh no! I'm not going through that again! No way!* She meant that too, not

because she didn't want to jack him off more, but because she was physically exhausted from doing it for so long.

She asked her son with wonder, "How is it that you're still hard?!"

"Are you kidding me?" he replied. "Today's been, like, the most arousing day in my entire life! But don't worry; I'm feeling a lot better now. That was awesome!"

Maggie had a devilish idea, since her plan after all was to hand off Nick to Hillary. "Hey, Hillary. It's only polite that Nick gives you a good-bye kiss, right? And we're leaving in a few minutes anyway, so why doesn't he just give you that kiss now?"

Hillary's eyes went wide as she gawked at Nick's erection. "But he's naked! And his cock is erect! And I'm naked too!"

"Exactly," Maggie replied with a smirk.

Hillary was torn. "I don't know. I really don't know. I love the offer, and that shows me you're serious about sharing... but I can't. I just can't. ... Maybe if I call Anushka again... No, I can't!"

She looked at Nick beseechingly. "I'm sorry, I really am, but I would get carried away."

Maggie suggested, "What if he put his underwear back on?"

"Just his underwear?"

Maggie nodded.

"Well, I suppose that would work..."

Nick was up like a flash. He found his boxers and put them back on with lightning speed. They were very wet in front due to all his pre-cum, but he didn't care about that.

Hillary laughed. She loved to laugh. "Well, it looks like somebody's pretty eager around here!"

He and Hillary necked while standing up for a couple of minutes, but to his disappointment, that's all they did. She avoided his crotch, and even stood in a way so that he couldn't grind his stiff hard-on against her.

At one point, she explained, "Sorry, but I don't feel good touching you there without talking to Anushka about it first."

But at least he was able to freely play with her tits and ass again. He really, really, really loved playing with her magnificent body, especially when she was standing in the nude. He preferred that to sitting so he could easily fondle and caress her firm ass cheeks.

She slipped her hands inside the back of his underwear and she fondled and caressed him there too.

Maggie sat on the bed, watching while she rested and recovered. She didn't know what to do with all the cum on her face and tits, but she gave it a few experimental tastes while the others weren't looking. She didn't know what to think at first, but the taste wasn't unpleasant.

As the kiss ended, Hillary whispered in his ear, "Can you smell how wet and aroused I am? Things between you and me changed drastically today, to say the least! I wish I could do more with you - so much more! But I need to talk to Anushka, and also see if Maggie's offer to share is for real. Can you wait?"

He nodded eagerly, and then French kissed her again. Indeed, he could smell her arousal, and he absolutely loved it. He thought, *This sex stuff isn't so tough after all: when it doubt, just kiss. Heh!*

While they necked some more, Maggie went to the bathroom in order to wash her face and chest of all her son's cum. She covered her pussy with a hand as she went, even though Nick and Hillary were so into each other with their eyes closed in deep lust that they weren't going to see her. She was more worried she might run into someone else. She felt strange walking around buck naked in someone else's house.

Before cleaning up, she looked at herself in the mirror. *Look at me. This is outrageous. How did I wind up here, fully naked and drowning in my son's cum? The plan was just to give him a sexy after-school kiss. My God! That was IT! Christ!*

She was positively dizzy as she thought back to picking Nick up after school, and how things had evolved from there. It scarcely seemed believable, except for the undeniable fact that she basically lost all resistance and gave in to her lusty desires at almost every turn. *Dammit! I'm so WEAK! I must really, REALLY be sex-starved. How long did I let him play with my body while I shamelessly loved it? Twelve hours straight? It*

sure feels like it! Well, I know one thing: I got this out of my system. Never again!

She actually meant that as she said it, but only because her arousal level dropped quite a lot after cumming, cooling down, and leaving Nick in the other room. Even so, she wasn't willing to think how she might feel or act if she was insanely horny with him again.

She was forced to use some toilet paper to clean up her wet pussy again. This is getting to be a habit, dammit. And still no panties. Or bra. Ugh! Maybe I should ask Hillary for a pair of panties, at least? No, that would be too weird. Well, at least she can give me a shirt, I hope. Mine got ripped to shreds! At least I do have my miniskirt somewhere. I need to put that back on, first thing!

She came back to Hillary's room looking fresh and clean, and with a white towel wrapped around her waist. She felt refreshed too. She didn't bother covering her hefty tits with another towel, since Nick and Hillary had seen her naked so much already.

She was relieved to see they were too busy to notice her at all, so she found her miniskirt and replaced the towel with it. Now that she had calmed down, she'd rediscovered her shame.

The others had sensed her return to the room, and they soon ended their kissing.

She had to explain, "Um, Hillary, you won't believe this, but my top kind of got ripped a while back."

Hillary laughed good-naturedly. "Oh, I believe it! Your boyfriend is a sex monster. An insatiable beast! It's a wonder he ever lets you wear any clothes at all."

After that gentle ribbing, Hillary kindly lent Maggie one of her shirts.

Maggie was careful to pick a non-descript light blue T-shirt instead of one of Hillary's many rock band shirts, so her husband Andy wouldn't notice anything unusual if he saw her when she came home.

But even so, one could tell that Maggie was still bra-less with every move she made. Even now, her nipples stayed hard, especially since Nick kept staring at just about every wobble her round melons made.

All too soon, Maggie and Nick were dressed and ready to go. Before they left, Hillary also dug around in her closet and found an older see-through frame bra, from back when she wore an E-cup bra instead of an F-cup. She gave it to Maggie as a gift, saying, "Try this, you'll like it. By the way, it's not an official name or anything, but I call it the invisi-bra."

"But I'm hardly ever naked," Maggie protested.

"Not anymore," Hillary winked. "I'd love for you and Nick to hang out here a lot from now on, although I have to warn you there are times I have blocked off for homework. But when you come over, we pretty much have a 'leave your clothes at the door' rule. That goes for you too, Nick."

She playfully poked him in his stomach, and then trailed her finger down to his shorts, nearly swiping the top of his still present bulge before she pulled her hand away.

His erection lurched with eagerness. Already, he couldn't wait for a return visit.

"Oh, by the way," Hillary said, "a good friend of mine is having a party this Friday night. I'd love it if both of you can come."

"Who is this friend?" Nick asked. "Is it someone I might know from school?"

"Our new school, you mean? Or old one?"

"Um, either. New, I guess."

"Oh yeah, definitely, everybody at the party will be from our new school, at least. I don't know how well you might know them, though, because I barely know them myself. It's pretty much the 'beautiful people' crowd. I don't really like any of those of people 'cos they're very shallow, but one has to sort of make peace with them or they can make your life really difficult. It'll be a lot more bearable for me if you're there. Oh, and Anushka will be there too, so you'll get a chance to meet her. Promise you'll come. Pleeese?"

Nick was obviously all for it, but he looked to Maggie to confirm.

Maggie smiled, and said, "We'll be there. I can't wait to meet Anushka."

She was surprisingly eager, because it "forced" her to maintain her pretend girlfriend status at least until then. But at the same time, she could meet lots

of Nick's new school mates and wow them with her beauty, thus helping with the larger hand-over plan at the same time. So she considered it a win-win.

Hillary said to Nick, "You'll just adore her, I'm sure. I'm really hoping you and she will hit it off. Maybe she'll allow us some more... liberties." She winked at him.

His dick lurched in his shorts again.

But, after Nick and Hillary shared another great French kiss or two at the front door, Maggie and Nick finally had to leave.

Chapter 7: The Parking Lot (Tuesday)

Nick and Maggie sat silently in the car for some time. Maggie was in the driver's seat, but she made no attempt to start the car.

They stared off into space, both of them overwhelmed from recalling the extremely pleasurable times they'd just shared. Yet enough time passed so that Nick's erection went flaccid, and Maggie's still highly elevated arousal level returned at least to bearable levels.

Amongst other things, Maggie was wishing she still had her panties and bra to wear. She wondered what happened to them. She knew she'd left them in the bathroom at the ice cream shop, but she winced when she imagined some unfortunate employee having to dispose of them. She couldn't bear the thought that Hillary must have seen how she'd left them behind.

Finally, Maggie broke the silence by saying, "I feel like I fell down the rabbit hole."

"I know what you mean," he replied. "Exactly. Ma, do you-"

She cut him off with a wave of her hand. "Not now. We need to talk, but not now. Give me some time to think with a clear head."

She just sat there some more, and then said, "I know what I have to do. First, I'm gonna call your father and explain that we're running late, and that we're going to order some take out dinner. Then we'll stop to pick it up."

He asked, "Okay, but running late from what?"

She felt another sharp stab of guilt. Finally, she looked at him, her face almost ready to cry. "I don't know! I can't tell him the truth, obviously! I hate lying to him, but what should I say?!"

He thought about that, and said, "Well, why don't you get as close to the truth as you can? It's safer that way. Tell him that you picked me up after school, and that I was talking with Hillary. He knows enough about her from all the times I've raved about her. I introduced you to Hillary, she invited us to get some ice cream, we got along like gangbusters, and so we pretty much spent the entire afternoon hanging out and talking up a storm. Obviously, you'll have to leave the kissing and that kind of stuff out."

She pondered that, and concluded, "Good idea. Not only will that work, but it could save trouble down the road, like if Hillary comes to our place for

dinner, and he wonders why she and I seem to already know each other well."

He loved that idea, since it implied the fun with the three of them could continue. But he tried not to show it. "Exactly. The truth is best, or at least as close to it as you can get. Though she should never, ever come to our house. That could be a total disaster."

She nodded, but grimly. *"Kissing and that kind of stuff." That's the understatement of the century! At least that's better than saying "Kissing and jacking off my son's fat cock with both of us buck naked while he played with my breasts!" Good Lord. How did I let all that happen with my very own son?! I still don't understand what came over me!*

She said, "Okay. Let's do this. I can do this. I feel like I'm cheating on him, even though our marriage exists in name only, but what can I do? We can't undo what's happened, so we just have to deal with the fallout as best as we can." She started the car.

Nick loved sitting in the passenger's seat next to Maggie. She was dressed, but just barely. The light blue T-shirt Hillary loaned her didn't leave much to the imagination, even when she was sitting still. And it seemed that every time she turned the steering wheel, her bra-less tits bounced around inside her T-shirt like two kittens fighting. He could easily see her nipples poking against her shirt, despite the darkness surrounding them.

His erection kept threatening to come roaring back, but it didn't quite manage, mostly because it needed a break.

They barely spoke to each other. Maggie was sobered and subdued, but at least that was better than being angry.

Nick was careful not to provoke her. He was worried what her new attitude would be.

She was busy trying to figure out how to make it clear that something like that could never happen again without disappointing him too much - or putting a complete stop to things. She loved it too much to stop, but she was having a hard time admitting that to herself or to him.

A few minutes later, Maggie went into a Chinese restaurant, placed a take-out order, and then went back to sit in the car with her son while the food was being prepared. The sun had recently set, but there was still some light

in the sky. The dimly lit parking lot had only a few other cars. She parked in a spot where a nearby street lamp guaranteed them enough light to read each other's expressions, even as the sky grew darker.

She sat in the driver's seat for a while, and then took a heavy sigh and looked at her son. "Okay. Now we can talk." She sighed again. "I've been thinking, and I believe you're not gonna like what I have to say. ... I loved what happened between you and me today. I really, really did love it, in a physical sense. As you know, my love life hasn't exactly been active since Andy's, well, you know..."

She didn't have a problem mentioning his accident, but she preferred not to talk about his cheating with Nick, and the two events had become tied together in her mind. She didn't want to run down the man who was his father.

She continued, "Apparently, my body really, really needed some relief, and a lot of pent up feelings came flooding out of me all at once in an uncontrollable way. But at the same time, I hated what happened! I well and truly HATED it! I'm your mother, and what we did was wrong. Terribly, terribly wrong."

"It was just kissing and touching, Ma." He knew that wasn't true, but he was putting up his best effort to convince her otherwise.

She frowned at his weak attempt to minimize things. "What we did went way, way beyond just 'kissing and touching,' and you know it." She stared at him hard. "Do you not remember what I did to you at the end?"

He looked away, abashed. There was no way to deny or minimize the handjob, especially because it lasted so long. He'd lost all sense of time, but he figured it went on for around fifteen minutes.

She chided him, "How much you or I enjoyed it is irrelevant. I'm your mother, and you're my son, and mothers and sons just can't do that kind of thing. Ever! Period! When I agreed to your crazy faux girlfriend plan, never in my wildest dreams did I think something like that would happen. NEVER! But it seemed one thing led to another, like some kind of perfect storm of disasters. Maybe I needed to let out my repressed lusts, like lancing a boil, but not with YOU! Before I knew it, a couple of hours had passed, and we'd done all kinds of shameful things that I'm gonna regret until the day I die. You should be regretful too!"

"Regret? Why? I don't have any regrets."

"Are you kidding me?! Didn't I raise you to be a good person; a moral person? What about your father? Do you think he'd approve of what just happened?"

"Yes."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at him hard. "Excuse me?"

"I said 'yes!' I can't say how I know, but I've known for some time Pa has suggested that you take a lover or lovers, since he can't sexually satisfy you anymore, and you both are obviously going to divorce in a year or two anyway, as soon as I head off to college."

Her mouth gaped open wide in shock. "Oh my God! You know all that?! You're not supposed to know! How do you know that?!"

"I can't say, sorry. But I've known for some time. Look, Ma. I know you're not a slut or anything like that. But you're a healthy young woman. You have needs. Pa hasn't been able to help you with those needs for a couple of years. You've been sex starved. It's just like you said: things happened today, and your body went a little wild, because it's been so long. You couldn't help it. It WAS a perfect storm. So I don't think badly of you at all."

She pondered that. She had to completely agree with the "sex starved" part, and hearing that from someone else made her feel better. She replied, "Exactly. That's what happened. But I'm over that. I'd felt like a pressure cooker about to explode, but after this, the pressure's off, and I'm normal again. So, what you and I did, that has to stop now. There's no need for it anymore."

"Ma, that's so untrue." He leaned over into the driver's seat and kissed her on the lips.

She didn't resist. She wanted to, in fact, she felt she absolutely had to, but somehow she didn't. Within seconds, she was kissing back with just as much passion as all their other kisses.

But when his hands went back to her chest, and even started twisting her nipples through her T-shirt, she finally broke the kiss and pushed his hands away. "Oh no you don't! Not again!"

"But see? I made my point! You wanted and needed to kiss me!" His hands went right back to her breasts. He even slipped them under her T-shirt this time, so he could better knead her tit-flesh. He loved that she was still bra-less, and he was taking full advantage.

Maggie sat there, trying to gather up the willpower to push his hands away, but she found she just couldn't. It was like her body was paralyzed. Finally, she said, "Okay, you win. You made your point. You can remove your hands now, please."

"I don't want to." He kept right on kneading her bare tit-flesh, but at least he took some pity on her and mostly avoided her nipples - for now. His half-hard penis suddenly engorged to full size.

She looked at him imploringly. "Okay, I'm not going to try to order you around. I'm asking you. No, I'm begging you: please, Son, stop this madness!"

"Ma, it's not madness." However, seeing the outlines of his fingers moving under her shirt, he had to admit to himself it did look pretty wild and crazy.

"It IS madness! Look!" She frantically looked around. "We're in a public place! Anyone can see us! Your hands are all over my breasts, and you're acting like you own them!"

"Ma, first off, nobody could ever possibly see us. We're sitting here in the dark in an obscure corner of a parking lot. I can see your face, but that's about it." That was a long stretch, but he knew it would make her feel better. "The only way someone would see is if they come by with a flashlight. In fact, even if I do this, nobody's gonna know or care."

He felt greatly emboldened by the fact that she wasn't resisting his kissing or his fondling. He pulled her T-shirt up towards her neck. Because of the arm sleeves it couldn't get much above her armpits, but that left her magnificent rack completely exposed. He went right back to stroking, fondling, and kneading her great globes.

She gasped loudly. But again, she seemed helpless to do anything about it. *What the hell is WRONG with me?! This isn't funny! Why don't my arms obey my head? And why does everything he does to me feel so damn good?!*

She even looked at the bulge in his crotch and saw just how stiff he was again. She longed to touch and stroke it some more.

She pleaded, "Niiiiick! Please! Have mercy on me! This isn't how I wanted this conversation to go. Okay. You win again. Obviously, there's something wrong with me, because my body loves what you're doing and I can't seem to lift a hand to stop you. But I'm begging you, seriously, please stop this! Soon! Think about Andy! Think about Hillary!"

"I'm thinking about them. So what?" He bent his head down and started licking his way around her nipples, while his hands kept kneading. He was amused and aroused that she'd told him to stop "soon" instead of "now."

She was having a hard time breathing. *No! Not that too! It's too... No! Don't! Too good! At least don't suckle on my nipples, or I'm a total goner!*

She held his head, but it was more like she was just clutching him in place instead of attempting to push him away. She panted, "Son, what happened to you? What happened to the shy and quiet boy I've always loved so much?"

"Ma, I'm a man now, and I've had a sexual awakening today. Besides, like I told you, Pa actually ASKED you to go find a young lover to take care of your sexual needs. Sure, he'd be surprised to find out it's me-"

She interrupted him with a loud, derisive snort.

He ignored that. "But in the end I think he'd make his peace with that, and give it his blessing."

The part about Andy making peace with the incest factor was optimistic thinking, to say the least, and they both knew it.

She looked down at his hands digging deeply into her tit-flesh like it was Play-Dough. It felt so good that she wanted to weep or scream, or maybe even both at the same time. She shivered as his tongue touched a nipple and started licking around it in swirls. She prayed total darkness would come faster, to better hide what he was doing. She very much regretted parking near a street lamp that partly illuminated the inside of her Prius.

She protested, "You can't say that. You don't know that. I know him, and he wouldn't! A stranger he never meets is one thing, but he'd be utterly humiliated that his own son has bested him."

She brought her hands from his head to his back. But her traitorous hands only seemed capable of hugging him, caressing him, and pulling him closer.

Nick asked, "What are you saying? You think I've 'bested' him? Come on. He got hurt. But do you mean I really am I a better lover than he was?"

"Oh God! Did I just admit that?! I mean, did I just say that? Forget that! Forget everything!" She was growing increasingly panicky as one slip up followed another. *Forgive me, Andy! No matter what you've done to our marriage, you don't deserve to find out about this!*

Wow! Nick thought happily, She pretty much admitted that I'm already doing better than Pa! That's pretty cool. This sex stuff isn't nearly as complicated as I thought.

She struggled to think and keep talking. "Besides, I have no intention taking him up on his offer. I'm a married woman. Sure, the marriage is a bit... strained... but it's still a marriage."

He snorted, "'Strained?' You can say that again! Are you or are you not staying with him just long enough until I graduate, so I don't go through having a broken home?"

The true answer to that question couldn't be denied, and they both knew it.

She proclaimed, "Whatever happens when you graduate is still a long time away. If I have to go without sex until then, then so be it. I'm used to it."

"You don't have to, Ma," he said with surprising calmness, even as he continued to fondle and lick her E-cups. "We can do this all the time."

That was such an appealing and wicked idea that Maggie nearly climaxed. She desperately needed to climax, because although she'd had a few orgasms at Hillary's house, she still hadn't achieved that totally sexually satiated feeling. Unfortunately for her, her clitoris and pussy lips had hardly been touched.

However, she panted, "No! We can't!"

"Why not?" He switched nipples, and started suckling on her other one.

She winced at that, trying to ignore how stimulating it felt. "We just can't! It's wrong! Besides, think about Hillary. Your real goal is to get her, and you basically did that today! Yeay! Victory! So now we can call off this fake girlfriend scam, because you got everything you wanted. Isn't that great?"

But even as she said that, her hips were writhing around in her seat as her body continued to heat up. The smell of pussy in heat wafted through the car.

He continued to relentlessly play with her tits, even going back to twisting her super sensitive nipples. He was surprised at just how calm and confident he was feeling. His heart was beating fast, but from sexual excitement, not worry. He felt he had her number, based on what happened earlier, and could make her uncontrollably horny if he kept doing what he was doing.

He said, "No, Ma. It's not over, not by a long shot. Yeah, I had some fantastic kisses with her today, but she's got Anushka. I don't know this Anushka from Adam yet, but I think it's a good guess that she would be worried I'd steal Hillary away from her. That's a very understandable worry. But as long as Anushka sees that I'm dating you, and the way you look, she's not going to worry about me and Hillary. That's another key reason why our fake girlfriend scheme can't stop yet."

"What's wrong with the way I look?"

"There's nothing WRONG with the way you look; it's just the opposite! You look so sexy that I can't stand it. And Anushka will think so too! Wow! I truly have the hottest, most stacked mother on the planet." He squeezed both her breasts, and then pulled her nipples together and licked them at the same time.

She moaned lustily, because stimulating two nipples at once like that nearly made her see stars. By now, she'd resigned herself to the fact that she had no willpower to stop him. Everything he did sent shivers of arousal through her body. Although she wouldn't admit it, she'd gone from weakly wishing he would stop to hoping he kept doing just what he was doing a whole lot more. The fact that she was effectively topless in some dark and grungy parking lot both humiliated and aroused her.

He spoke as he kept kissing, licking, and groping her ample tit-flesh. "Sometimes, I would literally sit in my room and cry in frustration, after seeing you dressed sexily and knowing I couldn't truly touch you or kiss you. In fact, you're so hot, I'm sorry, but I just can't help but kiss you again!"

This time, not only did she not resist, but her lips were open and pressing towards his face before he even finished speaking. They kissed with a crazy

passion while he kept on twisting her nipples, since he'd realized that was the most effective move that he'd discovered so far.

She thought about his latest argument, that they had to continue the girlfriend pretense so that Anushka wouldn't get jealous. She was eager for another excuse that would allow them to continue, and this was just what she needed. *My God! If what he says is true, we can't stop our charade yet. I've sacrificed too much and we've come too far to give up now. We might just have to keep this going for weeks! Maybe months! Because of Anushka! Plus all those other reasons he gave earlier, like his confidence going to pieces without me.*

Her mind reeled and her pussy pulsed as she pondered the "fact" that they'd have to continue as lovers for some time to come. She was so overcome with lusty desire and joy that she longed to scream out. His excuses would absolve her of responsibility. At least, that's how she looked at it. She really had no choice in the matter, she quickly decided.

With that resolved, she kissed him back with even more lusty vigor. He was still in his seat and she was in hers, which meant their crotches were far apart. She thought back to the prolonged handjob she'd given him earlier, and she longed to do that again, but she couldn't bring herself to reach over to his crotch, because it would be far too embarrassing to initiate that sort of thing. Besides, she told herself that was a line she'd vowed they couldn't cross again.

At one point, she broke the kiss to gasp for air, and asked, "Do you really mean it? Am I that sexy? Come on. You're just saying that. I can't compete with Hillary."

"I totally mean every word! And you CAN compete. Easily. You're every bit as beautiful as she is. That's how incredibly sexy you are!"

The hot kissing and fondling continued. As Maggie writhed on her seat, her short miniskirt rode up until her ass was bare and her pussy was exposed to Nick's eyes most of the time (although he couldn't see much in the deepening darkness). It was awkward and uncomfortable that she was in the driver's seat and he was in the passenger's seat, but they largely overcame this by meeting in the middle as best they could. Luckily, there was no shifter, brake lever, armrest, or other protruding obstacle between the seats.

He occasionally brought a hand down to stroke her ass cheeks or thighs, although his main focus remained her sensitive tits and especially her ultra-sensitive nipples. A combination of trying to respect at least some of her wishes and fear of the unknown still kept him from playing between her legs though.

After more necking, she realized it was hypocritical for her to even pretend that she didn't want this right now, so long as he didn't try to take additional liberties with her. She absolutely loved what they were doing, even though it was getting increasingly dark and cold and they were parked in public in a tiny, cramped Prius.

Actually, it was only cold outside. The windows were rolled up and they were making their own heat inside the car.

She was still thinking about his compliments, but she wanted even more encouragement. Between kisses, she complained, "You can't possibly honestly mean I'm anywhere near as beautiful as Hillary. She's supermodel perfect. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and I really mean that! No wonder you've got such a big crush on her. There's no way I can even come close to her! My boobs aren't as large as hers, for one thing, and I think I can see how much that means to you."

She looked down at his busy hands on her chest and grinned.

He grinned back.

She added, "I could see why you were obsessed with her before, but when she takes her clothes off, hell, even I'd do her!" She hoped he realized she was just joking with that comment.

"Ma, you're every bit as beautiful as she is. That's a plain fact! You don't believe me? Feel this!"

He took one of her arms from around his neck and guided her hand down to his crotch. Cleverly, he'd just unzipped his fly while he was leading up to that comment, so she found her fingers wrapped around his exposed erection.

She squealed in distress. "Oh no! Not again! Shit. I've been saying that a lot lately." But instead of pulling her hand away, she just laughed at how she'd been tricked, and she squeezed his thick hard-on.

"Ma, I just want you to you feel how hot, hard, and throbbing I am for you. Can you feel it? That's all for you. YOU! I've masturbated gallons of cum thinking about a day like today, and now it's all come true. I'm living a dream! Please don't make it end!"

"Is this really all for me?" She started sliding her fingers up and down his erection, as if she was examining exactly how aroused he was for her.

"It is!"

Within seconds, she gave up all pretense and began jacking him off with a style clearly meant to arouse. *Sheesh! AGAIN! I can't believe I'm this weak today. The problem is, I'm the one who needs to cum! But I suppose I should help him cum too. He's had this hard-on since before we left Hillary's house.*

And he has such a fucking fat cock! I love this cock! Sure, it's much longer and especially thicker than Andy's, but there's something more than just that. It's like I can't take my hands off it! I NEED to stroke it! This feels so good! So much fun! It's not a chore at all. Is that just because the incest taboo makes this so naughty? Hell, "naughty" is the understatement of the year. This is probably downright criminal!

However, even as her fingers pumped up and down on his hot pole, she complained, "This fake girlfriend thing has to end eventually, you know. We can't go on like this. It's screwing with my mind. I've never felt so ashamed and helpless!"

He replied while he resumed playing with her great tits, "I'm sorry, Ma. But I need you! If I'm gonna win Hillary, I have to have your help! And especially with this Anushka complication, it could take a while."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you," she said in mock anger, even as she continued pumping his cock with increasing eagerness. "You'd love to see your busty mother jack you off and even suck you off, day after day after day, until you finally, completely steal Hillary from Anushka."

He was all smiles, because he could see how carried away with desire she was. "Guilty as charged. Except I don't mind her being with Anushka, as long as that doesn't mean any barriers to her relationship with me."

"Boy, you're awfully generous, aren't you," she said sarcastically as she stroked and stroked and stroked his hot meat. Near total darkness had

finally come, but she still could make out the outline of the rock hard erection in her hands, thanks to the light from the nearby street lamp.

Christ, that's big! And so hot and alive! She brought a second hand-over. Damn thing is so big it really does need two hands to properly take care of. God help me, but I don't want to let go, not in the slightest!

She kept on stroking him, two-handed style.

He said, "Seriously, consider how beautiful Hillary looks. If she thinks Anushka is special, I'll bet she's a smokin' hot babe too. She even admitted to us that she's hot. I'd love to watch them get it on!"

Maggie teased him, "I'll bet you'd get off on watching two sexpot girls fuck each other like they did in that library story while your poor, suffering mother kneels between your legs, endlessly sucking your huge cock! You'd love that, wouldn't you?!"

Frankly, the idea sounded pretty hot to her too. Her libido was spinning out of control.

"Oh boy! You know it!" he exclaimed.

Suddenly he pushed her hands away. He was coming too close to shooting his load and he didn't want their shared ecstasy to end. He pulled his hands from caressing her hefty rack too, and just sat there breathing hard for a minute or so.

She quickly brought her hands right back to his cock, even though he'd just pushed them away.

He was frightened she would set him off with more talented stroking, but she simply cradled his shaft in her loving hands. She understood that he'd pushed her away for fear of cumming, and she didn't want him to cum too soon either. But now that she'd broken that taboo, it seemed she had a need to touch his cock as much as possible. And she simply couldn't get enough of the kissing, stroking, or anything else they were doing to each other.

Her entire body was as hot as an oven, despite the fact that she was nearly naked and in a car at night without the heater turned on. At least the windows were rolled all the way up and they were making their own heat. What frustrated herself to no end was that she didn't understand why he was affecting her so very strongly.

Sensing she would be jacking him off for quite a while longer, she managed to get his shorts down his thighs enough to fully expose his balls too. She fully concentrated on just playing with his balls for the very first time, knowing his cock still needed more of a break.

She was in awe. She whispered like someone was trying to eavesdrop on them, "Son! Your balls! The cum that was in your balls before... you squirted it on my breasts! And my face!"

"Did you mind that?"

She snorted. "Mind?!" Ha! I hated it! You bastard! You totally tricked me. You think you're so fucking clever, the way you told me to play with my tits so you could aim your cock at me like I was a target! UGH! But... I totally fucking loved it too! What is WRONG with me?! I never let your father do that to me, ever. But when you did it... UGH!"

"What?" he asked.

"I don't want to talk about it!" Her face was burning red with embarrassment as she thought back. She continued what she was saying, but only in her mind because she was too shy to say it out loud. *God! Son, when YOU do it, it's so fucking HOT! You must have cast some magic spell on me, because I'm so fucking horny for you!*

She spent the next minute or two just playing with his balls, while he kept on idly playing with her tits. She asked, "Does this feel good for you?"

"Oh, yeah! Totally! Almost as good as when you stroke my cock. My testicles are a major erogenous zone, it seems. But only with your hands. When I masturbate, my balls don't do anything for me at all, weirdly enough."

She made a big mental note to herself about that. Given how easily she succumbed while they were sitting here in her Prius, she knew she was going to be playing with his cock and balls a lot more in the near future.

Eventually, she sensed he'd had enough of a break, and went back to jacking him off with both hands.

After another minute of silence, she realized, "The take-out must be ready by now."

He said, "Screw the take out. It's probably cold by now anyway. What we're talking about is way more important." Even as he said that, he realized they were doing a lot more playing around than talking.

"But Andy's waiting!" Her words caused a twinge of guilt, especially as she realized she was mentioning her husband while lovingly holding her son's thick dick. Although her marriage was effectively over, Andy was still Nick's father.

"Let him wait." Nick had just been enjoying her handjob for the last minute or two, but he brought his hands back to her tits and cupped them from below yet again. "By the way, you said your tits aren't as big as Hillary's, and that's technically true. But you and she are both so fuckin' stacked that the little difference in size doesn't matter to me. I love every inch of your smoking hot body, but I especially love these!"

He brought his mouth down to a nipple for more suckling.

"NO!" She pushed his head away.

"What? Why?!"

"Sorry. Son, please don't do that now. It gets me so horny that I'll have a heart attack and I'll die! Seriously! Already, my heart is pounding way too hard."

He laughed, but he made the mental note that suckling her nipples could really get her engines running, maybe even more than twisting them.

He placed a hand on her knee. "Look, Ma." He stroked up her leg, and kept on going right past her pussy. His hand lifted her miniskirt up, exposing her pungent pussy even more, but then he kept on stroking up to the bare skin on her tummy. "Look at this body! I swear, you're like some kind of porn star, with a body that's built for sex. So healthy and curvy and tanned! This is NOT a normal mother kind of body. Do you know how torturous it's been for me to have a mother looking like this?"

His hand kept going up, stroking over her huge, bare mounds and then higher still, where he came across her shirt still bunched up above her boobs. He didn't like that, so he pulled her shirt all the way off.

She assisted by lifting her arms up. However, she felt humiliated to do so. Yet she wanted her shirt all the way off too. She'd never been so confused in her life. Plus, her hands went right back to holding and caressing his cock.

That confused her too. Prior to picking him up from school day, she'd barely thought of him in a sexual way at all, yet her need and desire to hold his cock had grown so strong that she sighed with relief when her shirt was all the way off and she was able to get both of her hands back on it.

He went back to playing with her great globes. "These are not normal tits, Ma. You don't know what torture it is growing up as your teenage son. No matter what you wear, you can never completely hide these. Gaawwwd! I've longed to do this for so long! And when you turn around, then I see your ass and legs, and that's almost as bad!"

"I'm sorry, Son. I can't help it." She was subtly rubbing his sweet spot with one hand while making long strokes up and down his shaft with her other hand. She was trying to keep him close to cumming without actually doing so.

She had a curiously strong compulsion to make him feel extremely aroused, maybe to pay back for how much he'd made her feel that way for most of the last three hours or more, including the whole ice cream shop experience.

He said, "I know, Ma. And I can't help that you make me so horny all the time. It drives all thought of right and wrong out of my head. It makes my shyness totally moot. I feel this great, unstoppable craving... to touch you... caress you... love you... kiss you..."

With that, he kissed her lips once more.

She felt shivers and goose bumps all over from another sizzling kiss. *It's not fair! I want to do the right thing, but my body betrays me again and again! How will we ever be normal again?!*

When this kiss ended, he resumed running a hand up her bare skin, until he was caressing her neck. Then his fingers headed back down her body.

"But what about Hillary?" she whispered breathlessly. She experimented with fondling his balls with one hand while rubbing his sweet spot with the other. She wished she had three hands, so she could stroke his thick shaft too.

He moaned between heavy breaths, "I need you, Ma! I need you for you, but also for your help. Hillary is the girl for me. I've been watching her for years, and I love everything about her, not just her fantastic body. I'd love to

marry her someday. I mean, she's the top catch by a mile, so why not aim for the best of the best?"

"She certainly is all that," Maggie agreed.

"Winning an incredible girl like that is no easy feat, and I won't have a chance without your help. You're my secret weapon, my ace in the hole, and you know it. Without you as my secret girlfriend, my confidence would utterly collapse, and you know it."

She thought, *What if he's right? If he can't do this without me, then I could find myself in this situation a lot from now on! What if we start hanging out at Hillary's house, naked?! And each time, Hillary and I take turns sucking and stroking his fat cock? Or we do it at the same time?! We could lick his cock together, until he cums over both of our faces!*

Aarrrrgggh! Why does that turn me on so much?! What's happened to me?! I've truly lost my mind!

She kept these thoughts to herself, and merely asked with a sexy purr, "So, you're saying it takes a beautiful, big-titted babe to win another beautiful, big-titted babe?"

He chuckled. "Exactly!" *Fuck me, man! Ma is so into this that I can't believe it! Why should I stop here? I want her totally naked!*

As his hands wandered back down her body, he made sure to reach behind her and remove her miniskirt. It was rather tricky to take off. She actually had to help him by lifting her ass up, but she tried to do it in such a way that it seemed like she was just shifting her weight this way and that, to spare herself from another humiliation.

Finally, without saying a word, he managed to pull it all the way down her legs. He ended up dropping it on the floor of the car near her feet.

Her miniskirt had ridden up and hadn't been effectively covering her privates anyway. But the fact that her miniskirt was all the way off really did something to her. *I'm totally naked! Totally naked! So fucking HOT! I'm sitting here in the nude in my car, giving my son another handjob!*

After it was a done deal, she asked him, "Why did you take that off me? It wasn't really in the way, especially since we can't see much in the dark."

"I just had to," he said, struggling to explain it even to himself. "There's something about knowing that you're completely and utterly naked! For me! It's the greatest turn-on in the world!"

She found herself agreeing, but wanted to hear him explain in more. "But why?"

"I don't know why! It just is! Maybe... maybe something about knowing how you're helpless and need to be protected by me. And whenever you blush, it really turns me on. But more than that, it symbolizes that you're a total slut! And I don't mean that in a bad way, like some skank who will sleep with just anybody. I mean it in the best way, that you're letting your lusty desires run free! Totally uninhibited! Totally wild! I've seen you sexless and unhappy these last two years, and I want you to unleash the sexual tigress deep inside you!"

His words had a very powerful effect on her. They were words that would stick with her, at least in the back of her mind, and greatly increase her desire to get naked and stay naked for him.

In the here and now, she was so overcome that all she could say was, "Oh! Sport!" Then she plastered her body against his and fiercely kissed his lips. And all the while, she kept right on jacking him off.

Chapter 8: Cold Takeout (Tuesday)

After another minute or two, Nick had to break the kiss with Maggie because he was getting way too overheated. And although she was getting more energetic and excited all the time, he had to refrain from playing with her tits or doing anything else to her with his hands, again because he was getting too close to cumming.

But that meant she sat up away from his chest, which caused her round hooters bounce enticingly in time to her steady phallic stroking. There was just enough light for him to enjoy that sight.

She thought, Jesus! This is really hot! I'm burning up! I'm such a slut! I hope he's right and that I'm the good kind of slut, at least. The more taboo and wrong it is, the more I seem to love it. Why did I have to ask him about him wanting to get me completely naked?! That was such an incredible answer that he's liable to turn me into a full-fledged nudist, just like Hillary.

And I love playing with his cock like this, with my big breasts bouncing free! It feels liberating, like he said. And I know how much he loves my tits! Gaawwwd! It's all too much! I don't even need for him to touch my pussy or clitoris, 'cos I'm almost gonna cum just from jacking him off!

She said between heavy pants, "I did already agree to go to that party this Friday night, didn't I?"

"You did." He'd forgotten about that, but the reminder excited him even more, since it was proof she wasn't going to stop being his pretend girlfriend just yet. He closed his eyes because the pleasure was too intense.

"But Son! I need to be your mother! And I'm married! I can't do that, and do, well, this, at the same time." Her eyes were glued to his stiff pole, which she could barely see in the deepening darkness. But it was clear enough in her imagination. She even licked her lips a little bit as she imagined sliding them and her tongue all over it.

"Are you saying you don't want to go to the party?"

"You know I do! And it'll be great for you and your reputation. I kind of feel like I have to."

He suggested, "Well, what if you just play two roles then? It's like I suggested before. Be 'Margaret,' the happily married housewife and mother most of the time, but then also be 'Maggie,' the totally hot cocksucking loving girlfriend, some of the time."

She laughed at his audacity. "'Cocksucking loving.' HA! I noticed how you slipped that in there. Like that'll ever happen!" She slowed her stroking down to a near stop, sensing he was getting close to the edge. Also she didn't want him too winded and aroused to keep talking coherently.

He grinned. "What can I say? You inspire me."

She shook her head in disbelief. "What happened to my shy boy? I'm staggered by your calm and assertive manner. You're even being witty, while I'm doing this to you. Seriously! I don't understand your drastic personality change."

He seriously pondered that, despite the highly arousing situation. "Two things, I think. One, the fake girlfriend plan is working so well that it's given me a gigantic amount of confidence. I feel invincible! Nothing can go wrong now. I mean, I fondled your tits and Hillary's tits at the same time today! If I can do that, I can do anything. But it's all still very tenuous. If this fake girlfriend thing stops or falls apart, my confidence will fall too, just like a house of cards."

"I understand," she said. "I'm trying, Son! I'm trying. But I didn't know I'd have to really kiss you, much less do THIS!" She squeezed his shaft extra hard to better indicate what "this" meant.

After a pause, she asked, "What's the second thing?"

He resumed, "And two, I've discovered I really love sex! So much! It's nuts! Once I get started, it's like my body takes over. My urges are so strong! It's like someone else takes charge and I'm just along for the ride."

She said with chagrin, while rubbing his sweet spot and fondling his balls, "I've noticed that last part. And confidence is good, but don't get carried away, because no one is invincible."

She thought, *Hmmm. That kind of confidence is scary. He was joking about the cocksucking now, I hope, but what if he starts pushing it? Is it just a matter of time before I'm bobbing and slurping on his fat monster?!*

Why do I not feel outraged thinking about him literally pushing my head down onto his fat cock? Worse, why am I starting to salivate?! Maybe... maybe in times like this I kind of need to suck his cock or he'll never ever cum! Well, practically never anyway.

You know, it could be I'm looking at this in the wrong way. Andy is in the past. Our marriage is over. What if I really AM "Maggie" and not "Margaret?" What if I completely forget that I'm Nick's mother, and just act like any horny twenty-year old girl? God, I could have such fun, especially with his fat cock. I'm probably as excited about it as he is about my boobs!

Out of the blue, she asked, "By the way, where did THIS big thing come from?" She gave his cock another extra firm squeeze to indicate what she meant again.

He didn't know how to answer that, so he stayed silent.

She thought, He certainly didn't inherit his huge cock genes from his father! I can't tell him that though.

She continued to ponder the overall situation while rubbing and stroking. Let's face it: I'm already committed here. I told Hillary we'd go to that party, so I'm committed at least that much, for sure. Plus there are all sorts of other reasons to keep the charade going, like his confidence issue or the Anushka issue. I've promised him to see this fake girlfriend thing through. We've already crossed lines we shouldn't have crossed and there's no undoing that. It won't do much harm to cross those lines again, just so long as we stop there.

Most importantly, I AM his mother, and I have to do what's best for him. It's a strange sacrifice to make, but if I have to kiss and cuddle with him, and yes, even jack him off from time to time when he gets overheated, that's what I'll have to do. I might even have to suck him off, if push comes to shove. Just so long as we never actually fuck. Hillary IS an incredible girl, and let's be honest: she's way, way out of his league. The fake girlfriend scheme is the only chance he's got!

Finally, she said, "You know, maybe we could try that out... for a while. The whole Margaret at home and Maggie at parties and school and such thing you suggested. Only for a while, mind you! Your goal IS to win Hillary, right? You're not thinking of remaining sexually active with your poor old mom forever and ever, are you?"

"Of course not! After all, you are my mother! Even I know what we're doing can't last forever."

He wasn't exactly being honest with those comments, since he figured that almost anything was possible after what had already happened that day. Why not try to change his relationship with her into a permanently sexual one? His perfect future would be if he could have Maggie and Hillary as co-girlfriends forever. After what happened at Hillary's house, that still seemed highly unlikely but at least theoretically possible.

However, he knew what she needed to hear, so he said what he did.

He continued, "And if things work out with Hillary like I hope and dream they will, she'll want me to be hers exclusively, eventually, once she falls in love with me. But meanwhile, you and I can enjoy what we can, when we can. I hope I can be that substitute lover Pa suggested you take for, well, the next while, at least. What's wrong with that?"

He was deliberately vague with the timing, since he honestly didn't want it to ever end.

She snorted with derision, even as she continued to stroke his pulsing rod. "'What's wrong with that?' Don't get me started! I'm burning with shame right now, but I just can't take my hands off your damn big cock! That's wrong right there! I'm your mother!"

Just saying she was his mother seemed to double her arousal in a flash. She winced, and told herself to try not to say things like that in times like these.

She attempted to take another approach talking about their fake girlfriend issue. "Let's say we try what you suggest and I do 'date' you for a while. Weeks, maybe. Months, even! How far will this insanity go? I'm deathly afraid of my lack of self-control. I mean, it seems I have none with you. Zero. Nada! I mean, sure, if some stranger tried to fondle my rack or ass, which happens now and then, I'd set him straight fast enough. But with you, today, it seems that I just melt and thrust my chest out some more."

Given that reminder, he brought his hands back to her heaving and bouncing boobs.

She sighed with both chagrin and happiness at what his fingers were doing. "See what I mean? Look at us! If we keep doing this kind of thing, you're gonna have to be strong for the both of us." She gave him a hard, intense

stare, which he could just make out in the darkness. "The house has to remain 100 percent off limits. No hanky panky there, whatsoever! Only when I'm in 'Maggie mode' can you kiss me, or even touch me. Is that clear?"

"But I touch you all the time at home. You're always giving me hugs, for starters."

"I know, but no more! If I hug you, I'll probably end up what I'm doing now. By the way, aren't you EVER gonna cum?"

"I just came right before we left Hillary's house, remember?"

"Oh yeah, that's true. But I've been stroking you for a long time now. What have I got to do? We need to drain this snake, get the food, and get back home, on the double."

He tried to push his luck again and see what happened. "Well, I'm sure if you use your lips, I'd explode in, like, three seconds."

Maggie felt an overwhelming rush of lusty desire upon hearing those words. She had repeatedly been thinking about sucking his cock without any prompting from him. In fact, it had been almost constantly on her mind ever since the handjob began. To hear him openly suggest it made her craving to suck him almost uncontrollably strong.

She whined, "Niiiiick! Please! Don't tempt me! God knows I'd love to wrap my lips around it, but we can't! I'm your mother!"

That was a shocking admission. His heart skipped a beat. "You would?!"

She was shocked at her words too. *Oh shit! Did I just say that out loud? To him?! Shit!*

But she couldn't deny it now that she'd said it. Suddenly, more of her cocksucking desire came pouring out of her. "God, yes! Son, your cock is simply magnificent! So thick, and hard, and long, and hot, and throbbing! ANY woman would feel the pull, to take it in her mouth! It's a cock that simply DEMANDS to be sucked by a hot and hungry pair of lips!"

Realizing how erotic that sounded, she lamely added, "But, uh, remember that I can't."

He groaned lustily. He felt her sexy words were going to make him cum even faster than her talented slipping and sliding hands were.

He thought, *HOLY FUCK! That's just about the most amazing thing I've ever heard! This is beyond great! If she feels that way, she's gonna suck my cock before long, for sure! I just need to find some thin excuse to help make it happen! Wow! What a day!*

Now that he knew she strongly desired to suck him off, he was determined to give her a chance to do that as soon as possible. Not surprisingly, that was one of his greatest fantasies.

It was getting harder and harder for him to talk, because he was getting so aroused, and he knew he'd be cumming soon in any case. He also knew that she was right, and things would need to be "normal" between them most of the time, especially since Andy was home nearly all the time because of his damaged legs. But he was extremely clever, and he tried to leverage himself a better deal, even with the great distraction of the ongoing handjob, not to mention the tempting promise of a blowjob.

He suggested, "How 'bout this? I'll agree to the plan to keep your Margaret and Maggie modes completely separate. I won't even touch you at home."

"And no flirting!" Her hands kept on sliding up and down, up and down, up and down. In fact, she started pumping him even faster. She realized she'd screwed up, openly admitting her lust to suck his cock. A part of her hungered for that, but another part of her was very afraid of crossing another significant line. She knew how clever he was, and that he probably would start scheming how to turn the handjob into a blowjob. She hoped to make him cum before he could try anything.

"And no flirting at home either," he agreed. He paused to catch his breath, due to her increased pace. He was fighting hard not to cum for the exact same reasons she was trying to get him to cum.

He continued, "But in return, you have to go to this party on Friday night, as Maggie, and to any other social event or appearance that could help me with Hillary."

"Deal!" She took one hand off his boner to shake his hand. But she was so needy for his cock that she continued jacking him off with the other, though not as intensely as with her two-fisted attack.

He was very relieved they reached that agreement, since it was getting hard to talk and he really needed to speak. Luckily, even though he was

completely sexually inexperienced prior to today, he had a lot of masturbation practice due to his strong libido, so he had a pretty good ability to delay his orgasms. That ability was being put to a severe test.

As she went back to jacking him off with two hands, it occurred to him that she was so out of control horny that he should try to strike a better deal. After all, he had nothing to lose by trying. "Wait a sec. I'm not done. In addition, you need to pick me up and drop me off at school every day, with lots of hot kisses each time you do."

But she protested, "No way! Absolutely not! If I do that, I'll NEVER get my willpower back!"

He was hoping that would be the case. "But Ma! I need you! You can't just be my hot girlfriend for two days and then disappear. That won't have any impact at school."

She said, "Lots of people saw us today after school."

They were at a bit of a standoff. With the way she was jacking him off, he was having a hard time thinking up good arguments.

Actually, she didn't want to stop her school appearances after just two days, but she didn't want to do that every day either. She was staking out that position in order to come to a compromise.

After panting some more, he managed to continue, "Let's face it. Winning Hillary in a long-term way is a long shot at best. She looks like a centerfold, AND she's smart, AND all kinds of other great stuff, and I'm just ordinary me. Not only that, but she likes girls, and she never goes out with anyone for longer than a month."

"There's Anushka," Maggie pointed out as she stroked.

He wanted to shout, "*Stop jacking me off so I can think!*" but he worried that if she stopped, she might not start again until they finished talking.

He used all of his concentration to say, "True, but even, that's only been nine weeks with them, and Anushka brings up all kinds of new complications. My point is, it's gonna be tough challenge. I'm gonna give it my very best shot, and I need all the help from you I can get. But no matter what happens with her, our whole scheme is also designed to give me a great reputation at school in general, if you'll just keep showing up as my super hot girlfriend."

She considered that as she stared at her fingers sliding up and down in the darkness. She still couldn't believe what she was doing, or how thick and enticing her son's boner was. yet again, she found herself wondering what it would feel like to bend over and stretch her lips around his unusual thickness.

After a long pause, she said, "Okay. One day a week. I drop you off, and we kiss a bit when I pick you up. That's it."

"Four days a week!"

"Two."

"Three! Deal!" he announced triumphantly.

But she said with some chagrin, "No deal. Two's the max I'm willing to do. Mondays and Fridays. That's it."

"Tuesdays and Thursdays."

She said, "Whatever. You can pick which days of the week, but only two. Remember that you've got your club activities after school on Mondays and Wednesday, so Tuesdays and Thursdays would work better."

He was bummed, because by blurting out 'Tuesdays and Thursdays,' he'd basically agreed to her terms on the number of days. But then he realized that if he hadn't said anything, she wouldn't have kept up with dropping him off, so he actually did pretty well.

But still, he pushed to do even better. "Okay," he conceded. "Social events, plus two days, probably Tuesdays and Thursdays, like you said... and sometimes one other day, if there's some special reason."

"It would have to be a very special reason," she grumbled.

He panted hard, but he wasn't done. He thought about what he wanted, and what sounded really, really good was having an excellent orgasm, very quickly! So he gasped, "Plus... plus, plus... you have to suck me off! Right now!"

"What?!" She stopped stroking him, both aghast and insanely aroused at that suggestion. Not for the first time today, she simply couldn't believe this was the same shy boy she'd raised.

Even though her craving to suck was steadily growing, her resistance to doing it was still stronger. She protested maybe too emphatically, trying to

cover her true feelings, "No way! I am NOT a slut! I'm not going to do that with my son! EVER! End of story!"

She paused for a moment, then, satisfied he wasn't going to argue, she went back to stroking him. *Phew! Close call! He's so pushy! Whatever happened to my sweet, shy boy? The way things are going, it's just a matter of time until he turns me into his cocksucking slut! Making me suck and stroke him every time I turn into Maggie. UNGH! GOD! So very hot! Which I, uh, DON'T want!*

He thought, *I can tell she's really hot to trot right now, which means her willpower is weak. I need to get her to suck me off tonight, and not just because it would be a dream come true. We need to set precedent. If she breaks that barrier once, if only for a few seconds, it'll be a lot easier to get her to do it again. And again and again and again!*

He was really going out of his mind now, struggling with all his might not to cum, and also trying to stay alert enough to strike the best deal. He panted, "Okay... You're not, not a slut... But think... Think about the pra... the pra... the pra..."

He was too winded and excited, and couldn't get his words out.

Seeing his difficulty in speaking, she stopped jacking him off and just rubbed his sweet spot a little bit. "What did you say?"

He tried to catch his breath, but it was no good. This was just too arousing. He actually was grateful for the darkness, because seeing her sit there naked, her big tits still bouncing in time to her stroking, would have certainly pushed him over the edge. By now, there was only enough light to see outlines and shapes - which was exciting enough in its own way.

After a long pause, he tried to continue, "The pra... the practical!" He wanted to say "practical considerations," but that was asking too much in his current condition. So he tried a different argument with short words between gasping breaths. "The car! ... Cum! Messy!"

She said, "Oh, I see what you mean. Where will the cum go, when you shoot your load?"

He nodded his head vigorously.

"Good point." She resumed jacking him off with both hands. "And I don't want to come home dripping with cum."

She thought about his earlier climax. Jesus! He came so much that he nearly drowned me! UNGH! My son is such a STUD! He really got me good, splattering his hot seed all over my face AND my big tits! I can't let that happen again! Imagine if I came home buck naked and with cum dripping from my face and breasts! That would be a really howdy-do for Andy! And he deserves a rude shock like that, for what he did to me!

But no. I'm just fantasizing of course. I have to take the high road. Although... where will the cum go?! Maybe I do need to take him in my mouth, if only for a second...

She decided on a compromise. "Okay, I'm not willing to suck you off, but when you're ready to cum, let me know and I'll bring my mouth close to your cock and you can shoot it in. Then I'll drink it all up. Deal?"

Her pussy tingled in such an intense way after she said that that she nearly came. She'd never let Andy cum in her mouth, not even when he'd begged her. Yet she was volunteering to have Nick do it to her. It didn't make much sense, except she secretly craved to suck his cock, and this would allow her to at least come close to doing that.

"OKAY! NOW!" Nick was going out of his mind with arousal, and had trouble saying even that much.

"What about now?" Her hands were flying up and down his shaft, because she was so eager for him to cum.

"Cumming! Now!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" She bent over.

Actually, he was tricking her, because even though he was beyond insanely aroused, and more desperate to cum than he'd ever been in his life, he had a smidgen of resistance left. His goal was to get her to suck him off, if only for a few seconds, instead of just hovering her mouth an inch or two away.

It was crucial to set a precedent. If she did it once, even for a very short time, she'd be a lot more willing to do it again. So he was struggling with all his might to hang on just a little bit longer.

"ARRGGH!" he cried out, not caring if anyone heard. But really, the shout was part of his trick.

Thinking that he was cumming already, she dropped her head down, and down some more, until she found her lips lightly touching his cockhead.

Just doing that much gave her shivers and goose bumps all over, because it made her feel like a wanton, shameless slut. She could never forget they were mother and son, despite the "Maggie" pretense.

She waited a couple of seconds. His hips were bucking, like he was wildly cumming already, but still, nothing came out.

Impatient, she brought her lips down a little lower, and they widened as they started to try to fit around his bulbous cockhead. But still, he didn't cum.

Really, it was only a matter of waiting a couple of seconds, but finally, he could feel in his balls that his orgasm was starting.

He screamed even louder. He grabbed her head and pushed it further down his hard-on.

That wasn't part of any trickery, it was just his body acting on its own. But the result was that Maggie got her lips completely past his thick cockhead.

She thought, *SHIT! His entire cockhead is in my mouth! How did that happen?! How did it even fit?! He's stretching my mouth so wide that it hurts! And when the hell is his cum gonna start firing?!*

A few more deliriously arousing seconds passed for him. He knew he'd crossed the point of no return, but he still somehow managed to luxuriate in the joy of his mother's lips around his shaft before he finally lost all control.

As his cum started to shoot into her mouth, her lips started bobbing up and down, right over his sweet spot. She wasn't thinking, she was just operating on instinct. At the same time, she touched her clit, and that set off her own powerful orgasm.

Nick's pleasure was so intense that he thought he'd simply die. Not only was he feeling the usual surge of pleasure that came with any orgasm, but the sensation of Maggie's lips sliding over his most sensitive spots added an entirely new dimension. And, as if that wasn't enough, the fact that it was his bombshell mother doing it nearly made him pass out in and of itself.

He was inspired to shoot off again, and again, and again, and again. He had a much heavier load than usual to let loose, thanks to all the prolonged

stimulation.

Maggie nearly gagged and pulled away. Her mouth filled up, and she desperately tried to swallow it all before she lost the race and the cum spilled out.

It was a great struggle, especially with her own orgasm distracting her, but she made it. She'd been lightly bobbing up and down, without even thinking about it, and even after his load was all shot into her mouth, she kept right on bobbing. It felt like the natural thing to do. Her craving to suck him was remarkably strong, and the more she did it, the more she loved it.

Most of his cum went straight down her throat, so she didn't get much of a chance to taste it. But she tasted enough to notice that the flavor wasn't bad. That confirmed the sneak tastes she'd done earlier, after he'd blasted his load on her face and chest.

In actual fact, she was still getting used to his taste and was underestimating how sweet and even delicious it was. That was probably due to the fact that he became a vegetarian about a year ago, after finding out that Hillary was one. Plus, he generally preferred fruity foods over bitter ones.

As the seconds passed, there was enough cum pooled in her mouth for her to continue to experimentally taste and even savor his flavor. The more she got used to it, the more she liked it. Already, she was regretting that she'd "wasted" most of his load by letting it shoot straight to the back of her throat.

After about a minute, she realized his dick simply wasn't going flaccid. She tried to ask, "Whaa da haaa ifth gonna ongh? Yaarh staah haarr!" The sheer thickness of his cock made talking while bobbing a nearly impossible task.

Nick just blinked in confusion.

So she had to pull off, and ask, "What the hell is going on? You're still hard!"

He answered, "How can I not be?! With what your lips are doing? Oh my God, it's the most insanely great thing ever in the history of the world!"

She laughed, and then resumed bobbing. Or at least, she tried to. She had some trouble getting her lips around it, and realized that it would take some extra effort to do so. (Before, she'd been in such a frenzy that she didn't

think, plus, he had helped by pushing her head down.) As a result, she started just licking her way around his cockhead instead.

But then she thought, *What am I doing?! I'm his mother! Don't I have ANY control? If I keep doing this, I'll never be able to live with myself.*

Then, like a devil on her shoulder, she thought, *But then again, who cares? It's dark. No one will ever see or know. It's so dark that it's like if I keep doing this, it doesn't really count. I've been doing it some anyway, so what's the harm of doing it a little more? Certainly, Nick won't mind! Ha!*

She kept on licking for another few moments, to the sound of Nick's increasingly passionate grunts. But then she thought, *No! I can't do this! I can control myself! I'm his MOTHER! I told myself I wouldn't go this far!*

She reluctantly pulled away. Panting with lust, she felt like his constantly erect dick was to blame. Still holding it, she complained, "Seriously, what's wrong with you? You came TWICE in the last half hour, including when we left Hillary's house, and you're still raring to go?"

"Hey, what can I say? You really do inspire me. Besides, I'm in my sexual prime. I just know I'm gonna jack off at least a couple more times tonight."

She shook her head. "No way! Incredible!" *Fuck! Not only is my shy son some kind of sexually aggressive big-cocked stud, but apparently he cums all day long too. Just my luck! It's like the world is playing a cruel joke on me.*

She chided him, "Well, I'm sorry to say, but you're gonna have to take care of that all by yourself. You tricked me, and I don't like that." She found her shirt and put it back on. But her rock hard nipples still poked boldly through the thin fabric.

"Ma, I'm sorry, but that just happened. Honest! When I grabbed your head and pulled you down, my body was on auto-pilot. I didn't even know my name!"

She thought about that. *Hmmm. Sure, he's acting like an old pro already, but I know for a fact he's never done any of this before. There's no way he could have tricked me. It just took a little extra time before his cum started to shoot. Besides, it was so hot being forced to swallow his entire cockhead and then bob on it that I can't really get mad at him.*

She spoke warily. "Huh. Actually, I can believe that. Mostly."

She searched his eyes for any signs of lying, but she couldn't see fine nuance in the dark. "But you are far too clever for your own good in general. You're just gonna have to take care of that boner by yourself in any case, because we're getting seriously late. Now, tuck that dangerous weapon away before it accidentally goes off and pokes someone in the eye." She chuckled.

"Awww, Ma," he griped, but he pinned his dick down and zipped up.

She looked at him intently. "I'm gonna go in there and get the food now. Hopefully, it's still hot and ready."

"Ma, I have something hot and ready for you." He couldn't believe he said something that corny, especially to his mother, but he was still in a very erotic mode.

She wagged a finger at him. "None of that kind of talk, buster! I'm moving into Margaret mode now. When I get back, I want you to BEHAVE! You promised you would. Now, we're gonna see if you really love me and care enough to respect my wishes, or if you'll just treat me like a piece of meat."

"I love you, Ma, honest I do. I'm sorry. That just kind of slipped out. I get so excited."

"Well, don't. Hit your crotch with a stick or something. Or maybe I can get some ice cubes from the restaurant, and we can pour them down your shorts."

He laughed, but also winced. "That won't be necessary. I'm moving into 'good son' mode now. I promise."

"Good. When I get back-" she was making a move to open the car door as she spoke.

That caused him to rudely interrupt her. "Ma! Wait!"

She rolled her eyes. "What? Not another kiss, or I'm gonna cry."

"No, not that. Although that would be nice." He grinned. "Oops. Sorry. It's just... your miniskirt."

She looked down, and realized to her horror that she was still naked from the waist down. *Fuuuucck! I'm so out of it that it's not even funny. Hell, I probably would have gone in there like this. Arrgh! I don't wanna think about it!*

She found her miniskirt on the floor of the car and quickly put it on.

Once she double-checked her body and feet, she looked over at her son. Despite the darkness, she could still easily see a large lump in his crotch. Her heart pounded hard just from the sight. *Christ! That damn thing again. It's kind of cruel to leave him like that. Maybe I should finish sucking him off. After all, I already kind of started, and it felt soooo incredibly good!*

But no. I have to be strong. I'm not entirely sure if he tricked me or not, but I need to punish him some to dampen down his boldness. Besides, there will be other times for me to slurp and slide my lips on his magnificent pole, I'm sure.

SHIT! Did I really just say that?! The scary thing is, it's probably true. I'm so weak with him. I let him do anything!

Shaking her head, she started to open the car door.

But Nick said, "Wait!"

She sighed. "What now?"

"Um, sorry, but... I just had to say before you got out of the car that you need to check your face in the mirror."

She adjusted the rear view mirror until it showed her face. "Oh shit!" Even in the darkness, she could easily see that there were several strands of cum dripping down her face, and some more in one corner of her mouth.

She fell back in her seat, covered her face with her hands, and started to cry. For some reason, she'd been able to deal with everything so far, but this was the final straw. She muttered, "God! Good God, what have I done?!"

She thought, I'm a horrible mother! Horrible! I let my lusts overwhelm me, and now my son is gonna be screwed up for life! Just look at me: I'm a total slut! Shameless! Even now, I'm too horny and I can't stop thinking about sucking his fat cock even MORE!

Through teary eyes, she still couldn't stop herself from staring hungrily at his bulge.

He put his arm around her, which caused her to freeze up, but he said, "I'm just giving you a comforting hug, honest. Remember, I'm in 'good son' mode now."

She relaxed a little bit, and let him keep hugging her, but she also felt wary. Frankly, she was more afraid of herself than him. He kept to his own unspoken boundaries, but she'd repeatedly lost all control and smashed beyond her own desired limits. And she knew he was still erect, and that scared her.

He consoled her, "Ma, you didn't do ANYthing wrong. In fact, what you did was great. Think about it. Pa actually ASKED you to go out and find a young lover, or even a string of lovers. You're off the hook there, you really are. His body is damaged, and let's not even talk about his cheating. I know you want to stay married to him, for now, but does that mean you don't want to have satisfying orgasms for another year or two? Not even one? Is that your plan?"

"No," she sniffled. "I guess I try hard not to think about that."

"Well, think about it. You're off the hook with him. And with me, you're my heroine! Don't even count all the great pleasures we shared today, which I totally love you for. You're doing this ultimate, incredible favor, helping me win the girl of my dreams. You should be proud of yourself! Thanks to you, I'm actually making really good progress with Hillary! Better than I ever thought possible at this point!"

He went on, "I mean, aren't you pleasantly surprised? Hell, I am. We're two days in with our scheme, and Hillary's already gotten naked with me and kissed me on the lips! Multiple times! Is that awesome or what? That's way, way beyond my best case scenario at this point!"

He obviously didn't mention how he'd been even more wildly successful with the other, highly improbable part of his plan - seducing his own mother. But now that he thought about it, his success on both fronts was off-the-scale incredible already.

She smiled a little bit. She'd stopped crying now, but still looked sad and red-eyed. "I have to admit, it is pretty remarkable. Almost unbelievable, actually. I'll be honest. I didn't think your plan was gonna work, much less show such progress so fast. But then again, I didn't think I'd have to so much as kiss you on the lips, so what do I know?" She smiled grimly as she considered just how far she'd gone with him.

He tightened his hug on her. "Ma, you're great. You're awesome. I love you! I'm so proud of you and what you did. You have nothing to be ashamed of.

You and me, we're a team. And together, we're gonna snag Hillary. She'll never know what hit her, and the next thing you know, she'll be my wife!"

Maggie smiled a little more, buoyed by his words. She also was quite surprised to hear he was thinking about marrying Hillary already, given his young age. "Wow, you dream big."

"I do! Maybe that won't happen. Heck, it almost certainly won't, but you're the one who taught me to aim for the stars."

She said with chagrin, "I'll definitely buy the 'she'll never know what hit her' part, since I'm still reeling and trying to figure out what hit ME today. I can't even begin to BELIEVE what happened today. I could sit and think about it for a thousand years, and I still wouldn't believe it or understand it. Do you realize there's practically a gallon of your cum sitting in my stomach right now?! How did THAT happen?! I just have to cling to the idea that I'd been so sexually repressed, I kind of ran amok."

She knew the "gallon" part was wildly exaggerated, but it felt like that to her. And thinking about all that cum she'd swallowed made her almost unbearably hot and horny. She had to mentally chide herself to stay calm.

He figured running amok from being so sexually repressed was a big part of it for her. But he also found the incest taboo was a massive turn-on for him, and he was pretty certain it was for her too. She'd always done the right and moral thing, so to be naughty and even wicked for once was highly intoxicating.

He comforted her, "Don't worry about it, Ma. Let's move forward."

He fumbled around in the glove compartment until he found some tissues. Then he reached out and wiped her face clean of all his cum, so she wouldn't have to look back in the mirror and get distraught all over again. She'd actually swallowed nearly all of his big load. Mostly, it was cum that had dribbled out of her mouth and down her chin.

"Thanks," she said softly when he was done. "Did you get all of it? Every last bit?"

"I sure did."

"Good. I'm gonna trust you, because I can't bear to look in the mirror again. It would break my heart to see more cum there. I've been feeling guilty all day, but it was like I was floating in la-la land, and what we were doing

wasn't really real. But it was real, and now the guilt is killing me. It's like a knife stabbing at my heart, over and over."

She wasn't just saying that - she really did feel terrible. Now that her arousal was slowly wearing off, it was like she was a different person.

"Oh, Ma! I'm so sorry." He hugged her again, and squeezed her tight. "The sacrifices you made for me today are so inspirational that now I want to cry."

"I wish I could see it like that, instead of the total breakdown of willpower that it really was. In any case, I'm really going now, to get the food. They should still be holding it for us, I hope."

She opened her car door, but he stopped her again.

She rolled her eyes. "Oh no. Now what?"

"Pull down your skirt!"

She looked down and saw that her miniskirt had again ridden up so much that her pussy was in view. "Oh!" She blushed at her inadvertent display, especially since she didn't have a pair of panties to wear. She tugged the skirt into place and stood up. Then she turned around and leaned back in to look right at Nick. The nearby street light made her beauty even more visible than when she'd been in the car.

She looked again at his crotch and noticed the bulge was still there. "I'll only be gone a minute or two, but while I'm gone, for God's sake, do something with that, that... **THING!** Get it to go down, and stay down!"

"I'll try, Ma."

But he thought, *Ma, the fact that you're bending over like that in that thin light blue T-shirt and no bra, and those hard nipples poking through, and the swells of your drooping frickin' gigantic tits... Damn! About the only thing I'll be able to do to get rid of this erection is if I cum hard in my shorts!*

He watched her walk out of sight into the darkness. *What have I just gotten myself into? This is heaven on Earth, sure, but it's also gonna be pure torture too. Living with Ma, knowing that I know how incredibly HOT she is? Knowing what a great kisser she is? Now that I've found out how easy it is to get her hot to trot, just by twisting those fantastic nipples of hers?*

Knowing how good it feels when her silky smooth hands are sliding up and down my hard cock? Not to mention her lips! Oh God, those sweet lips! On my cock! Oh GOD!

This is NOT helping my dick go soft. This line of thought has to shut down now. Damn.

Seriously though, what have I gotten myself into? I made her a promise to be good, and I really am determined to keep it. I can't let her down and just treat her like a piece of meat. I LOVE her. She's my mother! God knows I'd love to do everything with her, and even fuck her, but she has to be totally cool with it first or I'll be the one getting stabbed over and over with all that guilt.

Maybe I should just try to focus on Hillary instead for a while.

He suddenly remembered Hillary standing there in nothing but her white, high-cut panties, and how she let him kiss and fondle her all over. Then he thought about lying on top of her when she was completely naked. *Oh yeah. Brilliant move, dumb ass. Like THAT'S gonna help my erection go down! Ha!*

Shit, what am I gonna do? I'm so horny that I'm ready to scream at the top of my lungs. I can't even think for one second about anything that happened today, 'cos every minute of it is just too exciting. But the bottom line is, there's no way in hell I'd ever be willing to turn back and undo what's been done, so I'm just gonna have to deal with it. One day at a time.

Maggie meanwhile had come to the exact same conclusion. As she stood inside the restaurant waiting for them to find their food, she thought, *What's done is done. Despite all my guilt, I wouldn't want to undo what happened, even if I could. This sexual release was something my body desperately needed. I just really wish it happened with someone I wasn't closely related to! Still, there's no way to change that now. All I can do is deal with the fallout one day at a time. Plus, it was for a good cause with him and Hillary, at least.*

But right now, I'm making a vow to myself to never let my willpower completely collapse like that again. Never!

She ended up spending about five minutes in the restaurant, mainly just to stay away from her son for a while. She felt a lot better when she came back

carrying the take-out food.

When she got back in the car, Nick proudly announced to her, "Guess what? My erection finally went down. Although, since I've decided that to keep it down, I'm literally gonna have to keep my eyes closed the entire way back home, because if I so much as look your way, well, let's not go there." He really meant all of that too.

She was very pleased at that. She doubled checked his crotch. There was just enough light to confirm the lack of his usual bulge.

The rest of the ride home was quiet and uneventful. Both were scared of starting any discussion for fear that it would drift into some area that would get them uncontrollably horny.

As soon as they arrived home, Maggie left the take-out with Nick, and rushed straight upstairs to take a shower. She worried, rightly, that she smelled of sex in general and her son's cum in particular. She started to feel normal again once she had showered and was able to put a bra and panties back on.

The remainder of the evening was anticlimactic. Maggie explained her cover story to Andy during dinner (that she and Nick had spent the day with Hillary, leaving the sexual parts out).

Andy bought it hook, line, and sinker. He was actually pleased as punch that Nick was finally making progress with the girl of his dreams. In fact, he suggested to his wife, "From your story, it sounds to me that Hillary is as happy to spend time with you as she is to spend time with Nick. You two really hit it off."

"That's true," Maggie replied honestly. "She's a remarkably mature person for her age, and lots of fun to talk to. I can see why she has trouble relating to kids her age and would get along better with someone much older than her."

Andy responded, "That makes sense to me. I hope you spend as much time with her as you can. You could use new friends, and I'll bet you'll be able to find chances to put in a good word or two about Nick." He winked encouragingly at his son.

"Oh, definitely!" Maggie replied.

But she thought to herself, *Uh-oh*. She remembered Hillary's comment about leaving clothes at the door when visiting, and then pictured herself sitting naked with her son's erection in her hands. Then she pictured herself bending over, stretching her mouth wide open in an effort to engulf her son's cockhead, while Hillary watched with approval.

Shit! I can't mentally go there, especially not in the middle of dinner! If poor Andy only knew what he was really encouraging! She felt that knife of guilt stabbing her heart again, but she tried her best not to show her pain, or her lust. *This is too bizarre. Look at us. We LOOK like a normal, nuclear family. Except I haven't touched my cheating bastard of a husband in over two years, whereas, today I...*

She shuddered at the lewd images flooding her brain. In this sedate situation, they only disturbed her. She stared at Nick sitting across the table. *What happened to my son?! My shy, nice boy has turned into some kind of sexual BEAST!*

Chapter 9: The Aftermath (Wednesday)

Nick was disappointed at the abrupt return to normality around the house on Tuesday night.

However, he did manage to masturbate to climax twice that night, just as he'd predicted (and in keeping with his usual habit of cumming in twos). And his masturbation session was a particularly intense one, because he had very real incredible memories and feelings to draw from. He mostly fantasized about Maggie and Hillary taking turns sucking his cock, based on the very real feelings from the brief time his mother actually sucked him.

The next morning was more of the same. He couldn't even hug and kiss his mother good-bye as he normally did, and he was forced to bike to school instead of being driven there by her.

But what really disappointed him was Hillary's behavior towards him at school. She was friendly towards him, very friendly in fact. For instance, she beamed with delight when she saw him. They had a nice time talking, especially during lunch. But that was it. There was no hint whatsoever that they'd made out the day before while she was naked. There was no real flirting, nor any kind of suggestion to meet up later.

Furthermore, he noticed that Spencer ate lunch with Hillary. Spencer had joined Nick and Hillary midway through lunch yesterday, to Nick's dismay. Nick hoped this wasn't a trend, because Spencer was much more handsome and charismatic than he was.

Despite the relatively cool reception he got from Hillary, his penis grew hard any time he was near her, and practically any time he thought of her. He was in his sexual prime, with an unusually strong sex drive. And now that he knew what she looked and even felt like naked, it was like her clothes were see-through for him. (It helped that her red and white "White Stripes" T-shirt was thin enough for him to see the outlines of her bra.)

In a break between classes shortly after lunch, Nick more or less invited himself to Hillary's house after school.

But she replied, "I'd love for you to come over, I really would, but it's like I told you already: I believe in working hard, and playing hard, but work

comes first. I didn't get ANYthing done yesterday, so that means I have lots of homework today."

"But it's only the third day of school," he complained. "How much homework do you have?"

"Not that much, to be honest, but I do have some, and I also have plans to hang out with Anushka later as well. I'd love it if we could all hang out together, and Maggie too, but Anushka's not ready for that yet. I'm working on her, though, so don't worry. I think the best plan is just for you and Maggie to meet her at the party on Friday, like we planned."

He accepted that, but he couldn't hide his disappointment. "Okay. But is there no chance for you and me to spend some time together before then? It's only Wednesday, you know."

"I know."

He said, "You know, I'm kind of bummed about your attitude today. I thought we had something special going yesterday at your house. But you're acting like that never happened."

They were standing alone, but she looked around and she dropped her voice to a near whisper. "Don't be fooled! I LOVE what happened yesterday! You know that, right?"

He nodded, even though he wasn't sure until she just said that.

"We haven't had a chance to talk since then, and we really should. But my thinking is that Maggie is your official girlfriend at this point. All sorts of people saw how you two kissed by her car, and people are talking."

"Good things?" he asked.

"Oh, God!" She chuckled. "Your reputation just soared through the ROOF! I'm surprised more people aren't coming up to talk to you about it. But my thinking is, Maggie IS your girlfriend, and my status with you is still frustratingly uncertain, so it's probably best if we both act like nothing happened, at least until we figure out some sort of plan. Don't you agree?"

He silently breathed a big sigh of relief. That sounded a lot better than his worst fears he'd been feeling that she was just blowing him off for some inexplicable reason. He said, "Yeah. Definitely. Smart."

Then, after a pause, he asked, "But what about getting together again soon? Don't you want to do that?"

She dropped her voice down to a conspiratorial whisper again. "I'd LOVE to spend time with you alone, or you and Maggie, but I don't trust myself! And I don't want to do anything with you that Anushka doesn't fully agree with. That would be cheating, and I just don't do that."

"Okay, I understand."

She added, "There are things I need to resolve with her. But I'm having to tread very carefully. I think it'll help a lot if you can meet her at the party. Hopefully she'll see that you're a cool guy and not some kind of ogre, and she'll warm up to the sharing idea."

Maggie had given him a lot of advice on girls in the last week or so, and one point she'd stressed was the need to play hard to get and especially not act too eager. He knew he was failing miserably at the moment, because he was so incredibly eager to be back in Hillary's arms again. He resolved to do better, and decided at the very least he shouldn't keep pressing the issue.

So he changed the subject. "Sounds like a plan. Tell me about this party, and the people who'll be coming."

She smiled, and started talking.

It was true that she did have other things to do, but that wasn't the only reason she was being somewhat stand-offish. She still wasn't sure what she thought about him. She was willing to try dating him (as well as continue dating Anushka), but she had a hard time jibing the wild, sexy guy she'd had so much fun with yesterday with the shy loner she'd barely known before. She wanted to take a breather for a couple of days and try to better figure out who he really was and how she felt about him.

She considered herself sexually liberated and uninhibited, but not "easy." She didn't allow herself to have one night stands, because she wanted to be some kind of serious emotional connection with any boyfriend or girlfriend she had. She'd gone way farther with him than she normally would have on any first date. She didn't understand her lack of control, especially since she knew she would have done much more if only he hadn't kept his shorts on the whole time. She worried that if she was alone with him, she would go

much, much further, maybe even all the way. That was another good reason to slow things down for a couple of days, at least.

Nick was encouraged that Hillary at least sounded eager to be with him in a couple of days.

Despite these setbacks at school, he had a big smile on his face most of the time anyway. He'd had the greatest day of his life yesterday, by a longshot, and he was still riding the buzz. If he ever started to feel down, all he had to do was recall fondling and kissing Maggie's nude body, or Hillary's, or even when he briefly played with both of them at once. And thinking about the way his mother had given him two prolonged handjobs, and even sucked him off briefly, was so thrilling that he soon realized he had to force himself not to think about it, because he inevitably got a raging erection and had no ability to take care of it.

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As soon as he got home, he rushed to his room and had a long masturbation session, cumming twice. (That was typical, due to his habit of usually cumming in twos.) All he had to do was remember what happened at the ice cream shop, Hillary's house, and in her Prius by the Chinese restaurant afterwards. It was like replaying a porn video, because his memories were so vivid and intense. It was glorious! If nothing else happened, he could bask in the glory of the memories of that day for a long time to come.

But he was in for a big disappointment after that, because he went downstairs to look for his mother, and he found Maggie had switched into her Margaret mode. There was no doubt about it. She'd dressed extra conservatively and acted stiff and formal around him, even when Andy wasn't around.

Nick tried to hint that he wanted to at least talk some more about what had happened the day before, in order to sort through his emotions, but she merely said, "Maggie's not here now. End of story. I don't know where she is. Maybe you'll see her tomorrow. Briefly. Talk to her then."

That gave him a little bit of encouragement, because he remembered she was supposed to "turn into Maggie" on Tuesdays and Thursdays to drive him to school and back. That was about the only thing he had to look forward to tomorrow, since he didn't want to be too eager with Hillary and try to ask himself over to her place again.

The rest of the afternoon and evening passed with a tortuously slow crawl. Nick was so bummed out that he couldn't even find the inspiration to masturbate... much. He did get himself off twice, because there were too many exciting memories from the day before floating around his head. But that was poor by his usual standards. If he'd been really excited, he could have climaxed four, five, or even six times. He had a truly unusual libido, even for a guy his age.

The one bright spot during that time was a phone call he made to Hillary. They hadn't had a chance to talk in private much at school, because Hillary was getting to be so popular so fast that she was hardly ever alone. On the phone, he had her undivided attention, and they had a nice long conversation.

He was frustrated that she made clear at the start she didn't want to talk about "relationship stuff" or anything sexual at all. She said her parents were nearby and might overhear. But they had plenty of other things to talk about. They spent a long time talking about their impressions of their new school, how it compared to their old school, their new teachers, their classmates, and all the usual school gossip.

One sexually related thing she was willing to discuss was the reaction to his public making out with Maggie. From his point of view, it was like it never happened, because not a single person mentioned it to him during the school day, except for Hillary in their own private chat. He did get a lot of curious looks, but that was it. That had been a big disappointment.

However, upon reflection, he realized that it was only the third day of school and he'd been spending nearly all of his free time between classes with Hillary. As a result, he hadn't been making other friends. So apparently nobody knew him well enough to feel comfortable to ask him about his girlfriend.

Furthermore, it turned out that another reason nobody had been asking him about it was because Hillary had sort of become his publicity agent. Other girls were especially curious to find out the latest gossip, and they felt free to ask her about it once it became known she had been standing there during the entire make out session and knew the fully story.

The interest was less in the kiss per se than the mystery of Maggie in general. Nobody knew her, and her extraordinary looks made everyone very

curious. Hillary explained to Nick how she'd passed on what she'd learned from him and Maggie, the backstory about how the two of them had started dating over the summer due to her renting the space on his family's property, and how she was going to a local college and so on. She made clear that she talked about the public kiss right after school, but didn't say a thing about what happened at Ben and Jerry's or her own house later.

Hearing all that was a big relief to him. He told her that she'd handled it great, and he couldn't have asked her to do any better.

He said, "It's funny. I was sooooo puzzled that nobody was asking me about her or that very public make out session with her. I'm not a show off, but I was kind of bummed. I mean, I'm really psyched that I'm dating her, and I'm proud to let people know."

"As you should be," Hillary said. "She's something else! Believe me, people are talking, even if they're not talking to you."

He said, "That's the funny thing. I mean, why doesn't anyone just ask me? I appreciate that you covered for me, but why not get it straight from the horse's mouth?"

Hillary said, "That does seem kind of weird. But you should be mindful that Maggie's become this mystery woman that everyone wants to know about, and you've become a mystery guy too."

"Me?!"

She chuckled. "Yes, you."

"I'm not a 'mystery guy.' You know that."

"True, but that's only because I knew you from last year and before. Remember that we're almost the only ones to transfer from that school to this one. As far as everyone else is concerned, you just as much of a blank page as Maggie is. And the fact that you're dating her makes you a serious enigma!"

She went on, "Please don't take offense, but if one were to look at you and then at Maggie, it makes no sense that you're dating her. I know damn well why she's so hot for you, because I've seen you two in private and how you get along like gangbusters, and especially how the sexual sparks fly. And I also have directly experienced those sexual sparks with you! From MY point of view, it makes total sense that she'd rather date you even over all

the hunky guys she must attract in droves at her college. Hell, I want to date you too, in a big way! You know that!"

He was starting to get excited. He muttered, "I do."

She went on, "But I have all kinds of inside knowledge nobody else has, and I'm not going to reveal any of that without you and Maggie giving me the green light first. Other than the general stuff about how you two met and how long you've been dating and all that. So, yeah, you ARE a mystery guy. On the surface, you're a reasonably handsome guy, but you're not a walking wet dream. Sorry."

"I get it," he said. "I know my limitations."

She went on, "But she IS a walking wet dream. So it's a real puzzler that she would date a high school guy so much younger than her. What's your secret?! What do you have that nobody else does? Everyone who's seen her wants to know. But you've been kind of aloof and scary."

"Scary?!" I'm not scary at all. You know that."

"Yes, I do, for sure, but I have all this special knowledge. Look at it from someone else's point of view who's taken note of you and Maggie, like one of our classmates. They've seen or heard of you with her. And they're probably seen that you're spending more of your time between classes hanging with me. Which is cool, I really like that, but it's kind of a mystery too. I don't want to toot my own horn, but my looks put me pretty much at the top of the school's social ladder from day one. Lots of people are trying to befriend me, to pull their own social status. But I spend more time with you than anyone else, AND you have this ridiculously gorgeous college girlfriend!"

She went on, "Can you start to see why others see you as not only mysterious but even scary? People haven't been asking you about Maggie because they feel intimidated to even talk to you!"

"Really?!"

"Really. If I could make a suggestion, I definitely want to get to know you a lot better. I think it's clear from yesterday that we have some really powerful sexual chemistry. And I really like you as a person besides that. Like this phone call right now. Talking to you is easy and fun. Unfortunately, I've got to sort things out with Anushka before we can pick

up where we left off at my house. Here's my suggestion. In the meantime, maybe we should spend a lot less time at school hanging out together. Instead, we can make up for that by talking on the phone. That'll give you a chance to start to get to know your other classmates. Once you do that, your mystery level will go way down."

He teased, "Maybe I like being mysterious." He broke into an Austin Powers impression. "Nick Powers: International Man of Mystery! Yeah, baby! Yeah!"

Hillary had a good laugh. She told him, "Behave!" which also was an Austin Powers reference.

He said seriously, "Actually, what you say is good advice. But, I'm going to hold you to the phone call thing. Tomorrow night, you call me, okay? We can try to make it a regular after dinner thing, at least until we can see each other face to face more often."

"Sounds like a plan! Oh, and by the way, once you do start talking more to other classmates, I'm SURE they're going to want to ask you all about Maggie. She was, like, THE main topic of gossip today. And tomorrow that's only going to grow, because it takes a while for the word to get around. That's especially true for guys. I've noticed guys are much more oblivious about gossip stuff, so it takes a while for news like this to filter down to the guy level, but it will eventually, especially if Maggie keeps dropping you off and picking you up. Is that the plan?"

He thought back to the deal he'd made with Maggie last night. "It depends. I think she'll end up doing that about half the time."

"Well, that's plenty. If that happens, word will continue to spread. I hope you don't mind being known as 'the guy who dates that hot college chick,' because that's how most people will know you."

He said, "I can handle that. But I'd rather be known as 'the guy who dates that hot college chick and that equally hot Hillary chick.'"

She laughed. "You would! Boy, you're nothing if not ambitious! Getting Anushka fully on board for you to date me in private is challenge enough. Getting her agree for you to date me in a publicly known way would exponentially harder. Let's not get too far ahead of ourselves."

"Sorry. But a guy can dream."

She laughed some more. "You're too much!"

They talked a lot longer about a variety of topics, including maybe their favorite shared topic of music. The phone call lasted a full hour, and even then they could have kept going except Hillary's parents called her away.

When the call ended, Nick felt much better about where he stood with Hillary. Of course he had a lusty obsession based on her off-the-charts sex appeal. But he also felt he was in love with her due to all her other charms, especially her intelligence and fun personality. He particularly enjoyed talking on the phone with her, because he could enjoy interacting with her without lust dominating his thoughts.

The only frustration was that he wanted to report back to Maggie some of what Hillary had told him, especially how well her after school public kiss with him had gone over. But he couldn't say a thing since she was in "Margaret mode."

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Indeed, all evening long, Maggie put on a very convincing outward performance. For all Andy and even Nick knew just by looking at her, she was the same as ever. But on the inside, it was a completely different story. Her emotions were all over the place. Sometimes, she reveled in all the sexual fun she'd had with her son. Other times, the guilt and regret overwhelmed her so much that it was all she could do not to break down and cry.

She wished she had a good friend who she could turn to for advice, but there wasn't anyone she felt she could talk to about such highly personal and sexual secrets. She more or less became a recluse ever since the one-two punch of catching Andy cheating and then him having his accident. Most of her friends were Andy's friends too, and she'd deliberately lost contact with most of them. Many of them knew about Andy's cheating and hadn't told her about it.

She considered telling her closest remaining friend, Sally, that she'd had a sexual adventure. Her idea was to carefully edit the story to remove all traces of the incest. But she ultimately decided that could cause more trouble than it was worth, since Sally would inevitably ask lots of follow up questions. The lies would likely just spiral as the "fake girlfriend" scheme continued.

Generally speaking, she found it easiest just to turn her brain off so she didn't have to think about these issues at all. That allowed her to get through the day and do her chores and such - most of the time.

But definitely not all the time. One big problem that could no longer be denied was that her sexual side had awoken from its years of hibernation. All through the day and into the evening, she discovered herself getting aroused for no reason at all. She wouldn't even be thinking sexual thoughts, but suddenly her body would be on fire.

An additional problem was that her nipples were extra-red and sore from all of Nick's twisting and manipulations. While many men thought the nipples were the pleasure center for a woman's breasts, that was rarely true. But with Maggie, that was very true, and the rougher the better, and Nick had picked up on that very quickly.

As a result, her nipples were extra sensitive from all his tugging and twisting. It even hurt a little when they were touched, so she tried to avoid doing that. But when they brushed up against something, or even just shifted around in her bra, electric jolts would run through her. And whenever that happened, she'd think about her son playing with her nipples, and that would tend to start her fantasizing about him, especially about sucking his thick cock. That would lead to her nipples getting erect, which would only worsen her soreness problems.

And when she allowed herself to fantasize, her arousal went into overdrive. For the last two years, her fantasies mostly starred various famous and handsome men. But despite her best intentions, all her sexual fantasies now starred her son.

Last night, she'd had some sexual dreams. She was grateful that she couldn't remember the details, but she remembered that they were all about her having sex with her son. Strangely, nearly all of them had been about cocksucking, not fucking. Partially that was because she had actual sucking experience with him to draw on, brief though it was. But also, she considered fucking with him to be beyond the pale. She would allow herself to daydream or fantasize about handjobs, titfucks, blowjobs, general naked fondling and kissing, and the like, but any thoughts of fucking were strictly off limits in her mind.

She didn't blame herself too much about what she dreamed about, since she had no conscious control over that. What she considered much worse was that sometimes she caught herself fantasizing about him while she was awake too.

She did some extensive gardening in the middle of the day, which gave her an excuse to take a shower afterwards. In the shower, she let herself go with sexual daydreams as she soaped up her impossibly curvy body.

She imagined Nick had unexpectedly come home in the middle of the day. "Hey, Ma, I'm home! School got out early."

"I'm here in the shower," she shouted back to him.

Normally, that would have been the extent of their communication until her shower was over. But in the dream, Nick opened the bathroom door and came in naked.

"Nick! What are you doing?" she gasped, trying to cover her nakedness with her hands, but doing a piss-poor job of it. Her body was so voluptuous that her hands stood no chance of covering all of her huge tits even if she really wanted to, and trying to cover them and her pussy too was downright impossible.

The real Nick was still fairly shy and respectful of boundaries, because he truly loved her and didn't want to make her unhappy. But her dream-Nick was different. He brazenly pulled back the shower curtain and stepped inside. He was buck naked and holding his erection. "Ma, you left me with a boner last night, and it's hardly gone down since. You've got to fix it."

"B-bu-but, I can't!" she protested weakly. "That would be wrong."

Ignoring that, he simply took one of her hands off her massive mammaries and brought it down to his needy shaft.

Her hand started to stroke, even though she didn't want it to. It was just like what had really happened to her yesterday.

But this wasn't good enough for Nick. He commanded, "Suck it, Ma!"

In her fantasy, Maggie's will was quickly and completely broken by his aggressiveness and his impressive cock. She dropped to her knees. Holding and stroking the base of his shaft, she began licking her way around his cockhead while the water rained down on her.

In real life, she knelt down in the shower too and let the water wash over her. She closed her eyes and held her hands in front of her face. She pretended to stroke a thick cock while also lapping on it.

Had anyone come into the shower and seen her like that, she would have died of embarrassment!

Back in her fantasy, she pouted in a sexy tease, "Nick, you're a bad boy! A very, very BIG and bad boy! How dare you turn your mother into your own personal cocksucker! You think that just because you have such a thick and tasty cock, I'll suck it for you anytime you like, don't you?"

He grunted affirmatively.

She laughed, nervous and thrilled. "Well... You're right!" The talking stopped for a while, because she swallowed his cockhead whole. But that wasn't enough for her. Within seconds, she began bobbing deeper and deeper down his shaft.

The real Maggie drew on memories of actually sucking her son's cock last night, although she'd only done so briefly. She shoved a bunched up grouping of fingers in and out of her mouth to simulate the blowjob as she fingered her pussy with her other hand. With her eyes closed, she felt almost like Nick really was there with her, fucking her face.

In her fantasy, she pulled off his delicious cock to say, "I suppose you know you've broken me, don't you? Now that you've got me like this, what's to stop you from taking advantage of me all day? What's to stop you from fucking my face whenever you get horny?!"

Before he had a chance to answer, she eagerly bobbed way back down his shaft again (and stuffed her fingers back into her mouth in real life).

After a long pause, the dream-Nick said, "Nothing, Ma! It feels so good, I want you to suck my cock all day long! You're gonna suck me to wake me up in the morning, and then suck me all through breakfast. Then you'll suck me when you drop me off at school, and suck me some more when you pick me up. Maybe you can even sneak in to school during lunch to suck my cock then too! And for the rest of the day, every day, you're gonna live with my cock in your mouth!"

The conversation stopped for a while, because she was happy just to bob up and down and masturbate herself, and he was even happier to enjoy her

tongue and lips.

But eventually she came back up for air, and pouted, "Son, you're so mean. No one can possibly suck that much cock. Already my mouth is getting tired, especially since your cock is so remarkably thick. It's a chore just to fit it in!"

She recalled from real life just how true that was, and that gave her an extra powerful lusty shiver.

"Don't worry, Ma. I'm gonna be fucking your huge tits a lot too, when your mouth needs a rest."

At that thought, the real Maggie suddenly grasped her breasts with both hands, pretending it was Nick playing with her instead. She twisted her nipples just the way she knew he would if he was there. This meant she couldn't pretend-fuck her own mouth or frig her pussy, but she mentally fantasized she was still sucking and licking him just the same.

Oh God! He's gonna fuck my mouth and my tits ALL THE TIME! He will! He really will!

She practically creamed as she imagined his hot pole sliding in her deep cleavage. And as she bunched her fingers back up in her mouth and resumed thrusting them in and out, it was like he had two penises and was somehow fucking her face and tits at the same time, even though he wasn't even there.

She was completely overwhelmed. She dropped a hand back to her pussy, knowing she'd be cumming for real, and soon.

Then the dream-Nick added, "But that's not all! I'll be fucking your pussy a lot too! Your cunt! What do you think about that? Your cunt belongs to me now! It's gonna be sloshing full of my cum, all day and all night, forever!"

That was a shocker, since she so rarely allowed herself to go that far, even in her fantasies.

The real Maggie pulled her fingers from her mouth and screamed with a combination of ecstasy and dismay in response to his imagined words, and her body exploded in orgasm. Her fingers were a blur as they dug deep into her slit. Suddenly, it seemed they weren't her fingers any more, but her son's cock. She bunched no less than four of them up closely to simulate his great

thickness. (She was afraid to try all five.) She kept them stiff to improve the fantasy.

She was lucky she was already kneeling, because she was overcome to such a degree that she would have fallen. Her orgasm was so powerful that she nearly passed out.

When it was over, she stayed slumped on the floor of the shower, the water still raining down on her. Except now she felt deeply ashamed and she sobbed. The water helped wash away her tears.

What's WRONG with me?! I never felt this way about Nick before, not even a little bit! It's like my moral compass broke yesterday, and I can't fix it. Why am I suddenly so fixated on cocksucking? I know I actually bobbed on his cock some last night, but I was obsessing about it even before that, the whole time I was jacking him off in the car, and earlier.

God, that was so fucking hot! The whole thing! The way he got me completely naked and helpless in the car, parked there where anyone could come by... And then the way he tricked me into stroking him, and even sucking him... GOOD GOD!

Okay, so anyone who went through that is going to have SOME lusty thoughts afterwards. But fantasizing about sucking his thick dick THAT much?! I haven't been able to stop thinking about it all day long! And even dreaming about letting him fuck me? Come ON! That can't be me! Somebody wake me from this nightmare!

And what about screaming in the house?! I hope and pray Andy didn't hear that. Thank God he listens to his music while he's working in his den, which is downstairs and fairly far away. If he asks, I'll just say I slipped in the shower. But I can't make a habit of screaming in ecstasy all the time, or he'll catch on sooner or later!

Maybe I'm mentally ill somehow. Maybe I went so long without any sexual outlet whatsoever that I really am broken in some way. I should go see a doctor or a psychiatrist or something. But what would I say? "Doc, I wanna suck my son's dick so bad that I can literally taste his cum in my mouth sometimes! Can you give me a pill to fix that?" Ha! There's no way I'd ever be able to talk to someone like that.

A sobering thought hit her: *I'm all alone! Already what has happened in real life is so beyond the pale, it isn't something that I can discuss with any of my friends, and certainly not with my so-called husband. I'm way too ashamed to seek out any kind of stranger or professional advice.*

That really depressed her. *Shit. This whole pretend-girlfriend thing completely backfired in my face. My body is in heat or something, and I can't turn it off. What can I do - wear a chastity belt or something? Christ! I need a chastity belt for my mouth even more, and they don't make those. When Nick comes home, I'm just going to have to tell him we have to call the whole thing off.*

But by the time Nick came home, she'd lost her resolve. She reminded herself that she'd made a deal with him and it wasn't right to back out of deals. She convinced herself (despite all the evidence to the contrary) that she would have the willpower to set limits and stick with them in the future.

The problem yesterday was that things crept up on me. I was blindsided and literally didn't know what hit me. Now I know. In the future, I can steel my resolve and shut him down before things get too far. I suppose we'll have to kiss and fondle some, to make the romance look convincing, but that's not such a big deal. Especially since we'll be doing it in the front of school, so that'll help make sure I control myself. I hope he enjoyed the handjobs and blowjob I gave him, 'cos that's the last of those he'll ever get from me!

But even as she said those words, she knew deep down that she was lying to herself, and she was going to lose control again. Yet it felt so good that she was looking forward to it. Yet it was wrong; it was with her son! She went back and forth, feeling profoundly uneasy and unhappy.

For the rest of the day and into the night, she behaved herself. Even though she and her husband slept in separate bedrooms on separate floors (since Andy couldn't walk up the stairs), she resisted the temptation to masturbate and fantasize again.

However, her conscious mind couldn't control what she dreamed about, and that night, she had two more erotic dreams starring Nick (at least, two that she could remember). Both dreams were vague, and lacked any sort of plot, scenario, or even dialogue. Instead, it seemed like she and Nick played with each other's bodies all night long. Nick always seemed to be kissing her and

playing with her tits and ass, and especially twisting and turning her nipples.

And she always had his dick in her hands or her mouth. Sometimes, she even found herself in anatomically impossible positions, with his dick in her hands down in front of her AND in her mouth, while Nick fondled her with many more than just two hands.

Chapter 10: Confidence Building (Thursday)

This is part of a longer e-novel. It's highly recommended that you start with the [Prologue](#) and read the parts sequentially, in order to understand the characters and previous events. The Prologue also provides the full set of story codes for all parts.

Maggie woke up feeling drained, like she hadn't slept a wink. She also discovered a big wet spot in her bed. Luckily, that wasn't an immediate danger since Andy slept in a separate bedroom downstairs.

She got up and did her best to pretend everything was normal.

That morning started with more disappointment for Nick, since Maggie remained in her "Margaret mode." Andy was fortunate to have a job that allowed him to work from home most of the time, due to his damaged legs. He shut himself in his den and typically didn't come out much, or sometimes not at all, until dinner. There was a door connecting the den directly to a bathroom, so he didn't even need to leave his work area for that.

But even so, Maggie was reluctant to dress sexily in the house, for fear Andy might see her and wonder what was going on. She'd been stuck in a rut for so long that any change would seem odd. She dressed in one of her usual outfits for breakfast.

However, Nick had asked to talk to her about "Maggie" stuff, and she'd promised that she would. So, after breakfast was over and she had a private moment with Nick, she told him to get in the car, well before the usual time to leave for school. Then she went upstairs, quickly changed into a really sexy and revealing outfit, and then rushed straight down the stairs and into the car.

Nick was delighted at her outfit, and especially at the vast amount of cleavage she was showing. He made to lean over and kiss her.

But she held up a hand to stop him, and then she put her dark sunglasses on instead. She explained, "Just because I'm dressed like this, it doesn't mean I'm in 'Maggie mode' yet. We're in the garage, and technically, that means we're still in the house. And even once we're out in the street, remember I'm only in LIMITED Maggie mode. I'm only doing this because I made a deal.

But things are DEFINITELY going to remain under control. You can start talking to Maggie now, but you can't kiss or touch her until we get to school. And then, you're only gonna get a peck on the cheek, since nobody pays much attention to what we do in the mornings anyway. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma. I mean, uh, Maggie." He got in the car and waited for her to start it.

As she backed the car out of the garage, he asked, "So, how are you holding up?"

She replied, "Okay, I suppose. The guilt isn't completely choking and drowning me, like it was the night after... well, let's just say after Tuesday night. Yesterday almost felt like normal, but that's because I did everything in my power not to think about what happened. I guess you could say I'm in severe denial mode."

That was mostly true. She certainly was in severe denial mode most of the time. But her answer was nonetheless mostly a lie, because she completely failed to mention her lusty thoughts and feelings. It wasn't just the occasional fantasy or dream; horny thoughts about her son were on her mind, or just beyond conscious thought, a good deal of the time. A large portion of those involved lusty feelings about sucking his cock.

A switch had been flipped that couldn't be flipped back, and on some level, she knew it.

She said, "But enough about me. I certainly don't want to talk about me right now. How are you holding up?"

"Okay. I guess. I mean, I can't really complain, considering I had the adventure of a lifetime on Tuesday, but everything's been so frustratingly normal since then. Not just with you, but with Hillary too."

"Oh? Tell me all about it."

So they discussed how things were going with Hillary the rest of the way to school. He explained how Hillary was acting a little stand-offish, and he'd mostly been trying to play hard to get, which meant the two of them hadn't talked that much. He also told her about the hour-long phone call with Hillary in the evening, but it wasn't a long distance to school, so he decided there wasn't time to go into detail about that.

Maggie commiserated with him, and counseled him to be patient. She advised him to keep up the "hard to get" routine, within reason. She pointed out how wildly successful his scheme had been already, and noted that he couldn't expect every single day to go that well.

But she felt strange. A part of her was quite happy he was having some difficulty with Hillary. She felt jealous about Hillary, since she wanted him all to herself. She also knew the longer he had trouble with Hillary, the longer she'd be "forced" to play the role of his girlfriend. However, she wanted to be a good mom, so she gave the best advice she could.

As they drew close to school, Nick looked around and said, "Damn. Are we there already? There's so much more I want to discuss with you. With Maggie I mean, not Margaret. For instance, Hillary told me a long story about how our public kiss by the car in the afternoon went over."

She sighed with frustration. "I want to hear it all, for sure. But school is starting. We'll talk more after, when I pick you up. But for now, remember: play hard to get. Don't be following her all around school like a lost and lonely puppy dog. I know that's what feels tempting, but if you play your cards right now, it'll pay off big time later. People like what's intriguing and different, and a stunner like her must get puppy dog followers all the time. Keep your eyes on the prize."

He sighed with frustration. "So what am I'm supposed to do?"

She slowed the car down, buying a little more time to talk. "It's only the fourth day of school. Meet people!"

He said, "It's funny you said that, because Hillary told me the exact same thing. She said I should spent most of my time better classes getting to know other students, and then she and I could talk on the phone later instead, like we did last night."

"That's very good advice. Do that!" She flashed him a naughty smile. "Here's the kicker: don't just hang out with your usual crowd, the nerdy types. Make a point of meeting the really beautiful girls."

He groused, "Oh man! I'm not good at that. Why?!"

"Playing hard to get! Jealousy! It works! Your faux girlfriend scheme actually turns out to be pretty brilliant. We both know she never would have done any of the things she did with you yesterday had it not been for me.

Do you remember how you went back and forth between making out with her and then with me? That created a friendly competition vibe that made both her and me crazy with desire! The more competition she has, the more she'll want you. Trust me on this."

He sighed heavily. "You're probably right. But what you're asking is so tough. With Hillary, somehow, it's different. I feel, like, a bond with her. I have this huge confidence with her, due to what happened on Tuesday. And she's just so kind, ya know? She always has a smile for everybody. She never even curses or says mean things about other people. But some of these other girls..." He winced.

Maggie replied, "I understand. Kids your age can be cruel. Meeting new people is tough and scary, at first. But given everything that's happened, I know you have the confidence to do it. Look at it this way, if you had your way with Hillary, and you did, then you should eat those other girls for breakfast. They've got nothing on her."

He grinned. "That's true. Her OR you. You're, like, the hottest of the hot!"

She rolled her eyes, but she was secretly pleased. "I'll bet you any money that if you start talking to other pretty girls, Hillary will suddenly be a LOT more friendly to you in school, AND more keen to talk to you on the phone later. She won't want to give them a chance to steal you away."

"She doesn't have to worry about that," he said honestly. "I love her so much!"

"Yeah, but don't let her know that just yet. Be smart. Remember, the word is getting around that you have a hot college girlfriend. They'll be intrigued, and want to find out more about you. Use your charm on them. Just because you're a little shy doesn't mean you're not charming. You're handsome and oozing with charm, and don't you ever forget it. Plus, it'll help a lot at that party if you know some of the kids there already."

He gathered up his willpower, and said, "Okay! I'll do it! I'll try, at least. ... But..."

"Yes?"

They'd just arrived at the front of the school, and Maggie pulled her bright red Prius right up front to the most visible parking spot possible. In fact, very few students were dropped off, since that was seen as uncool (unless

you had a hot college girlfriend doing it). So Maggie had her choice of spots, since everyone else was biking or driving their own cars.

He said, "I know it's only the morning and all, but maybe you could get out of the car and give me an extra hot kiss, so everyone can see? That'll boost my confidence, big time."

She was about to agree (and with such eagerness that it frightened her). But then she had an idea. "I'll make you a deal. I'll give you a kiss, a real kiss, if you promise to meet three new pretty girls today."

He pondered that. "Well, I won't be motivated much if the kiss comes first. How 'bout a kiss now, and an extra special kiss when you pick me up?"

"Extra special kiss? What does that mean?"

He smiled mysteriously. "You'll see." He actually didn't know what he meant by that yet, but he figured he'd have time to think up something good.

She smiled from ear to ear. "Give you an inch and you take a mile. But I can do that." She left the car on, but got out of it and leaned against the driver's door until Nick got out and walked around the car to join her.

Then she opened her arms and planted her lips on his.

This time, there was no pretense at reluctance, and they went at it with their usual intense passion.

It was true that a morning kiss wasn't going to get as much attention as an after school one, but they didn't go completely unnoticed. More than a few people walking into the school, turned their heads and made a mental note about the kissing, wondering who that was and what was up with that.

Nick's heart soared, and suddenly his penis was as hard as steel. But he managed to restrain himself, and just kept his arms wrapped around her back until the kiss was done. After all, time was short. But he was delighted, and could hardly wait until school was over so he could really get into making out with his mother.

Maggie was glad. She'd been able to enjoy a great kiss, and she felt like she'd never come close to losing control. Plus, she'd given him some motivation to get over his shyness with girls in general and make progress with Hillary at the same time.

As she got back in the car to go home, she thought, Now, THAT I can deal with. That's how things were supposed to be in the first place. Okay, minus some tongue. Hell, a lot of tongue! She giggled. But still, this doesn't cause the stabs of guilt. This is how things are gonna be from now on, until this charade is over. Everything is fully under control!

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That one relatively tame kiss actually did boost Nick's confidence a great deal, much more than he would have possibly guessed. The key was that it got his lust-filled mind mostly off Hillary and focused on his mother instead. As a result, he had much more of a "devil may care" attitude around Hillary for the rest of the day, instead of being clingy with her or forcing himself to stay away from her altogether. He was mostly thinking about making out with Maggie after school, since that had the most immediate promise of sexual fun.

So, with a smile on his face and a spring in his step, he set out to find and chat up the most beautiful girls in his junior grade. Their high school was sharply divided into the three grades, sophomore, junior, and senior, with most of their classes physically separated from each other, so he had very little clue about the sophomore or senior girls.

There were many quite beautiful girls within the 500 students in their junior grade, though. As mentioned previously, the school was in an exceptionally affluent area, and that often led to rich men marrying beautiful women and then having attractive children. Plus, girls could afford the best treatment, such as braces for their teeth, or even boob jobs. Such fake breasts were startlingly common, even at the junior grade age. And the pressure for girls to stay thin enough to look good in a bikini for the nearby beaches was immense.

However, Nick felt that the only one who had truly remarkable beauty on par with Hillary and Maggie was Debra, and she was well known for being a bit of a vapid, self-centered bitch.

He wasn't able to completely hide his shyness, so he didn't speak much and generally only responded to questions from others. Before, that would have been a bad thing, but now that it was believed he had a hot college girlfriend, it only added to his intrigue.

Nick even managed to speak to Debra a little bit during lunch. He had been trying to build up the courage to approach her at first, but was finding it too daunting. To his surprise, she approached him!

He felt panicky at first. Her beauty was so stunning that looking in her face felt somewhat like trying to stare at the sun. It was a constant challenge for him just to maintain eye contact with her. But then he thought back to how Maggie had sucked his cock while he blew his load of cum straight down her throat. That made him so ecstatic that even if Debra had rudely insulted him, he wouldn't have cared much.

Once he got started talking to her, he found her pleasant enough to talk to. To his surprise, she seemed generally interested in talking to him, and she even flirted a bit. At one point, she asked him, "So what's this I hear about you dating some beautiful college-aged girl?"

He was surprised she knew that. In fact, he was quite surprised she even knew his name, or that she could put his name to his face. The only explanation was that his new reputation had been getting around in just the last day or two. He figured Hillary was probably right and Debra thought of him as "the guy who dates that hot college chick," and thus someone of interest.

He replied, "Yeah, I guess you could say that."

Indeed, it soon became clear that she was almost exclusively focused on talking to him about his supposed girlfriend. She said, "So tell me all about her! Her name is Maggie, right?"

But he was coy. He tried not to say much except for the most basic facts about their relationship, such as the fact she was going to a local college and they had been dating since the start of summer.

Debra prodded, "She's the one picking you up and dropping you off, right? I saw her today. Boy, is she a looker! What does she see in you?" Debra wasn't known for her intelligence or her tact. She tended to say what was on her mind.

He shrugged. "You should ask her that."

"Oh, come on! You've gotta give me more than that. What's your secret?"

He shrugged again. "No secret."

She gave him a frustrated face. "Argh! You're the talk of the town, you know. And she is too. Everyone is talking about that kiss you had with her after school on Tuesday. I missed it. What happened there?"

He continued to act nonchalant. "I don't know. It was just a kiss. I suppose you could say we get pretty passionate for each other sometimes."

Clearly, Debra was frustrated by his vague answers.

In truth, he was getting increasingly eager to end the conversation. Debra was so remarkably beautiful, especially her face, that he continued to find it daunting just to look at her, much less talk to her. He was used to the jaw-dropping beauty of Maggie and Hillary since he'd been obsessing about them for so long. But he wasn't used to Debra at all.

Debra appeared more than a bit threatened by Maggie. It was plain as day that Debra obviously considered herself the most beautiful girl around and she didn't like any new girls challenging that claim. After failing to get him to reveal much about Maggie at all, she abruptly changed the topic, and out of nowhere she mentioned, "Did you know I'm a professional model?"

"You are?" He didn't know that. He'd been out of the loop with social news in his old school, and he was even more out of it in the new school, since he was a new transfer who knew few people so far. The only reason he knew anything about Debra at all was because she was locally famous, simply for her beauty, but he wasn't aware of any details beyond that.

She flipped her blonde hair back as she proudly explained, "Oh, yes. I've been in national magazines. Vogue, Seventeen, Cosmo, and many others. And I'm in a L'Oreal ad that's running pretty much all over the place right now. I'm in a lot of ads. I get paid more than a thousand dollars an hour just to stand there and have someone take my picture."

"Wow, that's impressive." He believed what she said too, because she was that beautiful, and it was obvious that she was quite wealthy. Besides, it would be easy enough to check some of those magazines to confirm her story.

But he thought, *That's about as subtle as a flying mallet. Why is she trying to impress ME?!*

He let her prattle on about her modeling experience for a while, but he wasn't that interested. And despite her undeniable beauty, he really had no

sexual interest in her.

Ironically, his evident lack of interest only added to his intrigue for her. Hillary and Maggie were the only women he cared about or were even the slightest bit interested in. The only reason he put up with talking to Debra at all was because he was following Maggie's advice to make Hillary jealous.

And it worked. Later in that lunch period, Hillary tracked him down and got him to sit alone with her. She immediately launched into him, complaining, "What's with you? I thought we were friends!"

"We are. What's the problem?"

She was obviously unhappy. "It seems like you've been avoiding me all day."

"Not at all. But I didn't see you around outside of class, and we've been busy in class. Besides, I'm making a point of meeting new people. Remember how you were the one who suggested that I do that? I noticed you're doing the same."

She complained, "Yeah, but it seems that for you 'new people' seems to exclusively mean the most beautiful girls! When I said meet new people, I didn't mean THEM!"

He pretended shock. "Hillary! Don't tell me you're jealous."

"No, I'm not." She searched her feelings and slumped in defeat. "Well, okay, I am. But just a little. Seriously, why the heck are you talking to the likes of, well, Debra? I told you already that she's not a nice person."

"Yeah, I know, but she came up to me. Besides, I'm curious see for myself what she's like, since she's so notorious."

"And the fact that she's easy on the eyes and in all those magazines has nothing to do with it?" She struck a pose with a hand on her hips that was both aggressive and sexy.

He avoided answering that by asking, "So it's true, she's really some kind of big model?"

Hillary reluctantly nodded. She conceded, "She's hardly famous enough for people to know her name, but yeah, she's been in some magazines. Mostly in the advertisements. In my opinion, that doesn't really count!"

He was secretly amused at Hillary's catty attitude, because it was so unlike her. Clearly, Debra got under her skin in the way maybe nobody else did. "Wow. But don't worry, I'm not interested in her in the slightest. You're right, she is shallow. I can tell from one brief chat with her. Besides, she's not my type."

She gave him a very skeptical look through narrow eyes. "What's your type then? And why are you horning in on the very most beautiful girls? I noticed you were talking to nearly all blondes with ample chests! That must be your type!"

"Boy, you sure are nosy today."

"Sorry." She looked abashed, but still miffed.

He said, "I suppose it's true that most of them were blonde and busty, but you know how it is in our school. I've heard it said that about ten percent of people in the US are naturally blonde. That may be higher around here, maybe double, since this is an extremely white area, especially the Northern European type of white. But still, I'd say HALF of all the girls in this school are blonde! Lots of bottle blondes, obviously. And they're may be even more girls with boob jobs than dye jobs! Do you disagree?"

Hillary groused, "Well, I suppose you've got a point there... But still..." She was sensitive on this issue because she had brown eyes and brown hair, on the slightly darker side. She disliked the blue eyed, blonde haired "Baywatch babe" stereotypical look.

He said, "Since you're curious, I'll tell you my type. Yes, of course I love beautiful women. And busty women especially." He couldn't resist glancing down at Hillary's F-cups. "But that makes me the same as most other guys. The funny thing about all the boob jobs here though is that your breasts still are WAY larger than anybody else's!"

"That's not true," Hillary said. "I know some other girls in my general breast size range. And I'm talking attractive girls, too." She was being honest about that, but she was referring to only a handful of girls, and most of them in the senior grade that juniors such as herself or Nick had almost no contact with whatsoever.

He replied, "If that's the case then, I've love to meet them." After a well-timed pause, he added, "Kidding! Just kidding!"

She was glad about that addition, but she suspected he wasn't entirely joking. She playfully growled and shook a fist at him.

In fact, he thought she was lying or exaggerating about other girls being in her same bust range. The classes for sophomores, juniors, and seniors were generally physically separated from each other, so he'd hardly noticed what the seniors looked like yet. Certainly, none of the girls he'd been talking to had breasts as large as Hillary's.

He went on, "No, but seriously, what makes me different is that, sure, I love beauty, and I have a thing for breasts, obviously, but I want a woman who's really smart too. Outgoing. Fun. Funny. Kind. Interesting to talk to. I'm just speaking my mind as words pop into my head, but the point is, there are lots of beautiful girls in the world, even really beautiful ones, if you look enough. But not many have all that AND smarts and a great personality too. You're the whole package. So is Maggie."

He went on, "But you know who isn't? Debra! I know she's not in our Advanced Studies class, or any of our other gifted classes."

"She's not," Hillary said with surprising venom. "She's just in the regular classes. She's not smart at all."

"I gathered that. Just talking to her for a few minutes, she seems vapid and shallow. She's the very last sort of girl I'd be interested in."

Hillary said a bit huffily, "That remains to be seen. She's known for getting her way, strictly based on her beauty. Beware! She's trouble! And besides that, what's with all these OTHER beauties you've been talking to?! I've detected a pattern!"

He was slightly amused, and grinned. "Have you been spying on me?"

She said with embarrassment, "Well, kind of. I mean, not deliberately, but it's hard not to notice. If I'm not sitting next to you, you're at least usually somewhere nearby. And it was like you were going down the list of talking to the handful of the very most attractive girls. Including some busty ones. AND some beautiful, busty, AND smart ones!"

She put her hands on her hips and glared at him unhappily, like she was accusing him of cheating on her.

He thought, *Boy, this "playing hard to get" stuff really does work! She'd been kind of aloof with me yesterday, but she's singing a different tune*

today. I love how her jealousy shows she's developing strong feelings for me. This is so cool! This is HILLARY we're talking about!

He said, "I'm just trying to meet some of the people who'll be at the party on Friday night. You said that was the 'beautiful people' crowd, so I'm trying to meet them now."

She muttered under her breath, "Yeah, the very most beautiful, busty girls. And blondes!"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." She forced herself to smile, and abruptly changed the topic. "Hey! You wanna hang out at my house after school today?"

"I thought you said you were going to be doing your homework with Anushka."

"Yeah, but school's barely started. I've realized there's not that much to do, and I got all caught up yesterday. Besides, I'd love for you and Anushka to meet."

"Okay. I'd love to."

Hillary brightened. "Really?"

"Yeah, but unfortunately, not today. I've already made plans with Maggie, since you said you were busy."

"Maggie could come along too."

That sounded great to him, but he was determined to play hard to get. Besides, it seemed premature for him and Maggie to meet Anushka, and he figured that having Anushka there meant there wouldn't be any sexual fun.

So he said, "Some other time, definitely, but we already have some specific plans today, sorry."

She pouted, "Oh man, that sucks." She asked almost pleadingly, "What are you two going to do?"

"I don't know yet. But I'm sure it'll be something sexy and fun."

She let out a loud sigh, almost a growl. "I'll bet!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's just that you two do have such fun, sexy fun. I totally wish I could join in. I wish you and I were dating already, no holds barred!" Her face turned from pained to sexy and almost wicked. She lowered her voice to make sure nobody else could hear. "Remember on Tuesday, how we kept passing you back and forth over the pillow wall?"

"Yeah?" His penis started to engorge.

"Can you imagine doing that, but with your shorts off? I know I'd take my whole turn sucking your big cock, or titfucking it! Then I'm sure Maggie would do the same. I'll bet we'd wind up lying or kneeling side by side between your legs, sucking and licking you together! Would you like that?!"

"Are you kidding me?! Oh my God!" His dick had already gone completely erect, in a matter of seconds.

She asked, "What about Maggie?! Do you think she'd be into sharing you like that?!"

"I don't know. It's a weird thing to ask about, and I haven't asked. This whole thing of her wanting me to have other girlfriends is hard for me to wrap my head around. But we kind of came close. Remember when both of you were resting your breasts against my chest and I played with both of you at the same time?"

She sighed longingly. "Yeah! Boy, that was seriously hot! I was wishing so much that I could have just pulled your shorts down and gone to work on you with my mouth!" She looked around, as if she was thinking about pulling him off to some dark corner. "Are you SURE you can't spend some time with me later today? I'd make it worth your while!" She licked her lips suggestively.

He was floored. "I wish! But we can't do that sort of thing anyway, right? Isn't your situation with Anushka still unresolved?"

She sighed. "Yeah. Dammit! And I guess we should take it slow anyway. My feelings for you are so strong already, but I still hardly know you."

"Well, at least we can talk on the phone, right? I'm really looking forward to that. Believe me, I want you carnally in the worst way, but I'm totally interested in you as a person. And that is NOT a line! I mean, you're in the Advanced Studies class. How awesome is that? We're on the same

intellectual level, and it's great fun talking to you. Trust me, I'm not looking for some fling. I hope we can get serious."

She said passionately, "That's what I want too! I want a boyfriend who'll last for more than a few weeks or a month or two. You may be the one. To be honest, most of my boyfriends have been intimidated by my smarts and we didn't click in any way except for the physical attraction. I don't really fit into any social group. It's like I'm in my own little liberal, vegetarian hippie chick clique, with a membership of one. But you, you get me. And that's a big turn-on!" She flashed him a sexually hungry look that nearly knocked him over.

Her words left him speechless, especially since he was reeling with a blast of lusty desire for her.

Then she asked uncertainly, "But... do you think Maggie would let you not only date me, but even seriously date me, long-term?! Is that even possible?!"

He replied, "I don't know. I hope so. There's a lot that needs to be sorted out, and I guess we need to take things step by step and see how it goes. We're in a really bizarre situation here, with me and Maggie and you and Anushka. But I'm hopeful that if we put our heads together, we'll be able to work something out."

"God, I hope so. I'd better go now before I ravage you!"

He teased back, "You'd better go before I ravage YOU!"

She struck another sexy pose, cocking a hip and putting a hand behind her head. "Hey, don't write checks that you can't cash! Are you going to prove that to me? Are you going to make me work for it?"

But then she seemed to regain an awareness that they were in a public place and other students might be looking at her and wondering about her cheesecake pose. She lowered her arm and started to walk away. "Later! We'll talk on the phone."

"Later," he replied, though he was already talking to her back.

She hurried out of sight.

After she left, Nick concluded, *Wow, it's true. The whole get-'em-jealous-and-play-hard-to-get thing works like a charm! Hillary was practically*

ready to drag me back to her place. And the claws really came out when Debra came up. Hillary says she doesn't play the popularity game, but just the same I'll bet she's got issues with Debra since the two of them are heads and shoulders more beautiful than anybody else here. I'll bet her competitive instinct comes out with Ma as well, big time, just due to the whole "who is the fairest in the land" thing. If I'm clever, I can use that to my advantage.

I should get closer to Debra, if only to use that jealousy card some more. After all, if I'm gonna win Hillary long-term, I need to use every trick in the book. I'm just an ordinary, slightly handsome, and smart guy, and the only reason I've made any progress with her is 'cos of an outrageous scheme that could fall apart at any time. Other guys can run circles around me in pretty much every way.

Yeah, I have a much thicker than average penis, and a pretty strong sex drive. That helps a lot. But if Hillary made penis size a bare minimum requirement for her dates, she'd still have a line stretching around the block, and most of those guys are gonna be more handsome and suave than I am.

I'm a fraud! Man, that is one fact that totally sucks. I'm punching way, way above my weight just to get this far. Eventually, things are likely to fall apart. For instance, if things really work out with Hillary, eventually she's going to have to meet Ma, and then she'll find out she's my "college girlfriend!" Damn. This is unsustainable in the long-term. And yet, I'm so glad I've done this, if only 'cos it led to Tuesday! The greatest day of my life! Fucked up, I know.

But it's not all gloom and doom. I mean, Hillary was just strongly hinting about a threesome! That's too awesome to be believed! And it COULD happen! It might even be likely! I know I'm walking on a tightrope, but if I can keep things going, especially the whole fake girlfriend scheme, there's no telling what might happen! I'm gonna do every damn thing I possibly can to make my dreams come true, even if it means kind of underhanded tricks like befriending Debra. I need all the help I can get!

The day dragged, but finally school was over.

The "playing hard to get" and "make her jealous" routines were working better than Nick even knew. Hillary liked Nick a lot, but she still tended to

see him as the shy and unassuming boy she'd known from before. Their wild Tuesday seemed like an anomaly. So, while she wanted to date him to see if she could have more fun like that, she also was interested in seeing who else she might date from the crop of people at the new school. She saw no need to commit herself to him only a couple days into the school year.

She'd only recently met Spencer, but she found him very handsome and personable. Spencer was clearly interested in her too. He probably was the most desirable boy in school, and she and Debra probably were the most desirable girls in their junior grade, if not the entire high school. If Spencer wasn't interested in Debra, it seemed almost inevitable that he would want to try dating Hillary before long. It was just as likely Hillary could be Spencer's first choice.

But now Hillary was starting to think that she'd much prefer Nick over even the likes of Spencer. She was getting the feeling that if she didn't "lock up" Nick, and soon, she'd miss her chance with him, due to his sudden interest in talking to other beautiful girls. She'd dated guys like Spencer before, who were handsome, suave, charming, and fun to be with. But she ultimately found them shallow, without any deeper emotional core she could form a more lasting bond with.

Nick seemed like a totally different case. The sexual potential with him seemed off the charts. He knew she was dating Anushka and told her he was okay with sharing, which was highly unusual to begin with. Then there was the Maggie factor. If threesomes with Nick and Maggie were possible, that would be a dream come true for Hillary and leave even the likes of Spencer way behind in the dust. She'd had girlfriends and boyfriends, but she'd never been able to be intimate with both at the same time. For a bisexual like her, that seemed like the ultimate ideal sexual situation.

On top of all that, she was sincere when she told Nick that she was connecting with him in a non-sexual way too, and she could tell he felt the same way. The more she thought about it, the stronger her desire grew to have him as a serious boyfriend, and hopefully not just another flash-in-the-pan one.

Hillary considered herself a very honest and moral person, and rightfully so. She was unusually emotionally mature for her age, and strived to avoid the usual teenage psychodramas. But she was so keen to snag Nick for herself

that she did something slightly dishonest: she knew that Maggie had an open relationship with him, and was even insistent that he date other girls, but whenever she talked to other girls at school, she left the impression that he was going steady with Maggie and wasn't "on the market" whatsoever.

As a result, no other girl tried to size him up as a potential date. The general feeling was that Maggie was so far heads and shoulders more desirable than all but a very select few (such as Debra and Hillary) that it would be a waste of time for any girl to even try to tempt him.

That gave Hillary the feeling that at least she had some breathing room to develop her relationship with Nick. But she was scared that he could go on the initiative and ask other girls on a date at any time. And if he did that even just once, the word would get out and all hell would break loose. Based on his looks alone he would only have been in the middle of the pack in terms of desirable boyfriends, but thanks mostly to the fact he was dating Maggie and the resulting mysterious aura around him, all the girls now considered him a top catch, if he only was available.

As Nick's school day went on, he continued to try to meet new people. But something changed after he'd talked to Debra. Clearly, she must have told others that he was willing to talk at least some about Maggie, because whenever he talked to any new girl after that, the girl was quickly start asking him about Maggie.

He did his best to cultivate whatever mysterious aura he had by giving frustratingly incomplete and vague answers. Everyone wanted to know what Maggie saw in him, though only Debra had been brazen enough to directly ask him about that.

He noticed that none of the boys asked him about Maggie, or even talked to him much, or even gave him curious looks. Whereas he was getting more and more curious looks from girls as the day went on. He almost felt like a rock star, though only with half of the students.

If he would stop in a busy school hallway near a gaggle of girls, he was likely to hear furtive whispering about him. Once, he heard a whisper from one girl to another that wasn't quite furtive enough, "Hey! Suzie, don't turn and stare, but Nick is standing right behind you! He's the new guy who's dating that absurdly beautiful and curvy college girl!"

He didn't hear any more than that, and he couldn't see who whispered what. But just hearing that much put a smile on his face. He realized that Hillary was right, he rapidly was becoming known as "the guy who dates that hot college chick." But he was perfectly fine with that. In fact, that was the point of his fake girlfriend scheme.

Chapter 11: Second Thoughts (Thursday)

While Nick was in school, Maggie was having a very restless day. In truth, she had a general problem that she had too much time on her hands. Andy made a lot of money, and had won even more as a result of his injury, so there was no need for her to work. But he was self-sufficient most of the day, and there wasn't much for her to do.

She was an excellent cook, and she had an unusual interest in discovering and then learning how to cook foods from all over the world. She maintained a popular Internet blog about the subject, and she was working on making a book about little known but delicious exotic foods from every corner of the world.

Sometimes she wondered if she was just drifting through life, and she felt bad at how little she accomplished some days. She wasn't making much progress on her book at all, and she even had trouble maintaining interest in her blog and updating it frequently. At times, she felt like her blog, book, gardening, and her other interests were all just ways to avoid boredom. For a long time now, she'd been subconsciously looking for a dramatic break from her usual life, but she didn't know what else to do.

One result of all her free time meant she had a lot of time to think about sex. Almost from the moment she woke up, she had daydreams about her son. Most of them involved her stroking, titfucking, or sucking his unusually thick cock, with cocksucking her favorite fantasy by far. In every case, she imagined doing this while buck naked. After Nick confessed to her his powerful desire to get her naked and the reasons for it, she had started to develop a fairly powerful desire to get naked for him herself.

But her daydreams weren't limited to just those sex acts. She had lots of time, and her mind ran wild. Surprisingly, many of her fantasies involved Hillary. In fact, Hillary was almost always at least imagined to be in the same room. But sometimes she even got off on thinking of Hillary sucking or titfucking her son's cock, or, more often, them taking turns. She also found it appealing to just imagine herself and Hillary lying naked on a bed side by side, with Nick in between them and playing with both of their bodies at once.

Her feelings about Hillary were a curious thing, because she got very jealous when Nick had been kissing and playing with Hillary instead of her. Yet having Hillary there was a big reason why the overall situation was so taboo and exciting, and Hillary was so remarkably beautiful that Maggie was more than a little turned on by her. She didn't know where things were going to go in her life with the fake girlfriend scheme, but she had a hunch that threesomes were going to happen eventually, and that was an enormous turn-on.

Like yesterday, she deliberately gardened at the hottest part of the day, giving her an excuse to take an extra shower not long after lunch. Andy was in the house, as usual, but at that time he was always deep in his work, allowing her to take as long of a shower as she wanted.

Just as she subconsciously knew would happen, as soon as she started her shower, she started fantasizing about her son.

This fantasy started out with her already on her knees, completely naked and sucking Nick's cock. She, Nick, and Andy were at the breakfast table eating breakfast. Andy was busy reading a newspaper, aware of the fact that his wife was cocksucking their son even though she was unseen under the table. But Andy was paying it no mind, because in this dream world that happened every morning and was as unremarkable as eating a bowl of cereal.

At first, she didn't learn anything more about this dream world, because she was busy steadily bobbing up and down Nick's cock for a couple of minutes. She could get lost in her fantasizing for a long time just thinking about all the things she craved to do to her son's cock with her tongue and lips.

Nick had his hand in her hair, and every now and then he would stroke her head and say something like, "That's good, Ma. You're my favorite cocksucker, for sure." But he wasn't paying his full attention to her, since he was eating his breakfast at the same time.

In her dream, Maggie felt neglected and annoyed by his lack of attention, and she tried to force him to pay more notice to her by really going to town on his cock. Her dream-self was able to easily deep throat him, and she did so repeatedly. Plus, she kept her hands busy fondling his balls and stroking the lower inches of his shaft when they weren't in her mouth.

Yet Nick still hardly seemed to notice her, and he just kept on eating.

Eventually, he finished eating the pancakes he was working on, and he said, "Mmmm. That was good. Ma, can I have some more?"

She pulled her lips off his thick rod, wiped her cummy chin, and crawled out from under the table. "Sure thing, Son. How many more do you want?"

He reached out and cupped one of her huge tits from below, since she was naked and standing within reach. "Um, two's good."

She closed her eyes and shivered, because her son's every touch had an almost magical effect on her. She pinned her arms behind her back and arched her back, causing her E-cups to thrust forward.

In real life, Maggie was busy frigging her pussy as the water poured down on her. Unlike her daydream the day before, she wasn't imitating what she was imagining. Instead, this unusually vivid fantasy was playing in her mind like a movie while she relentlessly pumped her fingers in and out of her slit.

After about a minute, he dropped his hand back down and resumed, signaling that she was dismissed. She turned around in place before walking away, inspiring him to reach out and give her bare bubble butt a smack.

Andy glanced up when he heard the smack, but immediately lost interest when he realized it was just his son smacking his wife's ass. Clearly, that sort of thing happened every day, probably more than once. She liked to imagine that in this world, her son even regularly spanked her to keep her on her toes.

In her fantasy, as she walked from the dining table to the kitchen, she walked past Andy. To her surprise, she realized she was wearing extremely high heels that did wonders for her already firm ass, but she seemed to walk in them with ease. She also put her hands on her ass and confirmed that that was all she wore.

Andy put his newspaper down briefly and patted her bare ass as she walked on by. It was more of a quick touch than a full pat since she went by without slowing down. He quietly muttered, "I wish I could have me some of that."

But Nick chided him, "Pa, what have I told you about touching her? She may be your wife, but she's MY woman, and she sleeps in MY bed. Isn't

that right, Ma?"

Maggie had just reached the kitchen, but she walked back to the dining room table and stood next to her son. She thrust her bare chest forward outrageously, and said proudly, "That's right, Son."

Nick casually reached up and put his hands on her shoulders. He looked at Andy, and said, "You're never gonna have any of this. Look, but don't touch. I own every last inch of her, even her cunt." He idly ran his hands all over his mother's massive melons and then down to her pussy. He briefly slipped a finger in and out of her slit, confirming that he owned her there.

Maggie loved her son's attentions, but she wanted more. She walked to the kitchen counter and grabbed the counter edge with both hands. Then she stretched out while bending her head down below the counter, so her ass was sticking up at a greater than 90-degree angle, and her firm globes dangled down outrageously. She was on her tip-toes in her heels to raise her ass even higher.

She said, "That's right, Sport! I think that before I make some more pancakes, it's time you remind me all over again just who owns my cunt, not to mention all the rest of me. That'll remind my cheating 'husband' too just what he lost."

"Good idea, Ma!" He got up, naked from the waist down. He walked behind Maggie, put his hands on her hips, and then drove his cock all the way in her ready and wet pussy. "Mmmm!" he groaned lustily as he started to thrust in and out.

He quickly built up a very satisfying rhythm. He commented idly as he pumped, "I tell everybody that your cunt is the best! So fuckin' tight!"

"What about Hillary's?" Maggie asked.

"Oh, hers is awesome too. You know that. But she can't compare to you. It's like I always say: nothing beats being a motherfucker!"

With Nick's fat cock sawing in and out, Maggie managed to crane her head around and look back at the dining table, despite being stretched out in an obscene and difficult position. She saw Andy with his head bowed down, looking lost and sad.

The real life Maggie felt bad about that, and her daydream nearly sputtered to a halt. But she remembered how hurt and betrayed she'd felt when she

found out about Andy's cheating. Even now, two years later, it still brought her to tears sometimes. In real life, she'd never really struck back at him, and she even continued to live amicably with him in the same house. But in her fantasy, it was time for some payback.

She knew the rhythm of fucking quite well from her sexual years with Andy, and the dream now happened to match what she was doing to her pussy with her fingers, so she was easily able to imagine it was Nick fucking her pussy doggy-style.

The sheer erotic mood overwhelmed her concerns and bitterness, and before long she was back in the dream, happy to be royally fucked by her son with her husband watching.

At one point, Nick said between thrusts, "You know... All my friends... they're so jealous... They're all talking about fucking their mothers... but... but I'm the only one... only one actually doing it! ... And I've got the sexiest, bustiest mother of them all!"

He bent over, resting his upper torso against her back. That made it a bit more difficult to fuck her deeply, but it allowed him to reach down and fondle her big, dangling tits at the same time, and that's exactly what he did.

After a while, he took a breather, but he remained on top of her and deep inside her as he rested. He asked, "So, Ma, what are you gonna do today?"

"Oh, my daily exercises of course. Gotta keep in shape for my man." She winked at him. "And maybe some shopping. A little reading and cleaning too, probably. But mostly, I'll just be waiting for my well-hung son to come home and remind me a little more just who owns my cunt."

"A lot more!" he said as he resumed thrusting.

"A lot more!" she giggled. "I want you to fuck my face AND my tits later!" Her dream-self resumed churning her hips in perfect time with his thrusts.

His thick cock plunged in deeper and faster, deeper and faster, until he was ready to spurt all his cum inside her. There was no condom in the dream, so when he started to unload, she could feel his seed squirting and filling her up.

In the real world, her masturbation was reaching a peak just as she and Nick were reaching their peaks in her fantasy. As she imagined him cumming in her, a very real climax hit her.

Just as in her masturbation session the day before, this orgasm was far more powerful than any normal masturbatory orgasm she had, or even a typical orgasm when she'd had sex back with Andy. She felt like she'd been hit in the stomach, and she fell to her knees, and then slumped the rest of the way to the floor. It almost looked like she'd been shot and killed.

Fuuuuuck! she thought as she started to slowly stir. *So intense! That was too much!*

For the next couple of minutes, she remained curled on the floor as the water poured over her, trying hard to recover her breathing while trying even harder not to think about the details of her fantasy. She struggled mightily to limit her daydreams and fantasies to sex acts short of actual fucking, so the fact that this daydream had mostly been about fucking made it extra taboo, and also extra arousing. Having Andy get cuckolded like that was also very atypical, and extra arousing too.

But the details were too disturbing to be ignored. She finally sat up against the shower wall to get out of way of the water raining down, and tried to take stock.

So much for having everything under control. That was really fucked up! I can't believe that all came from my mind. And the worst part is it was a daydream when I was fully awake, and not just some sleeping dream. I could have, and should have, stopped that at any time, or at least changed things. Why was I so hard on my husband?! That's not me. I still have some feelings for him, despite everything. Maybe it's none of his business who I have sex with anymore, but at the very least, I shouldn't have blatantly disrespected him like that.

And why did I willfully fantasize about my son fucking me in the first place? Is that the future I really want? Of course not! The very question is absurd. That can NEVER happen, in any circumstance!

Maybe I should look at that as a cautionary tale instead. That's what COULD happen in some very fucked up alternate universe! And maybe something like that could happen in this universe if I don't get my shit together.

I'm just going to have to break the news to Nick. It's not his fault. To be honest, he hasn't been that bad, and he's mostly respected my boundaries. I'm the one to blame. Thanks to my overly deprived body, or something, I

can't handle just little bit of kissing, or just a little bit of anything. It's gonna be all or nothing, so nothing it must be.

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Back at school, Hillary had gotten wind of the fact that Maggie had dropped Nick off, which meant that she was going to pick him up too. As a result, Hillary made a point of sticking close to Nick when the school bell rang, and she walked with him towards where Maggie was waiting.

But when Nick got close, he could tell something was wrong. Maggie was frowning, almost scowling, and her body was thoroughly covered up. In fact, she was even wearing pants and a sweater, despite the fact that it was a warm sunny day in Southern California.

Sensing trouble, Hillary stopped a good distance away. "Uh-oh. Look at Maggie. I hope she's not mad at something."

"No, she's probably mad at me," he admitted ruefully. "I think I know what it is."

"Oh. ... Well, is it a big problem?"

"No. At least I hope not." He assumed she was having more doubts about being "Maggie" and especially about what had happened on Tuesday.

"Okay, maybe I should just leave you here then and let you two sort it out. I'll see you two tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay."

They held hands briefly, but there was no good-bye kiss. That also disappointed Nick. It looked like Hillary really wanted to kiss him, but they both knew they couldn't kiss in front of the school because Maggie was supposed to be his girlfriend, not Hillary.

He sulked over to the car, dragging his backpack down low. Seeing Maggie's face, he didn't even try for a kiss from her either, but just went around and sat in the passenger's seat. "What's up?" he asked.

"We need to talk," she said ominously. But after he got in the car, she drove off without saying any more.

He couldn't see her eyes due to the dark sunglasses she was wearing, but it didn't matter much since she was staring straight ahead at the road and hadn't even glanced over at him.

She drove about a mile, and then started to talk as she kept on driving. "As you can probably guess, there'll be no kissing today, 'extra special' or otherwise. I'm sorry I can't keep my promise."

"That's okay. I understand." He'd been thinking off and on all day about her promise to give him an "extra special kiss." He'd come up with lots of ideas on how to add the "extra special," but it was all for naught, given her mood.

"Did you at least meet three new pretty girls today?"

"I did. More than three, in fact."

"Good. I've been thinking... What happened between you and me on Tuesday was wrong. Completely wrong."

"But Ma! You seemed fine with it when you dropped me off this morning."

"I wasn't fine with it. I was feeling a lot of guilt. But I was also still feeling a bit giddy, and maybe I was looking forward to kissing you a little too much, so I wasn't thinking straight. But as the day's gone on, I've been thinking more and more about we've done to each other, and I just can't believe it. The guilt has been hitting me like a sledgehammer ever since Tuesday night. I can't do this anymore!"

Again, she wasn't willing to tell him about her dreams and fantasies. She felt she didn't have to, since she had enough justification without them.

"But Ma! You have to! You can't stop now! We're halfway there. Hillary's really intrigued in me. Your ideas paid off big today."

"Don't worry, I'm not planning on stopping. I still want to help you to win Hillary as your girlfriend. But that's the point: your girlfriend needs to be her, not me. We need to put the 'fake' back in this faux girlfriend plan of yours."

Just like the day before, her resolve had wavered between the post-coital regrets of her midday fantasy and the time she had to pick him off. She'd decided upon compromise rather than a complete halt to the sexual fun.

He asked, "So what are you suggesting?" His window was open and he stared out of it, letting the wind hit his face.

"Well, I'm not happy about it, but I suppose we can continue this charade for a little while longer. I'll still pick you up and drop you off twice a week, but I'm not gonna dress like a cheap tart anymore."

"Ma, you didn't look like a 'cheap tart.' You looked super sexy, in a classy way."

"Would you stop calling me 'Ma' right now? Every time you say that, it's like another stab to my guilty heart. I'm 'Maggie' right now. But anyway, maybe I went a little overboard with this sweater today, but in the future I'll just dress normally. Like any typical girl in your school. Can you deal with that?"

He was disappointed, but said, "Sure, whatever you want." He could see she was hurting, and he didn't want to push her, because he loved her.

"And we can kiss, even on the lips since people have seen us doing that already, but FAKE kisses. CLOSED mouths. Is that clear?"

"Yes, M-. Yes. Maggie."

"And don't try to push your luck, either. I've rediscovered my willpower, and I'll get really mad if you disobey me. On Tuesday, it was like I was on a wild roller coaster ride and there was no obvious way to get off. So I just let the nightmare go on and on, when I should have known better. But I won't allow myself to be put in that situation again. Never again!"

Nick certainly remembered he had a great time, and he couldn't see it as a "nightmare" at all. He didn't believe she saw it that way at all either. But he kept quiet.

She went on, "But the biggest thing is that I'll have to stay away from Hillary. If she hadn't been there, none of that stuff would have happened. None of it. I don't blame her, or even you really, but as long as she was there I had to stay in pretend girlfriend mode, and you and I couldn't talk freely."

"But you and she were getting along so well, I mean, as friends."

"Yeah, well, further down the line, after she's your girlfriend for sure, we can be friends then. But I need to avoid her for a while." She still looked grim, and still refused to look his way.

"Whatever you want, Ma-aggie. But what about the party tomorrow?"

"I've been thinking about that. Of course I'll still go. I made a promise, after all. But just as your fake girlfriend. No real kisses! And I expect you to be on your best behavior with me, and help run interference with Hillary."

"Okay. Whatever you want. I just want to say that I'm really grateful for everything you've done for me, and I don't want you to be uncomfortable, or guilty, or unhappy. I'll do my best." He hated saying those words, but he meant them.

She finally looked at him and smiled. "There's the good and moral boy I'm so proud of." She stared straight ahead again. "Now, one last thing. We're never, ever going to discuss what happened on Tuesday, okay? It's like it didn't happen. Understood?"

He nodded. He thought sadly, *I may not be allowed to talk about it, but I'll never forget! That'll probably be the greatest day in my entire life! Especially if she really means what she says about changing her approach. What a disaster!*

"Okay," she said, brightening up a bit, like a big load had been lifted off her shoulders. "Now, tell me, how did things go with Hillary today? And let's hear about you meeting those other girls."

Nick started to talk about that, and the two of them had a nice discussion the rest of the way home. He included discussing much of what Hillary and he discussed on the phone the night before.

Maggie was pleased to see the plan to get Hillary jealous and intrigued was working, and she gave some more useful tips to help with that. She took the long way home, and even drove in circles some, because she didn't want the talk to continue in the house. She was determined to never bring her "Maggie" life into the house.

Once they got home, Maggie turned completely into her "Margaret mode." She was even a bit cold and standoffish with him, to make sure the proper boundaries were maintained.

Alone in his room, Nick was in no mood to masturbate, like he almost always did once he got home from school. Instead, he pondered her latest words and mood swings.

He concluded, *I should be really bummed, but now that the shock has worn off, I'm not that upset. It's not surprising there would be a backlash -- things did get really wild and crazy, and she's gotta be feeling a lot of guilt. The key is that she didn't give up on the scheme altogether. There's still hope.*

And we did share a hot kiss this morning. That's after she had a full day and then some to think about what had happened.

No, things'll work out. It's just it'll take more time. I'm pretty sure she's still starving for any sexual contact, and her body loved what we did on Tuesday. I mean, she got so wild and enthusiastic so fast; she can't really go cold turkey now, can she? Once she got all hot and bothered then, it was like she had no willpower whatsoever. She completely gave in to her lust. If I could just get her that horny again, the same thing will happen. I'm sure of it!

I have to be patient. Push her a little bit, but not too much. For instance, if she wants only a closed mouth kiss, then fine, but if she opens her lips at all, I'll go all out.

Besides, lots of good opportunities should be coming up, like this party tomorrow night. I'll bet dollars to donuts that I'll get some good chances to kiss her for real there. Once I can start to kiss her, and play with her nipples too... whoa! She turns into a wild animal! It's so great. I just need to sit tight.

He sighed. Since we're in waiting mode, maybe I should get some homework done.

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The rest of his day was uneventful.

However, there was one bright spot after dinner, because Hillary gave him a phone call, just as she'd promised. He had a phone in his room and took the call there.

The time flew by. Before he knew it, they'd spoken for over an hour, yet it seemed more like ten minutes. They started off talking about less consequential things, such as happenings at school.

That gradually turned into talk about her giving an update on how news was spreading about him and Maggie. She said, "You and her definitely are a hot topic, if not THE hot topic. It's getting to the point that even the girls in the other grades are starting to ask about it. After all, it's not just kids in our grade who saw you two kissing. Everyone wants to know who she is and what she's doing at our school, like she's a movie star who came to visit to study for a film role or something."

He said, "Yeah, I noticed. People finally started asking me about it today, starting with Debra. But funnily enough, only girls."

He could hear the agitation through the phone line. "DEBRA?! UGH! I warned you, stay away from her! She's bad news!"

He said, "It was just the one time that we talked. I told you about it already, and you freaked out about it already." He chuckled. "What's the big deal? You act like she's the bastard child of Darth Vader and the devil. She's not THAT bad."

In truth, Debra wasn't really that bad, but Hillary had a skewed opinion because she saw Debra as a threat. She figured that if Nick was dating Maggie already, the vast majority of girls could be eliminated as competition. Maggie was a woman and most of the girls were just that, girls.

There were very few girls at school who could even remotely tempt him to spend less time with Maggie, and Hillary's mental list had her name on it, Debra's, and only a few others. The others generally were seniors that she was only vaguely aware of, since juniors and seniors so rarely mixed in their high school, so she wasn't very concerned about them.

Hillary growled, "Trust me, she's bad!"

He said, "Before you go off on her, I've got a question. As I said, Debra and some girls asked me about Maggie, but no guy did. And I've been getting all these looks from girls whenever I'm walking the halls. You've seen it, since you're often with me. I feel like I must have a big mark on my face, or antennae sticking out of my hair, or something. It's weird, and it was increasing as the day went on. But it was ALL from girls. No guy even gave me a second look, that I can remember. What's up with that?"

Hillary had to be careful how she answered that. She didn't want to lie to him, but she didn't want to clue him in just what a hot prospect the girls in general were considering him lately. She said, "Well, I guess that's just a big difference between the sexes. How often do you and your guy friends talk about gossip stuff?"

"That's not really a fair question, because I'm such a weirdo. For one, I don't have many guy friends. Secondly, as you know, I like talking about all kinds of different stuff, and school stuff is just one small part. But I could totally

see some guy say to some other guy, 'Hey, did you see that amazingly sexy and stacked older girl picking some dude up after school? She even made out with him and it was super hot. Who was that? And who was the lucky guy?!' And the other guy would say, 'I don't know.'"

Hillary laughed. "I'm sure that happened! That totally happened, probably a bunch of times with different guys! But here's the thing: that's where it ends. How many of those guys are going to keep asking around until they get some real answers?"

Nick replied, "I see what you mean. We're lazy that way."

"It's not just that. Us girls, we see Maggie as competition. We HAVE to know what's up with her. Think football. Imagine you're on the school football team and you think you know what everyone's skill sets are. But then one day, the quarterback is sick and even the backups are sick or not there, so some unknown walks onto the field and plays like he's in the NFL already! Then he just walks away afterwards. Every single other player would be, like 'Who the hell is THAT guy?! What's his story?! Is he going to play for us this year?!' And on and on. And they won't stop until they get answers, because it's that important to the whole team."

He said, "Yeah, I can see that. But are girls really that much more into dating intrigues? That seems like a sexist thing to say, like all they care about is finding a good man."

She replied, "It IS sexist, but the sexist problem is you guys! Meaning, men are totally focused on female looks. We notice that, because how can we not, so it becomes super important. You could be a raving beauty but have a personality like a rock - like Debra - and you'll zoom to the top of the social ladder just because of your looks, because every single guy will want to date her. So who's to blame for the sexism in that scenario, the girls or the guys?"

He said, "Okay, the guys. But in our defense, beautiful women are really hot!"

She laughed heartily at that. "Point taken! And, as a bisexual, I completely agree. And there are various reasons for that. For instance, women's sexy curves are easily seen no matter what she wears, whereas with men, the most important naughty bit is hidden away in your shorts. But let's not get too deep into the weeds there."

She continued, "One key thing is that Maggie showing up out of the blue is just like that new quarterback coming in from nowhere, because if she starts going to parties and other events with kids our age, she's going to automatically zoom right to the very top of the social ladder even if she's deaf, dumb, and blind, just because of her appearance. So it's imperative for every girl to understand what's going on with her. And questions about her quickly lead to questions about you. So all the girls are dying of curiosity about you. Maybe if they find out why she's dating you, they'll figure out why she's a big fish swimming into our little pond."

He said, "Thanks for explaining all of that. It helps a lot, 'cos I'm pretty clueless about these sorts of things. But I'm curious about one thing. You talk about Maggie like she's a threat. You even called her 'competition.' It's like you see her as a big shark more than a big fish. No?"

She answered honestly, but carefully, "In a way, yes. That would be the case with me if she was another Debra type. But luckily she's not. In fact, she's the exact opposite. I'm getting to know her, and she's a total delight. I really want to be good friends with her, and I feel that's starting to happen. Sexually, with you, I do see her as competition, but in a good way, a friendly competition. Remember, she not only wants you to date me, she's practically insisting on it! How can I get mad at that?"

"True," he said.

"Seriously, this is a very unusual situation. I'm hoping we can work something out so that she and I can both date you together. Maybe even together together, if you know what I mean."

"I'm not sure. Can you clarify?" He was starting to get aroused, and his dick was engorging.

"For instance, wouldn't it be cool if you could take us to a dinner and a movie? I don't mean to do that with her one night and me the next, but take us together! As we sit in a fine restaurant, we'd talk and flirt together, and maybe even play footsie under the table. Then we'd go to the movie theater, and as soon as we sit there in the dark, with you in the middle, things would get HOT! You'd make out with one of us, and then the other, back and forth! Meanwhile, we'd undo your zipper and whip your big cock out! Then, while you're still French kissing, say, Maggie, and knowing you, getting her topless in front and playing with her big tits-"

"That goes without saying," he joked. His dick was already fully engorged. Since he was alone in his room and sitting against the backboard on his bed, he pulled his shorts down and started to stroke his new boner.

She chuckled. "Of course! Anyway, while you two are busy with that, I'd bend over - we'll have to pick only movie theaters that have movable armrests. Key! Anyway, I'll bend down until I've got your fat knob in my mouth, and I'll suck on it with abandon!"

He joked, "My 'fat knob?' Are you talking about the doorknob collection I carry around in my pockets?"

She laughed. "You're weird! But I like it! No, you know the knob I'm talking about. The one you probably have in your hand right now."

There was a long pause. He wasn't sure what to say to that.

"A-ha!" she exclaimed. "Silence equals a confession!"

"No it does not," he weakly protested.

"Relax! What do you think I'm doing? Yesterday, I talked to you on the phone from the living room, but tonight I got wise and I'm in my bedroom. I'm sitting up on my bed, right next to where the 'pillow wall' used to be, right where you were lying on top of me, grinding your big fat cock into me, right through your damn shorts! And playing with my breasts and kissing the hell out of me besides! Do you remember?!"

"How could I forget?! Good grief! What are you wearing?"

"I'm a nudist! Don't tell me you've forgotten that. Us nudists are naughty. When we start talking to some well-hung, handsome, and fun young guy, and he talks us into sharing our sexy fantasies about threesome dating, there's nothing that stops us from masturbating too! In fact, right now, my fingers are poking into some very naughty places while I wish I was talking to you on speaker phone!"

"Switch then! I will too!"

"Okay, hold on!"

After a short pause, both of them came back on the line with both hands free. He also took the time to talk his clothes all the way off.

She said, "That's better. You there?"

"I am! Much better! What are you doing now?"

"I'll tell you if you tell me first. You DO admit you're masturbating, don't you?"

"Hell, yeah! Guilty as charged!"

"Tell me about it then!"

"There's not much to tell," he said. "Guys aren't very physically complicated. Basically, I'm jacking off!"

"Oh, come on! You've gotta be more descriptive than that. If you can get me worked up, we can do this phone sex thing whenever we want."

He suddenly felt shy and uncertain. "I don't know. I've never tried phone sex with anyone before. I don't really know how to do it."

"What about with Maggie?"

"She lives a stone's throw away," he said, referring to the cover story of her living in the bungalow behind the house. "If we want to get it on, we can do it in person."

"Good point. Damn. But give it a college try anyway. I know you. You get super, super horny. Just let your lust flow and say whatever comes naturally."

"Okay. I'll try. I can't really think of how to describe my jacking off though. I mean, you know how it works. Now that we're on speaker phone, I've got one hand rubbing near the top of my boner, what I call the sweet spot."

"Oooh! I know that spot! I love that spot! I love rubbing it with two fingers on one side and my thumb on the other. In your case, my hand might not even be big enough! But you should see what I do with my lips!"

He was going wild stroking himself. He panted, "Do you like to suck cock?"

"Like it?! I LOVE IT! I could never be a full lesbian, because I love a curvy woman as much as you do, but I've gotta have cock! And not just a plastic dildo, but the piping-hot, fleshy, throbbing real thing! There's nothing like stretching my lips around a really fat one, caving my cheeks in, and going to work! But tell me more about you! What's your other hand doing?!"

He groaned unhappily, because he wanted to hear more about her sucking passion instead of having to explain what he was doing. He thought jacking off was boring to describe. But he tried his best anyway. "Um, usually when I'm doing this, I keep the one hand rubbing my sweet spot the whole time, and then the other hand kind of freelances. Sometimes I fondle my balls or rub up around my cockhead, but usually I'm stroking the rest of my shaft in some way."

"So you always jack off with two hands then?" She sounded eager, even breathless.

"Yeah, usually."

"That's because your cock is so huge that it NEEDS two hands! Isn't it?! Is it as big as ever?! And stiff?! And alive?!"

"It is! God, it's so big and stiff! And it's because I'm thinking of you! In fact, instead of talking about me, I'd rather talk about you. and what I'd do if I was in the room with you, playing with every inch of your naked body!"

"Okay! Totally! Let's do that! You see? You're really good at this phone sex stuff. I knew you would be, because you're a smart and articulate guy. But before we get onto that, let me finish telling you how the rest of our threesome date would go!"

"All right! I love it!"

She continued, with the lust obvious in her panting voice, "Like I said, there we would be, in the darkness with you making out with Maggie and me with my face buried in your crotch! Gaaaawwwwd! I want to suck your cock so bad! I talked to Anushka about it today and she's still resistant, but I'm working on it. I'll tell you about that later. But anyway, I WILL get to suck your cock before long, I just know it, and I hope Maggie will be right there with me! You'll put your hand on my head and stroke my long straight hair down my back as my head keeps bobbing up and down, up and down!"

"God, that's so hot!" he exclaimed, breathing heavily.

"It is! I've gotta do my best, because I know Maggie is right there. I know she's going to spend half the movie sucking your cock too, and she's such a fucking sexy babe, I have to do my best to keep up with her! See? That's what I was talking about earlier about my feelings for her. Competition, but friendly competition!"

"I see," he said. "How would that compare if you were sucking my cock with Debra?"

She growled, "That would be VERY different, because if you made me do that, I would rip your cock off, shove it down her throat, and then stomp out of there!"

"Whoa! Note to self: cancel plans for the joint movie date with Hillary and Debra tomorrow night."

She laughed, but then said, "You ARE joking, aren't you?"

"Of course!"

"Good! Things were so wild on Tuesday that it seems you're capable of anything. But anyway, let's stop talking about Debra because that's threatening to kill my good erotic buzz."

"Sure. Let's get back to the 'friendly competition' between you and Maggie on our movie date. That sounds really hot!"

"It is! Like I said, I would do everything in my power to pleasure your cock with my lips and tongue! I love sucking on a really fat one, like yours! GOD! If it was yours, I could suck on it forever! There are just so many ways to suck, you know? And with both hands too! Holding your shaft, and stroking it, and playing with your balls too!"

He groaned lustily. "Oh my God! I can't wait! It sounds like you truly love to suck cock!"

"I do! You lucky son of a bitch! If you get me as a girlfriend, thank your lucky stars, because not only do I look like I do, but I fucking LOVE SEX! Every sex act there is, except for some of the really weird stuff! But sucking cock is one of my favorites! I can't even IMAGINE what it'll be like to suck yours!"

Just then, Nick heard something strange that sounded like a thump nearby. He said, "Wait! Wait a sec!" He froze his masturbating hands and paused to listen carefully.

"What is it?" Hillary asked. "Don't stop me now, I'm on a roll! I've got my fingers pumping in and out of my tight, hot slit, and I'm pulling on a nipple, and I'm totally close to cumming!"

He said, "Never mind. I thought I heard something fall or something, but It was just my imagination. Please do go on!" He resumed jacking off.

He was too worked himself to seriously listen to what startled him, but there really had been a loud thump. And it was caused by his mother banging her elbow against his door!

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After dinner, Nick had helped his mother do the dishes. While they were in the kitchen together, he mentioned that he expected Hillary to call him soon, and how much he was looking forward to it. She hadn't said much in return, because she didn't want to cross from Margaret into Maggie territory, but she definitely took note.

Later on, curiosity got the best of her and she walked by the closed door to his room to try to find out if she'd heard any sounds of a phone call conversation. She did, but she didn't want to be nosy and left them be.

Then, nearly an hour later, curiosity got her again and she returned to the hallway just outside his door to see if the phone call was still going on. Not only was that the case, but by luck they had just started in on the phone sex portion of the call. She couldn't hear the words being said, but there was something about his tone of voice that tipped her off that the conversation was very sexual.

Again, curiosity won out and she put her ear to the door. That is a much more effective technique than most people realize. Like magic, she suddenly could hear the words being spoken. She told herself she shouldn't eavesdrop, but she was hooked. She happened to join right when Hillary mentioned his "fat knob" and he joked about his collection of doorknobs in response. Less than a minute later, Hillary and him switched to speaker phone mode, and he'd turned the volume up for good measure, so she got an ever clearer account of both sides of the conversation, hooking her in even more.

She had tried to stay calm and collected as she listened in, but even though she'd told him that afternoon they had to go back to just fake kisses and a very limited fake girlfriend arrangement, she hadn't been able to turn off her lusty feelings like switching off a light. She'd continued to spend much of the rest of the day lost in incestuous daydreams, with cocksucking still her most favorite scenario.

As a result, when she heard Hillary talking about her own passion for cocksucking, she just about flipped out. She tried to avoid playing with herself as well as forcing herself to keep her breathing quiet, but it was like torture having to keep her hands still. She had missed the earlier part of the conversation where Hillary started talking about her fantasy of going on a threesome dinner and movie date, but Hillary had returned to that topic and made clear mentions so Maggie could catch up with what she'd missed.

Maggie simply couldn't believe it. It was as if Hillary had reached right into her brain, pulled out one of her favorite fantasies, and then explained it in detail out loud. It was so very arousing for her that she simply couldn't control herself and she decided to start to masturbate, forgetting all about her rule to only be "Margaret" at home. It was when she'd hastily started to move her head from near her ear down to her crotch that she'd actually bumped her elbow against the door. She'd frozen, petrified in fear as she heard her son say, "Wait! Wait a sec!" She'd held her breath like it was a life or death matter until the phone sex resumed and she realized she was in the clear.

Far from being doubly careful after that close call, she still brought her hand to her pussy mound and began rubbing. However, she only rubbed through her dress and panties, so she could flee at a moment's notice without looking compromised.

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The phone sex continued, with Nick still totally oblivious that his mother was listening in, with an ear still to his door.

After he said "Please do go on!," Hillary said, "In my fantasy, and I hope in real life, I think Maggie and I would switch, oh, about every five minutes or so. We wouldn't want to switch too much, because every time we'd duck our head down or lift our heads back up, that's a lot of herky jerky motion that someone else in the theater might notice."

He asked, "Aren't you worried about getting caught?"

"Oh, totally! But that danger is part of the fun. It's like going to a horror film. You want to get scared! Besides, what's the worst that could happen? Some geeky teen employee would come in, shine a flashlight on us, and say in a still cracking voice, 'You can't do that! We got a complaint!' Or

something like that. And then we'd hightail it out of there and have even more sucky fun at home!"

He was panting heavily again. "It sounds like you've done this before. Have you?"

"No! I wish! I would love to. It's been one of my favorite fantasies, even without the Maggie part. Having her there too makes it, like, ten times hotter! But the problem is, I've never been with a guy I like enough, and trust enough, to do that with, not to mention him having the balls to actually do it. But, after what happened with you and Maggie on Tuesday, I get the feeling that it's the sort of thing that we really could do! A lot! We could do all sorts of things! To be honest, I would be too scared to do that on my own, unless I was drunk or high, maybe. But with her and me, I'm pretty sure that would give me way more courage! We could totally do it, for real!"

There was a pause, with just the sound of her panting hard. Then she asked, "Or could we?! What do you think?"

"I don't know!" he said honestly. "Maybe. It's so hard to say, because I feel like we're at the threshold of something big, a kind of threesome relationship where ANYTHING is possible!"

"I feel that too! Oh my God! So much! It's such a RUSH, just thinking about it! But let me finish telling you about our dream date. I've only started sucking you off. Are you ready for Maggie's turn?"

"Yes, please!"

She laughed. "Okay, here we go! Like I said, I bob on you for about five minutes. Eventually, Maggie gets all antsy. She loves kissing you, and the way you twist her nipples - don't think I haven't noticed her extreme reaction whenever you do that! But that's not enough! She NEEDS your cock! So she urgently taps the top of my head, even as you're still stroking my hair, until she gets my attention."

She kept on, "I don't want to be rude, so I pull my head back. I'll have a bottle of water or something nearby to clean my mouth out. Within seconds, I'll be making out madly with you, while Maggie dives down, takes your entire fat knob in her mouth, and starts bobbing like the gloriously sexy and

radiantly beautiful bombshell babe that she is! And when I say your 'fat knob,' I am NOT talking about your doorknob collection!" She laughed.

Maggie had been keeping a hand by her ear to help eavesdrop, but as Hillary started to describe Maggie's cocksucking turn in great detail, she had to bring that hand to her mouth and bite down on it to prevent herself from making too much noise. Luckily, just keeping her ear against the door was enough for her to continue hearing the phone call, because she desperately needed her other hand to diddle her clit and pussy through her clothes.

The phone sex didn't end there by any means. In fact, it went on and on. Hillary described a couple more sucking rounds in her fantasy date, then asked Nick to take over, because she was becoming far too horny to keep talking.

He was too horny for storytelling too, so he announced he was going to cum, and then resume the story immediately thereafter. That's exactly what happened. Normally, he came into an old sock or pillowcase, but with Hillary listening in, he thought that would sound like a lame thing to do. So he came into his bare hand instead. They spend the next couple of minutes talking about that, and Hillary got so worked up that she had a big climax of her own.

With the phone sex so inspiring, he more or less stayed erect. That also was in keeping with his usual tendency to "cum in twos." A few minutes later, he was as stiff as a board again, yet calmer, so he was able to take over describing their fantasy date. He continued it much as before, with cocksucking as the focus, but he added his own personal touch to it. Namely, he wanted both Maggie and Hillary to get completely naked. And since he was in charge of the narration, that's exactly what happened.

Hillary complained that was too dangerous, too unrealistic. But he was very insistent, so she acquiesced. Before long, she got so caught up in the story that it seemed really real, including the "fact" that she and Maggie were buck naked and still taking turns sucking his cock.

He varied that up though, with them sometimes licking his shaft together, and also sometimes taking turns titfucking him.

Hillary thought his account was great. In fact, it was the most arousing phone sex she'd ever taken part in. He had a key secret weapon though,

because just having Maggie there more than doubled her arousal, exactly the same as in real life. She went in great detail to how she and Maggie would lick his shaft as one while he ran his hands all over their totally nude bodies. Unlike what happened on Tuesday, there were no rules or restraints, so in the fantasy she had Nick repeatedly finger them to climax, usually while he had a finger in each of their slits at the same time.

The phone sex went on and on, for over half an hour. In the fantasy, they were still in the middle of their movie theater adventure when Nick unexpectedly climaxed in real life. He came into his hand again, and it was incredible.

But, unfortunately, after that he was too sexually satiated to get erect again. Hillary was wiped out, both physically and mentally, and she'd had several nice orgasms too. So it seemed like a good time to end the phone call.

As the call was winding down, he said, "That was such fun. Phone sex rocks!"

"It does!" she gleefully agreed. "And you're really good at it."

"Maybe so, but you're like the Olympic champion. I just wish we could do something like that in real life! And soon!"

"Hang in there! The more I get to know you, the more excited I get about sharing you with Maggie. And it's so cool that you don't mind sharing me with Anushka. I really appreciate that. She PROMISED me that she'd let me date guys! And that doesn't just mean holding hands. Now, she's backtracking a bit. She says I should go slow with you. But I don't want to go slow! I'll talk to her again tomorrow. If I keep pushing, I'm sure she'll come around."

He said, "Okay, do what you can. But I don't want you to break up with her on my account. I'd feel bad about that."

"Don't worry, that's not going to happen. She and I have a very special thing going on. She's really extraordinary and worth going the extra mile for. When you see her, you'll see what I mean." She giggled. "Boy, will you like her!"

"What do you mean by that?!"

"Let's just say she makes me look flat-chested!"

"Are you kidding me?!"

"Okay, it's an exaggeration, but you'll see. And she's great on the inside and the outside. And before you ask, she's lesbian, not bisexual."

"Oh, drat!"

She laughed. "Ha! I know you! You're already thinking about fucking HER tits. Sorry, that door is closed, you cheeky cad!" She giggled some more. "But at least she'll be awesome eye candy for you. Anyway, I should get going. I'll see you at school tomorrow. And tomorrow night is the party, so you'll actually get to meet her!"

"Great. I'm looking forward to it."

"I know you are. Just promise me you won't drool all over her."

"I'll be too busy drooling all over you."

She chuckled. "You really are a charmer. It's weird talking to you about hotties like Maggie and Anushka, but it's fun too. Since I'm bisexual, I get just as worked up thinking about their gorgeous faces, enormous bosoms, thin waists, wide hips, long legs, and all the rest."

"Let's not forget their asses," he said gleefully.

"Good point. Boy, you should see Anushka's ass. I kind of wish she was bisexual, so I could watch you strip her naked and run your hands all over her like you do to Maggie. But we should definitely go before we both get all worked up again."

"Awwwww...."

"Behave!" She laughed again. "See you tomorrow."

Their phone call finally came to an end after a little more good-bye small talk.

Maggie had been listening the entire time, and masturbating nearly all the while too. She had struggled with all her might not to cum, for fear of being overheard and caught. That fear was so great that she had managed to stay remarkably quiet.

But as soon as the call ended, she rushed down the hall to her room. She had been forced to masturbate through her dress the whole time, mostly because the dress was heavy and went all the way down to her ankles. But

once she reached her bed, she stripped naked, closed her eyes, and let loose with an epic climax. Even then, she had to bite down on her hand so she wouldn't scream her lungs out loud enough for her son to hear her and come investigate.

Yet as big as that orgasm was, it was just the warm-up for her. She spent most of the rest of the next hour writhing nude on her bed, playing with her nipples, clit, and pussy while letting her own fantasies run wild. She loved Hillary's fantasy threesome date idea so much that she basically just rewound that story to the beginning, back to the dinner part she'd missed overhearing, and then retold it in her mind with even more explicit detail. She spent a good portion of that plunging four bunched up fingers in and out of her mouth, since so much of the fantasy was blowjob-focused, and that was the best physical simulation she could come up with without the use of any sex toys.

When she was finally done, worn out and sexually satiated, she felt a little bit guilty. But surprisingly, those feelings weren't that strong. She justified to herself, *Sure, I shouldn't have eavesdropped like that. It was unethical. I can't do it again. But I did learn a lot, so that's good. And if my "pressure value" lust theory is true, this actually was healthy for me.*

That theory was that since she was totally sexually abstinent for the last two years, a great amount of sexual energy had been repressed deep inside her and needed to come out. She was like an overinflated tire, on the verge of bursting. By that theory, the logical solution was to release that energy through lots of powerful sexual experiences and especially orgasms. If she could do enough of that, her feelings could return to normal and she'd be able to control herself whenever her son tried to kiss her and otherwise play with her body.

It was a good theory if she was an overinflated tire, but she was a human being. In fact, the more she fantasized and climaxed to thoughts about sucking her son's cock, the more she longed to do it in real life.

Overhearing Hillary on the phone did give her valuable information, but the main thing she learned was that Hillary was really excited to suck Nick's cock, and was possibly even more excited to do that in a threesome situation with Maggie taking part. This made Maggie feel more like Hillary was an ally instead of possible competition. But it also greatly increased her

own desire for threesome action like that, most especially if it could take place in a movie theater.

Thanks mostly to his phone call with Hillary (which ended up being almost two hours long, including all the phone sex), he ended the evening feeling a lot more hopeful, despite the bad news of Maggie wanting to take a step back and putting the "fake" back into their fake girlfriend scheme. He saw the situations with Hillary and Maggie as increasingly intertwined. If things went well with Hillary, and the phone sex was a particularly great sign for that, he had a feeling Maggie would feel more pressure to get more sexually intimate with him, instead of backing off, as the hand-off plan was actually supposed to work.

Just before going to sleep, he had another pleasant and prolonged masturbation session, with thoughts of Maggie and Hillary taking turns bobbing on his cock in a dark movie theater foremost on his mind. As he so often did, he stayed erect after his first orgasm, and kept going until he climaxed a second time.

He couldn't wait for tomorrow, and especially the party tomorrow night.

Chapter 12: Bathroom Hijinks (Friday)

All was normal again on Friday morning. It wasn't one of the agreed days for "Maggie" to take Nick to school, so he had to bike instead.

All through breakfast, Maggie kept looking at Nick strangely. With Andy there eating breakfast too, she couldn't say or do anything that even hinted at her new "Maggie" side. But that didn't stop what she could think about.

Her head was still spinning from thoughts about the phone sex she'd eavesdropped on last night. What frustrated her to no end was that she wasn't supposed to listen in, and nobody knew that she did, so she couldn't talk to Nick about it or anything she learned from it.

Even as she acted like the typical suburban mother preparing breakfast for her family and then eating it together, in her mind she was far away most of the time. She was in the movie theater of Hillary's fantasy, buck naked like Hillary and taking turns bobbing on her son's cock. That was such an exciting and tempting world that the real, mundane world of the family breakfast seemed deadly boring to her.

It didn't show, except for her frequent strange looks directed to her son, but she was having a much harder time going back to "Margaret mode" that she let on.

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At school, Nick and Hillary had a very nice time together. As now had become norm, they sat next to each other in nearly all their classes, and usually walked with each other from class to class.

He was pleasantly surprised to see Hillary wore a low-cut blouse instead of one of her usual rock and roll themed T-shirts. The blouse showed off a great deal of cleavage while remaining decent, because it was fairly conservative everywhere else. She also wore a short skirt instead of her usual jeans or shorts (depending on the weather). He took this as a sign she was trying a little harder to get and keep his interest. At least, he hoped it was for him.

His plan to meet more new classmates, and especially meet more of the exceptionally beautiful schoolgirls, was put on the backburner for the day,

at least. He did meet a few new classmates, briefly, but he was spending most of his time between classes with Hillary, so he didn't get much of a chance.

He felt like he'd bonded even closer with Hillary thanks to their long phone call the night before, especially due to the phone sex part. He surmised she felt the same by the way she seemed eager to stick with him during their free time.

Also, there was even more of a sexual spark between them. It was clear they both could feel it. But that was a very tricky thing, because they weren't supposed to show it at all. As a result, both of them were increasingly forced to live a double identity, just like Maggie/Margaret. In school, they had to be on their best behavior. Just to be on the safe side, they didn't dare flirt with each other at all, for fear of that spark getting ignited and soon burning out of control somehow.

But they both knew how the other one felt, and their desire for each other was off the charts. Even though they couldn't show it or express it, that lusty feeling underlaid everything they did and caused even the non-sexual part of their relationship to deepen and grow much faster.

They sat together at lunch. However, they shared a lunch table with a lot of other people, so they didn't get a chance to talk in private.

Unfortunately for Nick, Spencer was there at lunch once again. Nick was starting to get worried about this trend. Spencer was a nice and polite guy, but the way he kept showing up around Hillary had to be more than coincidence. Nick didn't know much about Spencer yet, but he clearly was some kind of "golden boy" from a wealthy family. His face was remarkably handsome, with a startling resemblance to a young Robert Redford. He was taller than Nick, more muscular, more athletic, more charismatic, more amusing, and seemingly more everything else.

Nick realized he would have to fight to win and keep Hillary. Spencer had every advantage. Nick felt like a fraud who couldn't possibly compete. The only advantage he felt he had was the intrigue created by his fake girlfriend relationship with Maggie. How long would that keep Hillary away from someone like Spencer?!

All through the day, Nick got lots of curious glances, mostly from girls. After he and Hillary sat at a lunch table, Spencer and others came until

every seat was taken. Then, one of the girls, Megan, who seemed to be one of Hillary's new friends, said to him, "Nick, okay, it's time to spill the beans. It seems everyone in school today is talking about your college girlfriend. I haven't seen her myself. Who is she? What's her deal?!"

He answered all the questions Megan and the others had about that - and there were a bunch of follow-up questions. But he'd started to see the value in cultivating a "mystery man" image, so he kept his answers relatively short and vague. When was pressed for details about Maggie especially, he was particularly frustrating, usually saying he couldn't say much without getting her okay first.

Far from putting the issue to rest, he sensed his answers would only increase the general curiosity about himself and especially Maggie. He figured that was a good thing. He hoped more and more of his fellow students would watch him and Maggie kiss when she picked him up or dropped him off from time to time, and his social standing would continue to rise as a result.

He wondered what Spencer thought about all the Maggie talk. He figured that Spencer was looking to date the very most desirable girls in school, almost like it was his due. So Nick figured that Spencer put Maggie on some sort of list to at least look over. But Nick figured he'd get the last laugh since Spencer had no chance of getting anywhere with her.

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At the end of the school day, Hillary found a private moment to talk to Nick as they walked together to the bike racks. "You're still going to the party tonight, right?"

"Of course."

"And Maggie?"

"Sure. She'll be there." He'd already briefly explained that he'd smoothed things over with Maggie the day before. He'd also told her that this wasn't one of the days that Maggie would pick him up, which was why they were both headed to the bike racks.

"Excellent. Oh, by the way, I decided I'd rather not invite Anushka to the party. Is that okay?"

"Sure. But is there any reason why?"

She looked around to make sure no one could overhear. "It's just that I'm just starting to get to know people at this school. So few transferred here from our old school that I don't think the word has gotten out that I'm bisexual yet, and I like it that way."

"What? But you never tried to hide it at our old school."

"I'm not trying to hide it; I don't want to advertise it just yet. I want to get to know people as just 'Hillary,' and not 'Hillary the bisexual.' I don't want to get pigeonholed and shunted off to the LGBT crowd."

"The what?"

She rolled her eyes. "The gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered clique. In a few weeks, I'll let the word spread slowly. That's better than dropping it like a bomb by having Anushka at the party."

"That makes sense, I guess."

She was being truthful, but she also failed to mention the fact that she still wasn't completely sure of her relationship with him, and she wanted that sorted out before she introduced him to Anushka. She liked Nick a lot, and felt a sexual chemistry with him, but getting full permission from Anushka to date him was a big deal. Anushka was highly protective of her, and likely to test him.

Hillary was mindful of the fact that she'd only effectively known him in a significant way for a matter of days, since her earlier relationship with him was little more than that of any other two students in the same class. She figured the better she knew him, and the stronger their bond, the more likely he'd "survive" his first Anushka encounter. If he could put on a really good impression, maybe he could even get the permissions both Hillary and he wanted so very much. She sensed the time wasn't ripe yet.

She looked around, and then said with a naughty smile, "You know, we've been talking for so long that most everyone has left already. What say we go behind those trees over there and make out for a while?"

"Isn't that dangerous?" he asked. "What if we get caught?"

"Yes, yes it is," she said with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Not nearly as dangerous as getting your cock sucking in a movie theater though, and I hope we can do that someday soon! Come on! What are the odds of getting

caught by anyone, much less by someone who would know enough to make a deal out of it?"

He looked all around. There still were some other students milling about. "I don't know..."

She lowered her voice to a seductive purr. "I'm not saying we should make a habit out of it, but just this once! Please?! I'm so horny for you after the phone sex last night!"

He didn't want to be seen as unadventurous or uncool. He thought, *Come on! To win Hillary and keep her, I have to rise above who I am and be a better man. A braver man, for sure. How many times have I told myself I would do literally anything to get her? This is a chance to prove that you mean it!*

He said, "Well, okay. But those trees aren't safe enough. Got any better ideas?"

She looked all around again, and frowned. "Unfortunately, no. Not an ideal place. I'll work on it. But, for now, one of the bathrooms will do. Come on!" She took his hand and started leading him back to the main school building.

He let go of her hand for fear others would see that and suspect they were a couple. But he allowed her to lead him along. As they walked, he asked her, "Are you serious?!"

"Dead serious. A horny Hillary is a force to be reckoned with. That's a good tidbit to remember!" She walked faster.

He hustled to keep up with her. He asked, quietly, "Which one?! I'm a guy and you're a girl, you know!"

She turned her head his way and raised an amused eyebrow. "Oh, really? I didn't notice." She giggled.

As they headed back into the building, it was mostly empty already but there were still a few stragglers on their way out.

She whispered to him, "Come on! Upstairs! Nobody will be using one of those bathrooms at this point. It'll be fine. Trust me."

He had a lot of reservations, and his heart was thumping hard with worry and fear. But he sucked up his issues and forced himself to be brave. He

was driven on by his lust and even love for his long-time obsession. (Or, more accurately, one of his two obsessions.)

The upper floor looked to be completely abandoned already. They went right into the girl's bathroom.

Once they were inside, he looked and saw that nobody else was there. He asked, "Okay, I've gotta know: why the girls' room?"

"I gave that a lot of thought the whole way here," she replied. "If someone stumbles upon us, who would you rather it be, a girl or a guy? Consider we might be in a state of partial undress. Besides, the girl's room is way cleaner."

"There is that," he muttered.

While she was talking, she had kicked open the doors to each of the stalls, just to double check nobody was there. Once she was sure they were alone, and while still standing in the middle of the main room, she pulled her blouse over her head.

His eyes bugged out. He'd been too nervous to get aroused yet, but his penis suddenly started to engorge. He asked, incredulously, "'We MIGHT be in a state of partial undress?!'"

She smirked impishly. "Admittedly, the odds of that happening are much higher if we start out that way. Come on! Into the stall!"

He followed her into the furthest stall from the main door. They both had their backpacks full of books. After closing the stall door, there was one hook on that door where one could hang a backpack. They carefully managed to hang both their backpacks on the same hook, since they didn't want to touch the floor or have any of their possessions touch the floor.

Then Hillary unzipped one of her backpack pouches and stuffed her blouse in it. Her bra came off after that and she put the bra in there too.

Nick kept all his clothes on. He stared at Hillary in total disbelief. Naturally, his gaze was locked on her fully exposed F-cups. "Just what are we doing here?! This seems to be going beyond mere kissing!"

She asked back, "What are you allowed to do without Maggie there?! Anushka just has the one restriction on me, but it's a really big one, that I

can't play with your cock." She pouted as she stared at the bulge in his shorts.

He said, "Maggie has made clear that she's fine with me doing anything with you, even if she's not there. It's really up to me. My only concern is that she says one thing and maybe means another. But I think we'll be good if we stick to the Anushka restriction."

"Damn! I really hate that restriction!" She held her arms out to hug him and closed the gap between him.

He let her hug him, but said "Wait!" He didn't put his arms around her as well, at least not yet. "What's her restriction on where I can touch you?"

"She didn't specify," Hillary said. "I think she figures 'no cock' covers it. Titfucks, blowjobs, fucking - all my favorite things - are ruled out."

"True. But what if you get completely naked? There's no rule against me fingering you to orgasm, is there?"

She bit her lip and looked around. "Damn! This is getting better and better, but also riskier! And I don't want to touch the walls. Can we manage that somehow?"

"Sure. Put your other clothes in your pack too, and then we can lean against the packs to make sure we don't touch any of the walls.

Her eyes lit up with a new fire, like she was a hungry wolf and he was a raw steak. She said, "You just went way up in my book! To think I was thinking you were a bit of a scaredy-cat, but now you're the one pushing the envelope!" She bent over and started pulling her short skirt and panties down her legs.

He used both hands to help her stay standing so she could do that without touching any of the walls. He said, "I'm not against playing around, not at all. It's just that one has to be smart about it. The trees idea wasn't smart."

She said as she still worked her skirt off, "I know, but I'm just so horny for you that I wasn't thinking straight! That phone sex last night was the best ever! It's made me soooooo needy to suck your cock especially! I had a hard time concentrating in class all day. All I could think about was kneeling naked with Maggie nude at my side, and the two of us taking turns bobbing and slurping on your cock for hours! And I couldn't even tell you a word about it. So frustrating!"

She finished taking her skirt and panties off, and even quickly reached beyond where Nick stood to the backpack behind him and hastily stuffed the clothing items in it. When she finished, she announced, "There!" She wrapped her arms around him again.

He returned her embrace this time, but he also whispered, "Ssssh! I know the school has emptied out by now, but we should keep it down just to be on the safe side."

"You're right," she whispered back. "It's just that I'm so excited! I've never done anything like this before!"

"Never?" he asked as he brought his hands down to her bare ass cheeks and started to fondle them. He gloried in the feel of her enormous boobs pressing against his chest.

She pulled his shirt up to his armpits, so she could enjoy more skin-on-skin contact. "Never," she repeated.

"But you've had lots of boyfriends. And girlfriends."

"True, but like I told you, short term and not that serious. It's funny, because I got fucked by them, and not you yet, and we've been 'going out' an even shorter time than any of them, if we could be said to be going out at all. And yet you're the first one I feel comfortable enough with to do something daring like this. Now, shut up and kiss me!"

Their heads came together and they started to madly make out.

But that was just part of the action. Hillary couldn't do what she really wanted to do, which was hold his cock and stroke it, at least. But she slipped her hands into the back of his shorts, and under his underwear, and began caressing his ass cheeks.

At the same time, he was wishing his hands could be everywhere at once. He wanted to stimulate her ass, pussy, and tits especially. He'd gotten started on her ass, but he'd never touched her pussy directly before, and he wanted to make her cum, hopefully more than once. So in less than a minute, he switched one of his hands to her pussy mound.

In fact, he'd never touched any pussy in his life, but he didn't want her to know that, since the cover story was that he and Maggie were already fucking. He had no choice but to act like he'd "been there, done that," and

knew exactly what he was doing. He winced, but bravely poked a finger into her slit right away.

He hadn't been prepared for what an intense feeling that would give him. He suddenly felt dizzy, almost enough to swoon. It was a heady rush simply to know that he actually had a finger in the pussy of the woman of his dreams! (One of two dream women, at any rate.) Furthermore, he was amazed at the sheer physical sensation. He felt like some kind of sea creature, maybe a sea anemone or even a clam, had sucked his finger into its grasp and wouldn't let go.

But he loved it. In a matter of moments, he pushed a second finger in. Then he started pumping those two fingers in and out.

Hillary broke the kiss and stared into his eyes with wide-eyed wonder. She quietly exclaimed, "Oh my dear God! Nick! That feels soooooo good! This is my best idea ever! I don't even care if we get caught! So worth it already!" She chuckled at that.

Then she panted, "It makes me think of you fucking me! I can't wait until those two fingers are replaced by your one massive, thick cock! You're gonna split me in two!" She brought a hand from his ass to the back of his head and unexpectedly French kissed him with even more fervor.

He was so overwhelmed by her lusty assault that he staggered backwards. Luckily, their two backpacks were right behind him, so he bumped into those and then rested his back against them.

But she kept on coming, pushing him further into the backpacks as if she was trying to envelop and consume him, body and soul.

He decided the best defense was a good offense. He'd been too stunned to keep up his fingerbanging, but he recovered his fits and resumed doing that, vigorously. At the same time, he took his hand that still had been on her ass and brought that around to her front. He'd never touched a clitoris before either, but he began doing that too.

Luckily for him, she had a rather large clit, and it was unhooded and engorged. It was easy for him to find, like a "love button" ready to be pressed and played with. He had no idea how to stimulate a clit, since he'd never touched one before - not counting all his cock grinding through his shorts on Tuesday, but that didn't help him now.

However, he remembered on Tuesday how he'd fondled Hillary's nipples and tits too aggressively until she demonstrated to him how she liked it. He also remembered hearing that a clit is highly sensitive, like all the nerve endings of a penis reduced to a tiny button, and that less is more. So he started very gingerly and carefully, just touching it from time to time while generally exploring all around her pussy mound in general.

It would have felt strange for him if she'd had a full bush, but the fact that she was shaved completely bare made it easier. And all the while, he kept poking two fingers in and out. That seemed to be working great, ensuring that he'd have at least some success getting her worked up no matter how his clit experiment worked out.

After a couple of minutes of this, Hillary had to break the kiss again. She was panting hard for oxygen, while she looked at him with wide eyes.

He was breathing hard too. But he was puzzled by her expression, since she kept on staring at him almost like she'd never seen him before. "What?"

She whispered sensually, "I'm so hot for you! SO HOT! I HATE your shorts! HATE THEM!"

"What?! Why?!" He was even more puzzled because she looked down at her shorts with true hatred in her eyes, even though she couldn't actually see them with her massive tits pressing up against his bare chest.

She pouted, "Because! Because I want your cock so bad!" She brought the hand that had been behind his head down to the front of his shorts and grasped his boner right through his underwear and shorts. She asked, "Do you think this counts as touching your cock?"

"Well, kind of," he admitted. But he added, "But then again, remember on Tuesday, when I was lying on top of you and grinding and rocking over your pussy? Is this really so different?"

She moaned erotically. "UUUUNGH! God! I'm so torn! I don't want to break my promise with Anushka, but I want your cock so bad! If it were up to me, I would drop to my knees, fuck the dirty floor! And deep throat you straight away! If that's even possible!" She started sliding her hands up and down his bulge, effectively jacking him off through his clothes.

That felt so fantastic that he didn't want her to stop. He said, "Well... I think as long as I don't cum, and my clothes stay on, we could chalk that up to

'incidental contact.' Don't you think!"

She groaned like she was cumming. "Oh God! YESSSS! Let's do that!"

They resumed making out. Only this time she kept one hand behind his head while her other hand steadily pumped up and down his bulge. It wasn't long before his pre-cum created a wet spot through his underwear and shorts too.

At the same time, he kept on fingerbanging her. He started experimenting with varying rhythms and depths. He'd heard that nearly all of a woman's pleasure nerves were at the entrance to the vagina, not deep inside, so he figured the depth part didn't matter much, since it wasn't like he could stretch her out with just his two fingers anyway. He figured the main thing was just to keep the stimulation going.

His other hand also continued to work her clit and elsewhere. Sometimes, he wound up caressing her pussy lips with one hand even as he was fingerbanging her with his other hand. He was unable to get any feedback from her, except that her passionate kissing, cock stroking, and sexy moaning into his mouth clearly indicated she was enjoying herself in general. But since she didn't at least complain, he slowly grew braver and began diddling her clit more often. He recalled how she'd made clear what he should do with her nipples straight away, so he figured she'd be similarly vocal if he was screwing up.

After a couple more minutes, he started to feel her body shake and she screamed incoherently into his mouth.

He thought, *YES! YES! I just made her cum! Hillary! My dream girl! THIS is a dream! Wow!*

Sure enough, she did have a big orgasm. There was no doubt about it. In fact, it was such a big one that she had to break the kiss to gasp for air. Then she rested limply against him, like she was possibly unable to stand on her own.

He stopped all his cunt and clit play, and just clutched her bare ass cheeks, both because it felt good and because it helped keep her standing. It went without saying that she stopped her cock stroking through his shorts. All she could do was rest her head against his chest with her eyes closed.

He was happy as a pig in a poke just the same, though. He knew this was an extremely important first. Technically, they weren't boyfriend-girlfriend first, but that was becoming a de facto reality, no matter what Anushka's rules were.

After a while, her ragged breathing evened out. She whispered, "Damn! That was so intense! Are you sure you're not a girl?"

"What do you mean?" He was running a hand up and down her back, since she was doing better standing on her own. He still couldn't see her face though, since she kept her head against the side of his neck.

"Cos you know your way around a pussy."

"I do?!" He was shocked, since of course that was his very first time touching any pussy with his fingers whatsoever. He added, "I thought I might be doing it wrong for you. I only know what Maggie likes, and I remembered how what she likes with nipple play is way different than you."

An exhausted Hillary said, "Give my thanks to Maggie, then. That was just how I like it. With my nipples, I like it nice and easy, but with my pussy, and even my clit, I like it pretty rough!"

"Really! That's good to know."

She finally lifted her head and looked up into his eyes. "Yes, it is, because we're going to do this sort of thing again and again! I have a favor to ask you."

"What? Anything."

"Never wear underwear again! That's an order!" She playfully poked a finger into his chest. She was rapidly reviving. "It was bad enough having to stroke through one layer of clothing, but two layers is just a crime!"

He chuckled. "Okay, I'll work on that."

She smiled, but then it turned to a frown. She grasped his bulge, and resumed stroking it, but less intently than before. "You're going to hate me for this, but I really should go. Now?"

"Are you serious?! Now?! But we're having so much fun, aren't we?"

"Oh, totally! But remember I only asked to make out with you a couple of minutes. Things escalated in a wonderful way, but I said that because I

already have plans to meet Anushka after school. As it is, I'm gonna be totally late."

"Oh. Damn." He brought both his hands up to her huge tits and held them from their sides. "What a bummer. And I hardly got to play with your tits at all."

"I know! That sucks!" She was still jacking him off, and with greater intensity as she continued to revive. "And I hate to leave you like this, all stiff and throbbing with need. I wish so much that I could blow you! Even now... God! All I can think about is dropping to my knees, yanking your shorts down, and FEASTING on your thick cock-meat for the first time!"

She looked around their little stall. "But my first time doing that should be a special event. It shouldn't be here. It should be somewhere I could just... GO OFF! And suck to my heart's content for a long, long time! And ideally, it should be with Maggie!"

She brought a second hand to his crotch and started fondling his balls through his shorts while still stroking with her first hand. She stared deeply into his brown eyes with her brown eyes. "Nick... I have to say... I think I'm falling for you! Mostly lust at this point too, but it's a LOT of lust! And love follows lust, especially this kind of all-consuming, powerful lust."

Of course, he was deeply in love with her already, and had been for a long time. But he felt strongly that he couldn't admit that. The logic of playing hard to get was rather cruel, but it worked. But he did say, "I think I'm falling for you too. It's a lot of lust on my part too, but I know it could turn into so much more. You're special."

He realized he was merely holding her tits and got busy actively fondling them.

"That's how I feel too," she said, still stroking though an increasingly large wet spot. "That you're special. So I don't want to screw this up. The fact that you have Maggie is really key to me. I know most guys would SAY they're okay with me carrying on with Anushka, but before long there would be trouble, because guys don't share well. But the fact that you're with Maggie, it's kind of like we have the same situations, almost like a mirror. So that makes it way more likely we could make it work long-term, don't you think? For instance, when I'm off with Anushka, you won't burn with frustration and jealousy, because you can be with Maggie."

He said, "That's true. I've thought about that too. It could work."

She nodded. "And the idea of Maggie and me dating you together is so exciting to me! Sucking you together! Titfucking you together! Getting fucked together! Can you picture that? Her and me, lying on a bed side by side, our asses high up in the air? You could play 'eeny meeny miny moe' as you could pick which one of us you're going to fuck next! GAAAAWWWD!"

"What?" he asked. He was glorying in fondling her huge knockers.

"Nothing. It's just that... between holding and stroking your cock, even though your shorts, and talking about that... I REALLY have to go now! Or else I'm going to break my promise to Anushka! GOD! DAMMIT! I need your cock in me so much! In my mouth! In my cunt! I'm gonna have a good long talk to Anushka today. She has GOT to change her rules, at least some!"

"Sounds like a plan." He leaned forward, and shared another short but intense French kiss.

All the while, she kept right on with her relentless stroking. It was a touch and go thing if he was going to cum, but he was secretly clutching and straining, trying with all his might not to let on how close to the brink he was.

He said, "Now, you really should go. I'm getting that feeling too, about wanting to break some rules. But we shouldn't."

She nodded, sadly.

He disengaged and moved to the side, allowing her to step forward to her backpack.

She finally let go of his bulge and began rooting around in her pack for her clothes.

He silently breathed a big sigh of relief, because he really had been right on the cusp of a spermy climax. He didn't mind not cumming at all. He could take care of that as soon as he got home. It was more important that he improved his reputation of having great stamina. There was a lot of truth to that, since he did have an impressive to delay orgasm, as well as orgasm a lot, but it didn't hurt to impress her even more. He needed every advantage he could get to stay ahead of the likes of Spencer.

As she started to put her clothes back on, she commented, "I can't believe you made me get completely naked! I swear, I'll never be able to go to the bathroom anywhere in this school ever again without thinking what you did to me here today. You're soooo naughty!"

He asked, "Is that a bad thing?" He pretty much knew the answer, but wanted to hear it from her.

"No way! It's a great thing!" By this time, she pulled her panties and skirt back up. She paused in her dressing and embraced him again. "I love how you're such a bad boy. Such a fucking pervert!" She laughed. "But the best kind."

"Like the way you love these." She brought her hands back to her massive tits. "Most girls would be annoyed at a tit fanatic like you, but I think it's great. It's like I have Viagra for you, but I carry it on my chest, and it works visually, and its effect is almost instantaneous."

She brought a hand back to his boner and resumed stroking it through his shorts. "Mmmm!"

He reached behind and managed to pull her bra out of her still open backpack pouch. "Here, you'd better put this on. Or we'll never get out of here, at least not without all sorts of naughty things happening."

"Oh. Damn." But she let go of his bulge again, stepped back, and put the bra on.

Then he handed her her blouse.

She put that on too.

He finally tugged his own shirt back down.

She embraced him again. "One last kiss!"

They necked some more, while she went right back to jacking him off through his shorts.

He had to break the kissing when he got too close to cumming again.

She cooed in his ear, "I look forward to the day when I can play with your cock at any time! When that day comes, believe me, you're going to learn just how much a girl like me can truly love to suck!"

He groaned with lust and frustration.

It took a while, because they tended to stick together like glue if they got close at all. But they both finally managed to make it out of the bathroom.

He tucked his T-shirt way down to cover his wet spot. If anyone came close to him they probably would notice something was off, from the sex smell alone. But his plan was to go straight home.

They walked back to their bikes together, though not hand in hand. Their bathroom escapade seemed to have brought them together even closer. It seemed they both practically glowed. They didn't talk at all, but it seemed they didn't need to.

Once they got to their bikes, which happened to be parked close together, she came over to him, leaned into his ear, and purred, "Don't worry, I know how you are, Mr. Tit Fiend. You definitely didn't get enough of my tits just then, and my tits didn't get enough of you. Tonight at the party, even though we can't be seen to be going out together, I'm sure we can find a chance to slip away for a little kissy kissy and titty fun."

"Really?" He brightened up. That was the best thing he'd heard all day.

"Really." Her beautiful face beamed at him. "What's the point of lugging these basketballs around all day long if I don't get to bring them out for playtime every once in a while?"

He laughed. "I like the way you think!" Not long ago, a very shy Nick would have been too tongue-tied to say much to her at all. But he was feeling such confidence lately that he was able to joke, "Would you like me to help you carry them around? Between classes, for starters. Maybe even during class!"

She laughed as she stepped back towards her bike. "You wish!" Then she leaned over towards him provocatively, putting her deep cleavage on dramatic display, thanks to the blouse she had on. "Actually, I'd like that too. A lot! But look where we are. If I let you get started, I doubt either of us will want to stop. Let's save all the fun for the party, okay? I'm sure we'll have a chance there, if Maggie is willing to share you then too."

"She is! She really, really is. She and I talked about this a lot. She's pushing me to date you in a big way."

Hillary looked at him with a skeptical raised eyebrow. "So you both keep saying. I just find it hard to believe. But we'll see how it goes at the party."

He decided to hazard a guess without knowing if it was true. "Maybe a reason for that is because she likes the threesome idea, like you do. To not just have me date you separately, but so we could all date together."

A burning fire suddenly appeared in Hillary's eyes. "Are you serious?! Have you talked to her about that?!"

"It's just speculation, to be honest," he admitted. "We haven't talked. But... there have been hints. Like, in some sex talk, she's also gone on about taking turns bobbing on my cock with you, just like you were fantasizing about in the phone call last night."

Hillary's eyes widened. "Oh GOD! Why do you have to tell me that NOW?! That's so damn hot! I'm sorry, but I have to go! I'm going to hurry home, where Anushka is already waiting, and ravage her to an inch of her life! But the whole time, I'll be thinking about you, and me, AND Maggie!"

Sure enough, she rushed to her bike, undid the lock, and rode off like she was in a race.

With Hillary out of sight, his dick finally went flaccid. Before he got on his bike, he pondered what he'd just told her.

What IS the deal between Ma and Hillary? That's the million dollar question. Hillary is bisexual, and I've detected some serious lusty looks from her towards Ma, though she was trying to be subtle about it. I think she sees us as a package deal. Even if they don't get intimate directly, the whole threesome thing with someone as sexy and stunning as Ma has to be a big part of our overall appeal. I'm totally okay with that, because... THREESOMES! GOOD GOD!

But the even more important million dollar question is how Ma feels towards Hillary. IF I could sell this whole "package deal" idea, I would be living the life of Riley ON cloud nine and IN seventh heaven! Man! The mind boggles. For starters, that would give her the excuse to keep the fake girlfriend scheme going pretty much indefinitely. Maybe permanently! And... threesomes! I could get it on with both of my dream women, together, forever! That would be the ultimate!

Dare I dream?! It's actually not that far away. I know Ma's taken a big step back, but Tuesday was pretty close. That was, like, a serious precedent! I'll

never forget how I was playing with both of their naked bodies at one point, and they were totally okay with that.

Okay. Here's a plan. Step one. Get Ma to get over her setback. Forget the fake fake girlfriend, and get back to the real fake girlfriend, if that makes sense, complete with real kissing, real titty fondling, and more!

Then, step two. Find occasions to bring Ma and Hillary together in highly arousing potential threesome situation. Get them super horny, and let the sparks fly!

Easy peasy. I can totally do that. In fact, maybe I can work on both steps at once. I think the more Ma is around Hillary, the more that kind of forces her into real fake girlfriend mode. For instance, she couldn't get away with a pretend French kiss if Hillary is right there and watching.

Man! My life is so great! All I know is these are the best days of my life! I can't wait for the party!

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Back at home, Maggie had a relatively good day, in terms of trying to live the "Margaret mode" life. She couldn't remember any sexual dreams from the night before, and she resisted having any disturbing sexual fantasies during the day. She wasn't entirely successful with that. In fact, thoughts of stroking and/or sucking her son's cock were never far from her mind. But at least her daydreams were less frequent and less intense than the day before. Also, she didn't do any gardening in the middle of the day, in order to avoid masturbating in the shower again. She went the whole day without masturbating at all.

She felt that if she had one ironclad rule, it was no sexual activity with her son in her own house. She felt bad about eavesdropping on his phone sex with Hillary. It seemed to be bending that rule. For instance, what if she'd lost more willpower and opened the door a bit to peek in? She'd thought about doing that more than once as she was listening in. Then, what if he'd seen her there. It was a slippery slope towards danger, as well as violation of his privacy. As a result, she make a particular point not to masturbate as a sort of way to punish herself for what she'd done then.

It also wasn't one of her days to take Nick to school, so she didn't face temptation there either.

She felt a little worried about what could happen at the party, but she generally felt okay about it. After all, she figured: *What's the most that could possibly happen of a sexual nature at a party full of people? Kissing and hugging, perhaps. I can handle a certain amount of "fake girlfriend" activity. Even if I have to really French kiss her son some, I figure I can handle that. So long as I keep my hands and mouth away from his big fat cock, I'll would consider that a willpower win.*

However, just as Nick started to get dressed and ready for the party after dinner, Hillary called and spoke to him. "Sorry, Nick, I have bad news. The party has been postponed."

"Oh. Bummer. What happened?"

"Well, the host, Veronica, she only hosts these parties when her parents aren't at home. They were supposed to go away for a few days, but they haven't left yet. So the hope is the party can happen tomorrow instead."

"Oh. Oh well." He was really disappointed, and it showed in his voice, even though he tried to hide it. He considered the party vital to his developing relationships with both Hillary and Maggie.

Hillary said, "I thought you'd feel bummed, but don't worry, I'll make it up to you. How about a booby prize?"

"Does it involve actual boobies?" As soon as he said that flip comment, he couldn't believe his cheek. He felt tremendous embarrassment.

But luckily, she took it the right way, and laughed. "As a matter of fact, YES! What if you, Maggie, and I go to see a movie together instead? Since you probably don't have any other plans..." She trailed off shyly and uncertainly. "Or, uh, should it just be you and me? I'm not really sure how this should work..."

"Okay! That sounds great. I'd love if the three of us can do it, but let me check with Maggie first. Otherwise, you and me sounds good."

"Please do! I can't wait to hear if she gives the okay."

"I'll do that now, if you can hold on. But first... does this have anything to do with your phone sex fantasy from last night?"

"Well, actually... yes... and no. It definitely was on my mind when I thought about what else we could do together. But I don't expect that the fantasy to

actually happen tonight! No way! That's some serious advanced relationship stuff, and things between you, me, and her are all kind of in some sort of limbo state for the time being. Buuuuut... that said... maybe a little bit of it could happen! For instance, would it be totally impossible if her and me traded kisses with you in the darkness of the theater? Do you think she'd go for that?"

"I have noooooo idea. To be honest, her opinion changes a lot, depending on how horny she is. If I were to ask her now, she's say 'no way' for sure. But if she were to get super horny first? Who knows!"

"Interesting! You'll just have to get her 'super horny' then!" Hillary giggled.

He realized checking with Maggie would probably take a while, so he told her he would have to call her back in a little while, instead of keeping her on the line.

Maggie was in the kitchen, preparing dinner. Andy was in his den, doing whatever he did there all the time.

He walked up to her and whispered, "I need to talk to you when you're in 'Maggie mode.' The party has been canceled, but new plans are being made."

She thought that over, and then nodded. "I get it. With the party coming up, I was going to have to switch into at least semi-Maggie mode anyway, to get ready. Let's go into the garage to talk about that. That's more like neutral territory."

They went to the garage. It was mostly filled with two cars, but there was a large empty spot, so they stood there with a light bulb above them lighting the room.

She said, "Keeping your hands to yourself, tell me what's going on. I'm not THAT much in Maggie mode."

He passed on what Hillary had told him about the canceled party plans, and then Hillary's suggestion to go to a movie instead.

She said, "That's easy. You should go with her alone."

He said, "I knew you were going to say that. But that's not possible. For one thing, Anushka won't allow it. She's okay with us going out - you me, and Hillary - but not just her and me." Actually, that was just inspired bullshit

he came up with on the spot. He was proud of himself, because it left Maggie with no wiggle room.

She asked, "Why? Doesn't she know all we did on Tuesday? Hillary told her all that, didn't she? She said she would."

"Oh, she told Anushka all that, for sure." He came up with more inspired bullshit. "But Anushka is worried about Hillary's willpower. And my willpower too, I think. She's afraid that if it's just her and me, we might go all the way. Whereas, if you're there, sure, some sexual stuff might happen, but it's in your interest to make sure things don't go too far between Hillary and me. Of course, she has no clue about the hand-over plan. Thinking that you're just a normal girlfriend, she assumes you're going to want to keep things in check."

Maggie thought that over. "Well... that makes sense, I guess. But still, you could just go with Hillary and be relatively tame about it. I don't know about her, but you have plenty of self-control. Don't you want to have her alone where you can kiss her?"

"I do. Sure. But Anushka has a point about the whole willpower thing. You see, Hillary and I have started to get increasingly hot for each other lately. There are important developments I haven't been able to tell you until just now, since you haven't been in Maggie mode."

He proceeded to tell her about the phone call he had with Hillary the night before, including the phone sex part. He was very skimpy on the details, and was extra careful not to mention the movie theater fantasy scenario, for fear of freaking her out with the similarity to their current potential movie plans.

Maggie was secretly relieved to at least hear the general gist, so she didn't have to continue to pretend she didn't know anything about it. But she still acted clueless when it came to her knowing the details.

He went on give her a short version of the make out session in the girl's bathroom after school. He gave her a rather tame version of that too. For instance, he didn't mention how he'd insisted on Hillary getting completely naked, or how she'd essentially jacked him off through his shorts for a long time. But he did reveal that he'd made her cum. And he particularly emphasized how they'd both agreed they should cut things short in part from the worry that they could lose control.

That played right into the narrative he was trying to promote, that Maggie presence was necessary for her willpower, so she could keep things going too far. In fact, he was hoping the exact opposite would happen, and Maggie being there would inspire Hillary to be even more aroused, and Hillary being there would inspire Maggie to go whole hog into acting like his girlfriend in a very real and intimate manner. But of course he didn't say any of that.

He ended his appeal by saying, "And one last thing. I lack confidence."

Maggie scoffed. "You? Lack confidence? You must be joking. That was true before, but not since Tuesday? Need I remind you for instance how we were sitting in my car by the Chinese restaurant and I told you I didn't want to jack you off? And you secretly unzipped your shorts in the dark, guided my hand to your exposed boner, and kept it there until I got so horny that I couldn't resist stroking it! Does that sound like someone who lacks confidence?! If you have any more confidence, we should probably warn the police that a sexual predator is on the prowl!"

He said, "Come on, Ma. It's not like that. It's true that I get super confident when I'm in a sexual situation with you, but that's because I'm so super horny for you all the time! If it's with just Hillary, I get shy."

"Shy?! Shy?! As in 'going to the bathroom after school and kissing and fondling her until she cums' shy? Is that your definition of shy?!"

He was bummed she made that connection. He said, "Good point, but that was a weird exception. It was all her! Remember how I told you she first suggested going behind the trees, and how she practically dragged me there? SHE was insanely horny and I was just along for the ride! I was so scared, Ma! So scared! I really was. I kept telling myself: 'Okay, Nick, you said you'd do anything to win Hillary's heart. Literally anything? What about this?! You have to be brave! Are you a real man or a coward?' I had to psych myself up, but even then I was shaking like a leaf. It was touching and go all the way."

He was glad that he'd told the story of the bathroom encounter in enough detail that he'd mentioned things like how she'd started it and how he'd been very scared. That gave him lots of credibility in his somewhat revised account.

He went on, "Whereas, if you're there, it's totally different. I feel like the king of the world! I get so horny that it's totally nuts!"

She chuckled with chagrin. "I'll definitely agree to that part." She folded her arms until her massive breasts. She was trying hard not to show it, but his talk about the phone sex and then the bathroom incident was getting her seriously aroused.

He continued, "What would be great is if I could get horny thanks to you, and then turn that on her. She would be overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of my passion! Because I have intense feelings for you and her, but with you I can be myself. I know this sounds corny, but I feel safe. Because you're my mom and nothing can go wrong if you're there. Whereas with her, I feel like I'm a fraud. I'm playing a part. I'm punching way, way, way above my weight, just trying to pretend like I'm worthy of her. It's scary! So that's why I need you there. I really will be a shambles without you."

She sighed. "I suppose I really have no choice. Anushka leaves us boxed in. And I don't want you to go to pieces. It's strange what you say about your confidence around me but not her, but it makes sense to me in a twisted way. So, go call her and tell her I'm in."

"YEAY!" He stepped towards her to hug her.

But she stepped back and held her hand out defensively. "Whoa! No touching! Knowing you, if I give you an inch, you're likely to be overflowing with confidence... and cum! But remember, I'm just your FAUX girlfriend tonight! Nothing like Tuesday can happen! Is that clear!"

He was all smiles. "Ma, it'll be fine. We'll be going to a dinner and a movie. What could possibly happen?"

She thought back to the movie theater fantasy Hillary had laid on in exquisite detail during the phone sex. She shivered lustily, and thought, *A hell of a lot!* But then she thought, *But he's right. That was just a fantasy, a very wild fantasy. I suppose things like that have happened in movie theaters, but only after the couple gets to be very intimate. Anushka's right. If it's the three of us, that will keep things in check.*

He rushed back to the phone in his room and called Hillary back up. His talk with Maggie had taken about ten minutes, due to his necessary

storytelling, so Hillary was on pins and needles. But he was able to give her the good news that Maggie was game. So new plans were made.

The plan was dinner and a movie. Luckily, Nick and Maggie hadn't eaten yet. But she finished making dinner for Andy, and then put the leftovers she and her son would have eaten into the fridge.

Before Maggie and Nick left together, Maggie gave him a long lecture. The gist of it was that she was participating in this "crazy scheme" just to help with the girlfriend hand-over plan, and in return, he had to behave himself with her.

She didn't really define what that meant, but she sounded very stern and serious. In truth, she felt deeply conflicted, and stabs of guilt repeatedly hit her like an ice pick. She didn't mention specifics because deep down she wasn't really sure what she wanted to prohibit him from doing.

Nick felt nervous as the date drew near, because he felt a lot was on the line. *Tonight could be pivotal. Crucial. Historic, even. The entire trajectory of three lives could shift based on what happens in the next few hours! I have a new grand dream: threesome city! I've had so much sexual success with Ma AND Hillary that I feel that is tantalizingly within reach. GOD! To be able to date both of them at once would be beyond unbelievable, and yet that's exactly what's happening tonight! This could be way better than if we went to the party.*

But it could be a total disaster too! What if Ma really sticks with her new attitude and doesn't get all hot and horny? Maybe what happened on Tuesday was a once-in-a-lifetime, freak occurrence, caused by the fact I was riding such a high of lust and confidence that I became a different person for a while, plus the fact that Ma was so sexually repressed for so long that all of her last two years of pent-up lust came pouring out of her uncontrollably. Will I be able to become that guy again? Or would I be my boring, timid, and shy usual self, losing Hillary's interest forever? Or will Ma be boring and put the brakes on any serious sexy fun from breaking out?! I have another high wire act to walk, because I need to get BOTH of them super horny if my threesome plan is to take a big step forward.

I can't believe the sheer audacity of what I'm even attempting. It's madness! The whole thing is a house of cards that could fall apart at any moment. What if Hillary is able to see right through me and realize I'm a fraud

attempting to deceive her with a laughable scheme using my mother as my fake girlfriend? Just one verbal slip could ruin everything. The pressure is intense!

And not only that, but Hillary really is way out of my league! I mean, it's not even close! She should be dating someone with movie star looks and charisma to match hers, like Spencer. That's how these things always work. I'm trying to upset the natural order. I'm basically Joe Average, with better smarts than most. How did I ever think I'd have a chance with Hillary for even one minute? Oh God!

Chapter 13: Italian Dinner (Friday)

Nick and Maggie met Hillary at the local Olive Garden. Hillary had come there by car. Normally, she preferred to go everywhere by bike, for both environmental and fitness reasons, and she didn't have a car of her own. But she used her parents' car when going on dates, if her date wasn't picking her up.

Their greeting just outside the restaurant was a bit embarrassing, because it was evident to all that either Maggie was way overdressed or Hillary was way underdressed, or both.

Hillary wore a long green skirt which didn't show much leg. It was similarly modest like the black skirt Maggie was wearing. But, knowing Nick's love of tits, she wore a light green top with white frills around the edges. It was extremely low cut, showing off a shockingly deep valley of cleavage and even more, since it was only held up by two thin straps. The frills drew even more attention down to nearly the edge of her nipples. There was a zipper running right down the middle of her top that begged to be unzipped.

Maggie, by contrast, wore an ordinary pale blue blouse, buttoned up in front to cover nearly all over her cleavage. And she wore a light sweater on top of that too, not because the weather called for it, but so she could keep her arms covered as well. She figured the more covered she was, the less aroused Nick would be, and the more likely she wouldn't lose control again. But now she felt silly, because she'd gone overboard.

In retrospect, the contrast in outfits wasn't surprising, due to vastly different expectations. After recent events, especially last night's phone sex and then girl's bathroom incident earlier in the day, Hillary was expecting some sexual wildness. Whereas Nick sold Maggie on joining them by suggesting something much tamer.

But there was nothing to be done about it at this point. If Nick had been more honest, Maggie might not have come at all. He could have told Hillary to dress more conservatively, but he didn't want the date to head in that direction.

Nick was dressed nicely for a date. He wore one of his "coolest" dress shirts, expensive slacks, and dress shoes. He deliberately failed to wear any

underwear. In part, that was because Hillary had specifically asked him not to earlier, but also it was something he wanted to do anyway. He had high hopes he'd end up rubbing his boner through his pants against one or both of their bodies at some point, and he didn't want an extra layer getting in the way.

He thought, *Somebody pinch me! My two dream girls! I love absolutely everything, right down to their fragrant perfumes that seem to blend into one perfectly. The only problem is, I'm way too fuckin' horny, and there's nothing I can do about it! Well, not yet! Tonight is gonna totally rock!*

His earlier apprehensions were melting away. When he saw Hillary, his heart surged with love, and his dick engorged thanks to a powerful blast of lust. And he was discovering that when he got horny, he also surged with confidence and even aggressiveness. In truth, getting extremely aroused gave him loads of confidence with either Maggie or Hillary, not just Maggie. That probably wasn't true with any other women, but he felt comfortable with both of them.

He had a good feeling the evening would work out just fine after all.

As Hillary looked over at Maggie, she said with chagrin, "Well, I feel like a slut."

This created a very awkward moment, because neither of the other two knew how to reply to that blunt comment. It would have been different if they were all highly aroused already, but they weren't.

But then inspiration came to Nick, and he asked, "But do you kiss like one?"

Everyone laughed; the tension was instantly gone.

But even better for Nick, Hillary grinned, and replied, "I don't know. Why don't you tell me?" Then she stepped forward and let him kiss her.

The kiss that followed was about as electric and erotic as one could hope for without causing a public scene. Nick boldly groped her tits just enough to confirm that she wasn't wearing a bra. Without intentionally planning it, the way he pressed close to her let her know that he had a hard-on already.

Whatever lingering shyness and worries he had were banished during that kiss. He felt like he could conquer the world! In fact, if he had any problem,

it was controlling himself in a public place. He longed to ravish Hillary, starting by stripping her naked.

Maggie felt herself increasingly miffed and jealous as she watched them kiss and kiss and kiss. She thought, *Stop, already! It's unseemly. We're in a public place! What are people gonna think?*

But as she continued to watch, her thoughts changed, *Ah, who do I think I'm fooling? I want him to kiss ME like that! So what if I'm his mother? I'm a woman too, and a woman has needs. But I AM his mother, and it's wrong. God dammit, why am I always so conflicted? Well, right now and for tonight, I'm Maggie, not Margaret. And he's my boyfriend, not my son. He can't kiss her like that without kissing me too!*

While she waited for their kissing to end, she took off her light sweater and unbuttoned the top couple of buttons of her blouse. That at least gave her some cleavage to "compete" with.

She tapped Hillary on the shoulder. Hillary understood, and pulled away.

Within seconds, it was Maggie and Nick French kissing instead.

That hits the spot! Maggie thought while their tongues dueled. *Mmmm, and he's even cupping my breasts just the way I love, fondling all the super sensitive spots.* She felt her resistance melting away, and soon she was floating away on a cloud of pure happiness. Her thoughts of only allowing him truly "fake" closed-mouth kisses were completely forgotten.

Indeed, Nick kneaded her soft-yet-firm orbs of tit-flesh through her clothes as blatantly as he felt he could in a public place. Since he was a young and very horny guy suddenly surging with confidence, what he did was pretty blatant. He also pressed his erection into her a little more intentionally than he had with Hillary.

Seeing Nick handle Maggie that way really aroused Hillary. After Maggie and Nick had kissed at least as long as Hillary and Nick had, Hillary tapped Maggie on the shoulder. "My turn again!"

Maggie pulled back to a loose embrace, with a dazed and blissed look on her face. She pouted, "So soon?"

Hillary half-joked, "Hey, who needs dinner or a movie? I say we just go back to my place and take turns sharing the best kisser in town!"

But Maggie chose to treat that as a joke instead of the semi-serious suggestion it was. She was already loosening up more than she'd anticipated, and that concerned her. She remembered what happened on Tuesday, and she feared a total loss of willpower if she went back to Hillary's room again.

As part of that newly concerned attitude, she gave up on letting him make out with her for a second time. Instead, when Hillary and Nick finished their second kissing session, she linked her arms with both of them and walked them into the restaurant.

Nick had noticed a couple of young men standing a short distance away, apparently waiting for someone or something - or possibly just checking out the two hotties he was with. He glanced their way, and they both gave him a big thumbs up. He felt like a million bucks, realizing they'd watched him French kiss two Playboy centerfold-worthy women.

Maggie, Hillary, and Nick sat down at a relatively secluded table and ordered drinks.

Hillary commented, "You know my comment out there, about feeling like a slut? The thing is, I do kind of think of myself as a slut, but in a good way. That word has such negative connotations, and it shouldn't. I'm a female, and I love sex, and I don't think I should feel ashamed about that. Why is it when a guy loves having lots of sex, he gets nothing but pats on the back, but when a girl feels the same way, she gets scorn, even from other girls?"

That launched a discussion about female sexuality. Naturally, as women, Maggie and Hillary had the most to say.

Maggie tried to sound "hip" and she found herself agreeing with Hillary on many things. But in reality, she knew she wasn't nearly as sexually liberated as she was pretending to be. She was increasingly impressed by how Hillary was: proud, self-confident, talented, and not afraid to go after what she wanted, including satisfying her sexual desires. It was easy to see why Nick desired her so much, without even adding in her startlingly beautiful looks.

Maggie asked her, "Since you consider yourself an unabashed hippie, are you in favor of 'free love?'"

Hillary replied, "Yes, and no. I am, but only because I choose to redefine that term. Both terms, actually. A 'hippie' is a state of mind, a quest for

freedom and enlightenment, not what clothes you wear or what music you listen to. For instance, I don't think I look like a hippie right now."

Nick quipped, "No, you look like a 'hottie.' Is there a hottie movement I can join?"

Hillary chuckled at that. She looked to Maggie and then back down at her own voluptuous body. "I think you're joining it."

He grinned. "Touché." He looked to Maggie and gave her a warm, loving smile that also conveyed considerable lust.

She blushed, but she also smiled back. She saw him staring at her enormous rack in particular and wished she was showing off more cleavage. She had gotten used to Hillary's sexy outfit and was sorry she wasn't wearing something like that.

Hillary said, "Anyway, let's consider 'free love' too. Most people think that means basically having sex with anything that moves. That sucks! I'm not into that at all. But I'm totally in favor of 'free love' in the sense of being completely unrestrained and free while making love. Losing yourself in the moment and completely letting go! Doing whatever feels good, for you and your partner."

Maggie nodded. She was impressed by that answer. However, she thought back to what had happened to her and Nick on Tuesday, and asked, "But isn't that dangerous? If you let go, anything can happen."

"I know!" Hillary's eyes lit up. "Isn't that thrilling? What's wrong with that?"

Maggie felt she couldn't answer that, since there was no way she could begin to explain her fear of having intercourse with her son. Instead, she just said, "Good point. I guess I need to be more open minded."

Nick pointed out, "When one says 'anything can happen,' that's not literally true. If you're having sex alone in a room with one other person, it's not like you'll suddenly find yourself swinging from the rafters at a crowded hockey arena. The things that could happen are all good things, sexual things. Lots of orgasms! When two people are in love and making love to each other, there's pretty much no bad thing that can happen. So why the fear of letting go? I think people are just used to keeping their feelings bottled up inside and don't know how to let go."

"Hear, hear," Hillary said. "I agree completely. See, Maggie? Your boyfriend is not only a handsome devil, he's pretty damn smart, too."

Maggie grinned at him, but with chagrin. "That's what I worry about. He's too smart! He's literally charmed my pants off, more than once!" Her face turned redder as she thought back to Tuesday night and how he'd tricked her into first jacking him off at the Chinese restaurant and then briefly sucking him off there.

"That's only because you needed a good de-pantsing," he quipped.

Hillary teasingly asked Maggie, "Did he clean your pipes too?"

Maggie's lust soared, because she was mindful that, according to their backstory, he was supposed to be regularly fucking her. It was assumed that she titfucked and sucked his cock a lot as well. With that in mind, she said with surprising explicitness, "Boy, does he keep my pipes clean! He sticks his stovepipe in my pipes all the time. They're clean as a whistle!"

Hillary was so delighted by that answer that she clapped a couple of times in addition to laughing. "I'll bet! The only problem is, I hear he's got an oversized stovepipe. How do you fit it in?"

Maggie blushed as she realized just how sexual this talk was. But she still said, "That is the problem. Believe me, I cope with that every day."

Hillary turned to Nick and put a hand on his nearest arm. "That sounds bad. Your girl is suffering. Maybe you should have the size of your stovepipe reduced."

Maggie gasped theatrically, "Oh, no! Dear God, NO! Anything but that!"

That led to even more laughter, even as Maggie's face turned redder and redder. But she was having fun. She also was glad that she was giving Hillary the impression that she and Nick had a very active sex life. She figured that was part of maintaining her fake girlfriend persona.

The conversation eventually turned to other topics, but from that point on there seemed to be a sexual and fun vibe running through everything, no matter what was being discussed. Hillary seemed to talk the most. She kept things lively and interesting, and often directed the conversation. Nick was still somewhat shy (as he still was for most non-sexual situations), but he forced himself to engage much more than he otherwise would have.

Nick was in seventh heaven, because the mood was quite flirty and he was the target of all the flirting. Maggie sat next to him while Hillary sat across the table in the cozy booth they all shared. So it was much easier for Maggie to get touchy-feely with him, but in fact both of them did.

Early on, Hillary took her heels off and started rubbing her foot against Nick's ankles in a very sexual way.

Nick enjoyed that a lot, not surprisingly, but he wasn't a bump on a log. He took his shoes off and began rubbing his way up Hillary's bare leg too.

Maggie couldn't help but notice, because the footsie games weren't subtle at all.

Before long, there was a playful "foot war" going on under the table, with Maggie running a bare foot up Nick's leg too. Some jokes were made about it by all three of them, usually when their feet all bumped together under the table.

However, Maggie still felt left out, since most of the flirting and footsie games were between Nick and Hillary. Part of that was purely physical limitation problem: since Nick was sitting next to her, she couldn't play footsie as much with him without contorting herself.

She also felt stodgy and old from covering up so much more skin than the vivacious and fun-loving Hillary. So, as the meal went on, she found this or that excuse to unbutton the buttons on the front of her blouse. She undid the first one by claiming "My, it's too hot in here," even though all three of them knew there was nothing wrong with the temperature of the air conditioned restaurant.

That line quickly became an in-joke between them, and they found all sorts of excuses to say "It's too hot in here." And often, the joke ended with Maggie undoing another button. There weren't that many buttons, and there were lots of jokes, so after a while she re-buttoned some buttons just so she could unbutton them again. But there was a gradual downward progression just the same. Before long, she'd undone her blouse to just below the bottom of her bra, revealing what seemed to be acres of creamy and tanned tit-flesh.

That put her at displaying about the same amount of tit-flesh as Hillary. There definitely was a friendly sexual competition for Nick's attention

going on between them.

Or it would have, had Hillary not made adjustments too.

Hillary's top was barely covering up her nipples to begin with, but it had a zipper in front, and she found excuses to playfully say "It's too hot in here" and lower her zipper bit by bit too. Her nipples stayed covered, but only just. If she leaned forward (and she deliberately did so, a lot), her top would fall forward and her nipples would be exposed, but she kept herself positioned so only Maggie and Nick would occasionally see her free show.

In addition to all that, the talk of pipe cleaning and stovepipes became a running joke. "Stovepipe" became a nickname for Nick's penis and "pipe cleaning" became another way to refer to cocksucking or even fucking.

For instance, at one point, Hillary looked around impatiently, and said, "Boy, when is our food going to come already? I'm hungry. While we're waiting, I wish I at least had a big fat stovepipe to suck on."

Not to be outdone, Maggie then gave her son a lusty look and said, "Sorry, I happen to know there's only one stovepipe around here, and he was so busy cleaning my pipes before dinner that I think he's all tuckered out."

Nick then teased, "Au contraire! It's true that stovepipe had gotten kind of saggy from overuse. But I just checked, and it's been replaced by a very STIFF new brush that's ready for action!"

Nick was loving life, but he was also feeling extremely frustrated. He'd never been so horny, and it was obvious the other two were getting increasingly worked up. Yet he knew he couldn't get any orgasmic satisfaction, not in the middle of a restaurant. He also knew it was out of line in such a public place to fondle the big tits in front of him or the similarly big ones to the side of him the way he longed to fondle both sets of them. Seeing all that deep cleavage was driving him crazy.

Meanwhile, as Maggie loosened up even more, she took more advantage of the fact that she was sitting adjacent to Nick. She plastered her body to his, planted small kisses on him from time to time, and roamed her hands all over him too.

Hillary teased, "Maggie, I've been thinking. There's something about us that's similar, but I can't quite put my finger on what it is." She tapped the

exposed top slopes of her tits as she said this. "It's something that Nick obviously likes in his women..."

She slowly and deliberately leaned forward over the table until she could have practically kissed Nick on his cheek. As a result, her huge tits swayed forward obscenely. In their new position, they wanted more than ever to burst free of their confines. The fabric in Hillary's top pulled tighter, and her front zipper lowered even more, all by itself, as it desperately tried to relieve the pressure of her surging tit-flesh.

Maggie joked, "Don't look now, but I think it just got a little hotter in here." She unbuttoned yet another button, exposing more skin than ever before in an attempt to keep up with Hillary's bold move.

They all laughed.

Even as Hillary was bent forward like that, she somehow managed to thrust her tits out even more. The pink edges of her nipples were in view, but only by a fraction of an inch. She teased, "What is it that attracts him to us? Could it be our smiles?" She smiled brightly, hamming it up.

Maggie decided she wasn't going to be outdone. She also leaned over the table, but angled herself so she was looking back at Nick. "I dunno. I'm trying to put a finger on it too." She brazenly and playfully ran a finger from her neck down into her cleavage as she said this. The first two digits on her index finger completely disappeared down her tempting, tanned valley.

Hillary loved that, and laughed. She had to sit back in her seat though, because leaning forward like that was drawing too many stares. But she made up for it by copying Maggie's move and sliding a finger down into the depths of her cleavage too. Most of her finger disappeared from view, as it was swallowed up by all the nicely tanned tit-flesh.

As she seductively slid her finger back up into view, and then gave it a quick lick, she said, "I can't think of what it is. All my ideas are a total bust."

Maggie laughed at that. She too had to sit back, but she remained turned in her seat so she was facing Nick. "Me too. I can't think. I guess we're just a couple of stupid boobs."

Hillary and Maggie both found that hilarious, and they started laughing heartily. This caused their already dangerously exposed racks to jiggle and shake mightily. Maggie's top was unbuttoned so low by this time that she flashed her bra-covered nipples quite a lot in all the excitement.

Nick had been laughing before, but now he was far too aroused to be that amused. He was so swept away and excited that sweat was pouring down his face and his heart was pounding wildly. It was reaching the point where the sexual stimulation was too much. Even without any touching - except for the continuing footsie games beneath the table and Maggie's cuddling - he felt his stiff dick was going to shoot off any second.

He was tempted to shut his eyes, because the sexy sights before him were more than his mind could handle. But he kept looking, because he was afraid to miss even one second of such luscious, creamy visual delights. He had no idea what would happen with his two obsessions in the future since the fake girlfriend scheme was so precarious, and he feared a magical moment like this might never repeated again.

Hillary shot him a fiery look, and purred, "What about you? Do you have any idea what it could be?"

He replied, "I... I dunno. My mammary is a total blank." It was an honest Freudian slip; he'd meant to say 'memory,' but he had a one-track mind at the moment.

The two women laughed so hard at that that they practically hyperventilated. They were in danger of causing a scene again, but this time not just for their big breasts and all around stunning looks. Both of them clutched their chests with both hands, because their boobs were falling out of their clothes to such an obscene degree.

Nick was amazed that Hillary assumed he'd meant to say that as a joke. Relieved and inspired, he said, "I give up. Maybe we can switch to an udder topic."

That was so subtle that it took a couple of seconds for the others to catch on. Once they did, all three of them began laughing even more uproariously.

All that laughter sent Hillary's front zipper down another two or three inches, all the way to her belly button. That left her nipples completely exposed, but just for him and Maggie. Because her top more or less stayed

in place, because she was still clutching at herself with both hands, the view down to depths of her creamy and tanned cleavage was mostly blocked to those at other tables, but the frustrated men there could very well imagine the spectacular show they were missing.

Maggie nodded towards Hillary's cleavage, and said to her with concern, "Watch out! Look what you're showing!" (Maggie's outfit had gone back into place now that she was sitting still, plus she had her bra on.)

Hillary moved a hand over her cleavage, leaving only tantalizing glimpses. But she looked at Maggie wickedly, and said, "I'll tell you what. I'll zip back up some if things get a little more 'too hot in here' on your side of the table, if you know what I mean." She winked.

Maggie still didn't fully realize it, but Hillary was as much or more attracted to her as she was attracted to Nick, and Hillary craved to see more of Maggie's tempting round melons as much as Nick did.

Maggie also didn't realize just how much seeing Hillary's lush and round hooters were affecting her and causing her heart to race. She thought she was strictly straight, and maybe she had been before, but Hillary was starting to change that.

Maggie was gawking openly, and she'd almost forgotten she was sitting next to Nick. Her blouse was already unbuttoned so far that her bra was showing right where her boobs met to create a deep line rising up. Even as she unbuttoned another button, she complained, "I can't do this. Look how much my bra will show."

Nick most definitely was having a good look at that.

With that button undone, his mother was almost unbuttoned down to her belly button. She was showing nearly as much skin as Hillary had just been, except her bra kept her nipples covered. But still, it was sexy as hell.

Hillary waved a hand dismissively. "Then get rid of the bra." As she said that, she leaned forward as if whispering conspiratorially. Such leaning would have sent her zipper down much lower, except her hands pressed against the undersides of her breasts, allowing her top to just barely hang on in its current state. She knew exactly what she was showing.

Nick practically swooned. He half-seriously wondered if it was possible to die from sexy teasing alone.

Still in that pose, Hillary hissed in a challenging and naughty tone, "Let Nick take it off you!"

Maggie looked around in dismay. Her heart was pounding hard. "What? Here?! No. I couldn't!"

Hillary sat back, perhaps realizing she was pushing too much for such a public place. It was just that her lesbian lust was getting the best of her. She relented, saying, "I suppose we don't want to cause a riot - yet." She giggled. "But I'll get that bra off you soon enough!" She winked.

Nick let out a big exhale of air. He realized he'd been so transfixed that he'd forgotten to breathe. He felt his erection was so stiff and hard that he could use it like a hammer to smash the table in two. He decided to make a joke out of it. "Does anyone need anything hammered around here? Because I have just the tool for it."

Hillary's eyes lit up at such blatant innuendo. "You sure do! I've seen it, and brushed against it." She leaned back in her seat and lifted an arm behind her head in a sexy pose. "Personally, I could use a good hammering. Do you think you're up to the task?"

Nick hadn't realized his joke would be taken that way. He was just thinking about the way his erection was so stiff that it could pound something just like a hammer did, but he wasn't thinking of fucking. As a result, he was at a loss for words.

Luckily, Maggie read his look and spoke up before there was an awkward pause. "Hillary, be careful what you wish for! Let's just say they don't sell hammers his size at Home Depot!"

Hillary joked back, "Too bad. If they did, their sales would skyrocket!"

Things calmed down somewhat after that. In particular, once the food arrived, the three of them got busy eating and didn't talk much. But the arousing mood remained.

In fact, by the time they finished their pasta dinners, the sexual tension between them was so thick one could have cut it with a knife. And yet one couldn't really call it tension, because they were all feeling giddy and relaxed too.

There were lots of terrible yet amusing jokes and puns. For instance, Nick noted that it was "shaping up to be a very mammaryable evening."

Maggie said, "I agree, but I'm worried it could all go tits up."

Hillary upped the ante, commenting, "It probably will, since we're with a wild and dangerous guy like Nick. He's bad to the boner."

This kind of teasing went on and on. There were a lot of "bone" and "boner" jokes in particular after that, as "bone" took over as the preferred euphemism for "penis" over "stovepipe." Normally such jokes wouldn't have come over as very funny, but in their current giddy mood, they seemed both hilarious and arousing.

Nick couldn't believe his luck. Luckily, they were sitting at a table where only a couple other tables had a direct line of sight to theirs, and the men at each of those tables appeared to be married and with their wives, so they had to play it cool. But his two bombshell companions were so extraordinarily beautiful and flirtatious that it was fairly obvious that more people walked by their table just to get a good look at them, often more than once. That was true for both employees and patrons.

Their male waiter kept quiet about all the exposed skin, but he often put himself in a position that allowed him to see more than most.

Nick found himself thinking, *All the people here must be looking at me and thinking, "Who is that guy, and why is he so lucky?" And that's the gray cloud threatening to rain on all this, 'cos the fact is, I'm pretty ordinary. Okay, so I'm not a total generic schmo; I've got smarts and some other things going for me, but I'm not a classic hunk either. To say the least!*

I'm petrified that Hillary's gonna wake up soon and think, "What am I doing with this guy? I can do so much better." This is a totally contrived situation: Hillary wouldn't have the hots for me if Maggie didn't, and Maggie wouldn't be hot for me if Hillary wasn't here. How long can I keep juggling things before it all falls apart?!

But these gloomy musings were atypical, because he was generally having a fantastic time.

The three of them all remained nervous about being chastised for their lewd behavior, and they frequently glanced around for signs of anyone coming near. Their waiter was the only one who really got close, and whenever he walked to their table, the two women always used their hands to keep their cleavage covered up as best they could.

Hillary had something she was keen on telling Nick since the evening began. At one point, seeing how well things were going, and finding an opportune moment for a new topic, she said, "By the way, Nick, I have good news."

"Oh?" he asked.

"I talked to Anushka this afternoon, like I told you I would. I made a VERY compelling case that she should be more lenient about what she lets me do to you. It helped, I think, that she was naked and writhing underneath me at the time, and I wouldn't let her cum until she gave the right answer. But all's fair in love and war!" She laughed.

His eyes bugged out, both in hope and thanks to that mental image she put in his head. She didn't know what Anushka looked like yet, but he knew she was ethnically Indian, gorgeous, and extremely busty, so he would have loved to have been a fly on that wall. He asked, "Well?! What did she say?!"

Hillary stuck her tongue out playfully. "Sorry, that would be telling. But! Let's just say that it's good news. And later tonight, maybe things will develop enough for you to find out first hand!"

He stared at her in wide-eyed wonder. "Oh, woowooww! So great!"

Maggie was torn between lust and jealousy. She asked with great interest, "'First hand' only? What about... first mouth?"

Hillary laughed. "Ooooh! I like how you think! But I can't say at this point. You'll see. Gaawwwd! I hope you'll see it all from very close up!"

Maggie thought, *I sure hope that too! It's so strange. Every time I see my Sport and Hillary do sexy things together, I get so jealous that I can't stand it. Even the phone sex bothered me all to hell, and I could only hear that. But at the same time, I get so fucking horny that I can't stand it even more! Yet, I want MORE! Good God, how I want to see her stroke his cock! And suck it! YESSSSS! And titfuck it! Oh, dear God, YES! Even more, maybe, with HER F-cups!*

Anyone else, no way! I would get jealous in a bad way, in a 'leave my man alone or I'll kick your ass!' way. But with her, it's okay. I know he's been crushing on her forever, and I know what a kind of lovely person she is. And smart and fun and funny, and every good thing, including jaw-dropping

beauty. I so very much want to see him win her! And we're becoming good friends. It would be so great if we could learn to happily share him! In every possible way! And tonight, I feel that vibe is in the air!

Hillary and Nick continued to play footsie with each other, and eventually Hillary playfully asked Maggie, "Hmmm, I can't seem to control my feet. One of them is up past Nick's knee, and heading higher all the time. I'm wondering though, if I keep going, am I going to run into someone else's hand?"

In fact, Maggie hadn't touched Nick's crotch at all so far. She definitely had thought about doing just that, repeatedly. But it was far too bold for her to seriously think about actually doing. She was trying hard to keep her urges under control, and she was mostly succeeding. She worried about the kind of escalation Hillary was driving at, especially in a well-lit restaurant.

So she avoided the question, and suggested, "I think it's best we get out of here and go see a movie. What do you think?"

As a result, they set about trying to pay the bill so they could leave. Hillary's wandering foot didn't wander any higher, and Maggie felt like she'd dodged a bullet.

Nick volunteered to pay for the whole meal, but Hillary and Maggie strongly insisted they split the cost. Nick got them to agree he'd pay for the movie tickets though.

While they were still waiting to get change back from the bill, Hillary asked Maggie, "I was trying to get your permission to get a little friskier with Nick, but I noticed you kind of avoided my question. I really like you and Nick, and I don't want to say or do the wrong thing that will upset anyone. So I just want to ask again: are you 100 percent SURE that you don't mind if Nick and I play around?"

Actually, Maggie did mind, since she was feeling jealous and possessive about him. But she remembered the "hand-over" goal, and said, "Mind? Are you kidding me? I think it's great! How many times do I have to keep telling you? I can't wait to see what you two do to each other, or what kind of mischief the three of us can get into together."

That mollified Hillary's concerns, although she continued to have a hard time believing Maggie would really be so keen to share. It often seemed as

if Maggie said one thing about that but meant something else, since she couldn't entirely hide her jealous feelings.

Hillary's question left Maggie increasingly worried about the movie plan. *Look at us. Hillary and I are half-naked already. If I unbutton my blouse any more, my top is going to come off altogether! And she's just as bad with her ever-dropping zipper. In the darkness of the movie theater, there's no telling what could happen! Especially after Hillary's movie theater cocksucking fantasy from just last night. That's proof that she's thought about it, and she told him about it, so he's thought about it too.*

And as if all that isn't bad enough, I just threw down a gauntlet and practically challenged Hillary to go even further, with all three of us there!

You know what? I'll just kick back during the movie and let the two of them go at it as much as they want. That'll really get the hand-over plan rolling. My role here is to just act as the catalyst, and then step away.

But deep down, Maggie didn't feel good about that decision - she wanted to be in on the fun too. She totally loved her son, as much or more as she'd ever loved anyone, including Andy back in their best days. And she was learning that she lusted after him just as much. Plus, all the teasing had gotten her about as aroused as she'd ever been. In truth, she could hardly wait to get to the darkness of the movie theater so she could fool around with him.

Maggie thought for sure she and Hillary would button up and zip up respectively when they stood up to go. But Hillary didn't, so she only did up one button. Maggie was way outside her comfort zone, but she didn't want to seem like she couldn't keep up with her son's other sexy date.

While still standing outside the restaurant, Hillary noticed a trash can near the door. She put her hand on the middle of Maggie's back. But it wasn't just a friendly touch: within seconds, she managed to undo the clasp to Maggie's bra, right through her blouse. As she pulled the straps off Maggie's shoulders again through the blouse, she said, "I don't approve of this bra at all. I think you and I are going to have to go bra shopping soon, and get you some really sexy ones."

Maggie was left with her bra undone, but still more or less in place. Hillary didn't want to be too pushy, and she waited to see what Maggie would do next in response to her heavy hint.

Maggie looked all around, like a cornered animal. Her eyes lingered on Nick for a few seconds. She thought, *I'm Maggie, his date! His busty, lusty, sexy date! His mother is somewhere else right now. She's sitting at home reading a book, being boring. Why can't I be wild and fun like Hillary?*

Feeling frightened and shy, but also exhilarated and extremely horny, she pulled the bra out of the very open front of her blouse, and held it in front of her. She could hardly believe what she was seeing in her own hands, and she didn't know what to do with it.

Hillary quickly took care of that. She casually took the bra away, stepped towards the trash can, and then dropped the bra in it. She muttered, "There! That's better."

Maggie silently gasped and quickly covered her breasts with both hands. It was true her blouse still covered much of her huge melons, including her nipples, but she suddenly felt like she was naked from the waist up. Her upper torso felt very different, now that she was liberated from her bra, and her heavy tits sagged down some. She was ashamed at how long and hard her nipples felt. She knew for sure they were poking lewdly through her blouse, and she didn't want the others to see that.

Hillary, by contrast, seemed completely at ease with her zipper down to her belly button and her nipples occasionally peeking out a little bit. In truth, she'd never been this bold on a date, but then again she'd never been directly competing with another woman who was every bit as beautiful and nearly as endowed as she was.

Plus, she was very comfortable being nude at home, and she felt surprisingly at ease around Nick and Maggie. It was as if they'd all been best friends for a long time, although there was a slight jealous and competitive undercurrent between Hillary and Maggie.

Hillary saw Maggie's hands on her chest and worried that she might have been too pushy. She asked in a leading fashion, "That feels a lot better, don't you think?"

"Oh, definitely," Maggie quickly agreed.

Again, Maggie wanted to be "cool" and in on the fun, but lingering guilt and embarrassment held her back. It was clear that Hillary was wondering

why Maggie had her hands where they were. With Hillary still looking at her, she gathered up her courage and took her hands from her chest.

To cover for her hand placement, she joked, "I was just covering up because I know my Nick and I don't want him to ravage me right here in the parking lot!"

Hillary smirked. "I imagine that sort of thing happens a lot."

"You have no idea!" She was secretly relieved that she was seen as cool again. It was a struggle for her to keep up with Hillary's sexiness and boldness, but she was determined not to be outdone.

Hillary walked to the Prius hand in hand with Nick, letting her huge tits wobble outrageously with every step.

Maggie remained a bit shy and stayed a step behind from the other two, because now that her bra was gone, her tits were wobbling just as much, and it made her feel like she was completely naked. That in turn made her so horny that she could hardly stand it. She was glad at least that they were in a dark and otherwise empty parking lot. If anyone else would have been able to see her up close, she would have freaked out.

She glanced back at the trash can. *Good-bye, bra! There's no going back now. I can't believe I'm going to spend the rest of the evening feeling this... bouncy. I'm more than a little scared walking around like this. But I'll be damned if I let Hillary hog the spotlight! I'm Nick's date Maggie, and Maggie is sexy, fun, and even slutty!*

When they got to the car, Hillary asked Maggie, "Do you mind if I sit in the back with Nick? I kind of want to have some special kissy kissy time with him."

Maggie said, "Be my guest." She hesitated, then added, "I know that, with Nick's school year having just started, he's going to be dating other girls. I'm hoping that he'll just get serious with you instead of playing the field. So do all you can to draw him into your sexy web. I want to see some serious tonsil tag back there!"

Hillary laughed, and gave a mock salute. "Yes, ma'am! 'Tonsil tag.' I like that."

Maggie's frustrations were aggravated on the ride to the movie theater, because she drove while Hillary and Nick necked in the back seat the whole

way there. She felt like a chaperon or chauffeur.

She quietly sighed. *The things a mom does for love! I said that to help with the hand-over, only I don't want a damn hand-over! I want to be the one in the backseat making out with him! After all, tonight I'm Maggie, not Margaret. But the truth is, I'll always be Margaret to some degree. I can't run away from that. I have to do the right thing, the responsible thing!*

Her frustration grew because Nick soon had Hillary's zipper completely undone and his hands inside Hillary's top. Hillary leaned back until she was lying down on the back seat, with Nick lying on top of her. Soon, they were both grunting and moaning as much as if they were in the middle of a powerful fucking.

Maggie was jealous and annoyed, yes, but also insanely horny. She struggled to drive safely, because she was much more interested in using the rear view mirror to check out the action in the back seat. At times, she seriously pondered pulling the car over so she could simply masturbate while watching.

She was relieved at least that Nick and Hillary were keeping their hands above the belt for now, for the most part. The one exception was that Nick let his hands roam over Hillary's ass cheeks from time to time, and Maggie could easily see that because Hillary was on top. However, in the confines of the car, she could smell Hillary's aroused pussy, and she realized her own wet pussy was probably just as pungent. She was grateful she was still wearing panties, because otherwise she would have been making a big wet mess in her seat.

As she peered into the rear view mirror during a long traffic light, she thought, *Just look at my son! He's got his hands inside her skirt and he's groping her bare ass like his life depends on it! Dammit! Too hot!*

She sighed longingly. *Mere days ago, he'd never kissed a girl, and now he's making out with his dream girl like he was born to do it. He's some kind of natural stud! And it never would have happened, or at least not nearly so soon, if I hadn't agreed to become his girlfriend. His faux girlfriend, I mean.*

But what a cost! The problem is, he's TOO good! And even though she doesn't have his cock out or she isn't even rubbing it through his pants in her hot little hands, look at that way he's grinding against her! He's

humping up against her like he's fucking! I'll bet dollars to donuts that his big cock is rubbing directly against her clit!

She bit her lip. Look at his hands go on her ass! Oh no, now he's going back to her incredible bosom. Too hot! Seeing his fingers clutch at all that tit-flesh, it's like I can feel him touching ME! Oh God! Son, you're turning me into some kind of slut. YOUR slut! You make me want to just... throw caution to the wind and suck your cock! Until you splatter your hot cum all over my face and tits again!

UGH! I have to fight this! I can't say things like that, even in my own mind. I need to be good! Gaawwwd, how can he make my pussy throb like this when he's touching someone else?! What's going to happen the next time he touches ME?! Oh God, I can't ever let him touch my pussy directly, or he'll be hammering me balls-deep a few minutes later!

And to be split in two by HIS fat monster?! Oh dear Lord! I don't think I could take it!

A car honk behind her reminded her that the light had already changed, and that snapped her out of her reverie. She reluctantly resumed driving.

She was concerned Nick and Hillary wouldn't leave the back seat when they arrived, and they would just get more and more hot and heavy until they ended up fucking. As it was, Nick already had Hillary's long green skirt pulled down from the top so that half of her ass was showing, and her panties were nowhere to be seen. (In fact, they were still on, but he'd pulled them down in back so he'd be able to fondle her ass cheeks without any hindrance.)

But to Maggie's relief, Hillary sat up and began tidying herself up pretty much as soon as the car was parked. Hillary even zipped her front zipper back up to a relatively normal height when she got out of the car.

Maggie didn't realize it yet, but Hillary was worried she'd gone too far with her French kissing and groping, and she feared Maggie might feel like she was trying to steal Nick away from her. She hadn't meant to go that far, but she felt like she was putty in Nick's hands. True, he was a bit clumsy and inexperienced at times, but he more than made up for that with sheer enthusiasm.

Hillary decided she needed to say something. With the three of them standing by the car in the dimly lit parking lot, Hillary walked over to Maggie and gave her a big hug. That cause their enormous racks to press together. Hillary said, "I need to thank you for allowing me that."

"Don't worry about it," Maggie was eager for the hug to end, because she was finding it disturbingly arousing. The tit-to-tit contact was secretly driving her wild.

But Hillary continued, "No, don't brush it off. I can't read your mind, but some part of you **MUST** be worried about me trying to steal Nick away from you. I promise you, that will **NEVER** happen! I hope we can find a way to share him, but we need to do that in a way that doesn't lead to grief and chaos. Since you got to him first, I consider that **YOU'RE** in charge. If I do anything with him, it has to be with **YOUR** permission. If you ever want me to back off, just say so, and I will. That way, you'll never feel like I'm overstepping my bounds."

Maggie was startled by Hillary's offer, especially considering the time and location. She also was growing even more aroused, because their mere regular breathing was causing their tits to slightly rise and fall, and thus rub together. She had a powerful urge to clutch and squeeze Hillary's huge tits with both hands, and that disturbed her.

But she forced herself to push that strange feelings to the side and come up with a good answer. She said, "I appreciate that a lot. Thank you. You see? This is a perfect example of why I'm rooting for him to pick you. I knew even before I met you from the way Nick talked about you that you were much more mature than you're age, and you're proving that tonight. Making a threesome relationship work is very tricky. I've never tried it myself, but I think that's a safe assumption. However, if we all share that kind of attitude, I think we can make it work!"

Hillary beamed. "I think we can too!" She leaned in and kissed Maggie.

Maggie was relieved that it was only a brief kiss on the cheek, because Hillary was so sexual, and bisexual, that there was no telling. However, by moving in to do that, Hillary's F-cups shifted around against Maggie's E-cups, and all that tit-rubbing nearly drove her to insanity.

Maggie was forced to break the hug, if only to give herself a chance to calm down before she did something she might regret later. She said, "Come on,

let's go. We can talk more about such things later when we're somewhere more comfortable."

The three of them started walking towards the movie theater.

Nick hadn't said anything during the conversation between Maggie and Hillary, but he'd carefully listened, and he was extremely delighted. So far, the night was going almost perfectly as far as his overarching threesome goal was concerned. Hearing the two of them seriously working out the logistics on how to make such a relationship work was the best development, by far.

Maggie was both relieved and sad to button her blouse back up to a similar level of daring as the height of Hillary's zipper. However, she still felt extremely exposed, especially because she wasn't wearing a bra. Her blouse was tight enough that her nipples poked obscenely through the thin fabric (which also rubbed them, driving her wild). She was so constantly aroused that making her nipples go down simply wasn't an option.

But the blouse was also loose enough to give her boobs no effective support, and that made her continue to feel like she was walking around in a public place topless. She wasn't used to going bra-less at all. Her tits were so big and heavy that they bounced around wildly in her top with every single step she took. Worse, it seemed that each new step sent electric shocks from her tits right to her pussy and clit. She half-seriously thought she could climax just from walking.

Watching Hillary walk, and seeing her tits bounce around just as much, she knew Hillary was equally unsupported and probably feeling just as aroused by the sheer act of walking, not to mention feeling extra thrills because of the stares of strangers.

Feeling giddy and frisky, Maggie walked up to Nick and linked her arm in his. She said to him, "I thought we were going to a movie, not camping."

"Huh?" he was confused.

She pointed at his crotch. "I think you got the wrong idea, because you obviously pitched a tent!"

It was true. He was so horny and overwhelmed that he'd long since given up trying to hide his raging boner. He just laughed and hoped his pre-cum wasn't making too obvious of a wet spot.

He wasn't shy to show off his "tent," since he knew that his dick size was one of his few advantages in his fight to win and keep Hillary as his girlfriend. At seven inches, it wasn't that much longer than average, but it was certainly extraordinarily thick. He felt pretty confident that Spencer couldn't have a big dick like this on top of all of his other genetically blessed advantages. Spacer was smart, so if he did he'd probably find a way to let it be publicly known.

Hillary was walking next to Nick, but she liked how Maggie had linked arms with him. As they got closer to the theater, where there was more light and more people milling about, she did the same to him on his other side.

Nick felt like a king. Both women were pressing into him, letting everyone know that they belonged to him. He absolutely loved the confused looks from others. To see one guy obviously going on a date with two women was unusual enough, but the fact that both women were total bombshells was even more astounding.

Chapter 14: Fun at the Movies (Friday)

When the three of them got to the theater, they had no idea which movie they were going to see. They stood in front of a neon display listing the movie titles and times, and Maggie asked the other two, "So, what do you wanna watch?"

Hillary had her arm around Nick, and replied, "Who cares? Somehow, I don't think I'm gonna be watching the screen much. Maybe we should go camping instead, because I wanna get inside Nick's tent." Then she kissed Nick on the lips.

Maggie was getting seriously annoyed. *Dammit, he should be kissing ME like that! I'm not gonna let her steal him away from me without a fight! And what does she mean about not watching the screen? If she's going to kiss him the whole movie, I'm going to demand my equal turns. She said that I'm in charge of deciding such things, so there!*

In the passion of the moment, she was completely forgetting her motherly role. She was seriously horny! She was highly mindful of Hillary's phone sex fantasy, and her excitement soared and soared from the mere remote possibility that something like that could happen to them in real life tonight.

Both Nick and Hillary had that phone sex fantasy very much on their mind too. But nobody overtly made mention of it. Neither of them felt that cocksucking part was likely to happen, much less the total nudity part, but the chances of some hanky panky happening in the theater was a near certainty.

Maggie walked up to the counter and bought tickets for the movie that happened to be starting next. She noticed it was an action adventure, but she barely even bothered to remember the title. She was like Hillary in that she couldn't care less what movie they saw; she just wanted to get into a dark theater sooner rather than later.

Her body was on fire, and she couldn't wait until her son was kissing and fondling her. She was pondering just how far things might go. She figured it depended on some unknown factors, such as how crowded the theater was, and how dark and secluded their seats were. But she hoped he'd find a way to at least open her top and directly play with her big tits, and especially

with her nipples. That was becoming his "signature move" with her, and she craved it.

They continued to walk with their arms linked together. But there was such a sexual tension between them that they practically started jogging just to get to where they could be intimate.

Then, when the three of them went into the theater, Maggie steered them to the back row. There weren't many people watching that particular movie showing, and all of them were sitting in the better seats at least ten rows in front of them.

None of them mentioned it out loud, but they were all thinking about how their seats were ideal for some serious hanky panky in the dark. Once again, Hillary's phone sex fantasy was on all their minds, and making them even more worked up. It was like the unmentioned elephant in the room.

When they sat down, the movie hadn't started yet, which meant the theater was dark but it still hadn't been completely darkened, so people could find their seats. This frustrated all of them, as it meant they had to show some decorum for a while.

Not surprisingly, Nick sat in the exact middle of the row, with Hillary on one side and Maggie on the other. Again, he truly felt like a king, especially thanks to the way they both clung to him.

Maggie had been holding back and waiting her turn for a long time, and had been especially frustrated by having to drive the car to the movie theater while Nick and Hillary had all the fun in the back seat. But now she was ready for a sexy reward. She whispered to Nick, "My turn!" Then she turned him her way and planted a juicy kiss on his lips.

Nick certainly didn't have shyness problems in a situation like this. In fact, he was starting to realize that he had a kind of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" persona, except instead of turning into an evil monster, he turned into a sexually aggressive horn dog. Within seconds, he was vigorously kneading Maggie's big tits through her top just the way she liked it.

After a couple of minutes, Nick brought the kiss to an end. He knew this was a crucial moment, if he could get both of them to go along with taking turns having fun with him.

Hillary was thinking the same thing. She shyly said, "Um... Maggie... you know how I was saying I'm not trying to steal him from you? I'm still not, and I don't want you to worry. But, uh, would it be okay if..."

Maggie chuckled. She thought it was cute how shy Hillary was at trying to express what she wanted. She said, "It's fine."

Hillary was surprised. "What?"

Maggie explained, "I know where you're going with this. You want us to take turns making out with him, don't you?"

Hillary nodded very eagerly.

Maggie chuckled some more. "Like I said, that's fine. I appreciate you leaving me in charge. If you go too long with him, I'll tap you on the head or shoulder to get my next turn. But I might get carried away too. So if I do, you should feel free to tap on me. Understood?"

Hillary nodded even more eagerly.

Nick wanted to whoop and holler. *YESSSSS! This is epic! Historic! This is gonna set such an awesome, massive precedent! But I need to be cool as a cucumber, like this is totally expected. Man! If any guy had this happen with ANY two women, he'd be totally psyched! But I'm arguably with the two hottest girls in our entire high school! Screw Debra. These two are way hotter!*

He was going to turn in place and get started making out with Hillary. But before he did, he had an idea to raise the heat even more. He started out by saying, "Before we do this, do I get any say in the matter?"

Both Maggie and Hillary spoke as one: "NO!"

The three of them burst into laughter.

He looked back and forth between the two sex bomb women. As he did that, he boldly reached out with one hand to caress Maggie's huge rack, and then he reached out with his other hand to do the same to Hillary's great rack. His fingers started to caress, on both hands.

That simple gesture practically doubled the sexual heat in a flash. It was like he was taking charge and laying claim to both of their bodies at once.

But that also was just a prelude to his main idea to raise the heat. As he continued to explore both of their racks at once, while still looking back and

forth, he added, "You know... before I take my next turn... I have an interesting observation to make. Last night, when Hillary and I were on the phone, things got pretty heated and she told me a sexy fantasy. It involved the three of us sitting in a movie theater, just like this. And I took turns kissing and fondling each of you."

Maggie said, "You don't say!" She was grateful for his words, because he'd told her earlier about the phone sex in a general way, but he hadn't mentioned the movie theater scenario, so she'd had to pretend not to know. Now, she knew enough to ask questions.

That was all that was said on the matter, for now, because he finally turned all the way to Hillary. He let go of Maggie's chest and gave all of his attention to Hillary. She leaned towards him as he leaned towards her and their lips locked.

The lights hadn't even dimmed yet, since there was still time for more people to come in. There were some advertisements and public service announcements playing on the movie screen.

Maggie ignored that, and took advantage of the light to closely watch Nick make out with Hillary. As expected, his hands slipped into Hillary's top. That was easy, since the top was so wide open already. Then, since her top was held together by a zipper down the middle of the front, he unzipped it further down, until all of Hillary's tits were exposed.

Maggie silently gasped as she saw all of Hillary's tanned, huge tits come into view. The zipper was still keeping Hillary's top together down by her belly button, by that was pretty much a moot point. Maggie squirmed with excitement, feeling her nipples and pussy tingle. *Oh my God! This movie is, what, an hour and a half long?! This is gonna be soooo exciting! We're already kind of making Hillary's fantasy come true!*

Hillary didn't want to push her luck with Maggie there, so she just kept her arms around the middle of Nick's back for now. Also, Hillary was sitting closer to the main aisle, so she had to be more mindful of what other people might see, especially while the lights were still on.

Maggie thought, *Damn those lights! They're a double-edged sword. It's nice being able to see them get it on so clearly, but I really, really want to open my top all the way and fondle and caress my bare tits while I watch them make out. But I can't do that when anybody might walk by and see!*

Gaaaawwwwd! I can't wait until it gets completely dark! Hillary's fantasy can't actually happen, obviously. At least not all of it, including the getting completely naked part! Oh, God, no! And we can't take turns bobbing and slobbering all over his fat cock either. That would be going way too far! But... maybe... we could get halfway there... Would it be too much if we unzipped his pants, at least, and took turns jacking him off?!

OH GOD! OH DEAR GOD! THAT'S TOO HOT! Would Hillary go for that?! Would I?! Should I?! It's so impetuous and bold, to even think about doing that! But I AM supposed to be helping with the hand-over plan. What better way than to literally hand his big thick cock to her?! And hand it back and forth, back and forth, stroking his incredible thickness the entire movie! Gaaaawwwwd! That would be so fucking hot!

She was hit with a sudden realization. *OH MY GOD! We might even stroke it together! Surely we wouldn't dare, though! That's just way too wicked and outrageous!*

About two minutes passed before Nick broke away from Hillary and went back to making out with Maggie.

Hillary had her back to the main aisle. He'd left her top open in front, just enough for her huge tits to hang out. Feeling brave and extremely horny, she sat there waiting for her next turn without attempting to close her top at all. She figured that if somebody were to walk past them down the main aisle, all they would see is the clothes on her back and assume she was similarly clothed in front. But Maggie could sometimes look past Nick while she made out with him and then see Hillary sitting there with her fulsome F-cups out in the open.

Sure enough, Maggie saw that and just about passed out, it aroused her so much. The room seemed to spin for her. It wasn't just the sexy sight that got to her, it was the realization that if Hillary was doing that, she'd be doing it soon too - and probably more!

Luckily, there were few people in the theater. In fact, no one noticed their antics at all. Since it wasn't her turn, Hillary sat up stiffly and leaned forward, trying to block the view of any late arrivals who might come by.

One couple did come in while she was doing that. One of them, the woman, even looked their way. But all she saw was a man and woman making out while another woman sat next to them, apparently watching from close up.

That was a bit odd, but the stranger didn't think much of it and kept on walking to find a seat. She had no idea that Hillary was effectively topless, but facing the other way, while Maggie was also effectively topless by this time, but had her chest blocked by Nick's body.

Then the lights finally dimmed for the movie to start. With the room suddenly all but pitch black, there was no reason to hold back.

The level of excitement and anticipation all three of them soared through the roof. Maggie thought, *We've gone this far with some lights still on! What'll happen when we're plunged into pitch darkness?! I can't wait to find out!*

Hillary waited some moments until their eyes adjusted to the darkness. She waited a little longer until it was her next kissing turn. But before any more kissing, she put her fingers on her front zipper just below her exposed boobs, and said to Maggie, "It's getting waaaay toooo hot in here, don't you think?"

It was very dark, but not so dark that Maggie couldn't see where Hillary's fingers were. She was confused for a couple of seconds, but then she remembered their "too hot in here" game from the restaurant. She saw that Hillary's zipper was already so far down, thanks to Nick's recent tit play, that the only thing left for Hillary to do was open her top all the way.

Maggie's tits were hanging out in the open, but at least her blouse was still partially buttoned together. She realized that if Hillary's top did get completely unzipped, she would have to completely unbutton her blouse if she wanted to keep pace with her.

Maggie was so afraid and excited that her hands were trembling. But she forced herself to be bold, and smiled. "Yes. Definitely. Very."

Hillary smiled back, and held her zipper so she could unzip it down the last couple of inches. But then she had a better idea, and asked, "Nick, do you want to do the honors?"

"Yes!" he replied in a lust-soaked voice. His hands were visibly trembling as he reached out and oh-so-slowly pulled Hillary's zipper down. He really wanted to savor the experience.

Once the zipper was undone, Hillary continued to sit there expectantly.

So he pulled her top open all the way. His jaw hung open as he saw all of her fantastic F-cups exposed, not to mention her sexy and taut tummy too. *Holy fucking Christ! I really hit the big tit jackpot tonight!*

He didn't know just how true that was because, again, his mother was a bit behind Hillary's boldness, but trying hard to keep up.

He reached out and lovingly caressed Hillary's great melons with a gentle touch. She shivered and moaned erotically in response. It was all he could do to stop himself from firmly kneading her tit-flesh like he did with Maggie, but he knew Hillary didn't respond well to that. So instead he leaned in for another passionate kiss.

But before his lips made contact, Maggie coughed to get his attention. She said in a sultry, needy voice, "Hmmm. Seems it's very hot over here too."

Once Nick had turned around to look at her, she thrust her chest out as much as physically possible, and asked him in sultry voice, "Can you do the honors with me too?" As if that wasn't enticing enough, she clutched her big orbs from below, thrusting them even further up and out.

She thought, *Gaawwwd! I'm out of control already! I knew something like this would happen. This is bad! I AM his mother, and God only knows how this is going to affect our relationship back at home. We probably will end up taking turns stroking his cock before the movie is over, because I'm so insanely, uncontrollably horny! But I don't care anymore! I'm on fire!*

"Sure, Ma-aaggie!" Nick had very nearly blown everything and called her "Ma." That sent his heart racing even more than before, and secretly thrilled her too.

He was so excited that his fingers had great difficulty working the buttons on her blouse. But in a way that was good, because it prolonged the joy for everyone.

Hillary leaned way forward to make sure she could see what was happening. She deliberately pressed her bare tits into his back, so at least he wouldn't forget about the F-cups he was neglecting. She was thinking how great if she could be the one holding and fondling Maggie's exposed breasts. She was hopeful that could happen eventually.

Nick slowed his unbuttoning even more because his hands started feeling up his mother's tits before he had all her buttons undone. Then, without

either of them consciously thinking about it, their lips flew together like magnets. Their passionate necking slowed him down even more, but his fingers kept working at the buttons from time to time. There were only two buttons left to deal with, but he was so aroused that his hands were trembling and hard to control.

Finally, he undid the last button. Her blouse immediately opened up all the way in front. He slid both of his hands inside her blouse and cupped her heaving orbs from below.

As soon as Nick started in on twisting Maggie's nipples, she thought, *Oh no! I'm a goner! I hate it, because it feels too good! Nick, I'm yours! I'll do anything you want! I'll even play with your big thick cock if you really want me to! Play with my nipples! Pull 'em! Twist 'em harder!*

Even though she knew it was coming, she felt totally shocked and thrilled when she felt her blouse open wide in front. It was a big deal compared to just having her tits hanging out with her blouse partially unbuttoned, because she knew that blouse wasn't going to get rebuttoned until the movie ended!

She kissed him with even more erotic fire. She knew Hillary was the only one who could possibly see anything, but that Hillary was in a very good position to see indeed. That only aroused her even more.

It was all she could do to keep her hands off the bulge in his pants. *Nick's cock must be so stiff and hot right now! He should whip that fat monster out of his pants to give it some air before it sets his clothes on fire! Better yet, I could cool it off with a nice tongue bath, deep inside my mouth! MMMM! I should do it! That would be so fucking HOT!*

I can't do that though. Because if I did, Hillary certainly would want to do the same! Then we'd spend the whole movie taking turns feasting on his cock, exactly like a fantasy! Gaaaawwwwd! It's not a fantasy, it's reality! Well, almost!

Despite those highly arousing thoughts, she was too scared to even put a hand on his bulge. At least not yet.

Now it was Hillary's turn to feel left behind and a bit miffed.

But as much as Nick was enjoying kissing and fondling his mother, he never forgot Hillary waiting on the other side of him. A couple of minutes

later, he broke the kiss with Maggie and turned around in his seat. He was stunned all over again to see Hillary sitting there with her enormous melons totally exposed for his eyes. From the back, where the main aisle was, it probably looked at a glance like she was fully clothed, but from Nick's vantage point, she was effectively topless.

As if that wasn't arousing enough, he loved the way she arched her back and thrust her tits out, while pouting with need. It was like she was saying, *"Nick, stop playing with Maggie's big titties for a while. My even bigger titties need you!"*

He smiled at Hillary and stretched his hands out greedily towards all that ample tit-flesh. But then he paused before touching her, and gasped at the sight in front of him. "My God!" he whispered. "You're so hot!"

Then he latched on to her totally exposed F-cups with both hands, and French kissed her some more as well.

Maggie looked down at her own bare rack. She was tempted to close her blouse over her chest most of the way while she waited for her next turn, but she didn't. She felt the friendly competition between her and Hillary, and she wasn't going to be the one to fall behind.

She thought, God, this is annoying, not to mention humiliating. It's bad enough that I'm making out with my own son, but half the time I have to wait for my turn to do it! I certainly can understand his fascination with Hillary's huge bust though. I mean, she has the most perfect body I've just about ever seen, and her breasts really are her crowning glory. I thought I look pretty damn good, but she blows me away.

Dammit. Look at 'em go! He's like some kind of horny octopus, and she's giving back just as much. You'd think they're in his bedroom instead of in the middle of a movie theater!

Gaawwwd! I'm just too horny! Having to wait and watch makes me even MORE worked up! If I don't cum soon, I'm gonna scream! Should I play with myself until it's my turn again?

No! That's a slippery slope I definitely can't get started on. Where will that end? With my face in his lap, my mouth stuffed with cock, and his hot sperm splattered all over my face, and her face?! Or with my legs up in the air as he fucks the shit out of me here in the back row? No! And I would just die if

Hillary saw me with my hand on my pussy. But I can't just sit here, or he'll forget all about me.

She didn't consciously think about it, but her hand stretched out, seemingly on its own, and landed right on the bulge of his crotch. She knew that would get his attention, big time.

But to her shock and dismay, there was another female hand there already! Hillary had the same idea, but she'd acted on it just a few seconds faster than she did.

Maggie pulled her hand back like it had been scalded.

Hillary though, seemed not to mind any of that in the least. She broke her kiss with Nick, and joked, "It's getting REALLY, REALLY hot in here, isn't it?"

That eased the tension. "Yeah," Maggie said, laughing. She looked at his crotch and saw Hillary's hand still resting on his bulge. She noticed that his zipper was still zipped up, but his pants were slack enough so that his erection was poking nearly straight up and Hillary's hand was completely wrapped around it.

Maggie had never seen anything so arousing in her life. *Good GOD! I need to see my son's incredible horse cock exposed! Now!* She longed to see Hillary stroke it. Without thinking, she said, "In fact, Nick, don't you think it's too hot in here for you to keep your pants all zipped up like that? Aren't they chafing you, or something?"

Hillary laughed, even as she started to rhythmically squeeze his bulge. "Chafing! I love it! That's like asking to see his etchings."

Maggie's comment was kind of a joke, but it also was a genuine invitation for Hillary to unzip his fly. She couldn't believe her own audacity. The panting mother would have held her breath in anticipation, except that she was panting so hard already that she couldn't stop.

Nick's body was still plastered all over Hillary's, and in particular, his hands seemed permanently attached to her big boobs. Like Maggie, he was waiting with bated breath for Hillary to unzip his zipper.

However, Hillary still was more or less equally attracted to Nick and Maggie. She knew Maggie considered herself straight, but she also figured that she had a good chance of "bending" her, at least some. She had sensed

Maggie's interest in her body in the past, such as when their massive racks pressed together while they hugged in the parking lot.

She could see just how eager and insanely aroused Maggie was to see her unzip Nick's fly. She decided to use the situation to her advantage to see just how much the curvaceous beauty might be attracted to her.

Hillary leaned around Nick in an attempt to talk more intimately with Maggie. With her hand still tightly gripping his bulge, she said to her, "I definitely am planning on helping him with his 'chafing problem' in a minute. But first, you know what would REALLY blow his mind? What if we kiss each other, right in front of him? It could kind of officially seal the deal about us sharing him. And even sharing his cock!"

Maggie felt goose bumps all over. The thought of kissing Hillary was outrageous, if it was the French kiss she assumed it was. And talk of "sharing his cock" was even more outrageous. She hesitated, and stayed silent. She wanted to make out with Hillary desperately badly at the same time that she didn't.

Nick stammered, "I don't need my mind blown!" He said that because he was so overwhelmed with all the lust and probing tongues and soft, spongy tits. But he immediately realized that was a stupid thing to say, as he desperately wanted to see a kiss like that, even if it caused him to ejaculate far too soon.

He twisted around, and saw his mother looking uncertain and doubtful about the kissing idea. So he launched his hands back onto Maggie's tits, and he went straight for her nipples. He was quickly learning that any nipple play with her melted her resolve as fast as a chocolate bar placed in a hot oven, and aggressive nipple play was even better.

He kissed Maggie for a while, even as Hillary kept on squeezing and stroking his bulge.

Hillary was patient. She could tell that Nick saw Maggie's hesitation and was helping out by heating Maggie up that much more, until Maggie would be unable to resist even a lesbian kiss. She licked her lips in anticipation, and her heart raced.

As the necking went on, Nick cleverly positioned his mother so she was mostly leaning over into his seat. He kept pulling back like he was thinking

of ending the kiss, forcing her to hungrily lean farther his way. Thus, when he finally ended the kiss, her mouth was less than a foot from Hillary's mouth, as she leaned forward from his other side.

Hillary had been pretty blown away by how much sexy fun she'd had on this date so far. She was having a great time fondling Nick's bulge, even though she was holding back from unzipping his fly just yet.

Maggie's mouth and Hillary's mouth slowly and inexorably drew closer and closer, while Nick just barely kept his head out of the way.

Hillary lusted after Maggie so much that this was the most exciting thing that had happened to her all evening. She leaned in some and opened her mouth slightly, but let Maggie initiate the kiss. She didn't want to scare her off.

To her disappointment, Maggie only kissed her on her cheeks, nose, and chin. There was no real mouth-to-mouth contact. Furthermore, Maggie was hamming it up, looking at Nick's face from just inches away, and obviously kissing Hillary to put on a show for him.

Hillary realized she'd have to be more patient if she was to get the lesbian French kiss she so ardently desired. She followed suit, and only kissed Maggie's face on the same spots she was being kissed. She also played it up for Nick's benefit, even though what she really wanted to do was French kiss Maggie for a long, long time while rubbing their racks and the rest of their bodies together.

Nick wanted to see that French kiss too. He had his head tilted back, and their heads were so close in front of his that he could have easily joined in the kissing. But with both of them leaning forward into his seat, their incredible tits were quite literally at hand. They even lightly rested against his upper chest some of the time. He couldn't resist, and brought up both hands so he was fondling both of their racks at once.

Hillary moaned lustily, and purred to Maggie while they continued to kiss each other everywhere but on the other's mouths. "Mmmm! Can you feel that? Nick is feeling up my tits some more! Is he doing the same to you?"

"Mmmm! He is!" Maggie replied, lost in a heavy sex fog.

Hillary said as she started more licking Maggie's face than kissing it, "I guess that makes us his two busty, slutty girlfriends!"

"Mmmm..." Maggie moaned some more. She was starting to experiment with licking Hillary's face some too. "I guess it does..."

As that went on, Hillary hadn't forgotten having fun with Nick's cock. She still had her hand on his crotch, and she kept squeezing and stroking his erection through his slacks. (He was very glad he'd taken her suggestion earlier in the day to stop wearing underwear.) A large wet spot had formed covering much of his bulge, which got her hand wet.

Maggie found one of her hands drifting back to that same bulge, only to discover one of Hillary's hands still there. Except this time she wasn't alarmed, and she kept her hand on top of Hillary's.

She thought, UNNNGH! HNNG! So hot! But so wrong! We're about to unleash his cock! I'm his mother! I keep pretending I'm just "Maggie," but wishing can't make it so. No mother should want her son's cock as much as I do, but I do! FUCK the fake part of being his fake girlfriend! I wanna be one of his real girlfriends, even if that means I have to stroke him, and suck him! Hell, ESPECIALLY if it means that! DO IT, Hillary! Do it, already!

Hillary couldn't wait to get Nick's cock out, but she wanted to make absolutely sure that Maggie was okay with it first. So she teased, "Why is it that Nick's got all our zippers and buttons undone, while his are all closed up tight? That's not fair!"

Maggie looked at Nick with lusty eyes and also said in a teasing voice, "Yeah! That's rude! Not to mention sexist. Nick, are you sexist?"

Hillary purred as she rhythmically squeezed his bulge and ran her hand up his chest, "I think he's sexy!"

"Spinal Tap!" Nick gasped out. He was still fondling each set of dangling tits while doing his best not to get too excited, especially from the feel of the two hands on his jutting bulge.

Hillary laughed. "Oh, you're right!" She remembered a similar confusion between "sexy" and "sexist" was the source of a good joke in the "This Is Spinal Tap" movie.

Maggie didn't get the joke, but she really wanted to feel her fingers wrapped around her son's cock, skin on skin. She asked, "Nick, don't you think it's getting too hot in here?"

Maggie and Hillary laughed at that in-joke, but Nick was too astounded by all these great developments to make any reply.

Hillary suggested, "Maggie, you do the zipper, and I'll do the button." She jokingly added, "We can't let this blatant example of sexy sexism persist. I think we need to take turns making sure a certain part of his anatomy isn't overheated."

Nick could scarcely believe his eyes as the two women of his dreams worked together to pull his erection out of his pants, right there in the middle of the movie theater. He paused his tit fondling, lifted his ass up some, and used his hands to pull his pants down just enough so there was no barrier at all between their hands and his cock and balls.

He didn't resume his "stereo" tit fondling just yet, for fear of getting too aroused and blowing his load before a new cock stroking tradition could get started.

By now, his cock and balls were fully exposed, and there was just enough light for them to see its basic shape and features. But both women hesitated before touching it. Neither of them realized it, but Maggie was waiting for Hillary to go first, while Hillary was waiting for Maggie to go first.

He thought, *No way! This is happening! This is really happening?! NO WAY! Look, there's my dick. They're pulling it out!* He prayed that he wouldn't cum immediately upon being directly touched. Luckily, he didn't feel like he was on the verge of orgasm yet. But with this much stimulation going on, there was no telling when he might spontaneously blow his load.

Then there was a bit of confusion and rustling around while both Hillary and Maggie gave up waiting and tried to grip his shaft at the same time.

Hillary stared at Nick's boner in awe, as well as her hand wrapped around it, and Maggie's hand wrapped around it just below hers.

All three of them had been assuming that the two women would take turns jacking him off, just as they'd been taking turns with make-out sessions. But once each woman had her hand on his hot and pulsing pole, skin on skin, it felt too good to let go.

Hillary had been pretty sexually active for a girl her age, but she'd never shared a dick before. She whispered, "My God! It's so thick!"

"It is!" Maggie proudly replied. *That's my boy! I gave birth to him! And he's grown up to be such a man. Soon, my face will be drenched in his sweet cum, but I don't care!*

Hillary continued to whisper in awe, "I mean, I saw it and even felt it before, but to HOLD IT... WOW! That's a whole different story! I can't even get my fingers all the way around it!"

"Tell me about it," Maggie said, sounding like she'd jacked him off countless times.

Hillary suggested with a whisper, "There's enough cock and balls for the both of us, don't you think? Why don't we say that whoever's not kissing him gets the top half, and then we'll take turns?"

"Sounds good," Maggie enthusiastically agreed. Then she leaned in to kiss him again, but stopped at the last second with another thought. "The only thing is, we have to remember not to get him too excited too fast. We've got an hour and a half here, after all."

With that, she looked up and remembered that they were ostensibly there to watch a movie. She'd already forgotten what the title was, and she didn't care. She only glanced at the screen for a few seconds before returning all her attention back to Nick's fat cock. *Mmmm... I wonder if I could fit that in my mouth? I did it once before, so I know it can be done! Is ALL of Hillary's phone sex fantasy going to come true tonight?! I hope so! Although, maybe not the completely naked part. Too dangerous!*

"Agreed," Hillary said as she started stroking her hand up and down the top of his erection. "In fact, don't you think it would be fun to see if we can keep him stiff and throbbing for every single minute of the entire movie?"

"I like how you think!" Maggie whispered back with a quiet giggle.

Nick didn't have anything to say to that plan, but then again he didn't need to. He showed his approval with his lusty moans. *Fuck me! Fucking fuck me! My new threesome plan was just formulated earlier today, and it's already coming true! This is the most exciting and important precedent yet! By stroking me together, we're all establishing that I'm dating both of them together, not separately! It's like I can have my own fucking mini-harem with my two great obsessions!*

Oh man! Man oh man oh man! Too much! I have to keep my shit together and not cum too soon! But this is all too much! What a RUSH! All my dreams are coming true! Things I didn't even DARE to dream mere days ago are coming true! Fuuuuuck!

With Hillary's hand moving up and down, Maggie found she could move her hand up and down just as much, as long as she kept the exact same pace. *Look at this! Nick's cock is so thick and long that there's plenty of room for two hands! And there's lots of pre-cum dripping everywhere to provide enough lubrication, so my fingers are slipping and sliding all over the place. This is such fun! Gaawwwd, I'm such a slut though!*

But then again, Hillary says sluts aren't bad. Why should I feel ashamed? This is soooo much fun! I don't care! I'm Maggie, dammit! I'm Nick's slutty, slutty, cock-hungry girlfriend! Before the evening's over, I'm going to cram that thick fuck-stick in my mouth and bob on it so good that even Hillary will be amazed!

Nick looked back and forth between the two topless beauties. Even though they were sitting in a dark movie theater, his eyes had adjusted enough so he didn't really think about the darkness. He looked down at their hands stroking together. It was all too much, and he knew he'd be cumming in a minute or less.

He was tempted to just let go, but he really wanted to impress them. Plus, he loved the idea of being able to stay hard most of the movie. So he whispered, "Um, I, uh... I'm gonna cum!"

Maggie kissed and licked her way towards his mouth. "I know. You're gonna cum a LOT tonight!" She giggled. Her mind was filled with naughty images of her and Hillary taking turns sucking him off.

But he said, with more insistence, "I mean, I'm gonna cum, NOW!"

"OH!" Maggie's hand froze.

Hillary's did too.

Nick acted quickly, and reached his hands towards the top of his hard-on, so his cum wouldn't just fly anywhere.

But Hillary and Maggie were both thinking about where his cum would go. Since Hillary already had her fingers around the top half of his shaft, she was able to just shift her hold so her palm was over his piss hole. Maggie

got in on the action and put a hand on top of Hillary's while resuming sliding her other hand around the base of Nick's throbbing cock.

Nick's cum started to shoot out. He leaned back and opened his mouth wide, as if to scream. But at the last second he remembered he was in a movie theater. He managed not to shout out loud, although he did grunt and groan quite a lot.

Both women kept right on stroking him through his orgasm.

The erotic joy he felt was simply indescribable. Even as he climaxed, he thought, *YES! This is the stuff of my wildest fantasies, but it's actually happening to me! Ma AND Hillary?! Jacking me off at once?! I'm seeing it and feeling it, but I still can't believe it!*

It actually was a good thing that Maggie had her hand there too, because he came so much that both their hands got very sticky. It might not have been that way at first, but they changed hand positions from time to time, and soon the cum was everywhere.

The reason they occasionally swapped hand positions was because his cock simply never went flaccid. That wasn't a big surprise to any of them, since this was the most stimulating and pivotal sexual experience he'd had yet, even beating what happened on Tuesday. Nick in particular wasn't surprised, since he typically would "cum in twos" most of the time, even without such extreme stimulation.

All three of them were so insanely horny that his climax was treated as little more than a minor bump in the road. Maggie and Hillary got right back to jacking him off together, but with their hands soaked with his cum. That made the experience even more wanton and thrilling.

Maggie thought, *I feel like a complete and utter SLUT! But both Nick and Hillary have talked about good sluts vs. bad sluts. I don't know about that, but I certainly feel like a totally WICKED slut! My hand is SOAKED in my son's cum, and I continue to stroke his FAT, THICK COCK-MEAT! And I'm not doing it alone! That's the motherfucking most mind-blowing part! Look at Hillary! GOD! With her fucking enormous bare breasts bouncing in time to her hand stroking up against mine! Her hands are DOUSED in his cum too! It's everywhere!*

Forget being married! Forget my boring life back home. Forget the entire "Margaret mode" way of life! THIS is truly living! If only he wasn't my son! But the fact that he is makes everything twice as exciting!

The idea of the two busty women kissing each other some more didn't come up again, since Nick's cock became the center of attention. Hillary would have loved it, especially if they could French kiss.

But Maggie considered herself completely straight, and she'd only agreed to a little kissing due to peer pressure as well as being too turned-on to think straight. She figured it was okay to do some of that to get Nick fully aroused, but now that he was as aroused as he could be, more girl-on-girl kissing wasn't needed. In fact, Maggie enjoyed what she'd done with Hillary and was interested in doing more, but she could only handle so much new taboo-breaking excitement at once.

From time to time, as Maggie continued to stroke and fondle Nick's hot boner, she searched her feelings and tried to feel bad, but without much "success." *Huh. Where's the guilt? Where's the shame? The truth is, I'm so fucking horny right now that those words mean nothing to me. Even as I force myself to think of Andy sitting home alone to dredge up some guilt... nothing! That fucker cheated on me, repeatedly! I never got my revenge, and I've just been sitting around for the last two years, like a complete idiot. I can't wait to divorce his sorry ass. To be honest, I wish he could see this right now! That would serve him right!*

She looked back down at her hand, which was rubbing Nick's sweet spot while Hillary's fingers were sliding up and down the rest of his shaft. *Look at us doing this! I know on some intellectual level that what I'm taking part in here is wrong. I also know that I'm going to sorely regret doing this later, once I calm down. But so fucking what? Right now, I can't see what the problem is. All I see is a great big cock that needs a lot of stroking and loving! Yes, Nick is my son, but the wrongness of that only makes everything that much hotter!*

I think I'm beginning to understand why I lost all control on Tuesday. Yes, a lot of it was that I had all this pent up sexual energy demanding a release. But I also think the incest taboo hits me much more powerfully than most people. That must be the case, because all I have to do is say the word "son" and I feel tingles down my spine and goose bumps all over! It's like a

guaranteed instant orgasm! SON! Oh Gaawwwd! Oh, I can't even say it in my mind again or I'm gonna scream! I'm turning into a big-titted slut for my SON!

Nick was a bit out of it after his orgasm. He was content to just sit there and enjoy the continued dual handjob. With both women leaning forward over his lap, he could see their bare tits swaying down, within easy reach. He pulled Hillary's top down her shoulders a few inches, because sometimes parts of her top swung forward and blocked his titty view. That little adjustment lessened that a lot.

Then he did the exact same with Maggie's blouse, pulling it even further down her shoulders since she wasn't sitting with her back to the main aisle like Hillary was.

However, that's all he did with their tits for now. He longed to do more with them, but he figured the movie was long and he had to pace himself. After cumming once relatively quickly, he had settled into a great groove where he was feeling intense arousal without teetering dangerously close to cumming. He didn't want to rock the boat.

From time to time, he even looked up at the movie, if only because he needed a visual break from all of the sexy stimulation around him. He had no idea what the movie was about, though. It was just a blur of confusing sights and sounds. The pleasure coming from his cock was so intense that he couldn't think straight.

After a few more minutes, he realized he could get more active without getting so horny that he absolutely had to shoot off another cum load. He resumed kissing Maggie while keeping one hand on her tits and his other hand on Hillary's even bigger rack. He couldn't get enough of fondling both massive racks at the same time. It seemed to be the symbolic fulfillment of his fake girlfriend plan. Rather than try to take even turns kissing and fondling his two women, he just did whatever the hell he felt like at the moment. Since he loved and lusted for both of them greatly, he figured it would balance out in the end.

But as great as all that was, the resulting pleasure paled in comparison to the endless, intense arousal coming from the giant hand stroking his erection. At least, that's what it seemed like to him, since there were ten

fingers stroking in perfect synchrony most of the time, five from Maggie and five from Hillary.

He thought, Is this really happening?! Boy, if any of the kids at school could see this, they simply wouldn't believe it! I'm seeing it AND feeling it, and even I can't really wrap my head around it! I've become kind of a locally famous "mystery man" just from the fact that I'm the lucky son of bitch the whole school thinks is dating Maggie. Which is true now, and very real! Her cummy hand sliding on my cock sure as hell feels real! But that's only half of it. What if those same kids knew I'm dating Hillary too, and both at the same time?! Fuuuuuck! Heads would explode! My head might explode too! Too fucking much!

I swear, I should go into a schemer's all time hall of fame! The fake girlfriend scheme has wildly exceeded all expectations, and in less than a week! I've been thinking that I could have some sexy fun with Ma along the way to getting Hillary to be my serious girlfriend. But no! I need to think bigger than that. I have my two obsessions, my two loves, right here. I want them both! Together! Forever!

He playfully tweaked each of their nearest nipples. But with Maggie, he aggressively twisted and pulled on hers, while he just gently rolled Hillary's between two fingers. They were giving him such great joy and pleasure that he wanted to do his best to be good for them too.

He was riding so high on lust that it was another ten minutes or so before he grew accustomed to the situation enough to look down and pay attention to what they were specifically doing to his cock. He either been so horny that he was forced to stare at the movie screen or close his eyes, while also occasionally staring at the gorgeous faces and bouncy bare busts on either side of him. But when he finally did focus on looking down at himself, he was surprised to see that there were actually FOUR hands on his privates much of the time!

He'd been developing a method of basking in the stimulation in a general way without thinking too much about any one aspect. That kept him high on lust without having sudden realizations that could cause his arousal to spike and lead him to unexpectedly cum. He knew it felt like there were a lot of fingers on his cock and balls, but he didn't realize there were twenty at once.

He had to shut his eyes tightly and take some slow deep breaths to try to calm down from that realization. After another couple of minutes though, he dared to open his eyes again and take a closer look,

The action at his crotch was constantly changing. But while he watched, he saw that both hotties had a hand on his cockhead. It was thoroughly covered, but they were mostly focused on rubbing his sweet spot together. They were doing that seamlessly. Meanwhile, Maggie was cradling and fondling his balls with her second hand, as Hillary pumped her second hand up and down his shaft.

Seeing so much action, he was incredulous that he hadn't climaxed a second time already. He marveled at how the body could adjust to even great extremes sometimes.

Then, after a minute or two, Hillary took sole possession of his sweet spot and rubbed in more aggressively. Maggie still kept a hand on his cockhead though. She put a finger right at his piss hole and rubbed around there. A minute after that, their other hands switched places, with Hillary taking over fondling his balls and Maggie stroking his thick shaft.

Nick had never really given much thought to his balls. Certainly, he'd never spent any energy fondling his own balls while masturbating. So he was very surprised at just how pleasurable it felt when Maggie or Hillary fondled them. They'd done some of that on Tuesday, but this felt much better, because they were constantly learning and improving. Sometimes, they both fondled his balls at the same time!

Needless to say, he was over the moon, deliriously happy. He didn't think about what it all meant though, as he had his hands full just enjoying and experiencing everything (as well as literally having his hands full of tit-flesh). *No fuckin' way! I'm still touching both of them at the same time and I'm not waking up, so this can't be a dream! Their tits! My cock! We're all entwined together! In a motherfuckin' movie theater, no less! How could life get any better?!*

And I'm extremely impressed at how well they cooperate. I didn't even notice they had four hands on me because it feels like one giant twenty-fingered hand! Just look at them go! They have such big smiles on their faces as they concentrate intently on what their hands are doing. It's a total trip!

Maggie was having about as much fun as she possibly could. She was fully committed to "Maggie mode." Although she did remember the mother-son relationship from time to time, it only served to arouse her still more instead of making her burn with guilt.

The only fly in her ointment was that she hadn't climaxed once all evening, and she craved a big orgasm or two. She had typically needed direct clitoral stimulation to cum, and she still was forcing herself not to touch herself there. But after around twenty minutes of non-stop fun from all the kissing, fondling, and cock stroking, she happened to notice Hillary take a hand from Nick's crotch and bring it back to her crotch. It looked like she was just cupping her pussy mound.

That puzzled her so much that she whispered, "Hillary, what are you doing?"

Hillary realized that she'd been caught. In fact, she'd started furtively rubbing her clit and pussy lips through her skirt in her own attempt to cum. But, having grown up in a "hippie" family, she wasn't nearly as concerned about societal rules as Maggie was, so although she felt somewhat abashed, she didn't even blush. Thinking quickly, she said, "I, uh, I kinda feel like I have to go to the bathroom."

Maggie said, "Then why wait? Just go?" However, a couple of seconds later, understanding finally broke through her fog of arousal. She rather lamely said, "Oh." Then, smiling wickedly, she added, "Now that you mention it, I kinda need to 'go to the bathroom' too."

With Hillary watching, Maggie put her own hand on her pussy mound and started fingering herself through her skirt. True, she still didn't want to be too obvious about it, so she only made little stroking motions, and she had to go through her skirt and panties. But it was clear what she was doing, and it still felt fantastic.

Nick didn't even notice what either of them were doing to themselves, because he was soaring on such erotic euphoria that it was like he was in another world. His eyes were glazed over and he wore a huge, silly smile. Somehow, he was still twisting one of Maggie's nipples, but his hand seemed to be operating on its own since his brain had turned to mush.

The fact that they went from keeping four hands working his cock and balls to just two didn't really matter to him. The main thing by far was the

stimulation of his sweet spot, and that continued non-stop. The two extra hands were more like icing on a cake: nice, but not necessary. In fact, he welcomed the slight lessening of stimulation, because he didn't want to have to frantically squeeze his PC muscle all the time just to avoid cumming.

(Luckily, he was such a habitual masturbator that he'd become something of an expert at it, and had learned to use his PC muscle to delay his climaxes.)

Seeing Maggie close her eyes and bliss out as she masturbated herself closer to the climax she craved, Hillary leaned forward and started her next turn making out with Nick. She didn't actually feel like cumming anytime soon. Like Nick, she had learned that delaying orgasm prolonged the joy. So she was just lightly fingering her pussy lips through her skirt to take her arousal level a couple of notches higher. She would cum later, when the urge to do so simply became too much to take.

She necked with Nick for a while. At the same time, she kept with the established pattern and swapped hand positions, giving up the top half of Nick's dick in return for the lower half and his balls.

None of them were paying any mind to the fact that they were in a movie theater with some other people in it. Every now and then, one or more of them might remember where they were, particularly when there was a loud explosion or some other jarring noise coming from the movie. But that would only give them another jolt of arousal. They were doing nearly nothing to cover up or take other precautions. They were lucky, because no one cared about what they were doing.

After a couple of minutes, Maggie's stroking became so erratic that he brought his latest kissing turn with Hillary to an end, then looked over to his mother to see what was happening to her.

Maggie was still trying to hide the fact that she was playing with her pussy through her skirt, but she wasn't hiding it very well.

Nick finally figured out how she was masturbating. In fact, she was getting into it so much that she didn't stop, even though their eyes locked and she knew he knew what she was doing. She also made no attempt to start her next kissing turn, and she was just holding his cock instead of stroking it.

She thought, Son! Sport! Don't look at me, please! I'm soooo baaaaaad! So naughty! I've tried to be a good wife and a good mother. Normal! But I've always had a powerful sex drive. Maybe I'm just a sexy, shameless, big-titted slut! YOUR slut! Gaawwwd!

Then he turned and looked at Hillary's crotch, and saw that she was doing the exact same thing to herself. Luckily, since she wasn't teetering on the brink of cumming like Maggie was, she was doing a good job rubbing his sweet spot.

He looked back and forth at the way both of them were furtively rubbing their pussies. He found this so arousing that another sudden orgasmic rush swept through him.

He suddenly whispered, "Uh-oh! I'm gonna cum!" Like last time, he was embarrassed to admit that, but he figured it would have been much more embarrassing if his cum started shooting all over the place in the theater. True, no other people were sitting anywhere near them, so it wasn't like he was going to cum all over some old lady, but it still seemed too bizarre for him to even contemplate just shooting his cum up in the air, especially in a public place like this.

He lurched forward in his seat, straining with every nerve as he valiantly fought the urge to shoot his load. Veins bulged on his forehead and neck as he struggled and gritted his teeth. He did have some skill at squeezing his PC muscle, but even that only worked some of the time, especially when he was stimulated beyond all hope or reason.

Maggie reacted with alarm and distress. Although she had been on the verge of cumming herself, the practical problem of what would happen to his cum took precedence and she had to stop masturbating for now. The reminder they were in a movie theater hit her like a two-by-four to her head. If anything, she was even more mortified than Nick was by the thought of his cum flying out and splattering on the seats and floor.

Without thinking, she bent down and positioned her face over the tip of Nick's erection. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth wide, waiting for the blast of his seed to hit the back of her throat at any second.

But that didn't happen. Seconds passed, and all that could be heard were Nick's strangled groans.

Maggie was extremely tempted to crane her mouth open wide and slide her lips over his entire cockhead. Her urge to suck his cock was nearly overwhelming. She remembered how this exact situation had happened near the Chinese restaurant on Tuesday though, and she'd felt he'd tricked her, and didn't want to be tricked again. Perhaps more importantly though, she was highly mindful of the fact they were in a movie theater, and especially that Hillary was right there, watching and waiting.

She hesitated.

Hillary held her breath. She hoped and prayed that Maggie would start to suck. She didn't want to push things too far, but she figured that if Maggie did it first, she could do it too.

However, Nick had an almost superhuman desire not to cum. Despite all the great fun they'd had so far, he knew the movie wasn't even halfway over yet. He didn't want to end up flaccid and unable to get it up again before the movie was done. Luckily for that effort, his eyes were shut so tight that he didn't realize how Maggie's open mouth was less than an inch from the tip of his fat knob, or that would have pushed him over the edge, for sure.

Finally, he sensed the urgent cum need receding. He slumped back in his seat slightly, and gasped out, "I'm good."

His slumping back moved his cockhead a few more inches away from Maggie's lips.

She was crushed about the missed opportunity. She wanted to suck him so very badly, but she'd chickened out. She was tempted to at least kiss and lick his cockhead some, since her head was so close. But she could see how extremely close he had been to cumming, and probably still was, so she sat up instead.

Both women just held his boner instead of stroking it because, again, they could tell how close he had just been to a cum explosion, and they wanted him to stay erect for the whole movie too.

That gave him a chance to recover.

Chapter 15: Trouble at the Movies (Friday)

As the seconds passed, Maggie felt increasingly relieved that she didn't give in and start to suck him, but she also felt like a coward and a complete idiot at the same time. She was very troubled and confused. Her face burned with embarrassment as she thought of Hillary looking at her in this compromising position. There was no doubt she'd been ready and even eager to guzzle down her son's spermy load.

True, Hillary didn't know of their incestuous relationship, but Maggie obviously did, and the feelings of guilt and shame that had eluded her this evening finally came flooding back. She felt terrible.

Maggie thought, *What is WRONG with me?! Ever since Tuesday, I've been obsessing about sucking his cock. And I almost actually did it! Again! That damn time at the Chinese restaurant gave me a taste of heaven, and I crave more! But where will it end?! I'm only supposed to be his fake girlfriend, not his total cock whore! I need to work on the hand-over, not turning myself into his personal cocksucking slut!*

What made her feel even worse was her sense of disappointment that he didn't cum. She really wanted to taste that load. She'd been fantasizing about sucking his cock off and on all evening, and with greater frequency as time passed, and that was merely the continuation of several days of her cocksucking obsession. Even now, with her face aflame with shame, she still felt terribly tempted to bend over again and start licking the cockhead. She would have done it too, had it not been for Hillary closely watching.

Her only small consolation was she had closed her eyes for fear of his cum splattering all over her face, and they were still closed, so she didn't have to look at either of their faces. Keeping her eyes shut tight, she closed her mouth and slumped back in her chair.

She sat there stunned for some long moments. She heard the sound of movie dialogue off in the distance, and briefly wondered what the movie they were supposed to be watching was like. She had a vague realization it was an action adventure, mostly due to the occasional explosions or gunshots that distracted her.

A new resolve came over her. She began buttoning up her blouse, but was in such a hurry that she only managed to do up a few of them. Still, that was enough to make her look at least somewhat presentable. Still with her eyes closed, she muttered to Nick, "Sorry! I can't do this!" Then she stood up and blundered her way down the empty row of seats, moving away from Nick and Hillary so she wouldn't have to squeeze past them.

Tears were starting to flow down her face. When she reached the end of the row, she was forced to open her eyes so she could hurry out of the theater. But she still had trouble seeing because of her suddenly heavy sobbing.

Nick was still reeling from his latest near orgasm. However, he knew he had to do something to help Maggie, and fast, both to save his threesome fantasy future from being realized but also because he loved her and didn't want to see her cry.

He gingerly tucked his erection away and zipped up. Even that much contact with his super-sensitized organ nearly triggered his climax. He turned to Hillary and whispered, "I need to go see to her. Please chill here, okay? I'll be back soon."

Hillary nodded. As she watched Nick go, she felt very confused. It had seemed everything was going great. She'd had big doubts about going on a date with both Nick and Maggie, because she'd never heard about sharing a boy like this, but it had worked out perfectly. If she'd had any lingering doubts about dating Nick, they were gone now, after all the sexy fun they were having.

She had been far more bold than she'd had ever been in public on any date before. Partly, that was due to the fact that she had an off-the-charts desire for both of them, and having them together increased her feelings almost exponentially. But also, she trusted them and felt safe with them. Even though her relationships with both of them were less than a week old, she felt like they were close friends already.

She had been excited to see Maggie bend over and prepare to swallow Nick's cum. She had been sure this meant she'd have her chance to suck on Nick's fat boner a little while later, once they started trading their oral turns. It seemed every aspect of her movie theater phone sex fantasy had been coming true. She'd even had visions of licking Nick's cock with Maggie, and later swapping his cum back and forth with her in passionate kisses. It

had looked like an exciting and arousing evening that would probably just keep getting better and better.

So she was at a total loss why Maggie had a sudden change of heart. She could see through the darkness how Maggie had been starting to sob as she staggered out of the theater, and that puzzled her even more. *Maybe she wasn't ready for a blowjob or something? But that doesn't make any sense, because they're fucking already, aren't they? Maybe it was something about doing it in a theater? She did seem a bit more reluctant about doing stuff in public, pretty much all evening long. Perhaps almost blowing him made her think things had gone too far for a public place. Or is that I'm here? That must be it. Or a combination.*

Did I push her too hard? What if she didn't really want to do ANY of this in a public place, but just kept pushing herself because she felt she had to keep up with me?! And then she finally reached a breaking point where her fears overwhelmed her. That's probably the most likely explanation, because I could feel the fear and the friendly competition thing too. Damn. I feel shitty now.

She reluctantly zipped her top back up enough to cover her nipples and sat back to actually watch the movie for a while. She figured this was something Maggie and Nick needed to work out between themselves. She hoped she hadn't screwed things up by pushing Maggie too hard, but she had a feeling that she was at least partly to blame, so she truly felt bad.

However, she still couldn't concentrate on the movie, because she was so anxious to find out if Nick could fix things.

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Maggie rushed into the lobby of the movie theater, and then paused. She wasn't sure where she wanted to go or what she wanted to do. *Who can I talk to? Who could understand? Andy? Yeah, right! Sally? No way. My relatives? HA! I'm all alone!*

She decided that the ladies' room was a good place to cry and recover. She could make plans after that.

Nick arrived in the lobby just in time to see Maggie go into the ladies' room. He was so concerned that he went right in after her, not thinking at all about how men weren't allowed in there.

Luckily for him, the room was empty of other women. This particular movie complex had all their movies start around the same time and end near the same time, which meant there were big rushes on the bathrooms some of the time and then they sat mostly empty the rest of the time.

Maggie had hurried to one of the toilet stalls for more privacy. But she'd been moving slowly, her vision still blurred by tears, and Nick caught up with her as she was closing the stall door.

He rushed in and then closed and locked the door behind him.

Maggie was terrified and on the verge of screaming, until she realized who he was. Even after she recognized him, she was about to cuss him out and tell him to leave her alone, but he suddenly held her in a tight and loving embrace.

That felt so good that she didn't say anything at all, but just squeezed him back tightly and sobbed onto his shoulder. She desperately needed his emotional support.

They stood there for a while like that. Nick's dress shirt actually started to get a little wet from all of her tears. He could feel her luscious body pressing into his, especially her barely covered massive boobs, but he ignored that, for once. His penis even went flaccid, because his only concern was her feelings.

Finally, Maggie's crying spell passed, and she looked sadly into his eyes. "Nick, I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry, but I just can't do this!" Although she had stopped crying, her eyes were red and there still were tears rolling down her cheeks.

While she'd been crying, Nick had been thinking about what to say. Now was his chance to say it. He gently held her chin, moving her head a bit until they could look at each other in the eye.

He said, quietly, "Ma, I love you! I love you so much for being here for me and helping to realize all my dreams with Hillary. Tonight has really been a living dream. But it's not worth it if you're unhappy. My main concern is you. If this is too tough for you, then we can stop the whole thing. Obviously, I'll be bummed out, VERY bummed out. But the main thing is, I don't want to see you sad like this!"

"That would be for the best," Maggie muttered. She looked down, suddenly unable to look at his face.

Nick felt very sad. Crushed, even. But he was resigned. *He thought, I should have known something this incredible couldn't last for long. Threesomes are inherently unstable. And the whole idea of making my mother my real girlfriend was probably doomed anyway. Damn. But what a ride it was.*

At least I'll still have the memories. And maybe Hillary. Perhaps I need to go with the hand-over plan after all. Maybe it'll still work, at least for a while? Without Maggie along, Hillary will soon realize I'm just an ordinary guy and move on to Spencer or someone like him. But it's better to have loved and lost than not have loved at all, right? That's true with Ma too!

He reached out and gently tried to wipe away her tears with his fingertips. But there were too many; her cheeks were streaked with rivulets. He leaned in and started kissing them away too.

Maggie was amazed that he'd so easily given in to her demand to stop the fake girlfriend scheme altogether. She knew him so well, she could tell he really meant it too. Lately, he'd been surprisingly sneaky, no doubt because his sexual desire was so strong. But he'd agreed to whatever she wanted without even trying to argue her out of it first. That moved her, and she was filled with love for him.

But she also felt terribly sad at the loss of what could have been. She'd been having the time of her life, and a future without her role as "Maggie" seemed terribly empty and depressing. Had she been honest with herself, she would have admitted that she was living for her "Maggie time" now, and her normal "Margaret" existence was just marking time until her next sexy adventure.

Had she been even more honest, she would have realized she was disappointed that he agreed with her, because she wanted him to talk her back into being Maggie. And not just a Maggie who kissed him for public appearances from time to time either. She wanted to be the full Maggie, the one that had been joyously sharing stroking his cock with Hillary.

Still, she was distraught, ashamed, and overwhelmed, and didn't consciously realize any of that.

Satisfied that he'd cleared her cheeks of tears with his caresses and kisses, he started to pull his face away from hers.

But then he felt hands on the back of his head and Maggie forcibly pulling his head back to hers. The next thing he knew, their lips were locked, and her tongue was sliding around in his mouth in a very un-motherly manner.

He struggled and tried to pull away, since he didn't want her to get the wrong idea and think that he was only interested in her body. But her hands held onto his head so tightly that he couldn't break the kiss. Still, he kept fighting it. He managed to close his mouth and keep her tongue out.

Frustrated at his continued resistance, Maggie unexpectedly tilted his head back a couple of inches to make eye contact again. "Nick, I WANT this. Okay?"

He stared deeply into her beautiful brown eyes, and asked, "But what about your sobbing and everything?! I don't want you sad! I love you too much to see your suffer just so I can have my greatest sexual fantasies come true!"

She stared back into his eyes, and spoke with her voice almost cracking with emotion. "Maybe I was a little hasty in what I just said. I've changed my mind, precisely because you say things like that and truly mean it! Now, kiss me, you fool!"

The kissing resumed, only this time Nick joined in fully. He didn't understand what was going on at all, but he was guardedly optimistic that maybe everything wasn't ruined after all.

A minute passed, and then another. As the kissing grew and grew in emotional and erotic intensity, Maggie's hands slowly slid all the way down Nick's back until she was clutching at his ass cheeks over his pants.

His hands made the exact same moves down her body mere seconds later. He felt his dick engorging again too.

Maggie felt good, really good. She felt even better when she detected his revived boner poking against her leg. It was like all was well in the world again. *Oh God! I'm a terrible wife and a terrible mother! I'm just a terrible person all around. But I can't live without this! Without HIM! I can't go on without my son as my "boyfriend!" It's only been a few days, but I'm hopelessly hooked. It feels too good! I've never felt so complete, so happy,*

as when my own son is in my arms and kissing me! Better yet, when he's got me naked and he's playing with my titties too!

Fuck the future! Fuck morality! Fuck the risk! Fuck it all! I can't think about any of that now. All I know is, we have to see this through, and see how far it goes!

She broke the kiss and stared lovingly into his brown eyes. "Son, I love you. And maybe, maybe... maybe not just as a mother." She looked away with embarrassment at that. "Okay?" She made eye contact again. "I love kissing you. I love touching you. I love when you kiss and touch me. This all feels so... RIGHT! Doesn't it feel right to you?"

"Yeah!" he fully agreed. "My hands... it's like, they belong here." He spoke with supreme confidence, because he was being completely sincere. He gave her ass cheeks an affectionate squeeze. "And you belong in my arms."

She shivered at those words, her body surging with love and lust in equal measure. *I do! I belong in the arms of my big, strong son!*

He actually wasn't that big or strong. In fact, she was actually an inch taller than him, without even counting the three-inch high heels she was wearing. But he seemed like Hercules to her at the moment.

She shocked him by saying, "NO!" Then, teasing him by leaving him in confusion, she brought her hands back to his hands on her ass, and then guided his hands to the sides of her tits instead. She slowly broke into a huge smile as her lusty intention became increasingly clear. Then she finally explained, "Your hands don't belong on there, on my ass. They belong on my tits! My big tits! I want to be your busty, lusty, slutty girl!"

She brought her hands back to his ass, but slid them inside his pants this time.

He eagerly fondled her tits from their outer sides, though still only through her clothes.

They kissed again. With both of them pulling together with all their ass gripping and tit fondling, there was no mistaking the way Nick's erection was pressing hard into her lower abdomen.

Maggie loved the feel of that too, even though she knew it was much naughtier than the kissing and tit and ass play, or the way her erect nipples poked into his chest. The reminder of his turgid cock rubbing into her made

her think, *Oh no. THAT again! God, do I need that! Feels soooooo good! Well, we can just be boyfriend-girlfriend without going all the way, right? Lots of people do that for years. Why can't we? Still, I can give it a damn good sucking to make sure it goes flaccid and stays that way for at least a couple of minutes!* She laughed inwardly at that.

In fact, if we can't fuck due to the very real incest problem, then I guess I'll just have to stroke and suck and titfuck his great big cock even more! Knowing his sex drive, he'll keep me naked and kneeling with my mouth full nearly all the time! She added in mock-sarcasm, *Oh, woe is me!*

Just then, they heard the sound of someone coming into the bathroom.

They froze, especially when they heard that person take the stall next to them. But they both realized the odds of that person, presumably a woman, breaking into or looking into their stall was next to zero.

They quietly resumed their kissing. They both relaxed a little bit once they heard the sound of peeing in the next stall, and then flushing.

It wasn't quite clear who started it, but before long, Nick's erection was grinding into Maggie and she was grinding back on it just as much. Since they were almost the same height, with her a little taller due to her medium heels, his cock pressed against her pussy mound in very tantalizing ways.

Soon, with both of them assuming that other woman had done her business and left, Nick went on the offensive again, and quietly and carefully unbuttoned the few buttons that had been hastily buttoned when Maggie fled to the bathroom.

She felt like she forgot how to breathe when she saw him open her top wide. She nearly creamed when she felt his fingers sink deep into her bare tit-flesh. She would have screamed with joy except for the fact that someone else was in the bathroom.

The way he started twisting her erect nipples in his now usual style convinced her all the more that what they were doing felt too right to stop. *I'm sorry, I can't give this up for anything! Nobody treats my body the way my Sport does! Nobody! When he plays with my nipples like that, it makes me so hot for him that I can't stand it! If I don't watch out, I'm gonna end up on my knees in this dirty stall, with a Coke-can-sized cock shoved straight down my throat!*

Worse, I can't wait to do it! He's been so understanding with my mood swings. I need to reward him by showing him just what I can do with my mouth! And proving it to myself. Taking his thickness in my mouth and working it with my lips and tongue is going to be the greatest sexual challenge of my life! But, God! I need it! I NEED IT!

Their kissing and grinding continued, though at a slightly reduced level due to their shock caused by the stranger. He dropped his hand from her massive rack back to her hips.

Maggie broke the kiss to whisper, "That was close!"

"Yeah!" he agreed as he kissed her shapely jaw line. He wondered, *What would have happened if that woman had come in a few minutes earlier, and freaked Ma out at exactly the wrong time? Our entire lives could have gone in a different direction!*

Ugh! I'm still walking on a tightrope. But thank God she's changing her mind. I really thought all was lost. Now, everything is possible again! With her AND Hillary!

Maggie grinned wickedly as she glanced down at her bare tits pressing into his dress shirt. "You're too naughty, do you know what? Pulling my blouse open and squeezing my breasts is bad enough, but doing it when some strange woman was in the stall next to us... You naughty boy!"

He just grinned back. He was flying high again, especially thanks to their renewed cock grinding.

She reached down and held his package through his pants. "Does that make you hard? Hmmm?"

He just groaned. "Ungh!"

Still holding onto his boner, Maggie said, "Sport, I love being your girlfriend! What's the harm of that? I mean really, when you think about it..." She trailed off, and thought, *Or not. It's probably better not to think at all!*

She started again, "I suppose we can keep doing that a little bit longer. We are making progress with Hillary, and it would be a shame to ruin that now."

His entire face lit up, and his lingering feeling of dread fell away. *YES! Phew, what a close call!* "Thanks, Ma!"

(They were too emotionally worked up to always remember not to make mother or son references, and they felt sure they were alone.)

He kissed her on her lips with renewed vigor. He was beside himself with happiness to hear that great news. He slid his hands from her hips back to her ass. He felt like he sometimes paid too much attention to her tits and not enough to her ass, and he wanted to try to make up for that.

Maggie really did her best to avoid thinking about what she was saying. Deep down, she knew Nick was making great progress with Hillary, and that would probably continue even if her role as "Maggie" disappeared. The excuses he gave to continue, such as problems with Anushka as well as his confidence, could probably be worked out, if they worked on it. But she didn't allow herself to consciously admit that, because it would take away her fig leaf justifications.

She also knew on some level that she wanted to keep "dating" Nick more than just "a little bit longer." In fact, just saying those words out loud to him had made her feel a little sad, because of the implication that the dating would come to an end relatively soon. She also didn't want to think about what would happen if Nick was successful with the "hand-over," since that would mean her dating would have to end. And any thoughts about her marriage and "husband" were right out.

Instead, all she cared about for now was reveling in her son's love and his seemingly magical touches and kisses. She was throwing caution to the wind and living her life to the fullest, letting her lust run wild. It felt good and right, even though she knew society said it was wrong. She had a gut feeling that their incest problem and all other problems could work out eventually if they kept on loving each other with all their hearts.

As that kiss came to an end, she let go of his boner and poked him playfully in the chest. "Now, Sport, the reason I was crying is because this is hard for me to handle. And I'm not talking about this." She reached back down and gripped his boner through his pants again.

She whispered quietly, "I am your mother, after all. It's not right for you to force your mother to take your big cock in her mouth and shoot a sticky load down her throat, just so we won't make a mess in the theater!"

Nick was confused, because he hadn't even noticed how she had kept her mouth open right above his cockhead, waiting for him to blast his load into her mouth. Without that understanding, her words didn't make any sense.

But she'd just started sliding her fingers up and down his erection, still through his pants. The big wet spot made that a much easier, and stickier, task. That made him highly distracted, to say the least. Plus, the sultry way she said "take your big cock in [my] mouth" made it obvious that she loved the idea of doing just that, so he figured whatever she was going on about wasn't a problem.

He decided that he'd never understand women. This was hardly the first time he'd reached that conclusion.

She continued in less of a whisper, "So don't put me in that kind of position again, okay? It's embarrassing, especially in front of Hillary. Let's just continue, you know, with what we're comfortable with for now, and maybe work up to that later. Agreed?"

He nodded, even though he still didn't quite understand what she was talking about. However, the "maybe work up to that later" sounded like a hint of future blowjob fun, so his heart did backflips.

He passionately told her, "I love you so much!" Since he was still confused about some things she was saying and didn't want to admit that, he had to be careful what to say. But he figured saying "I love you" was always safe and good, especially because he emphatically meant it.

She snickered, "I know what you love. What's wrong with you?" As she said this, she let go of his thinly-covered boner again and brought both of his hands from her ass back up to her bare chest. "Are you going to play with my breasts some more already, or what?" She whispered confidentially, in a sultry purr, "Anyone can fondle an ass. But the way you play with my tits makes me lose my mind! If I EVER give you trouble again about not wanting to be your girlfriend, just play with my tits!"

He laughed with pure joy. It had been a very close call, but everything was wonderful and even incredible again. Then he hefted up her big tits with both hands, and he felt even better.

She beamed as she felt his hands start to roam over her round melons. *Aaaah! That hits the spot! It's so true! He's the magic man, with magic*

hands! In my "other life," my breasts are a bother and a literal pain. But in this life, I want to be his big-titted slut! With Hillary! We'll take good care of him and his cock together!

"God, Ma!" he quietly exclaimed. *Damn! I can't get over how much fun it is to play with her incredible body. And yes, especially her tits! It's better than all my wet dreams combined! Ma has a body built for sex, plain and simple!*

"Sssssh!" she chided him as she flagrantly rubbed her lower abdomen against his cock, while managing to rub it with her hand through his pants as well. (She was holding his shaft on either side, so it could press against her body at the same time.)

He froze up, worried that she'd heard someone enter the ladies' room again.

"Don't call me that in a public place! I'm your date, and nothing more." She wanted to say more, about how they could still secretly revel in the fact that they were mother and son, but she decided it wasn't wise to encourage him too much. He was surprisingly sexually aggressive already.

He relaxed, and resumed his tit fondling. He realized it was a good thing not to use words like "Ma" even if they were alone, but it wasn't a serious crisis since they were alone.

She arched her back, causing her bare boobs to thrust forward into her son's hands even more than before. She wasn't sure quite why, but she really loved positioning herself like that.

The two of them resumed making out. It was awkward having to stand in a bathroom stall, but they made do. At least it gave them privacy.

The only problem was that she was slowly losing her mind stroking his shaft through his pants while also rubbing her body against it. It felt good, but she couldn't stay satisfied with just that. She was very tempted to get on her knees and suck his cock, but the dirty bathroom atmosphere gave her pause.

At one point, she whispered to him, "Are you close to cumming yet?"

To his surprise, he realized he wasn't. Tending to Maggie while she was crying had made him go flaccid and essentially reset his cumming urge back to zero. So the great stimulation since then still wasn't enough. He muttered, "Um, no. I think I'm good."

She leered in a sultry voice, "I know you're good. That's the problem. You're too good!" She licked along his jaw line up to his ear, and then licked the edge of his ear for good measure. "But let's check, just to be sure!"

It turned out "checking" meant taking his erection out of his pants and directly fondling it with both hands. Once she started doing that, she couldn't stop. With his buckle undone and his zipper unzipped, his pants slipped down to his knees.

As usual, Nick's hands kept busy playing with Maggie's big tits, and especially her nipples. But since his pants had fallen down, he thought it was only fair play to pull her skirt down too. He knew the one thing that could upset her and get her to stop the fun was if he did anything to her pussy. So he was careful to pull her skirt down in the back enough to expose her ass while keeping her pussy covered in front, though just barely. While he was at it, he pulled her panties down in the same way, so he could have a completely bare ass to enjoy.

After a while, he tilted his head down and explored the joy of kissing her creamy orbs some more. From time to time, he would even suckle on one of her nipples. He was starting to learn the things that aroused Maggie the most, and that was something that both of them greatly enjoyed.

She adored any and all of his tit play, but whenever he suckled on her nipples, she thought she would simply die. In fact, as he kept at it, she climaxed without her clitoris being touched at all. That had never happened to her before, except recently with Nick.

She was extremely grateful, since she'd been on the verge of cumming seemingly all evening, including when she'd started masturbating but hadn't been able to finish. She managed to stay standing, and without having to lean against the unsanitary walls. But she pushed his head from her tits because what he was doing felt too good for her to take at the moment.

He stopped suckling on her nipples, but he kept on kissing and licking her round tits while she steadily jacked him off with both hands. At one point, he muttered between kisses on her upper slopes, "I'm going to kiss and lick every inch of you!"

That fired her lusts even more, and her lusty moans and groans certainly showed that.

He started kissing down into her cleavage.

She pushed her E-cups together using just her upper arms, and whispered back, "Can you smell it? I squirted some perfume in there. Somehow, I knew you'd be in there before the night was over."

That was a very revealing admission, since she supposedly was going to stay in "fake girlfriend" mode and mostly just act as a chaperon to make sure he and Hillary didn't get too carried away.

He took a happy sniff deep in her cleavage, and sighed blissfully. But then growled aggressively, "I'll squirt something else in there for you too. I'll be in there pretty soon!"

"Oh! Nick!" She nearly came again on the spot, thinking about her son vigorously fucking her tits with his massive erection. The only reason she didn't was because she'd just gotten her orgasmic relief.

She thought, Aaaah! Such bliss! I love going "full slut!" I can't wait for him to fuck my tits! His hands on them feel good, but not nearly as good as it'll feel when his pole of hot flesh pounds her tight yet jiggly tit-tunnel! Oh God! Did I just say that? I'm so baaaaad!

She looked around their little stall, trying to decide if they could start a titfuck right now. She decided against it. She wished they were in a more sanitary location, because it was impossible to do something like that with both participants standing up.

She muttered in a husky voice, "I'll bet you're loving ladies' restroom stalls today! First, you had your way with Hillary in one, and now me!"

He grinned from ear to ear as he realized that. "Oh yeah! Sweet!"

Maggie's long skirt was already hanging down below her ass in back while just managing to keep her pussy covered in front. But that was a precarious position, and it wasn't long before it slid down to her knees. Her panties had been pulled down below her ass in back as well. They didn't fall down as easily as the skirt, but as time went on and Maggie writhed and wiggled nearly constantly, her panties slowly slid down her thighs until all of her brown bush and then her sopping wet pussy lips were completely exposed.

Her blouse was still on her shoulders, but since it was wide open in front, that hardly mattered at all. Or so one would think. But Nick liked his

women to be as naked as possible. After a while, he put his hands on her shoulders and started to slide her blouse down her arms.

She asked nervously, "What are you doing?!"

He whispered, "Remember what I told you in the car on Tuesday, when we were getting the Chinese take-out? I love you naked! I need you naked! In all my dreams, you're completely naked! In my eyes, your body is the essence of physical perfection, and covering it with any clothes at all is a crime!"

She was powerfully moved by that, and her desire to be naked for him as much as possible grew another notch. She gave him a wicked, sultry look. "If you put it like that, how can I stop you?"

She briefly let go of his cock so he could pull the blouse all the way off her arms.

There was a hook on the door behind him, the same sort of hook he'd used earlier in the day to hang his backpack and Hillary's backpack. He carefully hung her blouse there. Then he went back to his kissing and fondling.

Maggie went right back to jacking him off some more. She liked to keep at least one hand stroking up and down his thick shaft at all times, while her other hand roamed all over him. But much of the time, she kept her free hand on his ass. She liked exploring his ass crack, and sometimes she even lightly fingered the opening to his anus. She could tell he got a lot of pleasure out of that, judging by his lusty moans.

Another ten minutes passed with them all but fucking each other standing up. They were so into each other that they temporarily forgot all about Hillary waiting in the movie theater.

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But Hillary hadn't forgotten about them. She was unable to concentrate on watching the movie, because she was so worried. (Plus, she hadn't been paying attention to the plot in the first place.) She was tempted to go looking for them, but she restrained herself, figuring they needed their time alone to sort things out.

Finally, after waiting more than a total of twenty minutes for them to return, she decided to at least take a look in the lobby. She made her clothes and hair as presentable as she could, and then got up to find them.

She didn't see them in the lobby, but she needed to use the ladies' room. While she was peeing in her stall, it slowly dawned on her that the sounds coming from the next stall over weren't the typical ones of another person going to the bathroom. In fact, they didn't sound like just one person at all.

A naughty grin crossed her face as she realized what was going on. She flushed the toilet, left her stall, and washed her hands. *What are the odds that the couple getting it on in there is anyone OTHER than Nick and Maggie? I'd say zero, because they're so hot and horny for each other that they didn't even stop when I came in. Either they are so carried away that they didn't notice me, or they just don't give a fuck! Either way, it's them!*

Then she couldn't decide what to do. She was tempted to play a practical joke on them, such as knocking on the stall door and disguising her voice to say something like *"This is the police!"* before revealing who she really was. But she wasn't sure if that would go over as intended, since she still didn't know them that well. She also realized that she couldn't be 100 percent certain the couple in the stall was even who she thought they were.

She went back into her stall and quietly stood on the closed toilet seat. While careful not to touch the walls with her hands, she peered over into the next stall. She found herself mostly staring at Maggie's backside, with Nick close behind her.

She was delighted to discover that she was right. *A-ha! I knew it! I totally knew it! What a relief. Clearly, they're making up in a big way!*

She was also surprised at how into each other they were, even for them, considering they were in a bathroom stall. Maggie in particular was nearly naked, with her long skirt somehow having slid to her knees but not the rest of the way to the floor.

Hillary considered surprising them with a "Hi," but decided again against any practical joke. Besides, it would be awkward exposing herself as violating their privacy. It was boring, but she chose to play it straight.

She got off the toilet seat and out of the stall. Then she knocked on their stall door while saying in an uncertain voice, "Nick? Maggie? It's me Hillary. Are you in there?"

Nick and Maggie were alarmed, but only for a second or two, because they quickly realized it was just Hillary. Nick looked to Maggie for non-verbal

confirmation, and then said, "Yeah, it's us."

Hillary replied through the door, "Oh, good! Sorry for looking for you, but you were both gone so long that I was getting worried."

Nick winced. He realized he'd lost all track of time, and had forgotten all about the girl of his dreams that he was so ardently trying to seduce. He began pulling his pants back up. "I'm so sorry! It's just that, well... We kind of had an emotional scene, and then we've been making up, and..."

Maggie also had her ardor cooled by the shock of discovery. She reluctantly took her hand off her son's stiff erection and pulled her skirt and panties back up. *Oooh! Yuck! These panties are useless now. It's like putting wet clothes back on. Hell, that's exactly what it is, only much smellier and yuckier.*

Hillary replied to Nick, "Don't worry about it. I could see Maggie was crying and needed consoling. Maggie, are you okay now?"

"I've never been better," Maggie replied mostly honestly, although her guilt and doubt was starting to creep back, now that she'd been reminded about her crying. "Thanks for asking, and for looking for us. We had a good talk, an important talk."

Nick was as cleaned up and dressed up as he could get, and was just waiting for Maggie to put on her blouse and otherwise get decent before he opened the stall door. (Her bra was in the trash in the front of the restaurant.) But his eyes bugged out when he saw her reach inside her skirt and then wiggle her panties down her legs. He continued to gawk as she pulled them off one foot and then the other, finally holding them up in her hands, practically right in his face.

Grinning and smirking at him, she twisted and squeezed them directly over the toilet, causing a long stream of pussy juice to drip to the now open toilet bowl. She silently mouthed the words, "Look what you do to me!"

Nick's jaw nearly dropped to the floor. He didn't know panties could get that wet. But more than that, he loved that he'd made her that wet and aroused.

Hillary didn't know what to say. But standing there waiting was getting awkward for her. She wished she could go inside and join them. But then again, there were many places better to have sexual fun than in a public restroom stall.

Maggie said, "Just a sec, I'm still working on getting decent." She started pulling out long reels of toilet paper. She pulled her dress way down her thighs, completely exposing her pussy and bush to her son's eyes. Then she used the toilet paper as best as she could to clean and dry her thighs and pussy mound.

As she did that, Hillary asked, "Did the cheeky bastard get you completely naked again? Is that what's taking so long?" She knew the answer since she'd just peeked in on Maggie with "wearing" nothing but her skirt down around her ankles, but she figured it would be a fun thing to talk about while she waited.

Maggie gleefully replied, "Pretty much! He had me down to just my skirt pulled way down. And I'm sure he was going to do something about that soon!" She chuckled, realizing she was right.

Hillary chuckled too. "Sounds like he's a bit off his game. Did you hear how he got me COMPLETELY naked in one of the school bathrooms today? He has a thing for total nudity."

"I DID! And he does! I only heard a little bit about that, but it sounds super hot! And I love that you're the kind of girl who would say, 'Hey, let's go make out behind those trees.' And then suffer one of his titty attacks in a bathroom stall instead!"

Hillary chuckled some more as she fondly recalled those events. Also, she was glad to find out that Nick had actually told Maggie about that already. It strongly indicated that Maggie and Nick were being open about his relationship with her, and that Maggie truly was willing to share, even when she wasn't around.

Hillary said, "What can I say? He inspires me."

Once Maggie was done squeezing out her panties as best she could, she mouthed the words to Nick, "You make me that wet. All the time!" Then she playfully squeezed the bulge in his pants.

She lightly shook her big, bare tits, and mouthed the words, "Button me up."

While he worked on putting her blouse back on (with her bra long gone, tossed in a trash can), her cock squeezing turned into a full-on handjob through his pants. She noticed that he had a big wet spot on his crotch, so

she pulled his pants and underwear down his thighs, and used more toilet paper to dry his crotch off too.

But now that his pants were down, she found it just too tempting not to jack him off some more, skin on skin. *Oh fuck! I'm such a slut for my son! Even with Hillary right outside the door, and caught in this terribly embarrassing spot, I can't stop stroking his big fat cock! Mmmm! It just feels too hot and hard. And all that throbbing, meaty goodness, just for me!*

Hillary was growing increasingly impatient, especially since she was curious to know what they were doing. She asked, "How are things going in there?"

Maggie replied, "Okay. It's just that I'm having some trouble putting Nick's thing back in his pants. I want to just tuck it away, but I can't stop playing with it!"

Hillary laughed. "I know what you mean. I wish I had that problem right now. Take your time, I don't mind."

Feeling playful and frisky, she said, "I'm sorry, I'm trying to clean him up now with some toilet paper. I really am. It's just that there's so much here to clean."

Hillary laughed. "I hear you, sister!"

Encouraged, Maggie added, "Hmmm... The problem is, the more I clean it, the more this sticky liquid keeps flowing out the top. Damn! Maybe if I use my mouth? Would you like that, Nick? Should I lick you clean as a whistle?"

Not surprisingly, Nick moaned lustily at that prospect.

But it wasn't just teasing. Maggie's hands were sliding all over Nick's shaft, causing more pre-cum to flow out, and repeatedly frustrating her efforts to actually clean him. (Not that that was a big priority for her right then.)

Hillary also groaned lustily. Thinking about Maggie licking or suck Nick's cock aroused her almost as much as thoughts of doing that to him herself.

Hearing Hillary's groans made Maggie realize that she was being greedy by monopolizing him. She let go of him and unlocked and opened the stall door. She grinned at Hillary, and asked her, "How would you like to come in and help me?"

Nick was shocked yet again, because he hadn't been expecting that. Now he was literally caught with his pants down, not to mention his cock sticking up and out.

Hillary was shocked too, and she didn't know what to say at first.

Maggie said dryly, "Here, Hillary. I just can't seem to get his pants back up. My hands keep getting... distracted. Perhaps you can do better?"

Hillary quickly recovered. She licked her lips hungrily, but said, "Don't tempt me! I don't think I'll do much better, and then we'll never leave this stall. Nick, why don't you zip up? Then we can have more fun back in our seats. This bathroom is kind of icky."

Nick tucked his boner away and zipped up, because the promise of doing more with both of them back in the darkness instead of the bathroom sounded pretty great.

Nick and Maggie exited the stall, but they remained standing with Hillary in the middle of the otherwise empty bathroom.

Hillary asked them, "So did you have a fight? What was it about?"

Maggie couldn't tell the full truth, since that included her worry that she was going too far with her own son. But she managed to reply, "Not a fight, not exactly. It's just that... I guess I'm not as sexually adventurous as you. I'd like to be. I've been thinking what you said, about how you're proud to be a slut, but with the good meaning of slut. You're recapturing and redefining that word. I like that. I want to be a good slut too, but both of you, please, bear with me."

Nick nodded. He looked calm on the outside, but he was jumping for joy on the inside. He simply couldn't believe how great things were going. *My Ma wants to be a "good slut"? Holy fuckin' cow! Especially because she's been proving it all evening long. "Dorothy, we're not in Kansas anymore!" Where will things go from here?!*

Maggie walked to a nearby sink. "Well, as long as I'm here, I might as well wash my hands."

Hillary looked at her own hands. They were still sticky with cum too. "Hmmm. I should do that too. Or..."

Maggie had the water turned on already, but she paused and looked back at Hillary.

Hillary flashed a naughty grin. "Or not! After all, we just gonna get all sticky with his cum all over again, aren't we?"

Maggie was all smiles as she turned the faucet off. "Good point. Damn. I wish I could be a good slut like you."

"Hey, who says you aren't already? Or did you forget what you left in the stall?" Hillary started washing her hands after all, because cum gets gross after a while. As she did so, she looked pointedly back to the stall.

The stall door was closed, but Maggie suddenly remembered that she'd left her wet panties there. "Oh God! I'm so embarrassed! It's just that they were too wet, and I-"

Hillary cut in, "Shush. It's cool. Way cool. In fact, you inspire me, you good slut, you." She bunched up her dress, reached inside, and pulled her own panties down. Once they were all the way off her legs, she tossed them in the nearest trash can like she was shooting a basketball.

"Damn!" Maggie exclaimed. She was very impressed. "YOU'RE way cool!"

"No, you are!"

Nick finally spoke up. "I think you BOTH are. It's a tie."

The women laughed. Then Maggie quickly washed and dried her hands too, since she saw Hillary do it.

"Nice, Nick," Hillary smirked. "Veeerry diplomatic."

Maggie cheekily commented, "A boy who's that diplomatic deserves to have two beautiful, busty girlfriends at once, don't you think?"

Nick cut in. "Definitely!"

"I wasn't asking you!"

The three of them laughed some more.

But then Hillary made sure to answer, "He's right. Definitely! Not just any guy, but Nick is special. We're going to spoil him rotten!" She went to him and gave him a tight hug. Then they shared a long French kiss.

Hillary felt unexpectedly powerful feelings rushing through her body. She'd missed his touch while she'd waited alone in the movie theater. She actually was forced to break the kiss early and step away, for fear of going out of control before they could get to a better place.

It seemed like they were about to leave the restroom, but instead Hillary gave Maggie a big hug right in the middle of the room. Like their hug in the parking lot earlier, that caused their massive racks to meet and squeeze together. Since Hillary had a secret crush on Maggie, she wasn't subtle about that titty contact either.

Maggie was very puzzled by the unexpected and unprompted hug, and she didn't know what to do with her hands. But she gingerly put them on Hillary's back.

While hugging Maggie, Hillary looked into her brown eyes from only inches away. "Are you good now? I felt so bad when you rushed out of the theater. I couldn't even think about the movie because was worried sick that I'd caused the problem!"

Maggie relaxed as she realized why Hillary was hugging her. She smiled encouragingly. "I'm good. I'm really 100 percent fine. You try staying upset when you've got Nick's hot cock in your hands. It's not possible!"

Hillary laughed. "I can believe that!"

Then she turned serious. "Still, I DO feel bad, because I KNOW I'm at least partly to blame. We have some competition between us. It's true; it can't be denied. But I consider it the good and friendly kind, the kind that pushes me to do better and try harder."

"That's exactly how I feel," Maggie replied. "Yeah, there's competition, but it's like we're on the same team, not opposite teams!"

"Exactly!" Hillary said excitedly, causing her tits to slide up and down Maggie's some.

Maggie shivered as bolts of pleasure raced up and down her spine. She was feeling disturbingly aroused by Hillary's body again.

Hillary elaborated, "But I can tell that sense of friendly competition pushed you into doing things that you otherwise wouldn't have done. It's obvious. And then, finally, with your mouth hovering wide open right over Nick's

cock, ready to receive his cum, you broke. Your fear grew too much and you had to run! So that's partially my fault, like I said."

Nick was carefully listening in. He found the details of Maggie's behavior that Hillary just mentioned very illuminating. He hadn't realized his mother had been so close to sucking his cock again. Technically, she was only planning on taking his cum load into her mouth so as to not cause a mess, but he was sure she would have wound up bobbing on him at least some along the way, exactly as happened in the Chinese restaurant parking lot on Tuesday.

Maggie was forced to go along with Hillary's account. It was only partially true, but it helped cover for her freaking out about the incest and the fake girlfriend scheme. She said, "Okay, that's true, but you're NOT to blame, because how could you have known I'd react like that? I was actually having a great time until I had some inexplicable mood swing. Besides, don't feel bad, and that's an order, because I want us to push each other like this! Isn't it exciting, sharing the same guy so intimately?"

"Oh my God! So much!" Hillary began bouncing up and down excitedly. Partially, that was because she was truly thrilled. But also, it was a great excuse to rub her tits against Maggie's a whole lot more. In fact, she bounced so very much that her zipper unzipped down to her belly button without any helping hands. That caused her nipples to come free.

Maggie suddenly found herself so dizzy that the room seemed to be spinning. She understood her lust towards Nick, but she was scared and confused by her growing feelings towards Hillary. She was forced to step away, because the titty rubbing was too much.

She shut her eyes, because she saw how Hillary's zipper had gone down and her round tits had popped out. She was sorely tempted to reach out and touch and squeeze them, maybe while French kissing her at the same time.

Instead, she just said, "I agree. It's really great sharing. Let's go back to our seats so we can share some more."

Hillary could see that her titty rubbing had rattled Maggie. That gave her great hope that Maggie wasn't immune to her feminine charms. But she knew not to press too hard. So she gave Maggie her space, and said, "Sounds good. But if there's anything I can do to help you, anything at all,

please let me know, okay? I hope we're not just sharing Nick. I'd love for us to become very close friends too."

Maggie opened her eyes again and look back towards Hillary. A big smile spread across her face. "Of course. I'd love that too." On a whim, she stepped forward and gave Hillary a hug.

She had just been reeling from Hillary's hug, but she wanted to prove to herself and the others that she could handle that sort of contact, even when one of them was effectively topless, as Hillary was. However, she didn't want to let it show, but she was still feeling strange. Seeing Hillary's stunningly beautiful face from close up put butterflies in her stomach. Plus, she couldn't ignore the fact that it was impossible for them to hug without her E-cup rack pressing into Hillary's F-cup rack. That most definitely was happening again.

Maggie's head turned towards Nick and she grinned wolfishly. She was amused at the way he was staring at the hug, and especially the way their immense racks were pressing together. She nudged Hillary a little bit. "Look who's checking us out. I think he likes the way our chests are saying hello to each other."

Hillary grinned almost wickedly. "Oh, you mean like this?" She ostentatiously slid her entire body up and down a few inches, causing her massive jugs to rub against Maggie's. But after just a few seconds of that, she stopped and broke into laughter. Again, she was walking a fine line, and she didn't want to provoke Maggie too much.

Maggie was stunned, because that rubbing aroused her so very much, even more than previous such rubbing, because this was clearly intentional. Her erect nipples were powerfully stimulated by the rubbing, and it sent a jolt straight to her clit. She still considered herself purely heterosexual, but she realized she'd have to be mindful of the strange effect Hillary was having on her.

There was fire in Hillary's eyes as she leaned her head closer to Maggie's and whispered, but loud enough for Nick to hear, "You know what we should do, to REALLY blow his mind?"

"What's that?" Maggie asked back eagerly.

She went on huskily, "You should unbutton your blouse so we can rub our bare breasts together! Gaawwwd! That'll get his cock super stiff and ready for action!"

Maggie was tempted to do just that, maybe while making out with Hillary too. But she was mindful of the fact that Hillary was bisexual, so she figured Hillary didn't want to do that just to get Nick excited. Furthermore, she didn't understand or trust her growing desire for Hillary. She figured it was best not to open the door at all, since Hillary might respond too strongly, given her bisexuality.

Thus, she just said, "Maybe, but some other time. For one thing, we're not even in the stall anymore. Anyone could walk in at any time! For another thing, just look at him. He doesn't need any more inspiration. As it is, he's gonna make a mess in his pants!"

Hillary looked to Nick and laughed. Indeed, there was an outrageously large tenting in his pants. Also, she could tell that she was pushing Maggie too hard, despite her intention not to do that. It was just that her lesbian lust sometimes got the best of her.

She literally and figuratively backed off, disengaging from Maggie altogether. "Yeah, let's go. But I'm gonna talk you into doing that some other time, you'll see. With Nick being the world's most ardent big tit lover, it would be a shame not to take full advantage of our titty power."

Maggie started walking towards the door out, causing the other two to follow. "Good point." She waved her hands high up in the air, as if she was a comic book superheroine. "Wonder titty powers, activate!"

Nick and Hillary had a good laugh at that.

As the three of them walked out of the restroom and through the lobby, Hillary quietly said to Maggie, "Don't feel bad. It's not easy becoming a 'good slut.' Our society puts up all kinds of obstacles. The fact is, we still live in a patriarchal society, and yeah, men love sexually liberated women, but they're even more frightened of them."

"I'm not!" Nick said forcefully, but quietly.

Hillary looked at him as if she was reappraising him. "That's true. You're not. That's very cool."

He said, "That's because I've had my mother as my example." He suddenly stopped speaking, because he realized he was getting into very dangerous waters. He was sincerely complimenting Maggie, thinking that Hillary was aware that Maggie was his mother. But of course she wasn't.

Luckily, Hillary wasn't looking at his face, since the three of them were walking along, so she didn't see his alarmed expression. She merely said, "You must have a cool mom. I'd like to meet her."

"Yeah," Nick replied rather lamely. "She's cool, for sure."

He worried frantically, *Shit! How is THAT going to work?! What if things between Hillary and me get serious and she wants to meet my parents?! I'd thought about that, but I'd decided not to worry about it because the odds of her getting serious with me were so low. The way things are going, that might actually happen! So what if she does?!*

Maggie was secretly alarmed too. She could see Nick was in a fix, and she helped him by abruptly changing the topic. She asked Hillary, "By the way, how's the movie?"

Hillary replied, "Beats me!" She chuckled. "Seriously, I was looking at the screen while I waited for you guys, but I was so busy thinking that I wasn't paying any attention whatsoever. I think it's some kind of action movie. There were some explosions."

The three of them laughed at that, because that really was about all they knew.

Chapter 16: Back to the Movie (Friday)

Just then, they reentered the darkened theater, so they had to keep their voices down.

Hillary continued thoughtfully in a whisper, "Anyway, getting back to the idea of the 'good slut,' what I'm talking about is more of an issue when marriage comes to mind, and I highly doubt you're thinking about that yet. Most men are scared shitless about having a wife who's sexually liberated. Can he keep her satisfied? Will she get bored and want other partners? Most would rather keep women who are afraid of sex. That's why virgins are so highly prized in many societies - you don't have to worry about someone else who's rung her bell better than you. Some societies have even performed sexual mutilations to make sure the woman can't feel much sexual pleasure. That way, she won't be so tempted to stray."

Maggie looked and felt thoughtful too, even as she was raring to get back to her seat for more sexy fun. "Wow. I never thought of it like that."

Hillary shrugged. "I'm not really saying anything original or particularly controversial. I mean, you've got to be blind not to see the many ways big and small society tries to discourage women from getting too quote 'slutty' unquote. The way I look at it, a bad slut wants sex so bad, she doesn't care who gives it to her. She'll sleep with some stinky homeless bum, maybe, if he can give her some sexual satisfaction. But a good slut, she loves sex and is very good at it, but she doesn't lose all control. She can remain loyal to her special loved one. She can embrace and rejoice in her sexuality instead of being afraid of it."

As they drew closer to their seats, the exact same ones they'd been in before, they continued to talk and ignore the movie. There still were no people within ten rows of their seats, so they didn't really have to talk so quietly, but they did so to be on the polite and safe side.

Maggie was even more thoughtful, and was actually paying close attention despite her arousal. "Woowow... Everything you say is so true. I've been afraid my whole life! I've always been taught that 'good girls' don't do this, and 'good girls' don't do that." Her face hardened with resolve. "But screw that shit! I don't want to be a good girl; I want to be a good slut!"

"Excellent!" Hillary said, feeling very pleased with herself. She waited a few moments until the three of them were settled back in their previous seats. "What are some of those things good girls aren't supposed to do?" She made sure Maggie was looking as she unzipped the fly to Nick's pants.

Nick's penis had gone down, as he too was feeling thoughtful instead of randy. But it sprang up in seconds as soon as Hillary exposed it.

Maggie snickered. "Well, for starters, a good girl doesn't play with her boyfriend's cock in a movie theater!" She reached out and wrapped her fingers around her son's still-reviving erection.

"Is that all?" Hillary prodded.

Maggie replied, "She certainly doesn't share said cock with other girls!" She took one of Hillary's hands and wrapped it around Nick's shaft too. "In same said movie theater, no less!" She giggled.

"So that's it then," Hillary said, smirking.

"Not at all!" Maggie lifted one of Nick's hands and brought it to the top of Hillary's front zipper. "She most definitely does not let said boyfriend play with her tits, or the tits of her gorgeous busty friends!" She started to unbutton the buttons on her blouse once again, but she also leaned forward so she could pass Nick and watch him unzip Hillary's top.

Nick's face was filled with awe and joy as he pulled Hillary's zipper all the way back down. Even though he did this earlier, he felt like a little boy opening up his first Christmas present. He obviously was taking his time and barely inching the zipper down, to prolong the moment.

But surprisingly, he also spoke. "I know I haven't been the most talkative guy tonight. I've just been so blown away by everything. It's been a wild ride. But Hillary, I just want to say that I agree with all you said about our society trying to keep women afraid of their sexual power. But I'm not like that. That's one reason why I've been so very attracted to you, because you're obviously completely comfortable with your incredible body and your sexual power. I don't want a passive sex partner. I want someone who grabs life by the balls!"

He jokingly added, "And my balls by the balls!"

Hillary briefly took her hand off his thick shaft and cradled his balls in her hand. "You mean like this?"

He nodded eagerly.

But her hand went back to his boner and his attention went to her chest and the zipper he was holding. He lost track of his thoughts and practically lost his mind as he slowly pulled her zipper down below her breasts and more and more skin was exposed. When her nipples came into view, he lost his patience and rapidly zipped the rest of the way down. Then he opened her top up wide, leaving her effectively topless again. Both his hands and his mouth started to close in on her nipples.

But Hillary coughed. "Um, don't forget your girlfriend."

He turned around and faced Maggie. He smiled from ear to ear.

She'd just finished undoing all the buttons to her blouse, but she let him pull her blouse wide open. Then she used her upper arms to push her tits together, creating an enticing line of cleavage.

"Damn!" he exclaimed. "I'm the luckiest kid in the world!"

Hillary was the only one touching his hard-on at the moment, because Maggie had needed her hands to work her buttons. As Hillary started to slide her fingers up and down his shaft, she said, "And one reason I like you so much, Nick, is because you're not just a handsome face and a big, thick cock. Although you certainly are that."

She giggled as she saw and felt Maggie's hand join hers around his shaft.

The two women smiled at each other as they got busy stroking him in perfect synchrony. Maggie went one step further and held his balls with her other hand, since Hillary had let go of them.

Hillary smiled at that, while she continued to talk to Nick. "You've got a brain, and you know how to use it. I really like that. I appreciate what you say about wanting a smart, liberated woman, because I know you mean it. Don't worry about not talking much tonight though. Maggie and I are working pretty hard to keep you distracted. Aren't we?"

"MMMM!" Maggie agreed, just as she bent forward and kissed Nick on his lips. At the same time, she rubbed his sweet spot just under his cockhead, while Hillary stroked the many less sensitive inches of his shaft underneath.

The three of them fell into a routine, which was pretty much the same as before. Nick took turns kissing Maggie and Hillary, and his hands also

roamed freely over both of them (except for their pussies, since he considered that area off limits). He tried to touch them both at the same time as much as possible, although that was difficult at times since they were sitting on either side of him.

He mostly played with their big tits, since they were easy to reach (and he loved doing that so very much!). The only problem was that Maggie loved it when he twisted her nipples whereas Hillary didn't like that at all and much preferred more gentle fondling focused on her sensitive undersides. Sometimes, he got them confused, especially since their boobs were nearly the exact same shape and size, with Hillary's being just a little bit larger. But that wasn't a big problem since they were quick to correct him.

Meanwhile, the two women continued jacking him off. At first, they were diligent in swapping hand positions every time Nick switched who he was kissing. But, as Hillary had noted, there was more than enough cock and balls for the both of them, and before long they shared stroking duties in a more organic fashion, like they've been doing before Maggie's bathroom excursion.

There also was a fair amount of sensual hand touching between the two women. So far, Hillary lusted after Maggie, but she had tried not to show any overt sign of that because she didn't have any reason to believe Maggie had any bisexual tendencies. And truthfully, she was excited enough exploring her new relationship with Nick and had no immediate plans to test Maggie. Furthermore, Anushka had allowed her to have fun with Nick, but she would have been upset if Hillary fooled around with another woman.

However, thanks to the several instances of tit-rubbing earlier in the evening, Hillary was convinced that Maggie could be "bent" from her totally straight ways. She wasn't sure how much, and she knew she had to take things carefully, step by step, but she was very encouraged. She also figured she had to go slow so she'd have time to figure out what to do about the Anushka factor in all of that.

All that tit-rubbing had changed how both women interacted with each other, though it was mostly a subconscious change rather than intentional behavior. With both women attempting to stroke the same seven-inch pole in the same small space, their hands wound up on other hands quite

frequently, much more than before the prolonged bathroom break. And both of them tended to gently caress the other's hands while waiting for their turns to stroke Nick.

There was nothing overtly erotic in such caresses, but it was the start to sharing their own special intimacy. Plus, more and more, they were warming up to their new status as his co-girlfriends, or even co-sluts. They both knew that it was just a matter of time before they would be rubbing their bare tits together, or French kissing each other, just to further arouse him, even if Hillary hadn't been bisexual.

Their hands got very sticky with pre-cum and cum. (Every now and then, Nick would squirt out a little bit of actual cum without climaxing.) The wetness slowly spread over all three of them, since the women's wet hands tended to touch other body parts. Nobody minded much, though. Their hands had been much cummier before they all cleaned up in the bathroom.

Both women kept their tops wide open in front, which meant that they were effectively naked from the waist up from Nick's point of view, but they still looked more or less clothed if anyone happened to look down their row, thanks to the darkness. However, as he did earlier, he pulled their tops down their shoulders, to help ensure they wouldn't get in the way, and also to make them that much more naked.

Of course, he had a strong urge to get both of them completely naked as much as possible, and they both knew it. But he had to bow to practical considerations. They could get away with a lot of outrageous behavior, so long as if anyone who looked down their row in the darkness got the impression that they were all clothed.

Maggie and Hillary were also both frustrated by their choices to wear long skirts. They could open their tops all the way in front without much risk, but to pull their skirts down or take them off altogether was quite another thing. That could spell disaster if there was a mad scramble for them to get fully dressed in a hurry. There also was the very understandable concern that movie theater seats might not be the most sanitary, especially those in the back row. So they didn't bunch their skirts up to expose their asses for Nick to play with either, even though they would have liked to.

However, both skirts were loose enough for Nick to be able to slide his hand in from the top. But he didn't do that much since they were generally

sitting on their asses and he had to be careful not to expose their skin to the dubious seats.

Alternately, he could have stuck his hands down the front sides of their dresses to play with their pussies, especially since he knew neither of them were wearing panties anymore, but he still avoided that area. He figured it would upset Maggie if he touched her there. By contrast, he assumed Hillary would be okay with that sort of contact and even gladly welcome it. But he didn't want to do something to Hillary he couldn't do to his mother too, especially not right in front of her..

As a result, the focus remained on Nick's always hot and throbbing cock, plus the kissing and tit play. That was just fine with Nick. He was as happy as a kid in a candy store. The only major annoyance he faced was the limitations of the seating arrangement, and especially the unmovable arm rests between the seats. But that wasn't too much to complain about in the greater scheme of things.

He remembered in Hillary's phone sex fantasy last night, she'd mentioned the importance of choosing a movie theater that had movable arm rests. He was frustrated that he didn't actually select the place based on that. But he made a mental note for next time. It was a thrill just to consider there could be a next time.

Also, the women generally took it slow and easy on his boner, so he wouldn't cum quickly. They really were trying to keep him hard and happy for the entire duration of the movie, if at all possible.

After about fifteen minutes of French kissing, handjob action, and general sexual fun, Hillary asked Nick in between kissing turns, "So. How are you liking the movie?"

"It's my favorite! I give it five stars! By the way, what's it called? What's it about? I have no idea."

They all quietly laughed at that. None of them even knew the title.

Hillary asked him with a sexy purr, "How are you liking your date? How do you like having two girlfriends?"

"Ohmigod! I'm loving it!" It wasn't a clever reply by any means, but it was heartfelt. He was flying high on lust.

She pressed, "How do you like having two busty girlfriends stroking your cock at the same time? Is that fun?" She looked down to his crotch with a knowing smirk. At the moment, she was making a repeated twisting motion over the top of his shaft. (Twisting, candy cane stripe moves were her favorite cock stroking style.)

He just nodded eagerly. After fifteen minutes of being the target of a non-stop joint handjob attack, he was ready to blow his load, and he wasn't into talking. He wasn't kissing much anymore either, since he was mostly just gripping his armrests for dear life, struggling not to cum.

"Hey, my turn," Maggie said after Hillary had been stroking the top of Nick's cock for the last couple of minutes.

Hillary ceded control over most of his pole, but pointed out, "Maggie, in light of how upset you got earlier, maybe we should have a plan for when he cums. It's gonna happen soon. Maybe real soon. I can feel it."

Nick grunted in agreement. He was barely holding on.

"Good point," Maggie agreed.

But she was still torn. She didn't want to swallow his cum, as it was too embarrassing to do with Hillary watching, and it also violated her self-imposed limits. She didn't forget Hillary's comments that a good slut was wild, but at the same time knew how to stay in control.

However, she also didn't like the idea of letting Hillary swallow his load. She was feeling jealous, and didn't want Hillary sexually outdoing her. But to just have his cum fly anywhere wasn't a good option either. He'd cum into their hands earlier, but they were already too sticky and cummy as it was, so she only wanted that as a last resort.

She admitted, "Sorry, Hillary, I'm trying my best, but I can't become a good slut in a single night. I'm kind of shy about the whole oral sex in a public place thing."

Hillary replied, "I can understand that. What if we let him cum on our chests, then? I don't know about you, but I really like when that happens. I get off on letting a guy shoot his stuff all over me."

Maggie was reluctant, since she knew how much Nick loved to play with their racks, and he might be put off by his own cum. So she asked, "But what about the, uh... disposal problem?"

"Don't worry about it. I've got some napkins here somewhere, if need be." In fact Hillary didn't, but she figured she could clean up the mess one way or another. They didn't have a lot of time to figure things out, since his cock was practically rumbling like a volcano on the cusp of a violent eruption.

Maggie smiled widely, now that her main objection was solved. "I like that! That could work. The only problem is, who? He can't do both of us at once." That was true, since they were sitting on either side of him.

Nick grunted, "You two need to decide fast: one of you or the other, or stop jacking me off so much!"

Hillary ignored that, and pointed out, "Not necessarily. One of us could move to the other side, temporarily."

"Okay, let's do it," Maggie agreed. "And fast, because he's gonna blow!"

Again, Nick couldn't believe his great luck. He watched Hillary get up and slip past him, and then press her body tightly against his mother's. Both women were pretty much sitting in the same seat, barely squeezing into the limited space. Soon, the four biggest and most perfectly shaped tits he'd seen in his life were lined up in a row, side by side, all tightly pressing into each other.

He was left having to jack himself off, but it wasn't like he'd have trouble cumming, not with the mind-boggling sight in front of him. Again, reality far exceeded even his wildest fantasies. He'd pictured this in his mind many times, but to see it live and in the flesh actually made him dizzy. He felt like his heart was pounding so hard that he'd have to shout to be heard.

Hillary said, "Come on, kiddo! Hurry up and do it! If this isn't enough visual stimulation for you, then you're dead!"

She loved the fact that she could snuggle up to Maggie with their soft tits pressing together and an arm around her. She had high hopes they could become lovers someday soon, because sharing Nick like this would put them in many similar intimate positions like this, and at highly arousing times.

Maggie added, "Cum on our big tits! Paint me! Paint us! You can even paint our faces, if you want!"

"I want!" he grunted as he felt his balls tighten. He clenched his teeth like he was biting a bullet, but he kept his eyes open because he didn't want to

miss a thing.

His cum shot out like a rocket. The first rope landed right on the "cleavage" created by one of Maggie's tits mashing against one of Hillary's. But he immediately redirected his aim towards the center of Maggie's chest, and let a couple more ropes fly. Then he did the same to Hillary. After that, he kept going back and forth until his balls felt like they were completely drained dry.

He did shoot some towards their faces, but not very much, since he figured the prospect of oral sex was what had set Maggie crying last time and he didn't want her to suddenly burst into tears because he'd done something wrong again. He figured he could get away with a little as an "accident."

As soon as he was done, Hillary twisted a bit in her cramped space between Maggie and the next row of seats, so she could face Maggie more directly. She still wanted to be careful about getting physical with Maggie, but she got such a thrill from their tits pressing together, and then getting creamed on together, that she threw caution to the wind and suggested to Maggie, "I think we'd be remiss in this situation not to kiss each other and rub our spermy tits together, don't you think?"

Maggie didn't answer. Hillary's luscious red lips were drawing nearer, and that was all she could see. She found herself feeling strangely compelled to kiss them. But still, she was reluctant, and she didn't meet her halfway or even open her mouth.

Seeing that Maggie needed more convincing, Hillary added, "We need to get his cock hard again, don't we?"

Maggie thought, *Yes, we do! I've gotta do this... for Nick! He's gonna love it!*

She felt her own lips opening up, and then Hillary's lips sliding onto hers. It was such an electric and exciting thing that it felt just like a jolt of real electricity shooting through her.

Hillary though, could tell that she was pushing Maggie's comfort zone in a big way. Like Nick, she feared she would ruin the mood by being too aggressive. So she let their lips meet, and they did gently kiss, but she pulled back after just a couple of seconds, before there'd been a chance for any real tongue action.

Instead, she decided to save her more aggressive behavior for titty play. She figured Maggie would have a lot less of an issue with that. She cupped her immense cum-drenched orbs and began ostentatiously sliding them against Maggie's.

Maggie was surprised at how disappointed she felt not to be able to kiss Hillary more passionately. But she quickly recovered, and cupped her cummy tits too. She angled her body a bit, to make sure Nick had a good show of their tits sliding, lubed up by his cum.

Both Maggie and Hillary were in their own sexual heavens. It was no surprise that Hillary loved doing this sort of thing: she rubbed her bare tits against Anushka's pretty much every time they met, and quite a lot. But knowing that the "lube" they were using was Nick's cum took her arousal to an even higher level than what she enjoyed with Anushka. And thinking that she was "bending" the straight Maggie was an additional thrill.

But the big surprise was that Maggie enjoyed it a great deal too. She knew that on some level it was a lesbian activity. But that didn't bother her much, because it could be argued they were doing it mostly for Nick's benefit. She was certain they would have done the exact same thing even if Hillary was completely straight, since they both knew how tit-focused he was, and they both loved making all his titty fantasies come true.

Like Hillary though, the fact that it was Nick's cum causing their tits to effortlessly slide against each other sent her delight soaring to the moon. On a pure physical level, the lubrication made the rubbing a sheer delight. But on a mental level, it was such a depraved and wanton act in her mind that she was nearly delirious with arousal. She could have cum at any second if she just let it happen, but she held back.

She felt incredibly tempted to French kiss Hillary, and do it a lot. The tit-rubbing meant they were face to face with their heads close to each other. There wasn't much else for them to do but stare into each other's eyes with their entire bodies burning with lusty desire. And Hillary's face was so heartbreakingly gorgeous...

However, the fact that Hillary was bisexual held her back. Like before, she was scared to encourage Hillary to think she had a chance to seduce her - not realizing that was already happening in a big way, as their mutually joyous tit-rubbing was one major clue.

Hillary felt a similar pull to make out. It took all her willpower to resist. But she had an idea that could serve as opening a door to doing that eventually. She said to Maggie, "You know, you have some streaks of cum here and there on your face."

"You do too," Maggie pointed out.

"Is it okay if I lick it up? I don't know if you've noticed, but his cum actually tastes pretty good!"

"I know. It does," Maggie replied.

That was a nice surprise for Nick to hear. He had no idea what his cum tasted like,

Hillary bashfully asked, "Well... can I, then? I've never been in a threesome with another girl before, but I've licked cum off my own skin and it tastes extra good that way."

"Well... okay!" Maggie couldn't resist going the "slutty" route yet again. She really was letting her libido take over, and she was loving every minute of it.

The two total knockouts brought their faces much closer and started licking each other's cheeks clean. Neither of them should have been surprised, but they enjoyed that even more. They kept their cummy tit-rubbing going, while adding the joy of consuming Nick's tasty cum to that. And licking each other's faces was intimate, almost more than kissing.

Nick watched like he was trying to memorize every last second for the rest of his life. He thought, *Thank my fucking lucky stars that I managed to shoot some cum all the way up to their faces! What a bonus! Good grief!*

Man alive! Having two bombshell beauties as co-girlfriends is going to be so intense! Anytime we get together, the sexual pleasure is going to be multiplied many times over, thanks to moments like this! Jeeesus! I just hope I can hang on for the ride of my life, and prove to be worthy of them!

I still feel like such a fraud, like I shouldn't be there. But I am. I made this happen with my scheme and twin obsessions and everything else. I need to man up and rise to the occasion! Every time!

After a couple of minutes, nearly all of Nick's cum ended up smeared into Maggie's skin or Hillary's skin. They got so into it that they used their tits

like sponges, sliding them all over each other until all the cum was soaked up.

Around the same time, the last of his cum on their faces got licked up. They went very slowly with that, savoring each cum gob, because there wasn't that much there in the first place, since the vast majority of his load wound up on their great racks. But even their slow approach had to run out of cum eventually.

With the massive melons still pressed together, Maggie asked Nick, "So, Sport, how do you like the titty show?" She looked over at him to get his reaction, and especially to see if he'd gotten erect again yet.

She was back to being "insanely horny." She hoped that, soon after he was fully engorged, she could prove to Hillary just how brave she was by being the first to suggest that they try taking turns bobbing on his fat cock. That had been her growing obsession all week, and she felt she was ready to do it in real life. She knew this would turn Hillary's phone sex fantasy into reality, which delighted her to no end.

In looking Nick's way, she happened to see beyond him as well, and saw a strange man standing frozen in the aisle at the end of their row and staring right at her. Or, more likely, he was staring right at where her big tits met Hillary's - it was too dark to see any more than to realize he was staring in their general direction.

In a flash, everything changed. She practically had a panic attack. She tried her best to duck down (which she really couldn't do since Hillary was plastered all over her), and hissed, "Quick! Hide! Somebody's watching us!"

Hillary moved fast, both ducking lower and covering her top over her huge, cum-covered tits as best she could. That enabled Maggie to do the same.

Nick also acted quickly and cleverly. Realizing the stranger was behind him due to the way Maggie stared in horror over his shoulder, he sat up much higher and held his arms loosely near his sides, trying to block as much of the view as he could. Since both Maggie and Hillary were sitting on the same side of him now, he could be a "wall" between them and the stranger. He didn't dare turn around though, since his penis was still hanging out. At least it was flaccid for once, so it didn't stick up in an obvious manner.

Luckily, it seemed the stranger was as embarrassed to be discovered as they were. The man quickly walked on and disappeared into the darkness, apparently returning to his seat closer to the movie screen.

Maggie noticed the stranger move on, but she remained very upset and panicky just the same. Her heart pounded wildly, and she had to suppress the urge to immediately flee. She hissed, "That was too close! Let's get out of here right away, before he calls the police or something!"

It was clear that the magical mood between them had been broken. None of them argued they should stay.

The three of them immediately began zipping and buttoning up. But while the idea of having Nick cum all over them had seemed like a good idea a short time ago, now it seemed like a terrible one. The cum was seemingly everywhere, and they couldn't see it all in the darkness.

Maggie was relieved the stranger had moved on, but she was still in a frantic state. "Shit, shit, shit! What are we gonna do?! My face! Oh God, my face!" Even though there was effectively no cum left on her face after Hillary licked it clean, that's what bothered her the most. She couldn't confirm how she looked without a mirror, and she didn't have one.

She asked Hillary, "What happened to those napkins of yours?"

Hillary was alarmed as well, but calmer overall. Since she'd never had the napkins in the first place, she said, "Um, I think they just fell to the floor in the panic. They'll be icky now. But don't worry! I licked it all clean already."

"Are you SURE?!" Maggie asked. "I don't want any traces left at all!"

Despite the drastic crashing of the erotic mood, Hillary couldn't miss this opportunity. Even though she was sitting in a very awkward position, kneeling with her skirt on the sticky floor, she leaned forward until her face was right up at Maggie's. "Well, there might be a little left. And there are some areas that have kind of a pearly glaze."

That latter part was true, at least.

"Then please lick it all up!" Maggie said in her panicky voice.

Hillary leaned in and started licking. She knew there wasn't really a cum problem with Maggie's face, but she figured that if she took her time licking

it would help Maggie calm down some. Plus, it was fun.

Maggie asked, "And what about my breasts?! Or yours?! So much more cum went there!"

Indeed, that was more of a problem. Although all the tit-rubbing caused nearly all the cum to get smeared in, there were some streaks left in Maggie's deep cleavage, and Hillary's too.

Hillary knew that, so she said, "Nick, this is where you can help. Our tits are pretty clean except for our cleavage. I know you'd find it icky to lick your own cum, but you could smear that into our skin with your hand."

Although Nick's penis was flaccid, he wasn't that scared anymore. He figured the stranger was long gone, and he was only leaving in deference to what the women wanted. He gladly welcomed the chance for any sort of tit contact. So he said, "I can do that."

He spent the next couple of minutes rubbing his cum into Maggie's skin, and then he did the same to Hillary. He noticed some stray cum streaks here and there, for instance a long one near Hillary's left shoulder, so he rubbed those in as well. While he did that, he enjoyed watching Hillary lick up his cum off Maggie's face. (Or at least that's what it looked like was happening.)

Unfortunately, it wasn't really an erotic situation anymore. Hillary even muttered to Maggie at one point, "Tastes good. I hope we can do this again under different circumstances."

When Hillary finished, Maggie checked Hillary's face, but she didn't see any cum left. That was no surprise, since she'd licked it clean earlier. So she declared that Hillary was okay.

Nick had little trouble getting presentable, since there wasn't much cum on him, and that was just the relatively unnoticeable result of sticky fingers touching him here and there. All he really had to do was zip up the fly of his pants.

However, all the cleaning efforts of all three of them could only do so much. They had gotten increasingly cummy, with cummy hands touching bare skin and spreading the mess around. Furthermore, they were slightly sweaty and each of their crotches were very cummy. In short, they were still a mess.

Both women hastily zipped or buttoned up, but they worried they looked ragged and tussled, they smelled like sex, and they had a "freshly fucked" look as well, despite not getting fucked. They worried about stray cum gobs or streaked that had been missed in the darkness as well.

That left them excited and worried. As Maggie ran her hands all over her exposed skin to double check nothing obvious had been left on her, she urgently whispered, "Let's get out of here like bats out of hell! Move fast past people before they get a chance to look at us or smell us!"

The others didn't need to be told twice.

Luckily though, Nick remembered there was a back way out of the theater complex they could use so they didn't have to go through the well-lit lobby they'd originally entered. They were able to sneak away in the darkness and through the parking lot without really running into anybody.

Maggie though, didn't begin to breathe easy until she was sitting in the car. She plopped herself in the back passenger seat and let Nick drive, both because she was too frazzled to drive and because she wanted to hide in back.

Hillary sat in front because she wanted to stay close to Nick. Her lusty desire for him was growing stronger all the time, increasing other positive feelings for him too. She could even start to feel that she was falling in love with him.

Once the three of them were sitting in the car, Maggie complained, "That was too close! Too scary! I'm not cut out for that kind of thing!"

Nick tried to ease her worried mind. "Come on, Ma-aaggie, it's not that bad." (Again, he almost said "Ma.") "That guy was, what, a good twenty feet away, at least? And how much could he see in a dark theater? Not much, I'll bet. He probably was just looking for his seat."

Maggie griped, "That's easy for you to say. You didn't see him clearly. I did! His eyes were bugging out like some kind of overexcited comic book character. How could he NOT notice the way our bare breasts were obscenely mashing together?! And covered in cum! My God! I've never been so humiliated!" She was on the verge of crying.

But Hillary said, "Come on, Maggie, it's not that bad. Sure, that guy got the surprise of his life, but so what? He'll never know who you are, or who any

of us are. We'll never see him again. If you think about it, he was so far away that there's no way he could have seen the cum. At best, he saw two dark blobs in the same seat, which raised his curiosity. I'll admit I was scared at the time, but we're totally safe now. What's the worst that could have happened to us?"

"Lots!" Maggie complained, not wanting to even think about worst-case scenarios.

Belatedly realizing that wasn't the best question to ask, Hillary let it drop. She said with forced joviality, "You know what? I'll bet we'll be laughing about that before long. I mean, it's kind of funny when you think about it."

"What's funny?" Maggie griped. "Just look at me! Smell me! I still feel like Nick's cum is all over me! He squirts gallons of it, every time, everywhere! It's rubbed into my skin and into my face! Since we've been walking, I've noticed a few streaks we missed dripping down my skin! I can even feel a little bit pooling in my belly button."

Hillary giggled at that detail.

Maggie could see the absurdity in that, and she couldn't help but giggle a little too. That helped lighten her mood. She thought gleefully, *And to think that's my son's cum! If Hillary only knew. I've becoming such a flaming slut! Yet even now, I know that was the best time I've EVER had!*

But still, she complained, "And the smell! The smell is everywhere! Nick, I feel like your cum has soaked into every last bit of me, from head to toe! So, please. Get us out of here fast. I need to go somewhere to clean up."

Nick was quite aroused by hearing about his cum covering her entire body. It made him feel like he'd marked her and claimed her as his own.

But he dutifully drove it out of the parking lot. He said, "I'm driving back to the Olive Garden, right? That's where we left Hillary's car."

"NO!" Maggie practically shouted. "I mean, er, yes. But, uh, after that..." She was freaking out about the prospect of coming home reeking of cum. What if Andy saw her? That was too disturbing to even think about. Thinking quickly, she said, "Hillary, this may sound kind of weird, but can I ask you a favor?"

"Sure," Hillary replied. "Anything."

"Can we follow you to your house, and then can I take a shower there? You know I live in back of Nick's place. I'm petrified his parents will see me like this. I know the odds are really low, but I'm freaking out about it just the same. I wouldn't know what to say! I'm not good at being a 'good slut' like you are!"

That comment was heavy with irony and meaning, since she was one of the parents she was supposed to be worried about! She tried hard not to think about that.

Hillary replied, "Of course you can. In fact, I'll give you some of my clothes to borrow, since we wear the same sizes, more or less. We'll have you coming home fresh as a daisy. And I can get you in and out of my house without my parents ever knowing. I've done that a lot with previous lovers."

That eased Maggie's mind quite a bit. She hadn't even thought about the problem of Hillary's parents, but she trusted Hillary on that one.

They were mostly silent in the car ride. They had a lot to think about, given all they had done during the date.

But there was one thing Nick just had to ask about. "Um, Hillary, can I ask you a question?"

"Sure."

"At dinner, you said that Anushka changed the rules about what she'll let you do with me. And that must be true, because you ended up stroking my penis as you did. Which was totally, unbelievably great, by the way. Thank you both! I'm such a lucky guy!"

Maggie snickered. "That you are." She had lost more of her erotic mood, but she was still riding a residual buzz so she also was far from reverting all the way back to Margaret mode just yet.

He continued, "So, now it can be told: what exactly did Anushka tell you that you can do?"

Hillary sighed. "It's still not that settled, unfortunately. She thinks you could be a 'flash-in-the-pan,' and that we should be going out longer before we should really get seriously intimate. And I can see her point about that. She wants to meet you, but I don't know if that'll make things better or worse, to be honest. So I'm kind of holding her at bay about that. But, after much nagging on my part, she agreed that I could play with your penis if 'I

absolutely have to.' Whatever that means! So I'm confident that covers what we did tonight, because I was so very crazy horny that I absolutely 100 percent had to stroke the hell out of your cock! Like my life depended on it!" She laughed. "You know what I mean, Maggie?"

Maggie smiled as she fondly recalled what they'd done in the darkness of the movie theater. Guilt was starting to hit her, but it hadn't overwhelmed her, at least not yet. "Definitely! Have her call me as a witness if necessary. I'll be able to confirm it was a dire medical emergency for all three of us!"

Hillary laughed at that. She wasn't going to even think about having Maggie and Anushka talk on the phone, though, as she was trying to downplay Maggie in Anushka's eyes as much as possible, short of directly lying.

Hillary added, "Oh, and one more important thing: Anushka says you're not allowed to touch my pussy at all. Sorry about that."

"But I already did," he pointed out. "In the school bathroom, remember?"

"I know. But I tell her everything, and I told her about that already, and that led to her new rule."

"Damn!" He was thinking he should have done more while he had the chance.

"That's going to be a tricky issue. She says it's 'her' pussy, and she feels very possessive about it. But hey, I guess it's not that big of a hardship for you, since you can fuck Maggie to your heart's content."

He said, "Um, yeah."

But he thought, *How bizarre! I'm developing this fabulous threesome sex life that already is way beyond the best I thought I could hope for. Yet both Ma AND Hillary have this thing where I can't touch their pussies at all!*

Oh well. What can I do about that at this point? Nothing. I need to be patient. And I should be grateful for how much we can do together, so far. Besides, one bonus is this means my penis kind of becomes the center of attention. That certainly worked out great tonight!

Maggie also thought about the fact it was clear now that he couldn't touch either pussy of the two women he'd just done so much with. She felt bad about that, but she told herself that she had to stand her ground and not

allow the behavior that could lead down a slippery slope to incestuous fucking.

She stayed silent, but she figured that if anyone should give ground on this, it should be Hillary. There was no incest complication there, and if Anushka was serious about allowing Hillary to have a boyfriend, as she had claimed she was, it wouldn't be realistic to keep that as a boyfriend who couldn't even touch certain parts of his girlfriend's body. That couldn't last. But she figured it was something Hillary and Anushka would have to work out, and she shouldn't try to meddle.

To Nick's dismay, when they got to Hillary's house, Maggie told him to stay in the car. He didn't understand why, and he pointed out that he could use a shower too, although his need for that wasn't nearly as great.

Maggie was forced to quietly admit to him, without Hillary hearing, that she was worried that sexual things would start up all over again.

When Nick pointed out that he was sure he could control himself, Maggie replied with a very quiet whisper, "Maybe you can. But I worry I won't be able to control myself. So just chill out and listen to the radio in the car, okay? I'm sorry. We'll be back in ten minutes, tops."

He ended up waiting more than half an hour instead of ten minutes. He contemplated masturbating, since he was still horny, and the more he thought about all that had happened, the more aroused he got.

Eventually, he got an erection again, and then a bad case of blue balls. But he ultimately decided it was much better if he could control himself and not masturbate, especially since Maggie and Hillary could return at any time. Plus, there was his tendency to "cum in twos." A downside to that was that he wouldn't feel very sexually satiated after just cumming once. He decided it was better not to get started at all.

When Maggie finally returned, she was alone.

Once she was in the car, he asked, "What took so long? And where's Hillary? We have to take her back to the Olive Garden to get her car back, remember?"

"Oh, that," Maggie said dismissively. "Don't worry. She said her parents would help her with that later."

"Well then, what took so long?"

Maggie looked away bashfully. "Sorry. Can't tell you. Girl stuff."

He sighed in frustration, thinking she must have some secret she didn't want him to know.

In fact, that had been no big secret revelations between Maggie and Hillary or anything like that. When Maggie entered Hillary's house, she had been feeling terribly guilty about the whole evening now that her erotic buzz had worn off nearly entirely. After taking her shower, she had talked to Hillary, hoping Hillary would give her a pep talk of sorts, and convince her that she had nothing to feel bad about. Hillary had done just that, with more pontificating about what it meant to be a "good slut," but Maggie had so many worries and doubts that Hillary couldn't completely put her mind at ease.

Maggie simply didn't want to talk to Nick about what she and Hillary had talked about because she didn't want to talk about anything. She just wanted to go back home and be "normal" again for a while.

Maggie reverted back to her "Margaret mode" even before they got home. And once they did get there, she wouldn't even give him a good night kiss. He was upset to realize that he'd never been given a chance to kiss or tell Hillary good-bye either, since Hillary had been busy trying to "smuggle" Maggie into her house at the time.

True, things had gone downhill rapidly ever since Maggie saw that stranger staring at her exposed chest. But still, all in all, Nick concluded the evening had been a great, great success.

He would have had no trouble at all if he had to do it all over again, even considering the danger of getting caught. The way he looked at it, he had two girlfriends now, who just happened to be the two most desirable "girls" in his entire high school. (Of course, Maggie wasn't really a girl and didn't go to that school, but she was becoming well known to that crowd.) Better still, his girlfriends were fine with sharing him in every way. It seemed that all his dreams were coming true!

Chapter 17: Weekend Regrets (Friday through Monday)

After Maggie came home from the movie date, the night was still relatively young. They'd only "seen" about two-thirds of the movie, and even after spending time showering and talking at Hillary's place, it was about nine-thirty. Maggie wasn't tired in the slightest. She was still wired and agitated from the entire experience.

Her husband Andy was busy doing something on the computer though, and couldn't be bothered. As had become the norm in the past two years, they lived in the same house, but they rarely interacted except at meals. Maggie couldn't talk to Nick about what had happened, since she was supposed to be in her "Margaret mode" now. She was on her own.

Maggie tried to watch TV in the living room, but she paid about as much attention to it as she'd paid to the movie in the theater - in other words, next to none. She kept thinking about all the wild and crazy things she'd taken part in on the movie date. Almost any memory of what happened made her hopelessly horny. In particular, she kept thinking about Nick shooting his cum all over her chest and face and all over Hillary's chest and face at the same time. That led her to recall how Hillary had given her a brief, but oh-so-tantalizing kiss on her lips, and then the way they'd rubbed their impressive racks together, with her son's cum acting as ample lubrication.

It was like her pussy had been set on fire. She couldn't just sit still on the couch pretending to watch TV. She writhed and shifted about, trying to ignore the burning need between her legs, but her frustration only grew.

Yet she tried her damndest to ignore her horny body, because she felt upset and thoroughly rattled by the date. She thought, *I wish I could get angry at Nick, because then I'd have someone to blame. But he certainly hadn't been pushy. He'd even expressed willingness to stop the entire fake girlfriend scheme when I'd had my crying spell. Sure, he was horny and aggressive, but he's a horny teenage boy on a date with two busty bombshells, if I can call myself one for a minute. What boy in his shoes wouldn't act as he did?*

No, I can only get angry at myself. The problem is that I feel I have to stop being Nick's girlfriend, since the whole thing was spiraling out of control. For instance, I had all kinds of crazy ideas in my mind to suck his cock, and

it was only some lucky interruptions that prevented that from happening. I'm sure Hillary would have gone along with it.

But although I know I'm sliding down a dangerous slope, I love it all too much to actually stop. In fact, it seems the "worse" things get in terms of sexual debauchery, the more I love it! I definitely have some kind of weird incest fetish. There isn't any other family member of a desirable age and appearance, thank God, but whenever I think of Nick these days, I get too horny! And then I think about the fact that he's my son, and instead of feeling chastened, that doubles my arousal! It's fucked up!

Even as I sit here lamenting all this, I'm getting too fucking horny! Something is definitely wrong with me. I need a new life. I'm stagnating here. I need to get the hell away from here and do something totally different. But I can't abandon Nick. He still needs a mother!

She gave up and went to bed naked. She was glad that Andy slept in his own bedroom downstairs, so he wouldn't interrupt her masturbation session. She pulled her blankets up to her neck, as she usually did when masturbating. But then, feeling wicked, she pulled them back down, to the bottom of her tummy.

She smiled. *That's how Nick would like it. If he were here right now, lying on top of me, that's how he'd have it for sure. His hands would be twisting my nipples already. Gaawwwd, I love that! He might even be kissing every inch of my "big tits," as he loves to call 'em. I love that too! It was like he was worshiping them with his lips and tongue. And then when he suckled on my nipples... OH! Heaven!*

She giggled. *Damn. My nipples are going to be red and sore tomorrow. But it was worth it!*

Her fingers started pumping in and out of her pussy. *But best of all is his cock! His wonderful, always-hard cock! If he were on top of me right now, he'd be grinding it into my tummy! In fact, all these blankets and sheets just get in the way.* She kicked the sheets down lower, until she exposed her pussy and her busy fingers.

He'd be naked on top of me, grinding and grinding his fat fuck stick into me! He wouldn't take no for an answer either. Where did that shy boy I love so much go? He's like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but I love it!

She sighed longingly. *I wonder what would have happened if that horrible stranger hadn't interrupted us. We could have gone the ENTIRE MOVIE just playing with his cock! We'll have to do that next time. Mmmm, yeah! With Hillary and I covered in cum, wearing any clothes would have been silly. Nick would just get them messy with his next spermy load! Or the one after that! Hillary and I would pretty much have been obliged to take ALL our clothes off! Not like I wasn't almost there anyway. No bra, no panties, and my breasts completely exposed for his eager hands... Gaawwwd! Such hands!*

She stopped frigging her pussy for the moment so she could maul her breasts with both hands, Nick-style. *That's it, Nick! I've taken off ALL of my clothes for you! So has Hillary! Now you have two totally naked SLUTS, ready to serve you! Right here in the middle of the movie theater! What's that you say? You want us to suck your cock? But we can't! We're in a public place! People will see! What's that, you're gonna make me? Make both of your sluts do it, together? You're so mean! But your cock is so fat and delicious and magnificent, how can I say no? Let Ma and Hillary take turns licking your knob, and then you can blast even more sperm all over our faces!*

As she resumed frigging her pussy, Maggie pretended to talk to Hillary. *What's that? You're shocked that I'm his mother? But I AM! And I don't care! How can I resist him? You want a good slut? I'll be a god-damned GREAT slut! Here, Hillary, let's take turns sucking his cock before the whole theater notices our sexy, nude bodies!*

Maggie brought a hand to her face. Clumping her fingers together, she tried to pretend that was Nick's dick. It wasn't good enough though, especially since she had a variety of sex toys in her room (all bought after Andy had his accident). She got up and found the dildo that most closely matched the thickness and length of Nick's hard-on, although none could quite match his thickness, remarkably enough. Then she started plunging it in and out of her mouth while she fingered her pussy to orgasm.

But that was just the start of her masturbatory session. The lusty fire in her pussy just wouldn't be quenched. She brought herself off several times, but never really felt satisfied.

Eventually, she found herself thinking, *What have I got to do?! I need Nick's help. He's sleeping just down the hall. I could go into his room right now, this very minute, and wake him up! "Sport! Baby, I've got bad news. Ma can't get to sleep. I need your cock! Your big fat cock! I need to cram it down my throat! I need to feel it sliding between my lips! I want to run my tongue all over it! Every inch! Fuck my face! Son! Son! I need you to fuck my face with your fuckin' big fuckin' COCK! Then I want you to spray my face with cum! Drown me in your seed!"*

Her fingers were a blur on her pussy, while her other hand rammed the dildo deeper and deeper into her mouth, until she was flirting with gagging at every stroke.

"But that's not all! Nick baby, it's not enough! Ma's never gonna get to sleep with just that! My pussy is on fire. God knows I need you to cake my face with your cum, and Hillary's face too! Yes! Cover us both with your spunk! But that will only make the problem worse. It's my pussy! My cunt! It's hot! Too hot! Hot, hot, hot! Fire! It's burning up! And the only thing that'll cool it down is still MORE of your cum! I'd ask you to lick me down there, but even that won't do it. I need your CUM! Inject it in me directly! Quench the fire with your creamy seed! In other words, FUCK ME! Fuck your mommy! God dammit, you motherfucker, fuck your mother!"

By this time, her whole body was writhing like she was having an epileptic seizure. Her massive globes wobbled around on her chest, and she kicked her legs into the air. She brought the dildo from her mouth and slid it deeply into her slit with one fell swoop. *"AAAAAIIIIIEEE! That's it! Look what you did, Nick! You're fucking me! Fuck me deep!"*

Maggie came hard. It was explosive, prolonged, and desperately needed. She'd gone over two years without having orgasms like this. For two years, she'd basically lived a sexless life, but her body craved sex now in a big way.

Even after that powerful orgasm, she didn't stop. She continued jamming the dildo in and out of herself until her hands got tired. She lost track of how many times she climaxed. All she could fantasize about was Nick, although oftentimes Hillary was in the picture too. She eventually fell asleep with the dildo still in her.

Reality and regret hit her like a bad hangover when she woke up the next morning. Her erotic mood was long gone, and she literally couldn't believe what she'd taken part in the day before. Her long, wild masturbatory session only doubled her concern that she was spinning out of control. She immediately pulled the dildo out and went to the bathroom to clean herself up and shower.

She set the water to be extra cold, to help shake off any lingering lusts. As she soaped up her voluptuous body, she thought, *This has to stop. Period. Not the dating, mind you. I wish it was that easy, but I seem to be going through some phase where I need it too much. I can't stop living my double life as one of my son's two girlfriends! I just can't!*

No, what I mean is that, at the very least, I have to reestablish the firewall around the house! I can only be "Margaret" at home, not "Maggie." And Margaret doesn't masturbate for two or three hours, thinking about her son.

And the things I was thinking while I pounded myself with that dildo. UGH! Wrong, wrong, wrong! A little kissing, cuddling, and even fondling. Okay. There's nothing wrong in doing that with Nick, is there? No. And even some penis, er, stroking. After all, if I get him all worked up, I've got to take care of that, right? Of course. It's only fair.

Hell, I suppose even dreaming about sucking his cock is okay. I'm soooo bummed that I didn't get to do that last night! I had my chances, too. My mouth was less than an inch from his horse cock at one point even, only he didn't cum! DAMN! And if Hillary and I could get it the habit of stroking, licking, and sucking him together, we could have such a great time! We could spend hours and hours pleasuring his cock, and having endless orgasms ourselves! Oh, and titfucking! Can't forget the titfucking! GAAAWWD! That would be so fucking HOT! With our combined tit power? Lying naked in Hillary's room, working on his cock as one, our faces constantly soaked in his creamy, spermy seed...

Wait. Where was I? I was objecting to something. Oh yeah.

That's all allowable daydream material. But fucking?! That line of thinking stops now! Not only can we not do it, ever, I can't even allow myself to THINK it, ever! It's like Hillary said: there's nothing wrong with being a good slut, but that means having some restraint. A good slut is just another

name for a sexually liberated and sexually vibrant woman. But a bad slut has no control at all. That's not me!

She was sorely tempted to at least go without a bra for the day, in order to experience a little thrill. But she reminded herself that "Margaret" would never do that, and she had to be in "Margaret mode" until she drove Nick to school on Tuesday. *Driving him to school and back on Tuesdays and Thursdays, plus whatever weekend dates I need to go to over the weekend that'll help him win Hillary - that's it. That's Maggie's life. The rest of the time, 95 plus percent of the time, I'm Margaret.*

It sucks. And speaking of sucking, that doesn't give me much time to enjoy his cock at all. But that's how it has to be. Maybe less will be more, making our rare times together as lovers that much more passionate. I can't allow "Maggie" to take over my entire life!

She was also tempted to dress up like an Eskimo in a snowstorm, just to make sure her libido stayed in control around her son, but that wasn't something "Margaret" normally did either. She put on what was a very typical and frequently worn outfit, including a bra and pair of panties.

Once she got in the right mental state, she was able to be "normal" around Nick, even though he kept giving her lusty looks. (He wasn't trying to start anything, but he couldn't look at her in a non-lusty way after what had happened the night before, not to mention on Tuesday. He also couldn't stop smiling because he was so very happy all the time.)

Since it was Saturday, she had to be with her son more than usual, starting with breakfast. But at least Andy was eating with them too. She had no trouble at all acting like she was supposed to whenever Andy was there.

Several hours later, she sent Nick to the backyard to do some gardening. In addition to really needing the gardening work done, this was a good opportunity for her to talk to him frankly about things without having to worry about Andy. Due to Andy's injured legs, the garden might as well have been the moon. Plus, she figured that put them outside the "firewall" of the house walls, so she could talk to him about "Maggie stuff" there.

She walked out to Nick, bringing him a drink. In truth, he didn't really need it since he'd only started gardening, but she wanted to talk to him before he got all hot and sweaty. She worried she might be overwhelmed by his pheromones otherwise. And while he wasn't particularly muscular, she

didn't want to tempt herself if he got so hot he had to take his shirt off. Through her new rose-colored glasses caused by her raging lust for him, his ordinary body looked like beefcake.

She stood next to him and said, "Sport, I need to talk to you."

He could tell from her voice that something was up. He put his clippers down and stood up. "Talk? As 'Maggie' or 'Margaret?'"

"Neither. Both. ... What I mean is, talk on neutral ground. Just a pure exchange of facts."

"Okay, fine. What's up?"

"Hillary said to us yesterday that the party we were supposed to go to then might happen today instead. I've been thinking about that a lot all morning. Have you heard any more about that?"

"Yes I have," he replied. "I talked to her on the phone a while ago. I didn't know how to bring it up to you, though. It's not something I could discuss with Margaret. How does something like that work?"

"Like what we're doing now. If you have something purely informational that Maggie needs to know, meet me in the garden on some excuse or another. I'm only Margaret inside the house, but consider this kind of a neutral area. I'm not Maggie here, and you certainly can't touch me! Remember Andy could see us from the house. But we can talk freely."

"Okay. That's good. And yeah, the party's gonna happen tonight. Hillary wants both of us to come. Isn't that great?!"

Maggie winced. She really, really wanted to go. She had no interest in the party per se, but she loved the sexual fun she'd had in her "Maggie mode." However, she said, "Sorry, but you have to tell her I can't go. Last night was more than enough craziness for me for a good, long while. When I think about the things we did..."

She started to get aroused as she gazed off into space, but she quickly snapped back.

His heart sank.

She continued, "Anyway, speaking of that, I've got a lot of problems over what happened. I don't mind being your date from time to time, since you've explained how necessary it is to help you with Hillary, for a variety

of valid reasons. But please, no more of THAT anymore! Do you understand?"

He nodded, even though he had no idea what "THAT" referred to exactly. He had the feeling that she didn't know either, and that it was better if he didn't get her to specify. Instead, he said, "But Hillary's really excited about seeing us at the party. She said-"

Maggie cut him off. "I don't care what she said. It's not happening. Period. But you're free to go with her all you want. You don't need me."

He frowned. "That wouldn't be right. I DO need you! You're supposed to be my girlfriend. If you're there, then everything's great. We can kiss and stuff, and really convince lots of key people that you're my girlfriend. But if you're not there, nothing's gonna happen. Hillary doesn't want to be seen as stealing me away from you behind your back."

"After last night, why should she worry about that?" Maggie asked.

"She's even MORE sensitive about that, due to what happened last night! The more serious she and I get, the more she gets concerned you're going to think she's trying to steal you away from her. We were talking about that on the phone earlier." (That was true, they were.)

He went on, "Remember, she doesn't know you're my mother! Without that key piece of information, your willingness to share me seems improbable and damn near unbelievable. Nobody is that cool about sharing, ever. She's going to need a lot of hand-holding until she's convinced. You have to be there and give approval before she'd even say 'boo.'"

Maggie grimaced. That argument sounded very convincing to her, especially since she wanted to be persuaded that she was "forced" to continue as his girlfriend.

He added, "Besides, I'm not even half as confident when you're not there. You have no idea how much my confidence soars when I have your hand in mine. It's magical!"

It sure is! she thought warmly. *I wish I could go, Son, I really do! We could sneak away, maybe... the three of us... Find some private room, take all our clothes off... You'd have a bad case of blue balls by then. We could help out, so much!*

She licked her lips and salivated, thinking mainly of helping him with her mouth.

But sometimes being a good parent means saying no. Especially after my masturbatory fantasies late last night, I need to have a cooling off period. I was thinking about getting fucked by you, Son! If I could only tell you, surely even you would agree that's wrong!

He continued, "It's like, everyone is amazed that you're with me. Everybody stares at your beauty, and then they look at me and wonder who the heck I am. They all think, 'Boy, he must be something special. He has to be, to be with her.' And then I feel super special! I could walk on air! That makes me so confident that I could take on the whole world! And that gives me all sorts of sexual energy, allowing me to seriously wow Hillary!"

She smiled. *You "wow" me too, Son! More than you could possibly imagine!*

But her rather ordinary smile didn't begin to show how very happy she was about that reply. She'd been afraid to suggest that he go alone, for fear that he'd take her up on it. She'd felt obliged to say that, but she was secretly jubilant he rejected the idea so firmly, and with such good reasons. That made it easier for her to justify to herself having to go with him to future social events that Hillary took part in.

Having made that effort at being a good, responsible mother, she eagerly agreed. "Well, that's all true. I can see what you mean about the confidence issue too. And we haven't even talked about the whole Anushka problem, and how me being your girlfriend helps with that. I suppose I'll have to go along with this fake girlfriend craziness for a while more."

She tried to frown and act annoyed, but inside she was leaping with joy. She continued more honestly, "However, I really need time to recover from last night. We both do. So, no party for us tonight."

"Awww, Ma," Nick groused.

"Hey, them's the breaks," she replied. "One date a week with your old mother is plenty. Besides, you've still got me driving you to school twice a week, so buck up."

His eyes lit up. "Does that mean we can go to a party or something like that next week? The three of us?"

"I suppose so," Maggie said, trying hard to sound reluctant. It was a struggle to hide her excitement though, and she doubted she'd successfully pulled it off. She tried to sound tough and motherly. "Maybe. Maaaaybe. If you behave yourself until then."

In truth, Nick could see the fire and excitement in her eyes. But he knew not to let on. Still, he could only contain himself so much. He gushed, "Awesome! I can't wait already!"

Maggie turned away, and looked back at the house. That was the only thing she could think of to keep hiding how thrilled she felt. Not to mention, her nipples had suddenly popped erect, and she definitely didn't want him to see that.

As she started to walk back towards the house, she said, "I suppose you should call Hillary and let her know what's going on. Please say hi to her for me too, and give her my apologies. Make up some excuse about how we're too busy. That'll help with the playing hard to get angle, as a bonus."

"Okay! I will! Thanks, Ma, you're the best!" He zoomed past her as he ran back to the house to make the call.

She grinned at his youthful exuberance. I'm "the best," he says, but the best at what? I'll bet he just can't wait to get his hand on my big breasts, so he can twist my nipples and get me so horny that I'll do anything. Even stroke his cock. Even suck... No! I can't go there! Not now. I'm not "Maggie."

I'm going to march right back in the house and see if Andy wants some kind of snack, just like a real wife would. I know our marriage is dead forever, but if I stick near Andy today, that'll force my body to calm down and not daydream so much. I think I'm STILL riding some kind of erotic high from last night.

For the rest of the day, Maggie more or less successfully willed herself to behave. It was true that she had some incestuous daydreams, especially cocksucking focused ones. But after what happened at the movie theater, she knew that couldn't be entirely helped. She was proud that she didn't let herself masturbate about any of that, not even once.

Furthermore, she acted completely normally around Nick, and she didn't even get visibly aroused by his presence. She realized that she could control her moods if she put enough willpower into the effort.

That evening, she started to read a gripping murder mystery novel she'd been saving for a rainy day. That kept her attention so much that she actually continued not to masturbate at all, even when it came time to go to bed.

But unfortunately for all her stringent efforts, she hadn't eliminated her sexual feelings, she'd just repressed them. When she fell asleep that night, she had nothing but erotic, incestuous dreams, each one more outrageous and arousing than the last.

In some dreams, there was no real plot, just Nick lying on top of her and fucking her pussy, seemingly forever. In another dream, he was endlessly fucking her tits. In yet another, she and Hillary were back in the movie theater, in an alternate reality where they spent nearly the entire movie slurping on his cock, just as in Hillary's phone sex fantasy. That was her favorite dream of the night, even though it had no plot whatsoever other than a seemingly endless amount of cock licking and sucking by her and Hillary.

But her more disturbing and arousing dreams had plots. In one, she woke up in her bed only to find Nick sleeping next to her. She didn't know how she knew, but she knew that he was her husband now, even though he still was her son. She looked at the clock next to him and realized it was time for his morning blowjob. She sucked on his cock for a very long time until he came all over her face. Then, with her face still dripping with cum, she went to what had been Nick's room at the other end of the hall and found Andy sleeping there. When he woke up he looked at her very cummy face, but he showed no surprise at all, like it was an everyday thing.

Every dream was like that. Blowjobs, facials, and pearl necklaces were particularly common themes. In reality, she'd only sucked and licked his dick for about two minutes on that first fateful Tuesday, but it seemed she'd done it for hours in her fantasies and dreams since then, and she probably had in her mind.

In a weird way, her dreams were getting her psychologically ready to suck on such an exceptionally thick shaft. She knew it was going to be a very physically daunting effort, every time. In fact, one key reason she hadn't succumbed to sucking him already was because she was so daunted by his thickness.

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By contrast, Nick had a much better day. He was disappointed that he couldn't go to the party that evening, naturally. But his dinner and movie date with Hillary and Maggie went so astoundingly well that he was walking on air all day long, so it was hard for him to get very disappointed about anything.

The way he figured, that date was possibly the most pivotal event of his life, with the possible exception of what happened on Tuesday, because it set the precedent of Hillary, Maggie, and him being a sexually intimate threesome. Things very well could have gone a different way, where he still had the unbelievably great situation of dating both of them, but completely separately. As great as that was, to regularly get intimate with them together was orders of magnitude even better than that!

He figured he truly was on a trajectory where he could live a life that was beyond even the wildest sexual imaginings of most guys... and with the two women he loved the most in the entire world! He and Maggie already were deeply in love, just in a family way. He figured it would be relatively easy to morph that love to include a highly sexual life too, since the love was so deep and strong. Whereas with Hillary, the sexual fun the three of them shared was so very great that he figured all he would need to do was keep having events like last night's date, and it was inevitable that she would fall in love with him too.

If that happened, the sky was the limit! His new ultimate dream would be to marry Hillary someday, but secretly live with her and Maggie too, with the three of them all sexually intimate with each other. Maybe things would even reach a point where Hillary would find out about the incest, but be so deeply in love with him and Maggie that she would have no choice but to fully accept it.

So he truly was living on cloud nine all day, thinking along those lines. Better still, he had not one but two long phone calls with Hillary. In the first one, she called him to talk about plans for that evening's party. That led to other topics, most especially both of them walking to talk about their threesome date. He was delighted to find that she was just about as thrilled about it as he was, even in the light of the next day. Unlike Maggie, she showed no signs of regrets at all.

The talk about the date quickly turned sexual, because the date had been so extremely sexual and arousing. They ended up having another long phone sex session, with both of them openly masturbating, even though they did little more than recount what happened to each other, reveling in all their favorite things that had happened. The anticipation for the evening's party was sky high, and they spent some time talking about all the sexual things they wanted to do to each other, and to Maggie.

Around that point of the conversation, Nick asked Hillary, "I have to ask this, and please be honest with me: what are your intentions towards Maggie? I know you're bisexual, and I know she's exceptionally beautiful. If you like women, you'd have to be deaf, dumb, and blind not to be attracted to her. And there was all that tit-rubbing last night, even when both of you were topless... So what's the deal?"

Hillary had to be very careful how she answered. She didn't want to lie to him, but she didn't want him to know she was still just as attracted to Maggie as she was to him. She said, "It's true, I think she's hot. Super hot, actually. Like a spoonful of molten Sun hot, even! That said, she's YOUR girlfriend. There's NO WAY I would steal her away from you! Ask around. I've dated a lot, but I've NEVER done that sort of thing. It's against my moral code."

"I believe that," he said.

"That said," she continued, "IF she wanted to kiss my lips, and run her hands all over my body, and let me do the same to her, I certainly wouldn't object!"

Both of them were still masturbating, since this was in the middle of their phone sex, so he asked, "Are you getting off on thinking about that right now?"

"Hell, yeah! I'm seriously fingerbanging myself! Not that that influences my thinking, mind you!" She laughed at that. Then she went on, "But there are complications. First off, she's straight. She might be somewhat flexible about that. You'd be surprised how many women think of themselves as straight only because they've never opened their minds to anything else. I'm convinced that female sexuality is complicated and bisexuality is actually the norm, but I don't want to get too much into the details of that while I'm poking at my kitty and you're stroking your fat cock!"

He said, "Yeah, but that's interesting. Let's make a note to talk about that later."

"Okay, sure. But, that said, there are varying levels of bisexuality. Clearly, she's mainly straight, regardless. We see how hot and bothered she gets over you. A straight woman might find she has a bi side she didn't know about, but it's not like she'd go all the way from straight to lesbian, or vice versa. That simply never happens. So there's that. I'm just going to sit back and not be pushy, and see how she feels about me."

He said with a snicker, "While sometimes suggesting to French kiss her, or rub your huge racks together while naked!"

She giggled. "Okay, there is that! But I AM trying to behave, believe me. Besides, we did that tit-rubbing to get rid of your copious cum. It was a purely sanitary thing that just happened to be as arousing as hell!" She laughed some more.

"Interesting coincidence there," he said sarcastically yet with amusement.

"Hey, call me lucky." She giggled some more. "But there's also the VERY big issue of Anushka! You don't even have to worry about me doing anything more serious with Maggie than kissing and tit fondling and rubbing and the like, because Anushka wouldn't even be happy with that much."

She went on, "She's kind of a cock-block with you, as you've noticed to your great frustration, I'm sure, but she's somewhat flexible about that because you're a guy. You're not direct competition in her eyes. But she sees Maggie as direct competition, and very daunting competition at that! Thankfully, she doesn't go to our school, as you know, so she hasn't seen Maggie in the flesh, or she'd be waaaay more freaked out. I've told her Maggie is beautiful, but only in very vague terms. It's one thing to hear that. It's another thing to SEE."

He asked, "So what'll happen if they meet?"

She groaned unhappily. "I don't know! To be honest, I'm trying to prevent that from happening. That's why I've been kind of weird at times this last week, because there were times I wanted to be with you, but if Anushka was there, either Maggie would come with you or Anushka would at least

ask you all about her. The more I think about it, the more I'm thinking it's better if we wait on that until our bonds deepen."

He said, "That sounds sensible. Frustrating, but sensible. Is she really as gorgeous as you say?"

"Oh my Lord! You don't know the half of it!"

Then, since they were still in phone sex mode, though cooling down a bit due to the serious topic, Hillary switched to talking about her lust for Anushka and some of the sexual things they did to each other. That heated the phone sex right back up in a hurry, but also caused the topic to shift away from Hillary's feelings about Maggie.

Nick would have liked to talk more about the Maggie issue, but he'd learned a lot. He generally liked how things were going between Hillary and Maggie. He had no worries about Hillary trying to steal her away, for a variety of reasons, including confidence that Maggie was mainly straight. Even if she tried, which was wildly improbable, he had the secret ace in the hole of being Maggie's son, so there was no way Hillary could break them apart.

Given his secure feeling about that, he was all in favor of more bisexual fun between the two hotties, for his visual enjoyment and also to help all three of them forge an even stronger and closer sexual bond with each other. He could see trouble lurking regarding Anushka's jealousies and worries about Maggie, but he figured there was nothing he could do about that now. Hillary would have to work that out.

That first phone call between Nick and Hillary ended after their phone sex reached a fever pitch and they both exploded in climax.

Due to his tendency to "cum in twos," his dick stayed hard even after the phone call ended. He mentally reviewed and relived the phone sex session, and masturbated to climax again only a few minutes later. That gave him a much better sense of sexual satisfaction and satiation, since cumming just once rarely was enough for him.

Then he went outside to do some gardening, only to be told Maggie wasn't willing to go to the party, so he called Hillary back a short time later.

They started talking about their disappointments regarding that. He couldn't be honest about what was really going on with Maggie and her decision

though, so he changed the topic as quickly as possible.

Then, helped by the fact that they were both sexually satiated from the recent phone sex, they talked about a wide variety of other issues.

Nick enjoyed that a great deal. He wasn't just blowing hot air when he claimed he liked her as a person just as much as he lusted for her body. In his opinion, she was the ideal mate, which meant ideal future wife. He'd been lusting after her from afar for almost as long as he'd gotten seriously interested in the opposite sex in general. He measures all other girls against her, and every one came up far short - except for Maggie of course.

As a result, he was very keen to have long phone calls such as these to get to know her better and so she could get to know him better too. Even though he was as young as he was, he figured Hillary was so great that he couldn't possibly do any better than her, so he was playing for the very long-term. He didn't just want to have a torrid short-term mostly sexual relationship with her, he wanted to get very serious. Part of his thinking also was that a threesome relationship with Hillary AND Maggie was a one-in-a-million thing, if not on-in-a-billion. The odds of any other woman being willing to share him with Maggie was next to zero, yet Hillary seemed perfectly happy with it, so she would be ideal wife material on that factor alone.

Of course, any marriage would have to be years and years away in any case, and a lot could happen in the meantime to derail his plans, but he had winning her for life as his secret ultimate goal.

Happily, his years of obsessing about her was paying off. Because he'd had an attitude that if he knew she liked something, he wanted to try his best to like it too, they had a startlingly large amount of common interests. (Of course, it wasn't "startling" from his point of view at all, but that was something he considered prudent to keep secret.) As a result, they had a seemingly endless amount of things to talk about, even entirely non-sexual topics.

It seemed that they could talk for hours, and they actually did! Their first phone call lasted an hour, and ended in explosive phone sex climax. Their second phone call lasted even longer, over two hours. Most of it was entirely non-sexual in nature, but a strong mutual lust for each other was now underlying their entire relationship, and they eventually wound up

talking more about sexual matters, which resulted in more phone sex, which resulted the phone call finally ended with mutual orgasms again.

After he got off the phone, his dick still stayed erect, due to his usual tendency to "cum in twos." Like he did earlier, he masturbated himself to orgasm once more a few minutes later, with his head filled with thoughts about Hillary.

After his second climax, he felt a lot better, and truly sexually satiated. He knew that Hillary still didn't know about his "cumming in twos" habit and wondered what she would have thought if he'd told her that he was still erect, still horny, and wanted to keep the phone sex going. He figured that would have been inconsiderate, because it sounded like she was done and had reached the natural end of her orgasmic peak.

Thanks to how well that phone call went, Nick spent the rest of the day even more jubilant than he'd been in the morning, which was remarkable, since he'd been almost constantly giddy already.

The only gray cloud on the horizon for him was that Hillary told him she was going to go to the party without him, because she felt it was prudent to get to know the "beautiful people" crowd. To him, that meant it was highly likely Spencer would be there too. He was afraid to ask her if Spencer was going, especially as he didn't want to sound jealous, so he didn't. But he fretted Spencer and Hillary spending any time together. He figured Spencer was a very smooth operator.

However, Nick figured that he had an ace in the hole when it came to his competition with Spencer too: Maggie! All Spencer could offer Hillary was himself. Whereas Nick figured Hillary saw him and Maggie as a sort of package deal, and an extremely attractive deal. Sexually, Spencer could be the world's most talented porn star and he still probably couldn't compete with the threesome fun Nick and Maggie had to offer and which Hillary so clearly loved.

So Nick figured he was okay for now, and didn't have to stress too much about what happened to Hillary at the party. With her personality and beauty, he needed to get used to her having fun with other people. He worried more about the longer term, because Hillary had a history of not staying attached to any one boyfriend or girlfriend for long, whereas Nick

was all about the very long term. But he figured there was nothing he could about that except take things one day at a time.

Their relationship was in its very, very earliest stages, and things could go in a multitude of very different directions. He was determined to hang on to Hillary, no matter what it took. His entire fake girlfriend scheme was one example of the crazy extremes he would go to to win her lust and her love.

During their long phone call, Hillary had made a few passing references to her Indian girlfriend Anushka. That reminded him that he could score some points with both Hillary and Anushka (presuming he met her) if he knew more about India and its culture. He spent most of the day working on homework and wanted to reward himself with an entertaining movie in the evening.

He'd seen a few Bollywood films here and there, and liked their style, especailly the singing and dancing. So he did a little Internet research on which Bollywood films were the most popular and/or critically acclaimed. He ended up watching a long one called "Lagaan" that he liked a lot. It was set in India's era of being colonized by the British, so it was something of a history lesson too.

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When Maggie woke up the next morning, she was horny as hell. Literally from the moment she woke up it was like her body was on fire, because she remembered a series of extremely arousing wet dreams, all involving her son, and thoughts of those dreams hit her like a ton of bricks.

She was very grateful that she slept alone, because that allowed her to get busy masturbating right away. All she had to do was revive her vivid memories of some of those dreams, most of which centered on sucking Nick's cock. She thought with chagrin that had she actually sucked his cock in the night as much as the time she'd spent dreaming about it, she would have had to put a cold pack on her jaw to recover from her soreness!

It took a long masturbation session before she felt her sexual urges had been sated.

She had a good idea why blowjobs had become her new obsession. She had sucked Nick's cock on Tuesday, but only for a minute or two. Yet she'd loved that brief time, and it had left her wanting more. It was like getting a

brief view of Heaven, only to be locked out and left at the gate. Then, during the Friday night date, she'd come tantalizingly close to sucking him again, only to have that opportunity slip away too.

She realized that since she wouldn't let herself think about getting fucked by him, blowjobs had become the great tempting forbidden fruit for her, that and titfucks.

When she finished her intense yet satisfying prolonged masturbation session, she laid in her bed resting and recovering, but also reveling in her nudity and reborn sexuality. As she lazily ran her hands up and down her outrageously voluptuous body, she thought, *I have GOT to suck my son's cock, and soon! If I don't, my obsession about doing it is only going to grow and grow. It's like my problem of suppressing my sex drive for two years until all that energy finally started flooding out on that fateful Tuesday. If I don't suck him soon, I'm going to get some kind of serious fetish about it, and then go absolutely hog wild all over him, sucking and slurping and stroking and licking him for hours and hours, with Hillary hoping helping out with her sexy mouth! Mmmm! That sounds seriously hot!*

She writhed in bed while she fingered her wet pussy lips with one hand and caressed her huge tits with her other hand. *I've got the body for it. God knows I do. I'm sure my Sport would love to get his cock sucked by a super stacked beauty who'd love nothing better than to kneel naked between his legs and look up into his eyes as I stretch my lips around his extreme thickness and suck and lick on it with the kind of love and devotion that only a mother can have for her son! UGH! And he'd love it even more to see my pretty face straining and struggling as my cheeks cave in while I apply a truly extraordinary amount of suction, like some kind of fucking human industrial-strength vacuum cleaner! UNGH! HNNNG! Gaaaawwwwd, I'd suck him so hard and long and deep!*

Oh yes, deep! If anyone can deep throat him, I can! I've never even tried that before, but again, as his mother, I love him the most! I would make it my top goal to take him all the way down to the root, no matter how fucking thick he is, and keep practicing and practicing on him until I can finally do it! YESSSS! So much fucking practice! UNNNGH!

By now, her entire body was wiggling and writhing, with her hips churning so much that sometimes her ass lifted off the bed. *And Hillary! Thank the*

Lord for Hillary! She'll be right there with me, helping out with her sweet, sexy lips! She's got the passion, I can tell. Like that phone sex session I secretly overheard. At least she can talk a big game about longing to suck him over and over until her face is painted white, caked with cum! But I can tell she means it! Between her and me, we'll take care of every damn boner he ever gets! Oh God, YES! UUUUNNNGH! UUUUNNNGH! So much fucking COCKSUCKING!

She was getting even more carried away, ramming two fingers into her tight cunt over and over, while her stunning nude body continued to writhe.

But then she hit a sour note. *The only problem is, there's NO TIME! When am I going to get to be Maggie again?! When?! Tuesday at the earliest, and only briefly even then! It fucking SUCKS! But I have to keep my grip. I can't let my fantasy, fake life overtake my real one! I am Margaret! I only get to play Maggie every once and a while!*

The worst part of it is that he's right down the hall, at this very moment! Probably still sleeping. I could get up right now, stroll directly into his room, pull his sheets back, and take his morning wood into my mouth! That could literally happen in a single minute, or two at the most! And he would fucking LOVE IT! And I would too! And Andy would never, ever know! But I can't! I can't, I can't, I can't! The firewall around this house has to remain inviolate, or the two sides of me will collide and everything will fall apart!

Despite that frustrating thought, she was able to dive right back into her blowjob-focused bliss and keep on fingerbanging herself until she climaxed yet again.

Unfortunately for her, it happened to be Sunday, which meant she couldn't just laze around in bed all day. She felt obliged to go to church. She wasn't really that religious, but it was something she and her family had always done. Besides, it was one of the few chances in her week to socialize with other people.

Sighing heavily, after she finished recovering from that orgasm, she finally got out of bed and started to get ready for the day. In her mind, she switched fully into "Margaret mode," and tried her very best to put her hot incestuous fantasies out of her mind.

Not too surprisingly, her church experience only magnified her guilt. She talked Nick into going to church with her, practically dragging him there to

do so since he hated going. But that backfired, because having him sit next to her in the church pews meant that he was never far from her mind. At least he refrained from getting a visible bulge in his crotch during the church service, but she still had trouble concentrating on the sermon or hymns or anything else, due to thoughts about his stiff cock.

But she was also practical, and so after church was over and she was back home alone, she concluded, *I have sexual needs. They've been bottled up, but the bottle is open and they're pouring out. A couple of years' worth of repressed sexual energy is still coming out, practically all at once. It's unstoppable! I can't put a cork back on that bottle. I need to manage and channel that energy flow instead.*

Yesterday was a bit of a fiasco. Yes, I didn't masturbate to thoughts of my well-hung son for the whole day. Yeay! But what was the end result? I had even more intense and sexual dreams about him than ever before! Obviously, if I don't masturbate, I'll just have dreams like that, and those are worse because I can't control them at all. I can't stop them from being about getting fucked by him, for instance. And if I don't control my lust with some masturbation, I'll lose control around Nick. Maybe even when I'm not in Maggie mode, which would be the absolute worst!

Letting myself daydream and masturbate when it feels right is definitely the lesser evil, even if I end up fantasizing about him most of the time. She giggled. Okay, okay. All of the time! That put a big smile on her face.

Not to mention, I think I have some sort of weird fetish about facials now. Pearl necklaces too. I think that experience in the movie theater scarred me or something, because since then, any thought about him blowing a load on my face or breasts just about drives me insane with lust. Damn! Why did Hillary have to say she loves facials so much? It's like she's infecting me with her "good slut" attitude. And why did it have to feel so thrilling when he came on my face? AND my breasts?! I don't even know which one I love more!

And he shot a spermy load straight into my mouth on Tuesday, when he tricked me into sucking him for such a sadly short time. That was the absolute BEST! I can't wait to do THAT again, only do it right and take my damn time milking him with my mouth!

Rather remarkably, she hadn't been masturbating while she was thinking those thoughts. In fact, she'd been in the kitchen and starting to prepare lunch for the whole family. But such thoughts worked her up to such a degree that she put lunch on hold, hurried upstairs, and took a "shower."

It was only a shower in a technical sense, because while she did turn the shower on and let the water pour down onto her, she never bothered to pick up any soap or shampoo bottle. Instead, she just closed her eyes and masturbated herself all the while to a big orgasm while letting her incestuous fantasies run wild yet again.

After that, most of the rest of Maggie's day was like any ordinary Sunday in the time before her fake girlfriend days began. She was getting better at getting into "Margaret mode" for large blocks of time and then hiding and repressing her feelings as long as she was in that mode.

But she got jarred out of that mode shortly after dinner. To her very pleasant surprise, Hillary called, but wanted to speak to her instead of Nick. This created a problem for her, because she had to immediately switch into "Maggie mode." She rushed to her bedroom and took the phone call there. But she also told Hillary that she was in a common room in Nick's house, and not in the bungalow in the backyard where she supposedly lived, which meant other people were coming and going.

She made up that lie because she didn't want to talk about anything sexual. She figured that if she allowed sexual talk, it was possible or even likely to escalate to something akin to a phone sex session. And that would be very strange to do while talking to another woman, and a known bisexual at that. Besides, she didn't want to get pulled that far out of her Margaret life.

Hillary obeyed that restriction, and the two of them talked about safe things instead. In actual fact, ever since Maggie and Hillary met on that fateful Tuesday, Nick was almost always with them too, and they usually were in the middle of some kind of highly sexual situation. That meant they had a lot of catching up to do in terms of basic "getting to know you" conversations. So that's exactly what they did.

Maggie had a big problem though, in that she was living a lie. She couldn't talk much about her real life experiences as a thirty-three year old married mother when she was supposed to be a single twenty year old college

student! She did have a prepared backstory she'd worked out with Nick, but it didn't cover much.

Her solution was to use the "let's talk about you" phrase a lot, and ones like it, and generally keep the conversation all about learning more about Hillary and her life. That worked for the most part, since Hillary was glad to talk about herself and she had a lot of interesting things to say. The conversation went on for over an hour before Hillary finally had to go to start to get ready for the party that she was going to and Nick and Maggie were not.

The sheer length of the call was a good sign of how much both of them enjoyed talking to each other, even if it was about non-sexual matters and without Nick being there.

Both of them were very keen on developing a close friendship. Hillary was on a totally different wavelength than Nick with his secret desire to bond with her (and Maggie!) for life, but she did have an earnest desire to see if she could develop a long-term intimate relationship with him. That was unusual for her, given her relationship track record. As part of that effort, she figured the more she could bond with Maggie too, the better. Her hopes of eventually developing a sexual connection with Maggie were added incentive.

From Maggie's point of view, on one level, she figured the better she could get to know Hillary, the more that would help her with her ostensible hand-over plan. On a different, subconscious level, she didn't want to hand him over at all, but she did love the idea of sharing him with Hillary in the long-term, so getting to know Hillary in a non-sexual context helped with that too.

The bottom line was that both of them were highly motivated to become friends. Furthermore, they already liked each other a lot. They didn't have as much in common as Nick and Hillary did, but their general personalities were very similar. For instance, they were naturally kind-hearted and loving, with uncommonly strong sex drives.

However, although the phone call worked out nicely from Maggie's point of view, she realized that she was walking on thin ice. She couldn't put off continuing to talk mainly about Hillary's background and none of her own forever. Soon, she would either need to come up with elaborate lies to have

some personal history, or she would need to tell Hillary the truth. But the truth didn't seem to be an option at all. That left her very frustrated, because part of her nice personality was that she hated to lie.

Yet, more and more, a large part of her life was based on lies.

After the call ended, she was able to get back to normal. She resumed reading the murder mystery novel she'd read the previous evening, and that engaged her mind enough to keep her sexual thoughts at bay.

But that night when she put the book away, turned off the light, and went to bed, she again let herself go masturbating while reveling in her incestuous fantasies. She decided that she was getting too obsessed with her blowjob thoughts, so she forced herself to think of something else. Her mind went to some fond memories of him playing with her bare breasts, and from there she soon found herself deeply into a titfucking scenario. That wasn't very different from a blowjob scenario, especially since she imagined herself licking and sucking on his cockhead most of the time too, but it led her to a very satisfying orgasm eventually.

To her relief, when she slept that night, her dreams were less vivid and less erotic. Also, there weren't as many, or perhaps she just didn't remember them all. Either way, she woke up feeling rested, instead of relentlessly horny.

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The fact that she coped better the next day convinced her that regular masturbation was okay, and even necessary. She decided, *It's like there's this pressure building up inside of me. I can release the pressure in small doses, safely. Or, if I try to hold it in, it'll just keep building up until it explodes, like what happened to me at the movie theater on Friday night. Ironically, the more I masturbate about Nick, the better I'll be able to control myself when I'm around him.*

There was a certain truth to this. She did feel better and more relaxed if she was basically sexually satiated.

The rest of that Monday was even better for her. She didn't have to see Nick most of the day since he was in school. She did have two masturbation sessions in the middle of the day, including once in the shower, and of course her thoughts were all about her son and especially all the different

ways she wanted to pleasure his cock. But she considered doing that almost like taking her medicine, a "necessary evil" to keep her sexual pressure from building up too much.

When Nick got back home from school, she wasn't filled with an urge to throw her body against him.

In the afternoon, she had another long phone call with Hillary. Again, she claimed she was in a place where they could only talk about non-sexual things. This time, Hillary was more insistent about talking about her. But she dodged that again by talking about entirely different things. She knew Hillary loved music, especially the classic rock and roll era, so she got her started in on that, and Hillary went off, speaking passionately about one of her great loves.

Maggie's musical tastes were somewhat different, but luckily, she was something of a big Beatles fan. In fact, it was more like she was a Beatles freak. Hillary loved the Beatles too. They both agreed they were the greatest musical group of all time. They wound up getting carried away in a very long conversation, like two teen girls back in the mid-1960s obsessing about the favorite Beatles they had crushes on. (Hillary's favorite was John Lennon, while Maggie's was Paul McCartney.)

Again, Maggie ended the call feeling like it had been a great success that helped strengthen their growing friendship. In fact, they talked for almost two hours, so long that Hillary said it took away all the time she had planned to talk to Nick on the phone too.

But the downside was that it left Maggie even more worried about the fact that she was living a lie with her Maggie persona. The better she got to know Hillary, the harder it would be to pretend to be someone else. She saw no easy solution to that except to try to become a good liar.

After that, Maggie had a relatively successful dinner. Even with Nick sitting there, she managed to get through the meal without constantly fantasizing about sucking his cock under the dinner table.

In short, she felt like her sexual mania was passing, or at least declining to manageable levels. She had another masturbation session that night, and that seemed to help. She realized she could handle being in "Margaret mode" for large chunks of time if she could look forward to shorter blocks

of secretly being in "Maggie mode" afterwards, masturbating until climax each time.

On Monday, during the day, Maggie also took the significant step of shaving her brown bush off. The contrasting color between her bush and the blonde hair on her head was embarrassing, especially because she knew Hillary saw the color mismatch on Tuesday and then again on their threesome Friday date.

When the whole fake girlfriend scheme began, she hadn't thought about shaving her bush off because she'd thought that being Nick's fake girlfriend would never involve taking any of her clothes off. But after what happened on Tuesday and then Friday, she couldn't pretend that she wasn't going to get naked around Hillary again. In fact, she was certain it was going to happen a lot. And although she figured that nobody else was going to see her naked except for Nick and Hillary, and they both obviously already knew her "curtains" didn't match her "drapes." it was psychologically easier to shave her bush off and pretend from that point onward that she was blonde all over.

Besides, she was well aware that a vital part of the fake girlfriend scheme was having her pass for a twenty-year old college student. Since she got married to Andy and gave birth to Nick when she was only sixteen, she was still merely thirty-three years old. That made her significantly younger than the other mothers of Nick's classmates. But still, thirty-three was not twenty. Having a bald pussy would help make her look younger. Even if only Hillary saw that, there was no one more important who had to believe the fake girlfriend story than Hillary.

Plus, Hillary had told her that having a bald pussy was all the rage with the younger generation. She wanted to be seen as cool and stylish, especially in Hillary's eyes. She also figured there could be occasions where she might wear a skimpy bikini to a pool party or be in some situation like that where Nick's classmates would be able to see if she had a bush or not, even if she didn't get naked around them.

Finally, she'd asked Nick in recent days which he preferred, a bush or shaved, and he's said shaved. She wanted what he wanted. In fact, that was probably the most important factor, by far.

Curiously, so far, she had next to no fantasies about Nick going down on her. Normally, if it weren't for the incest factor, she would have loved it if he did that. But in her mind, that was too dangerously close to fucking, almost like a "gateway" activity. So thinking about him eating her own bald or with a bush didn't factor much into her thinking. But she knew she'd be buck naked around him a lot, and she wanted to look sexy for him. She also figured she wouldn't always be able to stop him from at least fingering her down there.

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Meanwhile, Nick had a fairly nice Monday at school, because he was able to see and talk to Hillary in person again. He really missed her, since he didn't get to see her for all of Saturday and Sunday. They were able to reconnect in a different way than on the phone. He was pleased that Hillary seemed very warm to him, suggesting that she'd sincerely missed seeing him in person too.

Another nice development for him was that his notoriety as Maggie's "mystery man" boyfriend died way down, to the point of being essentially forgotten, as far as he could see. He didn't get the curious stares in the hallway between classes, and nobody asked him about Maggie at all.

He figured that his school mates had short attention spans. That had been "news" for a while, but there were no new developments, and other interesting things were happening, so he was back to being just a normal student again.

He was fine with that. The truth was, although he always came to life around Maggie and/or Hillary, and surged with confidence and boldness as long as he was surging with lust, otherwise he remained a basically shy and introverted person. It was flattering to be seen as an intriguing "mystery man" by his schoolmates, and he liked that he presumably still had a much elevated position in the social pecking order, but he didn't want people staring at him and talking about him all the time.

However, he was mindful of the fact that, from the perspective of the other students, Maggie hadn't been seen by anyone in many days, since Thursday. He wondered what the effect would be when she dropped him off and picked him up as planned tomorrow, and if that would revive the talk and interest.

One unfortunate development for him was that while he sat with Hillary at lunch again, as soon as they picked an empty table, the table filled up until there was nowhere left to sit. He didn't know how much of that was because of people wanting to sit next to him, or Hillary, or some combination, but it was an interesting popularity signal at any rate.

Normally, that would have only been mildly annoying to him, because he still was trying to meet other students, especially the beautiful girls, and sitting at a crowded table was a good way to do it. A high portion of the others at the table were beautiful girls, as it seemed like sought out like, and Hillary was arguably the most beautiful of all, so she seemed to be a beautiful girl magnet.

However, Nick actually was greatly annoyed because one of the few guys to sit at the table was Spencer, and he managed to sit right next to Hillary again. To make matters worse, Spencer not surprisingly struck up a conversation with Hillary, and while there were talking, and Nick was listening in, it became clear that the two of them had interacted at the party on Saturday night that Nick couldn't go to. For instance, Spencer made reference to dancing with Hillary, which was another blow.

Nick tried to act nonchalant about it, but he was secretly distraught. He didn't know if she and Spencer got intimate or not because he was too scared to ask. He presumed that didn't happen, because it seemed wildly out of character for Hillary. He was very familiar with her dating history, and she'd never been known to go out with more than one person at a time, unless maybe it was a girl and a guy.

Also, he figured that if anything intimate at all would have happened, Spencer would have somehow figured out a way to make a reference to it to "mark his territory" as much as possible. And he didn't. So that was a relief, at least.

However, Nick realized he couldn't truly blame Hillary if she did get intimate, because he didn't have an exclusive relationship with her. He and her hadn't discussed that at all. Since Maggie was supposed to be his girlfriend, the exact status of his relationship with Hillary was murky and confused. To make matters worse, she certainly couldn't act like his girlfriend at school, because people had seen Maggie kissing him while dropping him off and picking him up. The last thing Nick wanted was to

complete the "hand-over" plan and stop going out with Maggie. So if Hillary did "go steady" with him, it almost certainly would have to be done in secret, with her having to pretend at school she wasn't dating any guy at all.

He realized this was something that he needed to discuss with her, and soon. It was tough because their relationship was in a very early stage. But at bare minimum, he wanted her to know that he wouldn't be happy if she were to date Spencer, or really any other guy at all. Anushka was fine in his mind, but he saw that as a whole different thing.

Aside from that, he didn't know what to do about this growing Spencer problem. Even if Hillary and Spencer weren't getting intimate in any way, which was almost certainly true, he figured that Spencer was very carefully "making time" with Hillary and setting the stage so he could eventually ask her out. Nick kicked himself for not agreeing to go with Hillary to the party on Saturday night. Certainly a gorgeous and vivacious girl like her wasn't just going to sit at home.

To make matters worse, Nick's blood boiled during Monday's lunch when he saw how Spencer and Hillary talked and joked with each other in a very friendly way. Even though they sat at a full table, from Nick's perspective it sure looked at Spencer was only interested in talking to Hillary, to the near total exclusion of Nick and everyone else, and Hillary seemed to go along with that, hardly talking to Nick at all.

Nick's confidence took a big hit and he retreated into his shy shell for the rest of the lunch period.

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The only positive to come from all these Spencer developments was what happened when he told Maggie the news after school - while in "neutral" back garden territory.

After he'd explained all the latest developments to her, Maggie felt bad for not agreeing to doing something on Saturday night with Hillary. She saw Spencer as a serious threat to Nick's overall plans too. That increased the pressure on her to do more with Nick and Hillary, so a bored Hillary wouldn't resort to spending time with Spencer instead.

She made a vague promise to try to figure out a way to spend more of her time in "Maggie mode," so long as Hillary was there too, so at least she would have the justification of furthering his relationship with Hillary.

Nick didn't know it, but Maggie easily agreed to that because she was already looking for any sort of excuse for more "Maggie time," and especially time with him and Hillary. She saw her "Margaret mode" life as dreadfully boring, whereas "Maggie mode" life was wildly exciting, and constantly sexually arousing. She particularly looked forward to more threesome sexual action that could be a continuation of what they'd done together on their Friday night movie date.

After dinner on Monday night, Nick had another long phone call with Hillary. He wanted to talk to her about the Spencer problem and the nature of their relationship in general, but he chickened out. He decided it was much better to talk about something that serious face to face in any case. He knew there was truth to that, but that it was also an excuse to delay.

Instead, they just talked about everyday things, such as how their weekend went and what the thoughts about various things that happened in school that day, and other kids they'd talked to, and such.

One good thing that came out of that was that Hillary explained in some detail what happened to her during Saturday night's party. She seemed to have picked up on his concern about Spencer, because she went out of her way to explain how she'd only danced one dance with him, that it was a fast rock and roll song, not a slow song that involved a close embrace, and that she'd danced with lots of others, both girls and boys.

Also, in describing what she did at the party, she went into enough detail so there weren't any big blocks of time where she might have been alone with Spencer. So either she hadn't done anything with him or she was lying, and he was confident that she wasn't lying.

However, hearing all that both gave him relief and upset him. He felt better about Spencer in particular, but he was very disappointed to find out there had been dancing and that she'd danced so much. Although she might not have done any slow dancing with Spencer, she almost certainly had dances like that with somebody, probably multiple somebodies.

That really bummed him out. Despite the fact that his intimate relationship with Hillary had only started on Tuesday, which still was a mere six days

ago, it was like he was already going steady with her in his mind. True, he was also going steady with Maggie in his mind, and she was serious with Anushka, but that didn't change the fact that he was feeling a certain amount of possessiveness towards Hillary.

Having her by herself at a party with dancing, and drinking and drug taking (which she mentioned to him had happened), and who knows what else concerned him. He didn't think she'd actually done anything wrong at the party. But he was brand new to romantic relationships, and he was starting to learn about jealousy and some of the pain that could come from being mentally committed to someone else.

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Later that evening, when Nick was back in bed, he decided to have a mental review of how things had gone ever since the great Friday night threesome date.

He searched his feelings, and especially focused on trying to diagnose whatever problems might be coming up. He felt very little guilt about having a sexual desire for his own mother. Maybe a year ago that would have bothered him, but the sheer duration and intensity of his desire for Maggie had worn away his doubts nearly to nothing. Simply put, the power of his lust and love for her swept away whatever moral concerns he might have had. She was way too hot to resist!

He had no trouble with anything that had happened recently. As far as he was concerned, he was living the best of all possible worlds. He was truly acting out his greatest sexual fantasies, and living out his most desired dreams with his two great obsessions. He figured he would have been a fool to think he could have tried to change anything in the past week to do any better.

Instead, his concerns were with the future. *I feel like one of those professional jugglers who have five or six balls in the air. No juggler can keep them up there forever. But what's worse is that I'm not a professional juggler or a professional anything. I'm a fraud! I'm a nobody, basically. Average Joe, that's me.*

There's no reason Hillary should be going out with me. None! Okay, that's a bit of an exaggeration, I guess. I'm smart, and well-hung, and I'm a pretty nice guy. I don't have many friends, especially since I'm going to a new

school and all the old friends I had are still going to the old one. I need to make all new friends, basically. But I never let my friends or family down. If Ma were here, she could probably list a whole bunch of other positives about me.

But that's not good enough. That's like getting a B on a test. With Hillary, nothing less than an A plus, every time, will do. She's so great, why would she ever settle for second best? Let's face it: she'd be dating Spencer already if it weren't for the "Maggie factor." Without her as my fake girlfriend, she never would have gotten interested in me in the first place. Alone, I'm only moderately appealing, but if I'm packaged with Ma, that's a whole different matter. That's enough to keep even Spencer at bay for now, it seems.

But how long can that last? Ma is having major issues about what we've done. At any moment, she could come to me and say, "I'm sorry, I really tried my best, but I just can't do this fake girlfriend thing anymore." She already practically did that late last week, and only the totally overwhelming sexual awesomeness of our Friday threesome date turned her around again. What if that happens again? And what could I say to that? Of course I'd have to agree. Already, she's done way more than I ever dared hope! She's awesome, but she has her limits. She IS my mother!

If she were to ever stop being "Maggie," my girlfriend, the whole house of cards will come tumbling down. Maybe I'll still be able to date Hillary a little bit after that, but I think the magic will be gone without Maggie there. We're a package deal. So I'll go from living the high life with all my fantasies about the two great desires of my life coming real at once to winding up with nothing.

Maybe Hillary will be willing to stay some kind of friend, probably, in fact. We do get along great, even non-sexually. But that might only make things more weird and painful for me. And things will be very weird with Ma for a long time. Years, probably. Forever, maybe!

But I can't give up! He who dares wins. The success of my scheme so far has proven that. I still can shoot for the stars, and get there! Both Maggie and Hillary as my lovers in a sexual threesome, forever! That's the overarching dream!

The key to keep moving towards that right now is Ma. She's right on the cusp. I can see that she's lusting after me in a big way. Friday night was awesome, but even then she had that mid-date freak out. And she's been in Margaret mode nearly all the time since then. I have to walk a fine line and be a little pushy and not take 'no' for an answer, but at the same time I can't be too pushy and scare her off. As long as she's into the fake girlfriend plan, Hillary will go on more dates with me. With us.

I know I'm only a teenager and Hillary has pretty much never dated someone for more than a month, except for Anushka. But I'm not going to give up! As long as we're still together, anything is possible. I'm a smart guy. My clever scheming got me this far. I can reach my great dream goal! Maggie and Hillary are the only ones for me, especially together! Good God, that's a bright future! I'm not going to give up without a fight!

Another worry for Nick was the chance that the true nature of his relationship with Maggie would be exposed. They were continually flirting with danger, for instance that he might call Maggie "Ma" in front of Hillary or she might call him "Son." Even if the only person who found out about the incest was Hillary, and she kept it to herself, that would shatter all his dreams. And the better Hillary got to know him and Maggie, the more likely she would find out somehow.

He decided that they needed an ace in the hole, just in case worse came to worst. It was true that since Maggie kept her maiden name, her driver's license was in the name of Maggie Palmer. Whereas his last name was Stevens. However, Maggie was claiming to be twenty years old, and her driver's license showed a birthday that proved she was in fact thirty-three. If Hillary ever saw that license, that would pretty much blow their cover story apart.

So Nick resolved to get a fake driver's license for Maggie as soon as possible. Ideally, it would be exactly the same as her real license, except with a different birth date and different address. He didn't know how to do that, but he figured he'd find a way somehow, driven by his great lust. He assumed there had to be shady characters willing to make fake licenses for high school kids such as himself.

As he continued to look back over the last few days, he was surprised at how uneventful things had been. The Friday night date had been incredibly

wonderful and wild, and he hoped and expected for more of that. But life at home was almost shockingly normal, with "Margaret" instead of "Maggie," just as if that date had never happened at all. She was so good in her "Margaret mode" that he practically thought of her as a different person.

What he didn't realize though was the vast disparity between her thoughts and her actions. For instance, he didn't have a clue about her frequent incestuous daydreams, or her real dreams, or her masturbation sessions, because she never let on with him in any way. In all those things, he was the star of her fantasies. Had he had even an inkling about just how often she had thoughts about sucking his cock in particular, he would have been completely blown away. That would have changed his behavior and plans a lot too. He knew she was hot for him in general, but he thought that when she was in "Margaret mode," she essentially turned sexless.

As a result, he treated her in a mostly sexless manner when she was in that mode. He respected her desire to keep her two personas separate and especially to maintain the "firewall" around her own house, so she would have a "safe space." He was very careful not to flirt with her in the house at all, which meant Andy had nothing to be suspicious about.

But that didn't mean he failed to get horny at home. Like Maggie, he was frequently aroused from thinking about what had happened recently or fantasizing about what could still come. But he forced himself to keep cool, relatively speaking.

Normally, he masturbated from four to six times a day, sometimes even more (though rarely five or seven times a day, due to his tendency to cum in twos). He didn't fully realize it, but he had a very active libido for his age (or any age!). Things had been so extremely arousing and promising for him that he could have masturbated at every available opportunity, until he rubbed his dick raw. But he was careful to maintain his regular masturbation pattern and not do it more than six times a day, no matter what.

He figured there had to be a lot of truth to Maggie's guess that she had a lot of pent-up desire from living a sexless life for the past two years. In a similar way, he figured that if he limited his sexual releases at least somewhat, that would give him more pent-up sexual energy when the next opportunity came with Hillary, Maggie, or both of them.

And of course he was highly aware of the fact that his mother would be back in "Maggie mode" to drive him to school and back on Tuesday. He couldn't wait!

Like the day before, he spent much of the day getting caught up on homework. Then, in the evening, he rewarded himself by watching another Bollywood movie. This time, he chose "Devdas," a popular and critically acclaimed film released only a few months earlier. It starred Aishwarya Rai, one of India's most popular actresses, who also was so gorgeous that she'd won the Miss World beauty pageant in 1994.

Nick didn't realize it, but watching this movie and taking a mental note of Rai's extraordinary beauty would come to help him in surprising ways in the near future.

Chapter 18: Neutral Territory (Tuesday)

When Tuesday morning came, Maggie felt much more confident and in charge of her emotions and lusty passions. True, she still was having erotic dreams starring Nick every night, and that happened again. Furthermore, she masturbated about him before she got out of bed and then again when she took her morning shower.

In fact, she spent more time letting her thoughts and her masturbation sessions run wild that morning than any previous school morning, in the hope that lots of orgasms would sate most of her sexual desires, so she could better control herself when it came time to take him to school.

If anything, her desire for Nick's cock was growing the longer she went without it. She had loved their Friday threesome date so much that three full days of "Margaret mode" normality since then seemed like an eternity for her. But she no longer felt that events were spinning out of control. Although her desire was strong, she believed her willpower was back, and that made the key difference to her.

At breakfast table, with Andy there, she mentioned to Nick in passing, "Remember that I'm dropping you off at school thirty minutes early today. Because of, you know, the thing."

Nick nodded knowingly, although he had no idea what she was talking about with her mention of "the thing."

Since Andy had withdrawn emotionally from Maggie's life, and even Nick's life for the most part, he wasn't paying attention. If he'd listened, he probably still wouldn't have bothered to ask what she meant, since he wasn't going to care in the slightest when they left unless it affected him somehow.

Maggie's thinking was that she wanted extra time with Nick outside the "firewall" of the house so she could talk to him while in "Maggie mode." She had a lot of things on a mental list that she couldn't talk about, or preferred not to talk about, while in "Margaret mode." It was true that she could have taken Nick out to the backyard garden for such discussions, but she preferred not doing that unless absolutely necessary, and talking there would have seemed a weird thing to do before school. Even if Andy

couldn't come outside, he might come to the kitchen or dining room area and see them talking outside, and that was too close for comfort for her.

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Once she and Nick were in her red Prius, she put the keys in the ignition and turned to Nick. "Okay, Son, now I'm Maggie. I said that about leaving thirty minutes early, because I wanted to give us some extra time to talk."

"Talk?" he asked. His heart started to pound. His penis started stiffening from the moment she said "now I'm Maggie." That was a lot more exciting and promising than when they'd talked in the garage recently and she'd claimed to be in some intermediate state between Margaret and Maggie modes.

She also suddenly felt very nervous, and her heart raced fast too. "Yes. There are a lot of things we need to discuss."

It wasn't clear who started it. In truth, both of them leaned towards each other and met halfway. But somehow, one moment they were soberly and seriously discussing the need to talk, and the next moment, they were frantically French kissing each other like their lives depended on it!

Maggie had given considerable thought over the previous days about what she'd wear when she drove him to school next time. In the end, she'd gone with a short skirt, panties, no bra, and a very loose top. She'd found the feeling of going without a bra during the movie date a constant erotic buzz (when she had her breasts covered at all!), and she longed to feel that way again. The loose top was so her bra-less tits would be able to bounce around freely. She had hoped that would get Nick extremely horny on the ride to school, so he'd be hot as an oven by the time they shared their good-bye kiss in front of the school building. She wanted to get him worked up for when she picked him up after school.

What she hadn't expected was getting extremely passionate with him before the car even left the garage! Even as she gloried in the pleasure of their French kissing, what was happening worried her greatly. Technically, they were still at home. True, Andy never came into the garage, and in fact he couldn't even if he wanted to, because it just so happened he would have to negotiate a short stairway to get there. When driving somewhere, he always walked out the front door and across the lawn to the driveway to get in the car.

But it was the principle of the thing. There was a remote chance he could find them, and so, in her mind, necking in the garage was completely forbidden. Besides, the rule she'd established was that Maggie only existed outside of the house, and the garage was part of the house, even though she'd already treated it as a kind of gray area with him, and not quite included in her strict "firewall" around the house.

However, all that logic and concern didn't stop her and Nick from going wild all over each other. Of course, his thoughts went to playing with her big, bouncy tits. But he didn't want to merely fondle them under her top. Mere seconds after their tongues started dueling, he pulled her loose top down her arms, which allowed it to slide all the way down to her waist.

That briefly trapped her arms, but instead of pulling her top back up and telling him to at least somewhat control himself, she managed to lift her arms out of it. Even as she did that, she insisted rather breathlessly, "Nick, we need to talk. Just talk!"

He nodded. "Right. Talk." He was trying to mean it too.

She nodded. "Talk." She was staring wantonly at the bulge in his shorts.

Somehow, they wound up French kissing some more instead of talking. Only this time, she was completely topless!

She sighed happily as she felt Nick's hands fly straight to her bare boobs and start to knead them. She let out an even more contented moan when his fingers began pulling and twisting her already very erect nipples. *Aaaah! That's what I've been missing since Friday! God, I'm so fucking hooked on this. I had a pretty good sex life with Andy, but this is on a whole other level! Andy never knew how to get me as hot as a raging inferno like my own son does to me every single time he so much as kisses my lips or touches my breasts!*

Just saying "my own son" gave her goose bumps all over. *Sweet Jesus! I'm making out with my SON! My SON! If I keep saying that, I'm gonna cum already! MMMM! He's such a "magic man" with the magic touch! And his COCK! I can't wait to get my hands on his cock!*

But even as Nick kept on kissing and fondling her, her thoughts were conflicted. *This is bad! Really bad, because it's so good! Gaawwwd, I love this, but what happened to my sexual pressure theory? I've been*

masturbating A LOT, especially this morning, just so I could be cool and collected at times like this. And I can't keep my hands off of him. Dammit! Well, maybe he's been building up sexual pressure too. If I can just get him to cum quickly, we can talk after that. It's time to get that fat cock monster of his in my hands!

She resolved, If there's one thing I can't do, it's suck his cock! I want that so bad that it hurts! But not here, not now! This is practically in the house, and our time is so limited. And I need to prove to myself that I have some control. I'm making myself a deal, right here, right now: no oral this time, but the rest is okay! I'm gonna make him CUM! YEESSSSS!

She sat back in her seat instead of leaning halfway over to his side. That pretty much obliged him to slide over onto her lap so he could continue his kissing and tit play, and that's exactly what he did. (They hadn't put their seat belts on yet, so they didn't have to bother with undoing them.)

When he bent down to kiss his way to her stiff nipples, it freed her mouth to talk some more. She complained, "We can't do this! Not in the garage! It's wrong and you know it!"

But although she mouthed those words, both of them knew she didn't really mean it. He didn't even bother to stop kissing the upper slopes of her huge tits to try to talk her out of it.

As her hands started to work on the fly of his shorts, she thought, *Yep, I definitely need to make him cum! I'm just gonna stroke the hell out of this big, fat, thick, hot, throbbing, and oh-so-delicious cock monster! Damn troublesome thing! I'll make him cum fast. Then we'll be able to have that talk I've planned.*

She wrapped her fingers around his boner and started pumping, while he moved his head up to kiss her again, and kept on twisting her nipples. She felt electric jolts of pure lust shooting through her body. *NGGG! YEESSSSS! God, that feels GOOD! Gaaaawwwwd, I fucking love the feel of my fingers wrapped around his thick pole! This is definitely... necessary! And the way he's kissing me, and my nipples, AND his cock in my hand... Oh GOD! It's a triple whammy!*

Her chest was heaving already, but Nick's fingers were doggedly clinging to her nipples. She said between heavy breaths, "I think we need to take care

of your stiff and urgent 'problem' so we can talk! But promise me at least we won't do this here again, okay? Because this is dangerous!"

He didn't want to make any promises he might later feel obliged to keep. He definitely liked the idea of having more sexual fun with her in the garage. So instead of saying anything at all, he brought his head down and sucked hard on one of her nipples.

She seemed not to notice that obvious ruse to avoid answering the question. That's because she was so horny that she could hardly think. When he sucked her nipples, that possibly aroused her even more than when he twisted or pulled on them, so he was going for her jugular.

She shivered all over as she caressed his thickness in her hands. She was rubbing his sweet spot with one hand and madly stroking her other hand up and down the rest of his shaft. She added, "It's just that... it's been too many days since last time!"

She thought as she happily jacked him off, *God, I'm such a slut! And not even the good kind of slut. I'm a shameless slut! I should have known this would happen. This feels so right! HNNGGG! Such a perfect cock! So thick that I want to cry! There's no joy greater than feeling Nick's hard, hot cock sliding through my fingers! Except maybe for his dreamy kisses. Or his tit play. Oh, damn, how can I choose just one? It's all too good!*

Not surprisingly, Nick wasn't feeling the same kind of conflict between lust and guilt as she was. Now that he was free to touch and kiss her again, he thought, *YEEEESSS! Sweet Jesus, I have the sexiest mother on the planet! Bar none! My God, this is heaven! And she's SO fucking STACKED! I just can't get enough of these tits! Seriously, I could play with them all day! But I want to touch her everywhere. I want to know her whole body!*

For once, his hands weren't interested in just her magnificent melons. True, he spent a couple of minutes reacquainting his hands with her bare globes, but then he started to make good on that desire to get to intimately know every last part of her. He ran his hands up and down her thighs, marveling at their strength and firmness.

Maggie really liked that, but her delight turned to dismay when she looked down and saw both her skirt and panties riding down her legs. "Hey! What do you think you're doing?! Stop that!" She failed to stop him as her clothes

slid down her sleek long legs, but she took a hand off his cock to cover her pussy while she continued to stimulate his sweet spot.

However, he needed her active cooperation to get her clothes off her feet. "Ma, I just really, really like to see you totally nude. You're so beautiful that way. Even more beautiful than usual! You know how strongly I feel about that my need to see you naked. Can I? Please?!"

She looked at his earnest, puppy-dog eyes, and her resolve crumbled. "Well, okay. Just for a minute though." She wasn't sure why she added that, because she knew it was bullshit as soon as she said it. She lifted up her feet, and he quickly finished taking her skirt and panties off her. He tossed them into the back seat.

Then, with a hand still pumping up and down his shaft, she pointed a finger at him and said sternly, "Just this once! Because you're so adorable." She grinned and looked extra cute as she said that, but turned stern again. "And no looking at or touching my pussy! That's completely off limits to you, buster!"

"Thanks, Ma! You're the best!" He was already busy enjoying her fully nude body. He brought one hand back to great tits. His other hand went to her ass cheeks, even though she was sitting on them.

She unexpectedly let go of his cock altogether and bent over, reaching down to her feet to get her high heels off.

But he said, "No, Ma. Those stay on. Please! That's important to me. I don't want you THAT naked!" He chuckled.

She sat back and gave him a wicked grin. Now that she thought about it, taking all her clothes off but keeping her sexy high heels on was even more naughty and arousing than if she took them off too.

He was more or less sitting on top of her, but he suddenly scrambled back into his seat and got about as far as he could while staying in the front of the car.

This puzzled her, and it also left her completely exposed. She was very frustrated that it put his tempting cock out of reach. She covered her tits and pussy anxiously as she asked, "Wh-wh-what are you doing?!"

"Sorry, Ma. I just need to look at you in your full glory! You're just too beautiful! It makes my heart soar! I love you as a person, as my mother, as

my girlfriend. You're beautiful on the inside. But you're so very beautiful on the outside too! And the two together... Ohmigod! It makes me so horny!"

She felt more tingles and goose bumps as she realized what his intentions were. She was highly flattered that he wanted to look at her like that. But she chided him, "Remember, out here I'm just your girlfriend. Don't use the 'M' word!"

"Sorry." He sat back and continued to just stare at her. He was examining her closely from head to toe, like he was trying to memorize every last detail. Almost without consciously thinking about it, he pulled his shorts and underwear all the way off his legs and tossed them in the back seat. He kept his T-shirt on though.

She never felt so naked, which is why she continued to rather nonsensically cover her privates. She longed to get her hand back on his cock and his hands back on her body. "Please! You're embarrassing me!"

"Sorry. I can't help it. This right here is worth more to me than all the money in the world! Why are you still covering up though?!"

She reluctantly removed the arm she had over her nipples. But she kept her hand over her pussy. *Gaawwwd! I'm so fucking horny! The way he's looking at me, it's like he's fucking me with his eyes! How can I resist his wonderful cock when his passion for me is that great?! Not being able to suck him here is going to be such torture!*

He asked, "By the way, I just noticed you shaved your bush off. Is there a reason for that?"

At first she covered her pubic mound more carefully, hoping to hide her shaving job, but then she realized he must have gotten a look down there already, and trying to hide it was only delaying the inevitable. She mumbled miserably, "You noticed?"

"Yeah! I think it's super sexy! Did you do it for me?"

In fact, she mainly did it for him. But she didn't want to admit that. "Not exactly. Mostly, I was embarrassed that Hillary saw it doesn't match my blonde hair. She was too cool to say anything about it, but still, it's easier that way."

He said, "Well, I love it just the same." He reached out and ran a hand through her blonde hair. "And I love your new hair color too. It suits you

perfectly!" He looked back towards her pussy, still covered by her hand. "Can I take a peek at it? Please?"

"Sport, you know that area is totally off limits!"

"Just a peek? Pleeaaase?!" He put on his best sad puppy dog look.

She relented, in large part because she wanted him to climb back on top of her already. "Okay, just a quick peek." She removed the hand from her pussy. Then she changed her posture, stretched out a bit and reveling in her complete nudity, instead of trying to resist it. It felt exhilarating!

"Wow! That's cool," he enthused, as he leaned in closer to get a better look at her pussy mound and especially her already very wet pussy lips. "I can't wait to go down on you and lick everything down there! It's so WET!"

Her pussy tingled at the thought of oral sex. But she barked, "That is so not going to happen! Don't even think it! Now... please! Don't make me beg!" She opened her arms for him. She added, but only in her mind, *I need your cock in my hands!*

He reached her way, but he went across her instead. As she impatiently watched, he used the power seat controls to tilt her seat all the way back.

"Wa-what are you doing now?!" Her voice was anxious as the tilting seat slowly tipped her upper body down. Before long, she was nearly lying parallel to the ground, except her knees had to stay bent since there wasn't much leg room. Fearing that he was thinking about fucking her, she put both hands over her pussy again.

"Don't worry, Ma! Er, Maggie, I mean. I'm just getting us comfy. I promise I won't touch your pussy, so don't worry."

As he said that, he straddled his body completely on top of hers. Due to the car's low ceiling, he couldn't really sit up, but he found a comfortable position sitting on her thighs and bending forward from there with his hands on her big breasts.

"Well, all right," she said reluctantly, now that she saw where he was sitting. His ass was resting on her thighs down near her knees. That meant his cock was a safe distance down her legs. With the way he was over her, he would have trouble even being able to see her pussy. But she was still very worried and embarrassed about her bald pussy, and kept a hand covering it. "But behave yourself, buster. We really shouldn't be doing this at all. And the

time!" Alarmed at the need to get him to school on time, she tried to sit up, but was completely unable to do so with her son on top of her.

He said in a soothing voice, "Relax! We've got plenty of time. We were both so eager, we gave ourselves thirty extra minutes. Remember?"

Gaawwwd! I can't stand it! she thought, as she reached for her son's iron-hard erection again. She resumed jacking him off, but still kept her other hand-over her pussy, mostly due to how close his cock was to it. *It feels so WRONG to be totally butt naked in the darkness of the garage, but it's so damn fucking hot that I can barely breathe! What's even hotter is how he's sitting on me, leaving me totally helpless! Did I say "hot?" I mean "wrong." He can do ANYTHING he wants to me, and I can't stop him! But at least I have to keep my pussy covered no matter what. Otherwise, he might just stick his big cock all the way in me!*

She was so worked up that she was more turned-on than upset by the prospect of her son fucking her right now. However, he didn't know that. As her fingers flew up and down his shaft, she thought, *I love it! This thing is just too magnificent! So hot in my hand!*

Her resolve to keep a hand-over her pussy didn't last a minute. She was just too worked up, especially thanks to the way he was pulling on her nipples some more. Stroking his erection with just one hand didn't seem good enough for a phallus that long and thick, so she brought the other one back over to help. One hand stroked over his sweet spot in a twisting motion, while her other hand jacked the remaining inches in fast up and down strokes. Pre-cum seemed to be flowing everywhere, allowing her fingers to slip and slide along his skin in delightfully arousing ways.

She thought back to the way Hillary and her jacked him off together in the movie theater on Friday night. *I wish Hillary was here right now! I don't know where she'd fit in this cramped little Prius I drive, but I could use her help with this rampant cock monster! I loved when we each had a hand on it. At LEAST one hand! I remember when we had four hands on his cock and balls at once. That was the best!*

She briefly brought a hand down to cradle his balls, because she hadn't even touched them yet. She fondly recalled how Hillary and her took turns playing with his balls too. But she quickly decided she preferred both hands sliding all over his increasingly slippery erection. *Damn! I need at least*

three hands here! At LEAST! My son is a freak. Even his balls are double the size of Andy's! He's so well-hung and virile. So hard to make him cum. I really do need Hillary's help. I hope our Friday date will become our usual thing, and we'll always take care of his cock together! God, that's such a fucking RUSH, just to think of that!

However, she was still worried he could start fucking her at any time. Deep down, she knew he was too loving to take advantage of her, but the idea that he could fueled her lust, so she continued to ponder this "problem." *I know! I'll make him cum, right away! If he cums, then he can't fuck me. It's the only way to be totally safe. Cum, Son, cum! Plus, then we can talk, like I was thinking before.* She stroked him with renewed vigor, still using both hands.

He hunched over, so his face was on her tits while his lower body remained close enough for her to continue stroking his cock. He remembered the great effect he'd had whenever he'd suckled or sucked on them, and so he started to do that again.

"YAAAIIEEE!" she screamed. It felt so great that she couldn't handle it.

He pulled his head up and looked at her face with concern. "What's wrong?!"

"Nothing! Everything! Don't... Oh, fuck it! Do that more!" Her heart was thumping harder as she soared closer to climax. The pleasure of his suckling was magnified now that her entire body was on fire with lusty need.

"Like this?" he bent his head back down and kept on suckling her left nipple. But this time, he kept his eyes open enough to gauge the reaction on her beautiful face.

She panted, "YES! YES! YES!" She would have screamed louder, but she remained aware that her husband might overhear, even as far away in the house as he probably was. Normally, she would have found thinking about her husband hearing incredibly disturbing. But in her current lusty state of mind, it got her so hot and bothered that her bare hips and ass writhed like her seat was on fire.

Nick laughed, overjoyed that he was making her feel so good. Seeing her face from a low angle over her chest, he still thought she was so gorgeous

that he was tempted to stop his suckling so he could kiss and caress her fine facial features instead.

However, he decided both kneading and suckling her huge tits was pretty awesome too, especially since she jacked him off with two hands all the while. He watched her bring one of her cum-soaked hands up to her mouth, as she prepared to scream.

She bit down on her knuckles to stifle her cries as a gigantic orgasm ripped through her. She was amazed that she was cumming, and cumming so hard, although her pussy lips and clit were totally untouched. Apparently his tit play, as well as the overall erotic situation, was all it took to send her into orbit.

Her entire body writhed and shook. She had to let go of his hard-on and grip his arms while waves of orgasmic bliss washed over her. She managed to stay relatively quiet, mostly out of fear of her husband hearing. The garage was far from any room he was likely to be in, but even a very tiny chance he might hear was extremely frightening to her. Yet, such danger magnified her arousal too.

He loved watching her cum. Generally speaking, making Maggie or Hillary cum brought him as much joy as if he climaxed himself, because he loved them both so much. Plus, it was physically fun for him in a weird way, since she was trembling all over so very much. He felt a bit like he was riding on a bucking bronco, at least until her smaller after-orgasms tapered off.

The one downside to her having an orgasm like that was afterwards she laid there with her eyes closed as if she was dead. Her arms rested along her sides as she recovered. The only sign of life from her was her heavy breathing and heaving chest.

She thought with chagrin, *Oh Gaaaawwwwd! I can't believe that just happened. I'm soooo baaaaad! I was supposed to be making HIM cum! The things he does to me! It's not fair! I was completely blindsided by what happened on Tuesday. I went from being a normal mom living a normal life to basically falling in love with my son and his huge cock. In a threesome situation! And I'll never be normal again! How can I even TRY to pretend to be "Margaret" at all when he makes me cum like that?!*

After her orgasm, she was so wiped out that she could hardly lift her arms. Nick was truly free to do whatever he wanted to her, and he sought to take full advantage, while still respecting her one rule to avoid her pussy. He sat up higher to have better access to her lower body, and ran his fingers down her taut tummy. He loved feeling the muscular curves there that showed what an athletic, hard body she had.

Wow! Ma is so hot! Sure, I think about that fact every day, but it really hits how when I'm sitting on her naked body like this. Talk about being a kid in a candy store! WOW! He chuckled to himself.

He continued to caress the subtle curves on her tummy that visually showed more than anything just how fit she was. *I swear, she would make an aerobics instructor green with envy. How is it that she's all muscle everywhere, with no pouch or flab at all, and yet her skin feels so soft and pliant? And her tits are so damn big and round and pillowy! I don't know how she can walk around in public without causing a scene. In truth, she's an expert at dressing to look anonymous, which is kind of sad. But look at this body! I love the perfect golden tan, all except for a lighter spot where her bush used to be. Sweet!*

One of his hands drifted off to explore the curves of her right hip and the way down to where he was sitting on her thighs. His other hand tingled the invisible, light fuzz on her skin over her lower abdomen. He brazenly stared at her pussy, despite her earlier request that he shouldn't even look at it.

He heard her let out a satisfied moan, but otherwise she remained quiet and kept her eyes closed. Her panting had died down, and she was breathing deeply. *Oh no! He's gonna play with my pussy! No, Son! Not there!*

But she didn't make a move to stop him. She was wiped out, but not so wiped out that she couldn't say or do something if she really wanted to. In a way, she was playing possum, and trying to fool even herself that whatever he did now, she wasn't responsible.

His fingers kept going down, until he reached the edge of where her bush used to be. Her legs were spread open a bit, and he could see every part of her pussy very clearly, including her unhooded clit. Her pussy lips were trim and symmetrical, and also red and puffy from arousal. The entire area was soaked, and he idly wondered what would become of the wet spot growing on the seat under her. Due to the cramped confines of the Prius, he

couldn't bring his face very close unless he made a major readjustment in his position. But the smell of wet pussy was nonetheless overwhelming, and it seemed to fill the whole car.

He was extremely tempted to explore every part of her pussy mound with his fingers, but he'd made a promise not to and he wanted to keep it. Also, he knew if he violated her trust, it could be a big setback with her attitude in the future.

Still, he kept running his fingers everywhere just outside her pussy mound, over her swampy inner thighs, and up and down the lines marking the tops of her thighs. He especially ran his fingers with increasing brazenness over where her bush used to be. That put his fingers less than an inch from her clit sometimes, but he was careful not to touch it.

Maggie's breath didn't stay calm for long, because she was panting with increasing arousal, knowing exactly where he was touching her. She kept her eyes closed and her mouth shut though, secretly hoping he'd be more aggressive if he felt she was too sleepy to care or put up a fight.

He muttered, "Sorry for kind of pushing the line here, but I'm just kind of reveling in the fact that you shaved your bush. It feels nice! Thank you for doing that. I really like it."

She mumbled in reply, "You're welcome."

Then she thought, with great frustration at first, *"You're welcome?!" I'm his mother, and I shaved off my fucking bush, pretty much just for him, to make him want me even more, and then I just said "You're welcome" like we were passing a bowl of peas at the fucking dinner table! My life is so bizarre! And having him touch me there, soooooo close! It's driving me crazy! I feel so totally helpless, and that's making me even MORE horny! He could dig his fingers deep into my kitty right now, and I would be unable to stop him! Hell, I don't think I would want to stop him!*

Just as soon as I get my energy back, I'm going to stroke his cock like it's never been stroked! Then he's gonna cum all over my tits and face!

As he brought one of his hands back up to play with her tits some more, he thought, *Man! This is IT! My fake girlfriend plan is working like gangbusters, but I'm never going to let the hand-over happen, if I can help it. Ma, I want Hillary AND you! Not only that, but I'm going to fuck you!*

Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon! Then the three of us will be together forever!

Okay, it may not be that easy, but nothing really valuable in life comes easy. I'm gonna move Heaven and Earth to make it happen, dammit! Nothing else matters. THIS is what it's all about! Love and happiness. And awesome sex! YES!

After a minute or two, he moved back up her body so he could tenderly lick and kiss his way around her face, exploring everywhere but her mouth, for a change. He also gently caressed the roundness of her great globes while he waited for her to stir some more.

She loved all that, but both mother and child were very aware of the location of his stiff dick as a result of his shift. His erection was between her legs, resting against her left inner thigh and only about three inches from her drooling slit. Both of them knew how easy it would be for him to hold it and guide it in. That fact was making her pant hard even more than what his mouth and fingers were doing.

She gasped when she felt his legs lift up as he readjusted his position in a big way. She was half-convinced he was moving in to fuck her pussy. She felt even more helpless and humiliated than before, and it was so arousing for her that she could scarcely breathe. *God! He could fuck me! He could fuck me right now! I'm just his naked slut! His helpless, wicked, big-titted SLUT!*

But before she could decide if she would welcome getting fucked or not, the crisis passed, since he continued scooting higher up her body. She felt a great thrill as his cockhead slid along her skin, leaving a trail of pre-cum behind.

She let out a heavy sigh of relief once his boner was above her pussy lips. While the idea of getting fucked by her own son was extremely thrilling, she was far from ready for it to actually happen.

Soon, he was sitting on top of her tummy. His dick was resting right along the middle line of her body, in a perfect position for titfucking. But because she was effectively lying down, her tits were about as flattened as round orbs like hers could get, and they leaned away towards the sides of her body.

She could tell what he was doing: he was eager for a titfuck, but he wanted to make sure she was okay with it. He was hoping for a sign from her.

She had never been into titfucks before. She knew that a big reason Andy had desired her was her large breasts, and he'd pestered her many times to let him titfuck her over the years. She'd only done it on special occasions, like anniversaries or birthdays, because she felt it was demeaning. When it happened, she'd been reluctant and unaroused.

However, with Nick, demeaning was a positive, somehow. It further fired her lusts instead of irritating her. In fact, everything was different, like night and day. The thought of her son fucking her tits was so exciting that she could hardly stand it! She knew that once he fucked here there, she would love it.

She'd had a lot of dreams and fantasies in recent days where Nick fucked her tits or sat up on her chest and stuck his cock in her mouth. So seeing him sitting on her like this almost felt familiar and welcome, because it had happened so many times in her mind. She wanted to at least try to play coy, but in truth she was just as eager to get her tits fucked as he was to fuck them!

Smiling, she lifted her head up so she could see exactly where his cock was as it laid in the valley between her E-cups. She brought her hands up and pushed her boobs towards his boner from either side. She purred, "Son, you were a very good boy. You could have touched me, down there, but you didn't. I think you deserve a big reward, don't you?"

By the time she finished saying that, his cock was trapped in a tight tunnel of tit-flesh, as she pushed her big tits together even more.

He groaned with arousal, as much from seeing his dick completely disappear into the depths of her deep cleavage as feeling it. Not surprisingly, this had been a fantasy of his for years and years. He felt so happy that he truly wanted to cry tears of joy.

Seeing the nearly teary yet ecstatic look on her son's face gave Maggie the confidence that she was doing the right thing. She also felt a great rush of pleasure, as goose bumps covered her skin from head to toe again. *YESSSSS! What a great idea! I told myself no blowjobs this time, but titfucks don't count! Gaaaawwwwd, it feels so fucking good! His cock and*

my tits! Our two favorite things in the world, coming together! She chuckled in her own mind.

She purred in a sexually wanton voice, "Come on, come closer. Stick your cock in me all the way!"

Both of them felt tingles of excitement race through their bodies as they thought about that last comment of hers.

She was so far gone that she let herself think, He's going to fuck my tits! Then he's going to fuck my face! I'll have a hard time talking because my mouth will be stuffed with so much hot cock! Then he's going to fuck my CUNT! Yes, even that! He may well split me in two with that damn monster, but what a way to go!

She had to tell herself, Okay, he actually won't do all that. He's a good boy and he respects my wishes. But he could! He could! We could just skip taking him to school altogether! What bliss it would be, to go full naked slut for him, for hours and hours!

He scooted his entire body up a couple of inches, until the root of his stiff rod was flush with the bottom slope of her distorted orbs. Now, he could see his cockhead poking out a little on the other side.

He felt giddy just from the sight, not to mention the incredible feeling of her tight tit squeeze. *I'm gonna fuck Ma's tits, I really am! Every fantasy is coming true!*

She was feeling newly energized, thanks to her titfucking desire. She purred sexily, "Just sit there and enjoy. Let Mommy take care of you." She began sliding her tits back and forth over his pole, raising one up and then the other. Lubrication wasn't a problem, since his shaft was covered with pre-cum. She was keeping his boner in a very tight squeeze all the time.

"OH GOD!" he moaned, groaning with delight. He ignored her suggestion to just sit there and started thrusting in and out. But due to the awkward position he was in (stooped down with his head resting against the ceiling of the car), he could only thrust about an inch with each pass.

Still, that felt like nirvana, especially combined with her unpredictable tit movement that maintained a very tight yet spongy tunnel all the while. *Fuckin' A, man! I'm sitting on Ma's perfect naked body, fucking her tits! The glory! And in the garage, no less! Unreal! Fortune DOES favor the bold!*

She loved making him feel so good, especially when that involved stimulating his cock. She wanted to holler for joy from just looking at the rapturous expression on his face. It looked like he was experiencing an endless orgasm, even though he still had a ways to go before he spurted out a real one.

She thought, joyously, *I'll bet you like that, don't you? I know you're a virgin still, but they call it a "titfuck" for a reason. I'm trying to make it feel like a good fuck for you! Such a TIGHT squeeze! That's just like my cunt, Son! If you were to fuck my cunt, it would be way tighter still! I can't let you do that, at least not today, but good God, am I going to give you a titfuck for the ages!*

She asked, "Is this the first titfuck in your life?"

"It is!" he panted excitedly.

She felt another great surge of arousal upon hearing that. *His first! I knew that, but it feels so good to hear it confirmed! His first titfuck is with his busty mother! So wrong, but so right! That makes it even more important that I give him one he'll always remember!*

With that, she thought frantically of what she could do to take the titfucking action to an even higher level. There was only so much she could do with her tits sliding and squeezing on either side of his thick hard-on. Then she smirked as she had a great idea.

Craning her neck, she just managed to stick her tongue out and lap at the very tip of his cockhead. She could have done better, but her positioning wasn't ideal with the way she was lying down in her car seat. And to keep craning like that was taxing.

He saw her difficulty and looked around for something to help. He noticed her top lying in the back seat, but still within his reach. Frankly, there wasn't much fabric to it, but luckily he was able to find and reach her skirt as well. He balled them together into a pillow of sorts. Then he placed the ball of fabric under her lifted head, allowing her to stay in that position more comfortably.

"Thanks, Sport," she said with a happy smile. She was pleased, because now she could crane just a little bit further, allowing her to easily run her

tongue all over the top inch or so of his cockhead. She could reach further down if she really wanted to.

However, seconds after she started licking him there, she thought, *Uh-oh! I shouldn't be doing this. I'm licking his cock! That's a slippery slope to full-on sucking, and I made a vow not to do that today. But it's too damn tempting! Besides, this isn't a blowjob, not really, since we're in the middle of a titfuck. And it's just a little bit of licking here and there. What's the harm?*

With that decided, she tried to reach down even farther with her tongue. She managed to slather her tongue all over his cockhead, but she couldn't reach past the cockhead's ridge (or crown), especially since his dick was sliding in and out about an inch each way. Still, she loved it, and she could tell from his moans that he did too.

With his hips slowly thrusting, he groaned, "God, Ma, you're so HOT! So sexy! I can't believe I'm fucking your big tits! Oh, Ma, you have the biggest, bestest tits ever!"

She wryly corrected him, "You mean 'biggest, BEST tits,' Sport."

He was too far gone with lusty need to laugh at that subtle humor. He kept right on panting and grunting.

Feeling devilish, she added, "And besides, Hillary's are bigger. Just wait until you fuck hers! Can you imagine?! You have two sexy and very STACKED girlfriends now, Son! If you picked us for titfucking, you couldn't have done any better. I think that means you're going to fuck our tits a hell of a lot! I'll hold and slide her tits around over your fat pole! And when you're fucking my tits, she'll lean in and lick your cockhead when you're poking out! Those are the sorts of extra privileges you get for winning the two bustiest girls in town!"

That sort of talk just about blew his mind. He loved how much she was getting into the whole threesome idea. Clearly, she fully expected those sorts of activities to actually happen in the very near future!

But he only had a momentary surge of desire thinking about Hillary, or Hillary and Maggie together, because he already was living in paradise, with his cock tightly squeezed in between his mother's sliding tits and her

tongue dancing on his cockhead. He enthused, "I just can't believe it! Just too, too fuckin'... aarrggh!"

He closed his eyes and clenched his teeth while a huge surge of arousal washed through him. That had been a very close call, as the urge to cum was nearly overwhelming.

"Believe it!" she said proudly. "Your hot mom is a pretty fun girlfriend. She'll let your fuck her tits pretty much anytime you want!"

Then she remembered her rules, and reluctantly added, "When she's in Maggie mode, that is. Maybe, that way, you won't mind not doing some... other stuff."

The "other stuff" she was referring to in her mind was blowjobs. She didn't want him to know it, but she could hardly wait to gag and choke on his thick cock! But she was trying to mislead him, so he'd get a great surprise when she gave him her first full-on blowjob soon.

As soon as she said that, she stuck her tongue out and licked around the top inch of his cockhead some more. She wasn't thinking clearly, so she didn't notice the irony in that. She really wanted to make him cum, right away.

"Uh-huh," he grunted as he thrust in and out her tit-tunnel with slow, short stabs. He would have gone faster and farther, but this way she could lick his cockhead too. He was trying to think about unarousing things to prolong this magical, precious time a little longer. He certainly didn't want to think about "other stuff" at this point.

She said in a sultry growl, "So, you love your mother's tits, huh? You love to fuck them with your huge cock! You know that's too naughty! I really ought to ground you for being a bad boy. You deserve a harsh spanking and then a very sweet blowjob!"

She realized she wasn't supposed to say that. Technically, a blowjob was against the limits she'd set for herself. Plus, it was absurd to think that a blowjob could be a punishment, especially given the detailed plans she had for how she wanted to pleasure him with her mouth. So she tried to say something more responsible so he wouldn't get the wrong idea. "Forget I just said that. You should know that fucking Mommy's mouth is against the rules."

However, she said this in an obviously playful and lusty voice, as if there was nothing she would love better. Plus, her tongue kept flicking at his piss hole while she said it, and she gave his shaft an extra tight squeeze with her massive tit-pillows.

He groaned loudly, thinking about shoving all seven inches of his thickness down her throat.

She continued to tease as her tongue flicked here and there, "But still, now that you've started fucking me here today, I know you're gonna keep fucking your very own mother every chance you get! I really ought to get you for that, but I can't help myself! Ma loves your big, fat dick so much! She loves lying naked underneath you, feeling you slide in and out. So naked! So helpless! So horny! She can't stop you from fucking her all the time!"

She said this so enthusiastically, and even orgasmically, that it was clear she was arousing herself as much as he was.

Technically, she was talking about titfucking, but both of them knew she'd carefully chosen her words so they could apply to fucking her mouth or even her pussy too. She was so insanely horny that her thoughts were running into taboo areas she normally didn't allow, and she couldn't entirely control her mouth either.

Nick was so extremely turned on by her words, not to mention her lapping tongue and constantly sliding, tightly squeezing tits, that he felt he was close to passing out. The car was steaming up, and he was sweating buckets.

He decided to get some "revenge." So far, he was so overwhelmed that his hands hadn't been doing anything. But with a wicked gleam in his eyes, he reached for her nipples and twisted them.

"No! Oh no, not that!" she squealed, but she loved it. "NOOO! You monster! You evil cock monster! NOOOO!"

He wasn't perturbed in the slightest, because it was clear she was just being playful. Somehow she managed to maintain a big smile even while she attempted to flick her tongue around his cockhead a lot more.

As usual, her nipples craved his rough treatment. She kept right on squealing and crying "nooooo" right through another orgasm. But this

wasn't an earth-shattering one for her (mainly because there was no clitoral stimulation), and she was able to keep the titfuck going with barely any pause. She was learning that sometimes she was capable of having orgasms from nipple play alone, at least if Nick was working his "magic touch" on them.

In fact, as soon as that orgasm washed through her, tingling all her senses down to her toes, she felt an even stronger one coming on, if only she touched her clit. She could tell Nick was nearing his own climax, and she knew what that meant: more cum! No longer able to lick his cockhead, she had trouble even speaking. She panted, "Nick! ... Son! ... When you, when you cum... you're gonna, gonna... cum! Cum! All over my, my face!"

It had been a major struggle for her to get that out, given how hard she was panting, but it was worth it. She could tell that from the extra fiery look that suddenly appeared in his eyes. His nostrils actually flared in response. Besides, things were reaching a fever pitch, and with her son's cock sliding in and out of her cleavage with short, fast strokes, her licking wasn't that effective any more anyway.

They both knew Nick's orgasm would be arriving within seconds. He'd given up trying to stimulate her tits or nipples, and since she was holding them in place, he gripped her shoulders like he was afraid their bodies would fly apart.

He also stopped thrusting, as he tried to clench his PC muscle in a desperate attempt to hold back a little longer. Normally, that would have worked, but this time it was like trying to stop a tidal wave with one's hands.

He arched his back and raised his head in anticipation of the coming orgasmic rush. Unfortunately, he forgot about the car's low roof, and banged his head hard against it. In a way, that was a good thing, though. He wasn't hurt much, and the distraction allowed him to delay shooting off a little bit longer, if only a fraction of a minute.

As they shared a laugh about it, she kept relentlessly squeezing his throbbing pole with her slipping and sliding tit-flesh.

He looked back down to her face and saw the eager look in her brown eyes as she somehow resumed frantically lapping on all the cockhead her tongue could reach. It was just too sexy of an image for him to handle. He felt his

balls tightening and knew he'd crossed the point of no return. He was careful not to raise his head again as he yelled, "Ma! I'm gonna cum!"

He wanted to say more. He wanted to describe just where he'd be cumming on her, and how thoroughly he planned to cover her face with his jism, to heat her up still more. But even saying as much as he did was an accomplishment under the circumstances.

She kept her head craned down, so much that her chin touched the collar area of her chest, to make sure that none of his cum would miss her face and hit her neck instead. She also closed her eyes tight, because he would be blasting at her with full force from just inches away.

She wasn't supposed to suck or lick his cock, as that was against her self-imposed, temporary vow. (Never mind that she'd been licking it quite a lot for the last few minutes!) But she didn't have any rule against opening her mouth as wide as she could to guzzle down as much of his tasty spend as possible, and that's exactly what she did.

As Nick moaned and groaned in orgasmic ecstasy, his cum fired right into the middle of her face. He wasn't aiming, just enjoying the moment to its fullest, but it happened that pretty much all of his cum landed on dead center, from the top of her nose to the bottom of her chin. That meant a good portion flew straight into her gaping mouth.

However, she was realizing that she either had a facial fetish already or was rapidly getting one. She loved the taste of his cum, but it seemed a waste to have so much of it go straight down her throat. So, as his climax went on and on and on, she turned her head this way and that, ensuring that she was splattered from chin to forehead and from ear to ear.

And right when his climax was cresting, she reached for her clit. After just a second or two of squeezing it, she had one of the most powerful climaxes in her life. It took all her remaining willpower not to scream at the top of her lungs. Luckily, clenching her teeth helped her keep the noise down. Although, curiously, thinking about the possibility that Andy might hear only aroused her still more. Deep down, she still felt a desire to get revenge on him for his cheating.

Nick thought he'd died and gone to heaven. That had been his most pleasurable and intense sexual experience so far, at least in that limited

amount of time. That was saying a lot, given what he'd done with her and Hillary in the past week.

Chapter 19: Garage Firsts (Tuesday)

Despite the intensity of Nick's orgasm, he hardly had any post-coital energy crash at all. He was young, fit, and very virile. He knew from experience that oftentimes his penis was able to rebound quickly, or not even go flaccid at all, due to his usual tendency to "cum in twos."

But he knew that more important than getting his rocks off again was making sure that his mother felt good about what happened. He sat up on her and took a good look at her face. *Oh. My. God! So much cum! Damn! I wish I could take a picture! Fuck, that's hot!*

But he scooted back down her body and attempted to plant a kiss on her lips.

Maggie knew her face was extremely cummy, including some on her lips, and she'd just swallowed even more of his seed. She didn't want him kissing her with her spermy breath. So she tried turning her head this way and that to break the kiss, but he was determined.

She used her tongue to lick her lips clean as well as try her best to clean the inside of her mouth of his cum. She thought that was a shame, since she wanted to savor his spermy taste as long as possible, but she felt she had no option. Then she finally gave in and let him have his way.

To her surprise though, it wasn't a lusty kiss so much as a loving one.

When he finally broke it, he pulled back a few inches and smiled from ear to ear. He blissfully stared at all the cummy streaks splattering her gorgeous facial features.

She asked, "What was that all about?"

"Ma, I just want you to know how much I love you. I figure you might feel guilty and regretful later, but I don't want you to be. What we did isn't wrong. It's beautiful! Because you're beautiful. And I don't just mean your body." He cupped her big orbs from below and gave them a good squeeze.

She shuddered with lust. It didn't slip her notice that his cock was still resting between her tits and didn't seem to be going flaccid. She brought her hands back to the outer sides of her tits to make sure it stayed in a tight vice, to help ensure it stayed erect.

With her hands taking control of her tits, he moved his hands from them. He brought a hand to her face and tried to caress her there. But it was so cummy that he didn't know what to do. He ended up playfully touching the tip of her nose, since that was about the only completely clear part of her face.

He said, "I mean you're beautiful on the inside. You love me, I love you, and this is how we express our love. And you love me so much that you're willing to do all this so I can win the girl of my dreams. You're the best!"

His words and caring really touched her, and she loved the tender way he was rubbing the tip of her nose, but it also made her feel sad because of the reminder that they were doing this so he could win Hillary. More and more, she wanted him for herself.

She protested, "Don't kiss me like that. Not when my face is all... gross."

"First off, Ma, it's not 'gross,' it's super sexy!" He swiped a finger through one particularly large cum gob on her left cheek to show that he wasn't afraid of his own cum. He wasn't, though he liked not touching any of his cum because he thought she looked so extra sexy and fuckable with her cum-splattered look.

Then he said, "And second, I'll kiss you whenever I want." He leaned forward and kissed her on her lips again. He was too carried away by the passion of the moment to worry about his own cum. Besides, most of it was either on her face or had gone down her throat already.

Again, she melted. She tried to show how much she loved him by giving him the best kiss ever. She thought, *How can I feel bad about what we did we he loves me so much? Damn! I know I will regret things later, but I don't care. I'm not going to try to stop this again. I need this!*

And "I'll kiss you whenever I want?!" Wow! SO HOT! Where did that come from?! What happened to my shy boy? He really is becoming a man! A dominant man! I love when he takes charge like that. I shouldn't feel bad that he's making me into his busty slut, because who could resist him?! Hillary would know what I mean by that!

While they kissed, he also pondered his "I'll kiss you whenever I want" comment. *Geez! That's so out of character for me. But after titfucking Ma, I feel stronger than King Kong! I feel so confident and take-charge that it's*

almost scary. I wonder how long it'll take for this feeling to wear off and I'll return to my usual shy self.

After a minute or two of passionate necking, she sensed the danger that his boner would go flaccid had passed. She couldn't really titfuck him more while he was pressing down on her for the kissing, so she let go of her boobs. But, feeling how it was so delightfully engorged in the middle of her chest, she brought a hand to it from below and ran her fingers all over it while they kept on necking. She particularly loved rubbing his sweet spot. She couldn't get enough of that.

When their kissing ended, she asked him, "What time is it?" She was steadily stroking his boner.

He craned his head around and looked at the clock on the dashboard. "Ugh! It's time. Time to get to school."

She groaned sadly. His cock was wonderfully stiff in her hands. She would have loved to get another titfuck started right away, since he was obviously "up" for it. But she knew she'd feel terrible later if he was late for school. So she grudgingly told him, "You'd better get off me."

He sighed. "I was afraid you'd say that." After a pause, he asked, "But can't I cum again first, though? I'm so stiff!"

She replied with slight amusement and chagrin, "You're always stiff!" She kept right on stroking him. "You know how much I would love to jack you off a lot more, but we can't! I've noticed you don't cum easily, with the quick trigger boys your age are supposed to have. By the time I'd get you to cum, you'll be way late!"

He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Not if you'd use your mouth!"

She groaned. "Don't even suggest it! Not now!"

She bit her lip, practically torn in two between lusty desire and practical considerations. *Damn! God! I would KILL to do that! But knowing him, even that would take ages! Maybe after school. Then we'd have lots of time. I could love and adore his cock with my mouth just like I've been dreaming all these days. Yes, that's much better. I need to be patient!*

The only fly in the ointment is just how extremely THICK his cock is. Yes, I love it and adore it, but when it comes to sucking him, that's going to be a real struggle. I remember when I did such him ever so briefly on Tuesday. I

felt like my entire face was going to split open! It was a "hurt so good" thing, true, but... UGH! How will be able to handle that for more than a few minutes?!

Seeing that suggestion wasn't going to fly, he rolled off his mother and returned to his seat. He would have loved to play all day, but he knew he had to go to school. He was encouraged that at least she'd said "not now" instead of a flat no.

Despite having to stop the sex session, he was brimming with so much energy and excitement that he bounced in his seat like a hyperactive little kid. "Ma! That was so great! Let's do that again and again! Okay, admittedly, not right now, but soon! Soon, soon, soon!"

Maggie, though, felt like she'd been run over by a truck. Sure, she'd had a great time, and some wonderful orgasms, but now she just wanted to rest. However, she was mindful about the time. She considered her son's condition, and then her own, and said, "Dammit. I'm wiped out here. Son, you've gotta drive."

She looked at his crotch and saw his stiff boner bouncing around wildly. That made her so giddy that she had trouble thinking.

After a pause, he said, "Okay. No problem. But you, uh, need to clean up."

She knew that all too well already. She joked sarcastically, "Um, yeah! So do you. And put your shorts back on, unless you plan to scare all your classmates with that huge swinging cock monster of yours."

He chuckled. "Good point." He looked around the car, wondering where his shorts went to.

She struck a sexy cheesecake pose. She had one knee up, boldly showing off her shaved and wet pussy. "Do you think maybe I should put some clothes on too?"

"Nah. I love you like this." He reached over and ran a hand from her nearest hip to the top of her bush and up her tummy. Just doing that made her visibly shiver. But he kept on going and ran his hand over her nearest boob. When he brushed past her nipple, she was forced to clench her teeth, because it felt so good. His hand kept going up, caressing up her neck nearly to her chin. He didn't touch her chin though, since it was so very cum-splattered.

She found herself suckling on a couple of his fingers. *Hnnnggg! Feels so good! Damn, I could do this all day. And with something better than just his fingers! And by that, I do mean his cock!*

She forced herself to break contact and sit up in her flattened seat.

Taking her purse and clothes with her, she staggered out of the car and leaned against it. She looked like she was suffering a hangover, if one didn't count the fact she was wearing nothing but high heels and her face was coated with her son's seed.

There was so much cum on her face that some of it was dripping down onto her tits. Every time she felt a drop land on her skin, it caused another tingle in her pussy. She remained aroused enough that she didn't feel too bad about her extremely obscene appearance, at least not yet. *I wish I could see myself in the mirror. I'm a total slut for my son's cock!*

Nick also got out of the car and walked most of the way around it. He knew they couldn't take part in any more hanky panky because of the time factor. He was a good student and also wanted to make it to school on time, so not only did he put on his shorts and his underwear, he even zipped up.

But he wanted a good view of her entire body, so he stood in a prime spot to check her out from head to toe.

In recent days, she had prepared in advance for this kind of situation. Her purse contained some needed cleaning supplies, like lots of tissues and an extra pair of panties. She had still more supplies in the trunk, including extra clothes for a variety of occasions. She unlocked the truck, opened it, and used a big fluffy white towel to wipe her face clean. Then she used a different part of the towel to wipe her pussy and thighs clean.

Given all that she and Nick had been through, she made no attempt to cover any part of herself, even though he stood ogling her from only a few feet away. The fact that his eyes were on her kept her buzzing with erotic joy. Actually, her toweling off was more like a sex show. She knew his cock was still stiff and could see it straining against his shorts. She simply couldn't resist trying to drive him wild, even if it took a little more time and increased the risk of him being late.

As she toweled her face clean, she stood with her legs stiffly spread apart. She rubbed the towel with unnecessary vigor, causing her enormous tits to

wildly bounce on her chest.

Nick couldn't help himself: since he wasn't doing anything but standing and staring, he slipped a hand into one of his shorts pockets and reached from there to hold and stroke his erection. The pocket lining created a thin layer between his fingers and his shaft, but it felt fantastic just the same.

She finished wiping her face relatively quickly, due to the time pressure. But when she lowered the towel from her face, she was able to see again, and she immediately noticed how he was playing "pocket pool." That gave her new motivation to put on even more of a show.

She asked him, "How's my face? Better?"

"Much worse!" he replied. "I love it when it's covered with my cum! So sexy!"

She chuckled, amused at his answer. She'd assumed he was going to tell her where she'd missed wiping the cum away. She said, "You would say that. And it's true! It IS sexy! Son, you cum so much, every time! But still, I have to get clean." As she talked, she wiped the cum off that had fallen to her tits. But she was making a great, seductive titty show out of it.

He boldly suggested, while still not-so-secretly masturbating, "No you don't! You should take me to school with at least some cum on your face. Who's gonna know?"

"I'll know," she complained. She spread her legs wider, much wider, while keeping them ramrod straight. Then, still using the cummy part of the towel, she began wiping her crotch in very dramatic fashion. "Look what you do to me! I'm all wet!"

He groaned erotically. *God DAMN! This is like the best porn video ever, except real, and with my MOM! Fuck me, she's a babe! I guess she's spreading her legs that wide so she can swish the big towel between her inner thighs, but that's such an obscene and sexy position!*

She pouted, "Since you'd be happy to see my totally humiliated with a cum-covered face, I'm gonna need a mirror. Could you get it for me from my purse, please?"

"Sure." He went to her purse, got the mirror, and then walked to her and handed it to her.

But then he stood right behind her. Figuring she couldn't see what he was doing as long as he was behind her like that, he put a hand inside his shorts so he could resume masturbating, except with more satisfying skin-on-skin contact. Then he put his other hand on her bare ass cheek, and cupped it. "Ma! Have I told you lately how much I love you?"

She smirked. "First off, I'm still in Maggie mode. And secondly, you're just saying that so I'll let you play with my body a little more." She'd already started to use the mirror to check her face and clean it much more accurately.

He said, "No, I'm not." But he took his hand out of his shorts and moved in closer, cupping both of her huge knockers from behind and below.

She groaned in a mix of lust and frustration. "So help me God! Behave! You're going to make us late!"

"I'm just trying to help. Here." She was holding the towel with one hand, using a non-cummy section to dab at her face based on what she saw in the mirror. That left the vast majority of the towel hanging down free. He took a portion of it and started swiping her bare tits with it. "See?!"

She groaned loudly. Technically, he was helping, though she'd already wiped her tits clean and he was more likely to smear cum from the towel into her skin than actually get her skin cleaner. But his hands and motions were arousing her greatly. Even the thought of him smearing more of his cum into her tits gave her a big rush of arousal.

As if all that wasn't enough, he pressed in closer still from behind until she could feel the bulge in his shorts pressing directly against her ass crack.

She thought, *Fuck me! Seriously, fuck me! I'm so fucked! My son is such a fucking STUD! There's no resisting him! Even now, I'm still buck naked, and that big fat cock of his feels soooooo goood!. It would be so easy to drop the mirror and towel, spin around, fall to my knees, yank his shorts down, and gobble his cock all the way to the root!*

She chuckled in her mind. *Well, except for the cock gobbling part! That's going to be hard! Damn hard! And taking him to the root is just a dream at this point. It might not even physically fit down my throat. But, the fact is, I COULD do all that! I should! Gaawwwd! I want to be his go-to*

cocksucking relief, and I haven't even sucked him properly a single time yet! FUCK school!

However, she was just fantasizing. She had enough willpower to know the whole time she wasn't going to really do that. And saying "FUCK school" in her own mind actually sobered her up a bit, reminding her of the danger of him getting there late.

She continued to clean her face, but humped back slightly and managed to squeeze his boner in between his ass cheek. She tightly flexed and unflexed. She was amazed she could effectively stimulate him that way, especially considering his shorts.

But, in total contrast to what she was doing, she said, "Behave! I need you to help me. Can you bring me my purse?"

He was bummed. "Okay." He disengaged. Her ass cheeks had such a strong hold on his boner that he had to wait for her to unflex again before he could pull away.

He went to the car seat where the purse was and picked it up. He was extremely frustrated, since he was all worked up but almost certainly wouldn't be able to cum again before school.

As he walked back to her with the purse, she said, "Here's an idea. Why don't you keep that in your hands? If you stand right behind me, like you were, and hand me things from my purse as I need them, I'll make it worth your while. Oh, and please hold this towel but don't let it touch me, since parts of it are so cummy. I may need it some more."

"Okay." He took the towel, so he held that in one hand and the purse in the other. He asked, "But where's my reward? You said you'd make it worth my while."

"Oh, that. I suppose if you stand like you were before, right up against my ass, I could do what I'd been doing to you. Didn't that feel nice?"

"Hell, yeah!" He moved in closer, until his bulge was lined up against her ass crack again. But then he had an idea and pulled his shorts down. (He still was following Hillary's request not to wear underwear, so shorts was all he had on.) Then he moved up again, and rested his fully exposed boner against her crack.

She laughed. "You! You're too much! Give an inch, and you'll take a mile." But despite her complaint, she was flying high. She humped back, trapped his hard-on between her ass cheeks again, and resumed her sexy flexing and unflexing.

Nick was over the moon. Just looking down and watching her tanned, bare ass cheeks doing all that flexing was exciting enough, but seeing and feeling what it was doing to his boner nearly left him speechless. He was so overtaken by a rush of pleasure that he exclaimed, "I'll give you more than an inch! I'll give you a whole bunch of inches!"

He was thinking about fucking her, but he belatedly remembered that she was treating fucking as a taboo topic, since she never, ever mentioned it to him. So he added, "Right into your mouth!"

She was feeling electric jolts of pleasure racing up and down her spine already, due to enjoying squeezing his cock with her ass as well as his first comments. But when he added "right into your mouth," she just about fell to the ground, she was so overcome with dizzying desire.

She had to take some moments to recompose herself. She was going to tease him some, and maybe even taunt him about all the things her lips and tongue would do if he ever dared to stick all those inches in her mouth. But she realized that was too provocative. Besides, they were running out of time. So she just said, "Behave, already! And don't hint that you want to stick your big fat cock in my mouth. Are you forgetting I'm your mother? Now, hush! I need to work on my face, and we're running late."

His head was practically spinning. He saw the mention of her being his mother as a provocation, not a warning. But he managed to stay quiet, except for his ragged breathing. He was frustrated that he couldn't do anything with his hands, due to holding the purse and towel and needing to get things from the purse for her at times. But the way she was squeezing his erection with her ass cheeks felt so great that he couldn't complain. It was almost as much fun as the titfuck, at least when she hadn't been using her tongue too.

Maggie didn't really need to make herself pretty. If they were running late, that could be sacrificed. But she was having such a great time standing there naked and flexing her ass cheeks against her son's raging erection that she wanted to prolong the experience.

So she spoke to him calmly, as if they were having a normal mother-son conversation. "I'm sorry for all the fuss, but you really got me good with all your spermy cream. You really cum a lot, every time! And I am your girlfriend when I'm Maggie. One of them, actually. You want me to look my best, don't you?"

He just grunted. Already, he was having to squeeze his PC muscle just to stop from cumming. Actually, he really wanted to cum, especially since he figured this would be his last chance before school started, but he worried that she'd get mad if he unexpectedly blasted a cum load all over her bare back, which is where he would almost certainly do it, since his cock was pointing straight up. Her straight blonde hair went down her back to about armpit level, and he worried he might even get some cum in her hair, and he worried that would upset her even more.

Using a mirror, she went through a routine of reapplying subtle hints of make-up, perfume, combing her hair, and so forth. She could have done that after putting some clothes back on, but she didn't. It was much, much more fun this way!

All the while, she acted as if he wasn't there, but she never stopped flexing and unflexing her ass cheeks around his throbbing boner. She didn't think it was physically possible to get him to cum from merely using her ass, since she had such limitations on what she could do. But she hoped against hope she might get lucky, and if she couldn't, it wouldn't be for a lack of trying.

As she took her sweet time with her face, Nick began to get anxious about being late to school. He said, "Oh man! We're gonna be cutting it close!"

She asked him without attempting to look back his way, "How much time have we got?"

"Five more minutes to get ready, and then about ten minutes to get there, I figure. It'll be close!"

"Too close," she muttered. "We spent too much time with the titfucking. I wanted to just talk." She continued to relentlessly flex her ass cheeks on him, feeling an almost devilish delight in seemingly acting normal while driving him wild.

He asked, "But wasn't that better? Wasn't that totally incredible? Didn't we need that? I mean, in a way, that was talking, wasn't it? We expressed our

love for each other, didn't we?"

She just grumbled, "I suppose." She was having fun acting somewhat standoffish while continuing to stimulate his cock.

She thought with secret delight, *If love can be measured by cum on my face, then you sure loved me a lot today! Dammit. I can wipe it all away, and I did, but the smell will still linger. And what's scary is I love it!*

She took some deep sniffs, and sighed happily. She still hadn't applied her perfume, and she was about to do that next, but she decided she preferred the "natural fragrance" of his spermy smell. She handed the perfume back to him without using that. Even doing that gave her another thrill down her spine.

He was puzzled by the seeming contradiction between what she was saying and what her ass was doing to him, but he continued, "Ma, you're just... you're my dream girl! God! Fucking your tits was just... UGH!" He was at a loss for words to convey how much he'd loved it.

His enthusiasm and compliments pleased her. Her stance subtly shifted to an even sexier pose. Her legs straightened, and her ass jutted out yet more. Then she kept going with her anal flexing, but slightly humped back at him at the same time.

He groaned. He was startled at just how great that felt. *Sweet Jesus! Who knew an ass could feel this good?! And that's just on the outside. Imagine if I actually fucked her ass on the inside! Holy shit! Ma is such a walking wet dream! All I want to do all day is fuck her in every hole! And Hillary! Hot damn!*

She silently savored how his hard-on felt between her ass cheeks. *Aaaah!! What a tower of cock! Hee-hee! This is such fun. And what vigor! Whenever he's with me, I want him stiff and throbbing all the time. What a lucky discovery. I didn't know I could trap him like this between my butt cheeks, much less squeeze him so delightfully like this! I could do this all day!*

But of course, when it comes to his cock, there are much more fun things to do. If only we'd started earlier. He could give my tits an even BETTER fucking, and then I could have given his very first "proper" cocksucking! Then, with his first cum load still on my face, he could blast a second load

on it too! God, would that be HOT! I'll bet Hillary would love to see a photo of that.

She realized with a start that none of that was going to happen, at least not now. She felt sad and disappointed, but she tried not to show it.

Still without trying to look back at him, she said, "You just told me I'm your dream girl. But I thought Hillary is your dream girl?"

"She is. But you are too. You're both so perfect, how can I not love you both? Just look at you! You're not a mother, you're a centerfold!" He couldn't resist not using his hands anymore. He put her purse on the ground and then carefully put the towel on it, so no part of the towel touched the ground. Then he brought his hands under her E-cups and cupped them from below. "No, better: you're both! You're my centerfold, sex-bomb, super-stacked mother!"

She was very surprised he could use his hands. She looked back just enough to see how he'd put the purse and towel down, and decided that was okay. She kept right on with her anal flexing for a few seconds.

But she was also mindful that they were running out of time. She complained, "Hey! Remember what I said about using the 'M' word in situations like this. We've got to get going." She wiggled her ass a bit as if to shake his cock off it, but in fact it was a deliberate move to stimulate his stiffness even more.

But it was like he was so transfixed by her body that he didn't hear her. He did take his hands off her tits, but only because he ran his fingers on both hands down her bare thighs instead. "Look at these legs," he exclaimed with awe.

She'd stopped even with the pretense of putting her make-up on. "What about them?" she asked encouragingly, still humping back and flexing.

"They're, like, ten feet long! And nicely tanned. Not a scar or blemish to be seen too." He reached down her legs as far as he could without losing his comfy position with his cock snuggled in between her firm cheeks. "What would an airbrush artist do with you? He'd be out of work!"

She tried to hide a smile, but without success. "Or she," she playfully chided him. "it could be a female artist."

"True." He felt he was slowly losing his mind. He was realizing she couldn't quite do enough with her flexing ass muscles to get him to cum, but he was oh so close! He continued to fondle her hips and legs.

"At least you're finding out there's more to me than just a pair of big breasts." She shivered, because he ran one hand back up the inside of her thigh. That touch felt arousing in and of itself, but it was also exciting for how close his hand wound up to her pussy before he finally stopped.

"I know that." He reached around and cupped her full globes from below again, and gave them a nice squeeze. At the same time, he humped more into her always flexing bare ass. "Although they do feel pretty nice too."

Her eyes went wide and her breathing grew heavy as she felt an unexpected urge to cum again.

She told him, "You know, we really should stop this soon. You're going to be so late, and it's all my fault. I'm your mother. What if Andy saw us like this, with you running your hands wantonly all over your totally naked and far too horny mother? While I'm practically fucking your cock with my ass, for good measure! He could walk through that door at any second, you know."

She nodded towards the door from the garage to the house. "Besides, you said we only have five minutes before we have to go. Isn't our time up?"

She was conflicted. She'd mostly said those words to arouse them both, as some of her word choice made clear. They both knew Andy wasn't going to come to the garage unless maybe the rest of the house was on fire. But, almost inadvertently, her words alarmed her and reminded her that they really were running late.

She spun around, finally ending their mutually delightful anal flexing experiment. She wrapped her arms around his back.

He latched right back onto her bouncy big tits without hardly missing a beat.

She wanted to tell him face to face that they really had to go, and she really meant it, but somehow they wound up French kissing some more instead.

It felt like déjà vu all over again to her, as she completely succumbed and kissed back with passion. And, as was becoming a habit, she clutched at his

ass while he clutched at her bare cheeks with one hand and groped one of her tits with his other one.

She thought, Good Lord! I'm just so bad! Such a bad, bad mommy! At this rate, he's NEVER going to get to school! We might as well have stayed in the car so I could have given him that first blowjob we both so desperately need!

She could feel her pussy heating up, and knew she was seconds away from completely giving in. She had visions of spending the rest of the morning kneeling on the cold concrete floor of the garage, sucking and titfucking her son's cock. She was disturbed to realize how appealing that sounded.

She could feel his wet and exposed hard-on pressing into her pussy mound. God, I'm naked! Totally naked, but for my sexy high heels! Which means I'm even MORE naked than totally naked! Too hot! And I'm in my son's arms with his lips on mine after practically fucking him with just my ass cheeks! Like a total SLUT! And a bad, bad mommy! It's all too hot!

Then she felt his fingers probing into her ass crack. When his fingertip brushed back and forth against her anus, she gasped. At the same time, he pulled hard on one of her nipples. *Oh no! Too good! I love it! I need to reward him with a good, long cocksucking!*

But with one last surge of willpower, she pushed him back, forcing their kiss to break. It wasn't a mean push, and it only created a small gap between their bodies, but it got his attention. She said, "Listen, buster! We've got to go to school. Now! No ifs, ands, or... butts." She pointedly removed his hand from where it was cupping her rear, right as she said "butts."

Nick was basically a good kid. If Maggie put her foot down, he was going to obey. But he figured he could at least get some concessions out of his advantageous position. "Okay. But we have to do it my way."

"Wh-what do you mean by that?" She wanted to back away, but she could already feel the back of the car against her legs.

He pushed his body into her, and gripped her ass cheeks with both hands again. As one of his fingers explored deep in her ass crack, he said, "You do what I want until we get to school. No saying no. To anything."

"Okay, fine, whatever. Just so long as we get there on time. Or close to on time. And that means we leave now!"

She pretended to be irritated and impatient, but she secretly loved the idea of not being able to say no to him. She also knew that she had to disengage, and fast, or she'd wind up on her knees with his fat cock in her mouth, whether he wanted that right now or not!

Seeing how quickly she'd given in, he pressed for further concessions. "I don't want you to feel regretful later in the day. We did this much, and it was great, and there's no reason to feel bad."

"Fine," she said impatiently.

He brought a hand up to her remarkable rack. He'd recently discovered that she'd agree to most anything once he started twisting her nipples, so he started doing just that. "Seriously? No regrets? You're not just saying that? You really mean it? You promise, even?"

She sighed more heavily, knowing he was right about that. "I said fine. I promise, okay?" She knew she couldn't actually promise how she would feel later in the day, but she figured she'd make a sincere effort with her attitude, at least.

"Okay. Good. And you have to admit that the garage is a full Maggie zone, not a Margaret zone, or some neutral ground, like the backyard. Not just today, but forever!"

"Fine, already!" She was secretly very glad to be "forced" to make that concession. "Let's go or we're going to be late!"

But he wasn't quite done, since he was having such success with his demands. "And there's nothing wrong with titfucks, is there? You are my girlfriend, after all."

She tried to be evasive about that one, even though she knew she'd be doing that with him a lot more from now on. She couldn't know exactly how much pleasure he felt, but she suspected she loved the titfucking every bit as much as he did. She huffed, "Whatever. I suppose not. Now, get your hands off me, you big brute, before I, I, I call your father on you!"

The words sounded quite harsh, but her smile showed that she was just playing around.

He finally let go, but only after another scorching kiss.

After that, he let her dress on her own without any touching or other interference, because he knew they'd have to hurry it up if he had any chance to make it to school on time. They'd used up their five-minute buffer, and now it would be a close call. Probably, he would be late.

However, since they were now operating by "his rules," he insisted that she leave her underwear behind. Since she hadn't been wearing a bra anyway, that meant no panties.

She kept her short skirt, but put on a different top, selected from her extra clothes in the car truck, since the one she'd been wearing wasn't at its best anymore after it had been used as a pillow during much of the titfuck. Her new top was black and skin tight, while it also left her shoulders bare and displayed lots of cleavage.

Once she was dressed, she said, "You drive." She'd asked him to do that earlier, and she figured that might cut down on whatever mischief he had planned.

That didn't slow him down. He already assumed he would be the driver.

They got back in the Prius, with Maggie next to him in the front passenger seat. But before Nick started the car, he ran his hands all over her body again. He pulled her skirt up and ran one hand everywhere around her pussy except for actually touching her clit or pussy lips.

She tingled and shivered over and over again. She asked breathlessly, "What are you doing?!"

He smiled. "Just checking out my hot mom."

She warned, "When I agreed to no saying no, the no touching my pussy rule still applies, you know!"

He smirked. "I know. And I'm not touching it. See? I just like to live dangerously."

That sent more shivers down her spine. *Dammit! He's acting like he owns me! Too fuckin' hot! Where did the shy Nick go?!*

He pulled her black top up and similarly inspected her big rack while it was fully exposed.

She complained, "Come ON! The time! The time!"

"Don't worry," he spoke with surprising calm. "I'm aware."

"UGH! GRRR!"

He only fondled her there for a minute, but by the time he was done, her pussy was leaking copiously.

Then he turned back to the front, put his hands on the wheel, and started the Prius.

She was left having to pull her clothes back into place. She came very, very close to asking him not to drive out of the garage at all, so they could play around some more. A lot more! She almost regretted her willpower, especially when she saw his boner tenting his shorts.

She had to bite her lip as she continued to stare at his boner instead of watching him take the car down the driveway. *It seems almost cruel not to take care of that for him before he gets to school. He STILL hasn't cum a second time, and he really should! I could just unzip his fly, whip out his fat horse cock, and start bobbing on it while he drives! UNGH! Unfortunately, that sounds like a fun thing to do in a porn film, but it's far too dangerous to try in real life.*

After he had the car heading down the road, she commented, "I hope Andy didn't hear anything. We were kind of loud for a while there. You shouted pretty loudly at one point, now that I think about it. And that's not even counting the sound of the garage door opening and closing."

Nick put a hand on his mother's nearest silky smooth thigh and stroked it a few times. "Chill. You know as well as I do that he went to the den straight after breakfast. We saw him go. Once he gets working on his computer, with his music playing, he wouldn't notice a herd of elephants in the living room."

She knew that, which was why she hadn't been more alarmed earlier. She didn't want to admit it though, as she didn't want to give Nick more encouragement for the next time they were in the garage together. "I don't know about that. Besides, you have to admit it's a pretty rotten thing to do with him right there, just a few walls away. I'm his wife!"

"Yes, but soon to be ex-wife. He's history. More importantly, you're also my girlfriend." Even though he was driving, his hand went higher up her thigh, causing her short skirt to rise up too.

Her short skirt was riding up and up, thanks to the way he pulled on it each time he stroked her bare thigh.

She had to put a hand over her pussy or it would be exposed for the whole world to see. She thought, *"You're also my girlfriend." Gaawwwd! He says that so authoritatively, like it's written in stone! I'm his mother too, but he doesn't give a flying fuck about that! Do I have any say in the matter? Apparently not!*

As he caressed her nearest hip, pulling her skirt up even higher on that side in doing so, he said, "And we're operating under my rules, for the next few minutes anyway, and I don't want to spend that time talking about that kind of depressing stuff."

"Fine." She frowned and folded her arms under her massive rack. On the surface, it looked like a pouty gesture, but she also knew it would thrust her tits out and draw his eyes to them even more than usual. (Although she was aware he should have been concentrating on the road ahead.) It certainly highlighted the fact that her nipples were still hard, since they poked outrageously through her top.

He liked that, but at the moment, he was more interested in her fine legs. While he watched the road, his hand kept sliding around on her body, all the way to her pussy. However, he didn't touch it, since that was against her rules, but kept his fingers a few inches to its side.

But daring to get that close again aroused Maggie greatly. She began to worry if she could last the remaining couple of minutes to school before she did something rash. She had visions of the car parked by the side of the road and her head bent down in her son's lap, sucking on his cock while he fingered her pussy. *What's wrong with me? Why do all my thoughts keep going to blowjobs? Wasn't the titfuck crazy enough for one day? Besides, what if I suck him after school? I can hold out that long, can't I?!*

His hand had pulled the fabric of her skirt tight. She lifted up her ass and readjusted her skirt a bit, but the end result was that it was bunched up so high that the bottom of her labia was visible to Nick's eyes.

She was impressed that he still was capable of keeping his eyes on the road. Most of the time, that is.

His seeming calm was even more impressive to her because she was so horny that she could barely stand it. She was writhing in her seat as if she could never get comfortable. Since she was bra-less and extremely endowed, she knew that had to create a constantly distracting sight for him. Her desire to reach her hand out and slide it inside his shorts was nearly overwhelming.

She could almost feel the comforting heat of whenever her hand was wrapped around his thick pole. She was becoming increasingly addicted to his cock, whether she knew it or not. She found herself seriously wondering how safely he could drive if he was enjoying a "mellow" handjob at the same time.

He would have been all in favor of a handjob all the way to school, except for the danger of having to drive safely. He had a different strategy: to drive to school as fast as possible, so they'd have some make out time before he had to leave the car. And it was a relatively short distance to school. Normally, he liked that fact, but today he was torn up about it. He wished he could stop at traffic lights for minutes at a time, so he'd have more time to play with his mother's perfect body.

Even though her son was only resting one hand near her pussy, she was extremely horny already and getting hornier all the time. She felt tempted to readjust her skirt again, so her entire pussy could be seen by him. But more than that, it was her tits that were driving her crazy. Without a bra, her tight top was providing no support whatsoever. The exact shape of her erect nipples could be clearly seen, and the fabric was pulled particularly tight all around them, because they were protruding so far out from her full and curvy tit slopes.

Worse than that was the way her tits bounced up and down wildly with every little bump in the road. Seeing her son continuing to peek at her jiggling and swaying boobs, she complained, "This is ridiculous. If this road was any rougher, these damn things would smack my face!"

"That's true," he happily agreed. "They wouldn't be the first thing to hit your face today though, would they?"

She blushed when she realized he was referring to the heavy cum bath he'd deposited on her. The memory of all that tasty cum dripping down her cheeks and chin doubled her arousal as fast as the flip of a switch. She

licked her lips as she stared at the sizable bulge there in his shorts. *Oh, fuck! Why did he have to mention that! Such torture! I've gotta keep my shit together!*

She was afraid to say or do anything more, for fear it would push her over the edge. She wasn't sure what was on the other side of the edge (aside from unimaginably powerful erotic pleasures), but she was afraid to find out. She remembered Hillary's advice that a good slut needed to stay in control. *I've gotta be a good slut! Gotta be a good... Wait, why do I have to be a slut at all? This is my son I'm talking about! I should be his responsible mother, and that's it!*

Shit! Even talking about doing the right thing somehow makes me uncontrollably horny. I wanna be a slut. A good slut, sure. But, basically, a slut! Most importantly, HIS slut! He's turning me into his personal cock stroking, titfucking slut! I don't give a shit about any other guy, including Andy! Where's the goddamn school already?! And how is it his cock still hasn't gone down?!

She flashed a grin as she looked at him stealing frequent glances in her direction. *Although I guess the sight of my bald pussy and my bouncing boobies might be at least a little bit to blame there!*

They arrived at the school, but that was no reprieve for her. Nick didn't pull up as close to the school building as he could get, as expected. Instead, he parked the car in the back of the parking lot. There was no one else around, at least not for a couple hundred feet.

He looked at the clock on the car's dashboard. They still had four minutes. It was foolhardy, but he couldn't help himself: he slid both of his hands under the bottom edge of his mother's black shirt. And despite the tightness of the fabric, his hands slid right up to her nipples. One could clearly see the outlines of each finger as they lewdly pushed into her soft tit-flesh.

Already with his seat belt unbuckled and his ass sitting between the front seats, he moved in for some kissing.

"Wait!" she cried out. "We can't! School is starting!" That was true, but she was more concerned that her willpower was all gone. Even one more kiss might shatter the last remnants of her resistance, if it was like her son's usual fiery kisses. She imagined herself buck naked in their Prius and bobbing and slobbering all over his cock for his entire first period class, if

not longer. She didn't know if that was the "worst case scenario" or the "best case scenario."

He complained, "But what about our agreement? 'No saying no.' Apparently, that didn't mean squat! All I got to do was drive. I can't just-"

She cut him off. She knew he'd done a lot more than drive, since he'd been fondling her the entire time. But she didn't bother to explain that. "I'll make you a deal. We'll go by your rules all the way back home when I pick you up, as long as that doesn't violate my rules."

"Which are?"

"You know."

"No, I honestly don't."

She squirmed around in her seat, embarrassed to say it. "No touching my you-know-what-"

"Your pussy."

"Right. And no putting your penis in, you know." She closed her eyes in total shame. "In... any of my holes."

He said for clarification, "Meaning your ass or pussy." He was hoping she wouldn't count her mouth.

She knew what was being omitted, but she didn't try to correct him. "Right. God, am I humiliated already, or what? This fake girlfriend thing has gone way too far. Now, go!"

"Wait. I'll agree to that, just so long as you don't get all regretful on me. I'm kind of afraid you're gonna come back here with a whole different attitude. You're already starting to complain. Remember that you promised."

"Okay, okay, okay! I promise I'll be frisky and fun! Sheesh! Go, already!"

"You promise?"

"Yes!" She rolled her eyes and pointed impatiently at the school building.

"Are you SURE?"

"Yes!"

"None of this wearing panties and bra stuff, right?"

"Yes, already. Sheesh!"

"And you'll agree to do ANYTHING I say after school, all the way until we get home, like you're my personal big-titted slut?"

She sighed. "Yes! Other than the exceptions you know."

He smiled from ear to ear. "You're the best, Ma! I love you so much!" He kissed her, but only on the cheek, because he was already opening the car door. However, he gave her tits good-bye squeezes too, and even twisted her nipples some more.

Picking up his backpack and slinging it over his back, he gave a final wave, and rushed off.

Maggie watched him run until he finally disappeared into the school building quite a ways away. She looked at her watch. He'd be a couple of minutes late she knew, but given his teacher already knew he was in the elite Advanced Studies program, she was sure his teacher would cut him some slack.

She sat in the car and sighed. *That was close! Too close! I was on the very edge of... I don't know what!*

This is fucked up. I was so proud of myself. I thought I had it all under control. I'd just masturbate twice a day, and my lusts would be kept in check. I'd be able to be with Nick as Maggie without totally losing my shit. Well, I just totally lost my shit! I gave up way too much, just to get him out of the car. If I was a REAL real girlfriend, he wouldn't treat me this way. It looks like I really am turning into his "personal big-titted slut!"

And the problem is, it's some kind of vicious circle. The more I give in, the more I love it, and the more I'll get hot thinking about it later. Hell, it'll be a friggin' miracle if I don't spend the rest of the day masturbating to thoughts of my son fucking his big cock monster through my cleavage, or pleasuring him with his first ever proper blowjob, or squirting his tasty stuff all over my face. Not to mention a thousand other totally arousing things he did to me, this morning alone! Probably all those things and more will happen later today!

Dammit, he fucking played me like a fiddle! Just thinking about standing next to the car in nothing but my high heels, with his cum dripping down my face onto my breasts... UGH! Or the way I repeatedly squeezed his fat cock with my flexing ass cheeks... I'm gonna cum if I keep thinking about it!

Like I said, it's a dangerous vicious cycle. I know that when I see him again later, I'll be so horny I'll allow him to do more sexy stuff. Hell, after our latest deal, I don't even have a choice! Then I'll end up totally loving it and wanting to do more and more. It'll just keep going down and down like that.

Well, not today! The buck stops here. True, I promised I'd be "fun and frisky" when I pick him up later, and I'll have to stick to that. If there's one thing Andy and I have taught him, it's that a promise is a promise. But I'm not gonna lose all my willpower. Not again!

She tried to think what she could do between now and then to help boost her willpower. I know: what if I work myself to death before then? I still haven't done my morning exercises. I'll run double the usual distance. I'll do double the usual reps on the exercise machines. Then I'll do some of the most difficult gardening jobs I've been putting off. I've heard physical exercise is a way to blow off excess sexual energy. It's time I find out if that's true.

As she finally shifted over into the driver's seat, she thought, Plus, regularly doubling my workout program is a good thing in and of itself. I know people would say I'm nuts to think I need to get even more in shape, but I'm not getting any younger, and if my son is gonna be regularly running his hands all over my naked body, I have to step things up a notch to look my very best for him. Not to mention, I can't rest easy with Hillary looking like she does. I'm not going to lose him to her!

She realized what she'd just said, and sighed. Okay, actually, I AM going to lose him to her. That's the whole point of this, so I can hand him over to her. But it doesn't have to be today, or tomorrow, or even next week! Or even next month, or longer. With the complications we're facing, like the whole situation with Anushka, I may be forced to be his fake girlfriend for a long time. There's no reason why I can't enjoy the hell out of the experience while it lasts!

With that in mind, I'm gonna go home and masturbate about what just happened until my hands fall off and my kitty cries uncle. Then I'll try to exhaust myself half to death.

Chapter 20: Going for a Drive (Tuesday)

Nick managed to make it to his first class only two minutes late. He figured that was pretty good, considering everything. Luckily, his reputation as a nice guy and one of the best students meant that his teacher cut him a lot of slack and did nothing more than give him a disapproving look when he came in.

He ran the entire way from the Prius to the class, so he was winded when he got there. He figured that was a fortunate thing, because he sat next to Hillary in his first period, like most other classes, and he was going to be flushed in the face and panting from all the excitement in the car anyway. At least this gave him a very plausible excuse to look that way.

Hillary snickered at him and even quietly whispered some teases at him about being late, but it was clear she didn't suspect that he'd just come from some highly arousing sex session. Thanks to his tiredness from the running, and a general exhaustion from being so aroused for so long, he was able to go flaccid not long thereafter.

The school day progressed for Nick much as it had on Monday. He did reasonably well in his classes, but he was coasting on his natural talents. The problem was, he had his mind on other matters - sexual matters! The only thing he really cared about was his time with Hillary and Maggie.

He continued to spend much of his spare time at school with Hillary, and they were having a great time together. Already, it was getting to the point where their classmates and even many school mates expected to see them walking and talking together between classes, so the number of surprised looks was going down all the time.

More importantly, they continued their regular habit of eating lunch together most days. That was important, because the time between classes was short, and the chances for them to talk to each other during their classes was even rarer. The lunch break was the only time they could have long conversations allowing them to know each other's personalities a lot better.

But unfortunately, Hillary was so popular that even though they always picked an empty and distant table in the cafeteria after they got their trays of food, that table always filled up not long after they sat down.

Nick was especially worried that Spencer was muscling in. More and more, it seemed Spencer was everywhere Hillary was, and he was acting extremely friendly to her. For instance, he had a habit of floating from table to table at the start of lunch, saying hello to this friend or that friend, but without actually sitting down. Instead, he'd wait to see where Hillary was sitting, and move fast so he could always sit next to her or across from her.

Nick often saw Spencer talking to some of the other very most beautiful girls in school, even some of the seniors.

There were some real lookers in that grade, but Nick barely knew of them, because the school was arranged so that the classes of the different grades were generally very physically separated. For instance, the sophomores were in several buildings outside the main building, Nick's junior grad was on the bottom floor of the main building, and the seniors were on the top floor of the main building. There were very few classes where the different grades mixed, mainly the P.E. classes.

The fact that Spencer interacted with any of the older girls was very unusual, but that was a sign how Spencer had a knack of latching onto all the most beautiful girls and befriending them. Nick suspected that Spencer was going to work his way through a long list of all the sexiest girls in school and probably fuck most of them before the year was over. If that wasn't Spencer's plan, then it was a remarkable coincidence.

Nick especially saw Spencer talking to Debra a lot, between classes or before or after school. But at lunch, Spencer invariably tried to sit next to Hillary, and never Debra. Nick figured that this was a strong sign that Spencer had made Hillary his number one future girlfriend target.

Spencer was Nick's worst nightmare. He was one of the most popular guys in school, and with good reason. He was both devastatingly handsome and genuinely charismatic. And like Hillary, he seemed to excel in everything he did, including academics and sports (though Nick was relieved that at least he wasn't in the Advanced Studies program). But the really frustrating thing for Nick is that Spencer didn't seem to have a downside. The stereotypical high school "golden boy" in the movies and on TV was a smarmy, arrogant asshole pushing nerds into lockers, but Spencer didn't seem like that at all. He appeared to be a genuinely nice guy who got along well with everybody

And while Nick believed Spencer was a major horndog based on his curious pattern of almost exclusively only befriending the most beautiful girls, Spencer was very suave, and subtle with his flirtation techniques. Nobody else but Nick seemed to think Spencer was a horndog at all. It helped that there was a general pattern of the "beautiful people" wanting to stick together.

Spencer also was the epitome of cool. Nick could only envy Spencer's dress style, sense of humor, cultural knowledge and taste, and much more. Spencer was also very observant, because he realized what a great catch Hillary was pretty much from the first day of the school year, and started acting on it before any other guy did. There was a subtle expectation that the junior grade's "golden boy" and "golden girl" should naturally get together. It seemed almost fated to be. In fact, had Nick not wanted Hillary for himself, he would have thought Spencer and Hillary made a logical match.

The one positive to come out of the Spencer threat for Nick was that it reminded him he couldn't afford to slip up or slack off whatsoever. Nick couldn't afford to just space out and fondly recall recent great times with Maggie. He couldn't slouch in class, pick his nose, dress shabbily, and so on. He had to be "on" at all times, making witty and entertaining conversation, especially whenever Hillary was around.

Nick couldn't shake the feeling that he was basically a fraud. His new relationship with Hillary was based on a deceitful scheme, and he didn't see any way to fix that. But it went beyond that. He felt his entire "new" personality was an act. He was trying to become what Spencer had naturally been for years, or to at least appear that way. It was a constant battle acting way out of his usual comfort zone.

But Nick also knew the reason he hadn't been popular before wasn't that he was incapable. He wasn't seen as a "nerd" despite Advanced Studies students usually getting pigeonholed that way, because he had an athletic ability, reasonably muscular body, and ability to socialize and fit in well with various cliques if he put in the effort.

Actually, his "shyness" was generally misunderstood, even by Maggie. It was true that he was naturally introverted. But a large part of his shyness problem wasn't a typical lack of confidence that shy people had, but more

that he often just didn't care. He knew that he was on a different intellectual and maturity level than most of his classmates, so he didn't enjoy spending time with them, except for a select few.

But things had changed. The reason Hillary and Nick had changed high schools was entirely due to them being accepted into the Advanced Studies program. The twenty students in this cluster of three back to back classes were chosen from around five or six of the nearby high schools. All of Nick's new classmates were at least his academic equals, and some of them were true geniuses who blew him away. These were the kind of people he typically found interesting to talk to, so he didn't have to fight any "shyness problem" with them.

One lucky break for Nick was that he and Hillary had three hours at school each day in the Advanced Studies program, and Spencer didn't, they had a lot to talk about that Spencer couldn't be a part of. The Advanced Studies program also had a lot more class participation than the typical class where the teacher lectured from the front, so that was more opportunities for him to interact with Hillary. It hadn't really happened yet, since the school year was just starting, but he knew some small group study projects were coming up, and he was determined to be in whatever groups Hillary ended up in.

Plus, it was a boost to Nick's ego that at least he seemed to be smarter than Spencer, due to the fact that he got accepted into the Advanced Studies program and Spencer did not, although Spencer beat him in most every other way.

Unfortunately, at Tuesday's lunch, Nick had to share the meal with both Hillary and Spencer again. As happened yesterday, Spencer got talking to Hillary and soon it was like they were at their own private table, with Nick (and the others) almost totally ignored. It sickened him to see Hillary so obviously enjoying Spencer's charismatic company.

In fact, sometimes even Nick had a hard time remembering that Spencer was supposed to be the enemy, because Spencer was that charming and personable. Nick tried to walk a fine line between not appearing too friendly with Spencer, so Spencer wouldn't glom onto them even more in the future, and not being outwardly hostile to him, so he wouldn't seem immature in Hillary's eyes.

Additionally, Spencer seemed to be friends with everyone, and being his enemy could be costly. After all, Nick and Hillary were one of the very few "new kids" at junior grade in the school, while Spencer seemed to have known everyone else for years.

All in all, Nick's day at school didn't go well. One thing that bothered him was that he and Hillary had to appear as strictly platonic friends, even though they had done very intimate things to each other in private, because Maggie was supposed to be Nick's official girlfriend. That meant Nick had to just grin and bear it if Spencer (or anyone else) was flirtatious with Hillary right in front of his eyes.

In that kind of situation, Nick was a victim of his own clever scheme. And his relationship with Hillary was still too tenuous for him to be able to expect or demand loyalty from her. Besides, it was tough to do that without being hypocritical, due to his "official" relationship with Maggie. He'd wanted to broach the difficult "relationship status" topic on the phone with Hillary the night before, but he'd chickened out.

He maintained a cheerful, charming demeanor until the end of school. As he and Hillary were walking out of their last class, she asked him about his after school plans.

Hoping to use the rivalry angle to his advantage, he said, "Oh, Maggie and I are going to do some stuff together." Then, getting smarter, he added, "You want to join us?"

Hillary looked receptive, but said, "Thanks, but I can't. I'm doing some stuff with Anushka. Sorry."

"Oh. How 'bout tomorrow then?"

"Damn again! I wish you'd said something before lunch about that. I'd like to, but I've already made some plans with Spencer. He seems like a really nice guy, don't you think?"

"Yep. Oh, hey, I'd better get running; Maggie's waiting for me. See you tomorrow!" He rushed off while waving his hand behind him.

"Wait!" Hillary called for him. There was more she wanted to say to him, to sort things out.

But he just said back over his shoulder, "Gotta go! Later!"

In truth, he wasn't in a hurry. He just didn't want Hillary to see his crestfallen face after her comment about her plans with Spencer. He would have burst into tears as he ran, if that wasn't such an "uncool" thing to do' and he hadn't been afraid of other students seeing him like that.

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When Nick got outside, Maggie was waiting by her Prius, looking as hot and sexy as she'd ever been.

She was in a pretty good mood. Her new strategy to "exercise and work herself to death" had achieved its purpose. She felt tired, but not dead tired. She felt horny, but she didn't feel a lusty desire that threatened to rage out of control. She'd promised in the morning that she wouldn't be in a bad mood, and she felt good that she'd lived up to that. She felt like she'd struck a healthy balance. She felt eager for the frisky fun she'd promised her son.

Put simply, she was dressed to kill. She wore the same tight black top she'd worn in the morning, because she'd loved the hungry look Nick had shown her when she put it on. Also, she wanted to take off from where they'd left off when he had to rush to class. She had agreed to do anything he wanted after school, not counting her continued restriction about him touching her pussy, and she was determined to see that through. In fact, she was on pins and needles to see what sorts of naughty things he would do to her.

Also, as promised, she didn't wear a bra. For many less endowed women, wearing a bra or not wasn't such a big deal, but for an extremely endowed woman like Maggie, it was a very big deal. Just about any movement on her part would set her twin orbs lewdly bouncing.

Her skirt was a different one that what she'd worn in the morning though. She wore a remarkably short miniskirt that she'd just bought hours earlier, made of shiny, dark blue leather. She wore a tiny thong underneath it, even though she'd explicitly promised Nick in the morning that she wouldn't wear any panties at all. She felt bad about breaking that promise, but she didn't know how wild and horny he would be. She hoped he would take that as a sign she was serious that touching her pussy was off limits, and the thong was so negligible that she figured it didn't really count as panties.

Plus, it was scary for her to go without anything underneath while wearing such a short miniskirt. Just before he'd left for school, he'd reminded her that she'd just "agree[d] to do ANYTHING I say after school, all the way

until we get home, like you're my personal big-titted slut." But up until one week ago, Maggie had been a typical suburban soccer mom like any other (not counting her exceptional beauty), so she was having a hard time coping with being her son's girlfriend, much less switching to a "personal bit-titted slut" mentality. Being in public without panties or a bra was a severe challenge for her.

That was especially true considering her new miniskirt. The fabric only had to rise up about two inches and her pussy would be visible! In back, about the only way her ass cheeks remained covered was if she was standing still. She hoped that, between that daring miniskirt and the thong, he would be sufficiently mollified.

She also wore dark sunglasses and very high heels. She hadn't owned five-inch high heels in the morning, but she did now. She hadn't had any particularly strong feelings about high heels until what happened in the garage in the morning, where he not only got her completely naked, but he insisted that she keep her high heels on, as that made her even sexier in his eyes. That had pretty much given her a high heel fetish on the spot, and she'd bought several new pairs while he was in school.

She loved how naughty and sexy they made her feel when she was walking around, or even just standing or sitting. In reality, the five-inch heels weren't that different in feel or look to the four-inch ones she already had for going to fancy parties and special events back when she had a real marriage. But thinking that she was specifically wearing them for Nick, to help get his cock stiff, made all the difference.

She'd had a very busy day. On top of masturbating, exercising, gardening, and shopping for heels, miniskirts, and thongs, she'd spent a lot of time getting her looks just so, in order to look extra fantastic for her son. What had happened with him in the garage in the morning had significantly changed her attitude towards her relationship with him, though she wasn't fully conscious of the changes yet. The bottom line was that she was warming up to not only being his fake girlfriend, but even his slut. She felt a growing desire to please him and arouse him.

To that end, she'd recently showered, and then applied a light make up everywhere. She'd even scented her breasts a little bit with a fruity smell

she knew Nick particularly liked. She'd used a recently purchased "edible" perfume, so he wouldn't be deterred from licking her there.

She remained determined not to go too far sexually with her son. Her great concern was that she couldn't let him fuck her. She was against a few other activities, such as cunnilingus or even allowing him to touch her pussy, for fear they would be "gateway" activities leading to fucking.

But although she had her limits, she otherwise was heartily embracing her new role as her son's "girlfriend." She'd pretty much given up worrying about the wrongness of it (so long as it didn't lead to fucking). In fact, she hadn't been this excited about anything in years. Even the last five years or so of her marriage before Andy's accident and cheating revelation had been humdrum. She felt fully alive for the first time in ages! And she'd never been so sexually thrilled.

Nick had gotten her excited to wake up every morning again, and just thrilled to be alive in general. Her Margaret mode life was increasingly miserable, now that she knew how else she could live, but at least she always had the light at the end of the tunnel of switching back to Maggie mode before long. She wanted to reward him by being the best "good slut" girlfriend she could possibly be.

So everything was in place for the two of them to have a great time after school... except for Nick. He was so bummed out by what Hillary said about her plans with Spencer that he hardly even noticed Maggie's fantastic appearance. He went straight to the passenger seat, keeping his head down, and only mumbled a "hi" at her.

Maggie was miffed, especially after all the time and effort she'd put in to look good just for him. But then she sat in the driver's seat and saw his tortured facial expression, and her motherly concern came to the fore.

"Drive! Drive!" was all he said. He was still afraid he'd start to cry, and he didn't want anyone at school to see that.

Maggie drove away without knowing where she was going exactly. Finding a good place for their fun was an issue she'd been thinking about off and on all day. She'd had some ideas, but no obvious solution, and she'd wanted to get his opinion. Now, with his distraught mood, she was even more confused about where to go. The one thing she knew was they couldn't go

home for that, since she "turned into Margaret" there. (Technically, she could have used the garage now, but that was a worst case option for her.)

She waited until he mastered his urge to cry, and then said, "I take it you had a bad day at school."

"A TERRIBLE day." He still was looking out the window, not even noticing how scorching hot she was, and the obvious effort she put into looking extra fantastic for him.

"Let's talk about it. I say we go to Hungry Henry's. I think it's good if we just talk for a while."

"Kay."

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Hungry Henry's was a locally owned sandwich and burger joint with food that was several notches above the usual fast food fare. In terms of layout and atmosphere, it was much like a typical "Denny's."

The two of them went in and found a private booth. Maggie made sure to find the most out of the way booth there was because she felt terribly exposed in her revealing clothes. She'd dressed just for Nick, and she hadn't anticipated going anywhere where other people could see her up close, but she had no choice but to grin and bear it. She'd walked from the car with her arms folded under her rack, so as to reduce the amount her unsupported boobs bounced around.

But even sitting across from Maggie, Nick still hardly noticed her stunning, sexy appearance. It was like he was looking at her but not really seeing her. He was very glad she was there though, because he wanted to unload all of his emotional worries by talking to her about it. He remained glum as he described his concerns about Hillary in detail. He shared everything about Spencer that he knew.

While talking, they both ate sandwiches. He talked freely, only trying to avoid the most obvious of incestuous references, because it was clear nobody else was within earshot. And even if someone overheard, all the other people around were total strangers.

Once he'd finished spilling his guts, he looked to Maggie for good advice and answers.

Maggie secretly felt glad. Of course, she was concerned about his problem, but she liked relating to him in a non-sexual and motherly manner after all their recent wild sexual adventures.

More than that though, she was actually glad to find out there were problems with Hillary. Although she liked Hillary very much and she was rooting for the "hand-over" plan to ultimately succeed, she certainly didn't want it to succeed right away, thus ending her sexual relationship with Nick. The Spencer problem suggested to Maggie that she would have more of a chance to keep her fake girlfriend pose going for a longer time.

However, she did her best to put her jealousy aside, and sincerely tried to give him good advice. She said, "That's a tough one. Clearly, this Spencer isn't your typical dumb jock or spoiled rich kid."

"He's rich," Nick pointed out grumpily. "Very, very rich. Everyone says. And it shows."

"Okay, but he's not spoiled and weak, like a lot of rich kids are. Even so, he could walk on water, and I still wouldn't be too worried about him. Vigilant and careful yes, but not panicky."

He looked incredulous. "What?! Are you mental?! I'm panicky. Very panicky! She's gone out on two dates with him! Two! That's as many as me!"

Maggie raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Were they really dates? First off, she was at a party where he was there, and they danced together. Once. That's not a date! And the second date with him, if that's what it is, hasn't even happened yet."

He huffed, "Okay, true, but it's gonna happen. And I'm helpless to stop him! I'm a fraud and a failure, and he's going to steal her away! And he doesn't love her at all. I love her!"

She said, "Hold your horses, Sport. Do you think she's looking for anything romantic or intimate with him? I don't think so. Not at all. If she's feeling that way towards him at all, her behavior towards you would change. Believe me. She's not a two-timing bitch."

He grumbled, "Well, maybe. I sure hope so!" He realized his worries were probably way overblown, but that didn't make them go away. He asked

plaintively, "But how long can that last?! Let's put it this way: if I were Hillary, I'd go out with him instead of me. In a heartbeat!"

Maggie joked, "I'm glad to hear you have the courage to finally come out of the closet."

But he wasn't in a joking mood. "You know what I mean."

"I do. But you underestimate yourself. Because you haven't been successful with girls until recently, you don't see how handsome you are. You think you're ugly, even."

"I am," he said grimly. "Okay, maybe not ugly, but ordinary." He complained. "I'm not tall. Just average. In fact, I'm a bit on the short side. I'm not skinny or fat, just average. My face isn't hideous or wonderful, just average. Everything about me is average, or worse! Meanwhile, Spencer looks like the second coming of a young Robert Redford!"

Maggie said, "Look, Sport, you may not be as handsome as this Spencer, but you're far from ugly or even average. You're handsome, reasonably muscular, and athletic. It's just that you've been shy and kind of a loner, so you underestimate yourself."

"Maybe so, even though you have your mom-shaped rose-colored glasses on. I'm okay, I guess. But I'm no Spencer!"

"No, you're not. But that doesn't matter, because the proof is in the pudding. Between you and Spencer, which one of you was in a movie theater on Friday night, getting jacked off at the same time by two of the sexiest, most buxom women you're ever likely to meet?"

She playfully shook her ample rack a little bit, and between her tight top and her lack of a bra, a little jiggling caused a whole lot of mouth-watering bouncing.

Nick grinned for the first time since the end of school. And the first sign of lust flickered briefly in his eyes, as he actually took a good, close look at her. He especially noticed and appreciated the fact that she clearly wasn't wearing a bra.

She continued, "And which one of you was sitting at home that night, not even daring to dream such an incredibly sexy thing could ever happen outside of a porno movie?"

Nick complained, "Yeah, but it's all a sham. Your feelings for me aren't real. You're just doing all this as a favor. Not like my deep feelings for you as a woman and a lover, as well as a you-know-what! And Hillary's feelings for me aren't real either. She only likes the guy I'm pretending to be. If I didn't have you as my supposed girlfriend, I'd be toast!"

Maggie said, "Buster, you couldn't be more wrong! First off, yes, you've been tricky and deceitful with Hillary, but who isn't like that sometimes? Who doesn't exaggerate their resume, or put their best foot forward and cover up all the bad stuff when starting to date? You'd be a fool not to, when everyone else is!"

"Maybe, but I'm obviously taking deceit to a whole new level. I mean, how could I ever introduce her to my parents?! Good grief!"

She winced at that, because that was a big problem with no apparent solution. "I'll admit you have taken it to another level. But you know what? Life isn't fair. People who play by all the rules generally get stomped on. Fortune favors the bold! Hillary is an extraordinary girl, and winning her takes extraordinary tactics and effort. All IS fair in love and war."

"Ma, you're just telling me a bunch of clichés."

"They're clichés because they're true most of the time. Besides, you're not living a lie; you're changing."

"No I'm not," he protested. "Lately, things worked out so unbelievably great that it's like I'm a different person. I'm on this never-ending high, so of course I'm brimming with confidence. But I'm still a naturally shy guy on the inside. I'm not an outgoing glad-hander like he is."

"So what? Did you know that the introverts often 'get the girl' in the end?"

"No they don't."

"They do! Take for instance Marilyn Monroe. She's the epitome of the sex goddess bombshell, right?"

He nodded.

"Well, she married three times. Her third and final marriage was to Arthur Miller, of all people. He was a bookish, quiet playwright. He looked like an accountant, complete with nerdy glasses. Total introvert. Yet, he got to go home and fuck Marilyn freaking Monroe every night, for years! So don't

tell me the introvert never wins the girl! In his case, the fact that he was a famous playwright was key. His cleverness got the girl, basically."

What she said was true, and Nick realized that. Hearing that account made him feel better. But it didn't lift his gloomy mood entirely. "Good for him, but the odds are still stacked way, way against me. I'm walking on a high wire, propelled forward by sheer lust and a confidence surge. But while this confidence surge seems never-ending, it will end. I'm not gonna wake up every day ready to punch my fists in the air and dance around, feeling like I won a \$100 million lottery."

Maggie grinned a little bit. "You feel that good these days, do you?"

He shyly nodded. "Better." He looked up at her and smiled impishly. He added with a frown, "Except when I think about Spencer. Or how my whole house of cards is going to inevitably come crashing down."

She said, "I think you're partially right; your introverted side is going to want to come to the fore again eventually. But people's personalities CAN change, and yours IS changing. Besides, I don't see it so much as you changing as it is you've discovered another side to you that was there all along. You'd never been in a real sexual situation before, but now you have, and we've found out you're a very horny horndog. Who knew?"

He nodded. "I guess there is some truth to that. When I get horny, this super confident side of me kind of takes over. But what about the rest of the time? That's most of the day. I feel like I'm living a lie at school all day long!"

Maggie pointed out, "You've had some long phone calls with Hillary, and they don't ALWAYS end in hot phone sex, do they?" She winked.

He couldn't help but briefly grin at that. "No, I guess not."

"You talk to her a lot without your 'sheer lust' 'propelling you forward,' and you do just great. You underestimate yourself."

He sighed. "Ugh! I wish I had the confidence in me that you do. Real confidence, not 'fake girlfriend scheme' manufactured confidence. It's like a Viagra-induced boner instead of a naturally caused one. You're sunk if you run out of pills."

She quipped encouragingly, "At least you're starting to think about your many, rampant boners, you stud, you!"

He didn't even smile at that.

She said, "I'd argue that your sexual awakening has permanently changed you already, and what happens in the future is entirely up to you. Tell me: if things don't work out with Hillary, do you want to go back to how you were in your last school, or do you want to continue with your new reputation?"

"The new reputation, of course," he replied. "Things have been beyond great. I used to mock the 'in crowd,' and I still don't like most of them, but it's not a matter of being in the 'in crowd' or not. It's a matter of being social or anti-social. I'd never realized just how anti-social I'd been. Lately, I'm getting to be friends with all kinds of people, from all kinds of cliques. School is, like, ten times more fun now."

She grinned. "You see? And not only that, but if you and I break up" - she made quote marks in the air as she said that - "you'll have all kinds of highly desirable girls wanting to go on a date with you, no matter what happens with Hillary. I bet you're finding out that handjobs and titfucks are way more fun than those computer games you were so big on."

He grinned. "Waaaay more fun." He could feel his penis start to tingle.

She ran a finger down her deep cleavage, drawing more of his attention there. She didn't care if a couple of other people nearby saw too.

It worked, and his dick started to engorge. However, his grin disappeared as he said, "But Spencer-"

"Hold on. I'm not done. So you're not living a lie, you're making a big personality change. Hillary likes the new you. But that's still you, just another previously unseen part of you, and it's becoming more natural for you every day. But what really upsets me is what you said about me."

"What? What'd I say?"

"You said I'm being your fake girlfriend just as a favor, to help you out. Yes, it started like that, but it's evolved into much more. Can't you see how much fun I'M having? I'm loving this, probably as much as you do!"

He chuckled. "I don't think so. No offense, but nobody could love anything as much as I love this!" He smiled widely. He thought back to the sexual ecstasy he'd felt while fucking her tits in the morning, and his dick grew stiffer. "I can see that you're having a really great time sometimes, but I'm

way, way off the scale. My God! Sexual pleasure is so... well, pleasurable! I'm surprised having this much fun isn't illegal!"

"It probably is," she said sadly, in an indirect reference to their mother and son relationship. But before they could get depressed about that, she continued, "Never mind about that. The point is, things have changed with me too. I started out quite reluctant, but I'm having a great time now."

She put her hand on his, and gave him a warm smile. She also leaned forward, causing her impressive globes to spill forward and almost fall out of her skimpy black top.

His dick kept on growing, forcing him to adjust his shorts as it reached full size.

She also was thinking about what they'd done in the garage in the morning. "Remember the first day of school, when we had a close-mouthed kiss?"

"Yeah?"

"Now THAT was a fake kiss from a fake girlfriend. Now, think back to what we did in my Prius before school." She lowered her voice and leaned even closer, both for secrecy and to put her great E-cups on even more enticing display. "Remember how you had me completely naked, and your cock was between my breasts, and I squeezed and rubbed it with them while licking your fat knob for good measure? Was THAT fake too? I'll tell you! There's NO WAY I could do that at all, much less with the love and passion that I showed, if I was just pretending for you the whole time! I don't know what to call our relationship or where we're going with it, but it's definitely NOT fake! The only fake part about it is how we put on a show for others. But there was nobody else in the car with us this morning. I did that because I wanted to, because I love doing it! And I want to keep doing it! Do you have a problem with that?!"

He was taken aback, but in a very good way. He also was surging with lust, thanks in large part to her vivid titfuck reminder. "Um, no!"

She added, "Good! Of course, that's as long as we don't let things get out of hand. But let's get back to your problem with Hillary. This Spencer would be a very big problem indeed if you weren't getting physical with her already. But you have. That changes everything."

"But there's no reason she can't get intimate with him too," he pointed out. "She and I don't have any kind of exclusive agreement. And if he's as talented in bed as he is with-"

She cut him off, and said firmly, "You don't have to worry about that." She didn't speak, but quietly whistled the tune to the line "Nobody does it better" from the Carly Simon 1970's hit of that same title.

For some reason, those words, plus the loving and lusty look in her eyes as she whistled really turned him on. He had to adjust his boner in his shorts again already.

As she continued to whistle the tune to the next line in the song, "Nobody does it half as good as you, baby, baby, you're the best," he finally truly noticed just how sexy she looked, and how much effort she'd put in to look her best, from her earrings down to the shade of lipstick she was wearing.

His problems were temporarily forgotten, and he said adoringly, "You look... fantastic!"

She raised an amused eyebrow, and grinned in an exasperated way. "Finally!" She glanced around to make sure nobody was looking, then brought her hands to the bottom sides of her breasts and gave them a quick push up from below, making them jiggle like plates of Jell-O. As she moved her hands away, she whispered huskily, "For you, Sport! All for you!"

He gulped. His heart was racing faster and faster.

But she had important things to say, so she continued, "Let's not get distracted... yet." She gave him another sexually promising look before turning serious. "I'm not just pumping your ego. You have a special sexual spark in you, and I feel it. I can tell that Hillary feels it just as much. It's not that you're that talented. In fact, you're not."

He sagged with defeat.

"Wait! You're not... yet. But that doesn't matter, because you make up for it and then some with sheer enthusiasm! You get soooo damn excited and lusty and happy that how can I not feel the same way? Ditto with Hillary. That makes you special. I keep thinking you're the 'magic man' with 'magic hands,' like in that old Heart song, because you are! It's not about talent, per se, it's about your overwhelming lust!"

She went on, "I'll bet you any money that you're the best lover she's ever had. Okay, maybe not the 'best' in a technical sense, but the most fun, the most enjoyable, the most sexually satisfying. That's more important. It's like you said, how you feel like you've won a \$100 million lottery. When she or I are around you, that rubs off, and we start to feel like we won the lottery too."

He felt a lot better. His penis had been starting to go flaccid as his worries came back to him, but it quickly rebounded.

She added with a sexy leer, "Plus, let's not beat around the bush: you're seriously fucking endowed! Your dick is like the male version of the big tits that you love so much. Women say 'it's not the size of the wave, it's the motion in the ocean,' but that's bullshit. No one can compete with a big wave PLUS talented motion. Frankly, don't let it go to your head, but your cock size is just about perfect. Guys obsess about the length, but TOO long is actually bad. Few vaginas are deep enough to accommodate all of a nine- or ten-inch dick. What matters more is the WIDTH! Stretching out the pussy lips, rubbing against the clitoris... phew! That's where it's at!"

Nick was suddenly feeling much better. And much more aroused!

"Then there's the fact that even though you don't have years of experience, only a few days, in fact, you're some kind of natural. You're going to be talented in no time, because you're smart and you learn fast, and you have that natural knack. Add your overwhelming passion, your perfect thick cock size, not to mention your already impressive stamina and recuperative ability no doubt helped along from your frequent masturbation, and you have all the makings of an absolutely DEVASTATING lover! Once you get it all together, you'll be absolutely unstoppable!"

He was starting to feel really good. But still, he started to say, "But Spencer-

She interrupted, "Fuck him! Good looks and a smooth tongue will only get you so far. The odds that Spencer has a big dick even approaching your size on top of everything else are less than a million to one. Human nature is predictable. If he had that much going for him, it would go to his head and he'd get arrogant. But you say he's NOT arrogant. Maybe that just means he had very good parents, but I'll bet he's charming because he has something

to prove. He may have a skeleton or two in his closet. Heck, I wouldn't be surprised at all if he has a small penis!"

Nick was practically beaming now. "Gee, Ma. You're the greatest inspirational speaker, ever! I don't know why penis size matters so much to us guys, but it does."

She said, "Despite your obvious natural sexual... appeal, don't let it go to your head. You can't rest on your laurels. It's key that you lock Hillary in to an exclusive relationship, and nip this Spencer thing in the bud, before it has a chance to actually get serious."

"But how can I do that? I mean, me, asking for exclusivity, in my weird situation?"

"But that's just it!" she said triumphantly. "That's why you'll win and Spencer will lose. From everything I've heard and you've told me, you're the ideal partner for Hillary. Why? Because you have me, and she has Anushka. How many boys would put up sharing her with Anushka for long? Zero besides you, that's how many. Sure, it sounds like a great erotic dream come true to a boy, at first glance, but Anushka is lesbian and isn't interested in threesomes. In reality, jealousy would tear things apart quickly unless there's some sort of balancing force. Can you imagine if half your Friday nights, you had to sit alone while she's out with Anushka? You'd be climbing up the walls!"

"That's true," he realized.

"But you have that balancing force. And that's me! That's such a unique and marvelously lucky balancing act that you've stumbled upon, there's no way Spencer could ever match it. And you can rest easy, because the odds of anyone else matching it are infinitesimal."

Nick looked gob-smacked. "Wow. I feel like I've been run over by a truck, but in a good way, if you know what I mean. You're SO right. And I've never felt so relieved! I thought about that, but I kinda figured it was just wishful thinking on my part. Hearing it from you, I'm starting to believe it. Thanks, Ma-aggie!"

They were trying not to use words like "Ma" or "Son" even in situations like this, just so they could get in the habit. They'd been quite slack with this conversation so far.

She squeezed his hand and gave him a very loving smile. "My pleasure. But don't think you can rest easy. You need to lock in a serious physical relationship with Hillary right away. Things are still too ambiguous. I'll have to help you with that."

She said that even though she didn't want to, because she was trying to defeat her jealousy and give him the best advice. She would have loved to remain his exclusive girlfriend indefinitely, but she felt that simply wasn't possible for the longer term.

She elaborated, "Think back to our Friday night threesome date. I've been thinking a lot about this. What would have happened if it had just been you and her on that date? I'm sure you would have kissed and played around and probably had a great time. But it all would have been within the bounds of a normal date. Guys and girls go out together. It happens millions of times every weekend. But with me there too, it was a totally different thing."

She said with increasing lust and emotion, "It was a true THREESOME date! She and I had that friendly competition thing going on the whole evening long, pushing us to be bolder. Besides that, there was some kind of taboo-breaking intense feeling the entire time, just from the fact that we were a threesome. I know you know what I mean, because I'm sure you felt it too. We all did."

He nodded.

She went on, "I don't mean to sound boastful, but with me there, and not just as a third wheel, but a true part of a threesome, her lusty feelings are increased exponentially!"

He said, "Totally! That's what I keep telling you!"

She nodded. "I'm seeing that more and more. That's why, whether I like it or not, I pretty much have no choice but to keep on being your girlfriend, fake or not. Just because of this one crucial reason, and that's not counting all the other good reasons, like helping with your confidence issue. With you and me put together, we have something Hillary can never get from anyone else, not Spencer, not Anushka, nobody! The odds of her finding the perfect storm of a threesome that has the potentially to actually last more than one crazy night are almost infinitesimal! And since I love you so much, and I know how much you love Hillary, and I know how your heart is totally

focused on making you hers in a very serious way, I'm willing to do what it takes to keep that threesome dynamic going for as long as necessary!"

She paused, with her heart racing. She was beyond thrilled that she'd made that case and he seemed receptive. It was like a dream come true.

He stared into Maggie's face, still full of love and care, and then his eyes drifted down to her breasts. *Man! I'm the luckiest kid in history, for sure! Ma is so great! She just gave me the greatest advice, AND I was fucking those huge tits of hers this morning! And if that's not enough, she wants to help me get MORE physically intimate with Hillary! Twist my arm on that one!*

GOOD GOD! Good fucking God! The implications of what she's offering are beyond incredible and unbelievable! Using that logic, she could stay as one of my threesome lovers "for as long as necessary" which could mean for YEARS! I could really end up with my two perfect dream girls for that long, or maybe even forever! I can't even breathe, it's all so mind-bendingly awesome!

He suddenly stood up, while strategically placing an arm to hide his erection. "Let's go!"

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Out of here," he replied cryptically.

Some grungy guy sitting a ways away gave Maggie a wolf whistle as she stood up. That wasn't too surprising, since she had to pull her miniskirt down for it to even reach the bottoms of her ass cheeks.

But she growled at him and gave him the finger. He quickly turned away.

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Nick drove the car, but still wouldn't tell Maggie where he was going. She was frustrated at that, and also that it seemed the flickerings of an erotic mood at the restaurant had died out. Instead of looking at her and playing around, he continued to talk about his social situation at school, and especially his insecurities and his worries about Spencer. He did notice her breasts bouncing around in her tight top - how could he not? But he didn't say or do anything about that. He didn't even reach out and stroke her legs.

The only positive sign was that she noticed he still had a very prominent bulge in his shorts. But that was frustrating, because he seemed not to know or care. She was beginning to think that he was erect practically all the time, so that sign in of itself didn't necessarily mean much to her.

She tried not to show her disappointment. She attempted to convince herself that she should be pleased at this "proper" behavior between mother and son, but without much success. She felt a bit like Cinderella worrying about midnight, anxious that her day's time to be "Maggie" would soon come to an end.

In actual fact he remained extremely aroused since the end of their conversation in the restaurant. He had a plan on what to do about it, but he didn't want to clue her in until the time was right.

They talked mostly about Spencer's possible failings, and what skeletons could be in his closet, if any. Nick said, "I've been thinking about this a lot, and the only chink in his armor that I can think of is that he's a Republican, and proud of it."

Maggie said, "That's not surprising, since you said his family is very rich. Most rich people want the low taxes policy and no regulations and all that."

"Right. And Hillary, being a self-confessed 'hippie girl,' is very politically liberal. I wouldn't even call her a Democrat, because she's to the left of that, and distrusts nearly all politicians."

"That sounds a lot like you," Maggie pointed out with a knowing grin.

"True. Frankly, I think this is a pretty big deal. Right now, Spencer and Hillary are having fun with their differences by having some spirited political arguments. But when you get down to it, they have very incompatible belief systems. Spencer believes in the whole corporate 9-to-5 system, and he wants to be on top with all the money and the power. And he'll probably get there too. Whereas Hillary doesn't even want to be a part of the system if she can help it. And things like protecting the environment and vegetarianism are huge issues for her. The other day at lunch, she got totally upset at me when I spaced out and threw my plastic yogurt cup in the trash can instead of the recycling bin."

Maggie said, "Just think how pissed she'd get at Spencer when he claims global warming doesn't even exist!"

"I know! Actually, that came up a little bit, and Spencer cleverly dodged having to take a stand. He's a smart guy and he knows that'll only hurt his chances with her."

"So I think you just hit on his Achilles' Heel. One of them, at least. She has no long-term future with him, because they have very different values. Politics is just a surface reflection of deeper issues."

"True. But she hasn't had one successful long-term relationship yet. Except maybe with Anushka, but they haven't gone out that long either. She keeps dating people for their looks and sex appeal, not because they're really compatible on the deeper stuff. She has sexual fun with them but she gets bored quickly because they're not a good match. Often, she dates guys who are handsome but total lunkheads."

Maggie pointed out, "It's like that old Joe Jackson song, 'Is She Really Going Out with Him.'" She sang, "'Pretty women out walking with gorillas down my street.'"

"Exactly. Spencer would fit perfectly with that pattern, except he's smarter. And he's not exactly a gorilla, I must admit. Plus, she dates both guys and girls, and has the same trouble with both, going for the eye candy every time. Believe me, I've been Hillary's classmate for a few years now. I've seen how this all goes down. He's her typical next boyfriend. I'm a total anomaly."

Maggie said, "You are, yet you aren't. Clearly, one thing she's looking for is some major sexual satisfaction. She loves having sex and she doesn't care who knows it. She's got a powerful sex drive, just like you. Naturally, she's interested in those who look the most sexually attractive. But good looks don't always mean you're good in bed. What if you come along, and even though you're not a GQ model type, you wow her sexually more than any other lover she's had? And then, out of bed, you match her perfectly with your values, your politics, your vegetarianism, your musical tastes, and everything else?"

Nick was silent for a minute or more as he drove the car. Finally, he said, "Oh, man! Don't even say that! Don't raise my hopes up. That's what I've been hoping and dreaming would happen since forever. We DO have so much in common! We would make a perfect match! I could break her streak

and be her first serious, long-term boyfriend. We could be so great for each other, for a long, long time to come!"

"You could!" Maggie said encouragingly. "But you do have some big obstacles, including Spencer. If you want that vision to come true, you have to MAKE it happen! Seize the day!"

He nodded with grim determination.

She secretly felt sad, because if things between Nick and Hillary did work out wonderfully, where would that leave her sexual relationship with him?

She told herself, There's going to come a point where I'm going to have to step aside. For instance, what if things work out like a dream and he eventually wants to marry her?! Ultimately, I'm only his fake girlfriend but I'm his very real mother. Mothers have to know when to let their children leave the nest and fly away.

Our sexual connection is ultimately doomed anyway. There's so much I can't bear to do with him because of the incest. It's not like he could ever marry ME! He belongs with Hillary! Or, if not her specifically, others who will come later much like her. That's the natural way of things

I just hope to God that the "doomed" part won't happen until later, much, much, MUCH later! I'm rooting for our threesome dynamic to last as long as possible!

She noticed he hadn't been driving home, but she got so caught up in the discussion that she didn't think much about where they were headed until the car came to a halt at a stop sign. They were on a little used road that headed into the hills, and there were no other cars to be seen in any direction.

Normally, Nick would have driven on quickly, probably without even coming to a complete stop at the sign first. But with the car not moving, he finally looked over at his mother, and specially at her crotch. He asked, "Are you wearing panties?"

She suddenly felt very embarrassed, but she tried to put up a bold front. "As a matter of fact, I am."

"Do you remember your promise this morning of no bra or panties?"

"I do, but these are-"

He cut her off. "Take them off. Now."

"But these-"

He spoke harshly. "Are you serious about your promises, or what?"

She complained, "Let me get a word in edgewise! These aren't really panties. I'm wearing a sexy thong I bought today just for you."

"That's nice, but you promised you wouldn't wear any underwear at all. Take it off."

She blushed profusely all the way down to her chest as she pulled her miniskirt up to get to her thong. She raised her knees to her shoulders and put her feet on the dashboard in front of her. That put her pussy on display in about the lewdest and most humiliating pose possible.

She didn't know why she did that of her own accord, but it turned her on in a very big way. She was really getting off on his unusual assertiveness.

She muttered in a pouty voice, "This is not the way you should be treating your mother."

"'Mother?' She's back at home. You're my girlfriend."

Despite her shame and humiliation, or perhaps in part because of it, she was tremendously aroused. She also was encouraged that he was coming out of his funk, not to mention revealing his arousal and showing great boldness, so she did her utmost to tease and tempt him. Instead of quickly pulling her thong off, she made a big production out of it. She pulled on the thong a little bit, showing how her pussy juices were making the fabric stick to her skin.

He definitely noticed that, and it seemed to inflame his lust. But before he could say anything, he saw a car coming up from behind. He resumed paying attention to driving the car, so he could keep some distance from the other car.

But still, he looked over as Maggie slowly but surely pulled her thong down. She still was tremendously embarrassed. She ran a finger through her wetness on one side of her pussy lips, and then she did the same on the other side. The entire area around her pussy was sticky and soaked already, and getting wetter all the time.

She thought to herself, Look at me, Son! This is all because of you. We haven't even done anything yet when it comes to my kitty, but I'm this hot and wet for you! All today, when I was shopping and gardening and everything else, I was thinking about your COCK! Gaawwwd, there's so much I want to do with it! I know I'm not supposed to suck you off, but... Oh God! I want to so very badly! Can't you see what you've done to me?!

There was a long pause. They both watched until she had the thong all the way off and wadded up in her hand, although Nick had to occasionally look back at the road.

He finally commented, "I like your new bare look."

"Thanks. I have a confession to make about that. I did it for a variety of reasons, including that Hillary said it's the cool style these days. But mainly, I did it for you."

Those words affected him powerfully. His nostrils flared and his eyes opened wide as saucers. It looked like it was all he could do not to fuck her bare pussy into oblivion right now, because he felt that way too.

She was tremendously turned on as well, and she tried to figure out why. She knew part of it was that she'd taken her thong off and fully exposed her pussy to his eyes, and in a very lewd manner. But it wasn't just that, it was the way he'd "forced" her to do it. Her own words that she was going to keep her pussy shaved for him aroused her even more. She didn't consciously admit it to herself, but there was a heavy implication that he would be fucking that pussy eventually.

He kept driving the car higher into the hills. He didn't say anything, or even play music on the radio. That was unusual.

After a long silence, he simply asked, "Why?"

She replied spontaneously and emotionally, "You know why! Because I love you. Because I love how you love me. Because I want you, and want to be sexy for you. Because I'm your girlfriend, your REAL girlfriend! One of them. And a good girlfriend works hard to please her man."

She didn't like to admit it to herself, much less to him, but she was finding herself increasingly enjoying being sexually submissive to him. She'd never had that sort of relationship with Andy or anyone else, so it was new and exciting, but scary. She worried about losing control.

His lust skyrocketed. He finally just said, "Wow!"

She grinned widely. "Yeah. Wow!"

Her miniskirt fell back into place and covered her pussy, if only just barely. She was tempted to leave her miniskirt up so he could still see her most intimate spot, but she felt too shy to do that. Besides, he wasn't even looking her way. It looked like he was concentrating intently on something. She didn't know what to do with her thong, especially because she'd already wet it with her pussy juices. She put it in the glove compartment.

She was so horny that her entire body seemed to be humming and vibrating. *God, he'd better want to start playing with my body, and soon! If he doesn't, I'll be forced to start masturbating in a few minutes! I hope he gets me naked too. This could finally be my big chance to properly suck his cock for the very first time! It certainly won't be the last, though!*

Yes, I'm kind of afraid about his sheer thickness. I fear I won't be able to suck on him for more than a few minutes without having to cry uncle. But I have no choice except to suck it up and try my best. Literally "suck it up!"

What's he doing? Where is he taking us? The wait is killing me!

Finally, he pulled the car into an empty parking lot and stopped.

Chapter 21: Lovers' Lane Parking Lot (Tuesday)

"Where are we?" Maggie asked, looking around in confusion. "I've never been here before."

They were in a public park, on the top of a hill. Nick had parked at the edge of the parking lot, just a few feet from a steep slope that gave them a nice view of the town below without even having to leave the car. The lot was empty of other cars, and pine trees surrounded the other sides of the lot.

He explained, "You saw the sign giving the name of the whole park. I don't know if this specific viewpoint has a name, but at school, I hear they call this, uh, er..." - he blushed a little - "Well, um, lover's lane."

Now it all became clear to Maggie. She smiled and laughed on the outside. Her arousal level shot up even higher, and her heart started to pound hard. *YES! Oh my God, yes! SO MUCH YES! Son, your cock is toast! I'm gonna make that fat monster cum so much that this car will be filled to the windows with a lake of cum!*

She tried to play it cool though. "Oh, really? That's interesting. And why would you take your moth-"

He interrupted, "My girlfriend? You mean my girlfriend? My super sexy, fun, and more than a little slutty girlfriend? I don't know. Maybe I thought we could both enjoy the view." He ostentatiously yawned after that, and finished the yawning stretch move by slipping his arm around her.

She giggled. "This is so... precious! It's just like a scene from a fifties sitcom or something. You even did the yawn move already!" She giggled some more, and cuddled up to him. She wanted to take his nearest hand and bring it to her round tits, but she forced herself to let him take the lead. "But are there no lovers anymore? This place is deserted aside from us."

"I think that's 'cos of the time, and the day. The little I've heard of people going to this place, it's after dark, and usually on the weekends. Let's face it: the view's not that great, but it would probably be nicer seeing the sunset, or the lights of town in the darkness."

She spoke with sexual promise. "Not to mention, a boy and his date could get pretty hot and heavy here in the dark."

"Yeah, there is that," he said, as he put his other hand on her nearest thigh.

She thought, *I love this! He's so cute! Even after he fucked my tits this morning, he's acting all shy, like we're on our first date. I love that my son is my boyfriend. I feel like I really am dating my son!*

A minute later, his tongue was deep in her mouth, and he was pretty much sitting on her, with both hands kneading her big tits through her top.

She thought with amused chagrin, *Okay, so much for him acting all shy. But I love this too!*

A minute later, he had her top up around her shoulders, and his fingers diddling her erect nipples. A minute after that, he stopped the kissing and fondling to pull her top the rest of the way off.

"You can't do that," she complained, even as she held her arms up, allowing him to do just what he wanted with her. "What if someone else drives in here? Or even the police? I need to be able to change quickly. If my top stays around my shoulders, I can just pull it down."

She didn't even know if she was sincere with her protests or not. A part of her was very concerned, but another part would have been very disappointed if he didn't take her top all the way off, for starters. Her lust was soaring to the moon.

"Sorry, Ma, er, Maggie. I can't help myself! Your body is just too beautiful. It needs to be naked!"

It was pretty much a moot point by then, since her top was already lying on an armrest next to her, but the desire in his eyes was so strong, she stopped arguing and went back to kissing. *It does! It does, with you! I'm your constantly naked big-titted SLUT!*

And sluts live for COCK! Even if it's son-cock! Especially if it is!

Her hands unzipped his shorts and found his erection. She felt a tremendous sense of relief as she started to stroke his thickness. *Gaawwwd! I love this fucking thing! If we really are dating, I'm such a slutty date. We haven't even been here a couple of minutes, and I'm already going for his cock! I can't get enough of it! Is it that it's so thick and big? Is it that Andy's is so small? Is it that I've been without for so long? Is it that he's my son? Whatever, I dunno, but I know I NEED to stroke it! Not want, but NEED!*

It was quiet, other than their heavy breathing and busy hands. They both could hear the sound of birds chirping, and the occasional car passing by on the nearby road. She felt like she was going to have a heart attack whenever a car drove by, but luckily there had only been a couple so far.

She slipped into a lazy sexual trance, totally blissed out by jacking off and kissing her son. His moves on her were gentle and caring, not frantic and excited. He was even taking it relatively easy on her nipples, which was a nice change of pace, especially since she was confident he'd get more aggressive with them later. She felt like she could do this all day.

She was so relaxed, she hardly even noticed her miniskirt was coming off until it was already below her knees. But that realization snapped her back to full awareness. "HEY! What are you doing?!"

"Sorry, Ma! You're just too sexy! I need to see all of you."

"That's nice, but you, you can't!" She was genuinely distraught this time. It was one thing to take her top off. But they weren't in their private garage anymore. She was aware that other people might come to this place, and maybe even park their cars in an adjacent spot and look in. A police car might drive come looking to see if anyone was breaking any laws, such as public nudity. If she was totally naked it would take time to get dressed.

She tried to pull her miniskirt back up, but he was too fast. It was out of her reach already, and she wasn't motivated enough to shift positions to get it. "I'm not wearing any panties, you know!"

He chuckled. "I noticed." He left her miniskirt on the floor of the car, and went back to playing with her now totally naked body.

But she was both very aroused and very frightened. She rather futilely covered her pussy with a hand, and asked with real worry, "What if somebody comes?!"

"I dunno. Maybe you can duck down or something." Knowing how weak that sounded, he changed the topic, exclaiming passionately, "Maggie, your tits are too big! Too round! Too perfect! In fact, your whole body is too perfect!"

She laughed. She gave up and went back to stroking his cock and balls with two hands. "What does that have to do with anything? That doesn't even make sense! It's not like my miniskirt could cover up my breasts."

She belatedly remembered she was trying to keep her pussy covered, and brought one hand back to do that. *Shit! He's got me totally naked again, except for my damn heels! "Maybe you can duck down or something." A fucking lot of good that'll do me. This is positively INSANE! Why does this keep happening to me?!*

"I know," he conceded. "But I get so horny, because you're so amazing. You're not like a mother at all. Mothers don't look as good as you do. Not even close! You should be in the movies!"

She was flattered, especially because he was so obviously sincere. "Don't use the 'M' word, remember?"

"Oops. Sorry. But it's still true. And I want to go farther, but I can't 'cos of your rules, but this is one way to go farther that's still 'legal.' I can fondle your tanned and curvy naked body all over!"

His passion swept her concerns away. Soon, he was lying directly on top of her with the seat tilted all the way back, just like they'd done in the morning in the garage. That made things easier, because with his face up kissing hers and his cock resting a couple of inches above her clit, he couldn't see her shaved pussy. Thus, she could go back to using both her hands however she liked instead of covering herself up there.

Not surprisingly, she brought both of her hands back to play with his cock and balls. *Now, this is more like it! Nick's fat cock in my hands, his hands on my tits, his lips on mine, and he's stripped me down to nothing but my high heels! My favorite combination!*

I wonder if it's possible to keep doing this forever? Can't I stay his girlfriend, for at least a couple of years? Wait, no, what am I saying? But I want it! I wanna be his fuckin' personal BITCH! His shameless, cock-crazy, mommy-slut! Forever! For life! But I can't! Gaawwwd, he's gonna make me cum again soon!

Another car drove down the nearby road, setting Maggie's heart racing again. *Shit! My son must be crazy. What if that car had turned in to this lot? Or parked in the spot next to ours, even? Doesn't he care? It's fine for him, wearing his T-shirt with his shorts slid down, but I'm buck naked! The problem is, he's "young, dumb, and full of cum." So much cum, especially! Hee-hee! He's not thinking about consequences, just my big tits! My heart*

can't take it, if more cars go by. I've got to do something before we're caught!

What to do? What to do? God knows I'd love to cram his cock-monster in my mouth and suck on it until I choke and gag! But I've told myself that's against the rules, for some stupid reason. And I must admit it: now that I have my perfect chance, I'm afraid! He's soooo big! Soooooo thick! It's going to take some serious hard work and dedication to become his cocksucking slut. I'm going to do it, for sure. Today even, I hope! But maybe I can work up to it.

This handjob is great, but wouldn't a titfuck be better? Yes! Much, much better!

She purred sexily, "Son, er, Nick? You know what I think? I think my tits really need to be fucked." She figured that if she could make him cum, she could get some clothes back on sooner rather than later.

"Oh YEAH! Cool! Say no more, I'm on it!" Within seconds, he was sitting higher up, on her tummy, his hands squishing her big tits together, and his erection positioned between her spongy orbs.

She laughed. "That was fast." She took over the task of keeping her soft melons tightly together, allowing his hands to roam. To her delight, he immediately started twisting her nipples in the aggressive style she loved so much.

"Ma, this is like... It just makes me so happy! A dream come true!" He started thrusting in and out. He had a better position than when they'd done this in the morning, and he was able to make longer and more satisfying thrusts than before.

She pointed out, "You said that to me a couple of days ago."

"Well, it's true. Everything lately is a dream come true. Do you know how many gallons of cum I've ejaculated over the years, thinking about doing this to you?"

She commented, "You say that like you didn't just fuck my tits this morning." She was sliding one tit up while the other one went down, and vice versa. But more importantly, she was keeping a very tight tit-tunnel going.

He said, "Yeah, but believe me, I'm every bit as excited as then! And I think I'll be this excited every single time I fuck your tits until the sun goes supernova, because how many boys have moms that look like hardbodied centerfolds with tits that most porn starlets would envy, and they get to fuck tits like this?!"

She was about to chide him, "Don't say that about your mother, people might hear," but she realized how absurd it was to complain about the comment and not the fact that he was fucking her tits. Besides, nobody could possibly hear. She laughed.

"What?" He didn't understand her laughter.

"Oh, nothing. But remember, you can't say that. You haven't known me for years, you've just met me recently." She wondered what they would look like to any car coming into the lot. At least he was still dressed, mostly, although his shorts had slid down his thighs some, and he was on top. But still, his position sitting up on a tilted back seat would look strange from afar, to say the least.

He grinned. "Yeah. You're my girl. My girlfriend. You belong to me now." Since his hands were free, he started pulling on both of her nipples.

She found his "you belong to me now" comment disturbing. Was he forgetting about his plan to win Hillary?

But what disturbed her most was how much it aroused her, and how easily she agreed. *Yes! I belong to you, my son! My boyfriend! My son is my boyfriend, and my boyfriend is my son! Fuck, that's seriously hot! And not a pretend or fake boyfriend; what we're doing is as real as this hot cock in my cleavage! How fucking wild is THAT? Jesus Christ!*

As usual, the way he pulled and twisted her nipples drove her absolutely wild. She had a nice cum about a minute later, but the titfuck kept right on going.

After another minute or two of joyous titfucking, he said, "You know what I think? I think this girlfriend thing is working out so well, we shouldn't ever stop. I want to do this kind of stuff with you forever!"

Me too! But she thought about her marriage and the incest, and said, "You can't say that. You know I'm not JUST your girlfriend. You know what else I am. Besides, there's Hillary. You can't lose sight of your grand 'hand-over'

plan." She hated to say that, but she felt it had to be done, if only so he wouldn't lose sight of his long-term goals.

Her indirect reference to their incestuous status drove both of them to an even higher plane of arousal. She began to think about Nick cumming on her face, and that stoked her fires that much more.

He thought, *Maybe I want to change the plan, so I can win you AND her! Forever! Maybe even as co-wives!* But he was too shy to say even part of that out loud. He didn't want to ruin a good thing if she didn't agree. To cover the lack of any more conversation, he paused the titfucking and pulled his shorts all the way off. Then he kicked his sneakers off too.

She shook her head in disbelief. *Fuck! He's getting us in more trouble. What would happen if a police car came by? I don't even know where my clothes got tossed to, not that I had much to wear in the first place! I could be arrested for public indecency even if I was fully dressed!*

But this is so fucking hot! I'm burning up! And he's right: everything is that much better when I'm totally fucking completely buck naked! For him! My son! Who could have even thought the little baby boy I gave birth to would one day sit on my bare chest and fuck my tits?!

Shit! If I so much as wave my finger even NEAR my clit, I'm gonna cum so hard that I'm gonna DIE! This is the fucking BEST!

She decided that licking the tip of his cockhead didn't really violate her rules, especially since she'd done it in the garage earlier. So she repositioned herself, with his help.

He found her skimpy clothes and used them as a pillow again. There was so little fabric that it made for a small pillow.

She was getting better at this, and managed to reach all of his cockhead with her probing tongue. She concentrated on licking all the cockmeat she could. But she didn't want to neglect his sweet spot, tantalizingly out of range, so she brought up a couple of fingers to directly rub that as well.

That left Nick the task of keeping her tit-tunnel tight around his cock, and he did so. As a result, he was feeling all kinds of different and exciting things all over his long, thick boner.

She'd started out planning to just lick his cockhead some, like she did in the morning. But before long she found herself sucking on the tip a little bit,

and then more and more. Soon, she was blatantly and wantonly sucking on it, although she could only get an inch or two of it in her mouth.

Look at me! This is going beyond merely adding to the titfuck, isn't it? I'm sucking on his sweet cock-meat! YES! So fucking GOOD! But as long as I only do this much while the titfucking goes on, it doesn't really count as a blowjob. Besides, getting past that wide crown of his is pretty daunting. I'd practically have to dislocate my jaw just to try it. I'm still not ready for that right now.

Meanwhile, he thought, *Oh man! Ma is sucking my cock! Not just licking, which was awesome enough, but full-on sucking! Unfuckingbelievable! True, it's only the tip, but if she's willing to do that much, it won't be long before she's bobbing on the whole thing!*

She knew that he didn't have the self-control to handle that extreme level of stimulation. Her limited cocksucking was getting all the attention, but the way her fingers relentlessly rubbed his sweet spot was doing the most to bring him to climax. She wanted his cum load, and right away.

Happily, she didn't have to wait long. She saw and felt all the signs, from his face, to his breathing, to his sweat, and to the way his fat cock started to throb. She could even feel the way his balls resting on the top of her tummy started to tighten. She said, "Son, I mean, Nick, I know you're gonna cum soon! I want you to cum on me! Can you do that?"

"Yes, Ma! Yes!" Of course, she was just stating the obvious, but her undisguised enthusiasm raised the heat in the car even more.

She continued, "Cum on my face! And I do mean all over it! But not just there! Cum on my big tits too!"

"Okay!" But he realized he had a practical problem. He couldn't cum on her tits when his boner was sliding between them.

He let go of her tits and sat up on his knees, scooting back a bit in the process. That allowed him to aim down onto her nipples while remaining close to her face. He was careful not to hit his head on the ceiling this time as he rose up in the cramped space.

He felt a tremendous sense of release as his cum started to shoot. It was like all the tension he'd ever had was flowing out of him. But more than that, cumming was tremendous fun, especially because he was able to "paint" his

mother at the same time. He unloaded on both her tits and all over her face, just as she'd asked. He got some on her neck and collar bone area too, as he moved his aim from her chest to her face and back again.

Maggie had been on the edge of a big orgasm for some time now. When he was halfway through his release, she reached down and frigged her clit. She climaxed with almost violent force! Her body actually bucked up and down some, despite the fact that all of his weight was on her.

When his orgasm ended, he sensed from her shaking that hers was still going strong. He wanted to make it better for her, but he didn't know how. He wasn't allowed to touch her pussy, and it was directly behind him in any case. But then he remembered how much she loved his nipple twisting technique, so he did that some more.

Maggie nearly lost her mind, thanks to that! She'd been cumming for at least a minute already, but when he started playing with her nipples, a second orgasmic wave hit her with even greater force. She kept on trembling and vibrating with pure pleasure for another two minutes.

Then, just as her body started to calm down, he scooted up closer to her face. His cock remained erect stiff, due to his usual tendency to stay hard after his first orgasm. He wiped the tip of it through her cummy cheeks. He even ran it right across her cummy lips.

She loved that so much that she would have had another big orgasm except that her body was all orgasmed out. But she had a mental orgasm just the same.

After he possessively smeared the cum around her other cheek like his boner was a paintbrush, he dragged it slowly back across her lips. This time, she'd recovered from the shock enough to stick her tongue out and lovingly lick around his piss hole.

She stared up lovingly into his eyes as she kept on licking him. *Son! Look at me! Look what you're doing to me! You have me naked and insanely horny, and loving your cock! It's just a matter of time before I'm going to be bobbing up and down on this fat jawbreaker, don't you think? I'm trying to fight it, but I can't resist! Your mother is going to become your big-titted, cocksucking SLUT!*

She thought about starting that crucial very first blowjob for him just then. The problem was, she was wiped out from her orgasm, and she knew sucking him at all was going to take a lot of energy and intense concentration. She needed to wait and rest and recover. She was so out of it that she couldn't even keep her licking going, as much as she wanted to.

Nick smeared the cum down her chin a little bit, and then pulled away. He got off her altogether and returned to his seat. Despite the fact that his dick was still erect, he needed to rest.

She sat up and looked down at herself. "My goodness! You're a regular Jackson Pollack." She laughed.

He didn't understand the reference, so she explained, "He was a famous painter who sometimes splattered paint at a canvas from a distance. You seriously just Pollacked me." She chuckled.

Now that Nick had climaxed, he was thinking more realistically about his mother's nudity. "Uh, Ma? What's gonna happen if someone sees you like that?"

She snorted. "NOW you ask! Why weren't you thinking that when you were so busy taking my clothes off? Oops!"

She quickly covered her bare pussy, after seeing that he had a good view of it. Even now, she felt very protective of it. It was true he'd come dangerously close to touching it in the morning, but she'd been in her own garage and felt a lot safer there.

She trusted that he wanted to do the right thing, but she also knew that sometimes his lust got so strong that he hardly knew up from down, as shown by him getting her completely naked and then pondering the prudence of doing that only later. She didn't want to tempt him too much when it came to fucking. She loved to fantasize about him fucking her, but she honestly didn't want him to do it in reality. That would be going too far.

As it was, he'd just had a short but clear view of her pussy, and the sight of it aroused him so much that he put his hands back on her. However, he was reluctant to touch her face or breasts due to all of his cum there, so he ran his hands down her tummy, and then up her legs.

He said, "I wasn't talking about that. I meant I'm worried about how you're sitting up in the car."

Suddenly, Maggie remembered that there were more people in the world than just her and her son. Since she was sitting up, she looked around outside the car with a wild panic in her eyes. She was relieved to see that they were still in an otherwise empty parking lot, but she still felt freaked out. She quickly ducked down below window level.

She thought, *Fuck me! That's too scary! We're being far too careless! But I'm so horny! I can't help myself!* She closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down.

For some long moments, he simply stared at her cum-covered face. With her eyes closed, he didn't have to limit his staring. *Damn, I don't know what it is, but seeing all that cum of mine on her does something to me. Something powerful and primal! Animalistic, even. The only way she'd look even better is if her lips were stretched around my dick right in the middle of that!* His lust started to grow again already.

Feeling better, she opened her eyes. He was still staring, and that made her feel uncomfortable. She asked him with surprising meekness, "Can I put some clothes on now?"

"No. Maggie, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. When I see you, I need to see all of you. For so many years, the desire to see what you looked like under your clothes drove me wild. Your body is just so perfect. It needs to be seen!"

He ran a hand down her tummy, along her nearest hip, and then down her thigh nearly to her knees. He looked at her tanned skin with awe and admiration bordering on worship. It was like he was appreciating the greatest work of art in the history of the world.

That look in his eyes made her feel impossibly aroused all over again, and his touch drove her wild too. She thought, *Son, if you don't stop grazing my skin like that, you're gonna literally make me lose my mind! Yeow!*

Shivers ran down her spine, caused only by his gentle caresses as he kept on running his fingers all over her body like he owned it. Trying to change the subject, she said, "If you won't let me wear any clothes, I need to at least do something to look slightly more presentable, in case someone comes by and we have to scramble. I suppose I'd better rub this spermy mess into my skin, and fast."

Starting with her face, she began doing just that, acting as if his cum was some kind of skin moisturizer.

He smiled at that, because it turned him on. He pointed out, "If you do that, you're not really going to get rid of it. You're totally gonna smell like my cum, and it'll probably leave behind some kind of noticeable sheen or something."

Yep! she thought happily, as she kept rubbing it in. "You're right. There's probably too much to rub it all in my face. I'd better spread it out." She took her cummy hands and spread his spermy goo across her tummy, and then all over her thighs.

She thought, There must be something wrong with me. I'm sick! Sick! But I just luuuuve his cum! I want it all over me! I wanna bathe in it! The more of his cum I rub in, the more it feels like I'm his!

Nick's cock wasn't being touched by her or him. But he was in no danger of going flaccid anytime soon, not with his mother practically in orgasmic ecstasy as she sensuously rubbed his cum into her skin like it was an elixir for eternal life.

Soon, her face looked more or less "clean," but for a generally shiny sheen plus the occasional cum gob or streak here and there. But the "cum field" on the upper slopes of her tits down to her nipples hadn't been touched yet.

She was so into rubbing his cum everywhere, especially all that cum on her tits, that she soon forgot about keeping her pussy covered.

That inspired him to comment, "Ma, er, Maggie, I'm so happy that you shaved your pussy. It looks really hot! I mean, scorching hot!"

She joked, "It feels that hot too." Reminded about her exposed, shaved pussy, she held her hand a couple of inches over it, but that did a piss-poor job of covering it. She didn't even close her fingers together.

She said, "Oops! Looks like you got me. I can't touch it right now, because of my cummy fingers. What if I plunged my cum-soaked fingers in there right now and you got me pregnant? Wouldn't that be too much? Can you just imagine that, knocking me up?"

She was teasing him, both with her words and her ineffectual attempt at covering her pussy, but she ended up arousing herself even more than him.

She said, "Son, do you promise not to touch my pussy, even if I don't keep it covered?" She took her hand away to scoop up more cum from her tits. Then she brought her hand back to her pussy and smeared his cum all around her pussy lips without actually touching them.

He groaned lustily. His cock was throbbing with need already. "Uh, can't I just touch it a little bit? I just want to feel your silky smooth skin there, freshly shaved and all."

"Sorry, but no. That's a slippery slope. One minute, it'll just be your finger touching the skin there, the next minute, you'll be rubbing my labia. Then you'll wind up with two fingers plunging in and out of my hot box, making me cum over and over again and scream your name! But you won't stop there! No, not you, you well-hung bastard! Next it'll be your big fat cock, plowing into me deep! We can't go there!"

Technically, her words were discouraging. But her tone sounded pretty damn enthusiastic about the idea.

He groaned even louder. "Oh God! You're killing me!" He held his stiff hard-on and grimaced.

She realized she'd been neglecting his erection for a couple of minutes now. "Oh, Son! I'm so sorry! Let your Ma- uh, me, take care of that!"

She sat up and got busy jacking him off with both hands. One hand slid up and down his shaft, sped along but the cum still coating her fingers. The other hand played with his balls.

She quickly realized that she again was exposing herself to anyone who might look into the car. So she shyly suggested, "Could you, uh, lie on top of me again? I like it when you do that."

"Sure thing!"

She laid all the way back in her tilted-down seat. As before, her knees remained bent because there wasn't enough leg room, but that couldn't be helped.

He eagerly got on top of her. Funnily enough, even though she wouldn't let him touch her pussy with his hands whatsoever, she let him lie on her with his balls on her wet pussy lips and his throbbing shaft directly over her clit, touching it. She started fondling his cock with one hand and his balls with

the other, and she seemed to be stimulating her own privates with her motions at the same time.

While she did that, he kissed her and played with her body. He'd had his fill of her tits for a while after the titfuck, and he focused his attention on her ass. It wasn't long before she turned on her side, allowing him to turn on his side too and fondle her perfectly tanned bubble butt without hindrance.

Out of the blue, he said, "By the way, Ma, er, sorry, Maggie, I have to give you a special thanks. Not just for what you're doing to me now. That's part of it. But it started when I met you after school. I was so distraught that I didn't know if I was coming or going. You took me to that restaurant and gave me some very wise advice until I could see that I'd overreacted. I felt way better. But no! You didn't stop there. You're making me feel so good that I've pretty much even forgotten Spencer's name!"

She beamed with delight, and joked, "Who?"

He laughed.

She then said, while continuing to stroke his fat boner, "I'm your girlfriend now, one of 'em, and I love you! This is what girlfriends do. Full service girlfriends! I can't be in Maggie mode all the time, but rest assured that when I am, I'm going to do my best to make sure your balls are drained dry as possible! I want to see them shrunk to the size of raisins at times, because all of your cum is on my face of chest!" She laughed.

He laughed too, and said, "Thanks, Ma! You rock! I love you too!"

But he was emotionally moved by her words as well. *I knew it! I knew it! I'm young and I don't know much, but I knew from a mile away that Ma would be the most awesome lover, because she's so smoking hot AND she's such a loving and giving person. Talk about a winning combination!*

And Hillary is just as great. The only downside is, if things don't work out with them, they're going to ruin me for all other women.

Several minutes of vigorous cock stroking passed, and she grew frustrated by the fact that he didn't seem even close to cumming yet. She had him sit back on her thighs in the hopes he'd be cumming on her soon.

She cooed, "Come on, Son! Let's empty these big balls of yours. I want to drain you completely dry, down to that raisin size I was just talking about!"

Blast another big load all over your mother! Coat my big tits with ANOTHER sticky, gooey load!"

She thought, I'm SUCH a slut! What's wrong with me?! I just can't get enough of him, and especially his cum! I hope he shoots a super big load, the biggest ever!

He was so aroused that he thought he'd simply die. A heart attack seemed one possible way to go, because his heart was pounding so hard and fast. His "problem" was that he'd just climaxed minutes before, so his resistance was unusually strong. That enabled Maggie to drive him up to dizzying erotic heights with her sliding hands, sexy talk, and cum-soaked skin.

And if all of that wasn't enough, he only had to look at her shaved pussy. It was just a few inches in front of his cock, and dripping with pussy juice. She'd even spread her legs a little bit, giving him a better view of her forbidden slit.

He thought, Boy, Ma sure blows hot and cold when it comes to her pussy. First, she was covering it like we would both burst into flames if I merely saw it. Now I think she's showing it off for me! It's almost like she's tempting him to surrender to lust and plow my boner in there!

Good God! I'm gonna fuck her someday, for sure, if I can help it! But not today, and not tomorrow. I need to be patient, so she won't have big regrets later. That's tough!

After about five minutes of her steady, rhythmic cock stroking, another car drove by. She felt the urge to resort to a blowjob instead, in an effort to speed things up. She even started to reposition, only to chicken out at the last minute. She still was daunted by his thickness, and also what it would mean for their relationship. She was obsessed with pleasuring his cock already, and she worried she would love it so much that she'd end up with a total breakdown of the walls between her Maggie and Margaret personas.

But after that close call with the passing car, the idea of sucking his cock got stuck in her mind and wouldn't go away. *It's going to happen! Soon! I can't stop it, I just need to prepare so I can be the best cocksucking mommy-slut I can possibly be! I'm going to spend soooooo much time with my face bobbing in his crotch that that'll become my new home address! Not only does my son have a remarkably big and thick cock, he's got great stamina too! Plus, he came a little while ago. So it's going to take extraordinary*

measures... such as cramming those seven glorious inches down my throat so he can fuck my face!

Unfortunately for Nick, that was more fantasy talk than a real plan of immediate action. She still had her issues.

Instead, she tried to hurry his orgasm by varying her stroking techniques. She'd never given Andy many handjobs, since they could just fuck at any time instead. Usually, it had just been something she'd done for a minute or two to get her husband hard enough to enter her. As a result, she was learning on the fly how to give her son a truly talented, highly pleasurable, and prolonged handjob.

She sat up and leaned towards him, kissing him on the lips. Her lips were one of the few spots on the front side of her body not at least somewhat coated or smeared with his cum, because she'd wiped them up thoroughly in the hopes that he'd be kissing her again before long.

He found himself running his hands up and down her sleek and sexy body some more, despite the traces of his cum everywhere. He focused more on her legs and hips, since they were less cummy.

Both of them were so far gone with lusty desire that they forgot again about the fact that Maggie was sitting up and thus exposing her naked upper body. But it didn't really matter, since the parking lot remained empty. They would have heard the sound of a car coming from a long ways off in any case.

Luckily, Nick didn't mind a "mere" handjob. Compared to all his sexless teenage years until now, this was still too incredible and enjoyable to believe.

It took a total of about ten minutes, but he was ready to cum again. Sensing he was close, she laid back down so he could target her face and chest. She purred, "Son! Cum all over me! Make me your girl!"

He couldn't help but notice how close her latest repositioning put her pussy to his cock yet again. With her legs spread wide, he had his best view yet of her pussy. Her pussy lips were engorged, soaked, and spread wide open.

Even though he was teetering on the precipice of cumming, he had to ask, "What about Hillary?"

"I stand corrected! Make me one of your girls! You fucking STUD! Look at what you're making me do, and I still have to share you!" Her tone of voice made clear that she found that fact highly arousing.

Given all that visual and physical stimulation, it was no surprise his resistance to cumming caved, and his seed fired out in rope after rope, like bullets from a gun.

She continued holding his erection this time. She had great fun aiming him this way and that. Her main goal was to thoroughly cover her tits, mostly because her face was too high to make a good target, plus he'd already nailed her pretty good there last time.

A considerable amount of cum still remained on her breasts' upper slopes from his first orgasm, even after she'd smeared some of it into her skin and more of it had been rubbed into his shirt. So, by the time he was done, her tanned rack looked well and truly painted pearly white. There also were long streaks running down her tummy, almost all the way to her pussy, mostly due to his last few, weaker squirts.

When his climax petered out, she moved her hand from his boner to her clit and triggered her own orgasm. It wasn't as big as her last one (or ones), but it still felt great.

Nick moved back to his seat. He needed to rest again. Besides, his penis actually went flaccid this time.

She continued to just lie there, basking in post-orgasmic glory. With her lust sated for now, she worried more about where they were and the danger of being seen or caught. She was embarrassed all over again by the fact that she was nude, not to mention covered in cum. However, her seat remained tilted way back, allowing her to stay low, and that gave her some comfort.

As she languorously rubbed the cum into her skin, while occasionally eating some of the bigger cum gobs, she said, "Nick, that was great. Again!"

He didn't respond, because he was so thoroughly distracted by the sight of his cum on her skin. *Fuckin' A! That's awesome! I mean, that fact that all my cum is on her like that looks awesome enough. I feel like I've marked her and claimed her as mine! But what's doubly awesome is that she's so into it!*

I've heard that women generally hate that kind of thing. But not only does she not seem to mind, she was the one aiming my cock here and there! She looks like she's really, really loving it! I mean, she's actually EATING my cum right now! Fuck me! That's totally blowing my mind!

He didn't say anything out loud about it though, just in case he was wrong about her feelings on it.

Indeed, Maggie did love his cum on her skin. She thought, *Oh God! I can't get enough of this stuff! I don't know which I love more: when he blasts his hot and spermy love on me, or when I get to eat it all up! It's sweet and delicious, and I don't think I'm just saying that as a biased mother. The only problem is the way he's looking at me. I must be blushing cherry red, because he's gotta be thinking, "What kind of freak do I have for a mother? Why is she eating that? It must be gross!"*

Foolish me. I used to think it was gross. But Hillary has showed me the way. She said she actually LIKES facials. That blew my mind at first, but now I know exactly what she means! My Sport is just going to have to get used to this strange sight, because I want him to cum all over me a lot from now on! And hopefully Hillary will be there to see it, and get thoroughly hosed down too. Then we'll eat it all up together!

Despite those words, eventually her embarrassment grew too much from Nick staring at her. She slowed and then stopped her cum consumption. Little did she realize that Nick not only didn't mind her doing that, but he pretty much thought it was the greatest thing ever.

Even as he kept on staring at her blushing, cum-streaked face, she looked at him as if she was seeing him in a new way. In a way, she was, because her sexual connection to him just deepened some more. She reached a hand out to him without actually touching him, since her fingers were cummy too. "I love you so much."

He said proudly between tired heavy breaths, "I love you too! I really marked you as my girl, didn't I?"

"You did! No other man will ever want to touch me now. They'll get close and smell your cum. They'll think, 'This one is taken.' Somehow, I know the cum is going to linger deep in my skin, no matter how many times I shower."

Even as she said that, she rubbed some of his cum into her thighs, since they hadn't been covered as much as the whole front of her upper body and face.

He happily pointed out, "Plus, I'm going to give you frequent reapplications."

She laughed. "That you will!" Her pussy tingled as she contemplated her likely near future. She could easily imagine getting fresh "coatings" every Tuesday and Thursday after school, plus hopefully more over the weekends at various social events with Hillary. That sounded pretty great.

She thought, I'm such a slut! Here I sit, totally buck naked and cum-splattered, with my mostly clothed son next to me. In a public parking lot in the middle of nowhere, no less! I'm so far gone into incestuous depravity! But I fuckin' love it! All I can think about is all this yummy cum, and when he'll be able to do it to me again. But I'm a good slut, not a bad slut, because I'm HIS slut exclusively! Oh Gaawwwd! I can't think that way. I make myself too worked up.

On the plus side, I am maintaining limits. I'm keeping a VERY strict line with him not getting to do anything with my kitty. That's frustrating, but absolutely necessary.

And this girlfriend role is limited. Most of the week, I'll still be in "Margaret mode," living a normal life. We can play all we want with the girlfriend idea, but at the end of the day I still am the mother who gave birth to him, and that means I can never let him fuck me. Like I keep telling myself, our relationship is ultimately doomed. Hillary should be his future, if we can manage it.

She turned to him with a serious look, even as she continued to languorously rub his cum into her legs. "Son, I have a confession to make. I don't know what's wrong with me. Maybe something happened back at the movie theater on Friday night. I think that's where it started. But for whatever reason, I seem to have developed a serious cum fetish. Specifically, I love facials and pearl necklaces. In fact, just thinking about the words 'pearl necklace' makes me so horny for you that I don't know what to do."

"I know what you can do next time," he suggested. "You can strip, shake your big-"

"Shush!" she interrupted. "Please don't talk like that, because you'll get both of us too horny again. Before you know it, I'll be playing with your cock for who knows how long, and you'll spray a THIRD load all of me!"

"Sounds like a plan!" he said gleefully, even though his penis was dead to the world. He knew that was unlikely to change any time soon.

"Don't tempt me. That sounds soooo good!" She briefly closed her eyes, and practically had an orgasm just thinking about it. But she soon snapped back.

By this time, his cum was thoroughly rubbed in everywhere. There were white streaks here and there, but otherwise at first glance, all the cum appeared to be gone. However, the spermy smell in the small car was overwhelming.

She asked, "By the way, I noticed more than once now that you climax and then you stay hard. Do you do that a lot? Or have you been unusually inspired?"

He replied, "You've definitely unusually inspired me! So much that I can't even begin to tell you. Every single move you make turns me on so much that I can't stand it!"

He decided it was finally time to tell her of his curious tendency to "cum in twos." "But, that said, staying hard after cumming is a pretty normal thing for me. For instance, when I masturbate, I always do it in twos."

"What do you mean?"

"I masturbate until I cum, and then I keep on going until I cum again. Then I usually have to stop. It's like I get so worked up each time that it takes two orgasms to get me to actually calm down. Later on, I'll do it again. And then, later, again."

She sat up in shock, heedless of her cum-shiny nudity. *What a motherfucking STUD! He's even more of a natural born sex machine than I'd realized!*

She asked, urgently, "Wait! Are you telling me that sometimes you cum four or even SIX times in a single day?!"

He nodded. "Yep. That's my average, I'd guess. Sometimes I manage seven or even eight times, but that's pretty unusual."

"But how?! I'm not a man, but I know that's way above average. Way, waaaaay above average! Surely you know that?!"

He shrugged. "I have gathered it's unusual, but it's normal to me. The way I figure, how can I NOT cum that much? Because I'm always thinking about you, or Hillary, or you and Hillary! And whenever I do, I get so stiff and horny that I need to take care of myself."

She shook her head in disbelief. "That's kind of sweet, in a weird way, but I still find it hard to believe. For one thing, how do you find the time?!"

"That's not really a problem. Sometimes I do it in the morning, but running out of time is a problem there, since I usually do need to cum in twos. Instead, my favorite times to do it is in the afternoon after school, and especially at night. The night is the best! I don't even need any porn to look at or read. I just lie there in the dark and make up my own stories starring you and Hillary. Sometimes I literally go for hours, masturbating until my hand gets tired. I try really hard not to cum, so maybe that's been helping my stamina."

"That's amazing!" She thought, *My son is a sex freak, in the best way! Surely he's man enough for both Hillary AND me! Why can't we share him, forever? What's wrong with that?*

Okay, there's a lot wrong with that. I'm going to get divorced in a year or two and find a good man my own age. And that's just one reality to face. But still, it's a wonderful dream!

She said, both somewhat joking but also serious, "So that's what you've been doing all that time I thought you were doing your homework!"

He chuckled. "Well, not ALL the time. I still get straight A's, don't I?"

"You do. Too bad they don't have some kind of SAT test for male cumming. You'd break the scale!"

He chuckled at that too. He didn't realize how unusual he was, because he figured most guys his age regularly climaxed at least three or four times a day. But even that would have been unusual as an average.

Since she was sitting up already, she started to put her clothes back on.

However, Nick asked, "Um, don't you want to really clean up? You still have towels and all that stuff in the trunk, don't you?"

She did. But she didn't want to clean up too thoroughly, because she loved staying all cummy like that. She lied, "There's no time! It's getting dark, and you said people come here to watch the sunset, don't they?"

"Yeah." In fact, the sun would be setting very soon. He was surprised they were still alone, now that he thought about it.

She put her clothes back on, but not her thong, since it was still wet. Plus, leaving it off made her feel delightfully slutty, especially since he'd "ordered" her to not wear it. She remained bra-less too.

She took a small mirror from her purse, and continued to rub the pearly white streaks on her skin until they completely disappeared. However, she delighted in her skin's cummy sheen.

Another car pulled into the lot, finally ruining their privacy. A man and woman were inside it, presumably there to watch the sun set. However, they parked on the opposite side of the lot, to give both parties privacy.

Maggie was a bit spooked. "Thank the Lord they didn't come earlier! Thinking back, there were times I was sitting naked on you way above the window line, and I totally forgot what I was showing."

He said, "Yeah, they would have gotten quite a show!" He chuckled. "But I'm pretty sure they're here for the sunset, so it's not like they would have come earlier."

She realized he was right, but didn't say anything. She didn't consciously realize it or understand it, but she actually liked to get a little scared and humiliated sometimes.

Even though Maggie and Nick were dressed and presentable, at least from a distance, they didn't leave just yet. With their arms around each other, they watched the sun set and occasionally necked.

Not surprisingly, Nick spent most of the time with his hands under her top, playing with her tits. But his penis was done for a while, and mindful of the couple in the other car, he didn't try to get her naked or even pull her top up, as he loved to do.

Their kissing was more languid and intimate, instead of frenzied and impassioned. It was like they were making love with their tongues.

With the sun having just set below the horizon, but the sky still painted beautiful shades of orange, red, and purple, Nick said, "Ma, today's been such a great day. A perfect day! I really feel like you're my girlfriend now, and we're not just pretending anymore."

She longed to say *"We're not. I'm yours! And for as long as you want me, no matter what happens with Hillary!"* But she held herself back. She felt like she had to stick with the "hand-over" plan, even if she didn't like it and even if she could greatly delay it, because it was the responsible thing to do for his long-term happiness.

Instead, she asked, "What about Spencer? How are you feeling about him now?"

He frowned. "Oh yeah. I totally forgot about all that. I guess it wasn't such a perfect day after all."

She looked at the shapes of his fingers moving under her thin, tight black top. "Well, if playing with your mother's titties is what it takes to get your mind off bad news, I'm just going to have to let you play with them for hours and hours." She was all smiles.

"Really? Cool! Then let's do this tomorrow too! We can make a whole afternoon of it!" He twisted her nipples excitedly.

"Now, hold on. We can't do that, not unless Hillary is somehow involved. You know the rules. Even though I love being your girlfriend, we still have a purpose here. You should be cumming on HER face, and fucking HER tits, at least more of the time. Better still, you should cum on both of us at once!"

He moaned. "Don't say that, or I'm gonna get erect again!"

She was tempted, very tempted. She didn't doubt he could get erect again easily enough. But she realized she needed to be home soon to start cooking dinner. Thinking about that, and Andy at home, brought her guilt flooding back.

That pretty much killed her mellow erotic mood, and they drove home a short time later.

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The rest of the evening was shocking only in its mundane normality. It was difficult for Nick, sitting at the dinner table, to cope with the fact that the same woman dressed like a typical suburban mom and serving the family dinner had been naked and writhing underneath him while he fucked her big tits earlier in the day.

Maggie was getting to be extremely good at switching her two roles. There were no secret winks or smiles, or furtive gropes under the table.

It helped that he didn't try to push her on that. He'd tried playing footsie with her once during dinner a couple of days earlier, and the hard kick in the shins he quickly got in response taught him not to try that again anytime soon.

Her total transformation made him feel like he'd dreamt the whole thing up. It was very disconcerting.

However, there were subtle signs that things had changed between them. For instance, later that night, during dinner, he noticed her staring at his face happily, and even longingly. But she tended to catch herself, so these glances only lasted a couple of seconds at most, since Andy was usually right there. And even though she clearly was wearing a heavy bra, blouse, and light sweater, he knew her breasts well enough from years of furtive glances to detect her nipples stayed hard all through dinner.

He had to console himself that at least he didn't see any signs of sadness or regret in her face.

And that was true. She had come to peace with the fact that she was his "real" girlfriend, whatever that meant. Obviously, due to the incest, there had to be deceit and limits, but a key fact was that it was real to her. For instance, she wasn't ever going to think about dating anyone else, even if she had been single, because she considered herself "taken" by her son.

She still felt a tremendous amount of guilt from time to time, especially while doing something mundane like eating dinner with Nick and Andy. But ending the girlfriend arrangement wasn't even an option to think about for her anymore. She had no idea what the end game was, and that worried her, so she tried not to think about that.

However, she vowed that she wouldn't let her own sexual desires get in the way of Nick's plan to ultimately win Hillary. She would try to sincerely

help him with that, at least up to a point, even as she rooted for excuses and developments that would delay her ending her sexual relationship for as long as possible.

That evening, Nick vowed that he would no longer masturbate. Since Maggie loved his cum so much, he wanted to save it all up for her, and for Hillary, if she was willing too.

However, it turned out this wasn't a vow he could always keep.

For starters, he found there was a complication. Hillary called him after dinner, and they had a good, long phone call, as was becoming their near daily tradition. He thought about talking to her about his issues with Spencer, and other relationship clarification issues, but he once again decided it would be better to do that face to face.

Instead, he wound up sharing the story of what he and Maggie did that afternoon. He had to make some significant edits. For instance, he skipped the whole lead up about him being distraught about Spencer, obviously, and just started with them taking a drive up into the hills. He also had to avoid any hint of incest, and act as if this was the sort of thing he and Maggie did a lot. But once he got to the heart of the story, about the wild titfuck in a public place, with Maggie completely naked in the car, the call turned into another phone sex session.

His vow not to masturbate didn't last very long, in those circumstances. Both he and Hillary played with themselves until they climaxed around the time he climaxed for the second time in the story. And it was true that he usually stayed hard after cumming, so he had her share an arousing story about something she and Anushka did, and that led to another great phone sex session until they both climaxed again.

He was chagrined, because all that happened less than an hour after making his vow. He decided that phone sex was fair game, since he was "with" Hillary in a sense.

But then, when he went to bed that night, he got so excited thinking about the events of the day that he eventually gave in and came into a small towel - twice. He didn't have the phone sex excuse that time.

But at least he was making a concerted effort to masturbate less than before.

All in all, it had been a great day, and the best day since the Friday movie theater date. However, the Spencer problem was still looming and casting a gray cloud over him.

Chapter 22: Back to Normal? (Wednesday)

The next day was a Wednesday which meant Nick couldn't expect to see any "Maggie sightings," only Margaret. As a result, he directed his very active teenage libido mostly towards Hillary.

School life was getting increasingly strange for him. In the first days of school, he'd made a conscious effort to reach out and meet new people. He liked talking to his new friends, but he kept a certain distance. His main goals were spending time with Maggie and Hillary, and he was only interested in any others to help pass time until he could be with either or both of "his girls." (That's how he was starting to think of them.) So, for instance, he hadn't invited anyone but Hillary to do anything outside of school, and when others asked him, he politely turned them all down.

What was curious was that the more aloof Nick acted, the more popular he seemed to become. He was rapidly learning that the more desperate you appeared in wanting something, the less likely you were to get it. His devil-may-care attitude made him seem mysterious and intriguing, especially combined with the increasingly well known "fact" that he was dating a bombshell college girl. He didn't have to make an effort to reach out for new friends, since others were coming to him.

Maggie dropping him off and picking him up on Tuesday had been something of a bust. Nobody saw her drop him off, due to him being late and the car getting parked far away. Some people did see her there and looking fantastic to pick him up, but due to his distress at the time, they had rushed off without any sort of dramatic public kiss, or even hug.

But still, that was enough to further solidify the growing knowledge amongst his grade that he in fact was going out with Maggie. Just as Hillary had predicted, he was becoming known as "the guy who dates that hot college chick." He was perfectly fine with that. After all, part of his whole fake girlfriend scheme was to boost his social standing in general, in case things with Hillary didn't work out.

But that wasn't all. He noticed he also was increasingly becoming known as "the guy who hangs out with Hillary all the time," since he was doing just that. For those who didn't know about him and Maggie, they assumed he

and Hillary had started dating. For others who knew both things, he truly was the intriguing "mystery man."

He was suddenly so popular that even people he was sure he'd never met would start talking to him and act like they were already his friends. Many people knew his name when he wouldn't know theirs.

Even Spencer seemed keen to befriend him. That rankled Nick, but Nick was nothing if not a good actor. He pretended to be friendly back, without saying or doing anything Spencer could latch onto to deepen the friendship, such as doing things together outside of school. More often, he tried his best to avoid Spencer if he could. He knew that much, if not all, of Spencer's interest in him was to use him to get closer to Hillary.

He remained a bit glum all day, because he knew that Hillary had her plans with Spencer after school. It took all his willpower not to ask her what those plans were exactly.

It didn't help his mood that Spencer ate lunch with them again - along with others. Nick always seemed to be at a full table lately. Hillary was already very popular, Spencer was very popular, and Nick was increasingly popular, so a table with all three of them sitting at it was bound to be a cool and desirable place to sit. He was beginning to lament he might never get to eat lunch with just Hillary again, not unless they were seen as rude about not letting other people sit with them, or they escaped out of the cafeteria to eat somewhere in private.

The only bright spot was that Hillary mentioned during a private moment while walking with him between classes that there would be another party on Friday, and she wanted him to go with her to it, and Maggie too, if she wanted to. He happily agreed, and said he'd ask Maggie if she could join them. He managed to stifle his urge to ask if Spencer would be there as well.

In a way, his school life seemed a strange mirror of his home one. At times, his mother was "Maggie" - wild, horny, and usually naked. Once she was unleashed, she was a totally uninhibited sex bomb! But most of the time, she was just Margaret, his actual, typical mother.

Similarly, sometimes, Hillary was wild, horny, and eager. He'd done some very intimate, sexual things with her, and more on the phone. But most of his day to day physical interactions with her were at school, and while

there, she gave no outward sign of being anything more than a good friend. There were a couple of times they'd talked about erotic things in private, and there was their one sexually satisfying ladies' bathroom incident, but those were rare and risky exceptions to their usual behavior. They had to be very careful, since he was supposed to be dating Maggie instead.

All in all, it made for a great but sometimes extremely frustrating life. He knew he was living the life of his wildest dreams, but he was suffering mental whiplash from having to turn his sexuality on and then off so frequently. The vast majority of his time was spent waiting to be with Hillary or his mother in her "Maggie mode."

One good bit of news was that he was making progress getting a quality fake driver's license for Maggie. Initially, he was going to ask around at high school to see if anyone knew how to get a fake ID. But it occurred to him that that might lead to people at school who knew he'd gotten a fake ID for his hot new "girlfriend," and that could lead to trouble. So instead he got in contact with his old friends.

He didn't have many friends from the different high school he'd attended last year, but he did have a few. Already he'd drifted away from them during summer because he and they knew he would be going to a different high school, and being in the same school is everything for teenagers. Plus, Nick wanted to force himself to get to meet new people at his new school, not keep his old friendships alive against the odds. But he made an exception to get the fake ID. He got a couple of those old friends to ask around at their school, and that led to him being set up with someone who could make the driver's license for a price.

Nick hadn't even told Maggie about doing this yet. He had to temporarily steal her real driver's license so it could be duplicated with some minor but key changes. But he'd returned it to her wallet without her even knowing it was gone. He paid for the fake out of his own pocket. He knew Maggie wouldn't approve of him doing something illegal, so his goal was to present it to her as a *fait accompli*. He found out the fake was nearly ready and he could pick it up tomorrow after school.

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Meanwhile, Maggie's daily routine was changing. For one thing, she'd decided that her attempt to burn off her excess sexual energy by exercising

longer and harder had more or less worked. She'd had a great, highly arousing time with Nick after school the day before, but she wasn't so out of control that she'd done anything against her rules, such as letting him touch her pussy.

So she did that again. She worked up another sweat gardening. She figured it had the nice bonus of getting her in better shape too. Although, in truth, she already was in tip top condition. It was hard to see how her thirty-three-year-old body could look any better or more titillating.

Their house had a deck and patio area on the roof of the second floor which Maggie called the "sun roof." Not only could one get a great view from up there, but the house was near the top of a hill, and it was surrounded by trees and/or fence, so there was no way for any of the neighbors to see people up there. For the past year plus, Maggie had taken advantage of this to lie on the sun roof naked, and that's how she'd developed such a flawless all-over tan.

Now that she'd shaved her bush, she had a patch of paler skin. Luckily, she had some natural color already, so it didn't look too bad, but she wanted to get rid of that patch just the same. It was very nearly the only visual "imperfection" on her entire body, so she wanted to get rid of it. She spent an hour tanning on the deck while Nick was at school. She carefully applied different strengths of suntan lotion so her more pale spot would have a chance of "catching up" with the rest of her fabulous tan.

As she laid on a towel face up with her eyes closed, she thought, *Aaaaah! This is the life. Total privacy. Nick's at school and Andy's downstairs. True, Andy seems too close for my liking, but with his injury he might as well be on another planet. No way is he hobbling up here with his cane! No one can see that I'm completely naked. And I do mean COMPLETELY naked! I can't believe I actually shaved my bush off for my son. My pussy feels so EXPOSED!*

She moved her hand-over her crotch and idly ran a finger down her slit. *Feel that! So naked. And it's kind of pale down there now, but it won't be for long. I know my Sport appreciates a nice tan, and I want my body to be absolutely perfect for him. I want that big cock of his to get stiff and throbbing every time he sees me! Well, at least when I'm dressed sexy or in nothing at all while in Maggie mode, anyway. If I tan a safe amount of time*

every day, that spot will be fixed in no time. Then I'll be just like Hillary: a statuesque, centerfold-worthy, evenly-tanned, big-breasted babe! The two of us, total sluts for Nick! For my son!

Her hand hadn't left her slit. She started working her clit without really intending to masturbate. Oh God! My SON! If he were here right now, I know what he'd be doing, since I'm lying down: he'd be sitting on my chest! His cock would be trapped between my breasts, with the tip pointed right at my mouth. No, better, his cockhead would be IN my mouth! The whole thing! I'd show him just what a good slut I could be, sucking the hell out of that insanely thick cock-monster while holding my tits tightly against his shaft and sliding them all over it!

And if Hillary is there too, and she probably will be next time, she'll be sitting right next to us on her naked ass, enjoying the sexy sight. No! Better, she'll be the one holding and sliding my tits back and forth around my son's great big cock! Yes! Hell, maybe she'll even bend over and lick it all the way from my lips to his pubic hair, even as she keeps it tightly trapped in my cleavage!

Maggie had both of her hands on her pussy mound now. One was frigging her clit while the other had two fingers pushing in and out her slit. She was getting very worked up. Her fantasy seemed so real that she could practically feel the weight of her son sitting on her chest. She sighed lustily.

Hillary is so very beautiful. I know people say I'm a looker, but do I look THAT good? I don't know, but I know Nick thinks I do, and knowing he's that hot for me fucking turns me on so damn much! He masturbates four to six times a day, every day, just thinking about me and her! That's one horny, horny boy! I thought he was a shy, nice, and slightly nerdy boy. I had no idea he'd be such an insatiable, sexy BEAST!

What kind of Pandora's box have we opened with this fake girlfriend scheme? Look at me! I'm lying here, naked and dripping with suntan lotion from head to toe, just because I'm hoping I'll be able to improve my tan a little bit for my horny son. Is that fucked up or what? But I'm too fucking horny at this point to even care! I'm gonna cum soon. "Titfuck your mother, Son! Titfuck me even while Hillary licks your shaft!" Hnnnggg! NGH! YEEESSS!

Maggie had a nice climax. But her horny mood didn't come to an end afterwards. A few minutes later, she had to go to the bathroom, so she walked down to the second floor and back. But she didn't bother putting on a stitch of clothing as she did so. When she got back, she even walked around the sun deck for no other reason than to revel in her nudity.

I fucking love being naked! Naked outdoors, especially! Nick keeps saying his confidence has been surging lately, and I know exactly what he means, because my confidence is surging too. What with giving birth to him and having the shotgun wedding with Andy at only sixteen, it feels like I missed out on all the prime years of dating and having sex. I went straight from childhood to being a responsible mother.

I think that's a big reason why I've never considered myself truly beautiful, even though everyone seems to say that I am. And I've always covered up to avoid attention and even discouraged any kind of sexy compliment, so it became a kind of self-fulfilling prophesy. I wasn't that sexy, because I didn't feel sexy, dress sexy, or act sexy.

But now! Whoa! Everything's changed! I feel like a sex goddess all the time! I'm Aphrodite herself! When my Sport stares at me with a nearly depraved look in his eyes, how can I not feel sexy as hell? It's like he's fucking me with his eyes, all the time! And he NEEDS me naked! Not just wants it, he needs it, like he needs air to breathe!

It makes me feel pretty damn good! It even helps me cope with being in Margaret mode a lot. Right now, I'm not only willing and able to walk around on my rooftop, I wanna sashay and strut, and let my big boobies bounce around with every step! This must be what it feels like to be Hillary. She's totally hot and she knows it. But she doesn't let it go to her head either. She's so cool!

It was only later, when Maggie was back on the first floor and eating lunch with Andy, that the guilt hit her.

She thought, What did I think I was doing, strutting around on the sun roof like some kind of shameless whore? I know there's no chance of anyone seeing me, short of someone flying by in a helicopter! But even so, I can't afford to blur the line between Margaret and Maggie. Maggie is not allowed in this house, not even on the roof! There can be no slippery slope

on this, period! There's nothing wrong with working on an all-over tan, but I can't masturbate to thoughts of my son at the same time.

She glanced at her husband, but looked away in embarrassment. *I can't! I just can't!*

After lunch, she decided it was time to take action to get herself over her reluctance to suck her son's cock. She was increasingly realizing that she had made her moral peace with doing that, but she was still daunted by the sheer physical difficulties of taking such a thick phallic into her mouth. She also worried she would do a noticeably bad job at it, since she figured the relatively rare times she'd sucked Andy's cock was no help in sucking Nick's, due to the great size difference.

To fix that problem, she went to a sex shop and bought the dildo that was closest in size to Nick's erect cock. She was able to find an oversized dildo that was about as thick as his was (though it also was much, much longer). Then she went home, snuck it up to her room, took all her clothes off, and tried sucking on it.

She found that she could fit it in her mouth. She knew that already from her brief experience sucking him on that fateful first Tuesday, but it still was nice to be reassured. However, it wasn't just getting it in her mouth that bothered her, it was keeping it there for long periods of time, and while licking and sliding her lips on it to boot. So there was nothing to do but give it a try.

She sucked on the dildo for ten minutes non-stop. She found the experience highly unpleasant though. She got no sexual pleasure from it, because she was very mindful of the fact that it was just a piece of plastic and not her beloved son's actual erection. Furthermore, the physical difficulty of the act was almost as bad as she'd feared. After ten minutes, her jaw hurt, her facial muscles were sore, and her tongue was tired out from licking.

This was distressing, because she knew Nick had unusual sexual stamina. More and more frequently, she'd been having fantasies about sucking him for a long, long time, even an hour at a time. She didn't know how realistic that was, but she figured she had to be able to do a lot better than just ten minutes.

She struggled with the dildo, sucking it for another ten minutes. But she had to pull off every few minutes, and by the end of her twenty minute session,

she felt she simply couldn't go on, so she stopped.

She sat on her bed with the dildo in her hand, feeling glum. Well, this sucks! I like how huge and thick Nick's cock is. Even just stroking him, I feel I've really got to earn it to get him to cum, and that's a great feeling. But does he have to be THAT thick?! Even a little less would be much easier. Ugh!

So much for my big dreams of sucking him for an hour at a time. I was going to practice a lot more with the dildo to increase my own stamina, but this is just too depressing and tough. I hope than when I'm bobbing on his actual flesh, it'll be a completely different experience. The sexual arousal and excitement will drive me on to suck him with great energy and passion for a long, long time!

Well, that's the idea, anyway. I sure hope that happens! If nothing else, I've gotta keep up with Hillary. She's so sexy! And athletic. I have no doubt she's going to be able to cope with his size and suck him like the "good slut" that she so clearly is!

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Nick had a nice day at school, with some brief but fun times with Hillary, getting to know some others better (mostly his fellow Advanced Studies classmates, who were a very varied and interesting bunch), and no new Spencer problems.

His mood was helped a lot, when, near the end of the day, with her plans to meet Spencer after school coming up, she took him aside to a private spot and said to him, "Nick, I just want to let you know that if you're worried about anything happening between Spencer and me, don't be. I know our relationship status is still a bit tricky, what with sharing you with Maggie, and the Anushka permission problem, not to mention not really knowing each other much more than a week now! That said, in my mind at least, you and I are going out now, and as long as that's the case, I'm not even going to THINK about dating another guy."

Nick breathed a very big metaphorical sigh of relief at that. He played it cool though, nodding, and then saying, "I'm glad to hear that. We really need to talk soon, to clarify some of those tricky relationship things."

"We do."

"If that's the case though, then why are you going to hang out with him today? You do know that he's got the hots for you, don't you?"

She nodded. "Of course. But, I don't mean to sound full of myself, but that's ALWAYS the case. When has some guy EVER shown interest in me without wanting to get into my pants?"

He immediately nodded as he realized how true that had to be.

She said, "In your case, one reason I'm so attracted to you is that, yeah, at first, last Tuesday, it was ALL about lust. Totally overwhelming, unstoppable lust! But since then, I've been getting to know you better and better, especially during our long phone calls, and there are even times when we DON'T have phone sex!" She giggled at that.

She smiled brightly. "Just kidding. Of course, most of our phone talk is just normal, non-sexual talking, and I really like that side of you too. I wish we could do more of that."

She then said, "But anyway, about Spencer, I can't really have any male friends without the hassle of the sexual attraction, which I don't want 99 percent of times. Sometimes, it's too much and I try to avoid that person. Other times, there's some other good reason to be friends, and I decide it's worth the hassle of trying to deflect the sexual stuff. In Spencer's case, he's a nice, fun guy, and we've got a lot in common."

She further explained, "The reason I'm going to his house today is that he says he has an amaaaazing musical collection! Pretty much ALL vinyl too, which is my favorite. He says he's going to let me borrow whatever I want. If he tries to get fresh, believe me, I know just how to shut him down."

That was both good and bad news for Nick. He was very relieved overall, though he was distressed to hear she would be going to Spencer's house. He didn't doubt that Spencer had an "amaaaazing musical collection," since Spencer's family was known to be very rich. He seriously wondered if Spencer might have bought a large number of albums just in the last week specifically and solely to impress Hillary. He probably had money to burn for exactly that sort of thing.

He said, "Well, okay. I trust you. It may seem like we've only known each other for a week, but we've been classmates for ages, so I feel like I know you a lot better than that, and I do trust you. That said, don't be deceived!

I'm sure the ONLY reason he's so keen on sharing records and such is because he wants to get his hands on you."

She shrugged. "You may well be right. But like I said, that's sort of my life. And since I'm bisexual, I have to deal with that with both boys AND girls. I can't really find ANYBODY my age where I can interact with them without suspecting some sort of sexual interest angle, unless maybe I know it's a guy who's so gay that he clearly has a boyfriend I personally know. More than one guy has tried to scam me by pretending to be gay and 'just a friend.'"

He said sincerely, "Wow. I've known you as a classmate all this time, and yet I pretty much had no clue just how much you've had to deal with that. It must be tough."

"It is. But it has its perks. Sometimes, extra cool things happen to me, like Spencer sharing his records. And generally speaking, I get to end up with the very best boyfriends and girlfriends. Like you!" She smiled brightly. "But trust me, I'd never go for sex as a transactional thing. That would ruin sex as a whole for me, if I started to look at it like that. I want sex to be pure fun, and one thing I love so much about you and Maggie is that with you guys, it most definitely is that!"

He nodded again, feeling more relieved. But he asked, "Aren't there some girls though who are totally straight, and you can have a pure no sexual interest relationship with them?"

She shrugged. "Yeah, some. And I do appreciate those. But it's way less than you'd think. I've found out the hard way that even girls who act totally straight, and even think they're totally straight can develop a crush on me. That's happened lots of times. Remember how young we are. Lots of kids our age are still figuring out exactly what their sexuality is. Unfortunately, with my looks I'm usually considered the most desirable girl in class. Which means that if some girl is bisexual but doesn't know it, she often finds out for the very first time by getting a crush on me!"

She added, "And another thing I've learned is that LOTS of girls are at least partially bisexual. I think I mentioned that to you the other night. In my opinion, male sexuality is mostly hard-wired, with guys generally being gay, bisexual, or straight. But with girls, it's more fluid. Maybe they think they're one thing, but then they want to experiment with something else. So

basically, I have to always be on my guard with almost everyone but family. Full grown adults have tried to seduce me too. Ironically, that means I can be more relaxed around you, because I don't have to worry if you want to get my naked, because I KNOW you do, and I want to too, so the sexual attraction problem there is solved!"

They talked a little more before they both had to go their separate ways.

He ended up feeling much better about her time with Spencer. He also wound up with a much better appreciation of the problems Hillary faced from being so very beautiful.

He wondered if Maggie had the same problems, because he had seen very little sign of that. But then he realized that since Maggie had gotten pregnant with him at only sixteen years old, and then married Andy a very short time later, and technically still was married to Andy, it was an entirely different thing. She had the protective shield of her wedding ring nearly her entire sexually mature life. Plus, she had been practically living in seclusion for the past two years, when he had become much more aware of sexual matters. He figured she probably got hassled a lot, and he just didn't know about it most of the time, and that was a big reason why she'd gone into seclusion.

However, thinking more about Spencer, he realized that he still had a very big problem. *Sure, it's good to hear that they're only going to listen to albums and talk music and stuff. In the short-term, I'm sure Hillary will be able to deflect whatever advances he tries to make, as she said. And I'm VERY glad to find out that she knows he's totally angling to get into her pants.*

That said... he's a sneaky, clever bastard! In the longer term, I've got a BIG problem with him, because I'm sure they'll have a good time, he'll bide his time, and then he'll build off that. With all the resources at his disposal, he can find all sorts of ways to make time with her. For instance, maybe he finds out she likes astronomy, so he rushes out the next day to buy a super powerful telescope, and then says, 'Hey, Hillary, I've got this such and such telescope in my room. You should come to my house sometimes and check it out.'

Evil! Okay, maybe not evil, but fucking sneaky! Actually, I can't really point fingers there, since I'm the author of the whole fake girlfriend scheme, but

still. "All's fair in love and war," like Ma repeated to me recently, and I'm not going to sit on my hands while Spencer slowly yet cleverly burrows his way into Hillary's heart! I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm going to have to do something. Fight him, maybe? I don't know. Unfortunately, he's bigger and stronger than me and he'd probably beat me up. But I'll have to come up with something.

At least it looks like I have a good amount of time. Hillary is committed to me here and now, which is great! And she's not the two-timing kind, which is also great. But Spencer seems to know what a remarkable girl Hillary is, and not just physically, so he's probably biding his time very patiently. Grrrr!

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When Nick returned home, he saw that Maggie was fully in her "Margaret mode," while Andy was locked in his den, as usual. All seemed like domestic normality.

Some more mundane aspects of life still had to go on. For instance, he spent the whole afternoon working on his homework.

However, there was one unexpected exception to that way of life in the late afternoon. Maggie came to his room, very thoroughly dressed, and knocked on his door. When he answered it, she spoke quietly. "I'd like to talk to you outside, in the garden. Neutral ground."

So they went outside a couple of minutes later. They both stood in the middle of the backyard lawn.

Maggie seemed upset about something. She was frowning and wringing her hands, and started out by saying, "I have something that's bothering me. A big problem."

He asked, "What is it?"

"I had two good, long conversations with Hillary on the phone over the weekend. I really like her. I believe she likes me too. I think we have the potential to be close friends, maybe even best friends. We have a lot in common. Maybe not necessarily the exact same tastes and interests, but our personalities are very similar. She's unusually mature for her age, for starters. It's more like she's 25 or even 30 than 17. And I really like how

she's such a good-hearted person, especially. It's like there isn't a mean bone in her body."

He said, proudly, "There isn't! Believe me, I've been watching her a long time. She really is the epitome of the hippie ideal. You know, like 'live and let live.' Wanting to make the world a better place for everyone. She constantly pushes me to be a better person, just by her example, and so I can keep up with her."

"I can see that," Maggie said. "Plus, she's fun, and funny, always laughing, always a smile on her face. What's not to like about her?"

He grinned. "Exactly! Now can you see why she's my dream girl? You and her. She's so great!"

Maggie grinned a bit too. "I can, because she is. And there's the crucial fact that we're basically your two girlfriends. We have YOU in common. That's big! What if what happened on our Friday threesome date is the start of a pattern? What if, a couple of times a week, or even more, we end up getting together, and the three of us get naked, and then she and I spend a couple of hours pleasuring your cock in practically every possible way? And not just strictly taking turns, but working together as one? Coordinating our efforts to really drive you wild?"

He tried to hide it, because this was supposed to be a non-sexual conversation on neutral ground, but he got an erection in his shorts in a flash. He put his hands over his crotch to help cover it. He asked incredulously, "Is that a question you're seriously asking me?! My answer is 'Yes, yes, yes!' To all of that! That sounds awesome!"

She flashed a toothy smile. "I figured you'd say that. But my point is, if that happens, that's the kind of thing that could drive her and me much closer together. We'd have the camaraderie of being partners in larger things. Maybe an analogy would be if we became doubles partners in tennis or figure skating partners or something like that. It would pretty much guarantee that we become friends, very, very good friends!"

He asked, confused, "And this is a 'problem?' You started off saying you have a 'big problem.' And even now, your smile has slipped back into a frown. To me, that sounds like total awesomeness! Nothing would make me happier than if you two become great friends!"

Indeed, she was frowning again. She said, "Yes, that is a problem. Sure, I'd love that too. More than you know, because I've realized I'm ready to turn a new leaf after being stuck in a hellhole of sorts these past two years with the whole Andy situation. She's exactly the sort of person I'd want the 'new Maggie' to spend a lot more time with, even if we didn't have the prospect of more hot threesome dates where you could blast your cum all over our faces and chests over and over again."

She unhappily went on, "The problem is the fact that we're becoming fast friends presents grave danger. Because I'm not Maggie! 'Maggie' is a brand new persona that didn't exist until you came up with it a couple of weeks ago. You and I worked out our cover story, a backstory, and that's been key. But it's not a very deep one. The truth is, I'm NOT a twenty-year old college student. I'm a thirty-three year old married mother! I had those two great, long phone calls with her, but I've had to avoid doing that again, because in those calls I realized the danger of her wanting to know more about me!"

She asked plaintively, "What if she opens a door, metaphorically speaking, and there's nothing behind it? Just an 'under construction' sign. Because that's all there is for big chunks of my so-called life! For instance, my so-called 'college career.' A total lie! If she probes me in depth about that, I'm going to come up blank! So I'm getting scared of her, scared of ruining this great scheme of yours that's letting you make your dreams come true. I have to do something, but what?! I've tried to figure out what to do about this, but I'm drawing a total blank! I'm ME! Ultimately, I am Margaret, not Maggie! The better she gets to know me, the harder it's going to be to maintain the lie!"

She took his hands in hers. (Due to the severity of the problem she was describing, his penis just went flaccid again.) "Son, you're a smart guy, smarter than me. You're in the Advanced Studies program, which means you're almost at the sub-genius level. I'm hoping against hope that maybe you can come up with something here to at least help that I've missed. And don't say 'just tell her the truth,' because you know that isn't even remotely possible!"

He was frowning too by this time. He muttered, "No, it isn't. Hmmm. You're right, this is a big problem. To be perfectly honest, I guess I'd always thought it was a longshot for things to ever work out even remotely this well, especially this well this fast. I hadn't figured out anything more than

our rather thin backstory because I didn't really have confidence that she's actually want to be my girlfriend. But that IS happening, and the future looks bright. So we do need to figure something out. Can you give me a few minutes to think on this?"

"Please! Take all the time you want."

He spent the next ten minutes wandering the backyard, thinking deeply.

Maggie wanted to stay in her neutral ground mode, so she watered the plants to pass the time.

Eventually, he came up with something. He and Maggie got back together again, standing in the middle of the lawn. "Okay, I think I have a solution. In fact, there's really only one way to go, in my opinion."

"What's that?!" Maggie asked eagerly. "Please tell me!"

"You have to write a book."

She scowled at him, thinking he was joking, and that was a terrible time for a joke. "What?!"

"You heard me. Okay, maybe not a book. More like a novella or a long story. Hear me out, okay?"

She nodded, still doubtful and unhappy.

"You're right that there's a big empty space where there needs to be a much deeper history about you. So the simple solution is for you to create it! It's a lot easier for you to go from being thirty-three to twenty than the other way around. You can have your life exactly as it is up until your sixteenth year. All you have to be careful with that time are some of the cultural references. But you're very lucky there, because Hillary is about the most culturally clueless person there is. Her family has never owned a TV, and it's like she lives in another time and another dimension. Pretty much the Woodstock era. If you were to ask her who the popular music groups are these days, or the famous celebrities, or the smash Hollywood blockbusters are, she'd only have a few bits and pieces here and there. So that's a huge break for you right there."

Maggie nodded. She was still confused and doubtful about what he was saying, but she was starting to have some hope.

He went on, "So you've still got your parents and childhood friends and all that jazz. It's true that your parents are also my grandparents, but what are the odds she's ever going to ask me in depth about my grandparents? You can talk about all that stuff until you're sixteen pretty safely. But tell me whenever you do, so we can make sure our stories always match."

He went on, "Now, the much, much more tricky bit is what do to about your years from sixteen until now, your supposed twentieth year. There's where I want you to write your book of sorts. This is an opportunity for you to have some fun with creative writing, which I know is something that interests you. Those years ARE blank, so write the life story of Maggie! Since you don't have a more detailed backstory, make one up."

He said, "But, and this is key, the more you can stick to the truth, the better. For instance, the key diversion point is when you got pregnant with me when you were sixteen, and then you had your shotgun marriage with Andy. You can keep a lot of that in your alternate history. You could write about getting pregnant, but you had a miscarriage. But going through that brought you much closer with the guy who impregnated you. Andy. He said he was going to do the right thing and marry you, and that plus other things caused you to fall in love with him. Thus, you spent the rest of your teen years different from all the other kids your age, due to the fact that it was practically like you were married to him. You missed out on the whole usual dating thing because you went from no dating to getting extremely serious with him. The pregnancy scare made you grow up in a hurry."

He continued, "As you can see, that's not so far from what I know about your life in those years. The only real difference is that you didn't actually give birth to me. But your sister got married and had a kid very young too, and the timing matches up pretty well, since she's older. In your story, you could have it so that you had to have a really big hand in raising her baby, then transfer a lot of what you did raising me to that."

She asked, "I see what you mean. So you're saying I should literally write a book?"

"Or whatever you want to call it. You've got a laptop in your bedroom and you're a good writer. Just open up a new Word document and start typing! Don't worry about the length. It's not going to be published, obviously. It's just for you and me. So make it whatever you want, and the more detailed

the better. Then, and this is key, once you're done, get to know it really, really well. Reread it over and over again. I'll do the same. If things keep going great with Hillary, and developing even deeper, we could even get some props, like some carefully selected photo albums. Of course, it's not like you're going to tell the whole thing to her. But when things naturally come up in conversations, you can draw on that."

"For example?" she asked.

"For example, let's say I'm still dating Hillary a few months from now, and some big school dance comes up. She wants to talk to you about it. It would be natural for you to explain whatever you and Andy did that year. Oh, and it goes without saying that you broke up with Andy not that long ago, a few months before you started going out with me. That fits perfect into the backstory we already have told Hillary, that you're coming off a serious relationship so you're afraid of getting too serious with me. All we're doing there is filling a blank there with your early years with him."

She asked, "But how did he and I break up?"

"I don't know! Sometimes you're going to have to be creative. No, actually, I do know. He cheated on you! Remember, stick to the truth as much as possible. So, in this case, if talk about cheating come up, you can share your very real anger about what Andy did to you. All you have to do is shift the ages and be careful with a few of the key details. But the general emotion will be the same, and that will come across as totally real to Hillary."

Maggie nodded. She was looking grim, thinking intently, but she was feeling increasingly hopeful. "I see. I like your suggestion, more and more. I've never written something like this, but I am working on my cookbook, and I've got my cooking blog. I think I can do it."

"I know you can do it! Ma, you'll hit it out of the park!" He gave her a big smile.

She smiled back, but went right back to a frown. "That all sounds good, but what about all my years from twenty to thirty-three? What happens there? Do I just throw all of them away and pretend almost half of my life never happened?!"

"First off, that's not 'almost half,' but more like a third. But no, don't throw all that away. Here's where you can be really clever. Take the key things

from those years that you want Hillary to know about you and stuff them into your earlier years. Weave a different story, but with all the pieces pretty much from your actual life. And no, you can't move all of it, but you can move a lot of it. And... this may sound kind of harsh, but some of those years were pretty boring and uneventful, weren't they? For instance, the difference between being sixteen and seventeen is huge. The time of our lives Hillary and I are in right now. We're going through all sorts of firsts and major changes. By contrast, how big is the difference between, say, the sixth and seventh year of your marriage? From what I know, you got in a groove, and a lot of the years were basically similar to each other. So maybe you'd have less stuff to transfer than you think."

Maggie said, thoughtfully, "I guess that's true. But a really major part of my life all these last years has been raising YOU! Maybe that's even the most important thing. But I can't really transfer that over at all. And there's so much about the married life, just being a mother in general. I can't talk about any of that!"

"No, probably not. But here's the thing: It's a lot easier to NOT talk about something than to make up something out of whole cloth and have it sound convincing. So, yes, there will be large parts about your past you can't fully share with Hillary. If your friendship continues to deepen, that will be a shame."

He decided to make a bold suggestion, but pass it off as a casual "what if" aside, to at least put the idea out there. "Who knows what the future will bring? We have no idea where this whole scheme we've started will go. I suppose it's possible in one future that you end up having to continue your co-girlfreind role with Hillary and me for years! Maybe that'll be the only way to keep my relationship with Hillary going. Who knows?!"

Maggie was shocked. Already, that was a great hope of hers, but it seemed too crazy and incredible to seriously consider. "But, but... that would mean I'd be having sex with you for years too! Probably really hot threesome sex! I'm still your mother! We can't let that happen!"

He tingled with excitement, but shrugged and pretended to be blasé. "Look. I'm not saying that's going to happen. I'm just bringing up a 'what if' scenario so we'll cover all our bases. My point is, if something like that were to happen, your friendship with Hillary will only grow and grow until

you naturally become the very best of friends, due to all the sexual closeness. You'd practically be co-wives, if that were to happen. And so, eventually, one of two things would have to happen: either you just continue being Maggie forever and let those lost years stay lost, or we come to a decision that the bonds between the three of us are so strong that we tell her the full truth."

"MY GOD!" Maggie exclaimed. "That sounds so scary! Either way, I don't like it! In fact, I hate it!"

He nodded. "I know. We're in a fix, for sure. But that's just a wildly improbable 'what if' at this point. I've only been going out with her one week and a day! It's waaaay too premature to get all hung up on what ifs like that. The main thing is to develop a deeper backstory for the near future, while being mindful of future possibilities so we don't back ourselves into a corner that we can't get out of."

Maggie tried to calm herself and focus on the near-term situation. But her heart was racing fast and she was suddenly secretly very sexually aroused, thanks to his "passing" suggestion that the fake girlfriend scheme might even theoretically last for years. She wanted to ask him a lot more questions about what he thought on that, but she didn't dare. She didn't want to come across as too interested, and she also didn't want to get her hopes up.

The two of them continued to discuss the details of what they started to call Maggie's "novella," since they figured it probably would be longer than a short story but shorter than a full book. Maggie was so bullish on the idea that she wanted to get started right away. He promised to consult with her on it, both to make it as convincing as possible and also because he needed to be fully knowledgeable of the details of what she came up with too.

Maggie was hopeful that she could come up with at least a good first draft of the whole thing in a few days, since she had a lot of free time on her hands. She planned to continue to avoid having long phone calls or otherwise very serious conversations with Hillary until she finished, so she would be fully prepared for any eventuality. But she was very excited with what she was going to do. The hope of having substantive talks with Hillary without much fear, and taking their friendship to another level, thrilled her to no end.

Due to practical considerations, Maggie agreed that Nick could talk to her about her novella in her bedroom, so long as he didn't touch her or discuss anything sexual. She wanted to maintain her "firewall," but it wouldn't be practical for her to take her laptop to the back garden and have him read and talk there every time she had something she wanted him to see.

Nick also suggested that they needed to do some more work on her supposed college career. Maggie had only spent a couple of years in a community college when she was of college age, due to her already being married and with a growing boy at the time. Even then, she'd only done it part time, and the community college experience didn't come close to matching the typical full college experience of living in dorms, and going to frat and sorority parties, and football games and so forth. Nick decided she and he should take one or more "field trips" to the local college she was supposed to be attending to help her get more familiar with it. They could take photos of her there too.

But also, they would try to tailor the story of her college experience to be more like her real community college experience. It helped that Hillary already believed that Maggie still lived in the bungalow behind the house Nick lived in rather than living in a college dorm.

Maggie felt much, much better after that talk. She even finished their conversation with a big smile and the comment, "Son, see how smart you are? I'm so proud of you for being clever and coming up with such a great idea! It's too bad we're on neutral ground, because if I was in full Maggie mode right now, I would want to reward you soooooo good! You might even talk me into rewarding you with my tongue and lips, if you know what I mean! And I'm not talking about more kissing!"

He moaned, "MaaaaaAAAAAaaaa! You're killing me here!" He looked around their backyard. "Damn! Neutral territory sucks!"

She chuckled gleefully. "Don't worry. Lucky you, tomorrow happens to be another Maggie day. I have a feeling it's going to be a VERY good day for you!"

With that, she walked away back to the house, leaving him behind. She was headed to her bedroom to get started on her novella straight away, while she was full of inspiration.

He watched her go. Even through the heavy clothes she was wearing, he could appreciate the shape of her ass undulating up and down with every step. He knew very well already how it looked and felt bare naked, so his imagination ran wild. On top of that, he swore she was putting some extra oomph into the swaying of her walk.

He thought, *Man! What a mom! God! And what a life we're living! Shit just got real, or at least a whole lot realer. This is really happening! All signs are go with Hillary to the point that we really do have to deepen the backstory in a big way! That's so frickkin' cool that I can't even believe it!*

And what's even better is that Ma didn't dismiss the whole fake girlfriend for years suggestion I floated out there. What if that actually happens?! My God! I get so fucking excited that I can't even stand it! I can't even breathe! Is it even theoretically possible for one guy to have TWO women in this day and age?! How would that work, on a practical level?! Given how incredibly sexy they are, I would NEVER be at ease, because guys like Spencer would always be on the prowl, trying to steal them away from me.

But, man! What a life that would be! It would totally be worth all the extra trouble of making such a crazy arrangement work. Not that it would happen. I mean, Hillary is so flighty in her relationships I'd be lucky if I could last a whole year with her. But if we could last "for years," why would we ever stop?! If things could get that deep and serious, I swear, I would be the best boyfriend and lover to them both, so they would never want to let me go! We could last a whole lifetime! The three of us, entwined in lust and love, forever!

He started striding back to the house. *Okay, that's it! Screw my no masturbation idea for a little while. I'm got some seriously intense fantasizing to do!*

He went straight back to his room and had a long masturbation session while daydreaming about "wedded bliss" in a possible future where Maggie and Hillary were his de facto co-wives for years. It was glorious. As per his usual tendency to "cum in twos," he stayed erect after his first orgasm and kept right on going until he came a second time.

But after that he had to come back to reality. He resumed working on his homework until dinner.

Meanwhile, Maggie dove into her novella project with great enthusiasm. She started by making extensive notes and an outline in a computer file. She tried to look at key events and factors in her life much like pieces on a chessboard. She had to figure out how to carefully arrange all the pieces and how they related to each other because she could start writing her first draft.

After dinner, Nick was the one who called Hillary, and they had another long phone call. She started out by giving him the gist of her time at Spencer's house. As expected, it was all about music and music sharing. She'd left with hundreds of records that he let her borrow indefinitely. According to Hillary, Spencer was a "perfect gentleman" and didn't try to overtly ogle or flirt.

Nick was glad to hear all that, but it also made him realize that Spencer was playing a long game. If Spencer was willing to put in all that time and effort without the promise of sex in the near future, that was a sign he was looking for a serious, long-term intimate relationship with Hillary. In Nick's mind, that actually made Spencer even more of a threat, because Hillary wasn't a one-night stand kind of person, and that more directly collided with Nick's similar long-term intentions towards her.

The phone call quickly morphed from talk of Spencer to his record collection, and then talk of the kinds of bands and music they loved in general. Both of them not only were big music lovers, but were the kinds of people who had vast amounts of trivial knowledge of the musicians and music they loved most, so they could talk for hours about that sort of thing, and they did. The call lasted for two hours, before both of them admitted they had homework due the next day that needed to get done.

After what Hillary told him earlier in the day, that she liked when they talked without sex in the air, and wanted more of that with him, he actually was glad their phone call never turned into another phone sex session. As much as he loved doing anything sexual with her, he also was very keen to prove to her that his interest in her went far beyond the physical. Even though they only talked about music, he figured that every long conversation helped deepen their relationship in its most critical early days.

He had mostly managed to hold out from masturbating all day, due to his new pledge not to masturbate at all, if he could help it. The one exception

was cumming twice after talking to Maggie in "neutral territory," since thoughts of him being intimate with both her and Hillary seemed so very exciting and at least vaguely, wildly, remotely possible for the first time.

He resolved to stay strong though. He resisted the temptation to masturbate again after the phone call with Hillary ended. Instead, he worked on his homework all the way until his bedtime.

But once he was lying in bed, naked and in the dark, he finally gave in to his considerable sexual urges, and ended up cumming twice, as was his usual habit. That meant he'd cum a total of four times over the course of the day. Compared to how often he usually masturbated, that still was below average for him. He wished he could have done better, but he figured that still would leave lots of his cum saved up for when Maggie took him to school on Thursday morning.

Chapter 23: More Garage Fun (Thursday)

Getting up and eating breakfast on Thursday morning was uneventful for Nick and Maggie, at least on an outward, surface level. Both of them had erotic dreams last night, but that was becoming par for the course. Outwardly, they managed to appear calm and normal for Andy, but inwardly they were thinking about their sexual dreams while trying not to get worked up. That was becoming par for the course too.

Interestingly, their dreams that night had been nearly identical in general, differing only in the details. Not only did they dream of partaking in every kind of sex act with each other, but Hillary had a key sexual presence in most or all of the dreams too.

The seeming normality was even more of a sham than usual though, because both of them were keenly aware of the fact that it was another day for Maggie to take Nick to school and pick him up later too. Given what had happened on Tuesday, their thoughts were running wild, even as they had to keep their cool with Andy there at breakfast and Maggie still in "Margaret mode."

Everything appeared to be as normal as can be when Nick and Maggie went to the garage after breakfast. They both casually took their usual seats in her red Prius without saying a word. But there was tension and excitement in the air.

Nick wondered about Maggie's outfit, because she was still wearing her usual generic "motherly" clothes, complete with heavy bra. He was well aware that they'd gone to the garage a half an hour early, just like on Tuesday, so they'd have time to either talk or fool around. But which would it be this time?! He was so on edge waiting to find out that he almost forgot to breathe.

That question was quickly answered when Maggie leaned over and gave Nick a brief yet sizzling kiss on his lips. She pulled back and immediately started to take her blouse off. There was a fiery and eager look in her eyes.

Had he been more observant, he would have noticed she was wearing five-inch, red high heels, a pair that she'd just bought two days earlier, and

realized what that might signify, since she would normally never wear heels that high or flashy unless there was a special occasion.

She explained very apologetically, "I'm sorry that I'm dressed like this! Let me change into something better, and then we can talk. It's risky for me to come and go in my sexy outfits. You can't imagine how scared I was when I returned home the night before last, covered in your cum! You know how I rushed straight to take a shower, but what if Andy saw me?"

"Well, you'd rubbed it in, so it couldn't be seen in any case," Nick pointed out, while he helped her pull her blouse over her head.

She started to smile, as she reveled in that arousing and exciting anger. "Didn't it give my skin a shiny sheen?"

"True, but who's gonna pay attention to that, or know what caused it?"

She thought, *ME! And I totally love it! I guess that makes me a sex freak, but I love my son's cum all over my skin!*

She managed to keep those thoughts to herself, and merely said, "Okay, what if he'd smelled me then?" She didn't consciously admit it, but she liked hyping the danger, even if just to herself - it made everything that much more exciting and arousing.

By this time, she was down to just her bra and panties. Her lust was taking off like a rocket. She craved to get naked for her son.

As she undid her bra, Nick noted, "The odds of him seeing you come or go to the car is extremely small. Less than a thousand to one, with the way he hobbles around with his cane. He never even goes around the house much. I don't think he's ever TRIED to walk up the stairs. And even if he saw you, then you'd just be wearing sexy clothes. That's not a crime."

She pointed out, "But if we do it a thousand times, the odds will be a lot closer to one to one."

He exclaimed, "Oh my God! That thought gets me so horny!"

He reached out and grasped her breasts with both hands. His timing was excellent too, because she'd just taken her bra off, but the clothes she was planning on changing into were still in her purse. (She was using an extra large purse.)

He added, "Can you imagine, doing this a thousand times, or more? Oh, Ma!"

She wanted to point out that her comment was rhetorical, but she didn't get a chance because Nick started kissing her with a feverish passion. Besides, she really liked that idea too.

Her ostensible plan had been to quickly change clothes in the car. She was trying to at least pretend to herself that she had some sexual restraint, and they mostly would just talk while she was in Maggie mode. But she'd been playing with fire by changing clothes while Nick was sitting right next to her. She pretty much knew what was going to happen as a result of this "poor planning," and that was the real reason why she'd gone with Nick to the garage so much earlier than necessary.

Once he started twisting and turning her nipples, the predictable happened: her willpower vanished into thin air.

She complained, "We really shouldn't do this even once, much less a thousand times." But even as she said that, she was unzipping the fly on his shorts. She licked her lips hungrily as she saw his fat cock rise out of his shorts and into her hand.

He could tell how she really felt, so he didn't even bother to argue with her. He smiled knowingly when she started to jack him off a few seconds later.

She thought, *It's a good thing we happened to get here early. I can't let him go to school with a great big, stiff, throbbing boner like that. Technically, this garage is Maggie territory. I should help him out!*

She'd planned to keep her panties on, at least. She meekly asked him between kisses, "Can I keep my panties on? Pleeeaaase?"

He simply replied, "No."

In fact, he would have said more, and explained that she'd promised to keep them off (although it was debatable if that promise was still in effect). He didn't have time because he went right back to feverishly kissing her.

Deep down, she was hoping he'd say something like that. She particularly liked his one word answer, because it was a sign of his growing confidence with her. Being "forced" to wiggle out of her panties made her so hot and bothered that she could barely stand it.

She made a point of keeping her red high heels on. She'd gotten on a kick of wearing high heels with Nick, and nothing else. It made her feel "more naked than naked." In practical terms, with both of them cooped up in her Prius, what footwear she wore, if any, didn't matter much. Nick couldn't even see her feet most of the time, if at all. But she knew she was wearing sexy and unusually high heels, and it made her feel that much sexier overall.

A couple of minutes later, her panties were on the floor of the car with the rest of her clothes, her seat was tilted all the way back, and her son was sitting on her and vigorously fucking her tits while she suckled on the very end of his boner. True, it was a repetition of what they'd done twice two days before, but it was the most arousing thing she'd allowed so far, and they both loved it.

This was especially true since she considered titfucking a kind of a loophole where she could lick and suck as much of his dick as she could reach without it really counting as oral sex. In fact, after a couple of minutes of powerful thrusting through her cleavage, he stopped moving his boner altogether.

Instead, he held her tits together and moved them up and down over his shaft. Since his cockhead stayed perfectly still while he was doing that, it was an open invitation for her to lick him.

Maggie tried to pretend to herself that she hadn't been expecting this to happen. But the truth could have been seen by the fact that she'd gone to the garage earlier and left a pillow near her seat. As a result, she didn't have to use her clothes as a make-shirt pillow this time. And the pillow was a big and firm one, which allowed her to comfortably crane her neck down, enabling her to potentially take more of his cock into her mouth while titfucking than ever before.

With Nick managing her tits, she was left with nothing to do except focus on using her mouth, so she put all her energy into her oral work, so that's exactly what she did.

She started out just licking the tip of his cockhead. But she didn't stay like that for long. She began stretching her lips out, effectively sucking on the tip. She started sliding her lips back and forth on it while using her tongue to lick at his pisshole. It wasn't long before she had nearly all of his

cockhead in her mouth. Only his especially wide crown at the thick end of his cockhead stopped her for going further.

She thought, I'm doing it! This is practically full-on cocksucking! Except even better, because my tits are pleasuring his cock too! And it feels soooooo goood! If I can just get my lips past the widest part, then it really will be cocksucking! But that's really tough. He's so damn thick! UNNNGH! God, it's a fucking struggle just to keep this going! If only my head were an inch closer! UNNNH! So close! Just one more inch is all I need, and I'll be in sweet spot heaven!

She put so much of her energy and attention into her licking that, before long, Nick almost entirely forgot about the titfucking part of what was ostensibly a titfuck. He practically stopped sliding her tits altogether, although he did continued to hold and sometimes squeeze them. He could see what she was trying to do, and he silently rooted for her to succeed.

What she was doing was a double physical challenge. Just craning her head to reach most of his cockhead was tough. Then keeping her lips wrapped around the unusual size of his cock was another challenge. She wasn't used to doing either of those things. But she was extremely determined.

To make matters more difficult, she couldn't sustain her head position for long. She could last about a minute, then would have to pull her head back to rest, causing her mouth to lose contact with his hard-on altogether. But then, usually after taking a few heavy breaths and psyching herself up some more, she would lunge forward again and repeat the difficult process of stretching her lips painfully wide, and then bobbing as best she could.

Thankfully, as the minutes passed, she got better and bolder. Her body was slowly relaxing and adjusting, and every fraction of an inch helped. But it was such an intense struggle that a few tears leaked from her eyes.

From Nick's point of view, it was all great. Her lips and tongue were constantly doing highly stimulating things to his cockhead, except for when she had to briefly pull off. Even the breaks were good for him, because those helped him from getting too overheated.

After each break, it seemed she made it just a little further. Finally, after nearly ten minutes, she was able to get her lips past his wide crown! She had his entire cockhead in her mouth! It was quite an accomplishment, and she was very proud of herself.

She was so inspired that she forced herself to maintain the pose despite the difficulty, and keep breathing through her nose. She took a brief pause while she adjusted to her new position. *YESSSSS! I did it! This is so important! For one thing, this IS cocksucking! I'm sucking my son's cock for the very first time! What I did last Tuesday doesn't really count in my mind, because it was so short. I'm going to make this last!*

I can't even explain how much this means to me! When I think of my son, I think of pleasuring his cock! Especially sucking it! And now I am! I don't want to be some normal wife or girlfriend. Fuck that! What that Tuesday taught me, and what our threesome Friday date taught me, is that there's a whole different kind of sex. I can't even explain what it is, except that it's totally different from what I had with Andy, and it's a thousand times better! "Extreme sex," maybe. I want extreme sex! No holds barred! The kind of relationship where I shamelessly suck him off at every opportunity, while I'm buck naked and Hillary sucks him too!

But that's only HALF of what I've just accomplished! Not only am I'm sucking him, but I'm doing it from a titfucking pose! This is so much easier and better than how it felt when I was practicing on that fat dildo yesterday. If I can just make it a liiiiiiiiittle bit further, I'll be able to reach his sweet spot! Then I'll be able to give him all the pleasure of a blowjob and a titfuck at the same time! I'll be the best damn big-titted slut I can be!

What those exciting thoughts on her mind, she put in a little extra effort and managed to slide her lips back and forth just past the crown while dancing her tongue around whatever cock-meat she could reach. *YEEEESSSSS! Dear God, YES! I'm doing it!*

Nick knew it was a blowjob in all but name, and this excited him beyond all reason. *Holy FUCK! Ma is sucking my cock for real! Not just an inch or two, but she's really gobbling on it right where it counts the most! This is so fucking great that I could die right now as the happiest kid in history! Oh, and it feels SOOOO GOOD!* His eyes rolled back into his head, and he felt goose bumps and shivers of pleasure all over.

He still had his hands holding her tits, but he was so overcome with her oral action that he practically forgot about that part.

Normally, Nick would have cum as a result of such a tremendously arousing moment. But he didn't know how she felt, and he was still under

the impression that cocksucking was on her list of banned activities, like pussy touching. He felt it was important for him to maintain the fiction that this was just more "ordinary" titfucking, so she wouldn't have second thoughts about doing this. He strenuously clenched his PC muscle, and that prevented a very ill-timed cum blast.

What Maggie was doing to him was such a taxing physical challenge though that she had to pull her mouth all the way off him after less than a minute going that far. She tilted her head back against her pillow and took some deep breaths. She was freely crying now from both joy and the effort.

She didn't say anything, but her eyes were shining and her face was glowing. She thought, as if speaking to him, *"Son, what do you think of THEM apples?! I'll bet you never knew your square old mother could do THAT! Well, she can now, and she will! And this is just the start! I've been worried about your thickness, that I'll have so much trouble with it that I won't be able to give you a sexy sucking, like Hillary can. But if I can manage this, regular cocksucking will be a breeze! From now on, if I'm in Maggie mode, if you're looking for me, just check between your thighs!"* YES!

Since Nick couldn't read her mind, he assumed she was much more reluctant and conflicted than she was letting on. He saw her jubilant smile, but at the same time, he saw a copious amount of tears rolling down her cheeks. He misinterpreted the reason for that, and thought she was essentially maxed out on happiness and sadness at the same time.

As a result, he figured that the safest route was to not say or do anything that was an especially noticeable reaction. That way, he could be a blank slate, allowing her to project whatever meaning she wanted to his behavior.

At least, that was the plan. His physical reaction couldn't be so easily controlled though. At first, all he could do was pant hard with his eyes shut most of the time, since he was so dangerously close to cumming. But at his orgasmic urge slowly passed, he was able to relax more and breathe easier. He couldn't resist breaking into a huge smile that showed how overjoyed he was.

Maggie saw that smile, and just about melted with her own rapturous emotions. Would you look at that! *Sport loves it! I think he's too winded and flabbergasted to even talk still, but his radiant smile says it all! UGH!*

That was such a struggle, but it was all worth it just to see him smile like that. His cock must be throbbing with extreme pleasure, caused by ME!

God, that's such a rush! I never felt this excited about arousing Andy. I thought we had a good marriage and a good sex life, and I guess we did by normal standards, but what my son and I have is something altogether different that makes my old sex life seem like NOTHING! "Extreme sex" is a good expression for it. It's not that we're fucking while hanging from the rafters, it's not that kind of extreme. But it's the extreme emotion! The extreme pleasure! The extreme LOVE! When I suck my son's cock, I feel such LOVE pouring between us! I want more of that!

However, despite her euphoria, she'd struggled for the better part of ten minutes to reach her goal, and once she did, her body needed a longer rest before she could go on.

As a result, seeing that she wasn't going to keep up her pattern of engulfing his cockhead after just a very short break, once he "survived" the initial tsunami of incredible arousal, he remembered the titfucking portion of their ostensible titfuck. His hands had never let go of her fulsome E-cups, and he managed to resume moving her tits back and forth again.

It was a half-hearted effort, at best, because he was still mentally flying and reeling from thinking about her cocksucking effort. But as long as his boner was trapped in between her big tits and there was some movement there, then this technically could be called a titfuck with some added oral action.

Maggie still felt daunted to try to slide her lips all the way back to his sweet spot. It was somewhat akin to running all the way up and down a mountain and then not wanting to immediately run right up it again. But she wanted to get more involved, to keep the non-stop sexual thrills at a high level.

She realized her hands were free, and she thought about taking over holding her tits for him, and titfucking him with more pressure and energy. But she was so proud of what she'd just accomplished with her mouth that she felt she deserved a reward. She reached down and around Nick's torso until found her pussy lips and clit underneath him. She idly played with herself.

Her first orgasm was relatively small, at least by her recent standards with Nick. But that was just for starters. She realized she could keep playing with herself while using her mouth on his cock, and the two activities would combine for even greater pleasures.

Still without speaking, she suddenly craned her head down and took nearly all of his cockhead in it at once. She was glad to find that it wasn't any harder after taking a break for a few minutes. Then, straining with all her might, she slid her lips past his crown and to his sweet spot. She was even more pleased to find that it wasn't nearly as difficult the second time.

She resumed sliding her lips back and forth on his hot flesh. There was no expert technique or variation, and virtually no tongue work at this point at all, just tight and relentless sliding lips. But that was all she needed to keep Nick flying to the sun, experiencing some of the greatest pleasure in his entire life.

Once again, he stopped the titfucking motion and just clutched at her soft tit-pillows.

He was in absolute awe. *Okay try to forget that two of my biggest fantasies for years now has been Ma sucking or titfucking me, and now both of those things are happening AT THE SAME TIME! Fuuuuuck, man! What a RUSH! But, even forgetting all that, there's the fact that she's doing it with SUCH PASSION! I had no idea she could even physically manage, but it's because she's striving so hard!*

He looked to her extraordinarily beautiful face, with her eyes shut in intense concentration, tears streaming down her cheeks, and her lips stretched seemingly impossibly wide around his unusual thickness. *I can see now that her tears are from the sheer struggle of it all! WHOA! What did I ever do to deserve this royal treatment?! I'm so not worthy!*

She kept right on playing with her clit and slit, and soon the flood gates were opened, so to speak. She had a second small orgasm, and then a third. The more she sucked, the more aroused she got, making it easier for her to cum. And the more she came, the more impassioned she got about her cocksucking. She kept cumming, again and again. Eventually, it seemed like one endless, rapturous orgasm!

Actually, it was more like a series of orgasmic waves, because she still needed to pull her lips all the way off him about every minute or two to briefly rest and recover. But she was finding it easier to take his entire cockhead in her mouth each time, and as soon as she would, the orgasmic wave would resume. But there were no huge mind-blowing peaks, so she was able to continue sucking his cock without getting too distracted.

She got so into it that not only did she forget all about her original weak intention to talk to him, but she forgot where she was. She also forgot all about the time. Nick was just as out of it. The only way he was going to avoid being late was if he climaxed and they regained their wits.

After a while, she pulled her lips off his cock to take a longer rest. His erection was so very thick that it was an ordeal just to keep her jaw opened wide for a long time. She hoped it would be easier sucking him in a better pose, especially kneeling between his thighs. She couldn't wait to give that a try.

As she rested, she stretched her face this way and that, trying to relax her muscles so she'd be able to suck him some more. Yes, her jaw and facial muscles hurt, but she was pleasantly surprised to find that it wasn't nearly as bad as when she'd been practicing with the plastic dildo yesterday. Somehow, the enthusiasm of doing it on the "real thing" made a big difference, even though the thickness of his cock wasn't that different compared to the dildo.

She also stopped masturbating, because her pussy needed a rest as well. She had never felt such prolonged pleasure from her pussy in her life. Even fucking didn't compare. The sheer amount of pure physical joy she was experiencing from her cocksucking almost guaranteed to make her want to do it to again and again, though she pretty much was feeling that way already.

Her break was well-timed for Nick too. He'd been actually suffering for the past couple of minutes because he was fighting so hard not to cum. This was the greatest sexual experience of his life so far, even better than anything that had happened during that first Tuesday or the Friday movie date, so he was desperate to make it last. With the way Maggie kept running hot and cold between her Maggie and Margaret modes, he had no idea when she might do this to him again.

True, his pleasure was incredible all the while, but there was agony and frustration too. But now he was able to come back from the brink and take a much-needed breather. He took a great big sigh of relief. *Aaaaaah! I did it! I made it! All the way to her longer break. That could give me a whole second wind! So fucking good!*

However, he decided he needed an even more prolonged break of a couple more minutes if he truly was going to get a second wind effect, and there was no telling when she might start up again. He climbed off her fantastic nude, tanned hardbody and sat back in his seat, because he couldn't really stop himself from fondling her if she was within easy reach, and then he wouldn't get much of a break at all.

He had to shut his eyes and try to block out the rest of the world for a while. *Fuck me, man! I can't believe Ma has the hourglass bombshell body that she does, and the magazine cover face that she does, AND she loves me like she does, AND she can suck cock like that! AND she's totally keen on sharing me with Hillary! Those are FIVE truly extraordinary things. and who knows how many other surprises she has in store, or great things I haven't even considered yet?*

She's such my dream girl, that it's not even funny. But I have TWO dream girls, and Hillary is just as great! I'm even MORE unworthy of all that. But I'm not going to give her up for anything!

With Nick's body off of hers, she decided that another more prolonged rest would be good for her too. The smile on her face was a mile wide. She stretched her body a little bit. Aaaaaah! The slut life is a life of constant bliss, broken sometimes by total rapturous ecstasy like that! I feel so free and alive!

But as she continued to stretch out more, her hands hit the ceiling of her car. That gave her pause, because it caused her to remember that all of this was taking place in her Prius. She opened her eyes and looked around. She nearly had a hard attack, because she'd been off in her own world, a totally sexual planet in some distant galaxy, but she was rudely transformed back to Earth in a flash. She remembered not only that they were in the garage, but it was a Thursday morning and her son had to go to school soon.

That was a crushing comedown. She remained extremely aroused because she'd been on such a sky high peak that she was bound to stay very horny if only due to physical and emotional inertia. But she felt a surge of worry and fear too.

She looked over to Nick, who was lying there with his eyes closed and his enormous cock sticking straight out but sagging down due to its weight. She tapped his nearest arm. "Sport, I worry we got a little carried away. We

were supposed to just talk, remember? We can't do this in the garage! What if Andy comes in and sees us like this?!"

Nick had to open his eyes, raise his head, and look into her shining brown eyes. He was disappointed that she had switched into a worried mood, but he felt their sexual momentum was so strong that they'd be able to keep going if he could mollify her concerns. "Relax! It's fine. You know he'd have to go down those steps to the laundry room to get to the door of the garage. So how could he see us, much less come all the way in?"

Those facts couldn't be denied. So instead, she complained, "Yeah, but he could hear us." She stared at his erection, and licked her lips. At the same time, knowing that he was looking at her face, and sensing the streaks of tears down her cheeks, she used a hand to wipe all of her tears away.

He was practically swooning, admiring her richly tanned nudity. "Not really. For one thing, we haven't made much noise at all. For another, the garage is only connected to the house by the laundry room, so it's really hard to hear what's happening here."

"But still. We have to be careful..." Despite her words, she kept gawking at his cock just lying there, newly resting against one of his thighs as he shifted positions slightly, and she couldn't resist: she sat up on an elbow, reached out for it, and lovingly ran a finger up and down it.

She thought, What's wrong with me?! I'm actually getting off on the fact that my husband could catch me! It's arousing me a hell of a lot! It's like... my real loyalty is to Nick! He's the one I want to please and love, and Andy be damned! But Andy's my husband. No matter how he's treated me in the past, we are still technically married. I just can't disrespect him like that!! At the bare minimum, we should find somewhere else to do this. But where?!

Listen to me. I'm arguing with myself about respecting Andy while I play with my son's donkey cock. I just can't keep my hands off it, even when I'm trying to take a rest!

Trying to get her mind off that, she said, "We need to get you to school."

"Are you kidding me? We've got plenty of time." He glanced at the dashboard clock just to be sure. They'd actually come to the garage even earlier than last time, so they were still doing fine.

She continued to be in a strangely complaining mood, even as her gentle exploration of his soaked boner was turning into more of an overt handjob. "Even so, we shouldn't make a habit of this. What if we come out early each time, and I always end up naked and sucking your cock, or titfucking it, or just stroking it? Don't you think Andy will get suspicious?"

Nick felt a chill race down his spine as he pondered what a great life that would be. But he knew he had to be sure to convince her, so he carefully replied, "Come on! He's oblivious. Do you think he even knows what time I need to be at school? I don't. All he cares is what time we eat breakfast, and that hasn't changed. He goes to his den and pays no mind after that. He's never gotten over the accident, and losing you, and losing his sexual function to boot. He's hardly even a father to me anymore. He just doesn't give a fuck."

"Don't speak of your father that way." Even as she said that, she suddenly sat up, leaned forward, and started blatantly licking her way all around Nick's cock!

Nick had to close his eyes and clench his teeth, because the resulting surge of pleasure was so great! His hands grabbed the sides of her head since he didn't know what else to do with them.

There was something about the timing of doing that mere seconds after she spoke of not disrespecting Andy that drove her absolutely bonkers with lust. When she'd been thinking about "extreme sex" earlier, this was the sort of thing on her mind: rushing towards naughty behavior instead of away from it. The sexual highs she got from being bad were off the charts. Yet she knew she could only ever experience those highs with Nick, due to the love and safety she felt being with him at the same time.

She spoke as she lapped on his sweet spot, while stroking towards the base of his shaft. "We need to respect Andy. No matter what he's done, he's still your father."

Maggie was repeating herself a bit, but the similar words had the same effect. She felt deliciously wicked talking about the need to respect Andy even as she was licking and stroking her son's fat cock! She had a lingering desire to get revenge on Andy for his cheating, but she didn't have the heart to do something mean to him to his face. This, though, was just the right combination of emotions to make her feel strangely satisfied.

It also made her feel extremely horny in a purely physical sense. Suddenly, just licking Nick's cock wasn't enough. She longed to cram his cock in her mouth and bob down it for all she was worth. However, it was uncomfortable to do that while leaning over from her seat into his seat. She felt much better if he was lying on top of her. She didn't consciously realize it, but that position triggered her submissive buttons. The symbolism of being underneath him was obvious.

She pulled back to her seat and laid back down on it. She languorously stretched out, raising her arms out behind her while being careful not to bump them against anything this time. She felt fantastic! And she got an extra thrill knowing that her posing would get her son that much more insanely aroused.

She was ready for a lot more cocksucking and/or titfucking, and orgasms. She also was eager to practice the combo. She felt she was getting close to mastering that very difficult technique, and that gave her a great sense of satisfaction.

She patted her firm and richly tanned tummy. "What are you waiting for, Son? Your mother's tits need you... right here!" She ran a finger up between her breasts, making clear exactly what she expected him to do.

Nick didn't need to be told twice. He quickly settled back on Maggie.

She took charge of her tits this time, pushing them together from their outer sides.

He nearly passed out just from watching and feeling her envelop his shaft with her great globes. Then he felt a big thrill run down his spine when she immediately took his cockhead in her mouth and fit as much inside it as she could.

It was a truly jaw-dropping sight, because she crammed him in all the way past his wide crown on the first go! It still took a tremendous physical effort to do that, but it was easing up enough so she hoped she wouldn't have to cry from the struggle anymore. She didn't want to be teary every time she sucked him in this position.

Maggie was determined to give him a cocksucking that he would not soon forget. But not only that! She had a new test, to see if she could suck him and titfuck him at the same time, using her hands and not his. She slid her

lips back and forth relentlessly over his sweet spot, using great suction, and talented tongue work as well. All the while, she kept her full globes pressed together and lightly sliding up and down his thick shaft.

She soon discovered that doing both things at once wasn't as hard as she thought. Again, her sucking style was about as basic as it could get, just her lips sliding back and forth over his sweet spot with little to no tongue use and very little variation. Simply managing to reach her lips that far from her pose was impressive enough. At the same time, her titfucking motion was very basic.

She looked forward to practicing and getting better to add tricky tongue work, and more. But she figured that was far from necessary or even wanted now, because just this much was likely to get his balls boiling with need and cause him to cum very soon. Before, he could barely cope with what her lips were doing alone, and now she had the titfucking going too!

She was very proud of herself. She'd forgotten the discomfort of the position, and she was blissed out enjoying the cocksucking to its fullest (with the titfucking more of a secondary feeling). *Good God, I love this cock! I love how fat and thick and nearly impossible it is to fit in one's mouth. But much more than that, I love that it's attached to Nick! My son! Not that many days ago, I thought being intimate was a terrible, immoral thing, but I find myself loving him more and more, and how can that be bad?*

God, I love it! I love licking every inch! I'm sucking him so tightly that he can't stop moaning! AND my titfucking makes this a double barreled shotgun that's gonna blow him away! He's loving this! His cock is so hot it's practically burning my lips! He's gonna erupt like a volcano before long! He's gonna blow! He's gonna blow all over my face! Yes! Sperm your mother, Sport! Sperm her good!

She half-expected him to start cumming right then, because of the combined effect from the sucking and titfucking. She didn't see how anyone could last long. It seemed that every last square inch of the surface of his cock was getting highly stimulated all at once, which was pretty much true.

But although he was moaning and panting louder than before, he still didn't cum. He'd rested just long enough to get his second wind.

This actually delighted her. *Oh, so you're going to make me work for it, huh? Very well. The gauntlet has been thrown down! Your slutty mother is going to be the best motherfucking cocksucker you'll ever experience in your life! Not just once or twice, but from now on! I'll bet I'll even outdo Hillary, because nobody loves you more than me! See if you can handle THIS!*

Somehow, she managed to step up her efforts even more! She didn't try anything more technically complicated, but just bobbed faster, and with greater power and suction. She rubbed his shaft with her tits faster and with more pressure too.

Nick had developed some good sexual stamina through all of his masturbating, but he wasn't ready to handle THIS much stimulation, all at once! He strained and struggled and clenched his PC muscle like his life depended on it.

But all his efforts weren't enough, and he knew it. His goose was cooked. No man alive could resist a multi-pronged sex attack like that! It wasn't long before he shouted, "I'm almost there!"

She immediately pulled her lips all the way off his boner. She squealed excitedly, "Okay! You know the drill! I want you to cum all over my fuckin' face, you sexy motherfucker!"

He really liked that filthy language, especially being called a "sexy motherfucker." It seemed that every time he was with her, she was surprising him with just what an uninhibited, sexual being she could be.

She was pleasantly surprising herself too. Had she just been "Margaret" the whole time, she never could have emotionally let go of her hang-ups enough to be like this. But "Maggie" practically knew no limits.

He rewarded her with a big load sprayed all over her fine facial features. He was starting to get good at this, and the fact that he was masturbating less meant larger cum loads than before. He even managed to scoot back before his climax was over, and then shot the last couple of ropes on her huge tits as well.

With his eyes closed, she gleefully sensed all the cum on her tits and especially her face. *Oh, fuck yeah! That was worth it! That was a lot of difficult effort, but it was soooooo worth it! Hell yeah! I didn't even cum*

there at the end since my hands were busy, but it didn't matter because I fucking loved it so much! It was all one massive orgasm for me anyway!

That "one massive orgasm" thought wasn't just hyperbole either. She could have easily touched her clit now and had a big climax, but she decided not to. It was essentially a moot point, in her mind. She was riding so high that it felt just about as good as cumming anyway, and she wanted to ride the buzz for as long as it lasted, instead of peaking and then collapsing.

Lovingly running her fingers through the cum on her cheeks, she commented with wonder, "Wow! So much! Nick, you came so hard, so intensely! There's just SO MUCH CUM!" She licked her fingers clean, and went back to scoop up more.

He said proudly, "I only came four times yesterday. I've been trying to save my cum for you."

She couldn't resist laughing out loud, that he considered only cumming four times restraining himself. She was sure it had been years and years since Andy had cum four times in one day, and he had a wife that looked like her.

Still, she wanted to be supportive of her son, so she didn't tease him. "Well, thank you! That was very thoughtful of you. It really makes a difference." She wasn't sure if it did, since it seemed he shot out bucket loads of cum every time, but again, she wanted to be supportive.

She scooped more of his spermy seed into her mouth. "And it's tasty! It's kind of an acquired taste. At first, I didn't like it that much. But now I can't get enough."

"Ma, you should drink it straight from the source."

She gave him a sharp look. "Don't say that. Mothers shouldn't suck their son's cocks. It's not right." Then she burst into giggles, revealing that she was just teasing him.

He breathed a sigh of relief. He was still trying to figure out her overall attitude about cocksucking, not to mention their sexual trysts in general. He knew she was euphoric now, but he had no idea how she'd be feeling in a couple of hours, when she was back in Margaret mode.

His penis had gone completely flaccid, which was highly unusual for him due to his habit of tending to cum in twos. He considered that a compliment to her cocksucking skills. Considering it really was her first time, she had

shown such determination and passion that it practically made him want to cry for joy. If that was a sign of how their future sex sessions were likely to go, he had even more reason to cry for joy.

He figured his penis was down for the count now, but there still was time, and if he helped to keep the sexual fun going, he was bound to get stiff again soon. He hoped to cum twice before school, since cumming twice was his usual habit.

He got busy running his hands all over her. In fact, he turned himself all the way around on her and started kissing his way down her upper legs. She liked that, especially since he'd never kissed her there before. She spread her legs as wide as she could in the limited space she had, but she also said, "Be careful. Don't kiss or touch my you-know-what."

He was good, and spent the next couple of minutes kissing her everywhere but there. His flaccid penis dangled untouched as he lapped the pussy juice from her inner thighs. He was surprised that he still remained flaccid, because he was very mentally aroused. But he'd been stimulated so wonderfully, and then he'd cum so intensely, that it was no wonder his penis needed a rest.

To his great surprise, she suddenly pushed him off, opened the car door, and got out.

He was puzzled, to say the least. He felt he didn't do anything wrong, since he was still careful about not touching her pussy.

It was true that he hadn't broken that rule, but she'd had a sudden and unexpected freak out anyway, because she'd realized just how close his tongue was to her pussy, and she'd felt an overwhelming desire to put her hand on his head and push on it until he WAS licking her pussy!

The problem was with her, not with him. Even if he stayed good and kept on licking only her inner thighs, she didn't trust herself. The problem with going "full slut" in her attitude was that she still had her rule about him not touching his pussy, so she was working at cross purposes.

She staggered around on her high heels, drunk on lust. She rested against the car, unsure what she was even trying to do.

She ducked her head down and peered through an open car window, to check the time on the car's digital dashboard. She saw that it would soon be

time for her to take him to school.

His heart leapt to his throat, because her huge tits were resting on the frame of the window that had been rolled all the way down. *Fuuuuuuck! Just... fuuuuuuck! So tanned! So round! So STACKED! And now I know she can suck cock like a succubus, like a sex fiend!*

She stood up wagged a finger at him. "Tut-tut! Bad news for you. It's time to go to school." She couldn't resist striking a sexy pose, even though he could only see her upper body through the open window. "Can you hand me my purse? It's high time I should get dressed."

He was disappointed, but he realized there was no way to stop time from marching on. He got out and handed her purse to her.

Funnily enough, even though she had been buck naked the whole time, he still had his T-shirt on, with his shorts merely pulled down his legs. Once his shorts had been out of the way, he hadn't bothered to take them all the way off. He pulled them up some to help with walking, but not enough to cover his privates. Although he still remained flaccid, he was confident he'd be erect again soon.

"Thanks," she said, taking the purse.

He ran his hand up and down her bare bubble butt, possessively cupping each ass cheek. "Ma, you look so hot."

"You keep saying that."

"Because it's true!" He suddenly pulled her close while keeping that hand on her ass. Her bare tits mashed into his chest. "My God, Ma! You make me so happy! And horny! The way you just titfucked me and sucked me was the absolute BEST! Jesus, I can't even tell you how horny I get, from just looking at you, and feeling you up while you're all naked like this. This ass..." - he gave her ass cheeks a firm squeeze with both hands - "...your legs, your feet, anything! Everything! Heck, even the letter 'M' sometimes makes me horny, because it makes me think of you. It's true!"

That actually was true. He often got a similar reaction to the letter H, for Hillary.

She laughed at that, but she gently pushed him away. "Okay, horny guy. Enough of that for now. You were a little late last time we did this, and you're not going to be late this time too."

He kept his distance, but he watched closely as she put her clothes on, admiring her every move. He finally noticed her bright red high heels. "Hey, Ma! I like your heels."

She felt a shiver race down her spine. Somehow, high heels had become highly sexualized to her. Wearing them made her feel like a slut. It almost was like high heels and nothing else was becoming her official slut uniform, since her son usually liked her to be naked.

She wanted him to share her strong feelings on heels too, if he didn't already. She stopped what she was doing and said, "Why, thank you! They're new. I just bought them the day before yesterday." She dramatically lifted a leg up and put her foot all the way up to the bottom of the open window.

That was an impressively athletic move. She did it because he happened to be standing right next to that window, so it put her foot and lower leg within his easy reach.

His eyes lit up. "Wow! Nice! Do you mind if I touch it?"

"Mind? Does it look like I'd mind?"

He looked back to her entire body, with her leg up high like that. He felt goose bumps all over. I know I keep saying this in my mind, but FUCK ME! Seriously! She gets soooo sexually liberated in Maggie mode. I feel like I'm riding on a wild tigress. It's going to be a non-stop challenge just to keep up with her!

He reached out and caressed her lower leg, actually paying more attention to that than her foot and heels. But he said, "I like the bright red color, especially."

"I do too!" she said with surprising enthusiasm.

He looked back at her while practically giving her a lower leg massage. "Look at you! Long blonde hair. Your face. I don't know what it is about your face that I love so much. I think it's your eyes. Such sultry brown eyes! Mysterious and filled with promise." His gaze slowly moved down her full figure. "And your body. God! Such a tan, too. No bush! Just you. So much of you! Such curves! And then, just... these heels!"

She glowed at his attentions and complimentary words. She'd been holding the purse he'd give her, but she dropped it to the floor to better strike

another sexy pose. "What I hear you saying is, 'Your mother is a sexy slut! Well, let me tell you this: whenever you see me wear high heels from now on, not one or two inch heels, but stiletto heels like this, take that as a sign that I want to get very sexy and slutty with you! And from now on, that probably means my mouth is going to end up on your cock before long!"

He looked at the heel perched up near him with new appreciation.

She playfully wiggled her toes on that foot, since it was an open-toed heel. "Especially red heels like these. If you see me wearing red heels, tell your balls to redouble your sperm production! Because it's just a matter of time before my lips will be sliding up and down, with my tongue doing a dance on your sweet spot!"

He gulped. "Damn, Ma! I'm just... Wow!"

She laughed, delighted at his reaction. "I'm never going to wear heels like this for anything else. If I go to a very fancy dinner with Andy for some stupid reason, I'll wear my flats. My heels will just be a secret signal to you, that I want to get slutty with you! I want to get naked for you! I want you to paint my face with your cum!"

He let go of her leg and stepped away. He had to look away from her and even shake his head several times to try to cope. *WHOA! I think I just had a pure mental orgasm! Is that possible?! I don't know, but what a total skullfuck! Ma is hot as FUCK!*

She loved how she clearly made him too horny for him to handle himself. She put that foot down. Knowing that time was ticking, she went back to putting her clothes on.

Her purse contained a skimpy outfit far different from the one she'd worn to the garage. She took it out of her purse and gave it a look over. It wasn't hard to see that she'd fit it in her purse, because there was so little fabric there. She had a black tank top that showed off her sexy belly button area, and lots of cleavage. It looked substantial from a distance, but up close, it was easy to see that the fabric was as thin as a thin pair of panties. From very close up, it was semi-transparent.

Also, it provided no support for Maggie's heavy E-cups whatsoever. She put the top on first. Then, knowing Nick was watching her every move, she did a lot of bending over and moving around while putting her miniskirt on, to

keep her tits constantly bouncing, while also giving him plenty of ways to enjoy her long legs and round butt.

Nick couldn't help but moan needfully, and his dick quickly engorged back to full size. He had just put his shorts all the way back on and zipped up, and he was already regretting that.

Since Maggie was standing up outside the car while putting on her clothes, she thought this would be more of a good chance for her to show off her new high heels, since they were much more visible than when he was on top of her in the car. She was less putting her clothes on and more doing a striptease in reverse. She kept her legs ramrod straight and spread wide whenever possible. When she had to bend, she did so as outrageously as possible. She often kicked up her feet to draw attention to her heels.

She was having a ball, but eventually she couldn't stall any longer and she actually started to pull her miniskirt up her legs. She stepped into the open door of the car next to her. That allowed her to keep one leg bent in a sexy manner and the other one stiff and straight while she fiddled more with her miniskirt and came up with more excuses to keep her big tits bouncing and jiggling.

She finally pulled her fire red miniskirt all the way up and sat in the driver's seat. She liked how she was wearing that, plus bright red heels, while in her red Prius. Red was rapidly becoming her new favorite color. She considered it the sluttiest of all colors, due to "red light district" connotations and other sexual associations.

Nick sat in the front passenger's seat. He was all dressed for school, with his backpack at hand. But he was right at his sexual breaking point. He looked over at Maggie and saw that she wasn't wearing any panties. Of course he knew this already since he'd watched her dress, but she brought the point home by hiking her miniskirt up so high that her still wet and juicy pussy was in full view!

He couldn't take the teasing anymore. He leaned over and started French kissing her, and fondling her bouncy boobs from under her flimsy tank top. Within seconds, he had that top up around her shoulders. A few seconds after that, he had the fly on his shorts unzipped, and he brought her hand back to his erection.

Maggie was delighted, because he was proving all over again just how powerfully he lusted after her. She loved feeling her fingers slide up and down his shaft even more. It was like she couldn't get enough of his cock, even if she played with it all day long!

Still, she was mindful of the time and she didn't want him to be late for school. So she broke the kiss, but kept right on jacking him off, and said, "Nick, please! We can't! The time!"

He twisted her nipples, knowing how much she loved that. "But if you're worried about the time, why the hell did you just tease me like that?! It's almost cruel, given that we've got to get to school."

She sighed, because he was right. "I'm sorry. I just can't help myself. I'm having too much fun to even believe it. I promise I'll make it up to you later, okay?"

He smiled with relief, and let go of her breasts. "Okay." He tried to look only at her face, because she was still showing her pussy lips to him, and her tank top was still up around her shoulders.

Her hand kept on jacking him off. She looked down to his erection and spoke as if she was talking to it. "I'm sorry, Mr. Boner. I was a slutty cocktease just now, wasn't I?"

She leaned in closer and closer towards his crotch, licking her lips provocatively. "I need to give you a PERSONAL apology. I'll make it up to you later too, okay?"

By now, her lips were just a couple of inches away from his cockhead. She breathed heavily on it as she said, "Let's kiss and make up. Mmmm! Yes! I definitely need to give you a great big kiss!"

With that, she started kissing his cockhead while still jacking off the rest of his shaft. She planted small kisses all over, but especially right on his sweet spot. That soon turned to licking that very spot.

Nick closed his eyes and groaned lustily. He couldn't believe how good this felt!

She thought as she licked and stroked him, *Mr. Boner, I love you so much! We're going to have so much fun from now on! Maybe I need to stop pretending and teasing. Forget about my concerns that I'm gonna have trouble with his thickness. There's only one way to find out: doing it! Maybe*

I need to give you a real, good old-fashioned cocksucking! Right now! Maybe I need to do that a motherfucking LOT! Like this, to give you just a little taste!

She suddenly engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing frantically back and forth over his sweet spot.

She was delighted how relatively easy doing that was. It was the first time she'd done it from this position. It still was a struggle merely getting his thickness into her mouth, but compared from doing it while in a titfucking position, this felt a hundred times easier. She didn't have to worry about leaking tears like this, and she didn't have to pull off every now and then.

Nick couldn't take it. He yelped and clutched at her blonde hair with both hands. "Aarrgh! What are you...?! UGH!"

She thought, *Aaaaaah! Now, THIS is true cocksucking! I loved what I was doing before, but this is even BETTER! Because it's pure, and simple! Pure cocksucking bliss!*

As she kept bobbing, and with increasing suction, she had an important discovery. *Oh! And it's so much easier to get my tongue involved! I couldn't manage before, straining so hard just to reach his sweet spot, but now I can suck hard on that spot AND lap at it! Oh, JOY!*

She truly found that joyous news. She'd been practicing on her dildo lately, but she'd worried that it would be different on her son's real flesh and blood cock, especially since she figured he was even slightly thicker than the dildo she'd chosen.

Several minutes of glorious head bobbing passed. She was so excited that she was rather heedless of possibly getting him too excited and forcing him to cum.

Actually, it would have made perfect sense for him to cum, since he was going to run a risk of being late to school again if they kept at it. But from his point of view, it was like being presented with a fabulous tray and told he could eat as much as he wanted so long as he didn't take a drink. He was going to last as long as he could before drinking. In the same way, the pleasure he felt was so great that, in the heat of the moment, he could have cared less about getting to school on time.

For the first minutes, his erection had been poking up through his fly. But she eventually managed to pull his shorts down enough to get access to his balls too. She fondled them from time to time, but nearly all of her attention remained with pleasuring his big fat cock.

As the minutes slipped by, she began varying her technique and rhythm more and more. She felt overwhelmed by a plethora of riches, because she had so many options. *This is great! I can concentrate on combining my lips and tongue for maximum effect, and the different possibilities are endless! And then I have two hands to stroke him with as a bonus! GOD!*

It wasn't like she'd never given a true blowjob before. She'd been married 17 years, after all, and she'd given Andy blowjobs on rare special occasions. But her attitude was so dramatically different, and Nick's cock was so much larger, that she pretty much forgot all about what she'd done to her husband. She was like a little kid starting to play with a marvelous toy and learning about all the different things it could do.

He wound up with his hands in her long blonde hair. At first, he just gently stroked her hair. But it wasn't long before he was clutching the sides of her head and loudly moaning and groaning.

It eventually reached the point where he felt he was forced to physically hold her head in place, to stop her head bobbing from assisting her relentlessly sliding. He started yelping things like, "Oh man! Man oh man! Oh God! Slow down, please! Have mercy!"

She really got off on the way he was so overwhelmed that he was desperate to get her to ease up. Even feeling his hands forcing her head to slow her bobbing fired her submissive feelings, making her revel in the way he was controlling her body for his sexual pleasure. She felt like she could have an epic orgasm at any time if she touched her clit, but she didn't even want one. She felt like she was in a perfect groove, with just the right amount of arousal, to keep going indefinitely.

Unfortunately, his moaning, panting, and head clutching reached a point where she realized that he was going to cum if she kept it up for very longer. Despite everything, she was mindful of the time and she honestly didn't want to make him late, but she wanted him to cum before school, and she also wanted to keep the fun going a little longer.

In a Eureka moment, she came up with an idea to hopefully allow all three of those things to happen: she would pull off, but continue arousing him all the way to school, and then hopefully still have a chance to get him to cum once they got there.

With that in mind, she suddenly pulled her lips off and sat back in her seat.

Nick couldn't believe it. From his point of view, her behavior was inexplicable, if not downright cruel. By the time he figured out she wasn't merely taking another short break, his urge to cum reduced just enough so he couldn't simply let go.

She yanked her tank top down over her E-cups. It hung askew and didn't even reach the bottom of her bouncy round breasts, but at least her nipples were covered.

Then, with Nick still reeling in disbelief, she hit the garage door opener and drove out her Prius into the street.

Nick's heart was racing and his hands were trembling, because he was that horny. He couldn't comprehend what was going on. "We're... leaving?! Just like that?!"

She found her sunglasses in her purse and put them on while she was still driving the car down the driveway. Then she hit the garage door opener again to close it and started down the road.

She was having fun toying with him, feeling that it wasn't cruel if it led to more pleasure for both of them and she helped him cum in the end.

She finally responded. "Sorry, Sport. But look at the time. If we don't leave this very second, you're not going to make it in time."

He said with exasperation, "Fuck that! I'm so horny! Look at me!" He nodded down to his boner, still sticking up above his shorts, which were tugged down his thighs.

Maggie licked her lips. "Mmmm. Yummy!" She reached out and started jacking him off with one hand while steering the car with the other.

She couldn't believe she was doing that, since it seemed wildly irresponsible and dangerous. But she quickly found that it wasn't tough to do at all. She normally drove with only one hand on the wheel anyway, and she didn't have to look at his cock while she worked it. Plus, she wasn't

stroking in big, jerky motions. Instead, she kept her hand still and rubbed his sweet spot with two fingers.

He groaned lustily, but also with great frustration. "Oh Lord! Fuck me! Friggin' unbelievable!"

He had to close his eyes, because Maggie's E-cups were bouncing around like she was dancing topless.

The road wasn't that bumpy, but somehow her huge knockers just wouldn't stay still. She was a huge Beatles fan, and she happened to have the Revolver in the CD player. She turned that on and started bouncing to the sounds that had any good rhythm to them.

As if that wasn't daring and titillating enough, her miniskirt was still pulled up so high that her sopping wet pussy was on view for him.

If someone took a close look into their car, they were going to be in big trouble, but she was feeling so insanely horny that she was reckless. Thinking about being seen or caught only aroused her still more, in her current mood.

She kept right on jacking him off! She said, "I'm very sorry. But I'm thinking it's not right to send you to school with your weapon cocked and locked. You'll scare all the girls right out of the classroom when they see you coming with that cock-monster swinging between your legs. If I keep doing this, do you think you can cum before we get there?"

She smirked at the phrase "cock-monster," which she'd just come up with. She liked it a lot.

"I don't know," he said honestly. "It's not very far to school, for starters, and I'm kind of all stressed out right now, due to the situation."

Her fingers kept rubbing and rubbing, driving him wild. "Oh, I'm so sorry, baby. I promise I'll make it up to you later, okay? I really will. You've been soooo good and understanding. Maybe I need to give you a big, long, sloppy, slurpy blowjob when I pick you up later. Would you like that? Would that be a just reward for being a cocktease?"

He groaned helplessly. "Oh God!" He was unbelievably aroused by that idea, and her finger work, yet he was still too stressed to cum. He longed to reach out and play with her bouncy boobs, or even finger her pussy, but he

restrained himself. If nothing else, he was afraid to do distract her still more when she was driving. He knew she was plenty distracted already.

She pretended to get serious, and even managed to make a grave looking expression when she glanced over at him. "Son, that reminds me. We potentially have a big problem on our hands. I worry that what's happened here today is going to change our entire relationship. Specifically, there needs to be a lot more cocksucking in it!"

She broke into a big smile, showing that her "big problem" was just more teasing. "If I'm Maggie mode, and especially if I'm in that mode and wearing high heels, watch out! Chances are, I'm going to spend a good portion of my Maggie time with my head bobbing in your lap! Or titfucking you. Or doing what I'm doing now." She looked to her hand and gave his shaft a friendly extra-tight squeeze.

She went on, "Does that bother you? Can you handle all that? Will you be upset if your big-titted mother kind of becomes a little obsessed with pleasuring your cock? And will it bother you still more if I get into sharing it with Hillary? What if we do what we did to you on our Friday date, only with our mouths and hands instead of just our hands? Because I'm pretty sure that's going to happen A LOT!"

"Oh man! MAN!" He looked down at her fingers rubbing his cockhead. Then he looked over at her bouncing boobs. He was grateful that the rocking Beatles song "Taxman" had just ended and classical sounding "Eleanor Rigby" was playing. But her tits were steadily bouncing and wobbling even to that!

She continued as if she was giving him a serious warning, "Sport, you have two busty, beautiful babes at your beck and call now. And yes, I'm calling myself a 'busty, beautiful babe.' I know it's immodest, but deal with it!" She chuckled.

She went on, "Furthermore, from what I know of her so far, she seems very keen on getting naked and pleasuring your cock too, maybe as much as me. And she's DEFINITELY keen on sharing! Remember how we worked your cock together in the darkness of the nasty movie theater? One hand from each of us pumping steadily on your thickness while we played with your balls on top of that? Boy, I wish she was here now. She could kneel between

your legs and suck while I just stroke you like this as I drive. I think there's enough room for her. If not, we need a bigger car!"

"Gah!" His head was spinning. It was way too arousing!

"My point is, if you plan on keeping both of us, you need to get used to this sort of thing. In fact, I think I'm going to have to suck your cock even MORE, so you'll build up a tolerance by the time Anushka gives her more permissions and we'll be able to lap and slurp on you together! For hours!"

He whimpered. He was loving it, even as he was suffering from trying not to cum. He had no doubt he'd be able to blow his load before school now. But he wanted to hang on until they actually got there.

It was another five minutes to school, if she went straight there (for a total of a ten-minute journey). But she was having a grand time and deliberately taking a longer route there to prolong the fun. Driving and jacking him off was easy, at least as long as she kept doing it like this.

As the Beatles song "I'm Only Sleeping" played, she tried to make light conversation. "So, Sport, you mentioned that you get horny if you so much as hear the letter 'M'. Did you Mean it? Because that would be aMazing!" She was strongly emphasizing her 'M's. "As your Mother, it Makes Me... um... something that starts with 'M.'"

They both had a good laugh at that. It helped him relax... except for his crotch. He was constantly clenching his PC muscle. If he stopped that for a second, he was going to shoot off, and he had no idea where the cum would fly. It would be a disastrous mess. That was another reason he felt he had to do his utmost to hold out until they reached the school.

She continued to tease him by working as many words that began with "M" into the conversation that she could.

The Beatles song "Love You To" came on. It had more rhythm to it than the last two. Her big tits jiggled and bounced enough that her pinkish nipples sometimes popped into view. She commented, as if they were in the middle of a perfectly ordinary car ride, "You know, have you ever thought about how SEXUAL the lyrics to this song are? 'Make love all day long. Make love singing songs.' George Harrison wrote this one, right?"

All Nick could do was grunt affirmatively. He had his teeth clenched while he panted hard.

"He had the right idea! Can you just imagine us doing that? You, Hillary, and me? Sitting around in her room the entire day on a weekend. Naked! Constantly, constantly pleasuring your cock! And I do mean constantly! Wouldn't that be fun? I found out the other day that she's a huge Beatles fan, and you know what a Beatle maniac I am. We could literally 'make love singing songs,' listening to Beatles songs! Now, I KNOW you'd have fun with that!"

She laughed some more, as if he wouldn't be that interested in getting his cock sucked and titfucked all day long by both of them if not for the Beatles music too.

Somehow, Maggie got Nick to school on time. She jacked him off all the way until she pulled into the school parking lot. She made sure to park well away from the main school building, just as he did on Tuesday.

She turned off the car, and said, "Now, be a good boy and cum straight down my throat so we don't make a mess!" Then she pulled her top up over her enormous tits, bent back over into his lap, and engulfed all of his cockhead!

He would have loved if that had been the start of another prolonged suck session. But he was on a hair trigger already, and it was a near miracle he'd lasted this long. The danger of being in the school parking lot was merely one more "final straw."

Within seconds of her establishing a tight lip-lock, he grasped her head with both hands, cried out incoherently, and let go.

Maggie was endlessly hungry for his cum and just as endlessly energetic. She bobbed straight through his orgasm, and stroked his shaft for good measure.

His pleasure was so intense that he actually was seriously concerned he might be hurting his penis in some way. But he wasn't.

She gulped and gulped, taking his cum straight down her throat, just as she'd said. She found that a shame, because it didn't give her much chance to savor his taste, and a facial was right out. But she figured she had to make a sacrifice for practicality.

His orgasm only lasted a few seconds, as male orgasms generally do. But she kept right on bobbing for the next minute or two. By the time she

finished and he had gone completely flaccid, the song "Here, There and Everywhere" had finished and "Yellow Submarine" was playing.

Nick was freaked out from the whole situation. He remembered "Yellow Submarine" had been one of his favorite songs back when he was a little child, though he was tired of it by now. His brain reeled thinking about how his loving mother treated him back then, as she sat up and ostentatiously wiped the drool and cum that was dripping down her chin.

His eyes bugged out as he realized where they were, plus the fact that she was topless and up above window level. "Ma-aggie! Watch out! People might see!"

She looked down at her top pulled up above her huge globes. She was so drunk on lust that she didn't care much. But she said, "Oh, right," and pulled her top back down over her nipples.

"Phew!" He wiped his forehead, and was surprised to find that he was fairly sweaty. Then he glanced at the clock and realized he was out of time. "OH SHIT! I can't be late again! I've gotta go!"

She was strangely calm. "So go. Tuck your cock-monster away first, though." She looked to his exposed crotch and giggled.

He looked to his crotch too, and gasped. He very quickly tucked his penis away and zipped up his shorts.

He looked to the main school building. It seemed like it was a million miles away. "Quick! Can you drive me closer?! I should run, but I don't know if I can walk, much less run!"

"Sure thing, Sport." She pushed the button that started the Prius again.

He slapped his face, trying to shock himself into switching into school mode. "Crap! I'm so out of it! My legs are like jelly! But, uh... Ma! Er, Maggie, I mean! What you just did... the whole thing, since we got in the garage... I'm speechless! THANK YOU! I love you so much! I don't deserve you!"

She said, "Would you believe that I did that as much or more for me? I had a ball!"

"Oh, man! I've gotta go!"

Just then, the car pulled up to the curb closest to the building. Few people were around because it was so close to school starting.

He grabbed his backpack, opened the car door, and ran off to class. Even though his legs did feel weak, he ran fast.

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He made to his first period class with seconds to spare before the bell rang.

Like on Tuesday, he was red-faced and gasping for air when he reached his seat.

It was hard for him to calm down. While his penis was flaccid, his head was on another planet. There were too many arousing recent memories floating around in his brain. To suddenly switch to listening to his teacher lecture seemed like a joke. He was learning that a male could still be extremely aroused even when one's penis was unable to engorge.

To make matters worse, he sat next to Hillary in his first period class, just as he did in all his other classes he had with her. She noticed his flushed face right away, and realized that was something suspicious about him, especially his dazed expression.

She couldn't say or do anything since class had started, plus they sat near the front. However, she continued to carefully watch him and think about what this meant.

He slowly but surely calmed down. It took about ten minutes before he could even begin to seriously pay attention to what his teacher was saying.

When the class ended and they walked together to their next one, she told him, "You know, I've been thinking, and I've figured it out."

"What?"

"Every day, you come to first period just like everyone else. But on Tuesday, you were two minutes late, and all flushed and panting. I know, I know, you ran, but you were seriously dazed too. Then, today, the exact same, except you made it with about two seconds to spare. What do these two things have in common? I'll bet anything that Maggie drove you to school both times!"

He didn't say anything, because he wasn't sure what to say about that at first, but his facial expression gave the truth away.

"A-ha! I can see I'm right!" She leaned in close as they kept walking. "And just what did she DO TO YOU to make you all blown away like that? You're going to have to tell me all the juicy details as soon as you can!"

"Oh, man!" He just shook his head in amazement yet again.

She laughed. "Ha! See? I'm right again!"

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Maggie had it much better. She rushed back home, bouncing in her seat on the drive as she continued to listen to more songs on the "Revolver" album like "Good Day Sunshine." That song in particular perfect matched her buoyant mood.

Once she got home, she hurried to her upstairs bedroom safely away from Andy, and had a long and very satisfying masturbation session.

She was surprised at how little guilt or regret she felt afterwards. Already, she could hardly wait to pick him up from school.

Chapter 24: Lunchtime Hideaway (Thursday)

Nick's day at school continued fairly normally after that, once he calmed down from Maggie's extreme teasing. He was distracted a great deal though. He couldn't stop thinking about all the great and highly arousing things happening to him lately, especially what happened to him before school.

Hillary continued to be highly enthusiastic about him and especially about what he and Maggie had done before school.

He admitted in a vague way that something sexual had happened, but put off telling her the details. He had the very good excuse that they were either in class or walking between classes. All their classes were on the same floor and not far from each other, and the hallway was always crowded. There was simply no time or place for him to give a good accounting.

He knew that Maggie's attitude on blowjobs was rapidly changing. He found it hard to pay attention in his classes when all he could think about was what would happen when Maggie picked him up after school. She had dropped some heavy hints that she couldn't wait to give him another long cocksucking. He had boners at the most inopportune times all day long from thinking about what might happen.

The start of lunch proceeded as normal. He and Hillary got their food from the cafeteria, they found an empty table to sit at, and then the table immediately filled up. Spencer had started the habit of getting in line with them and going to the table with them, which made it even more impossible for Nick to shake him.

One curious thing Nick had noticed was that he had been getting some attention from Debra lately. For instance, while he was waiting in line to get his food, she had made eye contact with him from across the crowded cafeteria and gave him a friendly smile and a wave.

He thought that was odd, because he still had only had on real conversation with her, but that had been last week and they hadn't clicked.

Furthermore, that hadn't been the only time this week something like that had happened with Debra. Several times, she had seen him in the halls,

usually while he was walking one way and she was walking the other, and she either smiled and waved at him, or even stopped and exchanged hellos.

However, he noticed that every time this happened, it had been during one of the relatively few times he wasn't with Hillary. He also had noticed there were times he'd been walking with Hillary, passed Debra right by, and Debra pretended not to see them.

He was beginning to think that Hillary was like his magical talisman to keep Debra at bay. He had no problem with that, because even though Debra was a remarkably stunning blonde fashion model, she rubbed him the wrong way. Also, he knew Hillary had special issues about her. The last thing he wanted to do was get on Hillary's bad side by being too friendly with Debra. And he was beginning to think that "too friendly" meant "any contact at all."

During lunch, Nick ate fast. He could do that because he was hardly talking, due to Spencer dominating all of Hillary's attention again.

All he could do was secretly simmer with frustration. Things were going great between him and Hillary, but one of his current fears was that Spencer would continue to slowly ingratiate himself with her, setting himself up perfectly to steal her away eventually. He was dying to know if Spencer was coming to the party on Friday night that Hillary had invited him and Maggie to. That would practically ruin it if he did, in Nick's eyes. He also worried that Spencer might find some excuse to get Hillary to do something with her in private over the weekend. That could be even worse.

However, with Spencer sitting there at lunch, Nick was afraid to simply ask either of them what their weekend plans were.

To his surprise, halfway through lunch, Hillary asked the others at the time for the time. (Neither she nor Nick ever wore watches.) When she found out that it was twenty minutes into the forty-minute lunch period, she abruptly stood up. "Oh my! Nick, we should go make that phone call now, or there won't be enough time."

He had no idea what she was talking about. He didn't know of any phone call. But luckily he was smart and quick, and after just a second or two, he stood up too. "Oh, right. The call. Let's go." He was glad that he'd eaten his lunch quickly. He noticed Hillary had finished unusually fast too, a sign that she had something planned.

Nick couldn't help but smirk a little bit, because Spencer clearly was curious about what was happening but it wouldn't be cool for him to be nosy and ask about the phone call. So Spencer could only watch and wonder as he and Hilary walked away.

As far as Nick knew, Spencer believed that he and Hillary hadn't gotten intimate in any way, since that was part of his entire fake girlfriend scheme. Everyone at school was to believe that he was dating Maggie. Yet he and Hillary spent so much time together, and were so friendly with each other, that Spencer had to assume they had connected somehow. But Spencer almost certainly was frustrated not knowing what was going on exactly, as if Hillary was taken or not. He was glad to see Spencer twisting in the wind.

When he and Hillary walked out of the cafeteria and into the outdoors, he asked, "So, where are we going? I assume there's no phone call."

She gave him a devilish grin. "There's no call."

"So what's up?!"

She scrunched her face. "You tell me! I'm just walking. Do you know a good place where a girl can get completely naked?"

He froze in his tracks. They were in the wide open with nobody around. "What did you just say?!"

She flashed a toothy smile. "You heard me. I KNOW Maggie did some super sexy to you this morning before school, and as your de facto second girlfriend, I demand that you tell me!" Her words appeared demanding, but she looked and sounded so friendly, sexy, and playful, there was no way he could mind.

Her look turned sultry, and she glanced around conspiratorially. "Whatever it is you tell me, I'm thinking we'll both enjoy the telling a lot more if you're kissing me and playing with my breasts while I'm pumping on your donkey cock!" She added in a more practical voice, "We just need a place to go. I'm stumped. I hope you have a good idea. At worst, I figure we can try a stall in one of the more remote bathrooms."

He frowned, not because he was unhappy with her suggestion, but because he couldn't think of any good place for them to go, offhand. He said, "Let me process that one on track while we stand here and talk about other things. By the time we're done, I'll hopefully come up with something."

She looked around. They were on a concrete pathway that led between two grassy areas from one building to another. There was nobody else around, but it was a commonly used pathway. "Here? Why can't we just talk after you get me naked? It'll be more fun that way."

He smiled widely. "That's for sure. But we may not get that much talking done, and there's important and timely stuff to talk about."

She was a bit put out, but said, "Okay, but let's walk into the grass, and be quick about it. Time's a-wastin'!"

As they moved off the pathway into one of the grassy areas so it would be less likely someone could come nearby, he said, "First off, I've got a question for you about Spencer."

"Yeah?"

"Does he know you're dating Anushka?"

"No." Apparently she was keeping her answers short to speed things up. She was antsy for some sexual fun.

"Does he even know you're bisexual?"

"I don't think so."

"Maybe you should tell him both things. You know I'm worried about him. I think he's got you in his sights, and he has all sorts of tricks up his sleeve. If he were to know both things, that could cool his ardor, and maybe even get him to look elsewhere."

"Yeah, but nobody knows I'm bisexual here at all. Except you."

"You said you're going to let it be known in a few weeks that you're bisexual anyway, so what's the harm if he gets the early word? I really don't think he'll blab."

"No, he doesn't seem the type," Hillary admitted. "I guess I can do that. But is it really wise? There are pros and cons. Can we talk about it more later, please?! That's not a 'must know now' thing, and finding out what Maggie did to you is!"

He chuckled at that.

She added, "It must be quite a story, because I see you've just gotten like THAT thinking about it!" She glanced knowingly at his crotch.

He looked down too and noticed he had a hard-on bulging from his shorts again. That wasn't surprising, since he got so horny around Hillary all the time, even when she wasn't wearing anything particularly sexy. For instance, today she was just wearing jeans shorts and a Jimi Hendrix T-shirt.

He said, "Actually, that's like that as much or more looking at you and thinking about you, and especially thinking about what we're about to do!"

She struck a sexy pose, cocking a hip and leaning forward to better thrust her huge rack enough. It was subtle enough so hopefully anyone looking from afar would only think she was leaning towards him to hear him talk. "Me? Little old me?"

He thought about covering his bulge with a strategically placed hand, but then decided to brave it out, since only she was close enough to notice. He also grinned and said unrepentantly, "What can I say? You inspire me."

Then he said, "By the way, I've got more to say here, but I think I've come up with somewhere to go."

"Oh?! Wherever it is, let's start walking! That'll save time!"

"Good idea." He began leading the way. "Oh, and if you're curious, it's a supply closet."

"Ooooh! Freaky!"

"Sometimes, it pays to be a good student. The other day, in Mrs. Flynn's class, I was one of the first to finish an in-class quiz. Or maybe the first, I don't remember. Anyway, she asked me to go get something from a supply closet, and told me where it was and what to do. Thinking back just now, I remember that it wasn't locked!"

"Great! Let's try that. If it doesn't work, we'll try plan B."

"Right." They were striding along quickly.

Knowing the time was limited until they got to the closet, he quickly changed subject. "Now, another thing. Are the plans still on for Friday's party? No last-minute changes this time?"

"Yes. And no. We're good."

"Good."

She asked, "And Maggie's coming, right?"

"Right."

"Excellent! Just think of the fun things the three of us might get up to!"

He gulped, and his eyes widened as he started to imagine just that. "Uh, yeah." He was having to keep a hand strategically over his crotch as he walked, because his boner most definitely wasn't going to get flaccid any time soon.

They were getting closer. He quickly switched topics again. "Speaking of Maggie and this weekend and whatnot... I'm thinking maybe the three of us could do something fun together on Saturday night too. What do you think?" He shyly stared down the hallway, afraid to make eye contact.

Hillary didn't answer right away. After a few seconds, she said, "That sounds like a really great idea. Boy, I'd love that! But... I can't give you a firm answer right now. The problem is, I have some other things to consider. The main thing is that I might have plans with Anushka. We're trying to get her to warm up to you being in my life, and if you monopolize my time on both Friday and Saturday, that would not help."

He winced. "Ouch! Good point. Well, please let me know soon, okay? Then Maggie and I can make our plans too."

"Sure."

By this time, they had walked back into the main school building. The storage closet actually was on the first floor where all their classes were, wedged between two of their classes.

The two of them slowed down and looked around nervously as they got closer. The hallway was mostly empty, but there were a couple of other students way off near one of the main entrance ways.

She whispered to him, "So how do we get in? Should we wait until we're totally alone?"

He was surging with confidence, since his lust was driving him on. "Nah. If you're sneaking around, the best way not to be noticed is to act in the open, and pretend like you know what you're doing."

He walked right up to the door. To their mutual great relief, it opened without any problem. They quickly slipped inside, closed the door behind them, turned on a light, and looked around.

Nick checked the door. It didn't lock from the inside, which was a problem. But he'd been thinking ahead that might be the case, and he already had an idea for that. He had a vague memory of the inside of the room from when he'd done the favor for his teacher a few days ago. He remembered it was stuffed to the gills with typical school supplies, including stacks of chairs. He went to where the chairs were and started looking them over.

Meanwhile, Hillary was looking squeamish. She whispered. "I don't know about this! Maybe we should just kiss and fondle, but keep our clothes on? If the door doesn't lock, anyone can come in! And even if it does, some janitor might see the light is on and unlock the door to come in and turn it off! This is too risky!" She was getting increasingly nervous.

But he was cool and calm. "Don't worry, I've got an idea. Here, I'll hand chairs to you, and you try wedging them under the doorknob. We've got a variety of chairs here, so one of them will probably fit."

"Oh! That might work!" Her attitude improved immediately.

They tried three chairs before they found a good fit.

"There!" Nick said, giving the chair a shake just to be there. "That'll do it. And the great thing is, even someone with a key can't get in!"

"Yeah, that occurred to me too!" She was staring to strip already. "It's fun having a lover who's pretty damn smart! It comes in handy sometimes!" She laughed.

They were being very careful to only whisper, but he warned, "Be careful! Your whispers are fine, but you laugh a lot, and your laughs are loud."

"Oh. Right!" She was working fast, starting from the top. Already, she had her Hendrix T-shirt and bra off, and she'd found a good shelf in easy reach to store them on. As she yanked her panties and jeans shorts down together, she whispered, "By the way, keep your clothes on. One of us should be dressed in case we need to quickly scramble. All you need to unzip and whip out your big fat beast!"

He'd just been standing there, carefully scanning the room to find the best place for them to stand, or maybe sit. But he began unzipping his fly too. He chuckled, "Oh, it's a 'beast' now, is it? How did that happen?"

"For rampaging all over my body on Friday night! And by the way, I can't believe you're making me get completely naked! You have some nerve!"

He started stroking his erection as he watched her bend way over and wiggle her panties and jeans shorts all the way off her feet. She was keeping her tennis shoes on, so she was having some trouble getting them over them. The way her bouncy, tanned F-cups dangled nearly to the floor was too inspirational for him not to masturbate.

He said, "I don't remember ordering you to do that. I don't even remember suggesting it!" He wasn't accusing her though, because he knew from her smile and playful tone of voice that her "you have some nerve" comment was just another sexy tease.

She said, "I know, I know. I suggested it, actually. But that's only because I know that as soon as we're in private you're gonna take all my clothes off, whether I like it or not! It's what you do! Maggie and I talked about it on the phone. You do it to her too."

There was more than a little truth to that. He joked, "Okay, maybe so, but that's only because I'm trying to respect your nudist lifestyle."

She laughed at that, but quietly. She'd just put the rest of her clothes on the shelf, with the others. She stepped into the middle of the small room and raised her arms in the air like a showgirl trying to sell herself. "Ta-da!"

He looked up and down her fabulous naked body as he continued to jack off. He was inspired to say, "You look incredible! I can't believe we're doing this at school though! It's risky! We shouldn't make it a habit!"

She stepped to him and wrapped an arm around him, pressing her soft F-cups into his T-shirt covered chest. She said in a sexy purr, "Or maybe we should!" With her other hand, she took his boner away from him and took over stroking it.

She let out a blissful sigh. "Aaaah! I think I'm falling in love with this thing! I guess I'll have to put up with you too, since the two of you seem pretty closely attached." She laughed at that, but again, quietly.

He quietly chuckled too. He knew she was just kidding around.

They shared a long and very passionate kiss. He got busy playing with her tits and ass. She pulled his shirt up to his armpits so she could better enjoy sliding her huge knockers all over his chest.

Then, he was going to start playing with her pussy too, and in fact do a lot of that to help her cum. But he broke the kiss and whispered, "Hey! What

about your pussy?! I've played with it before, you know. But recently, you said Anushka doesn't allow that. Which is it?!"

She explained, "Unfortunately, I let you do that BEFORE Anushka got specific in not allowing you to touch me there. So, even though she'd never know what you'd do to me in here, I'd know, and you know, and I don't want to be sneaky like that. Is that okay?!" She looked into his eyes plaintively.

"Very okay!" he replied. "I like that you have honor like that. Very cool!"

"Mmmm!" She could only reply like that because they resumed necking.

But then, moments later, she broke the kiss and spoke while she kept on jacking him off, "Okay! Scratch the kissing. Not much kissing this time, because I want your mouth free! I figure we've got about fifteen minutes, max! Neither of us have watches, which we might want to do something about if we start regularly sneaking around like this, but I assume we'll hear it when the hallway fills up, so we'll knock when class is going to start."

His eyes widened in concern, even as he fondled an ass cheek with one hand and cupped a tit with the other. "Yeah, but how do we LEAVE, then?! I hadn't thought about that problem!"

She frowned and considered that as she fervently rubbed his sweet spot with two fingers. "Oh! I've got it! We'll get totally dressed and prepared as it gets near time for the bell to ring. But we'll wait until the bell actually rings, so the hallway will be empty when we come out! The brilliant thing is, our next class is literally right next door! If it works, we could make a regular habit out of this!"

He was still carefully whispering, like her. "I'm not sure about that. What if we come out and some stragglers see, for instance? If that happens just once, is anyone going to believe we're not an item? But I'm supposed to be dating Maggie!"

She frowned as she realized they had problems. "Okay, okay, we'll worry and talk about that later. No time! Now, tell me about this morning, finally! I'm dying to know!"

He proceeded to tell her the story about how Maggie gave him a titfuck/blowjob combo, and then a blowjob before school started. He changed a couple of key details though. He had all the action happen in the

bungalow Maggie was supposed to be living in behind his house, because to have it in their garage could raise questions. For instance, why would Maggie drive him to school in a car that was parked in that garage? He could have come up with a plausible explanation, but it would have taken time and they didn't have much time.

He also had to speak as if they did this sort of thing before. He definitely couldn't admit those were his very first blowjobs. Since the school year had only recently started, he could plausibly say they were new to doing that sort of thing in the limited time before school, so that made it easier to stick closer to what really happened.

He wasn't sure what he was going to say about how the sex session ended. Would he describe how she stroked his cock all the way to school, even as she drove? And that he finally blew his nut right in the school parking lot?

As it happened, that question never got answered, because he spent so long describing the action that took place in the garage, especially all the titfucking action, that he ran out of time to finish his story.

The entire time he was talking, Hillary usually had one hand stroking his boner, while keeping it pressed up against her tummy. Sometimes she stroked it while rubbing it back and forth across her tanned hardbody too. With her other hand, she generally played with her clit and/or her slit, since he wasn't allowed to do that. Meanwhile, he mostly alternated between fondling her tits and her ass, though sometimes his hands wandered elsewhere. Her entire body was a sexual paradise, in his opinion. The one thing they didn't do was kiss, since she wanted him talking.

They were still very busy doing all that when they started to hear a general murmur coming from the hallway. They got the impression that the storage room had to be sound proofed surprisingly well, because they couldn't hear any specific voices, only that general sound. Hopefully, that meant people in the hallway would have trouble hearing their voices too, had they been talking out loud.

Nick tried to rush faster through his story, but he was still a long way from the end of it.

The general murmur got louder and louder, and then it suddenly started to get a lot quieter.

By that time, the two of them were already quietly and carefully scrambling to get dressed. Actually, that was mostly Hillary, since all Nick had to do was pull his T-shirt back down to his waist and get his shorts in place and zipped up again.

As Hillary frantically dressed, she cursed, but playfully, "You bastard! Look at you, staying dressed while you make me get naked. I'm just your sexy slut. ONE OF your TWO sexy sluts! You make us strip and serve your big fat cock beast, even right in the middle of the school day!"

He was busy putting the chairs back in place. "Yep! That's definitely how it worked! I totally forced you to do this!"

She quietly laughed, because she knew like him that she was wildly exaggerating. She already had her panties and jeans shorts back on, and was working on her bra. "Hey! Don't ruin my fantasy!"

He chuckled some more, though he found it intriguing to hear that she got off on that. With time quickly running out, he said, "I'm bummed we couldn't end with orgasms! Not me. It's better I either cum twice or not at all, or I usually get blue balls, and there was no time for twice. I mean you. I wish I could have fingered you to a big 'O' as I finished telling the story."

She finished with the bra and was working to get her Hendrix T-shirt back over her head. "Me too! That would have been ideal. But I had a couple of nice 'O's along the way. And this whole thing was pretty great. MY big regret is that you haven't finished the story yet! We'll need to find the time-"

Just then, the bell rang, causing her to pause.

He asked, urgently, "Are you all set?!" He was ready, except for the problem of still having a raging boner.

"Ready enough!" she replied. "Aside from being all flushed and energized and panting and tussled and horny! And I probably smell like a whorehouse! But what can you do? Let's go!"

Actually, she wasn't that bad off. Her breathing was only slightly elevated, more due to the excitement, and she'd ran her hands through her hair and generally made herself reasonably presentable.

Nick realized they did have a smell problem, but it wasn't just her. They didn't know how bad it was since their noses got used to it, but if someone else came into the storage room, they probably would be hit by a powerful

sex smell, due to Hillary's very wet pussy. That would be something for them to deal with if they used the room again, but there was no time left.

Nick opened the door and peeked out into the hallway. He led the way. In case someone was there to see, he figured he would come out on his own, so hopefully it wouldn't be found out Hillary had been in there too. Presumably, she could sneak out a little later, after the coast was clear.

But as it was, he looked in all directions and saw that nobody was there. He hurried into the hallway, with Hillary following a couple of seconds later.

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Their fifth period class after lunch was a continuation of their block of Advanced Studies program that also took up the two periods before lunch. That was a lucky break, because they and all the students in that program were like academic all-stars, and their teachers in the program cut them a lot of slack.

As it was, they made it to their seats only about a minute after the bell rang. It was a very lucky thing that the class was right next to the supply closet.

Nick and Hillary sat stock still in their seats, looking and acting like model students. But inside their hearts were racing and they continued to be excited. They both felt like kids who had performed some outrageous prank and realized afterwards that they actually were going to get away. They felt tremendously relieved.

They couldn't resist exchanging some knowing, smirky glances with each other as the class went on. But they really had gotten away with it, because the other students didn't pay them much mind at all.

Even Hillary's somewhat pungent sex smell went unnoticed. It helped that, although Nick and Hillary weren't known to be nerds, just very smart, most of the other kids in the program very much fit the nerdy stereotype. Many of them were sexually oblivious.

After Nick calmed down, as he had some free time during a lull in the class activities, he pondered what the heck had happened during lunch.

The more I think about it... did that really happen?! It's hard to believe! Especially after what Ma did to me before school. And with her picking me up later, this could turn out to be one of the all-time greatest days ever!

But it's strange that Hillary suggested we did that, and I agreed, and we just went and did it! And it worked! I mean, students just don't do that! We're so extremely bold! And she's not even supposed to be my girlfriend! We could get in serious trouble if we get caught trying something like that again, both socially and academically. We should cool it.

But, all in all, I'm glad I dared. My relationship with her is in a very crucial phase. Maybe THE crucial phase. I'm totally in love with her in every way. But she's still getting to know me, and she's way more in lust with me than in love. I need to roll with any possible sexually fun situation with her so her lust will deepen and deepen and then the love part will soon follow.

Geez, man! This is working! The whole fake girlfriend scheme is working! Both parts! Just two weeks ago, I was thinking it would be a total longshot to get Hillary to date me, and way, way, WAY more of a longshot to get sexually intimate with Ma. I mean, that was like being struck by lightning as I scratch off a winning lottery ticket jackpot kind of odds. But they're both crazy for my dick! Hillary even called it a "beast!"

God, my life rules! But making this work means rising way above the normal. I have to excel in everything if I'm going to keep this high-wire act going. Which means now I have to switch gears and bear down on my studies and actually pay attention! If I let my schoolwork fall apart, Ma will have a freak out, for starters.

With that in mind, he gathered his wits and actually paid attention for the rest of the class.

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When the fifth period ended, Nick and Hillary were quick to walk out of class together. By some unspoken agreement, they silently hurried out of the main building. Sixth period was P.E. for many students, including them, because for those who were in varsity programs, practice often started with sixth period and then continued well after school officially ended.

Nick was actually a surprisingly good athlete, especially considering he didn't play sports much. In particular, he had great natural talent when it came to catching things, including a football. He had been planning to try out for at least the school's junior varsity football team, since it was a fall semester sport. He'd thought that would be a good way to become popular, to help with his overall Hillary seduction scheme. But with the Hillary

seduction (and Maggie seduction!) basically hitting paydirt on that fateful Tuesday, only the second day of school, he'd decided that being on a football team would cut into too much of his free time, that could be spent with Maggie and/or Hillary instead.

Hillary would have been a great athlete, since she had a fat-free hardbody and stayed in top shape, except her enormous breasts caused trouble for her in virtually every sport. Even the sturdiest, thickest bras could only do so much.

As a result, both Nick and Hillary were in the regular P.E. classes. Due to the different genders, they were headed to different locker rooms. However, they had a long walk outside together to the sports building, which was ideal for them to talk confidentially to each other about what happened as they went along.

Hillary muttered to him, "Can you BELIEVE we got away with that?!"

He muttered back, "No. No, I cannot."

"The more I think about it, the more I'm amazed I actually was the one who suggested we do that. I don't know what came over me. I guess it's because of how you came into first period all panting and spaced out."

"That? Why that?"

"Because I figured out you and Maggie must have done something wild, and then I spent basically the whole rest of the time until lunch with my speculations spinning totally out of control! I swear, I was CREAMING so much by the start of our Advanced Studies program that I was seriously thinking about taking a bathroom break just to do something about my wet panties!"

"No! I just got wetter and wetter! Thanks to you, I'm going to have to stash spare panties all over school from now on, because there's no telling what you'll make me do!" She laughed.

He laughed too, then said, "I'm thinking, as fun as that was, we may want to cool it down in school. Especially about using the storage room. I'm normally not THIS impetuous. I like to look before I leap. But this time, we just leaped. We should do some intel gathering first. Find out who goes into that room for what, and when? Have people used it for sex before? Has anyone gotten caught? Is there a safer place? And so on."

"Good idea," she nodded. "I don't know HOW we'll figure those things out, but I've got a good feeling you'll come up with something. You came up with that room in the first place, and then figured out about the chair fitting perfectly under the doorknob. You're like a regular MacGyver, except for sexual sneakery!"

They laughed at that as well.

They were getting close to where they need to split up, But they had walked briskly, and they still had a minute or two until the five-minute break between classes was over. They stopped walking.

Hillary asked, "What do you think is going to happen when Maggie picks you up after school?"

"I have no idea," he admitted. "I hope she's wearing something super sexy when she arrives. Then, I'd like to kiss her hard on the lips, so everyone can see she's my girl. I'm kind of possessive that way. Like what you say when she picked me up last Tuesday. Then, who knows? I'm hoping we're go somewhere private for some sexy fun, but it's up to her."

Hillary urgently asked, "Is it okay if I go to you to watch that? And then maybe kind of try to invite myself along?"

"Please do! That would be great!" That was a no-brainer for him.

"I know you told me she's going to Friday's party, but I can pretend like I don't know that and ask her to the party myself. That'll give me an excuse to start talking. Then we'll see where things go from there."

"Okay, sounds like a plan. See you then!"

They had to part to their respective locker areas after that. They couldn't kiss or even hug good-bye since they weren't supposed to be going out, which was a little frustrating for them both.

The rest of P.E. proceeded as usual. The only difference was that Nick knew Maggie was picking him up after school, and that Hillary might even end up joining them too. He had an erection off and on, which was especially problematic for P.E.!

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Maggie had a roller coaster of a day while Nick was at school. When she got back home, she had a masturbation session to end all masturbation

sessions. All she had to do was mentally review what had happened in the garage and on the drive to school, and she stayed as hot as an oven until she was thoroughly sexually satiated. She enjoyed that greatly.

She was so worn out afterwards that she took a hot bath. But as she was lying naked in the bathtub, she began to have second thoughts.

God, I feel like SHIT. I got way too carried away again, didn't I? It's downright tragic. I'm having the time of my life being Nick's girlfriend, but it can't last. The further I go with him, the worse it's going to be for both of us when I have to stop. The most important fact is that I'm his mother. That trumps everything. I can't be his mother AND his lover forever.

And I can't go all the way with him. Admittedly, lightning hasn't struck us dead for the things we've done. I don't even feel that guilty or bad about it, to be honest. Nick certainly doesn't mind at all. In fact, I have NO DOUBT he loves the new oral me! Gaawwwd, it's so sexy looking up from his crotch, with my mouth so full of cock, and seeing him huffing and puffing and practically incoherent with lust! But actual fucking is another matter altogether! Even if we end up being okay with it, we could be in big trouble with the law. Especially given his age! And that would mess up our relationship forever. How could I look him in the eye twenty or thirty years from now, knowing we've done THAT?!

Which makes me wonder about what I did this morning. Boy, do I feel shitty. I'm too enthusiastic! How can we have a healthy hand-over to Hillary if I act and dress like a total slut? I can't let him know how much I adore pleasuring his cock in every way, but especially orally! He's going to get too hooked on me instead of focusing his attention on Hillary like he should.

For instance, the clothes I wore to school. That was too much. It was borderline illegal! What if a police officer pulled me over? The way I let my bra-less breasts bounce in time to Beatles songs, and all the while openly jacking him off... WHILE I DROVE! Definitely way too risky! I don't even want to think about it. I really need to dial it back a notch. Or two or three notches.

Then there's the big question: what to do about his big cock? Crap. Just thinking about it makes me think about sliding my lips around it, and that my pussy tingles! And that's the problem right there. I can't control myself

around it! It's shameful the way I couldn't even let go of his big, fat, wonderful cock all the way to school. And then, knowing I was going to take him in my mouth again when we got there so I could guzzle his entire load down my throat! And I did! And it was glorious!

But that gets back to my problem, because I'm TOO enthusiastic! Now that I've proven sucking him is just as great as I'd dreamed it would be, I want to suck his thick cock-monster so damn bad, all the time! How can I not? It practically DEMANDS to be sucked, with the way it's all so thick and hot and tasty looking, constantly! And that sweet pre-cum dripping out. I swear, even his pre-cum tastes like sweet nectar to me!

She looked down at herself and realized that two of her fingers were on her clit underwater. Oh no. I'm getting all horny again. I shouldn't be thinking about this while naked in a bathtub, that's for sure! I have to stop, if for no other reason than my pussy can't take any more stimulation.

She reluctantly withdrew her hand. That's better. See? I do have willpower. I need to be more proactive, instead of just drifting along and letting my lusts rule me. I have to figure out what I want and how to get it.

Now, obviously, our goal number one is to get Nick and Hillary together in a serious way. When this whole fake girlfriend idea started, I thought that was pie in the sky, and that was before I knew how much she'd filled out in the last year. If I knew she'd blossomed into a centerfold-esque bombshell, I would have thought he had NO chance!

But what did I know? They've already gotten intimate. The plan IS working! And now that I've met her, I can see why he loves her so much. Sure, she's almost ridiculously beautiful. It's truly a wonder that she's fallen for him so fast. But she's also a very kind, smart, and talented girl, with good values. I can't imagine a better girlfriend for him than her.

So what can I do to help them along? I hate to say this, but I think Sport is right that a huge part of his appeal with her is me. Somehow, when the three of us are together, it's so exciting! She and I have a kind of friendly competition and inspire each other to go further with him. Sparks fly! Then there's the Anushka problem, and his confidence problem. All very valid reasons I can't just give up on the fake girlfriend plan now. Nick needs my help!

And... let's face it. It's probably inevitable that both her and I are going to suck his cock a lot from now on, and often together! At least I'm hoping and assuming that's what'll happen. I was telling him as we listened to that Beatles song how we could spend the weekend just lazing around in her room, naked and totally slutty! Spending hours taking turns bobbing on his huge cock-monster, and lapping and slurping on it together! Oh Gaawwwd! I can't even IMAGINE how sweet that will be! Oh, fuck me!

She couldn't resist playing with herself after thinking about that. She gave in completely and ran her fingers over her clit and labia at the same time. *Fuck! That's just too hot! But... it also serves a purpose. Hillary is a very sexually open-minded girl who likes to do all kinds of wild things. As he's pointed out to me so correctly, we can offer her an ideal threesome situation that she pretty much can't get anywhere else,*

And I just adore how she's totally into pleasuring his cock! She's not one of these selfish "what have you done for me lately" kinds of girlfriends who expects him to go down on her exactly one time for every time she goes down on him. NO! She's a "good slut" who knows that if it feels great sucking him, then why not do it a lot?! We're going to get along JUST FINE, kneeling naked side by side between his legs all the time!

I should practice sucking his cock a lot more in the very near future so it won't seem like I'm doing it for the first time when Hillary's there. That would be suspicious. I need to look and act experienced, like I've sucked him a hundred times already. That means I need practice! Lots and lots of jaw-breaking, sweet cock-meat sucking, practice! Gagging and slurping and choking and bobbing on that impossibly thick cock of his! I may need to schedule more Maggie time specifically so I can have some long cocksucking sessions with him! Yes! Yes, yes, YES!

She was already working herself up to a climax with her rapidly moving fingers. But even as she got hot and hotter, she said more soberly, *But see? This is my problem. I get too excited. I need to take it slowly, step by step. It's like driving a truck downhill. Yeah, we're headed in that direction, but I need to keep the brakes on to some degree or the truck will zoom out of control and crash. I need to ponder seriously when we'll be ready for the next step. And that's as far as I can go! NO fucking! Blowjob and titfucks and handjobs are it!*

I can't even let him go down on me. I ESPECIALLY can't let him do that! Too dangerous!

She immediately had second doubts about that last thought. Now, admittedly, it would be a big boon if he learned to be a talented cunt lick. Hillary would love him for that. I'll bet most of her boyfriends are the super handsome types who figure they don't need to know how to do that to win a girl. But also, she dates girls just as much, and I'm sure some of them are cunt licking experts! It would be hard for him to match up to that high standard. He needs training! And who else can he train on but me? It's not that I want him to lick me down there, it's that I have to help him learn. For his own good!

Wait a minute! Talk about my mind playing tricks on me! The logic is sound, but I know I'm not thinking straight. I just want him to do it because it'll feel so good! I can't allow myself to think like that. I'm going to have to table that issue for later, when I can think it through in a more dispassionate way.

With that decided for now, she finished a nice masturbation session in the bathtub, and ended it with an excellent orgasm. Nearly all of her thoughts were focused on cocksucking, usually with Hillary there and helping out. Far from not wanting to share, the idea of sharing excited her almost beyond measure.

But after the bath, she grew depressed again. She had new doubts about the wisdom of what she was doing, and how far she was going with Nick. Happily, she had a very strict daily exercise routine, and she did that next. That kept her mind focused and her body occupied.

Once that was over, she went up to the sun roof and had another totally nude sunbathing session. She was determined to get rid of the pale patch where her bush had been, and right away. Truth be told, her body was so flawless that that was virtually the only thing that needed any improving. But she also wanted to deepen her tan in general, as part of her friendly competition with Hillary, and try to match Hillary's very impressive all-over tan.

She adored the idea of her and Hillary looking as much alike as possible, at least from the neck on down. That would make it even more thrilling in her mind if, say, both of them sat up on all fours on a bed and wiggled their

asses at him, and he was unable to even tell at first whose ass belonged to whom.

The only problem was, lying on a lounge chair while tanning gave her plenty of time to ruminate. And when she did that, she started to have more second doubts, and that made her depressed all over again. But also the fact that she was buck naked, and outside, no less, made her quite horny. So she flip-flopped from depressed to horny and back again, sometimes strongly feeling both things at once.

That drove her batty. She decided she'd tanned enough for one day.

She wanted to work on her new novella project, so she went to her bedroom, fully dressed, and attempted to work on that. However, she was so distracted that she made virtually no progress at all.

Before long, she decided that the best way to avoid both depressing ruminations or obsessive cocksucking fantasies was to stay busy, but with something that involved physical work instead of intellectual thinking. So she gardened in the backyard for the rest of the time, until Nick's school day began to come to an end. She only took a break to make lunch for Andy and herself.

She went all out with the gardening. Plus, although it was already September with the start of the school year, Southern California was in the middle of a minor heat wave. She sweated profusely, even when she worked in the shade.

As the time for Nick to get out of school drew closer, her excitement grew by the minute. She showered, and worked on beautifying herself. Then she had more fun figuring out which clothes to wear and putting them on.

Chapter 25: Close Call (Thursday)

Maggie arrived at school in her red Prius dressed to kill. She wore a thin white T-shirt and a black leather miniskirt. The shirt was so thin that her nipples could be easily seen even when they weren't erect, and they were very erect now. Not only wasn't she wearing a bra, but she wasn't wearing any panties either. It was a little less outrageous than what she'd worn to school in the morning, but not by much. She wanted to be less provocative in theory, but she got so hot and horny while deciding what to wear that it was hard to do in practice.

She'd dressed that way just for Nick, and she wasn't planning on letting anyone else see her like that. She'd worn a windbreaker, and she'd taken it off just as she pulled into the school parking lot. But, to her surprise, she saw Nick standing with Hillary as he waited for her at the curb.

Shit! What a day to be wearing this! Hillary's going to think I'm a shameless slut. And maybe not even the good slut kind. Seeing that he'd recognized her Prius, she pulled the car into the parking lot. She parked well away from the school building because she was so self-conscious about her skimpy clothes. Supposedly, she was taking Nick to and from school so other students could see they were dating. But on this occasion she didn't really want to be seen by anyone except Nick, unless maybe from a distance.

Nobody, that is, except for Nick and Hillary. Both of them walked across the parking lot to the car.

Maggie was feeling quite tired out from all her exercising and gardening. But she was determined not to show it. Besides, lust and excitement was taking over, giving her a new burst of energy.

"Hey, Maggie!" Hillary said in a friendly way as she got close.

Maggie turned and waved, but she stayed in the car. She was still close enough to other people getting into other cars in the parking lot that she didn't want to stand next to her car and have other people see her when she was dressed the way she was.

Nick wasn't dissuaded from getting his usual after school kiss, though. In fact, he wanted to show off in front of Hillary, and anyone else who might

see. So he opened Maggie's door and sat on her lap. He had to angle himself to avoid the steering wheel, and he had to crouch down to reach her lips, but he figured it was worth it. He closed the door behind him most of the way so other people wouldn't be able to see that much, except for Hillary looking down through the car door window. However, he left enough room to keep his legs out and his feet on the ground. Otherwise, there wasn't enough room for both him and his mother in the driver's seat.

The two of them started necking while Hillary just stood there. As usual, Nick got so horny so fast that he didn't have much restraint. His hands went straight to Maggie's tits and he started gleefully fondling them. But, in a reluctant concession to the situation, he kept his hands over her top.

But after a relatively short kiss by their usual standards, Nick broke the lip-lock and looked back at Hillary. "Hey. Sorry, I just wanna say hi to my girl." He brazenly kept both hands on Maggie's hefty globes.

Hillary smiled, even though she felt a jealous pang. "It's cool. No, I take that back - it's really hot! Maggie, you look smokin'! That top is outrageous! Is that why you don't want to get out of the car?"

Maggie blushed, which was answer enough.

Nick felt his shyness falling away and his lust growing ever stronger. He pinched Maggie's nipple, and kept on pinching and twisting it. He figured that was done in a position so that only Hillary could see it.

He said, "Cool, huh? It's like she's not wearing any top at all. In fact..." He let go of her nipple, only to slide his hand underneath the top. Then he immediately resumed his pinching and twisting directly at the erect nipple.

Maggie's blush only deepened. "Nick, please! Everyone will see!"

Nick briefly looked around. "Nah. We're cool. If the car was pointing the other way, then maybe. But at this angle, guys leaving the school can't really see what we're doing, except that we're getting pretty friendly. Remember, this door is closed most of the way." He kept on playing with her nipple. He even brought a second hand under her top to do the same to her other one. "Besides, Hillary, you can keep a lookout for us, can't you?"

"Sure," Hillary said. "In fact, do you mind if I sit down in the car? I have a couple of things to say."

Maggie nodded.

Hillary walked around the car. By the time she sat in the front passenger seat and closed the door, Nick and Maggie were making out again. She just rolled her eyes in amusement.

But Nick didn't want her to get bored, so when he saw she was seated, he broke the kiss again, and looked her way. He still didn't stop the nipple play under Maggie's thin top though. "So, what's up?"

Hillary looked at Maggie, and tried to look at her face instead of at her chest. "Um, Maggie, I wanted to personally invite you to the party on Friday night. Nick told you all about it, right?"

Maggie nodded. She was still blushing profusely. Her shirt was so thin that Hillary could see everything he was doing, especially since the fabric had already risen to the bottom of her globes. She worried that it wouldn't be long before he pulled her top up to her shoulder, as was his wont.

Hillary caught her attention drifting away to what Nick's fingers were doing. Her eyes glazed over with lust. She finally snapped to, and muttered, "That's hot! Really hot!" She looked around furtively. "Nick, I wish you'd do that to me. Only... without so much twisting."

The three of them laughed at that.

There was another long pause where nothing happened except that Nick played with Maggie's tits while Hillary watched intently. He didn't really have any clever motive to what he was doing. True, he could have argued that this was part of his "playing hard to get" strategy, but mainly he was doing it because it was really fun. Having Hillary watch made everything twice as hot, for all three of them.

Finally, Hillary asked Maggie, "So, can you come?" She quickly corrected that, because she saw the accidental double meaning. "I mean, can you attend?"

The three of them shared another good laugh.

Maggie replied with a sultry, knowing look, despite her continued embarrassment. "Yes, I can attend. And I hope I'll be able to cum too."

Hillary shook her head. "Damn! You two are just the hottest couple I've ever seen! Nick, I would literally murder people if I could kiss you now!"

She added to herself, *And I'll kill even more people to play with Maggie's awesome tits!*

Nick pondered that as he kneaded Maggie's tit-flesh like it was dough. Finally, he concluded, "Unfortunately, I don't think that's possible." He nodded towards the school building, and also other people in the parking lot. "We're still too close."

"I suppose that's true," Hillary sadly agreed.

But then she suddenly got a bold idea. "But what about this?! If anyone's looking in, all they can see is that you're sitting on your girlfriend's lap and getting very cuddly while you two are presumably talking to me about something. They can't see what's happening below the window level at all unless they walk up close. So... who would be the wiser, except for the three of us, if I were to reach out and pet Nick's dick a little bit?"

She only floated the idea instead of demonstrating it, because she was torn. She was extremely horny and she wanted to get in on the action, but she also didn't want to make Maggie mad or be seen as poaching her boyfriend in any way. She had no idea what the proper protocol was for this kind of thing, since she'd never been part of a threesome before.

Happily, Maggie loved the idea. Sure, she burned with jealousy over someone else touching her son's cock, but she also found the possibility of being in another threesome situation with Hillary extremely exciting. She remembered what happened on their threesome date on Friday. She'd been very jealous at first, but as the night wore on those feelings faded away, and her arousal and happiness that Hillary was taking part grew and grew. Furthermore, she reminded herself that having Hillary do that could help with Nick's overall Hillary seduction plan. Plus, the danger of getting caught made the whole situation even more arousing.

Her lust won out. She looked all around the parking lot, and then whispered, "Go for it! But be careful!"

Hillary could scarcely believe it. "No way! You two are AWESOME!" After looking around again, she reached over and put her hand on the bulge in Nick's shorts. She tried to do it in a manner so her body posture wouldn't really change from the point of view of someone looking from outside the car.

Nick loved it, and he loved it even more when Hillary started sliding her hand up and down his bulge.

He loved it still more when Maggie said, "Hillary, that's not right. You can't do that." But before Hillary could get upset, she added, "You have to take it out of his shorts first!"

Hillary was incredulous at how cool Maggie was being about this, even after all they'd done together at the movie theater. She unzipped Nick's fly, fished his erection out, and started stroking him with one hand.

Nick hissed in triumph, "Yesssss!" He would have pumped his fists, except his hands were still busy playing with his mother's soft melons from under her thin shirt.

"Good God!" Hillary exclaimed. "This is too hot! This is almost better than what happened at the movie!" Her fingers practically flew up and down Nick's cock, and they sped up even faster the more his pre-cum leaked down her fingers.

She looked back over her shoulder towards the school, and kept on pumping. "Oh, look! There's my friend Monica. I just met her the other day." She waved through the window with her free hand.

Hillary practically squealed with excitement after doing that. She breathlessly proclaimed, "Oh my God! She totally waved back! If she only knew! I'm stroking Nick's fat cock with my other hand!"

Maggie urgently asked, "Do you think she can see what Nick is doing to my boobs?"

"Probably," Hillary replied. She doubted that was true, but she suspected that answer would further arouse Maggie.

"Hnnnnngg!" Maggie grunted orgasmically. "Shit! You want hot? THAT'S hot! I'm scared out of my mind, and everyone is gonna think I'm a slut, but so what? Oh, Nick! Kiss me!"

Nick wasn't that keen on kissing, simply because of the logistics of trying to get his head down to hers with the steering wheel in the way. But he did it anyway, because Maggie obviously needed a good kiss. He was amazed that this was happening while the door next to him was partially open and his feet were on the ground.

All the while, Hillary kept on stroking him. She longed to use two hands, but she didn't dare because it would have made what she was doing look far too obvious. Instead, she kept an eye out for people she knew who were either leaving school or still lingering and talking to friends. She also occasionally checked the other side of the car for people over there, who might be able to see a lot more of what Nick and Maggie were doing, but Maggie had parked just far away enough so that wasn't a problem.

As usual, Nick was looking for ways to make things even more fun and exciting. When he finished necking with his mother, he said to no one in particular, "You know what would be really neat? If I pull Maggie's shirt up to her shoulders. I might as well, since it's practically see-through anyway."

Maggie urgently hissed, "Don't you DARE!" She looked down at Hillary's sliding fingers, and then hissed at her too. "If you don't fuckin' stroke the shit out of his fuckin' cock-monster and make him cum like a geyser, I'll have to do it myself!" She wanted to reward Nick in a big way for bringing her to such dizzying erotic heights.

Hillary cheekily suggested, "Why don't you join me?"

Maggie was staggered by that. "Why the hell DON'T I? Duh! Hillary, you're brilliant!" She reached down, and soon the two of them were stroking him in tandem, happily working together to get him to cum.

Hillary and Maggie had developed a cock sharing rapport during their many minutes of joint handjob action at the movie theater on Friday. Back then, they'd started out with one hand on top of the other, and then their hands switched places from time to time, to be as equitable as possible. But eventually they'd switched to a more satisfying "free style," where they both did whatever they wanted and figured the sharing would balance out in the end.

This time, they immediately went right back to that style. For instance, Hillary had been focused on rubbing Nick's sweet spot, since she knew how much he loved that. But she let go and stroked his shaft instead, wanting to generously give Maggie the prime position for a while. Maggie immediately took over stimulating his cockhead and sweet spot. Hillary knew from their movie theater sharing that Maggie wasn't greedy, and that their hands would be frequently changing places and moving all around.

For the next minute or two, Maggie cursed herself out for her stupidity in not thinking of that herself. "Stupid! I just sat here with my hands at my sides when there's all this thick, throbbing, hot cock to enjoy. Duh!" In addition to feeling regretful, she also hoped to inspire more cock-lust in Hillary.

Hillary heard that and liked it, but much of her mental focus was elsewhere. She kept looking out the window, trying to find people that she knew so she could wave to them while jacking Nick off. For some reason, she found that great fun. Speaking quietly so that only Nick and Maggie could hear, she would say things like, "Howdy, Dave! Did you know that I'm jacking off a big fat cock right now? Actually, that's not true. I'm only fondling his balls while Maggie gets her turn at the top, but it'll be my turn again in a minute. What do you think, Dave? Would you like two busty beauties to jack you off together? Soooooorryyyyyy! Not gonna happen!"

The crowd was thinning out as the minutes passed and people got into their cars and drove away. Plus, Hillary still didn't know that many people at her new school yet, especially considering that she was a junior and two-thirds of them were either sophomores or seniors. As a result, she started pretending to recognize people, just so she'd have more fun things to say. To Nick's delight, she began talking about blowjobs sometimes. "Hey, Becky! Can you see me? How 'bout if I bend over and swallow Nick's thick cock-monster into my mouth? Would you see me then? I think not! Do you think I can cram it all the way in? Would you like to see me try?"

Maggie liked when Hillary said those sorts of things, because they were arousing everyone. She also was tickled pink that Hillary had picked up the "cock-monster" nickname she'd recently started using for Nick's penis.

Nick was over the moon from what his two great loves were doing to him. He was getting very close to cumming.

But just when he was starting to think about maybe making an announcement that he was getting close, Hillary's face showed distress, and she muttered in an ominous tone, "Oh... shit! Shit, shit, shit!"

"What?" he asked.

"It's Spencer! He just walked out of the school doors for some reason. Oh no! He saw me, and he's waving! Shit! I remember now - I was supposed to

meet him after I said bye to you. He must have been looking around for me. And now he's walking this way!"

Even as she said this, she was still jacking off the top of Nick's boner, since it was her latest turn there. But now she let go while she waved back with her other hand. She muttered, "What do we do?!"

Despite the danger of the situation, and having never seen Spencer before, Maggie immediately spotted who he was. She thought, *Dammit! He IS one handsome devil! And he does look startlingly like a young Robert Redford, even from a distance. He looks hunky and muscular too. Not good! No wonder Nick worries about the competition.*

Nick really didn't want Spencer to meet Maggie. He figured Spencer would immediately try to charm her, and that would make Nick sick. He said, "Quick! Maggie, let's get out of here! Oh shit! And your tits! Your T-shirt!" Although the shirt was still over her breasts, it didn't hide much. He most definitely didn't want Spencer to see Maggie in a nearly see-through top.

And yet, Spencer was walking towards the car, and he didn't have that far to go.

Maggie suddenly pushed Nick off her. "Quick! Stand up! Oh, and zip up first, dumb ass!" She never called him things like "dumb ass," but she was panicky.

Nick furtively tucked his boner away and zipped up. Then he opened the car door all the way and stood up.

While he was doing that, Maggie bent down and found her windbreaker near her feet. While she stayed bent down below window level, she somehow managed to put it on.

At the same time, Hillary was double checking to make sure that she was presentable. She realized her main problem was that one of her hands was sticky with cum, so she worked on wiping her hand on her clothes. Like Maggie, she was careful to do that below window level. As she did so, she spoke quietly out of the corner of her mouth to the others, "He's getting closer still! What should I do?"

Nick said, "He's your friend, not mine. Why don't you get out and greet him? Maggie and I will burn rubber and get the hell out of here!"

"Okay!"

So Hillary got out of the car. "Hey, Spencer! What's up?" As he got near her, she held her arms out, preparing to give him a hug.

Meanwhile, Nick quickly walked around the car and got in the front passenger seat. He wanted to just run, but Maggie had been scrambling to get presentable too, and there hadn't been enough time for her to start the car and drive away.

Now, Nick had no choice but to interact with Spencer at least some. When the quick hug between Spencer and Hillary ended, he waved at Spencer, and said, "Hey. How goes it?" He was trying very hard to look and act normal.

"Good," Spencer replied. "I was just looking for Hillary." He joked, "It looks like you kidnapped her or something."

Nick faked a chuckle. "Yeah." He was relieved to hear the sound of Maggie starting the Prius. "Hey, you showing up reminded me that we've gotta run. I'll catch you later. Bye! See you later, Hillary!"

As the car started to pull away, Hillary remembered something, and shouted at Nick and Maggie, "Hey, wait a minute! Shoot, there were important things I wanted to discuss, but we got distracted. Promise we'll meet tomorrow after school, okay?"

Nick shouted back "Okay," while Maggie just nodded her head.

Both Spencer and Hillary waved at Nick as Maggie drove the car away.

The awkward thing was that Nick hadn't introduced Maggie to Spencer. As a result, Spencer had a puzzled look on his face as the car made its way through the parking lot and out to the street.

Nick slumped down in his seat and sighed in relief as Spencer disappeared out of sight. "Phew! That was close!"

Maggie said, "That WAS close! My heart is racing, even more than it was already. But why didn't you introduce him to me? He's going to be suspicious."

"So what? Let him be suspicious. I'd rather that than him finding some cum gob on your face or something."

She tilted her rear view mirror and had a good look at her face while waiting at a traffic light. "Hmmm. There's nothing on my face. Besides,

how could there be? Your cock wasn't anywhere near my face."

He loved the way she casually talked about his cock, and he especially loved that she was comfortable enough to nearly always call it "cock." It showed how far they'd come in a short time.

He sighed again. "I know. Now that you mention it. But still, it could have been something like that. Better safe than sorry. What if he looked in the car and saw how short your miniskirt is?" He reached over and tugged her miniskirt up a couple of inches. Just from that, Maggie's pussy briefly came into view before the miniskirt fell back into place. Her slit was very wet.

Maggie realized he had a good point.

He added, "He can meet you some other time. Plus, there's the fact that I don't want him to meet you at all!"

Despite her great nervousness from the close call, she smiled from ear to ear. "Awww. How cute! You're acting just like an over-protective boyfriend. I love it!"

He just grumbled. He muttered, "Damn Spencer! It's bad enough he's trying to steal Hillary from me. Now he's a cock blocker too!"

He was especially annoyed that Spencer caused Hillary to get separated from them. He'd been hoping and almost assuming the three of them would go off somewhere private for some more intense sexual fun together.

He also wondered what the heck Hillary was doing with Spencer after school. Whatever it was, he didn't like it, especially since she hadn't even mentioned it to him.

Maggie waited until the car came to a stop light. She held her arms out. "Here, quick, help me take this stupid windbreaker off."

"Gladly!" He was able to get it off before the light changed.

As soon as the car started, Maggie's big boobs started bouncing. Her white top was so thin that he could easily see her nipples through it. But he loved the shirt even more for its total failure to support her E-cups in any way. Although they were driving down a straight, flat road, her globes bounced so much that it seemed like they were in a four-wheel drive going over open country.

She stopped the car at another light. Then she hiked her tight black miniskirt up, way up. In fact, she was careful to make sure her miniskirt would stay high enough for him to see her bald and leaking pussy.

In a flash, his lingering fear from the close call with Spencer disappeared, and pure lusty desire took over. "Whoa! Ma-aggie!"

Since the light was still red, she teased him, "Would you like to touch that, baby? Hmmm? I'll bet you would." She dragged her fingers slowly over her thigh, towards her honey pot. But before her fingers got there, the light changed and she had to put both hands back on the steering wheel.

"Damn!" he cursed. "You're a tease. Grrr. You know I can't touch you there."

"I'm not a tease, baby. Teases leave you with blue balls. Whereas we're going to be home in a minute, with the car parked in the garage, and the contents of your balls are going to be splattered all over my face!"

"DAMN! Hurry! Hurry!"

She laughed. But she was as eager to be home as he was. She glanced over at him with bedroom eyes. "Son, your mother isn't a cock teaser, she's a cock PLEASER. Don't you agree?" She proudly ran a finger from her shoulder down to her left nipple, and traced a circle around it. Then, with her eyes mostly on the road, her finger kept on going down her taut tummy to her hip.

From there, she jumped the space between seats and ran her finger across his thigh to the bulge in his shorts. She circled around the clear shape of his cockhead twice. "We're going to take good care of this, believe me!"

He groaned needfully. "Oh, Ma!" He was too horny to worry much about calling her that, since they were alone and away from school.

She was sorely tempted to unzip his shorts and jack him off all the way home. But she remembered that she'd promised herself earlier in the day to take it a little easier on him. Plus, being the adult and the parent, she reminded herself that it was vital to drive safely all the way home.

He ran a hand up and down her nearest thigh, giving her goose bumps from his light, tantalizing contact. He asked plaintively, "Why can't I ever touch your pussy? Would it really be such a big deal?"

"Oh boy. Here we go. I could see this coming from a mile away. Yes, it is a big deal. Let's not talk about it now, or you'll ruin the mood. Okay?"

He pouted, "Okay." He stopped talking about it, but he inched his fingers closer and closer until they crossed from her thigh to her pussy mound, right where her bush used to be.

She ignored how dangerously close he was coming to touching her clit or slit, especially right after she'd just warned him. It felt good! As she drove, she said, "You know what I feel like? I feel like parking this car in the garage, taking off ALL my clothes, tilting the seat way back, and then have you crawl up my body and fuck my tits! Then I want you to cum all over my face!"

"Mmmm," he agreed. His fingers inched even closer, until they were right at the edge of her pussy lips.

She decided that was too close. She continued in a harsher tone, "BUT... that's not going to happen unless you pay attention to where your hand is going, buster!"

He quickly withdrew his hand. "Yes, ma'am."

She muttered, "That's better."

But just seconds later, his hand was back on her leg, although he steered clear of her pussy mound this time. He ran a finger through a rivulet on her inner thigh. "Ma, you're really wet, er, down in this area. What if Spencer saw your wetness? He certainly would have been able to smell it."

She replied with some irritation, "Am I your mother or your girlfriend?"

"You're both," he replied matter-of-factly.

She loved that reply, and grinned widely. *Good answer! Dammit! Why aren't we home already?!* She reached to his crotch and gave his bulge a firm squeeze. "Oh dear. Whatever am I going to do with you? Such a COCKY young man!"

With her round, tanned boobs still bouncing all over under her top, she kept a hand on his bulge, and rhythmically squeezed it. They were almost home now and on empty suburban streets, so she figured she could let go a little bit. She purred lustily, "Are you going to show me just how COCKY you are?"

"Oh, Ma!" He was so turned on that it was all he could think to say.

She smirked knowingly. "Good answer." She unzipped his fly and pulled his boner out. She liked that he wasn't wearing underwear. She got tingly thinking how often he must have shown off his obscene bulge in his classes that day.

As she started to stroke him, skin-on-skin, she said, "I like that you forgot to wear underwear today! You might want to think about not wearing underwear anymore, period! It just gets in the way. Besides, your big fat cock is one of your best assets. Let all the girls at school see just what you're packing here. And you'll get Hillary so hot that she'll want to gag on your jawbreaker during lunch instead of actually eat!"

Nick just groaned. He had to close his eyes, because between Maggie's handjob, her sexy talk, and the way her boobs were bouncing freely under her shirt, he worried he'd cum before they even got home.

Yet, he managed to say, "Um, actually, I didn't forget. The other day, Hillary recommended I should never wear underwear, just like you said now. She told me she wants easy access to my dick!"

That further inflamed Maggie's lust. "Smart girl! You should listen to her advice!" She groaned erotically as she jacked him off more aggressively. "Are you gonna do it, go without underwear from now on?!"

"I've started already," he said proudly. "It's a problem sometimes, since I get stiff a lot. But Hillary's usually sitting next to me, or near me, and I love seeing her furtively checking it out. It's totally worth the hassle!"

"Good for you! That gets me so hot! I love thinking about her, staring at your fat bulge in class and fantasizing about what she's going to do with it! Son, if you want her to fall in love with you for the long-term, get her totally addicted to your cock first! So it's always on her mind, and she's always thinking about pleasuring you and pleasing you!"

She thought, *Like I am! There's nothing fair or balanced or normal about our relationship, but I like it like that!*

She couldn't stop tempting him, while adoringly sliding his fingers all over his increasingly pre-cum soaked boner. "Remember how I promised you earlier that I'd give you a big reward for being a cruel cocktease this morning?"

He nodded.

"Well, let's just say that in a few minutes I doubt I'll be able to talk because my lips will be stretched open wide in a perfect 'O' shape! I wonder what will be filling my mouth. Do you have any idea?" She gave his erection an extra hard squeeze, just in case he had any doubt.

He groaned again, almost helplessly.

She thought with a happy smirk, Yep! Son, you've turned your very own big-titted mother into your girlfriend. But I'm less your actual girlfriend and more your cock-pleasuring SLUT! And now you're going to have me choke and slurp and bob on your impossibly thick cock! My mouth is watering so much that it's ridiculous! I hope Hillary goes full slut on him too, so we can slut it up together!

You're going to make me your personal cocksucker too, aren't you? I might just have to drive you to school every single time, from Monday to Friday, just so you can stuff my face with sweet cockmeat twice a day! And since you say you cum in twos, that means I could coax FOUR cum loads out of you each day from that alone!

Her head spun dizzily as she contemplated how much cocksucking would be in her life, if she had her way. It was a struggle to drive, especially with her hand sliding up and down his fat boner.

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They finally made it back home ten minutes later, with Maggie speeding all the way there. She quickly parked the car.

The two of them waited patiently until the garage door closed behind the car. The only action was Maggie adjusting her seat so it tilted all the way back. She couldn't wait to be lying underneath him with nothing but her high heels on.

They stayed still until the door was closed all the way, and then they burst into action. Within seconds, Maggie's seat was tilted as far back as it could go, and Nick was on top of her like a hungry wolf.

Not too many more seconds after that, all of her clothes were on the floor, Nick's shorts had been pulled off, he was sitting on her chest, and his dick was buried in her cleavage!

"Aaaaah!" Nick sighed with relief as her big tits sloshed and squeezed up and down on either side of his shaft. He cleverly didn't move his dick at all, to make it easier for her tongue and lips to get involved. He sighed even more happily when she started licking the tip of his cockhead a few moments later.

"Ma, you're the BEST!" he exclaimed when she managed to engulf his entire cockhead in her mouth a mere minute or two after that. He started turning her nipples like radio dials, and that inspired her to somehow cram another half inch of thick cock in her mouth.

Both of them were so worked up, this wasn't the time for finesse. Maggie was getting better at the titfuck/blowjob combo. She was very pleased that she could essentially pick up right where she'd left off last time. Almost straight away, she's gotten all of his fat knob in her mouth, and was able to bob right to his sweet spot! She knew to give her absolute extreme best effort to make that happen.

It caused her eyes to water from the great struggle, but it was totally worth it in her mind. She wanted to become a titfuck/blowjob combo expert, because it was her two favorite activities in one!

This time, she was determined to do both the sucking and the titfucking ably and simultaneously. And after sucking him the regular way, and using lots of tongue, she wanted to get her tongue involved too. She bobbed and licked and slid her boobs all over his throbbing, hot pole. It was a challenge, almost like trying to play three musical instruments simultaneously, but she actually preferred that it was so difficult. It certainly would never get boring, when just keeping his cockhead in her mouth was a never-ending struggle.

In return, he fondled her tits and nipples as enthusiastically as if he was touching them for the first time.

In the middle of all this, she thought about how sore and exhausted she'd felt on her way to pick him up, thanks to overdoing her exercising and gardening. That was fairly comical to recall now, because her body was positively bursting with energy.

Despite her improved skill, based on growing experience, she still had to pull all the way off his hot pole every couple of minutes. Keeping her head craned down into an extremely uncomfortable position was just too tough.

However, there was one good thing to come from that. Her improved skill at sexual multitasking meant that what she was doing was significantly more arousing than her morning titfuck/blowjob effort, and that already was extremely stimulating. Such breaks allowed Nick to rest and recover at least a little bit, so he hopefully could hold out a lot longer before cumming.

As time passed, the titfuck/blowjob combo turned more into just a straight-up blowjob. As much as Maggie loved titfucking, she loved cocksucking more. She absolutely adored it. Already, she couldn't imagine going without it. She was sure that it would become a regular part of their lives from now on, at least as long as she could cling to being his "girlfriend."

Nick scooted up, more than ever before, so he was partially sitting on his mother's soft boobs. That allowed her to cram another inch or two into her mouth. That made all the difference, since she could now focus on pleasuring his sweet spot with her lips and tongue.

Maggie had already put the same pillow that she used last time under her head. That, plus the extra inch or two Nick scooted forward, was critical. For the first time from this position, she could reach his sweet spot with ease, so she didn't have to crane her head forward and down as awkwardly as before. This wasn't just a sort of titfuck/blowjob combo, this was a true blowjob! The changes also meant that she didn't have to stop and recover every couple of minutes. She could suck him non-stop!

True, she couldn't slide her lips a couple more inches down to gagging, near deep-throating levels, but that wasn't a big loss since she wanted to focus on his sweet spot region the vast majority of the time anyway.

Nick had taken over holding and sliding her tits from her at some point, as she got more and more intensely focused on just the sucking. With him sitting partially up on her tits, the titfuck was definitely on life support. But kept his hands on her boobs and frequently played with them, especially pulling on or twisting her nipples.

He found he could do that without thinking at all, like his hands had a mind of their own. That was a very lucky thing, because he often was so horny that he hardly knew up from down. He had to focus much of his attention on squeezing his PC muscle, fervently fighting the urge to cum.

She paid next to no mind to what his hands were doing to her tits and nipples on a conscious level, due to her extreme concentration on her

tongue and sliding lips. But her body definitely felt a very pleasurable effect. She even had a couple of minor orgasms, from him nipple twisting alone.

Not that many days ago, she hadn't even known she could cum from nipple play alone. It had never happened with Andy, even though their sex life had been pretty good for most of their marriage. But with Nick, everything was on an entirely different level. She almost felt like a virgin, because it was like she was learning everything sexual anew.

After a while, he wiped his brow of sweat, and exclaimed, "Damn, Ma! You're the best titfucker ever!"

Her mouth was crammed with cock so she was unable to reply. But she thought, *"Titfucker." Right. He talks like he's not even noticing how much I've been slathering my tongue all over his most sensitive spot. The titfucking part hardly plays into it at all, although... Dammit, there he goes twisting my nipples again! Soooo goood! He must know how that drives me wild!*

She wasn't just saying that either, since she was going wild on his cock by any possible measure. She began vigorously bobbing her head back and forth faster and with more suction, trying with all her might to get him to cum. Because of their positioning, she only had an inch or two beyond her cockhead to bob with, but she made the most of it, sliding her lips over his sweet spot repeatedly, and with incredible power and tightness. As if that wasn't enough, her tongue flitted like a hummingbird over that same sweet spot whenever it could.

It felt so fantastic for him that tears actually rolled down his cheeks, for a change. It was almost like some kind of religious ecstasy. The only problem was that the urge to cum soon grew too much for him to resist.

They were starting to develop a routine, but it was nonetheless a routine they both loved dearly: sensing it was time to cum, he scooted down, took hold of his erection, and aimed it at her.

She sat up and shouted, "That's right! Cum on me! My face! My tits!" She cupped her tits from below and pushed them together to create a more tempting target.

Nick's entire body hummed with desire as he shot his load all over her face. He closed his eyes and saw stars.

When the time was right and he was peaking with unbelievable orgasmic euphoria, she wanted to touch her clit. However, she couldn't do it because she was pushing her tits together and forward, and she didn't want to stop doing that. Nick was splattering cum all over her, and she loved it.

She seriously considered asking him to reach around behind his back and touch her clit for her. But she didn't want to set a precedent there. Besides, he was so out of it in orgasmic never-never land that she doubted he'd be able to manage it any time soon.

Instead, she waited until the last weak spurts landed on her tummy. Then she reached around and found her clit. All she had to do was lightly brush her fingertip against it, and she came, hard! In fact, she kept on cumming for a full two minutes after he was done.

Nick had never felt so satisfied. The sheer sexual pleasure was great, of course. But even more than that, he was thrilled that she'd blown him in such an overt way. Between this and what had happened in the morning, he was confident they had turned a corner. She simply loved sucking his cock! It was obvious. If she could do this to him again and again, his future was so bright that it outshone the Sun!

His orgasm faded, but his dick remained hard.

Maggie was in awe when she saw that. *It's true! He really DOES stay hard for a second time! Hot damn! I'm salivating again already. It's going to be so hard to give him up to Hillary. He's an insatiable horn dog in his sexual prime!*

However, after a great climax like that, his body still needed to rest and recover. He scooted back down her body but remained on top of her with his head resting just above her boob-pillows. He closed his eyes and sighed with profound contentment.

He muttered sleepily, "Ma, I mean, Maggie, I know I keep saying it, but you've made my life a living dream. That was about the most joy I've ever felt. Ever! Thank you. I love you so much!"

She smiled and ran a hand through his hair. "No, thank YOU. You've made me pretty darn happy too. You know I love you."

She closed her eyes and rested for a while too. She kept an arm around him, and he kept his arms around her. She brought her other hand down to his erection and lazily but steadily stroked her fingers through his cummy wetness.

A minute or two later, she sensed he'd fallen asleep. She kept right on tenderly jacking him off. Even though he wasn't conscious to enjoy it, she was still loving it. Besides, she figured it had to help give him sweet, erotic dreams, and she wanted him stiff for when he woke up. She had yet to suck him while kneeling between his legs, and she hoped to do that next. She was really looking forward to it.

At the same time, she freed her arm that had been around him and used her hand to swipe cum gobs from her cheeks and feed them into her mouth. *Look at me, I've become a cum addict. Jesus, I love it when he blasts at my face from close up! Mmmm... and cuddling with him is really nice too. I only wish he'd taken his T-shirt off first, so we could snuggle skin-to-skin all over.*

I must admit, I kind of like it when he gets me naked while he stays mostly clothed. It makes me feel even MORE slutty! And that's really, really slutty, because it's obvious even to him by now that I've fallen in love with sucking his cock especially!

Oh my. I've fallen so far. I've become so addicted all around. Look at me: I can't even stop playing with his cock when he's sleeping! It's not healthy. What'll I do if he succeeds with the Hillary plan, and I really have to hand him off to her eventually? How long can I delay that happening?! Weeks? Months? Years?! Gaaaawwwwd! Years!

Where is this leading? What am I doing stuck in a dead-end marriage with a depressed and listless cheater, not to mention a near invalid?

Things are changing, for sure. I've got a strong feeling that I'll be divorced in a matter of months. Why wait until Nick graduates? If nothing else, all this sex with my son has made me realize what a dead end road I've been heading down. I've got to get off my duff and make a new life for myself!

I just hope that life will involve Nick. A naked and very stiff Nick! She chuckled to herself, as she looked at her fingers still adoringly sliding on his boner, even as he slept. I mean, I'm still his mother and that can't change. I can't actually fuck him. If things can just continue like this, forever... The

fake girlfriend plan, always in motion but never quite finished, that would be perfect!

She started to feel sleepy too. She still held his stiff boner, but she finally stopped stroking it as sleep overtook her.

When she awoke about ten minutes later, her erotic mood had mostly dissipated. She still held Nick's penis, but it had gone flaccid in her hand. She decided that was for the best, and she let go.

She was loathe to do it, because it meant going back to "Margaret mode," but after about ten minutes she woke Nick up. He too had come down from his erotic high. So they reluctantly cleaned up and dressed.

However, just before they left the garage and entered the house proper, something important occurred to Nick. He put a hand on Maggie's shoulder, stopping her. "Hey! Wait! Before you turn back into Margaret, there's something you need to remember."

"What's that?" she asked impatiently. She was irritable because she'd already started to get into her Margaret frame of mind.

He pointed out, "Remember what Hillary said, right as we were driving away? She asked us to promise to meet her after school tomorrow, to discuss some important stuff."

"Oh yeah," Maggie said. "She did say that, didn't she? Do you think she meant both of us? I'm not supposed to drive you to school tomorrow you know, so I'd rather it just be you."

"I'm sure she meant both of us. Think about it. Things got really wild at the movie theater, but since then, her situation with me had still remained in a sort of limbo. She doesn't know where she stands. She's absolutely going to need to talk to you as well as me to get clarity on that. Plus, I'm sure she's going to need to tell us both details about the party plans."

Maggie acted like she was being inconvenienced, when she was secretly delighted. "Hmmm. You're right. All right then. I suppose I have no choice but to drive you to school again tomorrow, so I can meet you afterwards."

"Yeay!" Nick was so psyched by that, he actually jumped into the air as he raised a triumphant fist.

Maggie chuckled. She looked nothing but tolerantly amused on the outside, but on the inside, her heart was doing backflips. *YEESSSSS! That means more cocksucking as soon as tomorrow morning! We should have breakfast even earlier. That'll give me more time to get completely naked and writhe helplessly under my handsome son as he sticks his cock monster right down my throat!*

Then she said, "Don't get any big ideas, Sport. Our agreement is I take you to school two days a week. Tomorrow will be the third this week, so that one isn't gonna count."

"Bummer." He didn't understand what she meant by having such a time "count." He decided it was probably best not to ask about it when she wasn't aroused, in case she came up with restrictions.

He put that issue aside and thought about what was likely to happen tomorrow. His frown quickly turned back into a smile. "Still, I'll get to see you and Hillary, and then there's the party you agreed to go to. This weekend is gonna be awesome!"

Maggie just rolled her eyes with slight amusement. She opened the door to the house and went inside. But truth be told, she was nearly as excited as he was. It was just that she felt like she couldn't show her true feelings, not even to herself.

Chapter 26: Costume Photoshoot (Thursday)

Nick went upstairs and settled in his bedroom. Although he wasn't feeling extremely aroused at the moment, he still was riding a buzz of excitement and lust from what happened earlier. Fuckin' unreal! Ma is becoming my lover for real. My mother! My centerfold-worthy mother! And Hillary seems really hot for me. We did that crazy storage room at lunch, and she actually stroked my boner some bit in the parking lot, with Ma right there! That's awesome too! I'm totally and continually amazed at how well my fake girlfriend plan is going.

But, I can't forget that I have more work to do to make sure the plan can continue progressing successfully. I may not be as handsome, rich, or strong as someone like Spencer, but I'm a smart guy. I have to be more clever. Nice guys like me don't have to finish last if we use our brains.

His first task was to give Maggie her fake driver's license. He called up the forger and found out it was ready. So he got on his bike and went to pick it up.

Nick came home an hour later with less money in his pocket, but the fake driver's license there. Now, he just had to convince Maggie to accept it. He needed to talk to her about this right away, and he also had some other serious Maggie-related issues to discuss.

Maggie was taking a nap in her room. She needed rest from overdoing the gardening and exercising, plus all the sexual fun.

Nick waited until she was up and about. Then he talked her into meeting in the "neutral ground" backyard so they could talk about some serious things.

Maggie was careful to go into the backyard wearing pants and a long-sleeved shirt that showed no cleavage, as well as a bra and panties. She didn't want Nick to get any ideas, nor did she want her own body to betray her. She was very determined to keep her Maggie and Margaret lives separate, because she felt her entire life would come apart at the seams if she let Maggie mode take over

The two of them spoke with gardening shears in their hands, and they trimmed some bushes while they did it. The last thing Maggie wanted to do was more gardening, after spending a good part of the day doing just that,

but she wanted to be extra careful not to give Andy any reason to be suspicious. Nick sometimes helped Maggie with the gardening, so this would look perfectly normal if Andy happened to see them in the backyard (which was highly unlikely in any case).

Maggie said to him, "Okay, Sport. You're on the clock. Let's make this fast. I've got things to do."

Actually, she didn't. She suffered from boredom and lack of purpose in her life in general. But she didn't want to stay around Nick in "neutral" territory for very long, because she got so horny for him so easily. She did hope to get back to working on her novella project after she was done talking to him though.

He said, "Okay. I've got two things to discuss. First off, I hope you're not mad at me, but I took the liberty of having a fake driver's license made for you." He took the fake ID out of his pocket and handed it to her.

Maggie was shocked and upset. But she rested her shears on a bush and looked at the license first to see just what he was talking about. After a cursory glance, she said, "I don't get it. This is just a copy of my real license. The only difference is a newer photo. Why did you bother?!"

"No, it's not. It's the exact same everything, except for three things." He pointed out on the license, "First, your photo is different, as you obviously noticed. Maggie is a blonde, so you should be blonde on your ID. This'll make it seem you were always that way. Plus, your previous photo made you look older, and frumpy. You looked over thirty."

She exclaimed, "I AM over thirty!"

"No you're not. You're Maggie Palmer and you're 21 years old. It says right here."

She rolled her eyes at the circular reasoning of that. She also didn't notice at first that he said "21" instead of "20."

"Second, your address is different." He pointed to the license again. "See here? I used our old address, because how could you have the same address on your license as I do on mine if you've just started renting here a few months ago? And third, your year of birth is different. Just the year. That's key! The whole point of having this is if anyone who thinks of us as girlfriend and boyfriend suspects we're mother and son, we can show this to

them. Your last name is already different than mine, so we're covered there. But your birth date would be a dead giveaway, since it shows that you're 33 instead of 21."

She pointed out, "Thirty-three is still pretty darn young to have given birth to someone as old as you."

"True, but it just barely puts you in the possible mother range. That's dangerous. Besides, we're telling everyone you're a twenty-year-old college student. Why would we lie about your age unless we had something to hide?"

She suggested, "Maybe I'm just an older student and I'm trying to hide my age? And maybe I'm embarrassed about our age difference?"

He said, "Maybe. But still, it'll cause suspicion."

His three mentions about her being 21 finally sank in for her. "Wait. You just said 21, and more than once. I thought I was supposed to be 20."

"Oh yeah. That's another thing I had to change. People make fake IDs mostly so they can drink legally. It would have raised suspicions if I asked for an ID to make you 20. So I made it 21. If anyone complains about the difference, you could just say you were embarrassed about the age gap between you and me, and you were trying to minimize that enough."

She sighed. "That makes sense, I guess."

He said, "Besides, that'll give you another year to fill in for your backstory novella. I figured that's more of a good thing than a bad thing, since you've got a lot of experiences to 'transfer over' to just a few years of your life. And it'll be a bit more plausible that you're a more mature, experienced person, if we make you one year older."

"I suppose," she said reluctantly. "But is all this subterfuge really necessary?"

He said, "Better safe than sorry. I'm especially worried about Hillary. You and I both know that we're going to call each other 'Son' or 'Ma' or something like that around her eventually. We say it too much to suddenly stop on a dime. That's something we need to get out of the habit of doing now, by the way. Anyway, she's probably going to develop suspicions sooner or later. If she finds out you're 33, that'll confirm those suspicions."

He waved the fake ID in his hand. "But, if she sees this 'proof' that you're only 21, how can you be my mother? You'd have given birth to me when you were, like, four years old. It's totally impossible!"

Maggie had to admit to herself that was a good point. "Okay. Maybe. But then how will we explain it if we call each other 'Ma' or 'Son' or the like?"

"Simple, we'll just keep doing what we've been doing. You ARE three years older than me. Er, actually four years now. We'll just say that we're playing on that. Remember that one time early on, that fateful Tuesday, when you called me 'Son' and we played it off by saying it was a joke about our age?"

"Of course. She didn't seem to give it much thought. I hope she'd long forgotten that."

"Me too. But there also was that one time I called you 'Ma' in front of her and we kind of made a joke out of it. Remember that?"

"I do."

"That's bound to happen some more. Maybe even a lot more. I can be alert about using words when I'm talking to her, but what happens when we get into more threesome sexual situations like our Friday movie date? I get so horny that I can't think straight. And I know it's the same for you. We're going to slip up."

She clutched her hands to her chest. "You're scaring me! I hadn't realized it was that dire!"

"It's not, if we're clever and proactive," he said. "I'm thinking we should start role-playing that we're mother and son in a very intentional and overt way, before we slip up more. It can be a kinky thing, with the excuse that we're playing up our age difference. She'll buy that, because she sees us doing all sorts of sexually wild stuff. We can even have fun with it. AND it'll give us immunity for any future slip-ups!"

She shook her head in amazement. "You know what, Son? You really are smart. And bold. That's an audacious, brilliant idea." She adored the possibility that she might be able to eventually have threesome fun with Hillary will still being able to continue with the incestuous language that was such a big turn-on for her and her son.

"Thanks! 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' as the saying goes."

She nodded, then looked down at the driver's license she was still holding. "As for this, I'm not so sure. I guess this isn't a terrible idea, although I have big questions about how you got this and paid for it. Plus, doing it without asking me about it first!" She wagged a finger at him and scowled.

He held up both hands defensively, having already put his shears on a bush too. "Hey. I'm just trying to do the right thing here. I knew that if I asked you first, you would have said it's not necessary. As for the cost, don't worry about it. The peace of mind that you have this is worth way more than any money. And I had an acquaintance of a friend from my old high school do it. There's no danger there that they'll know who you are or why we did this."

She took the license in hand and looked at it more carefully. "But what about the cops?"

"Oh, you won't use the fake one when you're driving. Just keep it in your wallet behind your real license. Use your real one for everything, just like usual. The fake one doesn't have the magnetic strips and all that high tech jazz to actually work. But it LOOKS totally perfect. And that's all that matters if Hillary or someone else gets suspicious."

He added, "In fact, maybe we can be extra clever. If Hillary asks you your age, instead of just telling her, show her your fake license. Or give her some other excuse to see it. That'll give us a ton of leeway for an occasional verbal screw-up, if she has 'proof' in her mind that you're twenty-one."

She nodded. "Okay. I should be mad at you, but it's just too good of an idea for me to get upset. We've been negligent in not thinking about precautions like this and coming up with cover stories in case of mistakes."

"I know. And I'm just as much to blame as you on that, if not more. The truth is, deep down in my heart I didn't think the fake girlfriend plan would really work! I thought it was a good plan, sure, but it was just too bizarre to imagine Hillary actually wanting ME! In ANY possible scenario! But she does! Now we need to think more long-term, so all that we accomplished this far isn't wasted."

Maggie nodded. "You do realize though that in the very long-term, we're screwed, right? If I'm your girlfriend, then who is your actual mother? What if she comes over to visit you in your house? What if she meets Andy? What if she sees a picture of my mother, and realizes it's the same person

you said was your grandmother from another picture? I could go on. The original plan was just to have me interact with her a little bit. The more she gets to know us, the more ways our scheme can unravel!"

He nodded back soberly. "I know. And I worry. But, if you're willing, we'll just have to step up our game. For instance, I think you writing that backstory novella is going to help a lot. We can do this! It's not impossible."

She sighed. "No, it's not. You know I'm trying my best already. I really like Hillary. I don't want to blow this for you. I just don't know what the ultimate end game is. I mean... either she'll discover the truth about us eventually, or you'll break up. What if you marry her?! Do you think you can continue a deceitful scheme for decades?! We can't maintain the lie forever. I don't see a happy ending here."

He grimaced. "I'm not that pessimistic. They say true love conquers all. I'm hoping that she and I can bond so strongly that if she does find out the truth, our relationship will survive it. Maybe that's pie in the sky dreaming, but that's all I've got at this point."

She picked up her shears and resumed snipping at branches. "Okay. We've done what we can about that for now. I'll put that fake in my wallet and keep it with me. Plus, I'll try to find some excuse to show it to Hillary, and hope to God I don't accidentally show her the other one, or anything else that shows my real age. Thanks for being your usual smart self and thinking ahead."

He nodded. He felt a big sense of relief. He had an intuition that this fake ID would prove very valuable to them before long.

She asked, "Now, what's the other thing you want to discuss?"

He sighed as he thought about his second big suggestion. "It's about Hillary too. Things are going really well with her, as you know. Almost unbelievably well, in fact. Sometimes I have to pinch myself that this isn't all the best dream I've ever had. But I'm also concerned. She's lusting for me, big time, I think mostly thanks to you. For instance, what happened in the car after school today was super hot and super fun. But it wouldn't have been special and exciting if you weren't there. If it's just me, it gets pretty boring, pretty fast. She'll see right through my posing and lies and realize I'm still the same shy, nondescript kid she vaguely knew as a classmate these last years."

Maggie said, "Son, we've talked about this exact thing already. You sell yourself too short. You're got a LOT going for you. And I'm not just talking about the extraordinary tool you're packing in your shorts. You and Hillary have a TON in common! You're both vegetarians, politically liberal, classic rock music lovers, and so much more. The more she gets to know you, the real you, the more she'll like you. I truly believe that."

Nick looked doubtful, but he said, "I sure hope so. That's kind of my only chance, really. I figure that she and I have this sexual fire burning between us right now, and that's great. But our relationship won't last long if that's all there is to it."

Maggie said, "That's very perceptive. You're wise beyond your years, Sport."

"Thanks. But it doesn't take a wise man to see that, because I've been watching Hillary's relationships for a long time now, and it's always the same: she gets the hots for some girl or guy, they get into it hot and heavy for a few weeks, and then the flame burns out. Soon enough, she moves on to the next flavor of the month."

He gesticulated with his hands, speaking with greater passion. "I don't want to be just her next flavor of the month! I really love her, Ma! I suppose it's too much to hope that she and I could get married someday, given how young we are, but that's kind of my big dream, anyway. If not that, at least we could be together until she and I graduate from high school, don't you think? Chances are, we'll go to different colleges in different towns. But AT LEAST until then, I want to get really serious with her! Really, really serious! Sex? Sure! She's a sex goddess! But not JUST sex. I've been her secret follower for a long time, and I love everything about her!"

Maggie felt a sharp pang of jealousy in her chest. She wished that Nick would tell her that he really loved her, not Hillary, and wanted to stay with her forever. But she realized, *That's totally irrational and impossible! He's my SON! Just because he's sending me into orbit sexually these days, I can't get all moony over him. I love him deeply, sure, but as a SON! Our sexual relationship is doomed! Doomed!*

She refocused, and smiled a genuine smile as she thought positive vibes for Nick and Hillary. "That's sweet. And I'm rooting for you, I really am. Don't

dare mention the marriage word to her, or even talk about these long-term dreams of yours, because you'll scare her off."

"I know. I'm not dumb. Play hard to get, you keep telling me."

"Exactly. Just try to win her heart step by step, and good things will come from that."

"That's exactly what I'm trying to do. But there's a problem. I've had some sexual encounters with her now, and each one has been indescribably, unbelievably incredible! And we sit next to each other at school all day long, and we talk a lot between classes and during lunch. That's all great. But I don't get to REALLY talk to her about serious stuff. That damn Spencer is always around. I don't want to open up with him there. Plus, there are almost always others around too. Hillary is very popular, and I'm getting to be pretty popular too, almost in spite of myself. We can't just sit down at the lunch table and have it be the two of us. It's always full."

"What about on the phone? You've been doing that a lot with her."

He winced. "It just doesn't seem right to talk about serious stuff over the phone. If nothing else, it helps me to see to better understand her, to get all the non-verbal feedback. She might be saying one thing but meaning the other. Besides, I get shy."

"You? Shy? HA!" She snorted with amusement.

"It's true! I'm more and more realizing that I have two modes. There's the shy, introverted me you know from before, which is how I still feel most of the time. I just keep pushing myself to not fall into rut. And then there's my horny mode. I get super confident and even aggressive then."

"I've noticed just a little bit," she smirked. She thought it was interesting that he really did seem to have two different modes, while she also had her Margaret and Maggie modes.

The problem is, there's not much in between. When I talk with Hillary on the phone. Usually I'm calm and we talk about non-sexual stuff. But a few times, we switch over to a sexual mode and ended up with some great phone sex. If I'm calm, I'm too shy to talk about this super important but super difficult relationship stuff. You know me. I've never had a girlfriend before. Never even close! This is HARD!"

Maggie suggested, "Then talk to her outside of school."

"I can, and I will. Sure. But the problem there is that if I get alone with her outside of school, my lust will take over and I don't think we're going to do much talking!"

Maggie chuckled. "True. Good point, now that I'm starting to see how randy you get. But keep at it. Spend lots of time with her, not just an hour or two. You'll find time to talk too, if only to pass the time in the rare moments your penis goes flaccid." She smiled as she recalled how she kept fondling his boner even after he fell asleep, just a couple of hours ago.

She added playfully, "Although, I'm starting to doubt if such a condition ever happens for you."

He rolled his eyes. "Ma. Come on. I'm flaccid right now. I'm that way most of the time, just not around you or her. But in any case, I know Hillary and I have chances to have serious talks, but I also feel the clock is ticking. I'm competing with Spencer, big time. There are others like him waiting in the wings, including beautiful girls! Plus, I have to worm my way into her heart before she loses interest in me sexually, and she has a track record of losing interest pretty quickly."

Maggie looked at him with concern. She'd long since stopped snipping with her shears (and he'd never really started). "So what do you suggest? Do you have a plan? Knowing you, you've come up with some clever plan, haven't you?"

"Well, kind of. It's just an idea I'd like to try out. But to do it, I'd need your help. A big favor to ask! It's way overdue that she and I talk about relationship stuff. Is she making to do something with Spencer over the weekend? I don't know! You saw how he got her to talk to school after school today. I want to talk to her about things today, and hopefully clarify things so guys like Spencer aren't an issue."

She could see his point about the time urgency. But she stared at him skeptically through narrowed eyes. "What's this big favor, then?"

He made a pained, wincing expression, worried this wouldn't go over well. "Um... you see... I'm thinking that I could call her while you're in the room, just looking sexy for me. Wear whatever kind of sexy outfit you like. I'm sure I'll love it as long as you're in it." He smiled a winning smile at her.

That made her heart practically burst with love and lust. She had to remember not to smother him in passionate kisses.

He continued, "That would keep me so horny that 'extrovert Nick' would make his appearance, but not overwhelmingly so. I'd be able to talk to Hillary on the phone in the usual outgoing way that she's come to expect from me ever since the new school year began."

Maggie put her hands on her hips and looked at him with a disappointed scowl. "I'm sorry. I'd like to help, but you know the rules! In the house, I'm Margaret, and Margaret only! We have a firewall around this house, like an imaginary wall of fire! I can't be crossed! That's one rule that can never, ever bend!"

He quickly cut in, "I know that! Believe me. Let me finish, please. Because of that rule, I'm thinking we could take a phone to the garage and call her from there."

Maggie stared at him. She didn't know what to say about that unexpected idea.

He added, "We've already established the garage is Maggie territory, so that makes it okay. Remember? You promised to me that's Maggie land and will stay that way permanently."

She conceded, "I did agree to that, I'll admit. But that doesn't mean you can take me there any time you get a boner and expect me to take care of it!"

She thought, Actually, that sounds like a great idea! But no! Too risky, for one. And I have to maintain my Margaret persona, my REAL persona, or I'll wind up becoming Maggie entirely before long! As great as our sexual encounters are, I have to severely limit how often they happen. But that helps build up the anticipation and makes them even more thrilling.

He said, "I'm not suggesting that at all! This is a special exception for a very special, important reason. You can see that, can't you?"

"Well..." she grumbled reluctantly. She was wavering.

"Besides, you don't have to do anything there if you don't want to. All you need to do is look sexy. Frankly, it doesn't take much to get me in horny mode."

She muttered, "That certainly is true!"

But then she lapsed into silence again as she pondered this. Her worry was that her desire for his cock was so great that she wouldn't be able to keep her hands off him for long. But she didn't want to admit that to him.

Instead, she made a different objection, "I don't know. I think I'm going to have to say 'no.' I want to help, I honestly do. I think it's a good idea in theory. I've seen how you change lately when you get into your horny, extroverted mode. But I don't want to set a precedent here. If I allow this, then what's going to stop you from telling me after dinner one night that you're feeling super horny, and if I can go with you to the garage and take care of your boner? I can't allow that!"

Nick was disappointed. In addition to sincerely wanting to do this so he could talk to Hillary on the phone with confidence, he also was hoping to establish that very precedent.

But he thought fast, since he was both clever and determined. "That's a valid concern, Ma. And I wouldn't want to impose on you like that. So what if we make up a new rule? What if we say the garage is just the garage, and a neutral zone instead of a Maggie zone most of the time. The only exceptions to that would be if we're getting in the car to go somewhere or if we're coming back from somewhere, OR, if there's a valid reason to be there, such as this phone call. Because isn't that what this is all about? I feel like Hillary is the love of my life! I'd do anything to make her love me as much as I love her. Won't you help me?"

Maggie let out a big, long, exasperated sigh. "Fine! If you put it like that, how can I say no? Of course I'll do whatever I can to help you with Hillary. Within reason, that is, and I'll grudgingly admit this can fall within reason, as long as we stick to those limitations you just mentioned."

She still didn't want to admit it to him, but she had a very strong feeling that she would somehow wind up sucking his cock before she left the garage. Still, she convinced herself that she was willing to make that "sacrifice" in bending or breaking her rules due to the importance of the situation. Of course, she didn't see doing that as a sacrifice at all.

His face lit up. "Thanks, Ma! You're the best!" He gave her a quick, familial hug. "Here's the plan. I'll go call Hillary and see if she's free to talk for a while. Assuming she is, I can plug my cell phone into the car speakers of your Prius. I'll tell her you're with me on the call. Then, both you and I can

talk to her together! After all, our relationship really is a three-way one. As we've been discovering lately, you may have to stay my girlfriend for a long time, to see this thing through with her. So what I'm planning on talking about affects you as much as her."

Maggie considered that. Thinking about getting to join the conversation was a big plus for her. She considered Hillary much more than just a beautiful face. Hillary was a surprisingly mature girl for her age, with ideas, tastes, and values that matched with her own very well. Lately, Maggie was actually more interested in talking to Hillary than any of Maggie's still existing friends around her same age, such as her best friend Sally.

His passing mentions that their relationship was a "three-way one" and that "you may have to stay my girlfriend for a long time" got her libido going in a very big way. That made her more receptive to his suggestion. Her mouth was watering as she thought more and more about sucking him again very soon.

Plus, now that she'd opened herself up to the idea, she was growing excited by Nick's suggestion that she "wear whatever kind of sexy outfit you like." Already, she had all kinds of ideas about what to wear, and her problem was choosing just one cock-stiffening outfit.

She had a strong feeling that if she and her son got aroused in the garage, they wouldn't end up just sitting apart and feeling horny for each other. So she asked, "That cord you use to plug your cell phone into the car... Does that work in Andy's Ford Explorer too?"

"It sure does."

"Okay, let's use that car then. I'm getting tired of feeling all cooped up with you in my Prius. Besides, his car has tinted windows, which gives us better security. And he never uses it anyway. What he doesn't know won't hurt him."

It was true that Andy literally never used his SUV. Andy hadn't driven even a single time since his accident two years ago, and months could go by without him even getting in the car, since when Maggie drove him around she preferred to use her own car. Nick was allowed to use the Explorer sometimes, but only if he asked Andy permission first. However, he wasn't allowed to use it to go to school on a daily basis, since Andy didn't like it

sitting in the school parking lot all day long, and Nick was encouraged to ride his bike to school to get some exercise.

With that plan approved, Nick went up to his room and called Hillary. He suggested a call involving Maggie too instead of their usual two-way one.

To his delight, Hillary liked that suggestion a lot. She told him she could talk on the phone as long as she wanted. It was five o'clock, and her only limitation was that she'd be eating dinner around six-thirty. He knew it would take time for him and Maggie to get ready, so he told Hillary he'd call her back in fifteen minutes.

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Nick rushed to the garage and set up his cell phone in the middle of Andy's green Explorer. He had high hopes that he and Maggie could have some hanky panky fun there, possibly even while Hillary was listening on the phone.

He adjusted the back seats in the large Explorer SUV to create what was effectively a carpeted bed-sized flat surface in the rear two-thirds of the car. He even brought in some pillows from his bedroom and from storage to make the back of the car that much more comfortable. Then he put his cell phone right in the middle of this open space, with his cord connecting it to a plug in the front of the car. This way, the speaker phone would work well with both picking up his and Maggie's voices as well as broadcasting Hillary's.

Finally, he used his keys for the Prius and moved it to the driveway. He wanted to have plenty of room in the garage, just in case they needed it. He had very high hopes indeed.

He figured the situation was win-win for him, no matter what happened. If Maggie restrained herself and just provided visual stimulation, then he could have the important conversation he wanted with a lust-driven confidence boost, just as planned. But if Maggie ended up getting naked and slutty on his cock, then he'd have another fantastic sexual experience, maybe with Hillary listening in too, and then he'd have that talk some other time. The urgency to have that talk wasn't as urgent as he said.

Meanwhile, Maggie grew more and more excited and aroused as she stood in her room and tried to figure out what to wear. For once, she didn't have to

limit herself to something she could wear in public.

Also, she realized that she wasn't likely to keep her clothes on for long, no matter where they were, given how horny Nick got. Even if she stayed away from him for the duration of the call, she had a strong hunch she'd be doing something fun with his cock shortly after it ended. So she decided it made more sense to wear something with lots of accessories, since those were likelier to stay on longer.

She tried on various outfits in front of her full-length mirror, but none of them were as arousing as she hoped for. Plus, the longer she put on different clothes, the hornier she got, shifting her attitude on what she was willing to wear. Nick had told her about the fifteen minute time limit, so she had to hurry.

Eventually, she came up with what she felt was the perfect outfit for the occasion. Several years ago, prior to Andy's accident, she'd bought a "sexy nurse" outfit for a Halloween party, and she still had it buried in the back of her closet. It was very sexy indeed. The only problem was that she decided even that wasn't sexy enough for her well-hung, virile son, so she made some quick alterations and adjustments to improve it.

This was quickly turning into much more than just a phone call to Hillary. Thoughts of sucking her son's big cock filled her head and inspired her to make herself about as sexy for him as she could possibly get. For instance, her face was already so stunning that she didn't need any make-up, but she put a little rouge on her cheeks just the same.

She thought giddily, *Just think: in a little while, these red cheeks will have Nicks' cum splattered all over them! I don't quite know how we'll get to that point, but I'm sure we'll get there!*

Nick stayed in just his same T-shirt and shorts, because he didn't want to let on that he hoped this would end up being much more than just a phone call.

He was standing next to the Ford Explorer anxiously awaiting Maggie's arrival when she finally came into the garage. He was sorely disappointed when he saw her. She was wearing her white bathrobe, and she had it pulled up tight. Her feet were bare, and she had a bag in her hand.

He was particularly disappointed to see her bare feet, since she'd told him that her wearing high heels was a sign of sexual fun to come, especially if

they were red heels.

She saw the crushed look on his face, and held up her hand in a "stop" gesture. She wished she could tell him that in fact she'd brought a pair of black high heels with her, but she wanted to maintain her surprise for a little longer. "Hold your horses. This robe is just to get from my room to here. With what I'm wearing underneath, I wouldn't want Andy to see me."

His hopes soared again. His penis had quickly gone flaccid upon seeing her. But with those words, he was erect again in a flash.

She chuckled at the euphoric look on his face as she walked closer to the car. "Do you have the phone all set up?"

He nodded like an eager puppy.

"Good. Here's the plan. Take off those stupid shorts! You're not wearing underwear are you?"

"Nope." His heart started racing faster and faster.

"Good!" His voice turned husky and sultry, and she gave him her best "come hither" look. "I think we know where this is going. Remember, I'm not just your girlfriend, I'm your slutty, big-titted girlfriend who can't seem to keep my hands off your cock!"

With that, she opened up the top of her robe nearly to her navel, showing off a truly breathtaking amount of tanned cleavage, but keeping her robe positioned just so to prevent him from seeing what kind of clothes she was wearing.

He gasped with delight. He felt shivers race down his spine as he began to breathe heavily.

Her entire body tingled just from the joy of being sexy for him again. Her heart was beating fast enough to make her a heavy breather too, except that had the extra bonus of causing her huge globes to start to heave up and down slightly.

She said, "I want you to be as confident as you can be talking to Hillary. If that means your cock is out and you're waving it in my face, well, that's just the price I have to pay for being a helpful mom." She winked playfully, and then licked her lips very suggestively.

"Thanks, Ma! You're really the best!"

"I know. Believe me. Not a lot of mothers would help THIS much. Now, once you've got your shorts off and your freakishly thick cock monster is waving in the air, close your eyes and put your hands over them for good measure. Then don't look until I give the say so."

"Okay!" He got his shorts off in a flash. That left him in nothing but the T-shirt he'd been wearing all day.

Although he actually had a fairly muscular body for a boy his age, Maggie was right in suspecting that he felt self-conscious that he didn't have the kind of muscular chest that someone like Spencer did. Again, he felt like a fraud, that his merely okay body wasn't worthy of a curvy bombshell like his mother or Hillary. He was loathe to take his shirt off for any reason except when in the bathroom or his bedroom, as if they wouldn't ever realize how he really looked under his shirt.

He stood there with his hands covering his eyes, just as she'd asked. Time seemed to slow to a crawl for him, and then stop altogether, while he waited for Maggie to get ready. It took her some time, because she had much more to do than just put on her black high heels and open her robe. He was extremely tempted to take a peek, but he resisted.

After a couple of minutes, she was ready. She stood in front of him as he leaned against the car. "Okay, it's time. You can open your eyes!"

He opened his eyes. They kept on opening wider until they were the size of saucers! His jaw hung open too. He felt goose bumps and shivers all over as he took in the unbelievably sexy sight before him. He'd been expecting something similar to what she wore when driving him to school, but nothing like this!

Maggie wore an outfit that truly put the "sexy" in a sexy nurse costume. The first thing his eyes went to, naturally, was her cleavage. Her "uniform," if one could call it that, was less like anything a nurse would really wear, and more like a loose-fitting white babydoll. Maggie had done some quick cutting to significantly shrink the size of the outfit she'd once worn on Halloween. The garment was sleeveless already, and she cut a V-shape deep down the middle front to expose a dramatic amount of cleavage. The V went all the way down to her belly button!

The uniform had gone down to her knees, but she'd cut it so short that the fabric hanging loosely from her breasts didn't even make it far enough to

cover her pussy in front or all of her ass in back! Even as she merely stood there, he could see a glistening sheen on her slit!

She didn't stop there. In fact, she had spent more time on her accessories, since she knew the main part of the uniform wasn't likely to stay on her body for long anyway. She wore a small white hat with a big red cross in the middle just like the real Red Cross used. She had two armbands on her upper arms with more Red Cross crosses. She wore white gloves up to her elbows, and thigh-high white stockings. Her recently purchased five-inch high black heels completed the picture.

She slowly turned around. She was blushing and feeling self-conscious. She worried she might have gotten carried away, or that Nick wouldn't like it. (She needn't have worried about that!)

She bashfully asked, "So, what do you think of your old lady, Sport?"

He practically screamed his response. "OH MY GOD! SO HOT!" He rushed to her and enveloped her in a bear hug. About one millisecond later, he was fiercely kissing her, and pulling her straps off her shoulders!

She laughed gaily, because his response had been as enthusiastic as she'd hoped, if not more so. Also within a couple of seconds at most, her hand found its way to his boner and she started jacking him off like it came as naturally to her as breathing.

Just like that, the rule for them to not touch each other for the phone call was tossed out the window. Neither of them cared much.

She crowed to herself, *Looks like I've still got 'it!' That is NOT a billy club in my hands; he IS very happy to see me!*

She chuckled with glee in her mind, since her mouth was too busy with a tongue duel to laugh. *God, I love it! My son's cock is just SO big, and SO long, and especially SO thick! I don't know HOW I'm going to get it in my mouth in a little while, but I know I will! And it warms my heart to see him this overjoyed! Is mother-son incest really wrong? How can it be wrong when it makes both of us feel this good?*

She could feel her babydoll of a nurse uniform slipping down her body, and she didn't want that just yet, since she'd put a lot of effort into dressing as she did. She rather forcibly disengaged, and held out her hand in a "stop" gesture while holding the babydoll up so it wouldn't fall to the floor. "Hold

on, Sport. Hold on! Before we go too far, do you see that bag on the floor?" She nodded at the bag she'd brought in, which was a few feet away from her.

"Yeah?" he asked breathlessly.

"I have a camera in there. Before we get started with this 'phone call,' could you take some pictures of me? I'm not always going to look this good, and I want to document the moment."

Nick was torn. He wanted to run his hands all over her body right away. But having sexy photos of his mother for the future sounded pretty good too. He went to get the camera, but his goal was to take the pictures as fast as possible.

As he did so, he said, "Okay, but first of all, you're not an old lady! You're a foxy BABE! Remember that people totally think you're twenty! And secondly, I'll take some pictures, but I'm afraid. You're so hot that if I capture you on film, the camera is liable to burst into flames!"

She laughed. "That's just a risk we'll have to take!" She was loving life. Clearly, this already had somehow morphed into something much more than a phone call to Hillary.

They proceeded to have the world's fastest photo session. Both of them were eager to get to physical contact. And when Maggie struck a series of highly provocative cheesecake photos in her sexy nurse outfit, they both got so horny that their chests were heaving for air. Of course, when Maggie's chest heaved up and down, that made Nick that much more aroused, until he almost had to cry, his need for her grew so great.

Maggie figured the only people to ever see these pictures would be Nick and herself. He had plenty of sense, so she didn't even have to warn him not to share them with school mates or put them on the Internet.

As a result, she didn't hold back. For instance, she spread her legs wide, clutched at her ankles with her hands, and then bent her head down between her legs. That caused her massive knockers to fall free and dangle down. She looked back at him and said, "Peek-a-boo!"

Her nurse-styled babydoll was so short that it only covered the top half of her ass when she was standing still. Bending over like that, she might as well have been naked. With her legs spread wide, her juicy, soaked pussy

was put on such prominent display that it was almost like she was defying Nick to put the camera down and fuck her doggy-style then and there.

More pictures followed, with each one seemingly even more arousing than the last. For nearly all the pictures, she kept the straps of her nurse outfit on her shoulders and pushed wide, leaving her tits completely uncovered. She knew he was a tit man, after all, and she loved showing off her bare knockers for him.

Nick tried to say complimentary things, but he was so overcome that he was having a hard enough time panting for breath while trying to remember how to work a camera.

He snapped dozens of pictures in just a few minutes. Since it was a digital camera, his plan was to simply snap constantly and then sort out the good ones from the bad ones later, when he wasn't out of his mind horny for his mother.

He didn't get a chance to take off her babydoll, because halfway through the picture taking, she took it off herself, so he could get lots of good pictures of her naked (minus her nurse accessories), from all possible angles.

He was the first to crack. After maybe four minutes at most, he lowered the camera, "Ma, I love this, but later! I need you!"

She realized he was right, and she rushed to him. They met halfway. She exclaimed, "And I need you too, my big, strong son!" They wound up kissing and fondling. Naturally, one of Maggie's hands went right back to jacking him off. Her other hand went to his bare ass, and she pulled him in tight.

But what Maggie wanted most of all was her son's cock in her mouth. Before she'd entered the garage, she'd had some vague notion that she would merely stroke him until the phone call with Hillary ended. She would only reward herself with oral action then. But seeing his reaction to her nurse outfit, followed by the brief photo session, had her burning with desire to such a degree that she completely forgot about that plan.

In fact, she couldn't even wait until they got into the comfort of the Ford Explorer. She still hadn't sucked him while kneeling, and that was very high on her list of things to do. She had high expectations that would be her favorite and most common sucking position.

She suddenly broke away, in order to drop to her knees. As she did so, she said, "Son, I think you need CPR! Here's a little mouth-to-cock resuscitation!" It was a corny line, but it didn't matter. There was nothing she could do or say to make him any more aroused, since he was already maxed out on lust.

Or so he thought. She immediately engulfed his cockhead and then some. Then he started to learn just how truly aroused one man could feel! And she was flying just as high on lust as he was!

Maggie immediately realized, *WHOA! What a total RUSH! Sucking him while kneeling is the absolute BOMB! I can see why this is such a popular position. It's almost easy to take him in my mouth like this! Well, I wouldn't go that far, but at least I won't have to leak tears this way!*

And I must look like a TOTAL SLUT! I wish I had an out-of-body experience so I could look down on myself right now! I AM a "foxy babe," and I should be proud of it! I'm a fit, fully tanned, big-titted foxy babe! I must look like a porn star, with this porn-worthy cock in my mouth! But the difference is that porn stars fake it. I'm his mother; I love him more than life itself! And I'm going to prove that right now with my tongue and lips!

I do feel sexy in my nurse outfit, or what little is left of it, but there's a part of me that wishes I were completely nude, from head to toe! That's how I belong in a perfect world: naked and kneeling before my studly son, with my lips wrapped around his cock!

She only bobbed on him for a couple of minutes before she started to explore just what she could do from this position. When she'd tried to suck his cock on other recent occasions, she'd been limited by the titfucking pose, or having to uncomfortably bend over from one seat to another, and/or a lack of time. The phone call to Hillary was totally forgotten, at least for now.

For the first time, she slid her lips as far down his shaft as she could without any obstacle. And that was pretty damn far! It turned out she didn't have much of a gag reflex. She could gag on a cock and only feel minor discomfort instead of an overwhelming need to throw up. With Andy, she hadn't done much with that ability, because some discomfort was still more than none, and she had been loath to suck him at all.

But with Nick, she already knew that she needed to choke and gag on his cock! Loudly and frequently! She wasn't quite sure why this was so very important to her, but somehow it was. Perhaps it was a way for her to show just how much she loved it, and the lengths she was willing to go to pleasure it. But for whatever reason, she started gagging on his cock now, and she loved it!

The fact that Nick's cockhead was much larger and thicker than Andy's made this maneuver more difficult, but also more satisfying. The sound alone was music to her ears, and Nick's too. She even started leaking tears from the sheer struggle of it, and she loved that too.

However, as fun as that was, it wasn't what she really wanted to do. Her prime goal was to stimulate Nick's sweet spot, and generally drive him to the brink of insanity with overwhelming pleasure until he gave up his load of sweet cum! So that's exactly what she did. After her brief gagging session, to show off what she could do, she eased up enough to focus on sliding her lips back and forth over his sweet spot.

But she didn't stop there. She wanted his cum, and she wanted it NOW! It was like an animalistic, primal urge. Thanks to his reputation for usually cumming in twos, she figured she could get his cum and still have his stiff later.

So she did everything she could to get him to blow his load right away. She used enough suction to outdo an industrial strength vacuum cleaner, while still having the presence of mind to flick and lick her tongue inside her mouth against all his most sensitive spots. Meanwhile, one of her hands pumped up and down his shaft while her other one fondled his balls.

Nick did have his PC muscle method to delay climax, but there was nothing he could do to stop or even slow down her all-out sex assault. He only lasted another minute, and to even go that long took a downright heroic effort. He was gasping like he was in the middle of running the 100-yard dash, so all the warning he could manage was a strangled cry of, "CUMMING!"

In recent days, Maggie had developed a powerful fetish for facials and pearl necklaces. But right now she was loving bobbing on his shaft while kneeling so much that she couldn't stop for anything. As a result, when his cum started to rocket out of his piss hole, she just kept right on with her

relentless bobbing, sucking, and stroking. She was particularly aggressive with the way she squeezed and fondled his balls, as if firm squeezing could coax more cum out and into her mouth.

Nick's eyes rolled back into his head and his legs turned to rubber. He had to grasp Maggie's wavy blonde hair with both hands just to remain standing.

As his orgasm inevitably started to wind down, Maggie finally relented some, because she wanted cum on her face. She pulled her lips off with a loud, satisfying pop, and let his last few ropes splatter this way and that, mostly on her cheeks and chin. One long strand went from cheek to cheek across her nose, and another drew a line all the way across her forehead, so her face almost looked like a tic-tac-toe board. She thought that was a hoot.

He didn't think anything of it though, because his eyes were closed. It was all he could do to remain standing. In fact, as his orgasm ended, he started to slowly sink down.

She had to take quick action to support him. She wound up standing with her arms around him.

With Nick still in a near semi-conscious state, she managed to walk him over to the Explorer. Luckily, the side door was already open, and she managed to get him to crawl into the back. He immediately laid down.

However, as dead to the world as he seemed to be, his dick was still stiff!

Maggie was overjoyed. *Did I raise a winner, or what? Not even a refractory period this time! My little baby has grown up to be a natural cocksman! A very COCKY cocksman!* She giggled.

She was proud of her cocksucking effort, and she felt like she deserved a little reward. She decided there was nothing she'd like to do more than stroke and lick his cock some more, so that's what she did. With Nick lying face up, she crawled up on his legs and went right back to "work." Mindful that he was probably over sensitized after that epic orgasm, she took it relatively easy on him and just stroked with one hand and lightly lapped against his sweet spot.

Still, it felt great for him, and it revived him with startling speed. He sat up and looked down at her. "WHOA! Ma, you look HOT!"

"That's Nurse Palmer to you," she said playfully, referring to herself by the maiden name she still legally used. She looked up at him and smiled, but kept right on licking and stroking.

"Fuck me!" he exclaimed, as he started to rejoin the world of the living. His gaze wandered all over her naked body. He mostly saw her backside, since she had her head down at his crotch while her ass was up in the air.

True, she still wore her gloves, stockings, armbands, high heels, and nurse's hat. But her entire torso was uncovered, and that's where his interest lay. Besides, all those accessories only made her that much sexier to his eyes. The white of her accessories stood in stirring contrast to her deep, rich tan.

He focused on her ass.

She glanced up and saw that, and gave it a playful wiggle. Then she tightly flexed and unflexed her buttocks. That reminded of the time recently when she'd trapped his boner between her ass cheeks and stimulated it with her flexing. Everything seemed to lead back to thoughts of making him cum, and that made her hot and bothered enough to feel like cumming too.

He exclaimed, "Ma, you have the most fucking awesome ass!"

She spoke as she licked, "I just gave you your first true, no holds barred blowjob from the kneeling position, which, by the way, is going to be my favorite position to suck you, I'm sure! Now, I'm still feasting on your cock, and all you have to say is that you like my ass?" She flexed and relaxed his ass cheeks repeatedly, knowing that would keep his interest there.

He laughed. "I don't like it, I love it! But Ma... WOW! Thank you SO MUCH for what you just did. And... everything! The nurse's outfit, the photos, the phone call... everything! Holy fuck! Mind! Blown!" He made an explosion sound.

She chuckled at that. His mention of "the phone call" finally reminded her what their ostensible purpose in doing this was. She felt bad forgetting about Hillary and keeping her waiting.

Chapter 27: On the Phone With Hillary (Thursday)

Maggie stopped her licking, lifted her head, and reached for his phone.

"Speaking of phone calls, we haven't actually called Hillary yet, and that's the whole supposed point. What's her number?"

He told her the number. Then he asked, "You're not really going to call her now, are you?"

"Why not? You said she has to eat dinner around six-thirty, and we do too. We're having a great time, but we're losing time. And it's rude not to call her when you said you would."

"But... but... How can I talk to her after that? I'm going to need DAYS to recover!"

"You'll do fine. I'm going to keep having fun with your cock here, to make sure you stay perky." She dialed the number. She knew how to use his phone, so she switched it to speaker phone mode while it was still ringing.

Hillary answered. "Nick? Is that you?" She sounded quite anxious.

He rallied his energy, and replied, "It's me."

"I thought you weren't going to call! I've been waiting. You're ten minutes late."

"I'm sorry. Something came up." He was surprised he wasn't later, since he felt like he'd just spent years in sexual nirvana.

"Oh, what's that?"

He was still in a very randy mood, especially since Maggie had gone back to licking and fondling his throbbing rod once she'd dialed the number. So he decided to be honest, as well as blatant. "To be honest, my dick. Maggie and I got together to call you from, uh... her room. You know the place in back I told you she's renting? Anyway, she's here with me right now, and we're on speaker phone."

"Hi, Hillary!" Maggie said.

"Hi, Maggie!" Hillary replied. It sounded like she was in a much better mood already.

Nick went on, "Anyway, we have this problem. Once we get together, especially alone, we can't keep our hands off each other! So, we were going to call, but, uh... we couldn't keep our hands off each other. In fact, Maggie is licking my dick right now."

"NO!" Hillary exclaimed.

"YES!" Maggie loudly exclaimed right back. "Here, check this out. What does this sound like to you?" Nick's boner had been lying on his body, pointing up towards his belly button, but Maggie tilted it around to point at her face and engulfed it in her mouth. She immediately started bobbing on him. But she made sure to be as noisy as possible.

She was taking a calculated risk that she might be offending Hillary. But she'd decided that Hillary was a very sexual and open-minded girl.

It turned out that Hillary wasn't offended at all. In fact, she gasped, and said, "Oh GOD! No WAY! That sounds so... delicious! I can't believe you're doing that!"

Just to be sure, Nick asked, "You don't mind?"

"Mind?! The only thing I mind is that I'm not there! If I was there, you'd hear twice as much slurping, that's for sure!"

"MMMM!" Maggie said. Now that she had Nick's cock in her mouth, she wasn't keen to take it back out if she could help it. It was a minor ordeal just to fit it all in every time, so that wasn't something she wanted to do more than necessary. But more than that, she just loved sucking intently on it while driving him crazy with her expert tongue work!

Hillary groaned. "I'm so jealous! And horny!" She chuckled. "A minute ago, I wasn't aroused at all, not to mention kind of annoyed that you didn't call me when you said you would. But now, my whole body is on fire! Is the reason you're calling late because she was sucking your cock?!"

"Yeah. In fact, she sucked my so intently that I couldn't talk at all, so I couldn't call you. But then I climaxed in her mouth. After that, I stayed stiff, but we're both calmer now."

Hillary's voice was even more jubilant. "WOW! I love the both of you! You two seriously inspire me. Maggie, please let me hear you better!"

Without pausing in the slightest, Maggie took Nick's cell phone and rested it on one of Nick's thighs. That put in only a few inches from the slurpy action.

Hillary listened carefully for about twenty seconds, and then squealed. "GOD! Oh God! I love it! It sounds like... like... I'm inside your mouth! This is so cool! I've had phone sex, including a lot of great times lately with you, Nick, but I've never done THIS before! Is it all right if I take my clothes off?"

"Be my guest," he replied. He felt like he was king of the world. "I thought you were a nudist at home anyway, though?"

"I am," she responded. "But I thought you and I were going to have a normal conversation. You mentioned you wanted to talk about the kind of stuff we couldn't talk about at school. So I figured I should wear clothes so I wouldn't end up babbling about sex, sex, and more sex!"

"Babble away!" he said with a laugh. "Tell me what you're doing."

"I'm pulling my shorts and panties off first! But I'm having a hard time, because my fingers keep going to my pussy! Is that okay? Do you mind if I masturbate, even with Maggie there?!"

"Are you kidding me?! I'd love it! I'm sure she approves too."

Maggie was listening, and gave him a thumbs up.

He passed that on. "She just made the thumbs up sign."

"Oh good, because I pretty much have to do it! Maggie, you're being so loud and slurpy that I could just DIE! Nick, you don't know how much I've longed to suck on your cock just like she's doing right now. From the very first time, when I saw it in my room on Tuesday, I knew I had to choke and gag on that fat thing! But I still haven't done it! I haven't even sucked it once, at all! AAAARGH!"

"Funny you should say that," he said. "You should have heard Maggie a little while ago."

He was going to say more about her first choking and gagging experience, and just how loud she'd been.

But Maggie was listening too, and she immediately went back to her gagging mode. She wanted Hillary to hear it directly. She went right to the

brink of starting to deep throat him. It was extremely noisy.

Hillary listened intently for about half a minute, then squealed. "NO WAY! NO WAY! I can't BELIEVE it! I LOVE doing that! OHMIGOD! Maggie, I thought you sounded hot before, but now... UGH! I'm gonna cum already!"

Nick was surprisingly calm, considering what was happening around him. The fact that he'd climaxed a few minutes ago helped considerably. But mostly it was because Maggie was sucking him much more slowly and less intently than prior to his last climax. Then, she'd wanted his cum right away. Now, she wanted to prolong the joy for as long as possible, while keeping him able to continue talking on the phone. She was learning how to pace herself with his cock.

He asked Hillary, "By the way, you were going to describe how you're taking your clothes off."

"Oh. Right. Sorry! I blew it! I'm totally fucking buck naked already! I couldn't wait!" She laughed. "I even kicked off my socks, just to be that much more nude for you! And I have three fingers in my cunt! UGH! I'm really going to cum now!"

Nick didn't know what made him say it, but he was surging with so much confidence and lust that he said authoritatively, "Who said you have permission to cum?"

"What?!" Hillary was startled.

"You heard me. You don't have permission to cum yet. It's not that easy."

"OH GOD! Normally, if anyone told me that, I'd tell them to go suck a lemon. But I'm so turned on that I'll play that game. I figure if you have the audacity to tell me that while Maggie blowing you, you deserve that power. When do I get to cum?!"

"When I say so!"

"Bastard!" But her tone of voice said she was having a great time. "If you're going to be that way, what's Maggie wearing?"

Nick whistled. "Hoo boy! You just opened a can of worms with that one. She started out wearing a nurse's outfit. A VERY sexy one! Too sexy to wear even for a wild Halloween party."

"No way! But then again, I'm not too surprised. You two are too much! Tell me everything!"

He looked his mother over carefully. "Let's see... She's wearing black high heels. They're really high and spiky too. I don't know how she walks in them."

"Hot! And...?"

"And, she's wearing thigh high white stockings"

"HOT! How high exactly?"

He leaned way forward, and reached all the way to Maggie's thighs. He ran his hands back and forth over the silky smooth stocking fabric. "Let's see. They come up just about as high as they can get. Almost to her pussy!"

"UGH!" Hillary grunted. "Ugh, urgh! HNNNNNG!"

He asked her, "What's going on?"

"I've got two fingers plunging in and out! Because that's soooo hot! Nick, you don't know how good stockings that high can feel on a woman! HNNRRG! Maggie, doesn't that feel great?"

Maggie did love the feel of the stockings, but she was having a great time sucking and licking. She wasn't going to pull off for anything, especially since it was such a chore to fit Nick's cockhead back in her mouth. So she just moaned affirmatively. "MMMM-HMMM!"

Hillary groaned erotically some more. "Even as I speak, this very second, she's still blowing you?!"

"Of course!" he replied.

"I don't believe it! I mean, I do, but... incredible! I so wish I could see her! Lying between your legs, her blonde mane bobbing up and down... GOD! That's sexy as FUCK! Can you see her luscious big breasts?"

He admitted, "Unfortunately, not really, since her body is facing down while I'm sitting up. She has her face in my crotch with her ass way up high. I can feel 'em against my thighs though."

Hillary spoke in a shaky, needy voice. "That's too bad, because those are great tits! And by the way, I've gotta cum so bad that it hurts! You'd better

give me permission soon, or I'm gonna come over there right now and kick your ass!"

He leaned back and laughed. "That's not how this works."

"It is now!" She laughed. She wanted to hear more about Maggie's outfit. "Next! What else?!"

His gaze moved up Maggie's perfectly tanned hard body. He explained, "She most definitely is NOT wearing anything covering her ass, or the rest of her torso!"

Hillary exclaimed, "So she's totally naked for you?! Too hot!"

"Well, not totally. Oh, and she's got a white nurse's hat with a red cross on it."

"FUCK ME!" Hillary yelled. "She's a SLUT NURSE! And you say I can't cum?!"

"No! Not yet!"

"FUCK YOU! GOD DAMN! That's just too hot! Maggie, if you can hear me, you know how I've talked to you about being a 'good slut.' Well, you're being the best slut! You're totally embracing the joy of sex and your considerable sexuality! And you're running free, completely uninhibited! You're soooo inspirational to me!"

Maggie felt very good about that. She actually blushed some modestly. She couldn't really believe Hillary's words, because Hillary was her sexual model and inspiration.

Hillary then exclaimed, "And she's slurping and sucking so loudly! Nick, how can you talk at all when she's bobbing on you like that?! I'm sure her mouth must be a wet furnace!"

He admitted, "It feels fantastic! But, to be honest, I think she's kind of exaggerating for effect, just for you."

"Thanks, Maggie!" Hillary exclaimed happily.

"MRRMPPH!" Maggie moaned in reply. Her mouth sounded just as stuffed with cock as it actually was.

Hillary nearly screamed in response to hearing that. "Nick! Please! Can I cum yet?!"

"Not yet. Not nearly. Don't masturbate so intently."

"Easy for you to say, Mr. Talking with Ease While Maggie Slurps Louder than King Kong Drinking a Giant Smoothie through a Straw!"

Both Nick and Maggie had a big laugh at that.

Maggie laughed so hard that she had to pull her lips off Nick's cock to recover her breath. Once off, she decided to switch to licking for a while. Although Nick didn't sound that winded yet, she knew he wouldn't be able to last long if she kept on sucking him like she was. She figured this could be a long phone call, and he'd already climaxed once, so she wanted to make the joy last.

Nick remembered to resume his description. "Anyway, she's naked, but not totally naked. Where was I? Oh yes. She's also wearing long white gloves, up to her elbows."

"Kinky! Does it feel good?"

"What?"

"The way she's jacking you off with the gloves. I can tell Maggie's no slouch when it comes to taking good care of your cock, so I figure she's stroking it a lot."

"She is! And a matter of fact, it does feel great. I hadn't really thought about it till you mentioned it, but they're silky smooth gloves, it's definitely a really interesting difference."

Hillary exclaimed breathlessly. "I'll bet! Just wait until BOTH her and me get creative when we work on your cock together! Silky gloves is just the start!"

"I'll bet," Nick said. His head was reeling at his good fortune. "Anyway, she also has these Red Cross armbands on each upper arm. I think that's everything."

Hillary responded, "Boy! You two just AMAZE me! That sounds so hot! I'll bet she looks so fuckable right now. I wish I had a photo. Better yet, I wish I was there. I'll bet I could cum just from seeing her sexy body, with her mouth slurping on you and her ass wiggling up high!"

He chuckled. He wasn't in a hurry to mention that Maggie had switched from sucking to licking, since he was hoping to further impress Hillary with

his stamina.

He leaned forward and ran a hand down Maggie's back, all the way to her ass. "It is extremely sexy! I'm such a lucky guy."

"You are! Is there any special occasion for the outfit?"

He replied honestly, "Yes, as a matter of fact. Because I'm calling you on the phone. Maggie thought I'd enjoy it better like this. You should have seen it when she came in wearing the whole outfit. And then she dropped to her knees and sucked my cock! That's why I was late calling you."

"FUCK!" Hillary screamed.

"What?" he asked.

"I need to cum so bad! Please! I'm totally not touching my pussy AT ALL, just my breasts and nipples mostly, but I'm dying to cum anyway! Can I?! Pleeeeeassse?!"

"Nope!"

"I'm begging you!"

"Sorry!" He felt a surge of lust just from knowing that Hillary was begging him to cum. Two weeks ago, he never could have imagined that would happen in a million years.

"Gaawwwd, you're not even my boyfriend, and I'm begging you to cum! This is so fucked up! What am I to you?!"

That was a serious and legitimate question, but he felt this wasn't the time for a serious answer. Instead, he cheekily replied, "For now, let's call you one of my two favorite cock-hungry sluts!"

That was exactly the sort of answer Hillary wanted to hear, given her insanely horny mood. She cried out, "BASTARD! You BASTARD! Fucking hot answer! I need to cum so hard! The only problem is, we're both cock-hungry sluts, but she's the one with the actual cock deep in her mouth!"

Maggie decided to speak up. She told Hillary, "Actually, I don't have his cock deep in my mouth anymore."

Hillary sounded disappointed. She asked, "Oh no? Why not?"

Maggie explained, "We're in this for the long haul. I figure this is gonna be a long phone call. Sometimes, I like to get naked and play with Nick's cock for hours at a time! I've gotta vary it up to last that long." That wasn't true yet, but she hoped it would be soon.

"UGH!" Hillary groaned. "UH! I swear, if you say one more arousing thing, I'm gonna cum like a screaming hyena! Permission or not!"

Nick looked down at Maggie's face as she happily licked his sweet spot, and an idea came to him. "Oh, by the way, there's one thing Maggie's wearing that I forgot to mention."

"Oh no! Don't tell me! I know it's going to drive me over the edge, you fucking bastard, but tell me anyway!"

He said proudly, "She's already wearing a lot of my cum on her face! Long streaks of pearly goo, streaked up and down and side to side!"

"AAAAIIIIIIIEEE!" Hillary screamed loudly as an orgasm obviously ripped through her. She took a desperate breath, and then screamed even louder, longer, and more incoherently.

Maggie was inspired by hearing that. She engulfed Nick's cock again and resumed bobbing on him. At the same time, she reached down and touched her clit, setting off her own orgasmic explosion. But because she was already bobbing, she actually scream-sucked for a while, until her amazing climax slowly faded away.

Hillary soon got back on the phone. "You bastard! Nick, the next time I see you, I'm going to kill you! First, you give me this 'not allowed to cum' bullshit, and then you deliberately drive me over the edge with that cum on Maggie's face crap. It's not fair!"

He laughed. "Sorry. But you broke the rules just the same."

She taunted him, "What are you going to do, spank me?"

"Maybe. We'll see. Anyway, I own your ass now."

She groaned. "UGH! Even that sounds sexy. The two of you are the biggest fuckin' sex freaks I've ever heard of in my life! Is Maggie still licking you? I hear some sucky sounds again!"

"Yeah, she's sucking me some more, actually."

"ARGH! Are you trying to make me cum again already?! You evil FUCKER!"

Despite her harsh language sometimes, Hillary was clearly having the time of her life.

Remarkably, the phone call went on like that for some time. It seemed that every single thing any of the three of them said or did was even more arousing than anything that had come before. It wasn't long before Hillary had another big climax, and then another.

The idea Nick would use the phone call for a serious discussion about relationships had been forgotten by all of them. There simply was no way at this point, even if they wanted to, because they were too horny to think straight, or talk much.

Eventually, the three of them got so worked up that they were beyond words altogether. They simply grunted, panted, moaned, and made all kinds of sex noises as they worked their way up to their biggest individual orgasms yet.

Nick was the only one to say a coherent word for many minutes when he simply shouted, "CUMMING!"

That was the trigger. Maggie and Hillary had been holding back, but with that, they let go and gave in to their respective orgasmic urges.

This time, Maggie wanted Nick's cum on her skin. Even though she was in the middle of sucking him some more, she pulled off and lifted her upper body up on her elbows so he could easily paint her dangling tits.

Despite being breathless, she managed to shout, "Aim for my tits!"

Although that was an instruction for Nick, her words were actually more aimed to Hillary, to allow Hillary to understand what was going on.

Hillary screamed like she'd just been stabbed. She found this every bit as exciting as if Nick was cumming on her tits instead.

Nick grunted and groaned as he aimed at her tits. That was exactly what she wanted. Both of them screamed for joy quite loudly, causing Hillary to scream as she came too. There already was some saliva and cum on Maggie's face from his last orgasm that had drooled down her chin. But as

his orgasm was winding down, he aimed his last few ropes for her face, and nailed it.

That made Maggie scream again: "My face! He's blasting my face too!"

Hillary wailed "NooooOOOooooo!" with apparently agony, like she'd been told a close relative died. But that was just the intensity of her lusty reaction. She had a special fetish for facials.

Then, they quieted down to silence, except for very heavy breathing from all three of them.

After a few minutes, Hillary said, "I have an announcement to make. I've heard of a lot of phone sex, and I've taken part in my fair share, despite my young age. And Nick, I've had some great phone sessions with you this past week or so. But that, ladies and gentlemen, was the greatest, most arousing phone sex in the history of the world!"

Nick and Maggie laughed at that.

Nick had recovered, for the most part, so he joked, "Should we get one of those Guinness Book of World Records people to make it official?"

"YES!" Hillary said. "Seriously! Fuck! Nick, I want you so much! I wanted you a lot before, but now, you'd better watch out!"

He was delighted beyond words to hear that. He asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, tomorrow at school, you'd better wear metal pants. If you don't, I'm liable to drop to my knees and suck your cock all through first period!"

She added with sudden shyness, "That is, if it's okay with you, Maggie?"

Maggie sighed with exasperation. "Hillary, how many times do I have to tell you this? We share him! My cock is your cock, if you know what I mean."

"You can't be serious."

"I am! Look. It started out with me just wanting to have him sow some wild oats before I'd let him get serious with me. But our threesome date on Friday changed things. Since then, I'm thinking more and more about us SHARING him! Now just dating him at the same time, but pleasuring his cock together as a regular thing! A true threesome relationship!" She said

that spontaneously and easily, because she really meant it and it fit in with Nick's overall plans.

Hillary sighed with longing. "That sounds so wonderful! I hope you mean that. I want that too! It sounds too good to be true."

Feeling extra naughty, Maggie added, "The only problem is, I'm not sure if we should suck him together your first oral adventure with his cock monster, or let you have it all to yourself! Maybe you'll want to prove to him just what a talented busty, nude, cocksucking slut you can be!"

Hillary exclaimed, "SHUT UP! Just... shut up! I can't take it! That sounds too arousing to believe! Either way! And Nick, if you're listening, I AM going to prove it, and soon! Just as soon as Anushka gives me the permission to do that, dammit! I can't wait until tomorrow. Especially the party. Nick, like I said, you'd better watch out. It's gonna be sexy payback time!"

He laughed. "You'd better watch out too. And I think you're the one who needs to wear metal pants. Otherwise, you're gonna get one serious spanking!"

Hillary groaned. "Gaawwwd! Even that sounds hot too. I can't believe it. I'm all cummed out. My pussy actually hurts! If you keep talking like that, I'm gonna have to cum again!"

The three of them very well may have gotten excited all over again. But Hillary's mother called her from another room and announced that dinner was ready.

As a result, they had to end the phone call. All three of them said some very heartfelt good-byes, and they briefly talked about how keen they were to meet in the flesh tomorrow.

Nick had been sitting up. When the phone disconnected, he laid back on some pillows. "Aaaah! That went pretty well! Don't you think, Ma?"

Maggie also laid back, but she laid her head on a pillow on the opposite side of the car from him. She had her legs resting on top of his, showing just how physically comfortable and intimate they'd become with each other in a short time.

She smirked. "You could say that again. It didn't exactly go as planned. In fact, you never really got to have that big relationship talk. But I think you

just blew her pretty brunette head right off her shoulders! You're making her so hot for your cock that she simply can't resist you! Are you still worried about Spencer, after that?"

Nick frowned at that mention. "Actually, yes. Remember, she doesn't stick with any one boyfriend or girlfriend for long. Her romances burn brightly and then flame out. I'm sure he's figured that out and he's waiting for his turn."

Maggie rolled her eyes. "Get real. Son, that was so fucking intense! And not just for me and my fantastic suck-a-thon. I know exactly what Hillary is thinking right now." She put a foot to his crotch. Even though his penis was flaccid, she started to gently rub it with her big toe.

"What's that?"

"She's thinking, 'If phone sex with Nick is that good, how much better will actual sex with him be?! I can't wait to find out!' And also, 'If hearing Maggie suck him off is this thrilling, when will I get to suck him?!' You officially rocked her world, and over the phone, no less! That's truly incredible. And just wait until she gets her hands on this bad boy. Not to mention her lips!" She playfully rubbed his penis with her toe.

"Ma, please. Don't. Or you're going to get me stiff again."

She put her hands on either side of her mouth and gasped with her mouth open wide. It was an exaggerated "Home Alone"-style mock-shock. "Oh NO! That would be so terrible! Then I'd just have to suck you off AGAIN!"

She playfully brought her other foot to his crotch and started rubbing his penis with both of her big toes at once. She was clearly showing that she wasn't exactly upset at that prospect.

She added, "Son, I still can't believe how successful you've been with her! When I think about her perfect, voluptuous, athletic, and deeply tanned body... and then her dark and sexy brown eyes, and her whole gorgeous face... and how remarkable it is for her to agree to date you at all... and then I think about how eager she must be right now to drop to her knees and prove to you that she's a worthy and talented cocksucker! WOW! I don't know how you did it, but you have the upper hand in your relationship with her, big time! Like that way you ordered her not to cum, and she obeyed! Was that hot as molten lava, or what?!"

She didn't say it, but it was clear that he not only had the upper hand with Hillary, but with herself too. And she secretly liked it that way.

He complained, "Ma! Please! Stop! I just came for the second time. The downside of usually cumming twice is that I typically need a break before the next two times. This isn't a good time to get me horny."

She smirked unrepentantly, but muttered, "Sorry."

Meanwhile, she looked around the back cabin of the Ford Explorer. They'd been so carried away with lust earlier that she hadn't had a chance to talk about it. "By the way, nice place you got here, Sport. Kind of your own little personal space age bachelor pad." She nodded at some of the unused pillows.

He looked slightly abashed. "Well... I kind of figured that as long as we're here, we might as well get comfy."

She snickered. "I'm sure. I hope I helped you get 'comfy.'" She looked down at her cummy tits and dramatically ran a finger up and down the slopes of one tit and then up and down the slopes of her other one, leaving a line right through the many streaks and gobs of cum there. She said with wry amusement, "If you got any more comfy, I'd be painted pearly white from head to toe! Good grief! I gave birth to a sex lord!"

He rolled his eyes. "I am not a 'sex lord,' whatever the heck that is. I just get really, really horny for you, and really, really horny for Hillary. And when you're combined together, well, you see what happens. I get really, really, really, REALLY horny!"

"Indeed." She was still playing footsie with his penis. She didn't actually expect to get it stiff again, but she was so fond of it that it seemed she couldn't stop touching it in some way. "Hey, Sport, keep on doing what you're doing and you'll win Hillary for sure. But don't expect to make a habit out of this, in this car."

She waved her hands, indicating the bed he'd created in the back of the car. She was also alluding to the use of Andy's SUV for sex sessions.

"Don't worry, I'm not. Although... we might have to try phoning Hillary again before long. I wanted to have a serious and deeply meaningful conversation with her. I didn't get to do that at all! Not even for a minute. So in that way, the call was a bust."

Maggie said, "Son, don't worry. If you want Hillary to fall in love with you, it would be hard to top that phone call. Hook her first with lust, and don't worry, the rest will soon follow. I know how much you love her heart, and not just for her incredible F-cups and the rest of her sexy body. Although that part doesn't exactly hurt." She winked at him. "She'll see how strong and genuine your feelings for her are soon enough, even if she's doing that while usually naked, kneeling, and bobbing on your cock!"

He groaned. "Ma! Don't say that, or you're really going to make me horny all over again."

She realized that was a real danger, because she was getting increasingly horny again too. She also realized that it was getting to be dinner time. Andy might actually start coming looking for her, or at least calling for her. That startled her into action. She couldn't allow Andy to see her hanging out in the nude with Nick in the back seat of his car, and with her face and tits covered with cum!

She said, "Come on, then. Let's clean up. We don't want to leave this car smelling like sex."

She got up and left the vehicle, but then she remembered the camera. She had Nick take some photos of her nude, cummy body, including close-ups of her face. She was determined not to let the photos to leave the house in any way. But still, she was hopeful there was some way she'd be able to get Hillary to look at the pictures somehow. She knew Hillary would flip out, in the best way.

Since Nick had started taking photos of her, he kept on doing that as she made a sexy production out of stripping out of the remnants of her nurse outfit, and then she posed still more in nothing but her black high heels, with her cummy tits and face. She had high hopes Hillary could see those soon too.

The two of them left the garage a short time later.

Nick was left with the cleanup job while Maggie hurried inside to start dinner. He cleaned up well and parked the Prius back in the garage. However, he didn't return the seats in the Explorer back to their upright positions, nor did he even remove all the pillows. (He did need a couple in his bedroom to sleep on.) He knew it wouldn't matter to Andy one way or another, due to his immobility. He was optimistic that Maggie would soon

see the benefits of using this large car for their sexy fun instead of her considerably smaller Prius.

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The rest of the evening was uneventful in comparison. Nick had to work on his homework.

Maggie though, made good progress on her backstory novella. She finished organizing her notes and outline, then called Nick in to give it a review.

He behaved like a perfect gentleman as he read things over in her bedroom, because he knew she would freak out if he violated her "firewall" with even light flirtation. Her bedroom was her safest and most cherished private space.

He made many useful suggestions, then he left to return to his homework.

Over the next several hours, she called him back in several times as she had further changes for review, and then when she started actually writing the first rough draft. Most of the time she worked on her own, though, with just occasional questions for him.

Although Nick continued to behave without even a hint of sexual intent every time she called him for help, a new easy and happy feeling seemed to connect them that strengthened their already very deep loving bonds. Their sexual pleasures together was having emotional effects on them that they didn't fully understand.

The phone call fun with Hillary wasn't entirely over though. Around nine o'clock, Maggie was deep into writing more of her backstory novella when her cell phone rang.

It was Hillary. She said, "Hi, Maggie. I hope I didn't phone too late, but I have a question I want to ask you. Is it okay if I call you at this phone?"

"Sure, it's fine," Maggie replied. "I'm usually up until ten, at least." She was glad to hear Hillary call her, but it also was strange, because she was in the middle of writing her novella almost entirely for Hillary's sake. She didn't want to talk on the phone very long until she finished at least the first draft of the novella, so she would have her story straight. She figured she was about half way done with the draft.

Hillary said shyly, "I hope you won't be offended, but after our great phone call earlier, I feel like we're even closer than before."

"For sure," Maggie said.

"So... I have this question for you. If it's too personal or too sexual, please just say so and I'll drop it. It's definitely sexual!" She laughed, though nervously.

Maggie was getting very curious. "What is it already?"

"It's something that's been on my mind for days, since even before our threesome date on Friday. I don't know how to say this, so I'll just come right out and say it: which do you prefer: sucking Nick's cock, or titfucking it?"

Maggie silently gasped. She had been in a calm, nonsexual mood, but her sexual arousal was turned on in a flash, just like the flip of a light switch. Her nipples grew erect in a matter of seconds, and her pussy started tingling too. She already had been thinking about how to politely end the call soon, so she wouldn't have to talk to Hillary because she had her novella finished, but that was totally forgotten.

Hillary couldn't hear anything from Maggie's end of the call. She nervously pushed on, "Uh, the reason I'm asking is... I haven't done either thing with Nick yet, but I want to. So much! And, um, when I went out with other guys, I uh... I like to do both those things..."

Maggie could hear Hillary's voice getting increasingly hesitant, so she gave her an encouraging, "Uh-huh?"

Hillary bravely pushed on, "And, uh... I like 'em both, pretty much evenly. But I keep wondering what it'll be like with Nick! Especially with his size and thickness. Will that make a difference?! So I'm wondering what you think. But, oh my God! I really stepped into it, haven't I? I'm so embarrassed!"

Maggie smiled warmly. "No! Not at all! I'm glad you asked!"

"Really?!" Hillary asked with hope.

"Really! Why should I be prudish with you? We've done so much with Nick's cock together already, especially on our threesome movie date, and I hope we'll end up doing even more soon."

"Oh, definitely!" Hillary felt greatly relieved.

Realizing that she was very aroused and likely to get even more so, Maggie said, "Hold on just a sec." She put her cell phone down onto the desk she was sitting at, where she'd been typing on her laptop. She quickly pulled her top off her head, and then took her bra off. She yanked her pants and panties down her thighs just enough to have direct access to her clit and pussy.

Then she picked up her phone, and lied, "Sorry 'bout that. Due to what we're talking about, I wanted to move to a more private space." She continued, truthfully, "Now, getting to your question, I don't know how to answer that, because I like both sex acts so very, very, VERY much!"

The two women giggled naughtily at that.

Maggie went on, "It's as if I had two children, and loved both of them dearly, and then you told me I had to pick a favorite. It can't be done!"

In truth, Maggie loved sucking her son more than titfucking him. But she didn't want to admit that to Hillary since she loved the titfucking too, and she didn't want to diss it or discourage Hillary about that. Besides, she considered the two sex acts as overlapping, due to the titfuck/blowjob combo that she'd been practicing.

Hillary asked her eagerly, "But surely you could say something. What are the pros and the cons?"

Maggie started masturbating by twisting on her very erect nipples. She only had one hand free to use because she had to hold her cell phone to her ear. She said, "I'll tell you the pros... and then the other pros. There are no cons!"

Both women laughed.

Maggie said, "Seriously, there are cons. The one really big con is the physical difficulty. I'll tell you about that before I get to the good stuff. Sometimes, tears even leak from my eyes due to the sheer struggle!"

"Oh my God!" Hillary exclaimed.

Encouraged, Maggie added, "That just happened to me this very morning, in fact. It's not really a problem if I either suck him or titfuck him, but when

I try the combo, sucking all of his fat knob into my mouth even as I'm titfucking, that's so tough that it can make me cry."

Hillary was starting to breathe heavily. "This may sound weird, but I think that's really hot! All of it! The combo. I want to hear more about that! I'm so impressed that you can physically do that! But then, just the fact that you work his cock so hard that it draws tears to your eyes! Sorry, but that's just too hot!"

"Oh, it is! For sure!"

Hillary said, "Maggie, I don't mean to be boastful here, but consider our looks. We're not just the usual teen girls. Or a bit older, in your case. We're bombshells, by any definition! We can get pretty much any man we want, with a single sultry look."

"Agreed!" Maggie was loving this sort of talk. She started alternating between playing with her nipples and her clit and slit. She was frustrated she didn't have both hands free.

Hillary continued, "So, for a woman like you or me to struggle so intently to pleasure our man that tears actually leak out... that's way super hot in my book! Right now, I'm picturing your tanned naked body as you kneel between Nick's legs. You've got his thick cock in your mouth, and you've been sucking him so intensely for so long, with your cheeks giving in from all the suction, that your cheeks are wet with tears!"

"Oh my god!" Maggie practically screamed. Then she realized she needed to make sure she didn't get too loud. Nick's bedroom was just down the hall. She didn't want him to get curious and come wandering in, which he was especially prone to do this night since he'd been called to her bedroom repeatedly for his advice on her novella writing. If he saw her naked like this, it would violate her firewall in her very own bedroom.

She continued, quieter, "That's so hot! But remember, just regular cocksucking like that doesn't make me cry. Only if I'm doing something extra tough, like that combo move."

Hillary gleefully teased, "Unless they're tears of joy though! Am I right?!"

Maggie laughed. "Oh, you're so right! I love sucking his cock so much! Sometimes I could just burst into tears of joy! And titfucking, like I said, it's underappreciated, but it's really just as much fun!"

Hillary was panting. "Tell me all about it, please! Both things! AND the combo!"

"Gladly!"

Maggie proceeded to give Hillary a very detailed account of how she'd used the titfuck/blowjob combo on Nick that very morning, as an "example." She had to change a few details, such as moving the setting from the garage back to the bungalow behind the house that she supposedly lived in. She also had to act as if she was an expert at those sex acts already instead of very new to all of them (with what she'd done to Andy in the past not counting in her mind).

Both Maggie and Hillary were furtively masturbating by this time. Each of them were very, very careful to try to be quiet about it and make no overt reference to what they were doing or what the other might be doing. This was effectively the first phone sex session between them - something else Hillary was surprised about, as she hadn't expected Maggie's answer to her question to be so detailed, passionate, and highly sexual. They both tried to be extra careful so as to not offend the other one in any way.

However, no matter how careful they were in pretending the mutual masturbation wasn't happening, they were so aroused that there was no way to disguise their heavy panting, nor the sheer lusty sexuality in their voices. Thus, it became abundantly clear to both of them that the other one was masturbating and had to know that they were too. Yet still it was easier to pretend otherwise.

The ostensible purpose of the call, for Hillary to find out if Maggie preferred cocksucking or titfucking, was forgotten, except insofar as that gave Maggie an excuse to explain graphic detail her great love for both (and the combo in between). Luckily, she'd had just enough experience with those sex acts in very recent days so that she could draw on those times instead of having to make anything up.

Although Maggie did most of the talking, Hillary made a lot of comments and asked a lot of questions, as well as finding ways to tell a lot of fun jokes. Throughout all of that, she was showing Maggie how much she loved cocksucking and titfucking too.

That was a deliberate attempt to get more on Maggie's good side. She had surmised that those sex acts in particular were a very big part of Nick and

Maggie's relationship. She wanted to show that she could fit right into to a threesome relationship by showing her enthusiasm for those things. But she didn't feel like she was being underhanded, because she was sincere in revealing her sexual desires. She had a powerful sex drive in general, but her sexual desire for Nick in particular was growing by the day.

On top of all that, she simply greatly enjoyed the phone sex with Maggie. She would have said nearly all that she was saying to make a good impression just because she was being herself and having a sexy, fun time.

The call slowly and inexorably built up to an orgasmic climax for both of them. But because they both were trying hard to deny that they were masturbating to what had clearly become phone sex, they didn't feel free to let go and climax, for fear of making too much tell-tale noise, possibly including screaming.

Maggie solved that by politely but abruptly ending the call right as the both of them were teetering on the brink of cumming. As soon as she disconnected the line, she let herself go and came hard while diddling herself. She knew that Hillary had to be doing the same at the same time, but this gave them a fig leaf pretense to pretend otherwise.

She also clenched her teeth and shut her eyes tightly as she came. She didn't have to be totally silent, just quiet enough so that Nick wouldn't get curious and come to investigate. She held a hand on the top of her head and rubbed her hair all through her orgasm, as if her head would fire off her neck like a rocket if she wasn't holding it there.

When it was all over, she got up and used some air freshener to try to get the sex smell out of her room, figuring that it was likely Nick would be returning to her room later, if she managed to get back on track with her novella. Then she went to the bathroom to take a bath in order to fully rest and recover after that powerful sexual experience. She was grateful that she had what was formerly the master bedroom both she and Andy slept in, because that meant she had her own private bathroom attached to it, so she didn't have to worry about Nick seeing her walking around naked.

Relaxing in the bathtub afterwards, she didn't have any major regrets about going off in such an overtly sexual way with Hillary. She did feel a little bit strange having phone sex with another woman, but she figured that it was a totally different thing getting horny talking about a man they both lusted for

as opposed to any sort of overt flirting between each other. Hillary had been very careful to avoid even a hint of that.

She was tempted to start another masturbation session in the bathtub. She still rode a wave of arousal long after the phone sex and her big orgasm were in the past. But she was determined to get back to writing her novella instead of spending the rest of the evening just masturbating over and over again.

She finally calmed down enough to leave the bathroom, get fully dressed again, and then resume her writing. So got back on track, and ended up staying up well past her usual bedtime because she was so inspired constructing her alternate history of her late teenage years.

Chapter 28: Beating the School Bell (Friday)

At breakfast the next morning, to all outward appearances, Maggie appeared to be her normal self. But Nick was able to detect a certain gleam in her eyes and an extra spring in her step. Plus, she was constantly smiling.

Even Andy noticed a change in her, and told her, "You're looking mighty chipper today. Actually, now that I think about it, you've been smiling a lot lately."

Maggie replied, "Well, I've been making some good progress on my book lately. Finally."

That was a lie. It was true, of course, that Maggie was working on a cookbook about exotic and unusual foods from all over the world. But she hadn't made much progress on it lately at all. And in recent days, when she'd started smiling all the time, she hadn't worked on it whatsoever. If she was going to do some writing, it would be in her backstory novella. But she figured she had to lie, because there was no way she could tell Andy that sex with Nick was what was making her happy.

"That's good to hear," Andy replied. He went back to eating his bowl of cereal.

The lack of any follow-up questions was indicative of how far Maggie and Andy had drifted apart. More and more, she wondered why she put up with living with him in a sham marriage, and doing all his cleaning and cooking.

She was tempted to come up with some clever double meanings about work on her book that would really be a sexual message to Nick. For instance, she could have said that she was "tackling the problem with both hands" and "putting her nose to it" until she "licked the problem once and for all." Nick would have immediately realized she was talking about his penis, while Andy would have remained utterly clueless.

But Maggie thought, *No! I can't do that. Not now, not ever! For one thing, it would violate the Margaret-Maggie firewall. So that's enough reason right there. But also, I'm better than that. Sure, Andy hurt me deeply. But so far, at least we've managed to co-exist without much fighting. Why should I get petty now for a cheap thrill? I'm going to rise above that.*

As breakfast went on, Nick could sense that she was trying to cool things down with him. But he also could tell from more subtle signs she was sexually excited about taking him to school again today, as well as meeting up with him and Hillary after school ended. Her inner conflict was being played out with her slightly changing facial expressions.

Most of the time, Maggie managed to keep her Margaret and Maggie modes separate in her mind. But as the time drew closer for her to take Nick to school, she found it harder and harder to stay calm. She even salivated and licked her lips repeatedly as she fantasized about all the ways she planned to suck his cock.

Near the end of breakfast, she said to Andy in a matter-of-fact tone, "By the way, I've gotta take Nick to school again, for his thing." She was testing him with that, to see if he'd care enough to ask what the "thing" was. "Do you mind if I use the Explorer?"

Andy shrugged. "Sure. Whatever. You know I can't use it anyway." Not surprisingly, he didn't even ask about the "thing," so Maggie didn't need to resort to a bullshit explanation.

Maggie just nodded soberly. But she wanted to dance around the room and high-five Nick. After enjoying the extra room in the back of the Ford Explorer yesterday, she didn't want to go back to being cramped in her smaller Prius.

Nick understood very well what the implications of the vehicle change were. He too had a hard time keeping his cool. His penis was erect all through breakfast due to the anticipation.

Both Nick and Maggie finished getting ready early and headed to the garage with almost unseemly haste. They went there even earlier than yesterday morning, so they would have still more time to play around.

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Nick's anticipation increased even more when he met her in the garage and found her wearing a maroon red silk blouse without a bra underneath, plus a new maroon miniskirt. The blouse was fairly standard, although she did leave a daring number of buttons undone. However, her miniskirt was just as short as the last one, which was about as short as miniskirts could possibly get!

What he loved even more was that she was wearing red high heels. He knew that was a very, very good sign!

Seeing the hungry way he was staring at her, she started to say as she walked around the Prius towards the Explorer, "Now, don't take the way I'm dressed to be a green light-"

But she didn't get a chance to say more. Even before they reached the SUV, he took her in his arms and gave her a soulful kiss.

However, when the kiss ended, she remembered her decision not to get sexually involved with her son this morning. She pushed him away, or at least she tried to. She looked down and laughed, because his hands had slip up under her silk top and he was working on twisting her nipples already. "What's with you and boobs? Don't you realize there's all the rest of me?"

"Mmmm, I do," he purred as he dropped his hands and slid them inside the back of her miniskirt. He wound up clutching nothing but bare ass cheeks, which meant she wasn't wearing panties either. In so doing, he managed to pull her miniskirt halfway down her ass. He muttered, "Damn! You're so beautiful! I have the sexiest, curviest mom in the world!"

She tried to wiggle free, but without much success, since she was only half-hearted about the effort. Mindful of her resolve not to let things go too far, she mildly complained, "Sport, not today! This is not one of the days when-"

But she couldn't say more, because he cut her off with another kiss. By the time that one ended, her silk blouse was up around her shoulders and her miniskirt fell all the way down to the ground!

She chuckled some more in exasperation. Somehow, she managed to stagger backwards out of his reach. Once free, she wagged a finger at him. "No! And I mean no!" She quickly bent over and pulled her miniskirt up, then she pulled her blouse back down.

He stepped towards her, and she suddenly ran to the SUV as fast as her high heels could carry her. She screamed "No!" again, but she was laughing at the same time, showing she wasn't really upset at his aggressiveness. She rushed to the driver's seat and sat in it.

When he caught up with her, she gave him a stern look. "Now, behave! Go to your seat and just SIT there, you hear? No playing with your mother's

body this morning, you understand?"

Finally conceding defeat, he glumly walked back around the SUV and took his seat. He was very surprised at how strict she was acting, considering that he could sense her growing excitement all through breakfast. Keeping his hands to himself, he asked, "What's up with all this 'no' stuff?"

"I told you yesterday. Our deal is that I take you to school twice a week, not thrice. So don't get carried away." She was worried about a slippery slope, so she was trying to play hard to get. Her plan was to talk to him about Maggie mode issues for a while first, to prove she had some willpower. Only then would she strip and blow him. There was enough time for both activities.

She thought, I've gotta stay strong! But if I give in now, how long will it be before I wind up taking him to school every day of the week, and sucking two cum loads out of him every time? If he knows how much I think about sucking his cock, how much I crave it, he'll be able to take even more advantage of me than he does already! I'll basically become his personal sex toy, his cum receptacle! Where will it stop?! Every time he gets a boner, he'll expect me to do some sex strip tease and then drop to my knees, probably with Hillary helping out!

Oh, fuuuuuck! That's too hot! I can't think like that. The point is, I need to show some willpower!

He griped, "Oh, man. That sucks. But you did agree to special exceptions, if there was a special reason."

She played dumb. "Did I say that? I don't remember saying that."

"You did, later on. Remember?"

She realized playing dumb wasn't going to work. "Yeah, I remember now. But you had me over a barrel at the time, so that's not really fair."

He leered lustily, "I wish I had you over a barrel right now! I'd give you a good spanking!"

She realized that he was referring to a physical barrel, not a metaphorical one. She pictured herself buck naked and bent over a big wine barrel in a grass field somewhere, with a fully-dressed Nick standing behind her and whacking her ass. Suddenly, she was so horny that she started fidgeting in her seat.

He asked, "Can't I at least kiss you a little bit? I've been looking forward to it all morning!"

"Well, I suppose. One kiss... If you can keep yourself under control."

That was all the opening he needed.

A minute or two later, Maggie found Nick all but sitting on top of her, with her blouse up to her shoulders and his hands freely exploring her bouncy rack even as his tongue explored her mouth. Somehow, he'd managed to pull her miniskirt down to her knees again, even though she'd been sitting on it this time. But "worst" of all in terms of her resolve was that his shorts had slid down too, and she'd somehow wound up with her hand stroking his cock!

She thought with amused chagrin, Shy? This boy is supposed to be shy? He's as shy as a sex-mad octopus! And I think he's got as many grabby arms! So much for "willpower." And I knew that would happen as soon as I agreed to one kiss. Ha! "One kiss!"

Finding some more resolve, she took her hand off his cock and then put her hands on his. She even managed to pry his hands from her squeezable boobs.

Dismayed, he broke the kissing to complain.

But she beat him to it. "Nick! BEHAVE! Do you want me to get seriously mad at you?"

"No," he said sullenly.

"Then stay on your side, and that's an order!" She quickly pulled her clothes back in place and started the SUV. She figured she had to act fast before his hands resumed their wandering. Boy! I should have worn underwear. It's just that I want to look extra sexy for him. I love it so much when he gets all erect for me!

Her goal was to leave the garage and go somewhere else to talk. Then he would be forced to behave, due to the locale. Then, having made her willpower demonstration, and hopefully having a useful conversation about the Maggie mode issues bothering her, she still would have time to suck him off before school. She would just need to find somewhere else to go for that.

She drove the SUV out of the driveway and soon had their house in the rearview mirror.

Nick was mostly beaten, but not entirely. He returned to his seat, but he didn't pull up his shorts all the way. As a result, his erection poked straight up.

She looked over while driving and saw him stroking himself. "Hey! Just what do you think you're doing?!"

He held his boner in a way that gave her a good view of it. "What does it look like? I'm obeying your rules. I'm staying on my side of the car, aren't I?"

She stammered as she watched him start to stroke himself, "Yes, but... well, you can't do that!"

"Why not?" While he beat his meat, he stared blatantly at the way her hefty rack was bouncing up and down, thanks to bumps in the road and her lack of a bra.

She replied, "How am I supposed to concentrate on driving, with you doing that? I swear! I give an inch, and you take a mile."

She didn't actually know where to go for their "talk," so she was heading towards his school out of habit.

"Sorry, Ma. I mean, Maggie. You're the one to blame here. You say we have to keep it cool, but at the same time, you're not wearing a bra OR panties. And you look like you do, my centerfold mother."

"I have NOT been in any magazines, including THOSE magazines," she protested, even as she blushed from the compliment.

"No, but you totally could, and you know it! You could be the Playboy Playmate of the Year!"

She was even more flattered, but still complained, "HA! No way! Those women are all Photoshopped fakes. Real people can't compete with them."

"You could! I swear it! How can I not get all horny, with you looking that sexy? And if you won't take care of it, I will."

She looked at his crotch again and nearly swooned from the sight of his hand pumping up and down his thick pole. She worried that if he kept going, her willpower plan would collapse. So she said with renewed fierce

determination, "I will NOT have you jack off in this car! Stop it this instant!"

"Nope!" he replied smugly. Normally, he would have been far too shy and meek to say something like that, but his horniness transformed him. He didn't understand why she was being standoffish after everything they'd done yesterday, and other recent days, so he was being stubborn.

She growled, "Control yourself, or I'll have to do it for you!"

Just then, the Explorer reached a stop light. Maggie reached out towards him with the intention of pulling his shorts up and zipping his erection safely away. But his stiff cock looked extremely tempting, and she was more than a little worked up for their earlier kissing and fondling. Somehow, her hand went straight to his erection and she wound up firmly holding it.

He gladly let go of it so she could do what she wanted to it. He thought with secret delight, *Bingo! Bullseye! Let's see her pull her hand away. I don't think she will!*

Blushing, but still looking pissed, she said, "There! I suppose I can't pull your shorts up from here with the way you're slumped down, but at least I can do this to stop you from jacking off." Without really wanting to, her fingers started to subtly rub his sweet spot.

"Damn! That's true," he said, faking a frown and acting as if he'd been beaten.

The light changed, and Maggie resumed driving the SUV. But she only drove with one hand, because her other hand continued firmly gripping her son's cock.

She immediately began making excuses to herself. *This damn thing is dangerous! I should hold it until we get to school so he won't be able to get up to any more mischief with it. It's good to cover up it too, so people can't easily see how he's exposing himself. I'm definitely not going to stroke it, though! I can't, for fear of getting distracted and crashing the SUV.*

That was all well and good in theory, but her hand seemed to have other ideas. It took a lot of self-delusion for her not to mentally acknowledge the way her fingers were rubbing his sweet spot already. She wasn't even doing it subtly anymore.

Even as she was doing that, she chided him, "Sport, you really are too much. You can't just wave that big fat thing around like some kind of flag. Especially not when I'm driving! What if somebody with a tall car or truck comes by and looks down at us through the window?"

"Good point!" Nick's window had been partially rolled down. He twisted in his seat and rolled it up the rest of the way. The Explorer's windows were tinted, unlike those on her Prius. "Nice idea switching to this car, by the way."

Maggie rolled her eyes in exasperation. But she also checked to confirm that her window was rolled up too. With the tinted windows up, the only serious danger of getting caught was if someone looked through their non-tinted front windshield, but even then nothing incriminating could be seen unless the SUV was parked and someone nearby was staring down into it. "I told you that all I'm doing this morning is taking you to school."

He replied, "Sorry. I really wasn't trying to trick you or anything. It's just that... well, I'm a young, horny guy. And you're so very, very sexy! Now that your hair is blonde, you look even sexier than before! You're not like a normal mother, you know. It's like having a porn star supermodel as a mom. I swear, you are MY Playboy Playmate of the Year! If I had a choice of ANY centerfold to suck my cock, or you do it, I'd pick you every single time!"

"Son!" she weakly complained. She was rubbing his sweet spot with increasing vigor.

"What?! Not only are you a total babe with tits bigger than nearly all centerfolds, but I love you. AND you're a wickedly talented cocksucker!"

"I am not!" she hotly complained. "I've only just started to suck you. I'm basically a total novice. I'm going to get better and better, trust me, but it's going to take a lot of practice!"

Both of them felt shivers down their spines as they contemplated all that future practice.

While she kept rubbing his sweet spot with just her index and middle fingers, and using her thumb for support from the other side, she tried to use her ring finger and pinky to tickle and caress more of his shaft. It wasn't that

effective. She was dying to bring her second hand-over so she could "properly" jack him off, but she was driving.

He said, "In any case, I get horny ALL the time! My dick gets soooooo stiff! And knowing that you're not wearing any bra or panties right now... and SEEING the no bra part with every bump in the road... I mean, can you blame me? I'm only human!"

Her tone softened. "I suppose not, since you put it that way. I guess it's partly my fault that you're so endowed. Er, I mean, engorged."

All the while they'd been talking, her hand movement on his shaft had been getting more blatant. She'd switched from just rubbing his sweet spot to running her fingers wherever they wanted to go. It couldn't be denied anymore that she wasn't just holding his boner, but she was actively stroking it.

Even after fully realizing what she was doing, she couldn't stop or slow her hand down. So instead, she tried to justify it. "I suppose that since I tempted you too much, I need to take responsibility."

She also thought to herself, *Plus, he called me his personal "Playboy Playmate of the Year!" AND he said I'm a "wickedly talented cocksucker." He needs to be rewarded!*

Just then, they stopped at another red light. After quickly looking around, she brought a second hand to his crotch and got busy fondling his balls too.

She thought, *Okay! New plan! I need to make him cum before we reach school, or shortly thereafter. Then we'll still have time for some serious talking, and I'll be able to prove that I don't lose all control every single time I'm in Maggie mode.*

She warned him, like he was doing something wrong, "What I'm doing now, consider this a one-time-only thing. It's not safe to do this and drive! So don't do it!"

The light turned green, and she had to bring her second hand back to the steering wheel. She also was a conscientious driver, so she went back to mostly just holding his shaft while the car was in motion. However, she could still subtly rub his sweet spot without moving her fingers much, and that's what she did.

They continued in silence like that until the next light. Then she used both hands again, aggressively jacking him off while fondling his balls. *I can't believe I'm doing this! What's wrong with me?! I promised myself this wouldn't happen. But his cock is just so thick and stiff and hot. It's like it NEEDS to be pleased! Besides, I can't let him go to school like this. It wouldn't be right! I have to get him to cum and traffic lights can help!*

But all too soon, the light changed again and she had to mostly focus on driving some more. Furthermore, she was frustrated because the distance to the school wasn't great, and there weren't any more red lights from where she was to there.

A minute later, she pulled into the school parking lot while still gripping his shaft. They were there early because they'd gone to the garage and left it early, so there weren't many people or cars around yet. In fact, there was almost no signs of anyone else because they were so early.

She didn't know what to do, and she felt stupid for arriving at this time. She muttered, "Damn cock! Cum, already!"

He heard that, and said, "Sorry. Just a little stroking isn't gonna do it. But if you'd use your mouth..."

She growled, "You'd like that, wouldn't you? Fat chance!"

While they were talking, she steered the Explorer to a remote corner of the parking lot instead of taking him right in front of the main school building. She quickly parked the car and turned it off.

To his great delight, she suddenly bent down over his crotch. His heart raced. His entire body tingled in anticipation, because he thought he was going to enjoy a blowjob.

But his delight was premature, because she merely brought her mouth close to his cockhead and started blowing on it. She was resolutely determined to get him to cum before school, and she was in a hurry because she didn't want to be seen like this. She didn't want to blow him, since she'd promised herself that she wasn't going to do that before school this morning, as part of her revised plan. She hoped that merely blowing on his most sensitive areas while continuing to fondle his cock and balls would arouse him enough to push him over the edge.

Normally, that would have been enough, eventually. But he sensed that he could hold out for more, so he struggled mightily not to cum.

She kept right on blowing sweet minty air on his most sensitive spots, from only an inch or two away. It was actually extremely arousing and effective.

But he still held out.

She thought, Dammit! I'm in a fix. I've been trying to make the point that I still have SOME willpower in Maggie mode. Now that I've started to suck him, it's not like I'm going to swallow his cock every time he snaps his fingers. Even though that would be super hot and slutty if I did! But it's so hard to make him cum! I kind of HAVE to use my mouth if I'm going to do it in a hurry, so we'll have time to talk.

Besides, he flattered me with so many compliments. And he means them! And I have to practice my sucking, because Hillary thinks I'm already an expert. She thinks I've been sucking him every day for months! If only!

Somehow, during his struggles, he managed to say, "Ma! Time's running out! The bell's gonna ring any minute now!"

That was an obvious lie. They both knew they still had twenty minutes, at least. But he was so horny he was ready to say just about anything.. "Please! Please! Have mercy! Can't you just suck on it a little?"

She seemed not to be listening. She goaded him, "Cum! Just give in! Cum!" Her mere act of speaking drove him wild, since she continued to breathe heavily on his shaft all the while.

He moaned desperately, "Ma! Please! Please! Just lick it a little. Just a little! Please! You're so close! Just one lick! That'll do the trick, for sure!"

The truth was, her blowing air on his hot and throbbing cock was driving her wild too, since it put her face in such close proximity to it. All she had to do was stick her tongue out and she would reach it, and that's exactly what she did.

Of course, she didn't stop with just one lick. Before she knew it, she was lapping up and down his sweet spot while her fingers continued to slide all over his shaft and balls.

He groaned lustily. "YEEESSSS! So good! Thanks, Ma!" But although he reveled in the erotic ecstasy, he still resolutely held out. His frequent and

prolonged masturbation sessions had built up his stamina, so he actually wasn't even that close to cumming yet.

Maggie's frustration grew as the time passed and all her fevered licking and stroking failed to get him to blow his load. *Fuck! I promised myself: no blowjobs this morning! But look at me. Fuck! Dammit, you big-cocked motherfucker! Why don't you cum already?! Knowing him, he's not going to cum for ages. What more do I have to do?!*

He's such a fucking stud! What stamina! If he tricks me into sucking him again, he totally deserves that win!

She lapped intently right on his sweet spot while her fingers repeatedly slid past on the other side, cupping his bulbous cockhead briefly before slipping down his soaked shaft all the way to the base, and then back up again. She expertly fondled his balls too. But her frustration grew that all of this combined still didn't seem to be enough.

She knew it was irrational, but she expected to hear the school bell at any moment. She also had fears of someone peering through the windshield. She even had a vision of someone tapping on the windshield and then taking a compromising picture of her with pre-cum and saliva on her chin right when she looked up.

Dammit! Cum! Cum, cum, CUM! Your beautiful, busty "Playmate of the Year" mother is licking your cock! I'm doing things no mother should ever do to her son. Wicked things! Naughty things! Is that not enough for you? And I'm loving it! That's the worst part. A part of me wants you to cum so bad, but another part wants this to last forever! Son, your cock is just too delicious!

At least I'm not bobbing on it yet. Er, I mean at all. That would be the final humiliation. But I might have to, if he doesn't cum soon. I mean, am I supposed to just spend the next several hours endlessly licking my son's mighty cock, while all of his classmates sit bored in class? Buck naked here in the parking lot the whole time, protected only by the tinted windows?!

Actually, that sounds seriously hot too! My mind is too perverted.

Oh, great. And now he's working on getting my blouse up again. I should'a figured! "Shy?" Ha! Shy, my ass!

Even though she was bending over, Nick managed to unbutton the remaining buttons on the front of her blouse, causing both halves in front to hang down free. That meant her big tits dangled down as well. He was intending to twist and turn her nipples next.

Had he succeeded in doing that, no doubt she would have gone absolutely wild all over his cock. But before he could really get started on that, he lost control. He thought he could last a lot longer, enough to get her to start sucking, but the pleasure of her cock licking in particular was greater than he'd anticipated. He held in his breath in his desperation to last a few more precious seconds, but he suddenly and loudly exhaled. Then he moaned, "Cumming! Gonna cum!"

Maggie acted immediately without thinking. She stretched her jaw wide and plunged her mouth over his cockhead. Worked up to a near frenzy of cock-hungry need, she began vigorously bobbing up and down while focusing still on the frenulum, his most sensitive sweet spot. At the same time, she started vigorously working on her clit so she could reach her own climax while he was still experiencing his.

She was just in time, because as soon as her lips were locked tightly around his shaft, he began firing ropes of cum onto the back of her throat. But she was a trooper and didn't stop her bobbing or even slow down. In fact, although her goal had simply been to cover the tip of his dick to prevent a cummy mess, now that she'd started fully sucking him off, she was bobbing just for the sheer joy of it.

She actually loved how difficult it was to even get and keep her lips stretched around him. The greater the challenge, the greater the reward when she succeeded in getting his cum - and she was getting all the cum she could handle now.

He clutched her head and groaned in seeming agony, as if he'd taken a bullet in the chest. Although it sounded like suffering, he was experiencing nothing but pure sexual joy.

Maggie loved it too, despite her humiliation at breaking her own rule. Without thinking much about it, her fingers kept on working her clit. She had a nice climax of her own, even as his cum was still rocketing into her mouth. She was thankful not to be wearing panties, because she was able to

directly and continually stimulate her clit, which prolonged her own orgasm well after all of his cum was emptied into her full mouth.

Time passed and his dick stayed hard. She kept right on bobbing.

She thought, Fuck! I forgot how he stays erect after the first time. I might as well keep going. It was cruel how I sent him to class with blue balls yesterday. I don't want to do that again.

God, listen to me! And look at me. I'm bending over my son's lap and bobbing on his cock with unabashed joy in the middle of the parking lot before school! How did my life come to this?! It wasn't that long ago when the fake girlfriend plan started, less than two full weeks. Now, every time I turn around, it seems his fat cock is sliding into my mouth! And I fucking LOVE IT! I'm talking like I'm deciding if I should keep going or not. As if! As if I could stop now! MMMM! I love it too much!

Time passed. Nick slowly recovered his energy after his orgasm. At first, he just sat there enjoying her talented oral efforts. But he was well aware of the fact that he'd managed to open her blouse. He couldn't really see her dangling boobs from where he sat, but it wasn't long before he was fondling them.

Once he got started twisting her nipples, Maggie went into cocksucking overdrive! She had been in more of a slow and savoring mode to prolong their mutual pleasure, since they still had plenty of time before school started. But she started to frantically bob her head up and down, while making slight twisting motions too. And yet she still managed to keep her tongue and hands busy on his privates too. Her great lust and love for her son was quickly turning her into a world-class cocksucker.

She thought, He says I'm a "wickedly talented cocksucker." That's not true, though! For starters, I'll bet there are a thousand different positions to suck him in, and I've only tried about three. But I'm going to make it so!

I'm got some severe competition! Hillary's a friend, and it's a friendly competition, but it's competition just the same. I can't have her suck him twice as good as I do. She's so sexually liberated, an unabashed "good slut," I'm sure she's a cocksucking demon! She probably knows how to deep throat, for instance. I don't have a clue! I have to step up my game, big time, before Anushka gives her permission for oral. It's clear we don't want

the normal boyfriend-girlfriend crap, we want to be total sluts for his cock! TOGETHER!

Oh, fuck me! That arouses me more than anything on this planet! That we're going to pleasure his cock so much, together! UNNNGH! Fuuuuuck! So hot! And she's so gorgeous! I'd love to see her completely naked again. If she was here with me now... both of us kneeling naked, side by side, his obedient sluts... UNGH! She moaned loudly as her mouth twisted this way and that around his pulsing pole.

Nick was determined to get Maggie naked. He continued to play with her nipples using one hand, and his other hand worked on yanking her miniskirt all the way off. It wasn't easy, due to the way she was sitting on it, but he eventually yanked it down to her knees.

But he didn't stop there. He bent way over and pulled it all the way off her legs. It briefly got caught up on one of her heels, but he kept tugging until it was completely free. Then he tossed the miniskirt into the back seat.

Maggie was annoyed, but she didn't care that much. She figured she could humor him on that, since the odds of anyone bending over the front windshield enough to see her nude lower body were less than a million to one. Besides, that would make it easier for her to play with her pussy when it came time to cum.

But he didn't stop there. With one hand still alternating between her nipples, his other hand worked on getting her blouse off. The problem was, he needed her cooperation to get the blouse down and off her arms.

Maggie was so totally consumed on her cocksucking pleasure that she didn't really pay attention to what he was doing. Feeling him pull her blouse down her arms was an annoyance, like a fly buzzing near one's ear. When he pulled one of her hands off his privates to complete the removal, and then the other, she went along with it. Finally, he got her blouse all the way off her.

But it was only after her blouse was tossed into the back of the SUV that it dawned on her, *HOLY FUCK! I'm buck naked! Again!*

Her mouth kept right on relentlessly bobbing, but she took her hands off his cock and balls and felt down her body to confirm. *God damn that motherfucker! I AM naked! Except my high heels, but a fuck lot of good*

that'll do me now! In fact, this nudity is too fucking hot, and the heels make it hotter! I should have never told him what those heels really mean to me. Oh God! It's a good thing I'm nude because my body is on fire!

She channeled a new surge of lusty desire into bobbing on his cock with an even greater fervor, and increased speed. She could no longer do her fancy tongue work, because her lips were locked tight and she was sliding down to near gag levels with each pass. In fact, she did tempt a little bit of gagging and choking, she was going so deep. But that was mostly an accident, since her sole goal was to get him to cum right away by any means necessary!

She would have succeeded too in another minute or two, except she heard a distant bell ringing.

That startled her into pulling off. She sat up, heedless of being seen, and wiped her chin of drool and cum. "Son! Did you hear that? I think that's your bell!"

"Don't worry about it," he replied, panting hard. "There's a bell five minutes before classes start, just to let us know the time is getting close. So please don't stop!"

She'd taken her hands off his cock, but she immediately resumed stroking him with one hand. And the same time, she leaned in towards him and asked suspiciously, "Really? I don't remember a bell like that. You're just saying that!"

With the way she was leaning forward, he couldn't resist holding her tits with both hands from below. For once, rather than aggressively knead them, he just caressed them and marveled at their wonderful shape and size. "It's true! Look around. There's no way all these people can be late."

She'd forgotten about looking through the tinted windows. People couldn't see in, but she definitely could see out. She quickly realized that the parking lot looked exactly like it should five minutes before class, with plenty of cars coming in and kids casually walking to the school building.

She was momentarily seized by fear, when she realized that she was sitting up. However, she assessed the situation and realized she was probably okay. People parked in the closest empty space to the main school building available, whereas she'd parked the SUV on the other side of the parking lot

to get the most privacy. Luckily, the windshield was pointed away from the school, and there was a row of tall hedges a short distance in front of the SUV.

She felt compelled to duck down nonetheless. But she forced herself not to. She wouldn't admit it to herself, but the danger of the situation was turning her on to a great degree. Besides, she was aware that if they did get caught, it would add to Nick's studly reputation. She remembered her fake driver's license, and she was glad she had it with her, just in case.

She thought, *Wow! If it's true about that bell, and I'm sure it is, I've been stroking or sucking his cock for a good half hour! Mostly sucking! 'Cos that's about how long ago we left the garage. And yet it's still not enough! I'm so sad our time is almost up!*

However, she realized it would probably be prudent to at least put her blouse on. She wanted to wear it while leaving the front wide open, so Nick could keep on playing with her highly sensitive tits.

She looked around. As she brought a second hand back over to better jack him off, she said, "Okay. Maybe we're not in that much of a rush, but we still need to hurry. Where's my blouse?!"

He bashfully nodded to the back of the SUV. Since he hadn't put the seats back up last night, the back two-thirds of the SUV was still flattened. Most of the pillows from last night were scattered in back too.

She saw her blouse and miniskirt there, and sighed heavily with exasperation. "What is WRONG with you?! Why do you always have to see my body totally naked?" She wasn't nearly as annoyed as that might have sounded though, more chagrined.

"I don't know," he replied honestly. "I just do. I get so horny that I can't help myself! You look SO GOOD in the nude, with your all-over golden tan and everything. It's wrong for you to wear clothes! It's like you need to be naked!"

She huffed with annoyance as she crawled between the car seats to get to the back. Her blouse had happened to land all the way on the other side of the car.

However, she was secretly thrilled at the fetish he had to see her naked all the time. *I can see what he means, actually. I do feel that pull, that "need,"*

even. When I see that overjoyed look on his face whenever he ogles me in just my high heels, it melts my heart and makes me all giddy and dizzy!

Nick immediately crawled in behind her.

She reached the blouse but she didn't have a chance to put it on, because she found herself lying down, with her son on top of her!

It may have seemed like Nick was being even more aggressive than usual, but he wasn't really. Maggie had been 99 percent certain when she went to get her blouse that this would happen. She'd even wiggled her bare ass provocatively as she crawled, hoping to entice him.

Still, she acted put out. She said in a chagrined voice as he sat up on her chest, "Just what do you think you're doing, young man?" But she wasn't as upset as she pretended to be. His cock was resting between her tits, in perfect position for a titfuck. Before he even had a chance to answer, she held her tits from the outer sides and pushed them together.

He grimaced a little when he felt his boner enveloped by soft yet tightly squeezing tit-flesh. However, the grimace was from great pleasure, not any pain. He gathered his wits, and answered, "Sorry, Ma, you just get me-"

She finished for him, "'So horny.' I know. I've kind of noticed." She still sounded peeved, but she was loving it. "Well, don't just sit there! Fuck my tits already! Fuck 'em good!"

Indeed, he started to fuck her tits.

She thought, *YEEESSSSS! That hits the spot! God, I love him so much! My son!*

However, Maggie wasn't satisfied with "mere" titfucking, especially with time running out. She craned her head down to fit as much of his cockhead in her mouth as she could. She even grabbed a pillow and put it under her head to help with the angle. But being able to bob on just a few inches didn't cut it compared to what she'd been doing before the interruption. Even though she managed to slip her lips past his wide crown, thanks to her earlier practice with this difficult position, it still wasn't as good.

She suddenly stopped sliding her huge, tanned tits up and down either side of his shaft, and said, "We don't have time for this! Sit up higher! I want you to fuck my face!"

He didn't need to be asked twice. He loved a titfuck, especially with the added oral action, but a full-on "face fuck" sounded even better! With his mother's quick assistance, he sat up at just the right spot so his cock could go deep in her mouth while still allowing her to breathe through her nose.

She went right back to sucking on his cock. She was very mindful of the fact that the clock was ticking. If they heard the bell again, that would be too late, since he needed to be in the classroom by then. She figured she only had a minute or two, at best. As a result, she went all out.

Nick didn't really get to fully "fuck her face," because he had to keep his cock relatively still, so she could bob on in with a fevered passion. If he tried to move too vigorously, he could have slammed into the back of her mouth in a painful way. But he did manage to thrust a little bit forward and back, and it was glorious. It wasn't that necessary though, because she was going absolutely wild on him.

As mentioned previously, Maggie had given Andy some blowjobs, but only rarely, usually on birthdays and anniversaries. But she'd been reluctant and uninspired virtually every time. Besides, Andy's penis was so much smaller than Nick's that it was like a different body part altogether. So she almost felt like a "blowjob virgin," effectively starting only in the last couple of days.

However, she was learning very fast. As difficult as it was to even get Nick's thick pole in her mouth, she loved every second of it! She had no trouble staying energized and inspired, even if she was bobbing with blinding speed, like she was now.

She should have managed to make him cum in only a minute or so. She thought that he'd be cumming at any second, so she started to finger her clit in anticipation of letting go with her own orgasm at the same time he did.

But Nick was loving the experience so much that he didn't want it to end. He forgot all about being late for school, or that they were in a school parking lot. Even if he would have remembered, he wouldn't have cared. He clenched and clenched, and held on for dear life! Sweat was flying off his brow. He was flying into orbit!

As a result, they were still going at it when the bell rang again. That meant his class was actually starting at that very moment.

Nick felt bad about that. He'd been on the very cusp of climaxing anyway, so when he heard the bell, he stopping fighting it. In what seemed like a blink of an eye after that, he started cumming into the back of Maggie's mouth!

She would have much preferred him to cum on her face or tits, because she'd come to love that so much. That was doubly true since he'd cum in her mouth the first time. Also, she didn't really have much say in the matter, due to the way he was sitting on her. But her desire for a facial was so strong that instead of reaching around him for her clit to have a big orgasm, she pushed back against his T-shirt-covered chest with both hands.

She didn't push that hard, but he got the message. He scooted back a few inches. It wasn't much, but it was enough for his cock to slide out of her mouth.

She closed her eyes and basked in the glory as his cum splattered everywhere, getting shot out from almost "point blank" range. Even though he'd started in her mouth, he still had plenty left to fire out. She kept her mouth closed too because she already had enough on her tongue.

With her face getting thoroughly spermed, there was nothing stopping her from cumming too. She began frigging her clit after all. Then she simply mentally let go and went off like a bomb.

Nick had been relatively quiet during his orgasm, like he usually did. He huffed and puffed, and moaned and groaned, but he didn't scream.

Maggie, however, definitely screamed! That was potentially dangerous, since many cars had entered the parking lot as the start of school had drawn closer. She simply couldn't contain herself. She felt so much overwhelming euphoria and arousal that it was like she had to scream it to the whole world!

Luckily, the fact that they were late meant those cars had nearly all come and gone. Besides, they were parked well away from everyone else to begin with.

After Nick's orgasm came to an end, he continued to just sit on her chest and watch her as her body trembled and writhed underneath him. He truly loved to see her cum, just about as much as he loved to cum himself. And seeing her cum with half of his latest cum load splooged across her face

made him so happy that he might well have screamed out loud too, for the sheer joy of it.

Seeing that she was finally calming down as her orgasm petered out, he scooted further down her. He had been sitting on her big tits, but he wanted to play with them some more instead.

Maggie, though, wasn't having it. She'd been feeling panicky since she'd heard the bell. Now that her orgasm was subsiding, she was feeling guilty too for making him late. Although she was woozy and weak from her big climax, she tried to push his chest again to get him off her. "That was the damn bell! You're late!"

"Yeah, I know. I should probably go now, huh?" He said that, but he didn't sound hurried. He seemed more interested in running his hands all over her boobs again.

She was so frustrated that she waved her fists in the air, despite been totally wiped out. "Go! Now! SCHOOL! You need to RUN!"

"Damn. You're right." He still seemed lackadaisical. It wasn't that he didn't want to hurry to school, but his body was wiped out too. However he at least managed to move off her.

She sat up and frantically waved her hands, trying to inspire movement. "Don't worry about that now. Go! Go! Git! Do I have to kick your ass from here to the school door?"

"Oh, man!" He reluctantly found his shorts. Luckily, he'd tossed them into the back too.

As he started to put his shorts on, she asked, "Why aren't you wearing underwear today, anyway?"

He thought about asking her that same question in response, but they were out of time. "You suggested that to me yesterday, remember? And Hillary suggested it before that. I've been going without for a while."

"Oh yeah." Her thinking wasn't at her best, since she was in a post-orgasmic, lusty daze. She found her blouse and started putting it on.

"Besides, I dunno. I guess... I'm feeling a kind of power from my penis. Women use their boobs and asses and other body parts as kind of weapons of persuasion, so I figure why can't I? I get these intense boners during

school thinking about you and Hillary, and my shorts don't hide them much. Hillary notices sometimes and, believe me, she's interested. Plus, it feels good to be free down there. Like I said, it gives me a sense of power, of confidence."

Maggie found that answer interesting. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm beginning to wonder if there's such a thing as you getting TOO confident. If you get any more confident, you're gonna drown the whole school's female population in cum!"

He chuckled at that. He'd left his sneakers in the front passenger seat, so he crawled back into that seat to put them on.

She had been making herself presentable too, actually moving with greater urgency than he did, even though she wasn't the one who had to get to class. She got her miniskirt back on and then crawled back into the driver's seat.

As he was still tying his shoes, she started the SUV. She realized they were so far from the school building that it would be fastest if she drove him the rest of the way there.

She zoomed across the parking lot and came to a sudden stop at the front of the main school building. The area had been a hive of activity when she'd last looked around five minutes ago, but now it was totally deserted. She felt guilty about that. "Here you are. We'll talk about that later. This is where I should have parked in the first place. I'm too weak. Now, shoo!"

"Ma, I mean Maggie, you're not weak; you're awesome! I love you!" He leaned forward and kissed her.

However, she leaned back, making sure he could only kiss her cheek. She didn't want to get started all over again, especially in such a prominent location. She grumbled, "I kinda love you too, even though you drive me crazy with your rampant lust." But she smiled widely, showing that she much more than just "kinda" loved him.

Nick wanted to say more, and especially thank her profusely for making him cum twice with her talented mouth. But they didn't have time for long good-byes.

Picking up his backpack, he closed the door and ran into the school. At least, he ran as best he could considering he was still shaking off the wearying effect of his latest orgasm.

She watched him trot away, and shook her head in wonder. *I can't believe I just did that. So much for my planned willpower demonstration. It's more like I got schooled in the power of superior cock! That damn boner of his. It's nothing but trouble! I wonder if it'll EVER go down?*

As she drove away, her thoughts were already turning to what would happen when she picked him up after school. *Knowing him, his dick will be stiff as a steel bar when he walks out of school. I'm gonna have to use Hillary as a kind of shield to make sure things don't spiral out of control again, especially in somewhere like the school parking lot.*

Even then, I have a sneaking suspicion I'm gonna wind up with all my clothes off and his cock down my throat!

Chapter 29: Jealousy at School (Friday)

Maggie felt some guilt after going home. She felt particularly bad about being partly to blame for Nick being late to class. She thought that wouldn't have happened if she'd been more honest with herself.

Once she was back home, she went jogging around the neighborhood as part of her exercise routine. As she did so, she ruminated, *I knew deep down that I was going to end up with my sweet lips wrapped around Nick's thick cock before he left for class. That whole "willpower demonstration" idea was bullshit. Why did I kept pretending otherwise?*

I should have allotted even more time in the morning, because I'm learning that it truly takes two orgasms for Nick's cock to finally go flaccid, pretty much every time. He's that much of a studly cocksman!

And furthermore, why rush? God knows I love it, so why not take the time to do it right, and fully enjoy it? We should have gone to the garage half an hour earlier. At least! Then I should have taken off all my clothes, lain down in the comfy back of the SUV, and let him fuck my face! For real! Next time, I want him to give me a serious face fucking, where he does all the thrusting!

Leaving to the garage that early wasn't realistic, due to the time Andy expected breakfast. She was more fantasizing about that than being practical.

She searched her feelings. *Hmmm. It's curious. I feel guilty about what happened, damn guilty. Not so much for making him late, and the second time since school began, no less. That's small potatoes. No, I feel bad about turning into such a shameless slut for my son, and in such a short time! I know it's wrong, dead wrong, not to mention illegal. But the thing is, I know that, and I'm not even thinking of stopping anymore. I'll just have to live with the guilt and the shame and the humiliation. In a weird way, it makes everything that much MORE arousing, knowing that he's turned me into his personal cocksucker!*

She searched her feelings some more as she jogged down a quiet suburban street. *Hell yeah, that's a turn-on! My son knows what he wants and he knows how to get it! He says the fake girlfriend scheme is all about winning*

Hillary, but I'll bet he was scheming to get my lips around his cock monster all the while. And boy, did he succeed!

I can't even think about this stuff too much while jogging like this, or I'm going to have to sneak behind some bushes and masturbate!

Okay, I'm not going to do that, as tempting as it actually sounds. The thing is, I HAVE to maintain some perspective and willpower here. Yes, he's got me addicted to his cock now. I can't help that anymore. But this still is a doomed relationship in the long run. I can never stop being his mother, no matter how hard I long to be Maggie instead of Margaret. I can never allow him to go all the way with me. I do have to keep the "hand-over" in mind, eventually. Sure, he and I can have lots of fun, with Hillary in threesomes too, but at the end of the day, this is about hooking him up with Hillary. I have to enjoy every moment while it lasts, because it's not going to last forever!

She felt like a great weight was lifted from her shoulders once she came to that realization and stopped trying to fight enjoying her Maggie role so much. As a result, later in the morning when she was sunbathing in the nude on the sun roof, she masturbated nearly the whole time.

Most of her thoughts were centered on what might happen in the afternoon. She had fantasies of spending the entire afternoon in Hillary's room, sharing Nick's cock with her, and the two of them taking turns bobbing on it! Thoughts of threesomes with Hillary aroused her even more than any daydreams of her and him alone. She climaxed again and again and again.

She had to be mindful not to stay out in the sun for more than an hour. She had a carefully timed tanning schedule to make sure she deepened her tan, and especially got rid of her paler spot where her bush has been, without getting sunburned or too tanned.

But there was still more time to kill until Nick's school day ended, so she went shopping for more sexy clothes and accessories, including still more high heels. That helped the time pass. Plus, she had almost no clothes of her own from before that truly qualified as sexy, since she'd been much more focused on covering up and not drawing attention to her voluptuous body.

She spent the time after lunch working on her backstory novella. She accomplished a couple of hours of work on that. It helped keep her mind

occupied, so she didn't get too excited and anxious about seeing Nick in Maggie mode again soon.

She knew her sexual relationship with Nick might not last. In fact, at any time Hillary could announce that she wanted to be Nick's exclusive girlfriend, and that she was getting too serious with him to share, so he had to choose, her or Maggie. If that happened, Maggie felt she would have to do the responsible thing and step aside.

Even so, Maggie had experienced a sexual awakening. She was determined that she'd never go back to how she was before. If it wasn't with Nick, she'd find someone else who was hopefully at least nearly as sexually satisfying as he was. (Although, she couldn't believe she could find someone as good or better. No man even remotely interested her but her son.)

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Nick's day at school proceeded like usual. He was getting in a good groove with his classes and doing fairly well, despite all of his highly sexual distractions. It helped that he was a very smart person. Even his gifted classes didn't challenge him that much, though the three-hour block of Advanced Studies program classes certainly did.

Nick and Hillary were on the way to the start of that Advanced Studies block when they stopped in the hallway to talk. Most of their classes were close to each other, and all on the same first floor of the main school building, so it typically only took a minute or so to get from one class to another, yet they had a five-minute break between classes. So they were getting in the habit of lingering in the hallway so they could talk in private.

Nick said to her, "Hey, Hillary, I've got an idea."

"What's that?"

"I like sitting at a lunch table with you and the others every day. But, since you and I are becoming closer and closer, wouldn't it be nice if we could just eat by ourselves every now and then?"

Hillary looked around to make sure nobody was listening. Already, this conversation was entering dangerous territory, since they were only supposed to be friends, and he was hinting about how they were lovers too. She quietly told him, "That would be nice, but there are several problems with that. One, where?"

He pointed out, "A lot of people take their food outside and sit on the grass. Especially if it's a nice day. I'm sure you've seen what I'm talking about."

"I have. But if we do that, what happens when some of our regular lunch bunch simply up and join us? I can see it now. They'll say 'nice idea for a change' and not even realize we were trying to ditch them."

"Hmmm." He frowned. He could imagine that too. To simply tell those students to leave them alone to give them some privacy would cause problems. So instead he suggested, "What if we go further away, then? Somewhere that's not out in the open so we can talk in private. Especially today, there's a lot I want to talk to you about."

She stared at him skeptically. "Is this about Spencer?"

"Kind of," he admitted. Actually, it was most about Spencer. "I have to admit... I don't want to sound all jealous, but I'm curious why he had to meet you after school."

"Oh, that. It was nothing. You know how I went to his house and ended up borrowing some of his records? Well, we talked about some that he didn't have, but a friend of his had. He said then that he would meet me later - what turned out to be after school yesterday - to pass the records on to me. To be honest, I'd forgotten all about it. But I couldn't blow him off after he'd done a nice favor like that."

Nick thought, *Typical! Once again, Spencer uses his wealthy resources to further worm his way into her heart! How can I compete with that? He's got all sorts of top condition vinyl records, and I don't even have a record player!*

He said, "Ah. I see." He couldn't resist looking unhappy.

She looked around carefully again, to double check they were alone. "I know he bugs you, but trust me, Spencer is a nice guy. I've asked around, to people who have known him a long time. Yes, he's got ulterior motives, but he's harmless."

She whispered very carefully and extra quietly, "You're the only guy I care for in that way! Need I remind you what happened then? I was secretly jacking you off, with Maggie, in the school parking lot! The two of us stroking you in tandem! Whereas I talked to Spencer for a little while and

borrowed some records from him. Now, would you rather change places with him?!"

"Of course not!"

"Good! That's the last thing I want too. In fact, I'm so hot for you, that's the reason we can't eat lunch alone."

He frowned in confusion. "I don't follow."

She couldn't resist giving him a sexy smile, even though they were in the crowded school hallway. She continued to speak very quietly. "Do you recall a certain incident that took place in a certain girl's bathroom not far from here? Or another incident that a certain storage room right here in this very hallway?"

He couldn't resist smiling in fond memory.

She looked around yet again to make sure the coast was clear. She continued in her careful whisper, "If we get alone, how long will it be before we're kissing? And then how much longer before you're taking my clothes off?"

He joked, also very quietly, "Hey, in my defense, I feel like I have to do my part on behalf of all the nerdy guys who get the 'hot girl' all the world around. They're rooting for me! And you look so gorgeous naked, with your all-over tan and hardbody, that it's a crime against humanity for you to wear clothes anywhere, at any time. I'm just trying to prevent a grave injustice!"

She laughed, then did another double check to make sure there were safe. Then she stared at him with a narrowed, sultry gaze. "You're a case! You can't talk like that in school. Too dangerous! Besides, you're making me want to sneak off to the storage room right now!"

"Hmmm..." He looked down the hallway. The door to that room actually was in sight.

She groaned in frustration. "Don't encourage me! Come on. Our time is up. Let's get to class."

They resumed walking into the class, since the hallway was rapidly emptying out as the bell was due to ring soon.

But she added, "So, when it comes to lunch, we'll just keep doing as we're doing, okay? It serves an important function to talk to all those other

people, stay well liked, and stay on top of the school gossip. That's very important to me, because I've learned the hard way that other girls are often very jealous of my looks and will look for any opening to tear me down unless I make a concerted effort to be nice to all of them pretty much all the time. Besides, we have plenty of chances to talk on the phone and meet in person after school. But lunch is the best time by far for that social networking stuff."

He conceded, "I suppose. I just wish one certain guy wasn't there every damn day."

Hillary laughed. "You're super jealous! How cute!"

They'd reached the door to their next class, and the bell was due to ring at any moment. But just before they went inside, she leaned towards him and whispered right in his ear, "I can't wait to get you alone and show you just how much you mean to me, and how little Spencer means to me. I especially can't wait to suck your cock!" Then she went inside, obliging him to follow.

By the time Nick took his seat and the bell rang a few moments later, he had a very stiff erection.

With Hillary sitting right next to him, she could see his new bulge under his table while he was protecting his lap so nobody else could.

He looked over at her, then down to his crotch, then back to her again. He whispered, amused by chagrined, "Curses! Nice timing. Thanks a lot!"

Her eyes sparkled with mischief. She chortled, but also at a whisper. "Bwa-ha-ha-ha! I'm evil!"

It took a good five minutes of focusing on the teacher before Nick's erection finally went away.

At lunch later, Nick did his best to tolerate Spencer, made worse by the fact that he happened to be sitting right next to him that day.

He was finding it increasingly difficult to even pretend to be friendly to Spencer. So, as he was doing more and more, he left Spencer to mostly talk to Hillary, while he talked to the others at the table.

Slowly but surely, he was becoming friends with some of his table mates, especially now that just who sat at their table was stabilizing into the same

"lunch bunch," as Hillary called them. There was very little overlap between the Advanced Studies students and the regulars at their lunch table. The Advanced Studies were mostly intellectual and overtly, stereotypically nerdy looking and acting. Whereas the lunch table was mostly made up of "cool" people, the members of what Nick thought of as the "beautiful people."

A large majority of those were beautiful girls, who seemed to flock around Hillary like she was a queen holding court because she was the "fairest in the land." Hillary didn't encourage that, but she didn't discourage it either. Clearly, she saw value in staying on the good side of those at the top of the school's social ladder, in part by occupying a high position herself.

That had one an ironic effect, because Hillary had gotten jealous when Nick started making a point of getting to know the school's most beautiful girls. But now, she was essentially helping him get to know beautiful girls through the lunch table, ironically including many of the very same girls she'd been upset that he'd been talking to!

However, things had changed for Nick and Hillary so that wasn't a big deal anymore. Their relationship was growing stronger day by day, both sexually and just as friends. Thus, Hillary didn't feel as threatened by other beautiful girls. Secondly, Nick was friendly with those other girls at the table, but he didn't flirt with them in any way, and Hillary saw that. Third, word that he was dating Maggie had gotten around, so the other girls weren't trying to flirt with him either.

Plus, even though those girls knew about Maggie, they also could see that Nick and Hillary were close, and if they did try to flirt with Nick at the lunch table, Hillary would often notice and give them a sharp, displeased look.

This led to some very curious speculation by those who were friends or associates of Hillary. Hillary still hadn't told anyone she was dating Anushka, so it was assumed that she wasn't dating at all. The generally accepted scuttlebutt was that Hillary had quickly developed a crush on Nick shortly after the new school year began, but they couldn't date because he was dating Maggie already. So she was befriending him more and more and biding her time so she could move in if and when he and Maggie broke up. It made a lot of sense.

Ironically, one upshot of all that was it made Nick more popular and desirable, without him doing anything new. Other girls assumed that if he was dating the likes of Maggie, while the likes of Hillary were willing to wait for him to be free to date, he must be a truly remarkable catch. So his fake girlfriend scheme was still very much having a big effect.

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Maggie really outdid herself when she arrived in Andy's green Explorer to pick Nick up that afternoon. She'd worn a sexy outfit on the way to school, and Nick assumed she'd be wearing it again. But she was wearing a brand new outfit (bought earlier in the day) that was even sexier somehow. And that was an impressive visual accomplishment, because while her top was more revealing, her skirt was much less so. She knew Hillary would be there, so she felt too exposed wearing one of her new micro miniskirts. This one had a typical skirt length, ending well down her thighs.

Maggie knew Nick's preferences, as well as what her best physical assets were. The main attraction of her outfit was the plunging cleavage that her top showed off. However, mindful that Hillary would be there, she wore a bra and panties this time. She remembered Hillary's talk about being a "good slut," but she figured there was still a difference between that and being too slutty in public places.

Maggie was leaning against the Ford Explorer when Nick and Hillary came walking out of the school building together. She'd parked right in front, wanting everyone to see her with her "boyfriend" Nick this time. She looked extra cool wearing dark sunglasses.

Full of confidence and lusty swagger, Nick walked right up to Maggie, took her sunglasses off, and put them in his pocket. Then, still without a word, he kissed her on the lips.

Maggie had been waiting all day for this very moment. In the morning, she'd exercised extra vigorously again to burn off excess sexual energy, but it seemed she remained horny no matter how tired she got. She was totally wired, like she'd just drunk a coffee shop dry of coffee.

She didn't want to break any new barriers "beyond" cocksucking. Instead, she'd decided to enjoy the things she did allow herself to do with her son to the absolute fullest. That included savoring kissing and fondling with him too. So she gave him a kiss that showed just how much she loved him and

how much she carnally desired him. Within seconds, their necking turned hot and steamy. Their heads twisted this way and that as they both tried to find the best angle of approach.

Meanwhile, Nick's hands went straight to his mother's big breasts and he began to fondle them with abandon. But, in deference to the fact that the two of them were in such a public place, he kept his hands on the outside of her clothes. Meanwhile, her hands went straight to kneading his ass cheeks. He'd made a point of wearing thin shorts as well as his now usual no underwear. That made it a lot easier for her to explore and enjoy, but she also kept her hands outside his clothes.

Hillary stood right next to them, wishing more and more with each passing second that she was in Maggie's place. Actually, she would have been just as glad to be in Nick's place too. Her nipples popped to full hardness and her panties started to grow moist. She loved how none of them had said a word yet, not even a simple "hi" or "hey."

Even as she kept staring at them as they fondled and kissed, she considered her situation with Nick. She was beginning to think that she'd seriously underestimated him. Not only was he was a very desirable catch indeed, he was probably the most desirable boy in the junior grad now, if not the entire high school.

She knew the relationship she was developing with him was unorthodox, to say the least. Submissively pleasuring him and his cock seemed to be what kept happening again and again. She didn't consider herself sexually submissive. But with Nick, the sexual excitement and sheer physical pleasure she experienced was so great each time that she didn't much care how atypical their relationship was. The fact that Maggie interacted with him in the exact sort of way helped make it acceptable in her eyes.

Due to her great beauty, plus her many other charms, Hillary was used to her dates, both boys and girls, fawning all over her and always striving to please her, just to keep her. To have the tables essentially turned with Nick was strangely appealing and even exhilarating. She was enjoying having to stay on her toes due to the friendly competition with Maggie in particular.

She'd noticed lately that Debra had been eying Nick with increasing interest, even though Hillary's own physical presence near him usually kept

Debra at bay. She and Debra had actually never said a word of anger to each other, but she was glad that Debra seemed to be almost scared of her.

Also, he didn't realize it, but they largely ate with the same group at lunch each day, and most of the others at her table were beautiful girls. She had seen growing interest towards him from some of them as the week went on, as his reputation mainly due to his association with Maggie and herself continued to spread.

She resolved to use her ample physical charms to wow him, and fast, before some other stunning beauty like Debra got to him. But she was so eager that she would have done that anyway.

She kept looking around as the other students came out of the main school entrance. She smirked and smiled proudly when she saw their surprise and interest at the way Nick and Maggie made out. Although she felt jealous of Maggie and longed to be in her place right now, she also considered herself part of their team. She hoped she'd be able to solidify the exact nature of her relationship to them soon, but she definitely felt part of an intimate threesome.

Eventually, the passionate kissing between mother and son wound down, although Maggie kept her hands on Nick's ass and he kept his hands on her tits, and they both seemed to be wiggling against each other a little bit.

Maggie finally looked past Nick and acknowledged Hillary. "Howdy, girl! How's it going?" She had a big smile for her, because she was delighted to see her again.

"Good, but not as good as with you, obviously." Hillary laughed.

Maggie grinned. "Yeah, thanks to Nick." She waved Hillary closer, and then closer still, until Hillary practically had her head close enough to touch Maggie's. Then she said in a conspiratorial voice, "After all you saw at the movies last Friday night, I figure I can tell you this. You know what he's doing to me right now?"

"What?"

"Well, he's twisting my nipples, obviously. I love that, even if you don't, and damn this top and bra getting in the way. But more than that, he's grinding his hard cock monster into me! It feels soooo good!"

Indeed he was, into her lower abdomen, although his shorts and her skirt were obviously in the way of that. A wet spot was growing on his shorts and another smaller spot was forming where he was rubbing her skirt. On top of that, her pussy was literally dripping, she was so wet.

Hillary was already so horny that she couldn't stand it. She wanted to tear Maggie away from him and take her place, so she could feel his big cock grinding into her. She asked in a tiny voice, "Um, Maggie? When you and Nick are done kissing, would you mind if I give him a kiss too? A real kiss?"

Maggie acted scandalized. "What would Anushka think?"

"Oh, she's already allowed me to do that much, and then some."

Maggie looked around, even as she and Nick continued to fondle and grind into each other. There were many people coming out of school. "I'd love for you to kiss him, but what about everybody else? That could cause a school scandal of sorts, especially if you're not willing to make any commitments yet."

Hillary stomped her foot in frustration, setting off a magnificent tit-quake under her "Dark Side of the Moon" black T-shirt. "Damn!" She added, "By the way, that's one reason why I wanted to meet with both of you today, to talk about commitments."

Maggie looked around, and then said to Hillary, "Well, we do need to talk about that, and this isn't a good place for it. I've got an idea. Get in the car."

Hillary saw that Maggie had come in a Ford Explorer, and she was very unhappy about that. She considered SUVs to be one of the biggest destroyers of the environment in the US. But the nature of her relationship with Nick in particular was in limbo. She decided to hold her tongue about criticizing his family SUV until that was settled.

Nick and Maggie hopped in the SUV, with Maggie getting in the driver's seat and Nick sitting in the front passenger seat.

Hillary wasn't sure what she should do. She peered through the tinted windows and saw just enough to notice that the back seats had been folded flat. She asked, "Um, where should I sit?"

Nick said, "Oh, sorry." He started to get up to open the side door and fix the back seats. But then he had a better idea. "Hey! I know! Why don't you sit

in my lap? I doubt we'll be going far in any case."

"Okay!" That sounded like a great idea to Hillary. She immediately got in and settled on his lap.

Although Nick had gotten sexually intimate with Hillary three times already, he didn't feel like he could take the same liberties with her that he could with Maggie, at least not yet. Besides, they were still in the school parking lot, and other people might see. So, while he longed to run his hands over her big breasts, either inside or outside her T-shirt, he restrained himself and just wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Where are we going?" Hillary asked. She could feel Nick's thick boner under her ass. Although it was still trapped inside his shorts, she deliberately wiggled down on it in a rather ostentatious effort to "make herself comfortable."

"I dunno," Maggie said. "I'm just driving." Actually, she was in the driver's seat, but she hadn't started the engine yet. "I don't have a plan. I'm just thinking we can go somewhere private so Nick can kiss you properly, and then we can have that talk. Got any ideas?"

"What about your place?" Hillary continued to fidget. Nick's boner was resting over his left thigh by now, making it easier for her to grind down on it. She was doing that with gusto.

She didn't care if Maggie saw. In fact, she hoped that she did. She was confident she would approve.

"No, never there," Maggie said emphatically. Pangs of guilt shot through she as she thought about just why they couldn't use her place. It could be an absolute disaster, with Andy home all the time.

Hillary was too distracted with her grinding on Nick's lap to question why Maggie's place was off limits (although Maggie and Nick had worked out excuses to keep her away). She also shivered lustily, because Nick was running his hands over her tummy. Even through her T-shirt, he had a naturally talented touch.

She asked, "My place?"

Maggie had definitely noticed Hillary's grinding and fidgeting from the very start. She didn't say anything about it, but to make sure Hillary

understood she approved, she smiled as she stared at Hillary's writhing hip movement. Then she high-fived her.

Just to be completely sure, Hillary asked her, "You don't mind that I'm doing this?"

"Mind? Hell no! I love that you're so passionate about pleasuring his cock. Just don't do it so obviously until we're driven out of the parking lot, okay? There are still some people milling about, and I'm the one who's supposed to be his girlfriend."

"Right." Hillary tried to lessen her overt grinding motion, at least until they were out of the parking lot.

Maggie still hadn't answered the question about possibly going to Hillary's house. She was about to approve the idea, but Hillary suddenly said, "Oh shit! I just remembered that my mom's home, and she has a handyman over, working on some plumbing stuff, I think. She told me I'm not even supposed to get naked today."

Nick joked, "We can't have that." He was finding his circumstance of having Hillary in his lap and grinding down on his boner too arousing to handle. He knew he wasn't supposed to, but he reached inside Hillary's T-shirt and worked on getting her bra off.

Maggie saw that and rolled her eyes with wry amusement. "We'd better pick somewhere fast, or you'll end up naked before we even leave the parking lot. And I'm not kidding!"

Hillary asked Nick, "Do you have any ideas?"

"Unfortunately, no." He might have, but he was too distracted to think. Hillary had just found a way to repeatedly press down on his boner and then release the pressure without actually moving much, and she was using it.

"What about somewhere close?" Maggie asked. "Is there anywhere that's just a block or two away, so you can get back to your bike easily?" Ironically, although the Explorer was much bigger than the Prius, it didn't have a bike rack, and putting a bike inside the back could leave grease stains.

Hillary suggested, "Um, well... Hey, I've got an idea! What about the library?"

Nick asked, "What, you mean the local branch that was shut down a while back due to the big budget cuts?"

He'd managed to get her bra off, and he was already fondling her big globes from inside her shirt. He knew he was supposed to wait until they'd left the school area, but her T-shirt was mostly black, and he figured that if he kept his hands mostly still no one would notice. Hillary certainly didn't seem to mind.

Hillary replied, "That's the one. They're going to put in a mini-shopping center there I hear, which is a shame, but that'll take a while. Right now, it's just sitting empty. We could just park in the parking lot there, and nobody will know or care. And we have these great tinted windows."

Maggie liked the sound of that, mostly because she wanted to be somewhere fast. "Let's try that, then." She frowned at Nick's hands. "But, Sport, seriously, take your hands out and keep them out until we're on the main street. Let's not cause a scandal."

"Awww, shucks." He reluctantly pulled his hands out from under Hillary's shirt.

Hillary laughed. "Maggie, he's like an insatiable octopus, but in the best way."

Maggie started the SUV and began driving it. "You're telling me! You should have seen what he did to me this morning before school!"

"Oooh! Tell me about it!" Although she'd heard the basics from Nick earlier, she wanted to hear more, and from a different point of view.

"I can't! If I do, I'm gonna get too horny to even drive! Let's just say that only one of his cum loads ended up on my face."

"Oooh! Intriguing!" Hillary was truly intrigued with that tantalizing tidbit, which Nick hadn't mentioned, but she decided not to ask more about it right then. Instead, she had a more pressing question. "By the way, what do you think we'll do? Talk, or play around, or what?"

Maggie asked in return, "You said you want to talk, right?"

"I do. But I'd also love to play around." As Hillary said that, she saw that Maggie was already driving the car from the school grounds to the nearby

main street. She started grinding on Nick's cock in a much more blatant and effective manner. She was glad the old library was very close by.

Nick immediately put his hands back under her T-shirt, since he also saw they were out of the school grounds, and he felt protected by the tinted windows, as well as the way the SUV rode higher than nearly all other cars in traffic.

He suggested, "There's no reason we can't do a little bit of both."

He began running his hands all over her huge tits. But he remembered that Hillary didn't enjoy the same kind of nipple twisting and aggressive kneading that Maggie did, so he attempted to use a lighter touch.

Hillary chuckled. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? And it looks like you're already getting started!"

"I am," he said unabashedly.

Maggie chuckled too. "It's a good thing we're only going a short distance. I just hope we get there before a full-on orgy breaks out!"

After some more laughter from all three of them, she added, "Hillary, as to your question, it sure looks like we're gonna do both! There's no stopping this guy and his raging cock monster!"

"Okay," Hillary said, her voice dripping with desire. "I'm all in favor of that. But there are important things to talk about, so let's not get so distracted we don't get to them."

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A minute or so later, they made it to the library parking lot Hillary had mentioned. Maggie found a good spot that was far from all the other cars and shaded by a row of trees. They were still in a public place, which was thrilling and scary, but the odds of anyone actually coming close enough to pay attention to them were low. It helped a lot that there was a row of trees blocking the parking lot from the main road.

What was even better was that they were in a large and comfortable SUV with tinted windows, with the tinted windows especially on their minds. The tinting helped all three of them feel safe that they could get sexually wild without too much worry, even as they enjoyed the lusty thrill of imagined danger.

The question on all their minds was how much would they talk and how much would they play. All three dearly longed for another threesome situation, so talking was almost certainly going to take a backseat to that.

Nick was so eager that he had his car door open while the car was still coming to a stop. He nudged for Hillary to get off his lap.

She did once the car did stop. She got out and stood by the SUV, unsure of where Nick wanted her to go.

Nick stood up too and immediately hugged and kissed her. They began making out with the same passion Maggie and Nick had shared with their kiss in front of the school entrance a short while ago.

It would have been much more prudent for them to all get in the back of the SUV first, but after Nick stood up to go in the back, he found Hillary standing right in front of him and he pretty much lost his mind to lusty desire. He had to kiss her then and there!

Hillary actually found herself staggering back until her ass was up against the door that had just been closed.

Their kiss grew hotter and hotter by the second. Despite the fact that they were outside, Nick's hands went right back to Hillary's huge tits. He was so carried away by lust that it wasn't long until he had her shirt pulled up just above her great rack. He was vaguely aware that they were standing outside in a parking lot, but he gambled that the odds of anyone noticing what they were doing was infinitesimal, due his general assessment of the privacy of the lot as they came in it.

He found himself kneading her breasts just like he did Maggie's, but luckily he caught himself and switched to a gentler style. For the most part, anyway. His lust really did get the better of him sometimes.

Not for the first time, Hillary was floored by the intensity of Nick's passion. He was like an unstoppable steamroller. It seemed downright asking for trouble to kiss like this while standing next to a car they could safely be inside instead, but she understood how he'd taken one look at her standing there and absolutely lost his mind. She loved inspiring that level of passion in him. It helped her tolerate and even approve his reckless behavior.

Maggie remained sitting in the driver's seat, watching with amusement and a tinge of jealousy. *What is with my son? He just HAS to have his women*

naked. I'm surprised she'll let him do that in a place like this. But if she's willing to expose herself like that, I'm not going to be a party pooper about it.

And geez! Just look at those full, round breasts of hers, shining in the sun. What a lovely all-over tan. That's how mine are going to look like soon. And the way his hands are caressing them is so damn inspiring! I'm glad to see he's treating them gently instead of the way he mauls mine. He's learning to be a good lover!

Soon, the next breathless kiss between Nick and Hillary surpassed the previous one in intensity and passion. Once again, Nick's fake girlfriend plan was paying dividends. Hillary wouldn't have been nearly as hot to kiss him had she not seen the way he was making out with Maggie, not to mention the fun she had riding in his lap and grinding down on his boner while Maggie had watched. And Maggie, in turn, had kissed him even more passionately than usual because she knew Hillary was right there to see it all. Everything seemed to feed into a positive feedback loop that made all three of them more and more horny.

Nick and Hillary continued their soulful necking. Their hands seemed to be everywhere on the other person's body at once.

Nick somehow managed to conjure enough willpower to take his hands off Hillary's bare boobs, only to go straight for her ass instead. He slipped his hands directly inside her shorts. It wasn't long before her shorts and panties were sliding down her legs, exposing the top half of her ass cheeks.

Maggie continued to watch them from the driver's seat, but she was growing more worried all the time. *Oh no! Hillary's in a world of trouble! He's in one of THOSE moods again, and she's in his crosshairs! I really should say or do something, because now that he's started tugging her shorts down, he's not going to stop until they're all the way off! It would be almost rapey, except that he makes us totally crave it and love it!*

Without thinking, she found herself cradling and caressing her hefty boobs from below, in the exact same manner Nick was still holding Hillary's. However, when she saw Hillary's hands next attack Nick's shorts, frantically trying to unbutton them and pull them down, she leapt out of the car. Things definitely were getting out of hand, for being outside of the SUV!

"Hey!" she shouted as she rushed up to them.

Frustrated with Nick's shorts, Hillary was starting to simply stick her hand inside them to reach his erection when Maggie reached her and grabbed her wrist.

"What are you doing?!" Maggie asked her. "Both of you are nuts! Did you forget you're standing OUTSIDE the car?!"

Hillary pulled her hand away, frustrated that she'd only been able to briefly brush against his hot pole. "Oh yeah! Damn!" She laughed at their recklessness.

Now, Maggie was feeling jealous. *If anyone is gonna stroke Nick's cock, it's me!* But she didn't want to be seen as jealous or uncool. "Actually, I don't mind. In fact, I fully approve. BUT! Not here, not now. It's crazy to stand there all topless like that. Why don't you get in the back and have your fun there?"

"Great idea!" Hillary said eagerly. "Right, Nick?"

Nick hastily opened the side door of the car and let Hillary in. Then he all but dove in after her.

Maggie was chagrined because she felt forgotten. She got in behind them and then closed the door behind her. But she tried to be understanding. After all, she knew Nick had been having a lot of sexual fun with her lately, but not that much with Hillary yet. She had the big advantage of being the only one allowed to suck his cock so far.

Nick and Hillary locked lips again, as if they'd been separated for years and not just a fraction of a minute. They both sat up on their knees at first.

They took advantage of the flat space in the back to stretch out. Nick soon wound up lying on top of Hillary. Before long, he had all her clothes off, except for her panties. They were high cut white panties, going over her hips like ones he'd seen her wear before.

She actually was disappointed when he only pulled her shorts off and didn't bring her panties down at the same time. She joked, "Maggie, can you check him for a fever? Nick are you feeling okay?!"

Nick laughed, and explained with his usual lusty passion, "I totally would take your panties off in a heartbeat! But Anushka still says I can't touch you there, right? I can't wait to touch it, and lick it, and more! But in the heat of

the moment, I tend to get carried away. I'm thinking that if I leave them on, it'll remind me to control myself there."

Hillary took his shorts off while he was talking. She joked, "Maggie, did you hear him? He 'tends to get carried away' by his lust, he says! Who knew?!"

The two hotties shared a big laugh at that.

Then, as Hillary began jacking him off, she brought her face close to his and said, "Seriously though, that's sweet! Thanks for being thoughtful!" They resumed their heated kissing.

Maggie was just sitting cross-legged next to them, watching and waiting, so naturally her priorities were a little bit different. She cleared her throat, then asked her, "What about having that talk that you want?"

"Sorry!" Hillary said, gasping between madly passionate kisses. "We can talk... in a minute..."

But she was too worked up to stop. Not only did she have her fingers on his erection, she also had it pressing hard against her panty-covered mound. She was getting wetter and wetter by the second. Instead of stroking his hard-on on all sides in the usual way, she was running her fingers over the side not against her body and also moving it around. So she was effectively grinding his cock against her pussy and giving him a handjob at the same time!

Already, she was grateful he'd kept her panties on, because she wouldn't have trusted herself to rub his cock against her pussy mound otherwise, and it felt fantastic.

However, as much as Nick was enjoying what Hillary was doing to him, his main focus was on her massive tits. Nick was learning what she liked there, and it was definitely a gentler touch than what he did to Maggie. But she seemed to love when he ran his hands over them, and especially when he hefted them up or cupped the undersides, because that was a strong erogenous zone for her.

As another fiery kiss ended, Hillary brought her hands up and cupped Nick's face, keeping him from going down for another kiss. She gushed, "Nick, I love what you do to me! I love feeling your body on mine! Maggie, can you hear me?"

"Of course." Maggie was sitting within arm's reach, after all.

Hillary rolled to her side slightly, so she could look past Nick and make eye contact with Maggie. That gave her more room to stroke Nick's cock, and on all sides of it, so she switched styles. At the same time, she said, "Maggie, I love your boyfriend! I mean, I don't know if it's 'love' love yet, if you know what I mean, but I love the things he does to me! I don't know if I've EVER been as hot for anybody as I'm hot for him! Both girls and guys!"

Maggie didn't reply, because she was having a minor jealousy fit. Luckily, she kept her thoughts to herself. *Look at how she's pumping his cock! It looks hot, but I don't like it. If anyone should be stroking that cock right now, it's ME! I'm sure he'd much prefer if I had all of his fat cockhead in my mouth!*

No. Hold on. The entire plan is the hand-over. This is great for that. I can't interfere. This is his dream, to have Hillary as his girlfriend. I'm just the fake girlfriend. And that's for the best, because I am his mother, after all. This is exactly how things are supposed to go. I've been getting too carried away, especially about the cocksucking.

But dammit! I love him! And I don't just mean as a mother. I'm falling in love with him! Hillary, I think I'm in 'love' love with him, as a matter of fact! That should be ME lying there with him, pumping my hand up and down his hot and throbbing cock while he kisses me and plays with MY tits!

And what's so bad about feeling passionate about sucking his cock, anyway? If he loves it, and I love it, and we do it a lot, what's the harm?! Sure, lots of people would say it's not normal to have a relationship that's so focused on the woman pleasuring the man's cock. But there's nothing normal about our relationship. It can't be, for obvious reasons. Since he can't fuck me or even touch my pussy, it's perfectly natural that I can't stop thinking about sliding my lips up and down his great thickness and running my tongue all over it, and generally make love to his hot and throbbing and oh-so-delicious cock with my mouth!

Hillary was having a great time kissing and fondling. As a result, she didn't notice that Maggie wasn't looking too happy. Between kisses, she briefly addressed Nick. "You're just a BEAST!"

Then she asked Maggie, "Did you see how fast he tore my clothes off? Even standing outside! I love it!" She giggled.

Hillary didn't wait for an answer, since the question was mostly rhetorical anyway. Dropping her hands down to his ass, she rolled on top of him, letting go of his boner in the process. She still had her panties on, but Nick had managed to bunch them up just below her ass cheeks so they wouldn't get in the way with his ass fondling.

Maggie was amazed just to watch Hillary's body writing on top of Nick's, naked from head to toe except for the panties, which were pulled out of the way and hardly visible anyway. Even though she'd seen that lots of times during their fateful Tuesday in Hillary's room, she was amazed all over again. *My oh my! Nick sure knows how to pick 'em! She's a stunner! I simply can't get over the fact that MY SON has seduced the hottest girl in his entire school! I already knew she was beautiful, but she's more than that. She's like... a goddess! A sex goddess! Just look at that tanned, bare bubble butt, for starters! I hope my ass looks half that good. At least I've got the tan.*

Funnily enough, even though Maggie was feeling jealous towards Hillary, and seeing her fantastic body in its nude glory made her even more jealous, it also made her so horny that it somehow made her jealousy easier to deal with.

She was panting and writhing. *And then I think how hot I am! I know that's incredibly immodest, but come on, it's true! Nick has done wonders for my confidence lately. Hillary's so hot, and we're practically the same from the neck on down, so that makes me hot too! She giggled to herself. Anyway, I think how he's won her AND me, and that makes me ten times MORE hot and bothered! He's an unstoppable sex machine! And seeing him play with her body is almost like getting to watch him seduce ME!*

Hillary panted to Nick, "Nick, make me cum!" She was writhing all over his body, and working herself up into a frenzy. She was literally getting off on him.

"How do I do that?" he wondered out loud, given that he wasn't supposed to touch her pussy mound. Her panties in front still clung to her pussy lips, although just barely, hanging on due mostly to her copious pussy juices.

Hillary shrieked, "Just keep doing what you're doing! I'm almost there!"

He decided he just had to take her panties all the way off, despite the valid reasons he'd given not long ago to keep them on. He truly did have a strange compulsion to get his women completely naked, so he couldn't really control himself. He told himself it would be okay as long as he didn't put his hand to her pussy mound.

Getting her panties all the way down her legs would be very difficult given their positions, if not impossible. But they were so thin that at the sides that when he started aggressively tugging them down, they ripped apart in his hand.

Hillary squealed with glee. "Nick! You ARE a monster! A cock monster! And this fucking fat thing in my hand is a cock monster too! Check it out, Maggie!" Briefly letting go of his hard-on, she took her torn panties from him and held them up before tossing them aside. She laughed some more.

But then, as she resumed jacking him off, she thought some more about Maggie, and asked her, "You don't mind what Nick and I are doing, do you? I know we're supposed to talk, but that can wait a few minutes, can't it?"

Maggie paused to think before answering. *BITCH! That should be ME! Nick should be ripping MY panties in two! I want his hot cock rubbing on MY burning pussy!*

I totally want to join in. It would be fantastic if we could at least stroke his cock together! But my main goal should be making sure they get together. That's even more important than delivering maximum pleasure to his cock. I have to wait until she invites me to take part. IF she invites me. Dammit, she'd better invite me!

Her hand was under her skirt and she was busy fingering her pussy. She hadn't been paying attention to when or how it started exactly, but what she was watching was so unbelievably arousing that somehow her hand wound up there. *UGH! What torture, not getting to lend a hand! I have to keep my cool. The hand-over. Keep an eye on the hand-over plan!*

After that long pause, she finally answered. She spoke in a distracted way, since she was fairly deep in an erotic fog. "Uh, no, I don't mind. Just so long as you don't, uh, take it to the next level. And, um, remember that we're parked outside, in a public place!"

She thought, *Shit! At least my hand is under my skirt, but Hillary knows what I'm doing!* Given all she'd done with Hillary present in the recent past that shouldn't have been a big embarrassment, but it was for her.

And why'd she have to remind me where this car is parked?! That's too fucking hot too!

Hillary let out a loud erotic moan. Her entire body was sliding back and forth over Nick's, mostly so she could rhythmically rub her slight tummy bulge against his cock while still holding it from its sides and stroking it too. She was also enjoying rubbing her erect nipples against his chest. So her moan was partly in response to all that, but also partly from Maggie's verbal reminder that they were in such an exposed spot. She'd never done anything this daring with anyone else, and the fact that nobody could see in through the tinted windows didn't really register. The fact that Maggie was masturbating in front of her helped set her off too.

Nick went back to kissing Hillary and fondling her wobbly tits, but he still wondered how that would make her cum. To make matters worse, Hillary's nipples didn't seem to be as sensitive as Maggie's, and he didn't know anything he could do to them that easily drove her crazy, like the way he could twist Maggie's nipples to such great effect..

But what he didn't realize was just how much the way his erection was rubbing back and forth on Hillary's clit with just about every move either of them made was driving her absolutely bonkers with lusty need.

He certainly was loving life too. Although she wasn't currently jacking him off with her fingers, his thick erection was still getting just as stimulated by the way she was constantly rubbing her body up and down his.

Maggie found herself thinking, *Whatever happened to the serious talking? It's high time they need to resolve some relationship issues, and I'm sure that's what that's about. Especially since the phone call yesterday didn't exactly work out as planned...*

But then she realized jealousy was getting to her, especially since she still wasn't being invited to join in. *Oh, I shouldn't be such a party pooper. Let her have her fun for a while. But, boy! I can't get over her body. It's perfectly tanned, from head to toe! Nick had some brass balls to think he'd have a chance with her, but look where he is now! It's so exciting to see my baby realizing his fantasies with his dream girl!*

She didn't consciously realize it, but she was masturbating while focusing most of her attention on Hillary's body, if only because Hillary was on top of Nick and thus much more visible. *And what an ASS! I swear, I'm not bisexual, but if anything could convert me, it might be that ass! Especially knowing that my son's cock is underneath it, as she slides her whole body over him! Now that her panties are ripped off, it would be so easy for them to start fucking!*

Bringing fucking into her thoughts sent a jolt of arousal down her spine. *Just think: that could be ME! That could be MY ass! Yeeessss.... All that hot cock! And his hands! His hands everywhere, squeezing my ass, twisting my nipples! And his kissing! Such a great kisser! Then, just a slight shift, and... WHAM! He'd be balls-deep in me! And with such a fucking HUGE cock, he'd practically rip me in two! So wrong! So wrong!*

But Maggie was so insanely aroused that when she thought "*So wrong! So wrong!*" it was almost the same as thinking "*So hot! So hot!*" In the heat of the moment, the idea of getting fucked by her son was tremendously tempting, although she remembered on some level that it was something she wasn't supposed to let happen, for some inexplicable reason.

She was frantically working her clit and slit now, rising quickly to a great climax. It looked to be a race between the three of them to see who came first.

Hillary was the winner. It only took about a minute or two more when she started screaming, "I'm cuuummmiiiiing! CUUUUMMMIIIIING!"

Maggie let her scream, since she figured no one else was near to hear. Besides, the SUV was soundproofed fairly well. She took the opportunity to finger herself to a nice climax as well. She kept quiet during her orgasm, because masturbation was a curiously embarrassing act for her.

Hillary lay there like she was dead, panting hard, with Nick panting hard underneath her. She certainly hadn't noticed Maggie's orgasm since she'd been far too preoccupied with her own.

Chapter 30: At the “Library” (Friday)

Maggie let Nick and Hillary lie there and recover, and she rested some too. But she was eager to have her turn with Nick again, so eventually she said, "You know, if we want to talk, maybe now is a good time."

Nick and Hillary managed to pull themselves up into sitting positions. This exposed the fact that Nick's cock was still erect. In fact, in his new position, it was sticking out like a telephone pole.

"Oh! Look at you!" Hillary said as she reached out and grasped his hard cock once more. "I'm so sorry. You took care of me, but I didn't take care of you." She started to bend over.

Maggie could see that Hilary was about to starting licking or maybe even sucking his erection. She loudly coughed. "Hillary? What about Anushka? What about her restriction against that?!"

That was a fair question, even though it was largely driven by Maggie's jealousy. Her climax was over and her hand was off her pussy, but she was still extremely aroused, and she wanted to be the one playing with Nick's cock, or at least sharing it. Plus, she was very worried that Hillary would be a much better cocksucker than her, due to Hillary being a sexually uninhibited "good slut" a lot longer than herself.

Hillary replied, "Don't worry about her." She looked to Nick and gave him a big smile. "I've been saving it as a surprise, but I had another important talk with Anushka last night, a few hours after our threesome phone sex. We were naked in my bed, and I got soooooo horny! I was insatiable! To make a long story short, I convinced her that the more I have fun with your cock, the more sexually aroused I am for a long time afterwards, and she's a big beneficiary of that. She's still against fucking, definitely, and pussy touching too, but she's given me the okay for oral!"

Nick beamed like the sun, and his heart did backflips. "Oh, WOW! That is so great! Seriously?! Starting right now?!"

Hillary smiled back at him with a fiery look of desire in her eyes. "Maybe this will answer that question!" She continued bending over, and started licking Nick's cockhead while stroking the rest of his shaft.

"OH, MAN!" He reacted like he'd just been electrocuted. It wasn't that Hillary had a magic tongue; he was reacting to the fact that she was the one doing it. He knew this was a big step for their future.

Hillary knew it was a very big deal too. She was falling for Nick more and more with each passing day. But her feelings for him were still dominated by lust. She could tell by the way things were going, especially due to Maggie's attitude and her hope and expectation that there would be many threesomes in their future, that sucking Nick's cock was likely to be a very common activity.

Both Nick and Maggie would have been surprised to know the truth, that Hillary was actually feeling daunted and intimidated about sucking him, which was why she hadn't taken him into her mouth as soon as they were safely in the back area of the SUV. As far as she knew, Nick and Maggie had been dating all summer, and Maggie had been going down on him daily, if not numerous times a day. She assumed that Maggie was already a cocksucking expert in general and particularly skilled with Nick's cock in general due to her extensive experience with it.

That was a lot for her to live up to (even though it was almost entirely untrue, with Maggie only starting to suck him in earnest in the past couple of days). She considered herself a pretty good cocksucker, because she'd one boyfriend or another for about half the time the last couple of years (with girlfriends taking up the other hand - she rarely wasn't involved with one or the other), and she hadn't been shy about both giving and receiving oral pleasure.

However, she was highly motivated by her friendly competition with Maggie, who she felt was just about her only peer, if not her "superior," when it came to beauty and sex appeal. (Ironically, Maggie tended to think Hillary was her "superior" in that way.) She didn't just want to give Nick a good blowjob, she wanted to give him a great one, like the kind of assumed Maggie frequently gave him.

In addition, the issue of his penis size was no small matter. His seven-inch length was no problem. She'd had boyfriends with dicks even a couple of inches longer than that. But his thickness was truly extraordinary, and she'd never tried to suck on one even nearly that thick. She was willing to try her

best, but she feared she would do poorly her first few attempts, in only because she had to get used to his thickness.

She was so worried about all of these factors that she still wasn't ready to suck him, especially with the added pressure of Maggie watching from close-up. She hoped that licking his cock would get both him and her excited enough that she could work up to full sucking soon.

Maggie's jealousy and frustration was soaring through the roof, even overwhelming her lust. Her great worry was that Hillary would prove to be a sucking queen right from the start, and she would soon find herself Nick's distant second choice when it came time for oral pleasure. Her hope was to delay Hillary starting to suck him so she'd be able to practice and improve on him, but she was running out of excuses to delay.

Still, Maggie came up with one card to play. She suggested, "Um, Hillary, that's great that Anushka gave you permission, but if you suck him now, wouldn't that be putting the cart before the horse? Wouldn't it make more sense to talk about relationship issues first?"

Hillary considered that even as she experimented with lapping on Nick's sweet spot for the first time. She muttered, "Yeah, that does make sense. And that makes sense. Darn it!" She looked up to Nick. "Is it okay if I put this off until after we talk?"

His eyes practically popped out of his head, just from seeing Hillary, his great teenage dream for years, naked and lapping on his cock! The pleasure he felt was off the charts, more due to the psychological factor than the physical stimulation.

Ironically, he was so very aroused that he was fine with her stopping, because he didn't want to embarrass himself by cumming already, and that was likely to happen if she kept licking him much longer. Again, the fact that Hillary was the one doing it was totally blowing his mind.

He muttered, "Um, yeah, sure!"

Hillary smiled. She looked to his cockhead and smiled at it. She talked as if she was speaking directly to it too. "Don't worry, you and I are going to be really good friends, I'm sure! I can't wait to get you in my mouth! I'm gonna rock your world!" She planted a big wet kiss on the tip and lapped nearly all the way around his bulbous knob a couple of times.

Hearing and seeing that made Maggie even more jealous. She was salivating and practically drooling. She said, "Yes, we should talk. Right now. So tell me what's on your mind." She worried Hillary was getting too carried away already and would forget about the talking idea.

Hillary sat back up, and considered what to say. That put her mouth well out of range for more licking, but she continued to idly stroke him. She said to Maggie, "Actually, I want to talk to you even more than to him. You and I need to sort things out. I really, really, really like Nick, and I'd like to have him for my boyfriend, but I don't want to steal him from you. Can we agree to officially share him? Please? Pretty, pretty please?"

That made Maggie feel a little better, like she was in the driver's seat. She tried to overcome her jealousy and be magnanimous, in order to help her son achieve his great dream with Hillary. She said, "I've already said you could, and I meant it. Obviously! Look at what you're doing to him right now. I'm totally cool with that."

Actually, she wasn't really, since she was practically turning green with jealousy, but she was trying hard to think more long-term and not let her current mood affect her thinking too much.

"Great!" Hillary bounced in her seat excitedly, setting her huge tits bouncing.

Hillary was still too caught up in her own lust to see that Maggie was feeling somewhat left out and miffed.

But Nick had a lifetime's experience in reading Maggie's face, so he could sense there was a problem. He said, "Maggie, come here, give me a hug."

Maggie thought that was a bit strange, but she did it. She didn't have to move far, since she was sitting near him already.

Nick gave her a quick hug and a peck on the cheek. But that obviously wasn't his main purpose. He said to her, "I'm having a great time with Hillary, but I want you to get involved too." He took her nearest hand and brought it to his shaft.

Maggie and Hillary both smiled widely. They both gladly welcomed sharing Nick's cock.

The mood drastically changed in an instant. Maggie didn't have a jealousy issue with Hillary in a larger picture sense; she was mostly just extremely

frustrated that Hillary had possession of his cock right now and she didn't. As soon as her fingers wrapped around his shaft and started to stroke, nearly all of her jealousy blew away.

Furthermore, she looked at Hillary's face and saw that she didn't frown or wince at Nick making them share. In fact, it was the exact opposite: her face glowed with delight and her toothy smile stretched from ear to ear. That kind of enthusiasm couldn't be faked. Clearly, Hillary was very much in favor of sharing Nick's cock with her.

At the same time, Hillary looked to Maggie's face, and saw that Maggie had gone from a bland poker face to a very big smile too. They shared a special emotional moment, bonding through their mutual pleasure and enthusiasm for sharing.

However, they were still only beginning to really get to know each other, still feeling each other out. They wouldn't have started this situation without Nick helping it along. Maggie had been waiting for an invitation to join in, and Hillary had had no idea that any sort of invitation was necessary.

Hillary moved her hand down to Nick's balls, letting Maggie have the "prime real estate" for a while.

It was a simple gesture, but Maggie's heart soared. It symbolically demonstrated that Hillary wasn't going to be pushy or selfish in hogging the more sensitive parts of his cock when they were sharing. That made Maggie's approval of Hillary as a co-girlfriend of sorts in general go up a notch or two.

Maggie and Hillary just smiled from ear to ear at each other, while taking occasional knowing glances down at their fingers slipping and sliding all over Nick's stiff and wet erection. Neither felt the need to say anything, because their looks and actions said plenty. The sexual activity seemed somewhat subdued, in the sense that a handjob wasn't considered as intense as a titfuck or blowjob, but both women got a great thrill simply due to the sharing aspect. It changed a straightforward and common sex act into something "extreme" and wild.

Unsurprisingly, Nick was flying over the moon too. He loved the pure physical sensations caused by their hands, but he could see the looks they were sharing, and he loved much more how they were both so happy and

energized by the sharing. The future implications were too exciting for him to think about!

But there was something wrong in his eyes regarding the overall scene in front of him. He spoke up. "Maggie, there's a problem." He looked significantly up and down Hillary's totally nude body. Even Hillary's feet were bare. Then he looked significantly up and down Maggie's fully clothed body.

Maggie understood the "problem," and she couldn't have been happier about it. *He wants me naked! No, he NEEDS me naked! I need it too!*

She immediately began undressing, with Nick lending a hand here and there to make it happen faster. He could do that without having to shift positions, since they were all sitting so close to each other.

As Maggie's clothes came off, she realized that her clothes were a big reason she'd been feeling annoyed and left out. It had been like a sour note playing in the background the whole time. Now, with her clothes off and nothing stopping her from pleasuring Nick's cock with Hillary, she practically felt like a brand new person.

She took her high heels off too. She felt conflicted about that, because she was developing an ideal in her mind about wearing those and nothing else whenever she went to town on his cock. But she had a practical concern of accidentally poking into either Nick or Hillary with her stilettos, and she didn't want to divert the conversation by having to explain to Hillary why she wore them. She hoped they could have a talk about that some other time.

Once Maggie was completely naked, she sat up stiffly, allowing Nick to take a good long look at her. This left Hillary in complete control of his cock for a while, but she didn't mind that due to their new sharing understanding.

Nick possessively ran his hands up and down her body. Maggie's seemingly touched her everywhere but her pussy. He looked to Hillary and said, "Isn't she beautiful?"

Hillary simply replied, "She is!" But that was the understatement of the year. She kept her answer short, because she was afraid she'd get carried away with her praise. She'd never lusted after any woman as much as she lusted for Maggie right now.

Actually, their bodies were remarkably similar, from their heights and weights to the breast sizes, and including their rich tans. Even their bushes were both shaved off. But she felt that Maggie was even more voluptuous than she was, which was accurate in terms of physical measurements, with the exception of Hillary's larger breasts. Of course, Maggie had had many more years to fill out.

With Maggie's clothing "problem" solved, Maggie brought a hand back to Nick's boner. Once again, Hillary graciously gave Maggie the best "real estate," since she'd been monopolizing him for the last couple of minutes.

Sharing so cooperatively like that made both of them almost giddy with delight. Neither of them spoke, but they had very similar thrilling visions of spending hours in threesome joy, working together to pleasure his cock with the hands, lips, and tongues.

They resumed jacking him off together in a "freestyle" way.

Hillary had a serious issue to address, even as she kept on helping to stroke him. "Okay, Nick, I'm sure you feel the same way that I do, that the exact nature of my relationship with you is uncertain and it would be good to have some clarity."

He nodded. "I've been meaning to talk to you for days about that. But I thought it was the kind of thing that needs to be discussed in person, and we haven't had a good opportunity."

He was secretly amazed that they were holding this conversation while his cock was getting stroked by two different women. But luckily, both of them eased up and slowed down, knowing that they shouldn't let him get overheated and thus fail to stay engaged in the discussion.

Furthermore, he sensed that it was very psychological for both of them to stimulate his cock as they talked. He'd noticed a subtle yet significant and very positive change in Maggie's attitude especially once he'd gotten her started on helping to stroke him.

Hillary said, "As you know, I'm going out with Anushka, and that's the big priority for me right now. Plus, Maggie, you already have first dibs on Nick, and everyone at school knows you're with him already. I don't want you to feel threatened by me about that. I'd like to be his co-girlfriend of sorts, but only in secret, between us. Since you got there first, and it's your awesome

attitude that makes the sharing even possible in the first, I'm thinking it would be good if we'd think of you as his 'first girlfriend,' with final say if there's a conflict. And I could be like this 'second girlfriend.'"

Maggie's heart leapt to her throat. She was so overjoyed, she wanted to get out of the SUV and run around naked in the parking lot while screaming her lungs out. What Hillary was saying was not only great for Nick, which made her very happy, but was great for her. It would confirm and solidify her status as one of Nick's lovers, however one called that.

Furthermore, from now on, she could argue both to herself and to Nick that she was "forced" to stay sexually intimate with her son, because if they were in a true threesome relationship, one could liken it to a three-legged stool, which would fall over if one of its legs was removed. That meant the world to her! She had become so emotionally and physically addicted to sexual intimacy that she couldn't imagine having to live without it again.

However, she considered this a pivotal negotiation sort of situation, and she'd been through enough of those to know that she should stay poker-faced and calm as much as possible, in order to get a good deal for herself.

She carefully told Hillary, "I like what you're saying so far. However, I don't like the word 'girlfriend.' That might come in handy as shorthand, but it doesn't exactly fit."

Hillary said, "No, you're right. I mean, look at us, talking about this heavy stuff even while we play with his cock! This is some pretty extreme, crazy stuff! But I've gotta say, that's a big part of the appeal for me. I mean, this is so much better than talking WITHOUT jacking him off! And everything with you guys is like this! Your relationship with each other is way unusual, but it's totally hot! I want to be a part of it so much!"

Maggie said, "Well, you're on the right track for joining, without a doubt. I didn't expect this at first, I just wanted him to sow his wild oats some before he got really serious with me. But what I've felt with you joining us feels so good and so right to me that I'm rethinking everything. What if we try this some more, and we continue to love it? It doesn't have to be a short-term thing at all. It could end up being VERY long term! What do you think of that?!"

Hillary replied, "Oh, definitely!" She looked to Nick. "Nick must know my dating history. He's told me he's been keeping his eyes on me for a long

time. He knows I haven't managed to date guys or girls very long. But I think things are changing in a big way for me, for all sorts of reasons I don't want to get into right now. I would love to at least TRY for something very long term! I think this is a very special, magical thing you two have going, and I want to be a part of it!"

She asked Nick, "What do you think?!"

He closed his eyes. He felt like his body was a volcano and his head was going to erupt right off his neck. He was so overjoyed that he could barely breathe, because this truly was his grand dream of winning Maggie and Hillary coming true!

With his eyes still closed, and his entire body slightly trembling, he spoke through clenched teeth. "I think... you both need to take your hands off my dick! NOW!"

That frightened and distressed Maggie and Hillary. They thought they'd upset him in some way, although they couldn't imagine how. They took their hands off his hard-on like it had turned to molten metal.

After taking a few heavy breaths to try to calm himself, he went on, "The problem is, I'm too horny! I don't want to cum right in the middle of this!"

Maggie asked, with hope, "So you're not mad at us?!"

"Of course not! The opposite! This is great! Too great! My head is spinning! I'm gonna pass out!"

Maggie and Hillary looked at each other and squealed with glee. Their fear they'd upset him vanished in a flash, replaced by joy that he approved. (As if he wouldn't!)

Nick opened his eyes, but continued to stay tightly wound up. He was madly clenching his PC muscle, trying not to cum. He needed some time to come down from the brink of orgasm.

Hillary said, mostly to Maggie, "Maybe 'girlfriend' isn't the right word, at least for me. I mean, you ARE his girlfriend. You can be seen in public as his girlfriend in a perfectly normal way. Maybe it's better if I talk about formally being something like... a sex friend with Nick. Or call it a friend with benefits. LOTS of benefits!"

She looked at Nick while grasping his boner. "Would you like that?"

"Hell, yeah!" He felt goose bumps all over, due to his words and her grasp.

Hillary grinned widely. "Somehow, I thought you might say that." She looked to Maggie.

Maggie replied with a huge smile, "That sounds good to me too."

"Great!" Hillary said. "By the way, as you can see, I'm just holding him. I couldn't resist! Nick, can Maggie at least hold you too? I think she'd really like that."

He grunted affirmatively. Then he muttered, "Sure." Already, he'd come down from the edge. He figured he could handle holding without much problem, even from two hands.

Maggie brought her hand back to his boner, but she did it in a new and different way: she moved each of Hillary's fingers slightly, and then entwined her fingers between Hillary's.

Hillary was impressed and even further aroused. "Nice! What a great gesture! So symbolic. It's like our two hands are one!"

Maggie nodded. "That's how I feel. I don't want to just date him separately most of the time. I hope, as much as possible, we can date him together, be with him together. A real threesome relationship!" She asked Hillary with uncertainly, "Do you feel the same way?"

"Oh, definitely! So much! Since our movie date last Friday, that's what I've been hoping and longing for. No, that's not true. I've actually been fantasizing about that since the Tuesday before, when everything changed. I want to go all the way with this threesome thing!"

Maggie and Hillary shared another joyous smile, while Nick felt another rush of euphoria.

She then spoke more hesitantly, knowing she was heading into dangerous waters. "You two know I'm bisexual. Maggie, I'm not planning on seducing you or something like that. I mean, if you were into me in that way, that would be even MORE amazing! But you've told me you're straight, and I understand it's not like someone can be talked into changing their sexual orientation."

Maggie nodded, carefully.

"That said, the fact that you're this incredibly beautiful woman kind of satisfies my lesbian side. I don't even have to do something intimate with you. Just being around you in sexual situations with Nick kind of scratches that itch. Then I have Anushka too, and both of you seem cool with letting me do that!"

Nick said, "We are," He took a couple of slow breaths, because he was still teetering near the orgasmic edge, more from the incredible conversation than their hands on his erection. He finally added, "It's kind of like Maggie and me. Maggie got to me first, so whatever happens has to be with her approval. Anushka got to you first, so the same applies. That's why I don't try to push with whatever limits or rules Anushka gives. I feel grateful she shares you with us at all."

Hillary was extremely delighted with the words. "Great! That's so cool that you have that attitude. Most guys wouldn't. But don't let Anushka hear that, or she'll come up with MORE rules!" She laughed. But she also had a point. She was planning on debriefing Anushka later about everything they said and did here, except for what he just said.

Hillary resumed her explanation, "I think the reason I couldn't stay in one relationship for long was because, as a bisexual, I could never be satisfied. If I was with a boy, I would soon want to be with a girl instead. If I was with a girl, I'd start longing to be with a boy. The grass is always greener on the other side. But now, between you two and Anushka, I feel like I'm in a great place. Ideal, actually. I've been so overjoyed this whole last week plus. I've never been more sexually satisfied, not even close! And I'm also feeling double loved between you, Nick, and Anushka."

She finished, "So, bottom line, My great, great hope is that this arrangement can continue and grow, and deepen."

Maggie decided to say more. "That's good. I'm very hopeful too. I see Anushka's role as a plus, not a minus, because it provides balance in some way. As I told Nick the other day, what if he was going out with just you? One a Friday or Saturday night, he'd be climbing up the walls if he was stuck at home while you were out with Anushka. But now, if you want to have a special night with her, he can have a special night with me. So this could really work."

"It could!" Hillary nodded emphatically. "I love that example. I've been thinking the exact same thing!"

Maggie nodded again. "Yes. But! Are you sure you can handle how unusual our relationship with Nick is likely to be? I mean, look at us now, talking about this while we hold his cock."

Hillary pointed out, "Actually, it's more like we're stroking him!" She giggled.

Maggie giggled too, because it was true. Over the past minute or two, seeing the visual signs that Nick had calmed down a lot more, both women had started "cheating," subtly stimulating his boner. Since their fingers were intertwined, both of them had fingers over his sweet spot, and both of them tried to rub right there. With their fingers working at the same thing, they were having some success.

Nick chuckled. "Don't worry about it. As long as your fingers stay entwined like that, I think I'll be able to handle whatever you do to me."

That was a pleasing answer, because Maggie and Hillary liked the symbolic unity of holding their hands in that manner, but they also wanted to stimulate his cock. Now, they could do both at once.

Maggie then said to Hillary, "Think how bizarre our one date so far has been. You and I spent most of our time in the movie theater stroking his cock together. That's not normal!"

Hillary said, "No, it's not. But don't worry, I know exactly what you mean, and I can handle it. Maggie, I've seen that you two have a relationship where you pleasuring his cock is on the center stage most of the time. I get that, and I'm totally okay with that. I want to be a big part of it! The way I envision things, you spend a LOT of your time with him sucking his cock especially. Don't you?"

"I most certainly do!" Maggie replied. "And I'm glad you brought that up, because I want to talk to you about that too."

Hillary said, "I do too. I think I know where you're going with that. Let me just say that I understand that I don't expect any sort of normal relationship here. I LIKE that it's so extreme! Nick, when I'm with you, I fully expect that a lot of the time, I'm going to be stroking, licking, titfucking, and most especially sucking your cock! Even when I get full permission from

Anushka and we'll be able to fuck, I figure that will still be the case, because that's how it is between you and Maggie already. And I'm not just okay with that, that's what I want!"

He got so excited by that that he was suddenly nearly breathless. "Really?! Are you serious?!"

She laughed. "Yes! Of course! I haven't sucked you yet, but I just know I'm going to love it, because how could I not, when even just stroking you makes me feel this good the whole time?! The only issue is if I couldn't fit your cock in my mouth comfortably enough to suck it much, but I'm sure that..." Her voice trailed off as she suddenly got a naughty idea.

She gave him a devilish smirk. "Wait! Why just speculate?! Let's see what we have here!"

With that, she unexpectedly bent her head down into his lap, craned her mouth open as wide as she possibly could, and boldly engulfed his entire cockhead!

Nick yelped and nearly passed out. He simply couldn't believe it! Maybe the only reason he didn't cum on the spot from the overwhelming rush of pleasure was because he was in some sort of shock.

Maggie was almost equally amazed, and similarly shocked. She just stared, her eyes as wide as saucers.

But then, after only a few seconds, Hillary just as unexpectedly pulled her mouth all the way back off and sat up as before. She wiped her chin and reveled in her success with a great big smile. "Yep! It's as I hoped and assumed! It's a tight fit, for sure, but it definitely fits, no problem!"

Nick and Maggie were still reeling with their mouths hanging open. They both had trouble believing that really just happened. It was one thing to talk, it was another to do. That quick but crucial demonstration made the cocksucking talk much more real and serious.

Hillary continued without much pause, despite seeing their floored expressions, "Since I fit just fine, here's what I think: when I think of the three of us together, in some future ideal situation, Maggie, I think of you and I completely naked, of course! We'll be kneeling side by side while he sits in a chair or on a bed, maybe in my bedroom. We'll be taking turns licking his cock. Stroking it. Playing with his balls. Working as an expert

and seamless cock-pleasuring team! But most of all, we'll take turns bobbing on him! Over and over and over again! We could do that practically endlessly and I'll love it because the waves of pleasure running through me are endless too!"

Maggie felt goose bumps and even an electric tingle in every nerve, because that was her exact "future ideal situation" too. She wanted to jump and scream and shout. Her only problem was that it seemed too good to her, so she was skeptical. She asked with narrowed eyes, "How do you know it'll be so great?! You haven't even done that yet. Maybe it'll just be okay, and you'll be bored after a while."

"I know, because I've felt it already! That time in the movie theater was really pivotal for me! I had the BEST TIME of any date ever! It felt like I was cumming the ENTIRE time we jacked him off together, just because my general erotic buzz was so sky high! And if it's sucking instead of stroking, I know it'll be even better, because it's even more intense! That's what it is with you guys, you're so passionate and sexual! It's all intense! I want to be a part of that!"

Her big bare tits were heaving up and down. Her eyes were sparkling with desire. She said, "In fact, enough talking! I know this discussion is unfinished, but we can talk later! Maggie, let's find out what it's like right now! Not sucking yet! No! We can work up to that. Let's lick him together!"

Maggie's face lit up like a neon sign flashing on. "YES! LET'S!" The arousal levels of both women had already been rising for the last couple of minutes, thanks to the cocksucking talk mainly, but those levels shot into the stratosphere due to Hillary's suggestion and then Maggie's agreement.

A Hillary quickly bent back down and brought her tongue right to his sweet spot.

Maggie brought her head down too, but she paused mere inches away, so she could closely watch Hillary in action.

Hillary slowly licked her way all over Nick's cockhead. She knew she was being judged by Maggie, and that it was an important test she had to pass. Rather than try to do too much to get a "good grade," she simply closed her eyes and let her emotions take over. With a hand still holding and stroking his boner, she kept on licking, but did it in an almost unconscious way, allowing her lust and passion to lead her.

Maggie had let go of his thickness while she repositioned her body some. That finally broke up the way their fingers had been interlaced, but that was necessary anyway to allow for a lot more stroking action.

Once she was more comfortable, she continued to stare from inches away. YEESSSSS! Hillary is so great! She's got the passion! She's not trying to do everything at once with lots of technical skill. No, she's just loving it! I can see on her face she feels about his cock just like I do! She loves his cock! Loves it!

With those thoughts energizing her even more, she leaned in and got busy licking his shaft too. She decided to stick to the other side of his shaft at first, so they wouldn't be bumping into each other or directly competing.

Hillary was jubilant, sensing that she'd passed the test. Soon, she and Maggie were moaning and groaning loudly, as if they were in the middle of getting royally fucked, but it was just because they were so very aroused by stroking and licking Nick's cock together.

The only problem was Nick. He was way too horny! He was moaning and groaning even louder than they were. Again, it wasn't so much the physical stimulation that was getting to him, although that alone was incredible. It was the simple fact that his two dream girls were licking his cock together! He could tell right away that it was going so well for them that they would be wanting to do much more of it in the future.

He put one hand on Maggie's head and another on Hillary's with a vague notion of trying to slow their heads from moving so much. But he tripped out on the fact that in fact he had his hands on both heads at once while they worked his cock. He yelled and yelped incoherently as he struggled not to cum like it was a life and death situation.

Luckily for him, Maggie was very nearly as keen as he was to make sure he didn't cum, in order to prolong the joy. She pulled her tongue from his shaft, and quietly told Hillary, "I can see you have the right attitude! That thrills me to my toes! By part of being a good slut to his cock is knowing when to ease off! Ease off!"

Hillary pulled her tongue away too. She was panting and her big tits were heaving. "Sorry! It's just that... it's as good as I'd hoped! I can't get enough of it!"

Maggie laughed. "That's the story of my life!" She sat up all the way, to help give Nick a longer and much-needed break. "Phew!"

Hillary sat up and back too.

The two women looked into each other's eyes, and they shared another powerful emotional moment. The understanding that passed between them was complicated, but it included a heartfelt approval of the other and a suddenly much closer friendship. Their sense of friendly competition was lessened too.

Since Maggie had time, due to Nick needing a break, she looked down at her nude body and cupped her breasts from below. She started sliding her hands all over them. She tilted her head back, reveling the overall situation with erotic ecstasy. "Mmmm! It's SO GOOD to be a naked, big-titted beauty! We get the best! The best men! The best cock! The best sex!"

Hillary saw that and couldn't resist doing exactly the same. As she caressed her own tits, she said, "So true! It really is the life! And... we get each other! We get to share an experience like this together!"

"That's true too!" Maggie agreed wholeheartedly. She lowered her head back so she could look at Hillary while she continued to caress her E-cups. "You know, I haven't told you much about my past life, before Nick."

Hillary took that same pose so they were able to resume eye contact. She was blissing out on playing with just her F-cup tits too. "No, you haven't. I hardly know a thing."

Of course that was intentional on Maggie's part. She still wasn't prepared to talk much until she made more progress with her backstory novella. But there was something she was very keen to tell Hillary now. "We'll have to save that for another day. But I just want you to know that, before Nick, my sex life was terrible! I had this serious boyfriend for, like, my entire teen years, practically. And sex with him was okay. Good, actually, by normal standards. But it was so normal! Vanilla! With Nick, everything's changed!"

"I'll bet!" Hillary easily agreed.

"All this extreme sex you're experiencing with us, this is pretty new! Things with Nick started out fairly normal too, though the sex was ten times better thanks to his much larger cock and his unrelenting enthusiasm. But as the weeks have gone on and our relationship has deepened, Things have gotten

wilder and wilder! It just gets better and better! And then you came into the picture. That takes it all to an even higher level! Just knowing you're there and taking part multiplies all my emotions by a hundred!"

She reluctantly admitted, "Well, okay, maybe not a hundred. It feels that way though!"

Hillary laughed good-naturedly. "I know exactly what you mean. And I feel it too. I feel it so much! I want us to do as much together as we can, as a threesome. Especially when it comes to pleasuring his cock!"

"Oh, definitely!" Maggie agreed. "I'll still want some private time with him, of course, and I'm sure you will too. But when it comes to the big stuff, like going out on a fancy date, how much better will it be doing it as a threesome?! Can you just imagine taking Nick to some super classy restaurant for dinner, one with tablecloths to the floor, and then one of us would sit there all prim and proper talking to him while the other secretly crawls between his legs and sucks him off the whole time?!"

Hillary raised her hand, like she was in class. "Ooooh! Me! Me! I volunteer for the under the table duty!"

The two women heartily laughed at that.

Then a radiant Hillary said, "You see?! That little scenario right there, that's why I can't resist you, either of you! Because I'll bet the three of us WILL do that, and it WILL be incredible for all three of us! But most especially for the one who gets to crawl under the table!" She laughed some more.

"We can take turns!" Maggie wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Oooh! Even better! Can you imagine how confused the waiter will be?! Coming to the table at one point and seeing Nick talking to some busty beauty, and then coming back a little while later, only to see Nick with an entirely different one! And then back and forth, all evening long, with one of his companions always mysteriously missing!"

Maggie concluded, "And then, we'll leave together, the two of us on either side of our man, and just a little bit of his sperm on our faces, just enough for the very curious waiter to notice!"

"Oh my God! YES!"

The two of them erupted into joyous laughter.

Nick had been listening all the while, even as he tried to emotionally tune out, as well as visually tune out with his eyes shut tight. Hearing them talking kept his cock throbbing with need. That was especially true since, after last Friday's movie theater date, he knew their fancy restaurant idea was not only possible, it was very likely.

But still, as arousing as such mental thoughts were, his cock got enough of a rest from direct stimulation that he was able to breathe easy finally.

For a few seconds, anyway! The two naked hotties suddenly seemed to remember he was there with them, after they'd gotten carried away talking to each other. They looked at him like a person dying from the heat in the Sahara looked at their first glass of water in days.

Some non-verbal communication passed between Maggie and Hillary. Then they dropped back down until their faces were back in his crotch.

However, before they could resume licking, Hillary was so worked up, there as something she absolutely had to do. She briefly looked up into Nick's face and gave him a sultry look. Then, with her voice soaked in lust, she purred, "I may be bisexual, but believe me, I REALLY get off on sucking cock! Especially a big, fat cock like yours!"

She immediately followed this up by craning her mouth open wide. She suddenly engulfed all of his cockhead! She'd done this once already, but briefly, to test how difficult it was. This time, her intention was to actually suck him.

Nick could scarcely believe it. He felt chills and thrills down to his toes. His entire body clenched up like he was having a seizure, but he was just trying to cope with the huge mental and physical rush. *Hillary! My dream girl! She's actually starting to blow me! Yeeeeesssss!*

It was a good thing that she'd waited until just after his penis had gotten a rest. That was all that prevented him from cumming on the spot, because again, the mere fact that Hillary was the one doing it was the biggest turn-on he could imagine.

Hillary tightened her lip-lock and started to bob. Although she couldn't speak, her euphoria was made clear by the passion of her sexy moaning as well the twinkle in her eyes. Her face looked pained, even agonized, but all three of them knew she was practically in erotic rapture instead.

However, Hillary worried that she was being too bold with Maggie sitting right there. She also still had worries about inadequacy, that her sucking wouldn't be able to compare to Maggie's, since she still believed that Maggie had been sucking him off multiple times every day for at least a month, if not longer.

Although she loved the threesome situation, she hoped to have her first cocksucking session with him without Maggie there, so she wouldn't have to worry about an extra pair of eyes judging her the entire time.

So, despite the fact that she had been loving every second so far, not to mention the difficult effort of just managing to get her lips around Nick's shaft, she pulled back off after less than half a minute.

And it was a good thing she did, because Maggie's jealousy was suddenly flaring up again. In fact, Maggie had just been about to complain in an effort to stop Hillary from doing a lot more of that. But when Hillary pulled off, Maggie breathed a sigh of relief and decided to stay quiet.

Hillary told Maggie sheepishly, "Sorry! I know we agreed to just lick him together this time, so let's get back to that. But I couldn't resist!"

Most of Maggie's jealousy melted away upon hearing that and seeing Hillary's contrite facial expression. She said with a smile, "That's okay. Believe me, I totally get it. I think you'll find that whenever you're near his stiff cock, it's almost impossible to resist sucking him off. It's kind of like that scenario we were talking about in the restaurant with the waiter, only you don't need the restaurant or the waiter. Just sliding your lips up and down on his cock monster is an endless thrill, all by itself!"

"Mmmm! I'm sure!" Hillary agreed. She was still maintaining sole possession of Nick's cock and balls. One hand slid on his cock from base to tip and back again while the other cradled his balls for good measure. But she realized that Maggie was there and waiting, so she took her hand off his shaft and nodded for Maggie to join in.

Maggie gave her a grateful smile, but she spurned Hillary's offer to hold his shaft. That was because she wanted to totally focus just on licking his hot pole for a while. She leaned in closer and then started to lap up at his sweet spot.

Hillary brought her hand back to his shaft, and got busy sliding her fingers up and down it. Then she also started lapping on him, only about an inch away from the tip of Maggie's tongue.

Nick was tripping out on erotic joy, and impulsively spoke his thoughts out loud. "Hillary, I can't believe you're doing this to me! Especially sharing! It's blowing my mind!"

Hillary said as she licking, "Truth be told, I've been longing to do this since that first day we went back to my place. Hell, pretty much since the first time I saw you kiss Maggie like you do. And since our movie date, it seems all I can think about are the many different things I wanna do with your cock!" She gave it a few more loving licks.

He asked in surprise, "Really?! Then why didn't you do more this week?"

"A girl's gotta play hard to get." She giggled, because she was far from playing hard to get now. "No, seriously, Anushka's 'no oral' restriction was the main reason. Remember?"

"Oh yeah." He wasn't thinking too clearly, due to all the stimulation and powerful emotion.

She added, "Besides, I think I would have waited some of that time anyway. I didn't want to step on Maggie's toes. But now, I've gotta say I'm glad it's happening just like this. Sharing with Maggie is making this totally unique and special. I feel wicked, but in the best possible way!"

Maggie still wasn't touching Nick's shaft with her fingers, because Hillary was holding and stroking his shaft and there wasn't much room for two hands when one hand was actively moving on it. Nicky's cock was remarkably thick, but it was "only" seven inches long. She was willing to content herself with just licking his cockhead for a while. She did have a hand cupping his balls, but it wasn't doing much.

But Hillary wasn't having it. Still speaking to Nick, she said, "Which reminds me..." Then she took Maggie's hand and brought it to back to shaft while keeping her hand on it too. She asked her teasingly, "Why are you leaving me all alone to stroke his cock monster? It takes two!"

Maggie sighed with relief and pleasure. She felt much better with her hand back on Nick's thickness, despite the lack of room. It wasn't about what her fingers could do to stimulate him, necessarily, it was more the sense of

connection and of sharing. She really adored the fact that Hillary made that thoughtful gesture.

Then she said teasingly, "You're so right! What was I thinking?!"

The two hotties shared a laugh.

Maggie added, "Sport, you picked a real winner with her!"

Hillary's tongue bumped into Maggie's again. They both felt sexual shivers as they almost broke out into a tongue "duel" as a result.

When that calmed down and they were both lapping on his sweet spot some more, Hillary asked, "Maggie, I keep hearing you call him 'Sport.' Why is that?"

In carefully crafting their backstory of their supposed romantic history, Nick and Maggie had forgotten to come up with a good reason for that. But Maggie ably handed the problem by saying, "I don't know. He's just 'Sport.' Why call someone 'Honey' instead of 'Sweetie' or whatever? It just happens. Maybe it's because he's so good at sports. You'd be surprised."

"Ah," was all Hillary had to say to that. Both women wanted to lick, so the conversation died out after that.

Chapter 31: Sharing the Pleasure (Friday)

Nick still couldn't believe his luck. He was forced to keep his eyes closed and try to mentally tune out as much as possible, to help stop himself from cumming too soon. He also focused on breathing slowly and steadily, at least as much as he could. That attitude really helped, and he soon entered a kind of dreamy blissed out state, allowing him to savor the endless waves of physical pleasure without letting excitable thoughts race out of control and push him over the orgasmic edge.

The two women spent the next few minutes both stroking and lapping his cock, but nearly all their focus was on their tongue work. Neither of them were in any rush or felt like they were being pressured or judged. They were just enjoying the experience to the fullest.

They also were getting accustomed to sharing his cock. They had developed a great camaraderie stroking him together for a long time on Friday in the movie theater, but licking was logistically very different. There was the problem of bumping heads. And, as usual, both of them wanted to devote most of their attention to his sweet spot nearly all the time, but it was much hard to lick him there together than to stroke him there together due to the their heads getting in the way. But it could easily be done just so long as they were careful, and considerate of the other.

Actually, they spent most of their time lapping on or around his sweet spot together instead of staying to their own zones. This meant they were cheek to cheek nearly all that time, and their tongues were often touching.

But both of them thought of that as a good thing, not a bad thing. In fact, they were so comfortable with each other so fast that sometimes they played brief tongue games, deliberately licking the other's tongue instead of Nick's hot shaft.

If Nick was euphoric before, he was doubly so now. It helped that they were taking a lazy pace, since both of them figured they were settling in for a very prolonged "double" cock licking. But even so, he teetered on the brink of cumming nearly all the time. He was thankful he had gained decent control with his PC muscle squeezing, because he had to do that squeezing non-stop.

He also generally kept one hand on each of their heads. That alone was an incredible mindfuck for him. All he would have to do was look down and see Maggie's mass of blonde hair right up against Hillary's mass of brown hair, and he would felt shivers race down his spine every time. He was glad their hair got in the way of him directly seeing their lapping tongue, because that would have been too much.

Somehow, over time, he gradually managed to grow somewhat accustomed to what was happening. The intensity and style of their joint licking didn't change much, and it certainly didn't lessen in the level of stimulation they were giving him. In fact, the pleasure increased the more the two of them began to improve their cooperation. But the human body has a remarkable ability to adjust to almost anything, given enough time. He still felt higher than a kite, drunk on pure lust, but the urgent need to cum wasn't as intense.

In fact, after a while he even was able to stop with the urgent PC muscle squeezing. That allowed him to relax all over. For instance, he went from just holding a hand on each hand to gently running his fingers through their hair.

Little things like that thrilled both of the women to no end. As an example, when he switched to petting and stroking Maggie's hair, she thought, *Oh God! Dear God! It's happening! We're really getting in a GROOVE! He's reaching a place where he doesn't have to cum so urgently, which means we can go on and on! So much COCK! So much licking!*

Good God, I love sharing with Hillary so much! It's like she's my twin, my clone, even. We think alike. We both are so passionate about pleasuring him! It really does double the pleasure for me, and I'm sure for him. And for her too! This is the absolute BEST!

She quietly whispered to Hillary, even as they continued to lap on his sweet spot together, with their tongues in frequent contact, "He just started stroking my hair! Is he doing the same to you?"

"He IS!" Hillary whispered back. "Isn't that just too cool?! It makes me feel, I dunno, even MORE slutty somehow! In the 'good slut' way, of course. Especially now that you told me he's stroking your hair too. It's like we're just his two busty and beautiful naked cock licking sluts!"

"That's exactly what we are!" Maggie whispered back.

The two of them lapped and stroked in silence for the next minute or two.

But now that they'd started talking, Maggie wanted to say more. She resumed whispering, "So, is there much more you wanted to say that got missed?"

Hillary thought about that, then answered, "Maybe. Not really. I'll have to think about it later, when I'm not so moony over loving this cock with my tongue!"

The two of them quietly giggled at that.

Then Hillary resumed her whispering, "I thought we'd have a lot to talk about, because I figured we'd have some kind of disagreement. My worse case scenario was you'd say you just wanted Nick to play the field a little bit, not get actually serious. Thank God that didn't happen!"

Maggie lowered her voice even more. Nick was off in blissed out la-la land, and breathing heavily too, so she figured he wasn't trying to listen in on their whispering in the first place. But she had something she wanted to share just for Hillary's ears. "Hillary, that wasn't going to happen, believe me. I feel like something very special is happening here. Something magical!"

"I know exactly what you mean," Hillary commented. "It's like I can feel the electricity in the air! And don't forget we're in your car in the middle of some random parking lot! Some perv is probably peeking through the windshield at us right now!" She giggled.

That idea gave both of them chills of excitement. Clearly, they got off on a certain amount of danger.

Maggie playfully warned, "Hush! Don't say that or you'll make me cream!"

"Too late! I can smell your sex already! And I'm sure you can smell mine. I'm so WET! We're going to need a rowboat to get out of here by the time we're done. I'm going to leak a lake!"

Maggie giggled at that. She couldn't believe how "depraved" she was acting, openly talking about such lewd things for the first time in her life.

She whispered, "Behave!" She giggled, then got serious again. "Anyway, I hope we'll both get more and more serious with him, and see just where this all takes us! But I hope our journey happens with you right there with us. In

fact, it's already gotten to the point where I have a hard time imagining having him all to myself again. That would make me sad. Very sad. I hope we can become a team! A sexy, slutty, cocksucking team! A loving team too! Loving our man with our tongues and our lips and our big tits, AND our hearts!"

Hillary's heart went to her throat. She was overcome with emotion, thanks to those words. She suddenly sat up. She kept a hand idly stroking Nick's boner, but obviously she was forced to stop licking.

Maggie was puzzled why Hillary did that. She sat up too, to investigate. She also kept on hand on his cock, and rubbed his sweet spot as best she could to make up for the lack of their busy tongues there.

Hillary motioned for Maggie to come closer, like she was going to whisper an important secret in her ear.

Both of them leaned in, until their mouths were almost inches away.

Nick was still blissed out, off in another world, basking in the endless joy. But the end of the licking, plus seeing both busty, well-tanned beauties sit up together, caught his attention, and stopped him from unthinkingly running his hands through their hair. He struggled to focus and watch, to figure out what was going on.

Hillary whispered, "Maggie, you're beyond awesome, sharing like you do. Thank you so much! Thankyouthankyouthankyou!" She suddenly grew bashful. "I know you don't consider yourself bisexual, and I am. I don't want to scare you, but... would it be okay if we kissed a little? On the lips?!" She hastened to add, "Not as a sexual thing, between us, but a celebration, a bonding. Celebrating how we can share Nick together!"

Maggie didn't reply with words. Instead, she showed her approval by parting her lips and tilting her head slightly.

Hillary did the same. Then, with one hand still holding and stroking Nick's pole with Maggie, she used her other hand to pull Maggie's head close and kiss her on the lips.

Hillary lusted after Maggie greatly, but she believed that Maggie was mostly straight. She hoped she could seduce Maggie to some degree, but she figured that would take time. Furthermore, Anushka had given her permission to play with Nick, but would be very unhappy if she French

kissed another woman, especially a total knockout like Maggie. Hillary fully expected a relatively non-sexual kiss on the lips, without any tongue, as female friends often do.

Normally, Maggie never would have allowed herself to be sexually French kissed by a woman, not even Hillary. They'd kissed each other intimately some already, but only on the face here and there, not directly on the lips. But she was extremely hot to trot after what she'd been seeing Hillary and Nick do to each other. With her hand currently jacking Nick off with Hillary's help, her arousal level was off the charts. Furthermore, she was emotionally moved by the situation, and especially by Hillary's heartfelt plea to share a "bonding" kiss.

To her total amazement, she found herself kissing Hillary back in a sustained way.

For the first few seconds, their lips stayed closed. But by some subtle mutual understanding, their mouths opened up and their tongues came out to dance.

Both of them were surprised, but Maggie probably more so, since she'd never kissed a woman in passion before.

That definitely caught Nick's attention! In fact, his blissed out lusty fog rolled away. His heart practically stopped beating as he gawked in breathless anticipation.

The two bombshells kissed like lovers for about half a minute. They were so into it that they even forgot to keep stroking Nick's cock, though they still held it. That was part of the bonding that really was happening to them. It was very symbolic that so much of their closeness was due to their mutual lust and even love for Nick's cock.

But then Hillary finally remembered that she wasn't supposed to be doing this. There would be hell to pay if she told Anushka, and it could set back Anushka's increasingly generous attitude towards letting her get intimate with Nick. Actually, she knew she shouldn't be doing it all along, but it didn't really register for a while. She figured that if she could break the kiss, at least she could limit the damage. She might spin the truth somewhat, but she didn't want to outright lie to Anushka about this, even a lie of omission.

She pulled back and gasped.

Maggie gasped too when the kiss ended. She was sad and disappointed, because she'd been enjoying the kissing so very much. Then she "came to her senses," and realized she wasn't "supposed" to be enjoying it. She felt deeply embarrassed, and she blushed.

Hillary blushed too. She worried she'd let her lust get the best of her and caused offense. "Oh, I'm SO sorry! I'm just so happy, and horny, and everything! I forgot you're not that way. Sorry! I'm just too excited!"

She leaned forward to kiss Maggie again, because Maggie's full and tempting red lips were still right in front of her, and the temptation to kiss them was almost irresistible. But then she remembered she shouldn't do that all over again. She sat way back to take her mouth out of the "danger zone."

Nick's brain had just about blown off when he saw his two great loves kissing each other like that. It was a near miracle he hadn't climaxed already. He was lucky yet again, since they'd stopped jacking him off for a while, due to the passion of the kiss, and then the emotional confusion that followed.

Surprisingly, Hillary's kiss didn't bother Maggie much. It helped that she didn't have the problem that Hillary did with Anushka, so it was entirely up to her if she did wrong or not. She had no doubt Nick was watching and approving! She had felt a powerful sexual connection, but she allowed herself to pretend that she didn't. She tried to dismiss the idea that it had any special meaning, and that it was just a celebratory and bonding kiss, like Hillary had suggested. She figured it was like people kissing random strangers at the end of WWII, where the situation was such that it was impossible not to kiss.

However, the kiss had a couple of powerful and immediate impacts on her. For one, it sent her already very high arousal level soaring even higher. And for the other, it gave her a strong desire to prove to herself that she was "completely straight" by going wild with Nick's cock.

She said, "Hillary, I don't mean to be rude, but... I love how we're bonding and sharing, but right now I want to reconnect my mouth to Nick's cock in a very special, private, one-on-one way! In short, I really, really need to suck his cock! Even more than usual!" She chuckled at that last comment.

Hillary was very disappointed, but she managed to smile at the "Even more than usual" part.

"Is it okay if you kind of... leave us be?! Again, I don't want to be rude or push you away. I can't explain it, but I really need this now! I love our threesome future we're talking about, but I need to love him with tightly sealed lips, and take him deep until I'm choking and gagging on it!"

Nick was a bit miffed that Maggie was saying that without consulting him or even looking his way. He would be very disappointed to see Hillary go, especially since they had an open-ended schedule. But then he realized that proof at just how much Maggie needed this. If she felt that strongly about it, he wasn't going to stand in the way.

Hillary thought that over, and realized that it was best she should go. She sensed that Maggie's sudden craving to suck had something to do with her emotional reaction to the French kiss they'd just shared, and it would be best to let Maggie do whatever she needed to work that out for herself.

She said with disappointment, "Oh. Right. Damn. Of course I'm sad to hear that, but I understand. Besides, you're his first girlfriend, or, uh, lover, so what you says goes."

Maggie asked plaintively, "No hard feelings?!"

"Definitely not!" Hillary said with a sincere smile back on her face, "You've been so generous with me! Such sharing! It almost brings me to tears. I feel like I've had a real breakthrough today! My first oral action on Nick's cock!"

Maggie smiled widely, very relieved that Hillary was taking her request so well. She said jubilantly, "Your first, but far from last! Soon, we'll be taking turns bobbing on him practically every time we three meet!"

Hillary's smile grew. "Agreed, except for the 'practically' part!"

The two busty babes laughed more over that.

Maggie was still holding Nick's boner all the while, and she resumed stroking it.

Hillary had disengaged already. She looked around for her clothes. In so doing, she was reminded she was sitting completely nude in the backseat of an SUV which was in the middle of a public library's empty parking lot. A thrill of naughty excitement ran down her spine. She exclaimed, "Do you realize where we are?! In the library parking lot!"

Maggie felt chills and thrills as that reminder hit her like a ton of bricks. In a panic, she looked all around. She was relieved to confirm that no one was nearby or looking their way, at least. In fact, no one else could even be seen, unless one counted the people in the cars through the trees zooming by on the main road. Thanks mostly to the tinted windows, the three of them didn't seem to be in any danger of been seen or caught.

She breathed a very big sigh of relief. But at the same time, on some deeper level, she liked the panic because it aroused her still more.

In fact, it took Maggie's desire to bob on Nick's cock to simply unbearable levels. She was trying to hold out until Hillary left so it wouldn't look like she was sucking on him when Hillary couldn't but he ability to wait was fading fast.

She repositioned, bringing her head back to his crotch. She resumed lapping on his sweet spot, hoping doing that much would sate her sucking just enough for a little longer. "Sorry, Hillary, but I'm absolutely dying for a little 'deep kissing' with my boyfriend here."

Hillary laughed at that. "Yeah, I'd say about a four-inch deep kiss, maybe? Can you deep throat him?"

Maggie admitted, while still licking and slurping, "Not yet! Like I said, things have only started getting really wild and creative recently. But believe me, it's on my mind. Soon! Soon!"

Hillary was secretly relieved. She still assumed Maggie was a sucking queen who knew just about every trick in the book. She continued getting into her clothes.

Maggie asked, "What about you? Can you do that?"

"Me? No. I must admit, before Nick, I never even considered it. I guess I've been a bit spoiled due to my looks. I didn't have to push myself to please my boyfriends. But with Nick, everything is different, like you said. I'm gonna give it my best shot!"

It was Maggie's turn to be secretly relieved, since she still assumed that Hillary was a sucking queen who knew just about every trick in the book. But she said sincerely, "We'll learn it together."

"Cool." Hillary had dressed in a hurry. She was presentable, so there was no reason to linger.

Maggie didn't know how much longer she could hold out from sucking, but she didn't want to rudely kick Hillary out. She asked, "We'll see you tonight at the party, right?"

"Um, yeah." She bit her lip in frustration from watching the way Maggie was licking and stroking Nick's huge boner. She couldn't get enough of it, and she already missed it. "Um, I guess I should go? I can walk back to my bike. I guess."

Maggie was already too busy kissing and fondling her son to answer, but she nodded her head vigorously.

Hillary was very bummed out to be abruptly dismissed like this, but she was trying not to show it.. The scent of sex in the SUV was so thick in the air that one could practically cut it with a knife.

Nick had been highly distracted by so many arousing things happening to him at once. But it sank in that Hillary really was about to leave. That finally caused him to take action. He disengaged from Maggie, and not just by a little bit. He scooted away so he was completely free from any contact with her. Then he said to Hillary, "Wait! Look, I get it that Ma wants to suck me solo for a while."

Hillary asked, startled, "Did you just call her 'Ma?'"

He thought, *Oh shit! What a fuck up! And now, of all times!* He had no choice but to brazen it out. "I did. That's my occasional nickname for her, remember? It's mostly a joke, due to our age gap. But it's kind of a kick too. She calls me 'Sport' and I call her 'Ma.' But anyway, that's not important now."

Luckily, Hillary bought that. The timing actually was fortuitous, because events were moving fast, not giving her much time to think.

He looked back to Maggie and quickly continued, "Like I just said, I get that you want to suck me for a while. By why does Hillary have to completely leave us? We still have a lot of time, and I don't think any of us have anywhere else they have to be. This SUV is pretty big. What if she just sits in the front seat with the music on or something?"

Maggie honestly said, "That hadn't even occurred to me. I guess I assumed that would be too frustrating for her, to be so close and yet so far."

Hillary leapt at the opportunity to stay. "Oh, that's no problem! That sounds good to me, actually. And if it helps at all, I can also keep a lookout to make sure we stay safe and undetected."

Maggie nodded back. She knew the lookout function was almost certainly unnecessary, but hopefully it would give something for Hillary to do. She said, "We could try that."

Nick's penis had been left alone during this mini-crisis. He'd been so distracted from sexy things that he'd gone flaccid.

But Maggie tried to fix that situation in a hurry. Nick was leaning against a big pillow that was up against a side of the SUV. His legs were spread out straight and wide. Maggie crawled between his legs. She didn't know why, but she chose a rather unusual pose, one she'd never used with him before. She got down on her knees and lower legs, with her butt touching the backs of her ankles. She bent her head way down, so her boobs were resting on her knees and her forehead was touching the floor with the hair on top of her head brushing against Nick's crotch.

This was a supremely submissive position. It almost looked like she was bowing low to worship his cock.

Hillary's mouth hung open and her heart skipped a beat. She didn't consciously pick up on the submissive symbolism, but she knew it was one of the sexiest thing she'd ever seen in her life.

Maggie kept her head down and her arms at her sides for a few seconds, as she gathered her strength and resolve. Then she lifted her head up just enough to be level with Nick's boner. Happily, it was already growing hard again in response to her pose and anticipation of what was to come. She reached out with both hands to fondle his privates and hold his pole in place.

Since Hillary was staying anyway, she didn't see the point of waiting any longer. She couldn't really control her sucking urge any longer, regardless. She opened her jaw wide and engulfed him in.

Maggie felt better immediately. She put her worries aside and tried to forget that Hillary was still there and hadn't even moved to the front seat yet. She concentrated fully on licking and sucking. As she had come to love to do, her lips slid up and down his shaft right where his sweet spot was, and with

great suction. Meanwhile, her tongue got busy inside her mouth, focusing on his sweet spot as much as her lips would allow as well.

She was getting so good at her combined tongue and lip work that it almost didn't matter what her hands did on top of that. But the way she stroked and fondled the rest of his shaft and his balls added yet more erotic joy to Nick's intense experience.

Hillary felt lucky that she was allowed to stay and watch at all. She was trying not to bother them or get involved in any way. However, she was so excited and aroused by Maggie's pose that she couldn't stop herself from saying, "Excuse me! Sorry for interrupting, but Maggie, I just have to say you look totally hot! That's the sexiest looking blowjob I've ever seen. You inspire me!"

Maggie felt both proud and embarrassed by the reminder that Hillary was there and watching her every move. Hillary's comments inspired her to suck Nick with even greater passion.

Indeed, Hillary was transfixed by what she was seeing. She left the impression that she was totally sexually liberated and thus must have engaged in things like orgies, but in fact she was sexually wild, but only with one sex partner at a time, at least so far.

So watching Maggie suck Nick was something totally new and thrilling for her. Witnessing the love and desire between the two of them, and especially Maggie's sucking passion, was so moving and powerful that she almost couldn't breathe. She felt honored just to be in their presence and allowed to witness it.

It reinforced her misguided belief that Maggie was an expert suck queen. Actually, that was increasingly becoming true except for the "expert" part, but due almost entirely to Maggie's passion, not experience. Hillary couldn't tell the difference, since all the important action was taking place hidden inside Maggie's mouth.

It was true that Nick wasn't doing anything but running his hands through Maggie's hair from time to time. But the way he looked down at her was filled with love and appreciation, even though Maggie usually was concentrating so intensely on her oral work that she generally kept her head down. However, she did glance up at him from time to time, mostly to visually examine his face to see how some of her latest experimental

techniques were going over. But every time that happened, they shared a deeply loving look.

He was clearly loving every second of the experience, and not just due to the sheer physical pleasure of it. He was happy to simply be with Maggie and be able to touch her, and it showed in every move and contented sigh he made.

With Maggie, it was much the same, except she had much more of a chance to actively show her love for Nick with the passion, energy, and talent she put into the way she sucked his cock. It was obvious that this wasn't something she was doing just to get him hard, or because she knew he wanted it. She loved it, and couldn't get enough of it!

Yes, it was messy and noisy and lewd, but she'd come to love all those aspects of it too. She reveled in the sheer sluttiness of it. Being a "good slut" was becoming an important part of her identity.

Hillary was so impressed that she felt even more daunted than before. She knew her time for her first serious cocksucking session with Nick's cock would come soon, and she wondered how she could possibly measure up. She'd had plenty of experience giving blowjobs in the past couple of years she'd been sexually active. So she had the experience. But she worried she lacked Maggie's level of love and passion, and worried about Maggie's seeming greater oral experience on top of that.

Little did she realize that Maggie and Nick were actually mother and son! The love they shared for each other was boundless and beyond measure. It was very hard for her, or anyone else, to compete with that. Luckily, her feelings for Nick were growing stronger by the day. As she'd said, she doubted that she'd fallen in love with him just yet, but she was getting there fast. However, she certainly was in lust with him, and in a very big way!

As she continued to gawk, she gave herself a pep talk in her mind, vowing to step up her game and at least try to match what Maggie was doing to Nick. More and more, she was taking it for a given that being one of Nick's lovers would mean lots and lots of cocksucking. She not only accepted that, she considered it one of the best perks of their unorthodox relationship. She couldn't wait to get started, but she wanted that crucial first time with him to be in private, without Maggie's judging eyes on her.

Hillary forgot all about how she was supposed to go sit in the front seat. She continued to sit on the other side of the back of the SUV, trying to be as out of the way and forgotten as possible. But although the Explorer was large as far as cars go, she was still so close to the other two that she had to be careful not to move her legs and bump into them. In fact, she was in between one of Nick's outstretched legs and Maggie's bouncing ass.

And Maggie's ass was definitely bouncing. One result of the unusual way that Maggie was kneeling was that it was easy for her body to bounce from her knees up, so it did. Much like an unequal see-saw, when her head bobbed a little, her ass naturally bounced a lot.

It was a kind of a sweet torture for Hillary. She couldn't see much of the blowjob action from where she was sitting, except sometimes when Maggie tilted her head at unusual angles while trying out different approaches and techniques on Nick. But Maggie's ass was so close that Hillary could have touched her ass cheeks without even needing to stretch her arm out. The sight of Maggie's swampy and dripping pussy was just as visible and within easy reach, and after a while Hillary couldn't stop looking at it.

Even the sexual smell became a kind of a torture for her. Maggie's cunt was very, very wet! It was so pungent with arousal that it was all Hillary could do not to reposition herself and start licking the cum right off Maggie's pussy lips!

Hillary knew she couldn't possibly do that, no matter what. She felt sad that if Maggie was indeed totally heterosexual, she might never be able to do that. But while she restrained herself from any kind of contact, she was incredibly tempted to masturbate. She worried that might be seen as some kind of faux pas though. Although they'd just come to a loose agreement about the nature of their relationship with each other, there were many little details like this that needed to be worked out in practice.

As the minutes passed, she knew the other two were well aware of her presence, even though they basically totally ignored her. Nick was facing her general direction, but his eyes were generally closed from trying to cope with too much erotic stimulation or he had a glazed over expression, again from too much erotic stimulation. Every now and then he did look her way, and they even locked gazes at times and shared a smile, but that was rare.

Thus, although she had put all her clothes back on, she figured that it would be okay for her to get completely naked again, so she did just that. But that greatly increased her urge to masturbate. She worried that might be too intrusive and disruptive, especially if she started constantly panting and moaning, like she knew she would be, or even loudly crying out in orgasmic ecstasy, which was highly likely eventually too.

She figured it was best to err on the side of caution. So she cleared her throat to get their attention, and said, loudly, "Excuse me. I hate to interrupt again, but would anyone mind if I masturbate? What you're doing is so sexy that it's pretty hard not to."

Maggie twisted and turned her head just enough to briefly make eye contact with Hillary. She wasn't at all surprised or bothered to see that Hillary was buck naked again. She didn't take his cock out of her mouth, but she nodded up and down affirmatively. Then she went right back to her regular bobbing.

In fact, now that she was reminded Hillary was there, she angled the action so Hillary could get a better view of what she was doing. She shifted her body well to the side, giving Hillary more of a side profile view of what she was doing.

Hillary greatly appreciated that. But she still looked to Nick, expectant and uncertain if he would approve her masturbating too.

He remained facing her, so eye contact was no problem. He drifted out of his erotic bliss, and said, "Seriously?! You're asking me that as if there was any chance on Earth that I'd say no? Please do!" He laughed, mostly just incredulous over his entire dream-come-to-life situation.

Hillary started by caressing her magnificent breasts. She did that with Nick's gaze very much in mind, since he was still looking at her, now that he'd come more out of his erotic fog. But she soon dropped a hand to her crotch and began playing with her labia and clit as well.

Actually, he could directly and easily see that too, and he liked watching that just as much. He was incredulous that he was getting to watch his dream girl Hillary naked and playing with herself while his other dream "girl" Maggie passionately sucked his cock!

As Maggie bobbed and slurped, she thought, *It's strange. Before, I wanted Hillary to leave right away so I could suck my son in private, but now, I don't mind her presence in the slightest. In fact, I'm totally psyched that she's watching!*

I guess the difference is now I'm the one with sole possession of Nick and his fat boner, and she's the one forced to just sit and stare and play with herself! I still really need this solo time bobbing on him, but I'm getting to enjoy that just fine with her watching, so what's the problem?

Besides, when the three of us are together, the jealousy burns sometimes, but it doesn't overwhelm me. It's totally hot, knowing a sexy bombshell like her is getting so horny for my son that she has to play with herself! It makes me want to arouse him more than ever with the best blowjob in the whole wide world!

Gaawwwd! I just LOVE being my son's naked big-titted cocksucking SLUT! What's great is that she seems to want to be the exact same, so we can encourage and inspire each other!

She heard the sound of a car horn honking, and that spooked her. She immediately pulled her lips off in a panic. She quickly realized it was just a passing car on the road and had nothing to do with them, but it made her remember all over again where she was and her totally nude and compromised position.

With her lips freed, she decided her mouth needed a short break anyway. Plus, more importantly for their continued mutual pleasure, his overheated cock needed a relative break too. She switched to "merely" pumping Nick's cock with one hand for a while.

That allowed her to reach back and start fingering her pussy lips for a while too. She was careful not to touch her clit just yet, since she wanted to time her orgasm with Nick's, but she needed to at least do something to quench the burning fire in her pussy.

She was painfully aware and terribly embarrassed of the fact that Hillary couldn't possibly miss the way she was fingering herself. In fact, Hillary was so close behind her that she might have been able to feel Hillary's breath on her butt, had she not recently repositioned her body somewhat to give Hillary that better view. She knew her pussy was leaking copiously, and the fact Hillary could see that embarrassed her even more.

But at the same time, knowing that Hillary was undoubtedly watching her fingers slide on her soaked and pungent pussy aroused her even more than she already was, which was a hell of a lot! She almost felt tempted to reposition back to how she was before, and put her ass and cunt practically right in Hillary's face.

Hillary, in turn, was so tempted to reach out and touch Maggie's ass that her hands were actually shaking a little bit. Actually, she wanted to do more than just touch that ass; she wanted to grip it and hold it firmly in place so she could bury her face in Maggie's hot cunt and lick her to the great climax Maggie was obviously already on the brink of reaching! Hillary was glad that she was playing with her breasts and pussy, because if her hands weren't busy doing something already she worried she might not be able to keep them from touching Maggie.

With her mouth freed during the break, Maggie started quietly cooing into Nick's ear.

Hillary could just make out what she was saying.

Maggie's voice dripped with lust as she whispered, "You motherfucker! You and your big cock! Damn this big thing! What do I have to do to get you to cum already? Would it help if I tell you that Hillary is watching our every move?"

Nick's eyes had been closed as he savored every last move his mother was making, but upon hearing that, he opened his eyes wide and looked around for Hillary again. He quickly caught her eyes.

Hillary felt like she'd been busted, since she was fondling her tits and pussy with such wanton abandon by now. Somehow that embarrassed her, even though he'd watched her start to play with herself only a couple of minutes prior. She blushed, and gave him a small, embarrassed wave.

She looked away for a few seconds, but then she decided that since she was "caught" anyway, there was no point in acting shy about gawking right back at him. She stared, blatantly, with bedroom eyes.

Nick had a very good view of her tanned, bouncy, and wonderfully uncovered huge tits. He groaned loudly and lustily. Once again, he simply couldn't believe he was getting to enjoy ogling at his dream girl while his equally beautiful mother pleased him.

Hillary noticed how he kept on staring and staring at her tits, and decided she could do her part from a distance to help him cum. She took a hand from her crotch, and brought it up to join her other hand already at her chest. Then she cupped her tits from below while giving Nick the sexiest "come hither" look she could manage.

Due to the fact that Maggie had recently repositioned herself to give Hillary a better view, plus the fact that she wasn't actively sucking him off at the moment, Maggie was able to turn her head, look out of the corner of her eye, and follow Nick's intense, lusty gaze to find out what interesting him so much.

So she saw how Hillary was tempting and titillating him by caressing her enormous globes, but she didn't mind that in the least. In fact, now that she had Nick's cock in her hand, her jealousy was replaced by an appreciation for Hillary's sexy help. It was further example in her mind of how well they could work as a cock-stiffening team.

She spoke to him in a sultry voice while sliding her fingers up and down his throbbing boner and looking back at Hillary. "Look! What a sexy sight. Do you know Hillary's tits are even bigger than mine? That's BIG! In fact, that's damn HUGE! You came all over those at the movie, do you remember? You soaked both our chests in your tasty sperm! How would you like to paint us again? You should sperm both of us at once here today, just like you did at the movie! Only this time we won't get rudely interrupted. We could take turns sucking your cock, and then-"

"AAARRRRGGGGNNNGGGHHH!" Nick yelled. Maggie had been expertly keeping him on the edge for a long time, but her titillating words were too much for him, on top of everything else. The suggestion that they both suck him together was the final straw. It was unexpected, since she was "only" stroking him instead of sucking him at the time, but he started to shoot off.

Luckily, his scream gave Maggie just enough time to turn her head back around and prepare to take the full force of his blast on her face. She shut her eyes tightly and braced herself, since her face was only a few inches from the tip of his dick. The cum hit her face hard, like he was pointing a powerful fire hose at her, but she loved it.

Still, she realized that was too close, and she raised herself up and tilted back some. That allowed him to aim for her big globes too.

He saw that and was mindful to try to "paint" as much of her round tits as possible.

He didn't even think of cumming on Hillary too, since she was sitting on the other side of the back area of the SUV, and she didn't attempt to move closer.

She figured she was very lucky to be allowed to watch and didn't want to get Maggie upset by "stealing" some of his cum away from her. She knew how diligently and passionately Maggie had been sucking him for a long time, so she felt Maggie had earned all of it.

As his spurts started to weaken, Maggie swallowed his cockhead again and resumed bobbing frantically on him. That helped prolong his orgasm a little bit and coaxed out even more cum. She gladly swallowed all that went into her mouth. She felt like she'd hit the trifecta, since he had plenty of cum for her face, boobs, and mouth as well.

Nick had been fairly quiet during his climax after his initial yell, but when he felt his mother engulf his dick again and then slide her lips back and forth over his sweet spot, he felt like he was having a climax on top of his climax. He had to yell out loudly again, with pure, unbridled euphoria.

Hillary watched with the utmost fascination. She shifted her position some to get an even better view of how Nick blasted his load all over Maggie. It was such an inspirational sight that she couldn't help but finger herself to a rapidly approaching orgasm.

However, even though she'd moved some, she still had a good view when Maggie kept on fingering herself to a very satisfying climax too. Maggie had been running her fingers all over her wet pussy lips, but Hillary had to bite her lip when she watched two of Maggie's fingers disappear into her hot and juicy slit.

She wanted those fingers to be her own so badly that it was almost too much to endure. Her lust for Nick was climbing to the sky day by day, but her lust for Maggie remained just as high or maybe even higher. If nothing else, Maggie was an extraordinary beauty that made almost anyone's heart race just from being near to her.

With her eyes locked on Maggie's fingers plunging in and out, Hillary screamed out somewhat nonsensically, "Oh, Maggie! Your cunt! So hot!

Nick's cock! Too much! UNGH! OH FUCK! I'm CUUUUMMMIING!"

The fingers of Hillary's one hand rapidly rubbed her clit and labia as the fingers of the other plunged in and out of her pussy. In her mind, she wasn't fingerfucking her own cunt, she was doing it to Maggie! As her climax reached its peak, and with her legs trembling uncontrollably, she flooded her fingers with her own nectar. She had never seen such an erotic sight as these two, or been so wet in her life.

With all of their powerful orgasms done, the three of them slumped down where they were. They were in great need of rest, after each of them had achieved sweaty sexual satisfaction.

But there was a twist: as so often happened to Nick, one climax wasn't enough to make his dick go flaccid. He was wiped out, mentally and physically, but his erection showed no signs of going down.

Maggie would have loved to have gone right back to sucking it some more, but she couldn't. She was all wiped out. She stretched her legs out from the unusual kneeling pose she'd been in, and then sprawled herself out over one of Nick's legs.

She just sat back, naked. Looking around, she remembered Hillary was still there. She playfully asked, "How we doing? Are you enjoying being a 'lookout?' Is anyone watching us?" She winked to make clear she was just teasing.

Hillary was in the worst condition of the three, since her orgasm had been even more massive than theirs. However, she was young and incredibly fit, not to mention energized and excited by what had just happened. So she ignored Maggie's tease, but enthusiastically commented. "Wow, guys! That was great! Maggie, I feel honored, and I truly mean honored, that you let me watch that. I'm sorry that I didn't exactly ask permission..."

Maggie lazily waved a hand, then let it fall. "Don't sweat it. I feel bad that I was sending you away. At least you got to watch. I'm glad you did."

Hillary said, "You're my sex goddess inspiration now. I hope you know that. But I have just one question. Seriously, Nick, does your cock EVER go down?!"

Maggie laughed at that. She had a head resting on one of Nick's thighs. She was feeling too lazy to move much, but she reached up to Nick's crotch, and

lovingly ran a finger up and down his stiff boner. "It's remarkable, isn't it? This happens all the time! I can't believe it, and I don't know how, but it keeps happening. He says he usually cums in twos."

"What do you mean?" Hillary asked.

Maggie said, "Just that. He cums once, and then he's stays hard! It's like he didn't cum at all! It doesn't happen all the time, but it happens most of the time."

"WOW! That's amaaaaazing!" Hillary said, half-jokingly, "And to think I agreed to the co-girlfriend idea even BEFORE I knew that! You're stuck with me now!" She laughed, and Maggie did too.

Then she looked to Nick. "Is that really true though?! And if so, why?!"

Since he was being asked a question, he gathered his wits and tried to say something coherent. "Um, uh... Yeah. Not all the time though. As for why, I dunno. It's just that I get soooooo horny sometimes! Cumming once usually doesn't take all the horny out of me, if that makes sense."

Hillary laughed some more. "That makes total sense, given what I know about you. You're a true sex fiend. And I say that in the most complimentary way."

He grinned impishly. "Why, thank you."

The three of them laughed at that. They were having a very fun time, even when they were still just resting.

Hillary turned back to Maggie. "And look at you, my dear. He made you look like that after just one time. Can you imagine if you doubled that every time?! Lord have mercy!"

Maggie didn't follow what Hillary meant exactly. She frowned in confusion.

Hillary pointed to her own face and chest, making Maggie realize that she was referring to the streaks of cum dripping down all over her own body.

"Oh yeah!" Maggie laughed. She swiped one of the biggest gobs and put it in her mouth. "Mmmm. Tastes good too. Kind of salty, but sweet, like sweet and sour chicken."

"Are you serious?" Hillary had enjoyed some of Nick's cum already, and lot more of his pre-cum, especially in the movie theater last Friday night. But it had been a while, and she didn't remember a "sweet and sour chicken taste."

"Taste it yourself." Maggie swiped another big gob off her face, and then brought her finger to an inch in front of Hillary's face.

Hillary craned her head forward and licked Maggie's fingers clean with her lips. She tried to keep the finger in her mouth as long as possible, and lick it lovingly with her tongue and lips. She was as interested in the finger as in the cum, but in fact she loved both.

Both women felt shivers down their spines as Hillary licked the finger completely clean.

"Mmmm! Yummy!" Hillary replied. "And you're right: it does taste kind of like sweet and sour chicken. That's weird." Then she gave Maggie a particularly lusty look, and said, "I think you and I are going to be good friends. VERY good friends."

Maggie felt another shiver down her spine. "I think you're right." She wasn't thinking about overt lesbian activity, but she imagined many fun threesome cocksucking sessions, ending with Nick blowing his load on both of their faces, or chests, or faces and chests. Then the two of them would be able to enjoy sharing his cum afterwards.

She swiped up a cum gob and fed it to herself, making a big production over how much she enjoyed eating it.

That only increased Hillary's desire for more. She asked her hesitantly, "Could you feed me another gob? Or two? Please?!"

"Certainly." Maggie fed Hillary in the same way as before, only she used two fingers this time.

Hillary went all out cleaning Maggie's fingers, being even more overt about what she did, making it seem as if those fingers were a stiff penis and she was cocksucking it. She actually held Maggie's hand in place, then bobbed on Maggie's fingers, tightly sucking on them, and running her tongue over them, until all the cum was gone. Even then, she kept sucking for nearly another minute.

Finally, she let go, and said, "Another! Please."

Maggie was having a great time, and the overt cocksucking behavior made it even more fun for her. Ironically, this was happening even as Nick's very real and fully erect penis was right there untouched, but all three of them needed a prolonged mental and physical break from more action with him.

Nick had been closely watching every last little thing that was happening, and he was aroused beyond all comprehension. If his dick wouldn't have been stiff already, it certainly would have engorged from the finger sucking he was witnessing. He was so inspired that his dick actually lifted up off his thigh slightly on its own, although it was still too sensitive for action.

He thought, *Holy shit! It's exactly like Ma's fingers are my cock, and Hillary is flaunting her cocksucking skills. So sexy! God! I can't wait for her to use those skills directly on me. She sucked me twice today already, but each time was so short. It was more like a tease, a preview of coming attractions.*

Man! I'm such a fucking lucky son of a bitch! Are you kidding me?! Is all this really happening?! There's just no way! And yet, here we are!

Maggie fed herself some more cum, and then fed Hillary more. The more they did it, the more they both grew comfortable with such cum sharing, and the more enjoyable it became for them. Hillary continued her cocksucking style of cleaning Maggie's fingers, something both of them especially enjoyed.

Hillary was so aroused that she resumed playing with her pussy. With Maggie leaning forward so the two of them met in the middle, she knew Maggie would see what she was doing, and her pussy was still highly sensitive from her recent climax. But she was too horny not to do it.

Indeed, Maggie did see, although she was too busy with the cum feeding to talk about it. *Oooh! Hillary's such a naughty slut! I can't believe I'm secretly watching her two fingers disappear in and out of her pussy lips, even as MY two fingers slide in and out of her other lips! Why does this not bother me and only make me more aroused? It's like whatever resistance I had to all this sexy fun is gone. It's just too fun to resist!*

Being a "good slut" is ten times more fun if you have another good slut to share it with!

Once Maggie's fingers were thoroughly cleaned again and Hillary let her go, Hillary said, "More! Please! And if you stuff three fingers in my mouth instead of two, it'll be even more like you're fucking my face with a cock!"

Maggie laughed, even as she gobbled up more cum for herself. "You don't beat around the bush, do you?"

"Nope! I'm a very sexual person, and I don't care who knows it. I must say, you're really sexy too. Nobody's ever fed me cum before, and I love it!"

"I do too, and we could do this all day, but how are you doing, Nick?"

"Ma--aggie, I'm so horny and ready! And I gotta say, that's the hottest thing I've ever seen!"

Hillary teased as she subtly shook her big tits, "What if I let you spill another hot load of your cum all over my bare chest as Maggie feeds some of your last cum blast to me? Wouldn't that be hotter?"

"Oh GOD! Ma--aggie, please! My dick needs you!" After cumming, he still was somewhat in a daze. He only just barely avoided saying "Ma" twice in a row.

Maggie turned back to Nick. She resumed jacking him off with two hands. She knew he still was recovering, but she was feeling fine, and she couldn't resist his erect cock. She purred to him in a sultry voice, "Have no fear. I'm here to help. What if I coax another heavy, creamy spermy load right out of you and onto HILLARY this time?! Would you like that?"

He moaned in approval.

Hillary asked, "Sorry to interrupt you both with an off the wall question, but Nick, why do you sometimes say Maggie's name all weird like that?"

Nick had thought up an answer if this kind of situation were to ever arise, which he figured would happen sooner or later. "At first, I knew her as Margaret. That's what most people call her. But lately she's started to insist I call her Maggie. She says it's more intimate. But I still think of her as Margaret. So I start to call her Margaret, and then I catch myself halfway through and try to change it to Maggie. I'm slowly getting the hang of it, but I keep forgetting."

That sounded very plausible to Hillary, and she nodded.

But then Nick remembered that he'd already called Maggie "Ma" in front of Hillary a little while ago, and he'd brazenly claimed that was a sexy nickname that he used. So he added, "Plus, you know that I like to joke around by calling her 'Ma' sometimes. Well, that's a whole other reason for me to start to call her 'ma' as in 'baa baa black sheep' instead of 'ma' with the other 'a' sound, as in agony. Needless to say, it would cause a lot of weird looks if I called her 'Ma' in front of just anybody, so I have a reflex to stop

myself. I guess I shouldn't worry about it with you anymore, but habits are hard to break, and my wires get crossed."

Hillary was convinced that Maggie was of college age, so the idea that Nick might be calling her "Ma" because she really was his mother never even crossed her mind. Instead, she said, "Well, that's confusing. Everything's coming up 'maaaa' for you. But don't worry about me. Call her 'Ma' all you want."

"Really?!" he asked hopefully.

"Sure. Why not?" Hillary replied. "It's kind of kinky and fun. With you two, I would expect nothing less!" She laughed.

Of course, Maggie was secretly very relieved. This would make things much easier for Nick. However, she still had the problem of wanting to call him "Son." Then, in a fit of inspiration, she came up with something. She said as she stroked his boner, "You want kinky? You don't know the half of it! This is so embarrassing, but when he calls me 'Ma,' it kind of turns me on. I mean, you know I'm not THAT much older than him, but from time to time we still can kind of get off on the idea that I really am his mother!"

Maggie added, "So I decided to retaliate by calling him 'Son,' and you know what? The sicko actually LIKES it! Especially when we're having sex and I want to give him a little extra thrill, I'll call him that. He thinks it's kinky!"

Her heart was beating fast as she hoped and prayed that Hillary would fall for her explanation. If so, that would 'inoculate' from any future danger of saying either "Ma" or "Son" in front of her. But she worried that Hillary would take offense.

Hillary laughed. She was still completely unsuspecting that they were actually mother and son. There just wasn't enough of an obvious physical similarity between them for that to make her suspicious, especially since Maggie had dyed her hair blonde and Nick's hair was still dark brown. (Although Hillary had seen Maggie's brown bush before it was shaved off, Maggie's head of hair looked so naturally blonde that it was easy to forget that she wasn't.)

Hillary merely thought the two of them were playing a naughty, fun little game, and she certainly loved that kind of thing. Luckily, they'd already being up such a sexually daring reputation in her mind that this perfectly fit

in with that. She sincerely suggested, "I think it's kinky too. But don't stop there. You should totally go all out and do a full-on 'mother and son' role-play. That would be REALLY hot!"

Maggie looked properly scandalized by that. "Really?! Don't you think that would be going too far?"

"Nah. What's the harm? The great thing about fantasies, and role-plays, is that you can think or say whatever you want and there's no cost. It's just playing around."

Maggie pretended to be doubtful. "Well, maybe. But we've never tried that and I think it would be too weird even for me. I'm sure Nick would get off on it though!"

The three of them laughed at that.

Then Maggie added, "Besides, I have to admit, I don't want to take this 'mother' stuff too far because it would make me feel old. I'm already a few years older than him, and I don't like to be reminded of that even more often." She jokingly added, "Don't encourage him!"

Nick was extremely excited, and for once it wasn't mostly due to sexual pleasure. In fact, he was so intent on the conversation that he was hardly paying any attention to Maggie's swaying bare breasts or her continued, steady handjob. He thought Maggie had had a brilliant idea to explain away the future "Son" slip-ups. It was yet more almost unbelievably good news.

He was eager to play along, to help further convince Hillary. He told Maggie in a jokey way, "Hey, turnaround is fair play. You're always making quips about MY age, calling me 'young whippersnapper' and crap like that."

She playfully protested back, "Yeah, but it's okay to tease someone when they're younger than you, but not when they're older." She stuck a tongue out at him. "So you can go suck it!"

Hillary was totally buying their whole act, and laughing more often than not. She also joked, to Maggie, "Hey, when it comes to 'sucking it,' I think you're the expert."

Maggie laughed. "True!"

Nick was even more secretly delighted. *Incredible! Hillary is totally buying our "Ma" and "Son" cover story! From now on, we'll be able to say most*

anything right in front of her, and she won't have any reason to suspect the true nature of our relationship! Brilliant! It's like I always believe, the best way to hide something is putting it right out in the open, but with some twist, because who would expect that?

This is so great! Plus, we have back-up. Since Ma still uses her maiden name, it would be very difficult for Hillary to ever find out the truth, unless she were to ever meet Andy. And I'm not going to let THAT happen! Hell, with the way things are going, we might not even need to show her Ma's fake driver's license anymore. Man! This is too awesome! I need to try to keep my cool though. Some sudden burst of joy would be suspicious.

Although, even there, Ma's totally stroking my cock some more, so even that could be explain. Man! I never knew my scheme would work THIS well!

Maggie also understood the importance of not acting too jubilant over the little ruse they'd just so successfully pulled off. So she turned her attention back to her handjob. She suggested to Hillary, "Come over here, please, so I don't have to keep turning my head back and forth."

Hillary gladly switched sides, so she was up against the same side of the SUV as Nick, with a pillow behind her back. In fact, she immediately cuddled right up to him and even put an arm around him for good measure. She certainly wasn't sexually shy, and since neither of the other two seemed to mind her masturbating, she went right back to playing with her clit with her free hand while watching the handjob action from close up.

She wondered about being able to join in some more. It seemed weird if she wouldn't be, given how she and Maggie had extensively stroked and licked his cock earlier. But her attitude was that Maggie was the "first girlfriend," and she didn't want to be too pushy. She hoped Maggie would remember to invite her to join in.

Maggie asked her, "How are we doing?"

Hillary was breathing hard as she exclaimed, "So fuckin' hot! You're really good at that. I love the way you're fondling his balls too. I'm about to cum again, just from watching!"

Maggie chuckled. "No, I don't mean that. I mean keeping a lookout. Seriously. Before we get back into the endless task of trying to make Nick cum, one of us should probably really take a look around, just to be sure."

"Oh. That. Sure. Let me check." Hillary had forgotten all about her offer to keep a lookout, but she paused with her masturbating, sat up higher, and carefully did a full 360 degree scan through the tinted window.

When she finished, she explained. "We're still good. There are some people, but they're miles away. Way on the other side of the road. Why would anyone care about a car parked in some parking lot? I'm sure we're fine."

"Thanks for checking," Maggie said.

"No problem."

Maggie was lazily stroking Nick's boner with just one hand now. It seemed she wasn't trying to arouse Nick so much as just feel the comfort and familiarity of it in her hands.

Hillary was wondering if there was some way she could prod Maggie to get her to join in without being too pushy about it, when Maggie started to open her mouth to speak. In fact, Maggie was just about to suggest that Hillary "led a hand."

But just then, Hillary's cell phone rang.

She scrambled around for her shorts, since she kept her phone in her pocket. She said, "Uh-oh! I'd better answer that. I give out my cell phone number to very, very few people, so it must be someone important."

She found the phone and answered it.

Chapter 32: New Plans and New Kisses (Friday)

It turned out Hillary did need to take the call. Based on the phone number, she figured it was relating to the party that night, and there often were last minute changes that were important to know about. She scooted away and turned her head in an attempt to have some privacy on the phone.

Maggie and Nick tried not to listen, but it was hard not to with all three of them cooped up in the back of the SUV.

Maggie still had a hand on Nick's cock, and she kept on rubbing his sweet spot. However, she continued to feel tired from her recent orgasm, so she was content to just slowly and gently rub that spot with one hand. She was keeping him erect with a low-level erotic buzz, but that was all.

However, she started talking sexily too, mostly so they wouldn't listen in on Hillary if they were talking amongst themselves. She knew Hillary was too busy with her phone call to listen in, but she spoke quietly just to be sure. "Nick, things are really coming together for you, aren't they? Hillary's going to be your friend with benefits. Big benefits! And you get to have TWO girlfriends who look like this!"

She used her free hand to lift up one of her huge boobs and let it fall, sending it bouncing and wobbling. Then, just for fun, she did the exact same to her other boob.

Nick gulped, and thought, *God damn! All these years I wanted Ma so much! And now I have her! But I never thought it would be like THIS! Even that simple titty gesture is totally mind-blowing for me!*

She smirked, loving how that move had left him staring in wide-eyed wonder, even well after her huge, evenly-tanned melons had stopped their jiggling. "I'm feeling better after getting to blow you. I really needed that. Is that okay with you?"

"Is what okay?"

"That sometimes I'll just have this CRAVING to suck you off! An almost uncontrollable craving. And I won't feel right until my jaw is sore from all my mad slurping and you've painted my face or my tits, or blasted straight

into my mouth - or all three! Do you mind if I... impose on you like that from time to time? On top of all my usual cocksucking, of course."

He gulped again. *Holy shit! See?! This is the sort of stuff I never expected in a million years from her. So awesome!*

She smirked knowingly, because she was mostly just winding him up. She didn't even wait for an answer, because his flabbergasted face was all she was looking for, and his answer would be obvious anyway.

She went on, "I think we should give her a turn now. I really like that she seems very genuinely orally minded. That's a proclivity that should be strongly encouraged!" She snickered at that.

She gleefully added, "I haven't told you this yet, because it's kind of embarrassing to admit, and I don't know if we should talk about it, especially with her listening in. But last night she and I had kind of a long phone sex talk. It was all about sucking and titfucking your cock!"

His eyes bugged out. "Are you serious?!"

"As a heart attack! Like I said, she's VERY keen! She knows the proper role of a 'good slut' girlfriend is to constantly use her mouth and tits to keep your cock monster throbbing with pleasure!"

Hillary hadn't actually said anything like that to Maggie, which was one reason Maggie was glad that Hillary was distracted with her phone call. But Maggie figured that that comment was true in its general spirit about the "good slut" attitude, anyway. And it was a way to imply that she felt the same, when she felt too embarrassed to say so directly.

Predictably, he was blown away all over again. His cock throbbed needfully, even though she still was only lightly rubbing his sweet spot. His eyes were as wide as saucers, and his heart was in his throat.

She secretly delighted in his lusty reaction. She asked, "What do you think? Would you like to see her bob and slurp on your fat cock monster? Or, better yet, would you like to feel her doing that?"

Nick didn't even need to reply to that, since his answer was so obvious. He glanced over at Hillary. She was sitting at side-profile from him, which allowed him to admire her ass and "side-boob" at the same time. *Boy! I love how she's was totally naked for me, with a perfect all-over tan. Her body is truly flawless and very fit. I can't believe my luck with her. And Ma's talking*

about me having her, even while we're parked in the fucking middle of nowhere!

Then he looked at Maggie. *I can't believe my own eyes, but she's just as fit, tanned, and all-around beautiful. Plus, she's still the caring mother I've always loved with all my heart. And, she's turning out to be incredibly horny for me! So cummy!*

He thought "so cummy" because, as if Maggie wasn't looking sexy enough already, she still had lots of his cum splattered all over her face and tits. She and Hillary and consumed a lot on her face, but the cum on her tits was untouched so far.

While he was still looking Maggie over, she bent over and started licking his cockhead. She hadn't planned on doing that, and she barely had the energy to do it. But she'd started talking about Hillary bobbing and slurping on his "fat cock monster," and her own words worked her up to the point that she couldn't resist.

Hillary was still on the phone and looking away, but she somehow sensed that immediately. She turned around and stared. She was frustrated that she had to stay on the phone, but the call was about the party, and it was important.

Maggie continued to quietly tease him in a sultry voice. "Yep, I definitely think Hillary needs to 'seal the deal' with a nice long cocksucking! Let's see what she can do with this bad boy. She looks the look, and talks the talk, but can she suck the suck? Is she going to love it like I do?"

Hillary overheard that, since she was looking, and that at least tripled her desire to get off the phone immediately. She couldn't wait to prove that she could "suck the suck." But she was in the middle of an important conversation with her mother about the party and she couldn't just hang up. But at least she felt better that Maggie would be good about sharing Nick's cock with her.

Maggie stopped talking for a bit so she could better demonstrate her oral loving, both to him and to Hillary, who she'd noticed was intently watching. She licked him, but not with a sweet spot focus for maximum arousal, as usual. Instead, she lapped and slurped him all over, even down to his balls, and slid her fingers through his pre-cum too. She was trying to show him

that she loved every last inch of his thick pole, while also putting on a good show for Hillary.

Although Maggie wasn't going all out to arouse him, what she was doing was very arousing just the same. Nick was still wiped out from his last orgasm too, and his dick remained highly sensitive. But he had no intention of stopping her because it felt so good.

He ran a hand through her hair. *I love Ma's blonde hair. It's not like I have a general hair color preference. In fact, I think Hillary looks best as a brunette. But I'm sure that Maggie looks MUCH better as a blonde! Before, she had been trying to hide in the crowd, and her mousy light brown hair color helped with that, since most people have black or brown hair, even around here. Now, it's like she struts instead of walks, and I think the new hair color is a big part of that.*

He actually had a good point. With her relatively new striking blonde hair color, Maggie was getting noticed more often, and she was responding positively to the attention, helping her to come out of her self-imposed exile. Also, she kept her hair relatively short, going down her back to not far below her neck. That had helped keep her inconspicuous. But even since that fatal Tuesday on the second day of school, she'd been letting her hair grow out. Already it was almost two weeks later, and it was getting noticeably longer. Longer hair, so striking and blonde, made her feel even more of a "good slut" for her son.

Maggie quietly purred to him as she licked, "I think any girlfriend of yours has to love this cock and know how to treat it right! And she has to share. That's essential." She paused and licked down to his balls and back up again. "Don't you agree? Don't you think she should love taking turns sharing your cock with me?"

"I do."

That startled both Maggie and Nick, because it was Hillary who said it.

Maggie lifted her head up and looked around. She and Nick saw that Hillary had finally gotten off the phone and was smiling at them.

Hillary raised her hands in the air and dropped that in a "What am I going to do with you?"-type pose. She said, "Just look at you two. I can't be on the

phone for one minute without you two getting started again." She sighed heavily and theatrically, but she was obviously just playfully teasing them.

Maggie thought about sitting all the way up, now that presumably there would be more discussion with Hillary. But she defiantly continued to lick Nick's cock in a slow and easy style as well. She said proudly, "Hey, this is how we roll around here. By the way, who was calling?"

"Oh, that was my mom." Hillary stretched her arms out wide. She continued to stretch this way and that, because it felt good and her body needed it. But she also knew Nick's eyes were on her naked body and she was posing for him in a subtle and sexy way.

As she kept stretching and posing, she said, "It's strange, isn't it? We take our surroundings for granted. At least I do. Every now and then I have to remind myself that I'm buck naked in the back of a car in the library parking lot!"

All three of them felt a jolt of arousal from that reminder. But Maggie was curious, and she asked, "What did your mom say?"

"I'm glad you asked, because I was just about to get to that. I have some good news and some bad news. The bad news is that Mom said Shannon called a little while ago and told her that tonight's party has been postponed until tomorrow."

Nick asked, "Who's Shannon?"

"She's the girl throwing the party."

"Have I met her? Maybe at lunch?" Lately, his main way of meeting new people was at the crowded table he sat at with Hillary, and unfortunately almost always Spencer, at lunch.

"No, you haven't. She goes to the Academy. You'll like her though. She's nice. And beautiful."

"Oh."

The Academy was the nickname for the local private high school. Nick didn't know much about it, except that he knew the students in his high school frequently came from affluent families, and he'd heard that the students at the Academy generally came from even more affluent families.

They had to, because his high school was public and free, but the Academy's yearly tuition was very high.

Hillary asked, "Would the time change be a problem for either of you? Can you still make it?"

Maggie replied while she continued to lazily lick his boner. She was trying to pace herself so he'd stay calm enough for the conversation. "I can make it, sure. How 'bout you?" She looked up to her son.

Nick said firmly, "I can definitely still make it. I was hoping to spend tomorrow night with the two of you anyway, so that's no problem with me."

Hillary said, "I can make it too, so let's do it!"

The three of them made a collective cheer, and pumped their fists in the air or gave each other high-fives. Maggie stopped her cock licking for the duration of the brief celebration, but then went right back to it.

Then Hillary asked, "I guess I haven't really told either of you anything about the party yet, have I?"

Maggie and Nick shook their heads.

Hillary continued to explain while stretching her naked body in still more sexy poses. "In short, Shannon is a very rich, beautiful girl who lives in a big mansion. Nick, I'm sure you'll get along with her like a house on fire. You do have a habit of befriending all the most beautiful girls. Especially the beautiful AND busty ones like her!" She chuckled at that, but she also believed it to be true.

He took mental note that Shannon was both beautiful and busty, but decided not to ask for any more details. He wanted to stay focused on his two "dream girls" anyway.

He shook his head again. "That's not really true. The school year is just getting started and I haven't actually met that many people yet. If I do know some pretty girls, it's mostly because they're your friends who sit at the same table as us at lunch."

"Good point," Hillary said. "Even so, Mr. Tit Fiend, you'll be glad to know that as beautiful as many girls in our school are, the ones at the Academy are even more famously beautiful. Maybe because so many of them are from very wealthy families, and money tends to attract beauty and vice

versa. The bottom line is, you'll have so much eye candy at the party that you're gonna get diabetes!" She laughed at that.

Maggie frowned. She got jealous and possessive from worrying about Nick going to a party with lots of very beautiful girls. She asked Hillary, "Are any of the girls at this party... well... I don't know how to ask this without sound immodest, so I'll just say it. Are any of them as beautiful as you and I are?"

Hillary didn't mind that question at all, because she knew as well as anyone that she and Maggie were extraordinarily beautiful. She said, "To be honest, I don't know. I'm new to my own high school, since I just transferred in from elsewhere like Nick, as you well know. That means I still haven't met most of the senior girls, or even know what many of them look like. And I know much, much less about the Academy crowd. I met some of them for the first time at the party I went to last week that Nick couldn't go to. Other than that, I only know what I've heard. Anushka attends the Academy, so she tells me all the gossip."

That was a key puzzle piece for Nick. He knew Anushka went to school somewhere else, but he didn't know it was at the Academy.

Hillary went on, "But the Academy is something that'll be important going forward. I understand there's a lot of socializing between the rich and elite social crowd in our high school and there, especially with parties like this one. I try to simply be nice and friendly to everyone so I won't have to deal with jealous girls trying to stab me behind my back and all that kind of melodrama, so I want to get along with the Academy crowd as well. That's especially true because it's going to publicly come out soon that Anushka and I are together. So it's important for her that I get along with her friends and classmates."

Then she had another thought. "Oh! But I do know some of the specific girls who will be there, from our junior grade. Debra may well be there. I wouldn't be surprised." She tried not to say anything negative about Debra, but her face turned sour. "And there will be some other real beauties I've at least seen with my own eyes already, including Shannon. But none of those are on the level of you or me or Debra, in my opinion."

Maggie gave Nick a concerned look, even as she continued to lap all over his sweet spot. "Don't forget you've got two slutty, sexy girlfriends now,

Sport. You know what they say about how two's company, but three's a crowd."

He laughed. "As if I'd look for a third girlfriend?! Are you kidding me?! You don't have to worry about that! I would be a fool to even think of messing up this wonderful threesome thing we have going. Besides, I'm sure that when I'm at this party, or other ones like it, I'll be with one of you or both of you the whole time."

"You'd better believe it!" Maggie winked and said that in a jokey fashion, but she wasn't going to give him a long leash if there really were all sorts of exceptional beauties at the party.

Hillary joked to Maggie, "I don't worry about him getting intimate with anyone else. The way I figure, we're going to keep him right on the verge of being oversexed to death. Another girl would definitely push him over, straight into the grave!" She laughed.

Maggie temporarily paused her cock licking to give Hillary a high-five and exclaim, "Right on, sister!"

The two hotties laughed at that, and he chuckled along, but there was some truth to it too. They were keeping him so very sexually satisfied that it was good insurance to stop him from even seriously thinking about other girls.

Hillary said, "Anyway, getting back to Shannon, she likes to throw big, swanky parties at her fancy place whenever her parents are out of town. She thought her parents were going away for the weekend, and they are, but they haven't left yet, so it's too risky to assume she can have the party tonight. But they'll definitely be gone tomorrow night. Thus the rescheduling."

The other two nodded at that.

Hillary stopped her sexy posing and turned apologetic as she brought up a difficult topic. "But about spending both nights with you guys... I'm afraid I can't do that. I've been meaning to tell you. I'm pretty committed to Anushka, as I'm sure you know well by now. I'd kind of already told her that I'd spend Saturday night with her. Since the party time has changed, I'm sure I can get her to agree to Friday night instead. But I pretty much want and need to spend one of the two nights with her this weekend."

That was startling for Nick. He hadn't seen Anushka yet, since she went to another school and Hillary never mentioned her at school since she didn't want to "come out" as bisexual just yet, so even though he had come to learn a fair amount about her, for most of the time, it was easy for him to forget that she even existed. It was sobering to be reminded how much she meant to Hillary.

However, he remained committed to being willing to share her with a lesbian lover, especially since he was already getting shared between Maggie and Hillary. And Anushka had "first dibs" on Hillary, so he felt he couldn't complain. He just nodded. "That's cool. I understand."

Hillary smiled with relief. "Cool. Do you mind if I call her now and confirm?"

Nick said, "Go ahead. But I'm curious. What are you two planning to do tonight?"

"We're going to dinner at a nice restaurant, and then we'll go dancing. And since the three of us here have become such intimate friends, I'm not afraid to add that I plan to take her back to my room and give her a good fucking!"

That made Nick very curious. He wondered if that involved a strap-on, or if she was using "fucking" in a more general sense. But he put that question aside, because an idea was forming in his mind.

Maggie knew Nick's facial expressions well, and she could tell that he was making a plan. She asked him impatiently, "What?"

He said to Hillary, "I've got a suggestion. You've talked to me about Anushka, but she remains this shadowy mystery figure for me. I'd really like to meet her, and I'll bet she feels the same about me. I think, though, there's a danger that she and I could become enemies, since we're both vying for your time and attention. I'd like to prevent that from happening. Are you with me so far?"

Hillary nodded.

Realizing this discussion was very important, Maggie finally stopped licking Nick's boner so both she and he could focus. She sat all the way up and cuddled into his side.

Hillary saw his cock was untouched. Her eyes lit up, and she asked Maggie, "Can I?!"

"Well, if you just hold it and stroke it, I suppose," Maggie replied. "I just stopped with the licking because this talk about Anushka is important."

"I'll be good," Hillary said, even as she took his boner in hand. She wanted to further prove to Maggie that she could be a trusted part of their emerging threesome, so she was careful to just lightly rub his sweet spot, for now.

He winced and felt an electric jolt race up and down his spine simply from the fact that his two dream girls were passing his cock back and forth. But he didn't say anything about it, deciding it was better to act cool, like he'd been there before.

He continued talking, "I'm thinking it's important to be diplomatic and careful with the first time Anushka and I meet. Location matters. And a fancy restaurant could be ideal. People are generally on their best behavior, and you can't really get in a shouting match. I don't want to impinge on your entire evening, but what if I make a kind of scheduled meet and greet with you and Anushka at the restaurant you're going to? I could hang around just long enough for appetizers or something like that, and go. Enough to get a foot in the door, so she knows my face and I know hers."

Hillary thought that over, then nodded again. "That sounds pretty smart, actually. As I've hinted to you, I've been sort of holding off on introducing you two to each other because I'm also afraid that you might turn into enemies. I'd love it if we could avoid that, and maybe even become friends. I think she'd agree to that, especially if you just stop by and don't stay for the whole dinner."

He nodded, and that appeared to be decided.

Hillary turned her head to Maggie while continuing to play with his cock. "But what about you? Do you want to come too?"

Nick spoke first. "If I could answer that, I think it's better if she doesn't. Let's keep it simple. If Maggie was there too, things could get complicated, and more hostile. Keep in mind that Anushka could see Maggie as a threat, even more than me. Even though my Ma is straight, she's very beautiful."

Hillary grinned. "That's so cute, that you call her 'Ma.' But yeah, that makes sense. What do you think, Maggie?"

Actually, Nick had said "Ma" on accident. He was very relieved that they'd just had a discussion with Hillary that explained away the "Ma" and "Son"

names!

Maggie sensed he'd said that on accident. She tried to help cover for him by using the "Son" nickname without shame. She rubbed the hair on the top of his head in a playful, friendly manner.

Then she reached down with her other hand and resumed stroking his boner, just because she was watching what Hillary was doing to him and it looked to fun to resist. She brought her hand below Hillary's though, and merely stroked the inches below his cockhead.

Hillary grinned at that, and muttered, "Nice!" She was all in favor of sharing his cock. Not only did she enjoy it a lot, but she figured that each time they did it, it helped bind the three of them even closer together, helping to solidify her position as Nick's second lover.

Maggie proudly said, "My son is a pretty damn smart guy. But then again you know that since you're in the Advanced Studies program with him too. If he says it's better I'm not there, I trust him."

"Okay, cool," Hillary said. "Your son, eh?" She winked playfully.

"Yes," Maggie replied. "By the way, he has an unusual condition where his penis freezes in a painfully cold way, unless someone is there to stroke it or lick it to keep it warm. As his loving mother, I'm always willing to help."

Hillary smiled. "Yes, I see that. I'm glad I'm helping too. I've heard about the Biggus Cockus Freezosis problem. It's very serious!" She burst into laughter.

Nick and Maggie laughed too. They were secretly relieved that Hillary seemed to be taking the "Ma" and "Son" nicknames in stride.

Hillary still didn't have the slightest suspicion that the two of them were mother and son. She just thought they were having kinky fun, and she was enjoying it too.

She went on, "So let me call Anushka and get her to confirm all that. Oh, and by the way, we have reservations at Park Avenue. It's a five-star kind of place, so be prepared to dress accordingly, okay?"

Nick nodded.

Hillary said, "Oh, and I'll need to call Shannon too and find out when the party's starting tomorrow. Her Friday parties start at night, due to school

and her parents sometimes still being there, but her parties sometimes start in the middle of the day as a pool party and then turns into a more conventional party in the evening. And that could be a conflict for me, since I'd made tentative plans to go yachting with Spencer tomorrow."

Nick's entire body tightened up upon hearing that. "Spencer? Tomorrow? A yacht?!" He was lucky his words didn't come out as a strangled yelp.

Hillary had just switched hand positions on Nick's hot, wet pole. She happened to be watching how her own fingers were "tickling" their way all over Nick's thick shaft, right below Maggie's fingers, which had taken over constantly rubbing his sweet spot. As a result, she didn't notice the jealous and worried look on Nick's face.

She continued obliviously, "Well, he says it's a boat. But knowing how wealthy his family is, and how modest he is, I'm sure it's a yacht. I suppose it could be a boat though. I don't really know what the dividing line is anyway."

Maggie could see how unhappy this news about Spencer made Nick, and she didn't want Hillary to find out just how sensitive Nick was about anything Spencer-related. So, before Hillary had a chance to look up, Maggie used her free hand to turn Nick's face to hers and then kissed him on the lips.

Hillary finally looked up and saw that. She laughed. "You guys! I can't leave you two alone. What's that for?"

Neither Maggie nor Nick could answer that just yet. Maggie wanted to prolong the lip-lock to give Nick more of a chance to recover.

Hillary decided she wanted to get more involved. She scooted in closer to his crotch and bent down towards it. Then she began licking him down towards the base of his shaft. She didn't have to worry much about Maggie's hand running into her face, because that hand was staying steady just rubbing his sweet spot.

She figured she was still on thin ice as far as having the permission to initiate this sort of thing. So, to make sure Maggie was okay with it, she said, "You make me too horny! Both of you. But especially this thing." Then she gently lapped her tongue up his shaft until it touched Maggie's hand.

Maggie had to break the kiss and look down, because she was so distracted passionately making out with her son that she didn't know what the wet thing touching her hand was. She smiled when she saw it was Hillary's tongue. She had no problem with Hillary getting bold.

In fact, not only did she approve, she wanted to make that approval clear with her actions. She readjusted her grip so she was barely holding his boner, only gripping the very top of his cockhead. She was keeping it in place so Hillary could lick all over his cock for a while.

Like Hillary, she was sometimes sending out signals trying to encourage Hillary to become more addicted to pleasuring Nick's cock, especially in threesome situations.

Hillary got the message of approval. She went right to lapping his sweet spot, and with increased vigor. She also used her other hand to pump up and down the rest of his shaft. The earlier intention of Maggie and Hillary to take it easy on his cock was slowly slipping as lust took over.

"Aaaah!" Hillary was all smiles. "This is really nice. Maggie, thanks for giving me the prime spot for a while. I hope you don't mind me taking the initiative?"

"No! Not at all! Don't get the wrong idea from when I kind of tried to get you to go so I could suck his cock all by myself. I was in a very weird mood then. I just kind of had to have it, you know? I hope THIS will become the new normal, where we hang out together with lots of time, and come up with all sorts of different ways to pleasure him."

Hillary said, "Me too! I know this relationship would seem strange to others, but it's the very strangeness that's one of the most appealing things for me. Maggie, I hope you and me will become trailblazers in finding all kinds of new and exciting ways to keep his cock stiff and throbbing!"

Maggie said, "That's a nice thought, but everything sexual that people can do to each other has been done by someone at some point."

"True," Hillary agreed, "but it'll be new to us, and that's what matters. In fact, I have an idea!"

She completely disengaged from Nick and sat well away from him, almost of the other side of the back seat area. Then she stretched both of her feet towards him.

Nick and Maggie were very puzzled.

Hillary brought her feet up against his boner and rubbed against it with the insoles of both feet. She proclaimed, "Voila! A footjob!"

Maggie had never heard of that before, and Nick was only vaguely aware, due to some Internet porn he'd read a while back. But even he had never given any thought to experiencing such a thing for real.

She asked him, "How do you like it so far? This is a first for me too, so I'm winging it."

He exclaimed, "I like! I figured feet would be hopelessly clumsy, but it feels surprisingly good."

She stared intently at his cock and what her feet were doing to it. She asked Maggie, "Can you hold him in place for a sec?"

Maggie grinned impishly. "If by 'hold' you mean 'stroke,' and if by 'a sec' you mean 'a few minutes, at least,' then sure."

Both women laughed at that. But Maggie carefully held his cock in place while Hillary repositioned her feet.

Hillary tried to trap Nick's boner in the gap between her big toe and her other toes. She'd done that successfully with the penises of previous boyfriends. But Nick's cock was much too thick for that. She said, "Drat, that's not going to work. Never mind. But still, see my point about trying new things? There's soooo many things we can do! In a threesome relationship, the possibilities are practically endless!"

Maggie commented, "That's true, but keep in mind it's not a FULL threesome. It's a V-shape instead of a triangle." She didn't want the bisexual Hillary to get the "wrong idea."

Hillary said, "That's true. But we can call it a threesome anyway, can't we? It's more fun that way!" She laughed, and the other two laughed in agreement.

As they were talking, Hillary went back to using both of her feet to trapping his shaft between her insoles. Soon, she had him in a good grip again, and she resumed sliding her feet back and forth over his boner.

Maggie was obliged to take her hand away altogether. She didn't mind. She'd never given any thought to a footjob before, so she wanted to see

what Hillary would do. She also wanted to encourage the creativity.

The three of them just watched for a minute or two, until Nick decided he has to speak up. "Um, whatever happened to the discussion about Anushka? Remember that?"

"Oh yeah!" Hillary laughed. "Sorry. Where were we?"

He tried to think back. "Um..." He winced as he recalled that they'd actually started talking about Spencer, which was how the discussion got derailed in the first place. He didn't like it, but he said, "I think you were saying something about Spencer. And his yacht."

She was paying better attention this time around, and she saw the sour look on his face. She said, "Nick, don't worry about him. He's harmless. I promise. I'm all about you, and this threesome, and Anushka. Look at us! Look at this great thing we're forging together. He doesn't stand a chance!"

He was bashful about it, but he forced himself to say, "Still, I wish you wouldn't go riding on his yacht."

"Nick, trust me. I'm a big girl. I can handle myself. You do trust me, don't you?"

"Of course!"

"Good. I promise you I won't let you down."

He sighed internally. He felt he couldn't argue against that.

Maggie put a hand on his nearest arm. "Give her a chance, Sport. I'm sure this Spencer guy has bad intentions, but then again, EVERY guy she deals with has bad intentions, unless maybe they're a gay eunuch. And most of the girls too. She's been there and done that, and can handle this guy no problem. Part of being in a romantic relationship is being able to trust your partner."

He sighed out loud. "You're right."

Hillary playfully added, "Or, in this case, 'partners.'" To reward him for his understanding, she tried something new with her feet: she pinned his cock against his body with one foot, and then used her big toe on her other foot to rub up and down the sensitive underside, especially his sweet spot.

Maggie saw that and nudged him with her hand still on his arm. "See? Talk about a good girlfriend! And not only that, but she has no problem when

you do something like this!" His hands had been resting at his sides for a long time, but she took one of his hands and brought it to her bare breasts. Then she did the same to his other hand.

His face lit up. Feeling newly reenergized, he began exploring and caressing her E-cups as if he'd never touched them before. There still was a considerable amount of his cum splattered all over them, and in the process of drying. But he wasn't squeamish about that at all.

Hillary laughed as she watched that. She felt no jealousy at all, even thought that was taking most of his attention from her continued footjob. She commented, "He's like a kid in a candy store!"

"He is!" Maggie agreed. "But, uh, Hillary, do you have anything more you want to say about Anushka?"

Hillary searched her thoughts. "As a matter of fact, I do."

She waited until Nick was looking her way, even though his hands kept on fondling and even kneading Maggie's massive melons.

Then Hillary said, "Nick, I think Anushka will be a little hostile to you at first, but she'll warm up. She's a pussycat at heart. You're not just some kind of well-hung, insatiable sex fiend; you're a genuinely nice guy. Yes, she's a lesbian, but she's not one of the man-hating types."

"What kind is she?" he asked.

"You'll like her, because she's exactly like you: she has no interest in penises, because she can't take her eyes off of these." Hillary cupped her F-cups from below and started lightly jiggling them around and sliding them together.

Nick practically started drooling. He fondled Maggie's tits with even more enthusiasm while watching Hillary's titty show, and enjoying her footjob too. He was in big tit heaven. He joked, "I can totally relate to that! I think I like her already!"

Hillary smirked knowingly. "Oh, you will, you will. I've told you before that she makes me look flat-chested in comparison." She kept on seductively rubbing her tits together.

"No way! You lie!" he said with surprising passion.

She laughed. "That's pretty much what you said last time. You'll see tonight. Try to keep your jaw from hitting the floor. Anyway, the only problem is that her feelings for me are very strong, and she's extremely possessive with me. It wasn't easy to get her to agree to let me have fun with you, including orally, as you know. She's only doing it because she thinks if I can scratch my 'heterosexual itch,' I won't break up with her. But yeah, she's going to have some hostility towards you, I'll bet."

That doesn't sound good, Nick thought, as he continued to watch Hillary's titty show. Not good at all! But I want to be with Hillary in a very big way, for a long time to come. So I need to make peace with Anushka. Just look at me sitting here like a king with these two naked busty beauties, my two dream girls. God, Ma has my cum all over her face and tits! I can do this!

He finally nodded at Hillary in understanding.

The three of them were silent for a minute or more. Most of the focus was on watching and enjoying the footjob, while Nick's gaze went back and forth between Maggie's tits in his hands and Hillary's more distant but constantly moving pair..

But then a thought came to Maggie, and she said to Hillary, "Hey, wait a minute. You told us you had good news and bad news. The party change was the bad news, so did we ever get the good news?"

"Oh yeah!" Hillary said brightly. "Thanks for the reminder. Remember how I said we couldn't go to my house because some handyman was there? Well, my mom said that he just left. Furthermore, she was just waiting for the handyman and now she's leaving too. Since it's already been a while since she called, I'm sure the coast is clear by now."

She finally stopped playing with her own tits and looked around the SUV and through the tinted windows to the larger outside world. "I don't know about you guys. I've had a lot of fun here today. It's been kinky to do this here, especially since I've actually gone to that very library many times!" She looked to the library building and shook her head in wonder. "That said, aren't we pushing our luck staying here? Wouldn't it be better to continue this up in my bedroom? My dad isn't home either, so we can do whatever we want."

Nick raised his hand. "I vote for the bedroom."

Maggie chuckled. "Me too. So the bedroom it is. And let's make a move right now. I think we're all still a bit tired from our big orgasms earlier. Plus, although Nick's cock basically NEVER goes down..." - She reached to it and pretended to slap it in anger, but in fact she just tapped his cockhead above Hillary's feet - "...it's in a relatively subdued state. And I can guarantee THAT won't last for long! So this is a good time to move."

The three of them agreed to that. It was decided that Hillary needed to go back to school to get her bike and then she'd ride it home. Hillary didn't live that far away, so Maggie and Nick would go in the SUV and meet her there. The three of them still had about an hour before they had to start worrying about dinner and/or getting ready to meet Anushka at the fancy restaurant.

Nick had some moist towelettes stashed away in the SUV. He's been hoping for more sexy fun in this vehicle after the first time Maggie used it for her Maggie mode purposes, and he'd made some clever preparations since then. The three of them were slightly sweaty, so they were able to clean up. Maggie was particularly appreciative of the towelettes because she still had a lot of cum on her face and chest and it was starting to dry and get gross. She wiped it all up.

There were some good-bye kisses, of course. Both Maggie and Hillary gave Nick's cock a "good-bye kiss" that was really more of a brief blowjob. However, each woman only engulfed his cockhead and bobbed on it a few times for about a minute apiece, since they were all keen on moving to Hillary's.

When they finished that, they held and stroked his boner together a little more. Hillary quipped, "Do you think that'll hold him for a few minutes, until we get there?"

Maggie joked back, "Probably not! I'm hoping that if I drive, he'll at least let me keep some of my clothes on."

Then was his turn to joke. "Hey! I let you wear your high heels as much as you want, don't I?"

They all laughed heartily at all those comments. They were having a great time together even without the sex. Their personalities fit together very well.

They had finally and fully disengaged from each other and were just about to put their clothes on and leave when Nick came up with a clever idea. He said, "Okay, Maggie, I've kissed you, and Hillary I've kissed you, and both of you have kissed my cock, but you two haven't kissed each other."

Maggie was about to loudly protest that, but Nick beat her to the punch. He held up his hand towards her in a "stop" gesture. "Hang on. Before you complain, I know you don't lean that way, of course. But you were kind of mean and selfish to Hillary earlier, when you told her she should leave. I think you should give her a heartfelt kiss on the lips as a kind of apology. And that doesn't have to be a lesbian thing; women kiss on the lips all the time."

Maggie would have complained, but she decided, *Nick has a point. An apology IS in order. Besides, lots of women do that in a non-sexual way. Plus, we already kissed once and it didn't kill me. I know she's bisexual, but she's not going to molest me or something. She's been nothing but polite, repeatedly asking me for permission before doing anything with Nick.*

She didn't overtly mention it in her thoughts, and Nick hadn't mentioned it out loud, but the earlier French kiss she'd had with Hillary was very much on her mind. She figured that she'd done that once, for about half a minute, as a bonding and celebration thing, not a lesbian thing, and she'd actually enjoyed it. So she could do the same as a apology of sorts.

So she decided to go for it. What she didn't fully realize was that her decision-making process was strongly influenced by her hormones. True, she loved having sex with men and she'd never given serious consideration to having sex with women, but Hillary was so extraordinarily beautiful, as well as kind and lovable, that a subconscious desire for her was slowly growing. Instead of clearly thinking things through, she was looking for excuses to justify the kiss, and she found them.

Nick, meanwhile, was not blind. Hillary thought she was hiding her feelings for Maggie, but Nick had seen the way she looked at his mother with hunger and desire at times. They'd even openly talked about it once, so he had no doubts about her lust for Maggie, though he did wonder if she really could stop herself from acting on it. And he knew Maggie very well indeed, so he'd picked up subtle signs of interest from her, especially after the kiss she'd had with Hillary earlier.

Of course, being an unusually horny young guy, he loved the idea of Maggie and Hillary getting it on. But it also made sense strategically for his overall goals. If his two women also became lovers, that would make it much less likely that Hillary would want to break up with him. And it would also make it much harder for Maggie to complete the "hand-over." He wanted her to stay his "fake girlfriend" for as long as possible. As always, his greatest hope was that he could stay with both of them forever.

Maggie and Hillary were sitting cross-legged near each other. So the two of them scooted closer together, then leaned forward and kissed.

Their lips met and their mouths opened, but there wasn't much passion. Both of them were too worried about how the kiss would be perceived and what the other two might think to let loose.

Nick was greatly encouraged that Maggie was willing to do the kiss at all. He saw that she was actually looking forward to it, although she tried to hide her true feelings. Plus, he was mindful that it would be to his great benefit if they became fully sexually intimate. He knew that would take time, but he decided he would push this about as far as he could.

When the kiss quickly ended, he said, "You call that a kiss? Give me a break! Maggie, if that's your apology, that's a sorry one. For starters, you can't properly kiss if you're acting like the other one has a contagious skin infection. Get up on your knees and get close! Put your arms around each other and kiss like two normal people do."

Maggie looked at him with worry. Her heart was racing fast. She secretly desired to give Hillary a much better kiss, but she was fighting a lot of inertia that she couldn't be at all bisexual and that kind of thing was wrong and even a sin.

He told her with surprising determination, "Do it! Remember, this is your apology punishment. You were going to kick her right out of the SUV!"

The reminder of what she'd done made her feel more contrite. *I DO need to give her a better apology. That was mean. That isn't me. I just needed to suck his cock so much!*

He waved at Hillary to get her moving as well. "You too, Hillary."

With that, Maggie and Hillary got up on their knees. They had to scoot much closer to each other to wrap their arms around each other. They did,

and as a result there was no way to prevent their large, bare racks from pressing together.

Maggie was very nervous about that, even though it had happened several times last Friday in the darkness of the movie theater. She tried to make light of it by chiding her son, "You just want to see our tits rub together."

"Yep! I do. Now, kiss for real!"

Maggie and Hillary kissed. Maggie was trying not to think about the way her E-cups were mashing against Hillary's F-cups, nor the way that Hillary's bare back felt so silky smooth and wonderful in her hands. But such things distracted and aroused her so much that she wasn't reluctant and hesitant like before. This kiss was like their first brief but passionate French kiss earlier in the day. Their tongues came out to play, and they had a fun, "fierce" tongue duel.

Maggie had planned on kissing Hillary for a few moments at most, just enough to say she'd done it. But the kiss ended up lasting a whole minute, and without anyone prompting her to keep going. When it ended, she was surprised at how aroused and excited she was.

Naturally, Hillary couldn't believe her luck! She didn't care much what Nick's motives were in arranging this so long as she got to kiss Maggie. She was over the moon! It was all she could do just to keep her hand in the middle of Maggie's back and stop herself from sensually rubbing her tits against Maggie's in a more deliberate and overt manner. But at least she could channel her passions into the kiss, and she definitely did.

But Nick wasn't satisfied. Actually, he was, but he pretended not be. He folded his arms with irritation and complained, "Better, but not good enough. Hillary, you did well, but Ma, you were holding back. Don't offend her."

He deliberately used "Ma" to further normalize its use in front of Hillary.

Then he said to her, "Here, maybe this will help." He took Maggie's nearest hand and brought it to his still-erect cock.

Maggie loved the feel of his boner in her hands, as always. But more than that, it instantly transformed her mood, making her feel more sexual and daring. She immediately and unthinkingly began to stroke it.

Then he said to Hillary, "Okay, now you. It seems symbolically important somehow."

Hillary said, "It does, and it's a great idea. But I think it would be even better if you guide my hand there. Right, Maggie?"

Maggie nodded. "For sure! It's like we're joined together through our desire for him, and even more specifically, through a mutual desire to pleasure his cock together!"

He took Hillary's hand and brought it to his boner.

As her hand got there, Hillary let go of him and carefully arranged her hand so that her fingers interlocked between Maggie's, just as they'd done once before.

Maggie sighed contentedly feeling their hands together like that. "Aaaah! That's even better! Talk about symbolic, this is even more symbolic! We really are joined together through his cock!"

Hillary nodded. She wasn't just playing along while thinking that was corny and over the top. She felt the same way Maggie did, though maybe not as intensely.

He waited a little longer until they began sliding their hands up and down his boner. Actually, with their fingers interlaced like that, it was more like one combined hand. Their fingers had no freedom of movement except to slide up and down at a steady pace, but the symbolism was what was most important.

Then he said. "Good. Now, KISS!"

Maggie and Hillary reacted to that order by bringing their lips together again.

Maggie thought the last kiss had been very passionate. But Nick was right that she was still holding back due to her hang-ups and worries. With her and Hillary's shared "hand" sliding up and down his cock, she felt more relaxed and even more aroused. As a result, this kiss was their most sizzling one yet!

Without either woman realizing it, they got so carried away with the French kissing that their bodies started to get involved. They turned their heads this way and that as they fought to find ever more satisfying kissing angles.

Meanwhile, unthinkingly, their remaining hands began to roam. Maggie was actually more aggressive in that regard, since Hillary was trying hard not to act like a bisexual woman taking advantage of a straight woman. She wasn't going to do anything to Maggie unless Maggie did it to her first.

Maggie simply loved the feel of Hillary's back. Hillary was very fit and athletic, but her body was all feminine somehow too. Her skin had a different feel than a man's, being soft and silky smooth despite Hillary's underlying muscles.

Since Hillary didn't want to do anything Maggie wasn't doing, she kept her one free hand in the middle of Maggie's back. That by itself wasn't much, but it helped keep their enormous racks tightly pressed together.

Maggie was glad that she continued to stroke her son's cock through the kiss, even if it was in a weird combined hand, interlaced fingers manner. She was afraid of having a previously unknown bisexual side, even a little bit, so the skin on skin contact with his erection was a constant reminder of how much she loved cocks, and by extension, sex with men. That allowed her to feel more uninhibited with what she was doing with Hillary.

A minute passed, and the kiss kept going strong. Their breasts not only stayed in close contact but began moving together. It was subtle at first, but their erect nipples wound up directly against each other.

Maggie's nipples were a sort of "weak point" for her. Whenever they got stimulated, her lusty desire went into overdrive! Rubbing her nipples against Hillary's didn't feel nearly as good to her as the rough way Nick liked to pull and twist her nipples, but it was very arousing to her just the same. Hillary's nipples seemed to keep slipping away from hers, and that caused her to slide her breasts to reestablish the electrifying contact again. As a result, it wasn't long before she discovered how good it felt to slip and slide her tits against Hillary's as an end in and of itself!

Maggie found the whole experience so arousing that it actually scared her. She broke the kiss and sat back because she was suddenly filled with a worry that she was losing control and she might end up doing all kinds of forbidden things with Hillary if she didn't stop now.

Hillary sat back and took her hand off of Nick's hard-on. She assumed the kissing and other sexual contact was done. She'd loved and adored it,

because her attraction to Maggie remained at least as much as her attraction to Nick. But she wanted to be very careful not to be pushy.

Nick was excited beyond measure at how well this was working. He decided to keep pushing until Maggie gave him a clear signal to stop. He had a hard time keeping a straight face as he said, "That was better, I'll admit. Good job, Maggie. But now the problem is you, Hillary. You're still holding back. I think I'm going to try the same thing with you."

He took Hillary's nearest hand and brought it right back to his shaft. But in the few moments Hillary's hand had been away, Maggie had readjusted her grip so she could constantly rub his sweet spot. As a result, Hillary just took control of the rest of his lower shaft.

Maggie didn't have any problem sharing his boner with Hillary's hand again. But she groaned with frustration at the prospect of another girl-on-girl kiss. "Oh, for fuck's sake! Do we have to do this AGAIN?!"

Nick said, "Just one last time. This kiss will be the winner."

Hillary, naturally, felt like she was flying up through the stars. But she could see that Maggie was wavering, since that last kiss was so passionate and erotic that it scared her. Hillary still wanted not to push, but she leaned forward and gently initiated the next kiss to make sure that it at least happened at all.

Indeed, Maggie was right on the verge of unilaterally declaring the last kiss "good enough" and disengaging. She didn't even remember why Nick insisted a third kiss was necessary. But when Hillary's lips met hers, she simply couldn't control herself.

She immediately began dueling with Hillary's tongue in her mouth as if the last kiss had never ended. She actually brought her hand to the back of Hillary's head, as she was filled with an urge to shove her tongue further down Hillary's throat. Within seconds, their tits were sliding against each other with greater vigor than ever before, almost as if they'd been soaped up first.

Maggie's arousal could actually be measured in a curious way, by how fast her fingers were sliding up and down Nick's boner. She couldn't limit herself to just rubbing his sweet spot for long. Soon, they were moving so fast they were nearly a blur!

She thought, Lordy, Lordy! What's happening to me?! I'm totally getting off on kissing another woman! I'm not feeling this giddy just from stroking my son's cock, as usual. The kissing is definitely getting to me too! Her lips are so soft and sweet. And her tongue... Mmmm! Yes! It's just like kissing Nick, really, with his "magic lips," so maybe that's why I like it so much. Although her body certainly doesn't feel like his! Her body's so fit and firm, but soft too! I want to run my hands all over it!

But I've gotta keep in mind that Nick pretty much forced me to do this. And that's totally hot too! It's not really a lesbian thing if we're doing it for him, right? His cock is so stiff and strong in my hand! And I can feel that Hillary's hand is right below mine still. How can I not get totally hot and horny over that too?! It's all too much!

As aroused as Maggie was, Hillary's feelings were at least as doubly intense. This was very unexpected. She had assumed she could only reach this level of intimacy with Maggie after weeks of flirting, but Nick had provided a direct shortcut. She couldn't believe her great fortune.

Hillary had to struggle containing herself from getting too aggressive and spooking Maggie in some way. For instance, she fought with all her might just to keep her hand in the middle of Maggie's bare back instead of dropping it down to squeeze and fondle her just as bare ass cheeks.

Hillary didn't do much with Nick's boner as the kiss went on. Maggie got so aggressive with her vigorous stroking that Hillary's hand retreated down to the base of his shaft. Then, as Maggie got even more aggressive, she switched to simply cupping one of his balls. But she was glad to keep a hand there, if only because she doubted she'd be able to control herself if she had both of her hands on her at the same time.

The French kiss kept going and going, to everyone's great pleasure. Maggie forgot all about stopping at an "appropriate time," and of course Hillary wasn't going to stop first. The more it went on, the more both women mutually enjoyed rubbing their enormous racks together. It was something they were "forced" to do anyway, because there was no way for their lips to touch without their big tits tightly pressing together. But there was nothing forced about the way they both reveled in slipping and siding their racks against each other, with as much nipple contact as possible.

Maggie even loved caressing Hillary's back. She didn't want to touch any "inappropriate" areas, but she considered all of the back fair game, from the shoulders down to the very top of the ass cheeks. As the necking went on and on, her hand explored that entire area. She simply couldn't stop caressing Hillary's fantastic body and her silky smooth skin!

But as much as Maggie loved doing that, Hillary loved doing it back to her even more! Hillary still didn't want to do anything that Maggie wasn't already doing, but all of Maggie's back became "fair game" for her. That made it even more tempting not to slide her fingers down to caress Maggie's ass cheek, but she kept her resolve to resist that.

Since they were kneeling instead of standing, their lower bodies didn't have much chance to make contact. But that was probably a good thing overall, because Maggie might have freaked out if any part of Hillary's body came into contact with her pussy or clit. Although she probably would have climaxed too!

Eventually, the same thing happened to that kiss as happened to the previous one: it got to be too much for Maggie, and she had to disengage and pull back. She was glad that Hillary respected that and sat back too. She was so aroused that her head was spinning and she felt woozy. *Oh my GOD! I had no idea kissing another woman could feel like THAT!*

Nick sensed that he'd pressed far enough, and Maggie would need time to adjust to what just happened. Very cleverly, he acted like what just happened was no big deal. "Thank you both. Now, THAT was a good kiss."

He looked down at Maggie's hand on his stiff cock and felt yet another thrill race down his spine. Somehow, he's resisted the overwhelming urge to cum, and now that he's lasted through the kissing session, Maggie's energy sagged and she was doing little more than holding it and rubbing his sweet spot at a lazy pace.

He said, "As much as I love and appreciate what you're doing to me, why don't we hold that thought and continue at Hillary's house? We can be back like this in ten minutes, tops."

Maggie said, "Okay, but I just need to point out here that the reason those last two kisses were so, um, extra... emotional... is that Nick's cock was involved. That just proves how straight I am. For me, it's all about the cock." She needed a fig leaf justification for herself and for others.

Neither Nick nor Hillary believed that, but they nodded as if they did. They both knew it was best not to puncture her delusion at this point.

Then the three of them found their clothes and started dressing.

Hillary, like Nick, realized the best way to react to that kissing was to act like it had been nothing at all. She went about dealing with her clothes without saying anything. But inside, she was still soaring, clear to outer space! When she'd gotten into the SUV for the first time earlier in the afternoon, she'd had no realistic hope that she and Maggie could ever become lovers. But now, it seemed like a very real possibility!

At one point, while Maggie had her head turned and was reaching for her skirt, Nick and Hillary made eye contact.

Hillary gave him an appreciative wink and a knowing smile.

He winked and smiled back.

From that moment on, there was an unspoken secret agreement between them to help Maggie discover just how much she might enjoy sex with Hillary.

Chapter 33: Decisions and Agreements (Friday)

A short time later, Maggie was fully dressed and in the driver's seat. Nick was in the passenger's seat next to her. His penis had gone flaccid, because it was increasingly tough to maintain an erection non-stop that long. Hillary had just been dropped off at school to get her bike.

Maggie had some choice words she wanted to say to Nick, but she'd waited until Hillary was gone. Now, she was ready to lay into him. As she drove Andy's Explorer to Hillary's house, she briefly glared at him, and said, "Don't think I don't know the game you're playing. That was a VERY sneaky move. I'm very disappointed in you."

He played dumb. "What are you talking about?"

"You know what! The way you made me kiss Hillary! I did NOT want to do that. And now I feel all dirty. That was a dirty deal!"

He continued with the dumb act. "I don't know what you're talking about. Did you or did you not practically rudely throw Hillary out of the car earlier? And did you or did you not need to make it up to her?"

She hadn't expected that, and she didn't know what to say. "Well..."

"And don't women kiss on the lips all the time? I've seen it lots of times."

"Yeah, but not like THAT! And not when we're both completely naked!"

He pointed out, "You two French kissed some earlier too. And that was fine. Don't tell me you didn't like it."

"Only because you made me!" she said hotly, her face starting to turn red with embarrassment.

He continued to go on the offensive. "Ma, I have news for you. You and Hillary are de facto co-girlfriends now. You're going to find yourself naked with her a lot. You're going to find yourself touching her naked body a lot. Think back to how much fun you two had when you fed her some of my cum. I'm going to be cumming on the both of you a lot, often together, and I'm sure you'll be eating it right off each other's bodies a lot. Do you deny any of that?"

"Well..." Again, she didn't know what to say.

She thought about how she was wearing clothes. She hadn't bothered to put her bra or panties on. There wasn't any point since they all knew she'd be naked again shortly after getting to Hillary's room. She was eager to get there in part so she could get completely naked again. That felt right. This felt wrong.

She thought she'd cool down some on the ride to Hillary's house, but Nick's words weren't giving her much chance to do that. She thought back to the way Hillary had used her lips to lick Maggie's fingers clean of Nick's cum. She felt such a surge of arousal that her first instinct was to reach for Nick's stiff cock. That had become a kind of habit for her lately, whenever she was in Maggie mode.

But Nick was fully dressed too, and she didn't even see a hint of a bulge in his shorts. That surprised and disappointed her. She was starting to expect and assume his penis truly never got flaccid, but of course that wasn't true.

Just in case he wasn't getting Maggie excited enough, he added, "Think about what's going to happen when we get to Hillary's place. You already said that she deserves a celebratory blowjob, and she overheard that, so that's going to happen. Unless you've changed your mind?"

Her heart started to race, and her nipples got erect again, just after they'd gone down. She didn't understand it, but thinking of Hillary sucking Nick's cock aroused her almost as much as thinking about sucking it herself. And thoughts of the two of them taking turns sucking him together aroused her the most, by far.

She said, "No, that sounds good. That's a key part of the hand-over plan. And you have to feel good, because that shows your dreams are coming true."

His eyes bugged out as he thought of that. "You're telling me! When I think that a scrawny, short, nobody of a guy like me is going to experience something like that with a sex goddess like Hillary... I just can't believe it! Even after it happens, I still don't think I'll fully believe it!"

Maggie glanced at him with irritation and then returned her attention to the road. "Don't let me hear you talk like that. You're not scrawny or short. You're muscular and a borderline hunk! I'm saying that as an objective observer, not your mother. And you're definitely not a nobody!"

He'd deliberately insulted himself, knowing that would divert Maggie from getting upset at him from the kissing incident. But he really did feel inadequate, as so many people do. He knew he wasn't actually scrawny or short, but his height was average for his age, and he felt his physique couldn't compare to that of a "true hunk" like Spencer. That was nothing to be ashamed of, but he being merely good wasn't enough when he was fighting against the odds for a busty centerfold type like Hillary to want to be with him, especially since she had a great personality and a heart of gold to boot.

At times like this, when he wasn't that horny, his confidence plummeted.

However, he continued his argument. "You know I'm facing an uphill battle with someone like Hillary. If it weren't for you, I'd be nowhere. But let's not worry about that right now. My point is, what's going to happen after she sucks my cock and I cum on her face? Later today, or any other day? If she offers to feed you some of my cum, are you going to refuse?"

"Well..." She blushed slightly as she imagined that very possibility.

"You're saying 'well' a lot, but that doesn't mean anything. What if I cum across both of your faces? Can you see yourself licking my cum off her face while she licks the same off yours?"

Maggie admitted, "That's probably going to happen. A lot, I'd imagine." Thinking about that scenario aroused her even more, mostly because it implied that she and Hillary would be licking and sucking his cock together before that, to get him to cum.

He asked, "While you lick each other's faces, 'naked, are you going to find a way to do that without rubbing your incredible, round, tanned tits together? Again, like you've done already?"

Maggie had to further admit, "Well, no. I don't think that's physically possible to avoid. It's a challenge just to get our faces to meet when we have so much, er, endowment between us."

"Can you further imagine that, while you're doing that, she has a mouthful of my cum and wants to share it with you? Or vice versa? Would you refuse that because you're afraid of lips touching?"

Maggie slumped slight in her seat, and sighed. "Okay, okay. I get your point."

He said, "I hope you do. Situations like that are going to come up. I'll bet you two will be kissing each other, licking each other's faces, and rubbing your big bare racks together a lot more than you realize right now. If not today, then soon."

She felt a bolt of arousal race down her spine like a lightning bolt. He's right! He's so right! We're his naked big-titted sluts, and we love his cum. Of course all that is going to happen! I can easily imagine her and me licking and kissing each other's face clean, even as we slide our cum-glazed tits together!

And I do have to admit that sounds totally hot. But it's not about being lesbian at all, it's just about being his sluts and loving his cum!

He went on, "I know you're not bisexual, but it would be a great help if you could at least go along with that to some extent. There are times I may tell you or expect you to share a kiss with her, and I hope you do. I'm going to be relying on your help with Hillary in a big way. We both know that if I stand alone, my appeal to her isn't that great. But if you and me are a team, that's a pretty good package."

Maggie sighed. *Darn it! It seems my attempt to chastise him is getting sidetracked and I'm helpless to stop it. I'm pretty smart, but he's a lot smarter. We wouldn't be here without his fake girlfriend scheme and so many other clever things he's come up to make sure that works, like the fake driver's license or his backstory novella idea. There are times like this when I feel outsmarted.*

Although... my mind is so messed up that even that gets me going and makes me want to suck his cock more than before!

She took some long, slow breaths to try to calm down and pay attention to her driving. Then she said, "I'll admit that the threesome situation is a pretty big lure. But ultimately, how does that help with your hand-over plan?"

She said that as a good mother who was trying to be selfless and do what was best for him. She was certain he would come up with a good answer to make her feel less guilty about it, in the times she did feel guilty (which were happening less and less).

He said, "Good question. But I think you know the answer, if you think back to what we've discussed before. You yourself said that Hillary and I

are very compatible in many ways. We have similar values and interests and all kinds of things. We just click. I've been talking to her a lot this past week, and it feels great to just talk with her. We could talk for hours. Physically, okay, I'm not Adonis. But you told me with time she'll come to see how good we are together, and love will bloom."

Maggie said, "I did say that. And I still believe it."

"I'm starting to believe it too. And also, although I just have Joe Average looks and size, I do seem to have some decent sex skills. Plus, you've pointed out that my extra thick dick is a big plus."

Maggie whistled. "Phew! Those are both gross understatements. I had no idea you're this sexual... BEAST! I knew from your dirty laundry that you masturbated a lot, but I didn't know it was four to six times a day! You easily have the sex drive of two normal full grown men. Maybe more! And your cock is like that of THREE grown men put together! That's a gigantic advantage you have, Son. And Hillary loves sex. You're an ideal match in that way."

"Good," he replied. Hearing that did boost his ego, a lot. "So my plan is to get to know her better, in and out of bed, and hope that love will follow. The key is to keep what's happening here going until my efforts take root, so to speak. And that's where you come in. Obviously, the original fake girlfriend plan has drastically changed. We need some kind of co-girlfriend arrangement for a while. A full threesome arrangement is the next stage in getting her to fully fall in love with me. That's what we pretty much agreed to with her earlier, even though we didn't get to quite finish the discussion."

The SUV reached Hillary's house as Nick was saying that. Maggie parked right in front of the house and turned the engine off. The assumption was that Hillary would take longer to arrive since she was traveling by bike, so Maggie and Nick stayed in their seats to wait for her.

"I know it's a big sacrifice for you to have to be this sexually intimate for me." He knew that was a total lie, since it was clear she loved it, but he was offering her another fig leaf excuse. "But the damage is done there already. You've titfucked me a couple of times, and sucked me off a couple of times too. You've stroked and licked my cock even more. So what's the harm if you keep doing that to keep up your co-girlfriend role?"

Playing devil's advocate, she asked, "Good point. But why should I have to keep doing that even if it's just you and me in private?"

"That's all part of playing the role. Otherwise the lies start piling up. For instance, she thinks you've sucked my cock hundred of times already, but you've only really started in the last two days. If you practice, frequently, soon you will come across like an expert. But if you don't, you'll be living in fear all the time that your inexperience will be exposed."

She breathed a sigh of relief, because that was such a great excuse. It sounded even better coming from him than from herself. Her entire body was tingling with excitement as she told him, "That's an even better point! I guess if I'm going to be playing the role of your slutty girlfriend, I guess I have no choice but to act the part with you every time I'm in Maggie mode, even when we're alone! And if that means I have to suck your cock a lot, even a great deal, I have no choice there either!"

He nodded. He was secretly thrilled, but tried hard not to show it. "Indeed. After all, part of the role you're playing is not just any old girlfriend, but a kind of cocksucking crazy girlfriend. Your passion for doing that will inevitably rub off on Hillary, and she'll start sucking my cock more and more, and with more passion too. Frequently taking turns bobbing with you, I'm sure. And I believe it's an undisputed fact that great sex slowly but surely leads to love. You can't have powerful orgasms with a guy time after time and not feel your desire for him growing in every way. So, when you think about it, every time you blow me or titfuck me or whatever, even in private, it all helps with the hand-over plan."

"I can see that," Maggie replied. Now that the SUV was parked, she just stared off into space as she contemplated those words. She had butterflies in her tummy and her pussy was gushing as she contemplated the implications.

Maggie's heart was racing even faster as she asked a big question that would have a massive impact on all their lives. She fiddled with getting her key out of the ignition, because she was too shy about the question to make eye contact. "I think you have a point there. But how long do you think such an arrangement should last?!"

He stared at her intently as he thought about that. *Ma is so beautiful! And I love her inside and out. God, I wanna fuck her so bad! I love when she*

strokes and sucks my cock, and titfucks are just as awesome. How could I ever give any of that up? There's no way I'm NOT going to fuck her! A LOT!

She thinks our relationship is doomed, but why does it have to be? Doesn't true love conquer all? When I go off to college, she'll be getting a divorce at the same time. Maybe one of us could take up a new identity and we could live as husband and wife! Who knows? Maybe Hillary could live with us too! Anything is possible. I'm sure that kind of thing happens in secret.

I think she's getting sexually addicted to my dick, at least, so that's a very key thing. How can we possibly go back to a normal non-sexual relationship after all we've been through already, and we're just getting started! I wish I could tell her now that I want her forever and that I'm going to CLAIM HER forever, even if Hillary doesn't join us!

But I can't possibly tell her any of that now or she'd freak out. Let's just pretend like the hand-over plan is proceeding as planned.

He said, "I honestly don't know. It might be a month. It might be two. Maybe a year! It could be longer, even. There's no telling at this point."

Her body trembled when he said "Maybe a year." It was all she could do not to lean over and mash her lips against his, or, better yet, drop her head into his lap, unzip his fly, and suck him off! Hearing a vague suggestion of "longer, even" almost made her delirious with lust. Her heart swelled with love and joy.

He was feeling just as secretly thrilled as she was. "I know you're making a big sacrifice for my happiness, and I'll never be able to repay you or thank you enough for all you've done. Yes, I enjoy the hell out of what we do with each other, but we're also doing it for a purpose. I hope you'll agree that we can't stop now, and that you'll do what it takes to see this through to a successful finish."

She thought, If only he knew the truth! I'm acting like I'm doing this big favor to keep this "charade" going, when in fact nothing would make me happier! Keep me as your "girlfriend" for as long as you want! Whatever that means, anything at all. Especially if it's your slutty, blowjob-loving girlfriend! I'm hooked on loving you, and I'm hooked on your cock! One or two more months? Hell, let's make it six, for starters! I know we can't do this forever since I AM your mother, but forever is an awful long time!

If we get in a situation where Hillary sees her relationship with you as either part of a threesome or nothing at all, this could last not only a year, but MANY years! Maybe even LIFE! What about LIFE?! Have you thought about having both of us at your beck and call for LIFE?! GOOD GOD! TOO HOT!

But she kept all that to herself. She merely nodded. She had to struggle not to wiggle in her seat with excitement and maintain a serious face, more or less. She was so secretly thrilled that she had to keep her hands pinned under her ass to stop her hands from reaching over to unzip his fly.

She tried to sound calm, but her voice was thick with lust and quiver with emotion. "You know that I'm your mother, and a mother will do almost anything for their children. If I'm going to have to suck and stroke your cock for months, or even YEARS, well, that's the kind of sacrifice I'll have to make! Whatever it takes for you to win Hillary forever! Whatever it takes! I'm on board! We made it this far, and it's an incredible thing! We can't stop now!"

She had a hard time saying that with a straight face.

Nick smiled brightly. "Really?! That's so great!"

She allowed herself to let out some of her excitement. She said eagerly, "Let's seal it with a kiss!" She grabbed his hands and brought them to her huge breasts. She puckered up and leaned in to kiss him.

But to her great disappointment, he didn't kiss her back. He kept her hands on her tits, and in fact he started to play with her nipples through her clothes. But he said, "I'd love to kiss you, but we'd better not. In a minute. Hillary will be coming by on her bike soon, and there's some important stuff I need to say before she gets here."

"Talk away!" She was getting horny all over again, and she wanted to get past the talking to the kissing. She simply couldn't contain herself. She brought her hands to his fly and hastily unzipped it. Her fingers were shaking, she was so horny and needy.

Neither of them said a word about what was happening, but she pulled his very erect boner out of his fly and started stroking it with only one hand. She considered that a form a restraint.

She saw him looking down at her fingers sliding up and down, and at a good speed since she was so horny. He was trying to maintain a poker face, and he was doing a good job in some respects, but his cheeks were flushed and his eyes were bugged out, which gave him away.

She lamely tried to come up with a justification, since what she was doing had to be addressed. "Well, you DID say that the damage has been done, so what's a little more damage? Am I right? Besides, I've noticed that when you get blue balls you get cranky and you find it hard to think. Our discussion will go much better if I'm relieving your stress like this, don't you think?"

His wide eyes went from his hands on her huge tits, with his fingers grasping her stiff nipples through her top, down to her fingers pumping up and down his shaft. He thought, *WIN! This is what it's like to win the game of life! Seriously! Fuuuuuck! Ma is the best kind of sexy slut there can possibly be! I'm never going to let her go now! NEVER!*

But all he said was, "Indeed! Good idea!"

Then he shut his eyes tightly. "I've got... got more to say about... stuff... but I need a minute to adjust to all of your... helping..."

She giggled with delight at that. "Take all the time you want! You deserve it!"

He took his hands off her tits in an attempt to reduce his arousal overload for a while. He attempted to clear his mind of the insanely arousing here and now take deep, slow breaths.

Maggie wasn't going to let go of his boner for anything. But she did slow her stroking just to a little bit of sweet spot rubbing in order to help him calm down. And she continued to only use one hand, which was a big sacrifice for her.

All of that helped. After a minute, he opened his eyes and smiled at her. "Aaaah! That's better. Thanks for all your help!"

She whispered seductively, "Anything for you, Son!"

She thought, *Damn! Listen to me! I sound like a total slut! Worse! She struggled to think of any stronger words. A whore! His personal whore, who does it for free! Gaaaawwwwd, now there's a thought! My son's personal big-titted WHORE!* She didn't mean "whore" in the conventional sense, but

more like a "super slut." It gave her a blast of lust to say it in her mind, like a slap across the face.

Despite all this sexual craziness going on, he resolutely went on with what he wanted to say. "I was very disturbed by Hillary's passing comment that she has plans to take a ride on Spencer's yacht tomorrow. It occurred to me that she agreed today to be my friend with benefits, or 'co-girlfriend,' or 'second girlfriend,' but what do those terms really mean? We didn't define anything. I think we were so eager to get to playing around that we skipped past making a real agreement."

She considered that and said, "That's not entirely true. You didn't make any formal agreement, true, but that could be for the best, because the situation continues to quickly evolve. But it's definitely clear enough that she's going steady with you, even as you're going steady with me. There's no room for Spencer there at all."

He whined, "Then why is she going on his yacht tomorrow?! That's like a date!"

She couldn't hold out any longer: she brought her second hand-over to his lap and used both hands to tug his shorts far enough down his thighs for all of his balls to be exposed too. She knew that was a bit risky, since they were not only parked on a public street, but they were sitting in the front street. That made them a lot more exposed, because anyone could peer into the front windshield as they walked by. But, again, she simply couldn't control herself.

It only took a few seconds for her to get his shorts down, with him helping by lifting his ass a little bit. Then she resumed pleasuring his cock in a relatively slow and restrained way, but with two hands instead of one.

She let his question linger in the air while she was doing all that. Then she said, "Now, hold on. I'm sure SHE doesn't see it as a date. And look at it from her point of view. I know you're a big Jimi Hendrix fan."

"What does that have to do with anything?!"

"Wait, it's coming. Imagine that Spencer turns out to be the son of a record producer, and it turns out he's got a copy of that 'Black Gold' Hendrix recording that you told me hasn't even been bootlegged yet. All previously

unknown and unheard Hendrix songs! Would you swallow your pride and go hang out with Spencer for the day to hear that?"

He said without any second guessing, "Hell, yeah! That would be incredible! That's my ultimate lost album! I'd crawl across broken glass to listen to that!"

She grinned knowingly. "Soooo.... Thinking again about Hillary taking a ride on his yacht..."

He sighed and slumped further down in his seat as he made the connection. "Okay, okay, I get it. It's kind of hard for me to think straight, to be honest, when you're 'helping me' with both hands like that."

She smirked, and said, "Sorry." But she didn't stop or even slow jerking him off in two-handed fashion.

He complained, "But that's the problem. She spends the day with him so she can take a ride on his yacht. What if, in the future, he's got something even way cooler than that, but this time he makes her take a ride on his cock to get it?!"

Maggie scowled at him and even briefly took a hand off his boner to wag a finger at him. "Nicolas James Stevens, wash your mouth out with soap for even suggesting that! That's MEAN! You're basically calling her a whore! In the bad way!"

He asked in confusion, "Is there a good way?"

She still had her other whore definition in her mind, where it meant a super slut and had nothing to do with money. But she merely said, "Never mind about that. My point is, you need to trust her! That's a key part of any serious relationship. If she can't keep her legs closed while on one yacht ride with Spencer, then that's good to know now because she'd be too hopelessly slutty in the bad way for any relationship to last anyway. Do you really think there's a chance of that?"

He sheepishly admitted, "Well, no. Not unless he does something crazy like drugging her, and that seems extremely improbable. Even if he's a total secret scumbag, Hillary wouldn't keep quiet, and his entire reputation would be destroyed. It doesn't make sense. I worry more about the long-term with him. He's playing a longer game."

She said, "Well, calm down then! Nobody said winning and keeping a raving beauty like her would be easy. There will always be Spencer types sniffing around. You need to A) keep calm, B) keep your jealousy in check, and C) come up with counterstrategies to help keep him at bay. For instance, would she be going with him tomorrow if you offered to take her for a boat ride too?"

"Probably not," He admitted again. "She didn't offer me a chance though. But I get your point."

"Good!" She's stopped jacking him off while they worked this out. But after having reached that satisfying resolution, she resumed with both hands.

She smiled at him and said, "As for me, I'm not worried at all. Why? Because I know you're fucking smart, and you always come up with a clever plan. We'll speak of Spencer more later. But speaking of clever plans, I know you must be thinking about the whole Anushka situation too. And you'll be seeing her tonight for the first time! What's your plan with her?"

He looked down at her two hands slipping and sliding all over his hard-on. He said with amused chagrin, "I haven't been able to think about it as much as I'd like, due to certain... distractions."

She laughed with impish glee. "Geez! I wonder what you mean by that!"

"I mean THIS, in part, you sexy thing!" He couldn't resist reaching for her breasts again. He'd been holding back from doing that in part due to the fact that he was dangerously overaroused most of the time already. But also, with both of them sitting in the front seats, tit fondling was something that anybody walking down the sidewalk near their SUV would probably see. So far, nobody had walked by at all, but that could change at any time.

As a result, although he couldn't resist, he at least kept his hands over her top, like he'd been doing before.

She purred in her most sultry voice, "Son, I'm sorry, I can't make my tits any smaller. You'll just have to 'suffer' with getting distracted by them, I guess." She giggled. "But let's hear your thoughts on Anushka."

He considered that, right though all the tit-fondling and cock-stroking. "We need to get Hillary to make a stronger commitment. I'm fine with sharing her with Anushka, in general. As I told you before, I think that helps me a lot, actually, because hopefully Anushka and I can essentially take care of

both sides of her bisexual nature and stop her from always searching for someone new."

Maggie nodded. "That sounds reasonable." Nick's hands wound up inside her top and he was directly playing with her nipples. But she was still paying attention and keeping her hand off his erection, since this discussion was very important.

He continued, "But the thing I'd like to see is if I can get her to commit equally to Anushka and me. Did you hear her say that Anushka is her top priority right now? I took note of that. That's not good. Right now, I'm on thin ice. The meeting with Anushka might go badly tonight. What if Anushka tells her after that, 'No sexual contact with Nick whatsoever anymore?' Would Hillary go along with that?!"

"I should hope not," Maggie said. "But I really don't think it'll come to that. Anushka must be able to see how you going out with Hillary could help her too, but at least stopping Hillary from her usual wandering."

"I hope so," he said. "But I'm not sure if she does, or how much she does. That something I hope to work on, starting tonight. Ultimately, there needs to be an 'Even Stevens' balance there, if this is going to be a successful long-term relationship for all of us."

Maggie frowned. "I can see why you feel that way, but that's going to be a harder sell. As you like to keep pointing out, Hillary is an extremely desirable woman, so she holds all the cards. Well, at least most of the cards. You have a pretty big, thick, and tasty card right here! Maybe it's even the trump card!"

She looked down at his boner, and her hands on it. She flashed a big toothy smile at it.

He thought, incredulously, *Jesus Christ! It's like Ma is falling in love with my dick! That's a seriously lovey dovey look on her face. Whoa!*

But he put that thought aside, and said, "I know, but you and I together, we offer her something special. That's why it's so important to keep the threesome thing going. And between you and me, maybe we can talk her into it. It can't hurt to try. Plus, right now, you're in the driver's seat as my official girlfriend, and she's just the 'second girlfriend.' We could offer her equal co-girlfriend status, if she agrees to treat my relationship with her on

the same level as hers with Anushka. Then everything will be even and fair."

Maggie said, "True. Okay, I'll do what I can to help with this." She smiled at him, but inwardly she was very disappointed, not to mention jealous. She liked being his sole official girlfriend. Sharing co-girlfriend status would be a demotion from that.

"Thanks, Ma!" He twisted her nipples through her top as a sort of reward for her help and good advice.

She felt that not only in her nipples, but in her pussy too. It was like he was fingerbanging her there. It took her breath away.

She regathered her wits, then told herself, *I know it sucks, but this is what I need to do for Nick. I have my fantasies about being with him for a long time, or even forever, but we both know that the forever part can never be. I'll take every day with him that I can, but eventually we'll be forced to move on. He'll be going off to college, for starters. There are no colleges worthy of him here in Orange County, and not many in all of Southern California. A co-girlfriend arrangement WOULD help move the hand-over plan forward. And ultimately, that's what this is all about.*

She purred, "I think we've sorted that out well enough now. There's such a thing as overplanning. And I'm still needing my celebration kiss!"

He smiled widely, and gave each of her stiff nipples a squeeze at the same time.

She said, "You and I have come to our own very important agreement. I'm going to be your girlfriend, co- or not, for as long as this takes. And it could take a very long time. Months! Years, even! And all that time, I won't just be your mother Margaret, I'll be Maggie much of the time too, your personal busty slut! I'm going to get to know every inch of your cock in ways no mother ever should, from sucking it, to stroking it, to fucking it with my tits! I say that calls for a kiss!"

He panted, "Amen to that!" Her words suddenly had his heart racing hard, and his hard-on was like a heated steel bar in her sliding hands.

She already was leaning towards him to help him play with her tits while also helping her play with his cock, but she leaned in even closer, pressing

her tits against his chest, since his upper was twisted in her direction too. That trapped his hands between their chests, but he didn't mind that at all.

She locked his lip with his. Their kiss was molten and fiery, since they both had a seemingly endless amount of lusty desire for each other.

With her tits pressing against his chest, he felt he could finally play with them directly instead of having to go through her top. The difference was he figured that anyone casually walking by wouldn't be able to see what was going on between their bodies, other than they were making out.

He pulled her top all the way up above her breasts for the best access, but he tried to tug her top down as much as he could on her backside so it wouldn't look so suspicious from that side. He figured it was close enough for horseshoes.

Both of them sighed and moaned blissfully as he twisted her nipples directly without the top in the way.

Maggie thought, *Now, THIS is what I'm talking about! I've got his magic lips on mine, his magic hands twisting my nipples, and my fingers are sloshing and sliding all over his magic cock! Magic everywhere!* She giggled. *Could it possibly get any better?! YES! Yes it can!*

However, was also relatively brief, by their recent standards. That was because when she asked herself if things could possibly get any better and then answered "YES!" she was thinking about sucking his cock some more.

She pulled away and licked her lips as she looked down at his fat cock and her fingers pumping up and down it. She started to bend her head down.

However, Nick could see exactly what she wanted to do, and how much she wanted it. He got the idea that this would be a good time to try to do some clever negotiating. He hoped that she'd do most anything so she could get her lips around his thickness right away. It was worth a shot, at least.

With his hands still on her bare tits, he used some pressure there to stop her from bending over. "Wait!"

She whined impatiently, "What? I just want to kiss your cock too." She thought, *I NEED to kiss it! All the way down until I'm choking and gagging on it! YEEESSSS!*

He chuckled at that, because even though he couldn't read her thoughts, he could tell from her needy facial that a kiss would almost certainly soon turn into a lot more. But he played along. "I've love for you to do just that. But first, remember how we started this discussion on the car ride here, where you were complaining about having to kiss Hillary?"

"What does that have to do with anything?" She kept staring down while licking her lips. She was salivating madly, now that she felt she was close to getting her lips around him.

"Listen to me. I just want you to agree that you'll kiss her when I want you to, and how I want you to. From now on! That's the rule!"

"Whatever." She tried again to bend over. Her suck need was so great that she was only half-listening.

But he still firmly held her back. "No, seriously!"

Maggie was too horny to say no. She felt like she needed to suck his cock right now, like she needed air to breathe. Worse, when she thought about being "forced" to kiss Hillary, that doubled her arousal level! So she growled with irritation, "Fine! Whatever you say."

He still wasn't willing to release her. "You really mean that? No going back when it comes to kissing her?"

"I do." Her head was spinning as she struggled to pay attention and understand what she was agreeing to while her cocksucking lust threatened to completely take over her thinking.

He said, "I'm going to hold you to that, and even test you on it. Expect to make out more with her later! If you do try to back out with Hillary there, I can't talk to you directly about it, so I'll pinch your butt to remind you of your promise. Okay?"

"Yes! Okay! Please!" She was on the verge of begging, and she knew it. She thought, *I need your cock, Son! Don't make me beg for it! UUUUNGH!*

She was scared to show how strongly she was coming to lust for him, and especially how powerful her desire to suck his cock could get at times like this, for fear that he'd take advantage. For instance, he might demand that she go into Maggie mode a lot more often, and even suck him inside the "firewall" boundary of their house. He was well meaning and loving, but his

sex drive was so great that it seemed to run his brain much of the time lately.

Happily for her, he finally let go.

She immediately dove down on him. She stretched her jaw wide around his cockhead and engulfed it in. She didn't know how to deep throat, and she seriously worried that his cock was too thick for him or any other normal-throated woman to do that. But she took him in deep enough to gag a little bit on his cock. She wanted to be overwhelmed by the sheer size of his erection.

However, that was just her initial burst of enthusiasm. What she really wanted to do was bob on, and lick, his sweet spot. So she eased up enough to do that. Then she went to town on him! A hand held his shaft and stroked it in time to her lip sliding.

As she did that, she thought, *I'm going to be Nick's slutty girlfriend for MONTHS! One of 'em, anyway! And it WILL take months, minimum, I'm sure of it. If the three of us are all enjoying ourselves, why should we be in a rush to stop? Anushka is the only fly in the ointment. That, and that fucker Spencer. But Nick will handle them, somehow. He's becoming such a MAN! A smart man! A very cocky, COCKY man! MMMM!*

Her tongue lovingly licked on his sweet spot while inside her mouth, even as she turned her head this way and that to make twisting motions with her lips on his boner.

She kept that up, and thought, *Seriously, this is great! And I won't just be his normal kind of girlfriend. It's not like we'll be going to the opera and art museums. He won't be ringing the doorbell on our house wearing a suit and holding a bouquet of flowers, that's for sure!*

She snickered at the idea of him ringing the doorbell like that. *Of course he won't, since he lives INSIDE the house! He's my SON!* She felt a great surge of lust thinking that.

But she continued her thought, *No, being his girlfriend means a lot of one on one, up close and personal COCK TIME! I'm basically going to be his constantly naked, big-titted, cocksucking, personal slut! I even told him that out loud a minute or two ago, and he didn't disagree! I'm going to be his slut, his GOOD slut! No, make that his EXCELLENT slut! I'm going to*

extensively show him with my mouth just how much I love his cock every time I meet him as Maggie! MMMM!

We're going to need to wake up at five in the morning every school day, so I can blow him for two hours non-stop before going to school! She knew that last thought wasn't realistic for a variety of reasons, including having to make breakfast for Andy at a certain time, but those thoughts were a sign of how carried away she was on cock-lust.

Nick looked through the front windshield and stared up and down the street with some amusement mixed with chagrin, plus a whole lot of lust. *Well, at least with Ma bent over like this, people can't really see what's going on. The SUV sits up higher than most cars. Even if someone were to walk right by and stare into my eyes, they'll probably have no idea a blonde bombshell is sucking me off. And they definitely won't know she's my mother!*

Whoa!

God, I'm a fucking lucky son of a bitch!

He put a hand on her head and tenderly stroked her hair.

Maggie kept on bobbing for a couple of minutes. She was doing a great job of keeping him at just the ideal level of arousal, so he could bask in extreme joy without having to stress out about needing to cum right away.

He closed his eyes and found himself thinking, *If someone really walks by, they're either going to not see Ma at all or they'll be totally shocked seeing her bobbing head over my crotch. So I wonder if I could get away with taking her top all the way off? That damn thing is annoying me. I like that it's up above her big tits, at least, but it's like an offense to-*

His train of thought came to a crashing halt, because he heard a knock on his side window. It was a deliberately quiet knock, so much so that Nick almost missed it. Maggie did miss it, since she was lost in her slurpy, sucky world.

Hillary was the one knocking. She had arrived home and saw Maggie's SUV parked out front at least five minutes previously. But rather than go and meet them straight away, she first went inside to put her bicycle away and make sure her parents weren't home. (They weren't.) She was thirsty after biking home in a hurry, so she'd got herself a glass of water and

downed it. Then she'd rushed upstairs to quickly clean her room, because she'd left it a mess.

Only then did she go back outside and stand in front of the SUV. Looking through the front windshield while unseen, she saw Nick, but no Maggie. However, Nick's eyes were closed and he had a big, blissful smile on his face, so she figured out right away where Maggie's mouth was and what it was doing.

She leaned further forward until her face was practically up to the glass of the windshield and snickered when she saw Maggie's bobbing head right where she assumed it would be.

You're gotta be kidding me! I swear, these two are hyper sexual! I should have known. And look at me: I take one look at that, and MY pussy starts gushing. I'm almost as bad as they are!

That's why she knocked quietly on Nick's side window, so she could get his attention without startling Maggie and causing her to freeze or pull off him.

Once Nick got over the shock of the close knocking, he looked through the tinted side window and saw that it was only Hillary. He breathed a big sigh of relief. Then he quietly rolled his tinted window most of the way down, allowing Hillary to see in from the side.

Hillary was smiling from ear to ear, and she had a great, toothy smile. She teasingly pointed towards Maggie's bobbing head and then shook her own head, as if she was saying, "You two are too much!"

Nick tapped on Maggie's head. "Maggie, Hillary's here."

Maggie kept right on bobbing. She muttered something as she did so. It was fairly unintelligible, since she spoke with her mouth stuffed with a very thick cock, but from the context, Nick correctly guessed that she said, "Wait just a minute."

He tapped her head again. "No, I mean she's RIGHT HERE, standing right next to me. Remember how we were going to meet her? We're parked in front of her house, you know."

Maggie raised her head in alarm, causing her mouth to pull all the way off her son's fat pole. She looked up and saw Hillary's smiling face through the open window. Her face turned cherry red in about two seconds flat!

Hillary's beatific expression calmed her frazzled nerves some, but there was a long dangle of spit stretching from her mouth to Nick's cockhead that embarrassed her. It was irrational for such a thing to embarrass her with Hillary, but emotions aren't always rational. She broke the long strand with her hand and then attempted to wipe the pre-cum that was drooling down her chin. "Um, I was just..."

Hillary giggled. "You don't have to apologize to me. I love this! This is great! I love the endless lust you share. Do you guys EVER stop?"

Maggie thought, *You'd have endless lust too, if you ended up being a slutty girlfriend to your very own son! And not just any son, either. He's got the stamina of two men combined, and the cock size of three! Avoid the incest taboo if you can. It's far too intoxicating! It's like a drug! You'll never be the same!*

Of course, Hillary had no way of hearing the advice in Maggie's thoughts. Since Maggie didn't seem to want to say anything, she said, "Come on. If you can tear yourself away from him for one minute, and at least pretend to cover your big breasts for that same minute, let's do that upstairs. It's MUCH better on my big bed, believe me."

That offer was too good to refuse. Maggie sat all the way up and pulled her top back down over her fantastic, tanned E-cups.

Hillary giggled at that too. "I love how he had your top up too! Classic!"

Maggie grumbled, but with amusement, "It's a good thing you showed up when you did. Give him two more minutes, and he would have had me stripped down to my high heels!"

Hillary giggled some more. "Don't worry, I'm sure he will, just as soon as we get in the door."

Nick was secretly amused, because he recalled how he'd been seriously considering taking Maggie's top the rest of the way off right when Hillary knocked.

He tucked his boner in his shorts and zipped up. He joked, "I have a rare condition called sexifemmeaclothesaphobia. It's the fear of any kind of clothes on a sexy woman, especially a very busty one. If I see that, I have to immediately get it off her and toss it far away. It's worse than my arachnophobia!"

Maggie and Hillary laughed at that. Maggie said, "It's funny because it's true!"

The three of them went into the house together.

When they entered the door, Hillary half-joked, "I know it's a lot to ask, but please try to keep your clothes on all the way until we get to my room. My parents are pretty tolerant, but they'll raise eyebrows if they had to clear the clothes of an unknown man AND a woman strewn up the stairs."

Chapter 34: Hillary's Room (Friday)

As soon as the three of them got into Hillary's room and the door was closed, the clothes started flying off. Maggie even took her high heels off since she figured she'd be on Hillary's big bed soon, and she didn't want to be poking anyone with the stiletto spikes of her heels.

Hillary didn't have any heels on to begin with, since she very rarely wore them. She didn't even know about Maggie's new high heels fetish yet.

Nick waited until the two of them were naked, and he was down to just his T-shirt. Then he walked up to Hillary. He noticed that she wasn't even keeping her panties on. That was a very promising sign, especially since, as far as he was aware Anushka still had a rule against him touching her there.

They wrapped their arms around each other and kissed. By the time the necking ended, Nick had his hands on Hillary's ass and he was squeezing her ass cheeks. He was pleased to sense that she didn't seem to want her ass treated as gently as she did her breasts, since he was kneading them fairly thoroughly without a peep of complaint.

Meanwhile, Hillary wound up with one hand on his ass and the other on his cock. Her hand slid up and down on his pole with the same familiar ease as Maggie was lately.

Maggie was extremely horny due to getting worked up in the front seats of the SUV, and the short walk into the house didn't cool her ardor at all. In fact, it only heightened her anticipation. But unlike earlier in the back of the SUV, when she'd gotten jealous and tried to get Hillary to leave, she was far too worked up to just keep to herself and feel bad. She boldly pressed her nude body against Nick's backside, creating a group embrace of sorts.

But she was annoyed with him wearing his T-shirt all the time, and she was in a bold mood to do something about it. She pulled his T-shirt up to his armpits. That allowed her to press her fat tits into his backside, skin on skin.

With Nick and Hillary too busy kissing to talk, she said in an extra sultry voice, "I hope you don't mind if I join in."

She didn't get a verbal reply, but Nick obviously didn't mind, so she didn't stop there. She reached her hands around his torso as she hugged him from

behind. She pressed in so closely that Hillary's hand on Nick's ass was trapped between Nick and Maggie's hip. Then, with the kiss between Nick and Hillary going on and on, one of Maggie's hands in front slid down to Nick's crotch. She didn't stop until she and Hillary were sharing cock-stroking duties.

Nick certainly was glad about all that! He thought, *I'm trapped in a tit sandwich! Awesome! Hillary's F-cups on my front side and Maggie's E-cups on my back! That feels great! But what's even better is the way they freely share my cock! Two feminine hands on one cock feel much better when they come from different women. What a head rush! What a trip!*

He had something he'd been meaning to say, but he loved being trapped like this so much that it took him some time to remember what it was. He wasn't exactly in a hurry. Finally, it came to him, and he broke the lip-lock with Hillary to explain. "Ladies, I have an announcement to make. Ma and I were talking in the car. She agreed that when we meet in private like this, it's only right and polite to that we kiss each other hello. Hillary, I just kissed you. And I came with Maggie. So, Maggie, that means it's your turn to kiss Hillary."

With that, he deftly stepped to the side. Or at least he tried to. His feet moved, which carried his body along with him, but Maggie and Hillary kept their hands on his boner and then they took a step to the same side too, so they all ended up in the exact same position relative to each other.

Nick laughed. "Cut it out. You know what I'm trying to do. I have to go pee. But when I get back, I want to see you kissing. Serious French kissing! And Hillary, don't be shy about it. While you were gone I told Maggie that there's a new sheriff in town, and that's an order for her!"

Hillary's heart leapt to her throat and she forgot to breathe. What he said was very big news because it suggested she and Maggie would be necking a lot from now on, starting immediately. She hadn't expected things to move that quickly on that front.

But also, what he said suggested that he was giving orders and Maggie was obeying them. That had serious implications far beyond the girl-on-girl French kissing issue. She was uncertain what to think about that. It benefited her in the here and now, but she didn't want him to order her

around too. She considered herself highly slutty, in the good sense, but not particularly submissive.

She decided not to comment and just see what came next. She didn't want to possibly ruin Maggie's mood by saying the wrong thing.

He took another step to the side, and this time they completely disengaged and let him go.

That left Maggie and Hillary standing facing each other with a Nick-sized empty space between them. Seeing them both just shyly standing there, he put his hands on their nearest bare ass cheeks and gently but firmly pushed them together.

He said, "What are you waiting for? Hillary, I told Ma that you two need to get used to a certain level of intimacy with each other, because we'll be in threesome situations so much. For instance, you two might kiss and lick my cum off each other's faces while rubbing your big boobs together."

"Like this?" Maggie asked. She was only in a loose embrace with Hillary so far, but pulled in a little more until their great busts were touching. She started to slide her slightly sweaty tits up and down against Hillary's.

"Exactly!" he said. Already he was practically swooning from what he was seeing.

Hillary told him with a knowing smirk, "Knowing you, you'll just have us French kiss and rub our tits together for no reason at all except to get us horny."

Maggie was so turned on that she didn't have a big issue with that. Instead, she added, "And then your cock will get stiff and you'll push our heads down until we're on our knees before you, and you'll make us take turns bobbing deep on your cock, over and over and over again!"

He laughed. "I don't know about the pushing and the forcing, but that overall scenario sounds pretty damn good to me!"

Hillary gave Maggie a serious, intense look. "He's right, you know. As a bisexual, I don't want to push myself on you. But just as his two girlfriends, straight or whatever, he'd have us kissing and rubbing our breasts together like this." She said "like this" because their tit rubbing was getting more energetic and overt all the time. "Because he can. Because he's in the driver's seat. Because he thinks it's hot!"

Maggie nodded. "I know. Don't worry, I accept all that. This isn't about you being bisexual; it's about being two good sluts for him."

Hillary broke into a big smile. "Exactly!"

With that, their tit rubbing came to a near halt as they tilted their heads, parted their lips, and began to make out.

They didn't need any further coaxing once they got started. Maggie was still on fire. Nick didn't actually promise it as a sure thing, but she had it in her mind that she was going to be his co-girlfriend for many "months," at a bare minimum. That idea had her so hot and bothered that simply hugging Nick and stroking his cock with Hillary from behind didn't satisfy her. She really wanted to bob on his cock for a long, long time, but she was presented with a nude and totally stunning Hillary in front of her instead.

As a result, much of her pent-up lust was redirected at Hillary. When they started kissing, it was like they immediately resumed right from their last and most passionate kiss while kneeling in the back of the SUV. As before, their hands wrapped around each other's backs, except now they had both hands free. Their big busts rubbed together in an even more sexual manner than ever before, which was saying a lot.

Nick had only said he needed to pee as an excuse to get away from two very, very horny women. But saying that put the idea in his head and his body decided that peeing was a good idea after all.

He had to go down the hallway to get to the bathroom. It was strange walking through someone else's house without a stitch of clothing. But Hillary had told him that her parents weren't home, and she didn't have any siblings, so he hurried down the hall with his hands covering his erection.

It took him some moments to will his hard-on soft enough to actually pee. But, knowing what Hillary and Maggie were doing to each other, his dick was like an iron rod again by the time he scuttled back to Hillary's room and closed the door.

He had a vivid imagination, and he'd been doing a lot of imagining as he went back to Hillary's room. But what he saw took his breath away just the same. *Holy... WHOA! ... AMAZING!*

He stood there with his eyes bugging out. He practically drooled. *I need to leave the room and reenter it more often, because this is like getting run*

over by a truck! But in the best way. A sex truck full of sexy goodness! Good God! Just look at them, my two favorite loves of all time, kissing each other with such passion!

Indeed, Hillary and Maggie were kissing each other with all of the passion and arousal they felt when they kissed him, or maybe even more. When he'd "forced" them to kiss back in the SUV, they'd done so with their eyes closed. But now their eyes were open, and there seemed to be a lot of passionate non-verbal communication going on with the looks they were giving each other.

But it wasn't just the kissing that excited him. Hillary was attempting to maintain her policy of not doing anything to Maggie that Maggie didn't do to her first. Happily, Maggie was so very horny that she wasn't showing many inhibitions. Her hand had drifted down to Hillary's ass cheeks. Hillary's hands wound up on Maggie's ass cheeks a short time later in return. That was a major development, especially since both of them were completely naked.

Their pussies remained untouched by the other one because, even though they were standing as close as can be, their legs were straight and neither had a leg between the legs of the other women where some "incidental" pussy contact could take place. However, they seemed to be making up for that by the way they were rubbing their immense racks together. In fact, they seemed to be as focused on rubbing their nipples together as they were on kissing!

So all of that was tremendously exciting for Nick. But even more than that, he just loved looking at their gorgeous, tanned, voluptuous bodies. He knew that many women looked their best when dressed to the nines, but Maggie and Hillary definitely looked best without wearing any clothes at all. Their bodies were firm and fit yet soft and feminine, and their all-over tans were to die for. It was a hard call which one had the deeper tan.

FUCK ME! Nick screamed to himself. *They're just so hot! And they're mine! If things work out today like I hope they will, I could end up with these two as my honest-to-God GIRLFRIENDS for a long, long time! ME! Who's to say I won't end up with Hillary as my wife and Maggie as my mistress or something like that, and all three of us sleeping in the same bed ten years from now?! It could happen!*

Gaawwwd, I had dreams and schemes, but I never truly believed it could come to this, with both of them loving me at once!

He was so overcome with lust and love that he couldn't contain himself. He walked to them with his swinging boner leading the way. He stood so he was facing their side-profiles, and then he wrapped his arms around them, turning their two-way hug into a three-way.

The women were a bit startled at first, because they were so into kissing and fondling each other. They'd almost forgotten he existed for some moments, since kissing each other had become their whole world. But they adjusted by accepting him into their embrace. It wasn't long before he was taking turns kissing them while they also took turns jacking him off. (This time there was only one hand on his boner at a time, since they were also highly interested in fondling each other.)

But what he loved the most was that they didn't just kiss him, they also kept kissing each other. Their heads ended up so close that at times the three of them shared a single kiss!

As Nick stood there with one hand on Hillary's ass and another on Maggie's ass, he thought, *Ma is at least somewhat bisexual! She HAS to be, based on what I'm seeing here. If she's just faking to help me with Hillary, then she's the greatest actress in history! Sure, some of her behavior now is due to her being worked up in general, but it can't ALL be because of that. She's into Hillary in a big way! And why wouldn't she be? Hillary is so beautiful that she would turn a straight woman bi.*

I'm not going to hold back on this anymore! I'd already promised Hillary with that wink that I'd help her and Maggie get together. And I'm the one that started this kissing session, so I'm doing my part. But now that I know Maggie is at least partially bi, I'm gonna push harder until they go all the way with each other!

To the great surprise of both Maggie and Nick, the first one to break up the kissing was Hillary. She suddenly pulled away and took a few steps back. She looked shocked, like she'd just done something very wrong.

This immediately frightened Maggie, since she'd totally forgotten about her own worries and hang-ups. Seeing Hillary react like that brought them flooding back into her head. She clutched at her privates, suddenly ashamed of her nudity. She asked anxiously, "What's wrong?!"

Hillary was frustrated, and she gesticulated in agitation. "I forgot! I forgot all about Anushka! Both here and the kissing earlier! I totally forgot! How could I do that?! How thoughtless of me!"

That actually was a relief to Maggie, because at least that meant she hadn't done anything wrong.

Hillary paced around. She was moving so fast that she had to rest a forearm under her huge breasts to stop them from bouncing around. "This is a big problem! As you know, I got Anushka's permission to fool around with you, Nick. But not Maggie too! Maggie, because you're a woman, you're way, way, WAY more threatening to Anushka! She's not going to like this AT ALL!"

Hillary kept on pacing around.

Maggie and Nick could only watch while the erotic atmosphere in the room deflated like a punctured balloon.

Hillary muttered, "This is bad. This is really bad. But I've GOTTA tell her. We have a really strong relationship and tell each other everything. Plus, I'm not the cheating kind. If she did it to me, I'd want to know."

Nick boldly offered his advice, even though he wasn't sure if he was overstepping his bounds on this matter. "Um, Hillary? If I could suggest, I think you should tell her. But tell her the truth, that you didn't expect something like this to happen. You were sexually focused on me, and Maggie was there naked too, and some kissing happened, and it kind of got a lot more passionate than expected. So you broke it off. That's all. That's all! Really, that's not too bad."

Hillary stopped pacing and considered that. "You know what? You're right. I mean, I didn't intend for things to develop like that."

Nick further suggested, "Women kiss on the lips all the time. But if you're naked and in a highly sexual situation, things can get too passionate. It's nobody's fault. You just have to be more careful in the future, that's all."

Maggie also tried to help, and said, "Besides, you can tell her that I'm NOT lesbian or bisexual. I'm totally straight! It was purely the passion of the moment that got to me. I'm not going to get that carried away again. You should tell her that too."

At the moment, with the atmosphere changed, Maggie did really believe that. But she was lying to herself. Her desire for Hillary had been growing almost from the first time she'd laid eyes on her. The same was true with Hillary's feelings for Maggie. The passion of the moment helped, but there was much more going on here.

Hillary nodded to all that. She said, "Sorry guys, I think I've gotta call Anushka right now and give her an update. That could help limit the damage. She might even tell me to have you two leave so we don't have another accident like that before she and I can talk face to face. I wouldn't be surprised. And what a shame, because I was just thinking what a great idea it would be if I dropped to my knees and took turns licking Nick's cock with you, Maggie! But the mood's been broken."

She looked back and forth between them, pondering. "Maybe you two should go, regardless. Anushka's probably going to be really upset."

Nick stepped forward and said, "If it's all right with you, I'd like to hang around for a while. There are some important things I'm hoping to discuss with you before I see Anushka tonight, and it would be key to do it in person."

As he'd discussed with Maggie in the car after Hillary left, he wanted to firm up the exact nature of his relationship to Hillary.

Hillary scrunched up her face. "Do you think we should still do that, after this? She may be in a particularly bad mood, especially regarding you."

"I'm willing," he said. "See what she says on the phone first and just figure out her mood. If things are kind of iffy, I could just stop by and say, 'Hi Anushka, bye Anushka.' Putting a face to a name matters."

Hillary nodded at that.

He added, "I think if you explain it like I suggested, and you're really apologetic, Anushka won't mind. But, you know, you should frame it in the best light. I'm not saying you should lie. You shouldn't. But there's definitely a way to spin the truth to soften the blow."

Hillary nodded again. "Okay. Why don't you wait a little while? I'll go call her on my cell phone from the other room. If it turns out to be a long and dramatic call and maybe you don't want to wait through that, I'll come and let you know."

They agreed to that.

Hillary walked off to call. She didn't bother to put her clothes on. But then again she was a nudist, so that wasn't too surprising.

Maggie and Nick sat back on Hillary's bed. They put their arms around each other and rested. Nick's penis had gone flaccid due to the crisis.

Nick sighed. "Well, that sucks."

Maggie sighed too. "You can say that again. I don't know what came over me! I'm not like that with women, you know!" She turned to Nick and punched his upper arm. "It's all your fault, you know!" She was being playful, but also kind of serious.

"My fault? How?!"

"You get me so horny! Too horny! So horny that I'll even lose control with her. I wanted YOU really badly. So very badly! I wanted to suck your cock some more. We got interrupted in the car, so you never got to cum on my face or down my throat." She pouted sexily. "But then you went off to pee and left me to her. That's the problem."

"Then here's the solution." He put his hand on the back of Maggie's head and pushed her down to his crotch.

Although his penis had gone flaccid, he was certain Maggie would be able to fix that before long.

Sure enough, Maggie was still in a very aroused state. The disruption should have put her off, and she seemed relatively calm on the outside. But she was so worked up from the "months" discussion with Nick, and sucking him in the front seat of the SUV, and then making out with Hillary, that it wasn't long before she was sucking his fully engorged cock some more, and with great joy.

In fact, the only problem she had with the situation was doing it while sitting next to him. Soon, she got down on her knees between his legs instead. That was much more comfortable, and it helped her relax.

Once she was repositioned and had her lips tightly sealed around his thickness and sliding up and down, she thought, *Aaaaaah! That's better! Much better! Whatever happened between Hillary and Anushka is out of my control, but my son's fat cock is in my mouth and that's what I should focus*

on for now. As he pointed out earlier, she thinks I'm an expert because I've sucked him hundreds of times already. I've got a lot of catching up to do! She laughed on the inside at that.

She felt giddy from the sheer joy and lapping on his sweet spot while her lips continued their relentless sliding. On top of that, he put a hand on her head and gently ran it through her hair, which she loved. *Mmmm! How could anyone think I'm attracted to girls? All I want to do is suck on THIS fuckin' fat jawbreaker all day! It's such an ordeal due to its thickness, but it's so worth it!*

Hillary came back surprisingly quickly, and she didn't have her phone with her. She opened the door to her bedroom and laughed. "Come ON! You're seriously kidding me! Do you two EVER stop?!"

Nick laughed too. "Honestly, it's not always like this." He kept right on stroking Maggie's long blonde hair.

"Riiiiiiight." Hillary smiled and smirked as she walked into the room, still nude, of course.

Nick loved the sight of her F-cups bouncing and wobbling with every step she took. He hardly noticed her wet pussy, since he couldn't touch it anyway. He asked her, "You seem to be in a good mood. How did the phone call go?"

Maggie suddenly pulled her mouth off Nick's boner. She felt this was important and demanded her full attention. She turned her body all the way around to listen.

Hillary waved her hand at her. "Don't stop on my account. Please!"

But Maggie just sat there looking at her, leaving Nick's erection untouched behind her. In addition to the important talk, she figured his boner could use a break.

Hillary said, "The call went well. Suspiciously well, as a matter of fact." She gave Nick and Maggie a suspicious look, like she was a private eye on the hunt for answers.

Maggie wiped the pre-cum and saliva from her chin, and asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Anushka was like, 'Whatever.' She took my explanation at face value and didn't ask any questions. In fact, she actually was more interested in talking about our dinner and dancing plans for tonight. That's not like her, like AT ALL! I don't understand it, to be honest. She gets REALLY jealous whenever we go out and some pretty girl shows an interest in me."

"Which must happen constantly," Nick interjected.

"It does happen a lot," Hillary admitted. "It's a bother. But then again she's quite the hottie herself with a pair of breasts that need to be seen to be believed, so she gets hit on just as much."

Nick scoffed at that in his own mind. He couldn't believe there could be another woman who was nearly as attractive as Hillary. Except Maggie, of course. But he kept that thought to himself, since he had no idea what Anushka looked like.

One reason he was keen on meeting her for the first time tonight was simply to find out what she looked like, especially her supposedly legendarily immense breasts. Hillary was consistently hyping them up and almost in awe of them, so he knew there had to be some truth there.

Hillary said bitterly, "It makes me think that maybe ANUSHKA has something to hide! Maybe SHE did something with another girl that she wasn't supposed to do, so she figures this would make us even. It's the only thing that makes sense. Unless maybe either of you have other ideas?"

Nick raised his hand. "Maybe she just figured that kissing another woman on the lips isn't that big of a deal?"

"Yeah, but we did much more than just kiss on the lips!" Hillary sensed that Maggie might get regretful if she said more in her current mindset, as if what she'd done with Maggie was a serious mistake, so she stopped there.

Nick said, "It's true that you can't convey on the phone just how powerful the emotions were running at the time. But when you get down to it, it was still a kiss. You didn't touch each other down below. Sure, your boobs touched, but with the two of you stacked as you are, that'll happen if you're so much as in the same room!"

That got a little laugh from the other two, helping to ease the tension. He added, "If Anushka doesn't think it's a big deal, then you shouldn't worry too much about it either. I wish I had a good explanation, but I don't,

because I know so little about her. I'm sure the reason for her reaction, or lack thereof, will come out soon enough, now that you're curious about it. So relax. Besides, at least for now, you can take this as a very good sign, right? Isn't that much better than her yelling at you?"

"I suppose," Hillary mused. "You may not know women that well. Sometimes, we act in the opposite way of what we're feeling."

He said, "Maybe so, but overthinking this isn't going to help. Put it out of your mind as best you can until you're in a position to get some better answers. Meanwhile, let's have some fun. Everything is going to be fine in the end, I'm sure."

Hillary looked at Maggie. "You know what? You were right: this guy is pretty wise. He gives good advice."

Maggie smiled widely. "He does. It makes me proud that he's my son." She was pushing her luck a little bit with that comment, testing to see how Hillary would react. She patted Nick on the head too, so it could be taken as a joke.

Luckily, Hillary just smiled and shook her head. "You guys are weird."

Nick stood up. "Hillary, you know what you need? A hug! Hugging Maggie probably isn't the best idea right now, but I'm still available." He opened his arm wide.

Hillary stood up and looked at Maggie with even more surprise. "This guy is a winner! That's exactly what I need!" She rushed into his arms and squeezed him tight.

Nick correctly sensed that Hillary had been on an emotional roller coaster about this Anushka issue, and that a comforting hug would do her good. That was his only intention.

And that's how the hug started out, as one friend emotionally comforting another. They didn't even kiss, and Nick only ran his hand through her silky, straight brown hair.

But then they did kiss. On the lips. And they were still naked, and that mattered. Nick's cock hadn't gone down at all since it had left Maggie's mouth, and that mattered too, since it hung down against Hillary's upper left thigh like a hot poker.

Hillary had been riding a great erotic high pretty much from the moment she'd gotten into Maggie's SUV just after school ended. There had been a few peaks and dips since then, but, all in all, she was having one of her best and most arousing days of her life. The crisis and phone call with Anushka had been the worst dip, but now that she was standing in Nick's arms, she rebounded from that with surprising speed.

It wasn't long until the sexual fire was burning bright and their hands were running all over each other. Once one of her hands found his boner and started stroking it, her entire body just got hotter and hotter. Her problem with Anushka completely slipped her mind.

Nick had noticed Hillary had gone without panties since she'd undressed in her room, and he wondered if that might be a meaningful sign. He'd been meaning to ask her about that, but he'd been too distracted. But now he broke the kiss to do just that. "Hillary, one quick question: the fact that you're not wearing panties... Does that mean I can touch you anywhere? Including your pussy?"

Hillary's face lit up. "I thought you'd never get to that. YES! My latest agreement with Anushka is that you can do ANYTHING to me that you want, except for penetration of my pussy. No fingers or cocks or anything else in there. Well, not deep anyway. I suppose sticking a finger in a little bit is okay. Other than that, I'm fair game! And even that last restriction I think she'll relent on eventually, once she gets to know you, because that's the one thing I crave the most that she can't help much with: a real, live cock! Like this one!"

She held his boner in both hands and lovingly stroked and caressed it.

Nick was extremely excited by this news. He'd been banned from touching either Hillary's or Maggie's pussies or clitorises nearly from the very start (not counting getting to play with Hillary's pussy for a little while before Anushka had made any rule about that area), but now it looked like he was getting at least a partial respite on that from Hillary.

He asked, "So I can touch your clit or your labia, as long as I don't push a finger very far in?"

"Exactly!"

"So... I can do this?" He brought both hands down in front. He touched her clit with one hand. Then he swiped a finger up her pussy lips with the other.

"YES!" Hillary exclaimed. She had to wince, because the pleasure was so intense. "Yes, finally! You can do that, a LOT of that!"

They went right back to kissing and fondling, but with a difference: Nick was able to play with her previously forbidden pussy mound area to his heart's content! Naturally, that became his main focus for a while.

The problem was, he didn't really know what he was doing there. He hadn't developed any kind of special touch for that. Nor had he had any practice with Maggie there. As a result, his initial attempts to stimulate Hillary down there were clumsy and ham-handed, at least compared to the increasingly talented way he played with her breasts and the rest of her body in general.

Luckily, Hillary didn't really notice or care. It wasn't like he had to do a great job there to get her aroused, because she already was extremely worked up. Her arousal level had steadily been building up all afternoon, and she hadn't had much in the way of orgasmic release except for a couple of big ones in the back of the Explorer. That had been quite a while ago now, and her body was ready to explode.

Plus, she was just thrilled Nick was finally touching her pussy some more, period. It didn't take a talented hand to work her up to an even higher fever pitch.

Maggie felt that she was missing out. She immediately changed her thinking in order to try to convince herself that he needed to play with her pussy too, for his own good.

I blew it not letting him touch my pussy area. That's leaving him unprepared with Hilary when it's important that he impress her with his sexual skills. I just hope he doesn't screw up TOO badly. With that, he's competing with some very talented lesbians, I'm sure. Good luck with that! He's screwed!

He's swimming in uncharted waters. The things he's learned to do with me he might almost have to learn to undo with Hillary. For instance, if he tries to play with Hillary's clit the way he loves to twist and pull on my nipples, he's going to be in big trouble! That'll quickly turn into something downright painful for her.

Once we're done tonight, I'm going to have to break my rule and give him some private pussy touching lessons. I simply have no choice! I might even have to let him lick my pussy too, because with the way things are going between him and her lately, that's probably not far off.

Shit! This couldn't come at a worse time. I'm getting so hooked on him sexually that it's downright dangerous. And now he's going to be playing with my clit and pussy, and maybe even licking me down there? Good Lord! I'm a goner! I just hope I can stop him from fucking me!

Maggie found these thoughts extremely arousing. She was trying to pretend she would be forced to do that to help him, when mostly it was a simple case of watching his fingers slide up and down Hillary's sopping wet pussy lips and feeling an uncontrollable desire for him to do that to her too. The rest was just window dressing, although it almost certainly would be helpful for him to get some "pussy touching lessons" from her.

As it so happened, Nick's luck was still with him. Hillary was on the cusp of orgasm already. With the kissing, cock-stroking, and general fondling already going on, she was probably going to cum in a little while anyway. Nick touching her clit and labia was just the icing on the cake. The mere fact he was touching it was about all it took.

She had a very powerful climax. She gushed on his fingers and screamed into his mouth, but they kept right on kissing.

When the climax ended, she was still in a pretty alert and energized state. She decided it was time to give him a reward. She thought back to her plan to drop to her knees and suck Nick's cock that had been interrupted when she'd thought of her problem with Anushka. She'd gotten her mouth on his boner a little bit earlier, but on three separate occasions she'd only sucked him for less than a minute. She hadn't had the prolonged and intense cocksucking experience that she'd been craving pretty much since she'd first seen his stiff fat cock on that pivotal Tuesday.

The main reason she'd only sucked him briefly those three times was because she felt self-conscious and even intimidated by Maggie being there. She'd developed a conception of being a sucking queen extraordinaire who had blown Nick hundreds of times (with the exception that she knew Maggie had never been able to deep throat him yet). She wanted her first

real blowjob with him to be done in private, without the added pressure of Maggie watching and judging.

But she knew that she only had two choices today: suck him with Maggie there, or wait for some other day, because Maggie clearly wasn't going anywhere. Her desire to finally give him a prolonged sucking was so strong that she resolved to go for it now. She hoped that since most of the action took place inside her mouth, Maggie wouldn't be able to judge her sucking ability that well.

She quickly dropped to her knees while he kept on standing. She took his boner back in hand, and brought her mouth close enough to breathe on his spongy cockhead.

But then she stopped. She wanted to check in with Maggie, so she wouldn't step on her toes. As she lightly rubbed his sweet spot, she looked at Maggie and said, "I think you can guess what I want to do. I've got a craving to suck Nick's cock like you wouldn't believe! But first, I want to make sure it's okay with you."

Nick winced, because her every breath was blowing on his cock and driving him crazy! And that was just adding to what her rubbing fingers were doing. He couldn't wait for her to get started! He worried he'd be on the precipice of cumming in the first minute, but he was willing to "suffer" through that. Enjoying Hillary suck his cock had been one of his greatest masturbatory fantasies for years. He simply couldn't fathom that it might actually happen right now in real life!

Maggie began to say, "For the thousandth time, you don't need to..." But her words trailed off, since she remembered how she'd gotten upset with Hillary in the back of the SUV. "Okay, I guess it's not totally crazy to ask. We're still learning how to share. But yeah, go for it! Please!"

"You sure?"

"I'm sure."

Hillary stuck her tongue out and playfully licked around Nick's piss hole, making him grunt loudly. She asked Maggie, "Do you want to join in? That would be a lot of fun."

Maggie correctly guessed that Hillary was just asking that to be fun and actually wanted her first prolonged blowjob with him to be a solo one. So

she smiled warmly and said, "Thanks for asking. I do! But not now. Next time, maybe. This is YOUR time. I had my special time earlier in the car while you watched. Now, the tables are turned, and that's only fair. You go crazy on him, girl! Maybe I'll be the one who ends up watching and masturbating this time."

Hillary smiled from ear to ear. She'd hoped Maggie would say that. The fact that Maggie read her mood correctly and was willing to be generous increased the sexual bond between the two of them a little more.

Her heart thumped faster and faster, realizing this was about to happen. She'd sucked the penises of many previous boyfriends, but she considered this very different due to extreme thickness. She was grateful for those three earlier times she'd sucked him briefly, because that gave her confidence that it was very doable, just very difficult.

She looked up at Nick while she still licked the very tip of his boner and rubbed his sweet spot.

He was staring down at her gorgeous tanned nude body already. "Don't you DARE ask for MY permission! That's like asking the sun to rise. Totally unnecessary!"

She laughed. "Understood."

The two of them shared a moment as they gazed deeply into each other's eyes. He had another "pinch me, I'm dreaming" moment seeing the girl of his dreams lapping on his cockhead while staring up at him with fiery desire in her eyes yet something that looked a lot like love too.

She finally broke that intense eye contact and looked back at Maggie. "Wish me luck! This thing is NOT easy to get in one's mouth. I managed before, with a couple of brief sucks, but I honestly don't even know how. It was a heat of the moment thing. Do you have any special advice?"

"No," Maggie replied. "Except the obvious: open your mouth really, really wide! Act like your jaw has become unhinged or dislocated. Open it till it hurts! And then KEEP your mouth like that! Sucking his cock isn't easy. It's a non-stop ordeal! But the great challenge of it is part of what makes it so fun! Who wants a tiny worm in one's mouth? Nick has the ultimate thick cock, the perfect sucking size! Rejoice that you get to suck on the best of the best! Choke on that fuckin' COCK MONSTER!"

Hillary laughed at that. "Yes, ma'am!" That advice inspired and encouraged her. She followed Maggie's advice and attempted to lower her jaw as if it was unhinged, and that helped.

She took a deep breath, and then lunged forward and swallowed all of Nick's cockhead and then some!

Nick felt a powerful tingling throughout his body, almost like a low-level and prolonged electric shock. He unthinkingly clutched the sides of her head with both hands, because a sudden rush of pure pleasure crashing through him was so intense. The rush went on and on for a full minute, more due to the mind blowing thought that his seemingly unobtainable dream girl was starting her first real blowjob on him than even the actual physical sensation. He finally realized he was probably squeezing her head painfully, and he dropped his hands back to his sides.

He had no idea how he managed to get through that without cumming. It almost felt to him like his body was in such shock that it simply forgot! He thought, *FUCK ME! Seriously, fuck me! This feels soooooo fucking GREAT! Not so much what her lips are doing, since they haven't even started doing anything yet. And it's not how it looks either, because I can't even bear to open my eyes and look down, or I'm gonna cum on the spot for sure! It's just that it's fucking HILLARY!*

She put my cock in her mouth three times earlier today, but those were just teases, previews for the main event. And here we are! She's really going to do it. This is really happening! It can't be happening! It just can't be! But IT IS!

Maggie had been planning on sitting back and letting Hillary and Nick have some fun for a while. She knew that she'd had much more time with him than Hillary since the fake girlfriend scheme began, so it was only fair to share. She told herself this was all about the "hand-over Nick to Hillary" plan anyway, even though she hoped that would take literally years to complete.

She could see the rapturous expression on Nick's face, including the way his head was tilted way back. Instead of making her feel jealous, that gave her only good feelings for him. *Son! Just look at you! My sweet baby! You're really turning into a man today! I know how much it means to you to win Hillary as your girlfriend, and looking at her flawless, tanned, and curvy*

naked body, I can see why! But I'll bet you didn't expect she'd want to join me as one of your personal cocksucking sluts too!

Just look at her! Son, look at her! I know you can't see, but let me tell you, seeing her kneeling before you with her mouth crammed full of your thick cock-meat is one of the most inspiring things I've ever seen! How can I be jealous of sharing you with her when she looks like that?! So beautiful! And she's blushing too. How precious. She's probably humiliated at how hungry she is for your cock! As she should be!

Hillary's asking her for advice got Maggie excited about having a cheerleader-advisor role. Instead of sitting on the edge of the bed and masturbating from a ways away, she dropped to her knees next to Hillary and scooted up close so she could keep a close eye on what was happening.

Maggie put a hand on Hillary's back and leaned in so closely that she could have easily helped with licking Nick's lower shaft. But that wasn't her intention, at least not yet. She said to Hillary, "Good! Good! You're breathing through your nose just fine, it looks like, and you're coping with his width okay."

Hillary was simply trying to see if she could keep his cock in her mouth while breathing, so she hadn't started moving her lips or doing anything else yet.

Maggie suggested to her, "Believe it or not, I think it's easier once you start bobbing. That way, your jaw doesn't lock into place. Give it a try. Wait on getting active with your tongue though. A cock like Nick's needs a lot of tongue action too, but it's fine to take it one step at a time. Let's see you bob!"

Hillary started bobbing. To her surprise, that did make things slightly easier. She quickly set a steady rhythm bobbing back and forth past Nick's sweet spot, going about an inch or two each time.

Nick had finally managed to get his feelings under control, only to have his arousal spike out of control again. He frantically squeezed his PC muscle and clutched his fists as he waved them helplessly in the air. He certainly didn't want to end the joy now!

He thought, *Fuck me! Seriously, FUCK ME! Put a gun to my head and shoot me so I can die happy, because this is the ultimate! I know she's not*

sucking me any better than Ma, and she's just getting started, but that both of them are totally psyched about sucking me is what blows my fucking brains out the most! I mean... this is the start of a perfect sexual paradise! God! Motherfucking HILLARY is sliding her lips back and forth over my sweet spot and it's fucking KILLING ME, it feels so great! I honestly never thought in a million years it would come to THIS!

"Good! Good!" Maggie said encouragingly to her. "I see your mouth knows its way around a cock. You're going straight for the jugular, right to where he's the most sensitive! Definitely work his sweet spot as much as you can. I'll bet you've never sucked one even close to this thick before though, have you?"

Hillary didn't know how to answer that since she couldn't talk. Even shaking her head negatively was difficult for her at the moment. Then she had the good idea of raising a hand and giving the thumbs down sign.

"Of course you haven't," Maggie said proudly. "Nick's cock is incredible! It's the perfect size for your mouth AND your cunt!"

Of course, Maggie had no experience with the latter, but she figured that if she were to choose the ideal cock size to get fucked with, she'd want one that was longer than average but not too long, and very wide. In other words, exactly like Nick's.

Maggie continued, "It doesn't really get easier, but you'll get better. You may have sucked a lot of cocks before, but that doesn't help you much now. Right now, you're not even holding his shaft or his balls. You're not using any tongue. You're not doing any fancy twisting or unusual rhythms. I'll bet you're not using a lot of suction either. You're just hanging on for dear life to bob on him at all. Well, don't worry, we'll get you up to speed. Once you have it down, no other cock will satisfy you!"

Although Hillary had been worried about Maggie's judging eyes, now that the sucking had begun and Maggie was watching her every move from close up, she found she didn't mind after all. Her fear had been that Maggie would be jealous and judgmental, but Hillary felt the exact opposite vibe: Maggie was being about as encouraging as possible. Even in subtle non-verbal ways, she could sense that Maggie was rooting for her to do her best.

Maggie continued to coach Hillary. She mostly observed and listened. When she talked, she tried to say things that were both encouraging and

arousing. For instance, once Hillary started to get comfortable enough to begin using her tongue, Maggie said, "That's it! I can see from the bulge in your cheeks that your tongue is in the picture. Good! Keep doing that, AND let's see some more suction! Before long, you're going to be choking and gagging on him like a pro!"

Hillary's worry about Maggie harshly judging her was completely forgotten. Instead, she found inspiration and encouragement from what Maggie told her, and even from the way Maggie rubbed and patted her bare back. Hillary didn't actually need that much advice or assistance, since she did have a lot of blowjob experience with previous boyfriends. What she was doing wasn't rocket science; it was mostly a matter of determination and channeling one's lusty passions. But she loved all the assistance anyway. She felt like she was part of a two-woman team devoted to pleasuring his cock, and the two of them had a unified goal. That boosted her confidence and even her sucking energy.

Naturally, Nick couldn't have been happier by hearing and seeing Maggie coach her and cheer her on. He knew that there weren't many boys who had two girlfriends helping each other out like that, much less two girlfriends who were busty and tanned sex bombs like Maggie and Hillary! He still kept his eyes closed most of the time, but if he ever wanted an extra jolt of arousal shooting down his spine, all he had to do was look down and see his two beauties kneeling naked next to each other, with Maggie often whispering into Hillary's ear.

Ten minutes passed. Nick was riding a crazy roller coaster the whole time. Sometimes, his urge to cum would grow so great that he felt for sure he would erupt at any moment. At those times, he would find himself clutching at the sides of Hillary's head and squeezing her unthinkingly and even painfully. That would achieve his immediate need to still her head bobbing to lessen the extremely pleasurable stimulation.

But luckily for him, at such times, Hillary would also get the message and bring her tongue and lip movement to a halt for a while. Frankly, she needed short breaks as much as he did. She wasn't crying tears of struggle, but merely sucking him was such a difficult physical challenge that she wouldn't have been surprised if she did. She wouldn't want to pull all the way off, because to engulf him again would be especially troublesome, but just keeping her mouth still for a while helped. Eventually, he would ease

up his hold on her head or let go altogether, and the process would start up again.

After a while, Maggie decided that her coaching wasn't needed that much anymore. Hillary was improving quickly, and she hadn't even pulled her lips off a single time to rest and regroup. She was using her tongue, lips, hands, and a lot of suction at times. She was starting to vary up her moves as well. More importantly, she hadn't gotten any verbal feedback from Hillary at all, since Hillary couldn't speak, and she worried that probably wanted to fully concentrate on her sucking without Maggie buzzing around her head like a bee.

So Maggie said, "Hillary, I think I've given you all the advice I can. I'm going to back off and let you be. You're doing so great that pretty soon you'll be giving me advice! I love that not only are you skilled, but you have the passion! You LOVE sucking his cock, don't you?"

Hillary did. Having watched Maggie in loving cocksucking action earlier, she'd worried that she wouldn't be able to show the same high level of passion and enthusiasm. So Maggie's words were heartening. She briefly took a hand from Nick's balls to answer with a thumbs up. She even fumbled around with that hand until she felt Maggie's nearest arm and gave it a reaffirming pat.

"That's good," Maggie said. "We're going to be a cocksucking, titfucking, and all-around cock-pleasing team! Just think: we'll be able to spend many an afternoon here in your room taking turns getting our faces fucked! He's going to cum on us so much that we won't know what we look like WITHOUT pearly goo on our faces and tits! We'll smell like sperm all the time! We'll spend hours naked and kneeling, endlessly taking turns BOBBING FOR COCK!"

Maggie was deliberately hyping up oral action partly because she loved it, but also to downplay any talk of actual fucking. It had been implied and assumed that Maggie and Nick were regularly fucking each other, but of course they were not, and Maggie was determined to never start. She could mentally justify herself going "full good slut" with her behavior towards her son by maintaining the idea that what she was doing wasn't "real incest" and that she would never go that far.

So she didn't know what was going to happen when she did spend hours hanging out with Nick and Hillary in Hillary's room, where fucking would be expected. She decided there was time to worry about that later.

Maggie's latest words inspired Hillary and herself, but Nick most of all. He'd already been on the edge of orgasm, and after she talked about things like "endlessly taking turns bobbing for cock," he couldn't hold out anymore. As had become his style lately, he managed to cry out "CUMMING!" right before he started to cum.

Hillary knew what she wanted. Although she'd already discovered that Nick's cum tasted surprisingly good, she far preferred it when he shot his cum on her face and/or tits than straight down her mouth. She had a full blown facial fetish in particular. So she pulled her lips off him and sat back with her eyes closed and her mouth open.

Maggie was kneeling right next to her, since her plan to back off and let Hillary be hadn't happened yet. She was sorely tempted to position herself to share the experience and take some of his cum on her face too. But she decided that this was a special time between Hillary and Nick, and she shouldn't impose. So she leaned out of the way.

Nick held his cock and fired his ropes smack in the middle of Hillary's face. Watching the cum hit her nose, he felt a level of total euphoria that exceeded even the great pleasures he'd felt with Maggie until this point. A big part of it was the sheer rush of a great orgasm. But more than that, he felt blasting his cum on Hillary's face was a symbol that his fake girlfriend scheme was a raging success. The greatest dream of his life had come true! He had BOTH Hillary and Maggie now! This was such an emotional moment for him that he actually cried tears of joy.

Yet he didn't have time for introspection, because his cum continued to fly, and the sheer intensity of his lusty arousal seemingly stimulated every nerve in his body, making him tingle like he was having an "ice cream freeze" all over. It was all too much for him to have the mental wherewithal to aim where his cum went, and it was a lucky thing he managed to even remain standing and holding his cock.

As a result, his cum continued to rocket towards the middle of Hillary's face. Hillary soon realized that he wasn't going to vary his aim much, so she compensated by moving her head slightly this way and that, ensuring that

her cheeks, chin, and forehead got splattered too. But since he wasn't consciously aiming, and his body was trembling from the sheer joy of it all, some of his cum flew off into her hair or neck, and a bit even missed her altogether.

She knew from her previous boyfriends how long a typical orgasm lasted and how much cum typically came out. It was all over fast, in just a few seconds. So she'd timed her movements to get all the parts of her stunning face painted in cum by the time it was over, based on her experience of how much cum her boyfriends typically ejaculated each time.

However, Nick kept on cumming! He not only had a "super-sized" penis, he had "super-sized" cum loads too. And getting his first full blowjob from his "dream girl," and after lots of stimulation even before then, meant this was an unusually big cum load even by his standards.

Hillary couldn't believe her luck. After a few more seconds, she sat up higher so his cum hit her neck and then down her body until he was targeting her boobs. Perhaps the last fourth of his cum load ended up there, because it had taken her precious seconds to act and move. She was impressed at how much even that much was.

Nick managed to stay on his feet until the end of his orgasm. His legs were already starting to give out due to the overwhelming nature of the experience. But then he looked down at Hillary's cummy and smiling face. She even wiped her eye sockets clean and looked right back at him with love and happiness shining in her beautiful brown eyes.

It was too much for Nick. His legs gave out and he passed out altogether!

Luckily, although Hillary had her eyes closed until the last second and didn't realize what was happening until Nick was already falling, Maggie was right there too with a hand still on Hilary's back. She'd been watching carefully, and she'd noticed when his knees started to wobble and buckle. She also was a loving mother who would do anything to make sure her child didn't get hurt. So she was up in a flash and she managed to catch him in her arms.

He'd truly passed out, so he was dead weight in her arms. But she managed to drag him a couple of feet back to Hillary's bed. With Hillary's help, he was laid down on the bed. They even put a pillow under his head to make him more comfortable.

A standing Hillary looked down at Nick with concern. She asked Maggie, "Is he going to be okay?"

Maggie chuckled. "He's going to be very okay, I'm sure. Look at his face. He can't stop smiling! That is the look of a very, very happy boy. I just checked his pulse while you were helping with the pillow. He'll be fine. Why don't we just let him rest a little bit?"

"Okay, if you say so." Hillary still seemed uncertain. "It's just that I've never had someone pass out on me during sex before."

Maggie gave Hillary an impromptu hug, and patted her back. "You did great! Isn't that the ultimate compliment? That was your first prolonged blowjob with him, and you made him pass out! That means you sure as hell don't have to ask if he enjoyed it!"

They both chuckled at that. Hillary was all smiles. "That's true." She was amazed and overjoyed, realizing that her oral effort must have been a big hit with him. Her feelings for him were steadily growing all the time, and this latest sex act bonded them together even more.

But although she'd had some serious crushes on boys in the past, this was different. With those boys (and her girlfriends too, for that matter), she'd been in the driver's seat with her outstanding beauty, and it was on them to seduce and impress her. Whereas with Nick, she sensed that he was pretty much in the driver's seat, especially due to the friendly competition between her and Maggie. She wanted to sexually satisfy him in a way she'd never felt about anyone before.

There was an awkward silence as Maggie and Hillary seemed to realize the position they were in: their bodies were pressed together in a hug with their tits particularly tightly squished together. Furthermore, there was cum all over Hillary's face and some on her boobs.

Maggie felt a sudden, overwhelming desire to kiss Hillary. It was truly overwhelming: she knew she simply couldn't control herself! At best, she could delay it, in hopes that she could get Hillary to agree first. Her face turned cherry red, and she spoke shyly, "Um... You know..." She didn't know how to ask if it was okay to French kiss, given what had just happened with Hillary's concern about not doing things Anushka didn't want her to do.

Luckily, Hillary wanted to kiss Maggie just as much. She also couldn't not do it, now that they were in each other's arms. She could see the look of desire in Maggie's eyes, so she knew they were both thinking the same thing. "Don't worry. Anushka claimed she didn't mind about the last kiss, so why would she mind about this one? Just so long as we keep it as a kiss and nothing else."

"Right!" Maggie said. She felt like she truly was a teenager again and she was experiencing her very first kiss, and she enjoyed the great rush of "puppy love" that went with that. "Just a kiss!"

Suddenly, her heart was beating so hard that she could hear it in her ears like a pounding bass drum. She'd thought Hillary was a raving beauty already, but with her face covered in cum too, it was just about the most arousing sight she'd ever seen!

Their heads slowly and inexorably drew together. It was like they were trying their hardest to keep apart, but some kind of magnetic force was pulling them together anyway.

Finally, their lips met. It was electric! It was magical! It was almost violent in intensity. Their tongues probed and attacked, seemingly moving everywhere at once. The kissing was an endless supernova of pleasure! Maggie loved her powerful kisses with Nick, but this one was at least as great as any of those. And that was saying a hell of a lot! The taboo of making out with her own son gave her a great thrill, but the taboo of making out with another woman proved to be every bit as thrilling.

Furthermore, Hillary's mouth smelled and tasted of Nick's cum, even if there wasn't much actual cum left in it. She'd grown to love that smell and taste in recent days, so that was a very nice bonus.

But as great as the kissing was, what Maggie loved maybe even more was rubbing her tits against Hillary's. She'd enjoyed it to an almost disturbing degree when they'd kissed kneeling up in the back of the SUV, and earlier in Hillary's room. However, this time, Hillary's tits were covered in cum!

That made all the difference in a couple of ways. Firstly, it acted as great lubrication. Soon, Maggie and Hillary were sliding against each other with great gusto. Sometimes their erect nipples would touch, and that was like a minor electric shock every time. But the rubbing was endless fun even without that. Secondly, the cum was a symbolic reminder that the two of

them were sexually bonded to him now. By smearing his cum between them, they were showing their commitment to sharing him.

The only shame was that Nick wasn't awake to see it, because he would have loved it. Hillary and Maggie felt bad that he was missing out. However, they both knew in their hearts that this was something they would have to do again and again, so he'd get plenty of chances.

The kissing and the tit rubbing was their total focus. In deference to not wanting to give Anushka more cause to be offended, they kept their hands on each other's backs and tried not to go exploring too much. But they had so much fun kissing and tit rubbing that to do much more would have been a distraction from that anyway.

Hillary was particularly keen on bringing her hands up and caressing Maggie's great boobs, but she decided she'd better not. She worried Maggie might not be ready for that, and she didn't think Anushka would approve. It was frustrating.

However, Hillary was pleasantly surprised when Maggie broke the kiss, only to lick her cummy cheek! That sent a thrill down her spine, seemingly making a bull's-eye at her clit. That was one thing she figured Anushka would consider gross, but not forbidden. Maggie went back to kissing, but she occasionally stopped to consume more cum. That kept their kisses wonderfully spermy.

Hillary wanted to lick Nick's cum off Maggie's face too, but of course there was none there to lick. But Hillary had a bright idea: she brought a hand to one of her cheeks and smeared all of her fingers through a particularly cum-splattered area. That she smeared as much of that as she could on one of Maggie's cheeks. So the next time Maggie stopped to lick up some cum, Hillary had some cum to lick as well.

It was all so hot and fun that the two of them were soon heading towards new orgasmic peaks, despite the fact that their pussy mounds remained completely off limits.

But that also was why they finally had to pull apart. They both knew that if they kept kissing they wouldn't be able to stop themselves from doing more. This way, at least Hillary could honestly tell Anushka that all they had done was kiss again, and without anyone climaxing.

Hillary and Maggie wound up standing about ten feet apart. It was like they were afraid to even come close for fear that they'd end up doing it all over again. They looked over at Nick. His penis was flaccid and he was still passed out.

Hillary joked, "So the 'crazy' legends are true. He DOES go flaccid sometimes!" She laughed at her own joke.

Maggie laughed too. "That's the first time I've seen it. Okay, that's not true. But just about!"

Chapter 35: A Firm Agreement (Friday)

Maggie knew that the time was getting late. The sun was still in the sky, since it didn't set until around seven in Southern California in September. However, Hillary's parents could come home at any time for all Maggie knew, and both Hillary and Nick would have to start getting ready for dinner with Anushka soon. Maggie also had to prepare dinner for Andy. She didn't want him to notice anything unusual from his very regular daily schedule.

Maggie also knew that Nick was determined to get the exact status of his relationship with Hillary on more solid ground before he met Anushka tonight. Most of his remaining issues directly related to Anushka, so the timing was key.

He remained passed out, but Maggie thought that maybe she could negotiate on his behalf. That might work better, since this was a situation where Nick's underlying shyness and modesty could hinder him from being a more aggressive negotiator.

Maggie said to Hillary, "There are some important things I'd like to discuss with you. But I'm thinking it's better if we go elsewhere so he can sleep in peace. Do you have another room we can use?"

Hillary scrunched up her face. "That could be a problem. I don't know when my parents are coming home, to be honest. I like being naked, don't you? If we go to any other room, we'd both pretty much have to put clothes on, in case they walk in on you. Why don't we just stay here, but keep quiet?"

"Okay." Maggie was thinking that the danger of being in another room where Hillary's parents could walk in on them at any time could help prevent herself from spontaneously hugging and kissing Hillary some more. But she decided she could be strong and use her willpower. She reminded herself that she wasn't bisexual anyway - not that that helped reduce her desire for Hillary one iota.

The two of them got in the two chairs in the room and positioned them face to face in front of Hillary's computer desk. That gave them a little bit of distance from Nick lying on the bed, but still, they lowered their voices.

Hillary looked back to Nick on her bed, and commented, "Before we start, check out Nick! He looks adorable resting like that with his blissful face. But I'm curious: why does he insist on wearing a T-shirt all the time? You pulled it up to his arms, but he's still wearing it."

Maggie replied confidentially, "He's a bit self-conscious about his chest. He doesn't have the big He-Man muscles and six-pack some guys do."

Hillary rolled her eyes. "Pshaw. That doesn't matter to me. I think he's very handsome in his own way. He kind of reminds me of Beck."

"The singer of 'Loser' fame?"

"Yeah. Beck doesn't have a lot of muscles either. He's not handsome in a classic square-jawed movie star kind of way. But still, he's a total hottie."

"He is?"

"Sure!" Actually, Hillary was looking at this situation through rose-colored glasses. Before the school year began, she would have considered Nick's appearance average, and a girl like Hillary didn't have to settle for anything less than the best of the best. But now that she'd grown to lust after him for other reasons, those same "average" looks were very appealing to her.

Maggie remembered what Beck looked like, and she felt the comparison actually was a bit unflattering, because Nick was significantly more muscular (though still in a different league from a "true hunk" like Spencer). But if it worked for Hillary, that's what mattered. Besides, she was eager to get to her main topic.

But first, she had a couple of things to say. "You and I, we should conspire to take his T-shirt off at every opportunity, just like he loves to get us completely naked."

"Okay! Great idea!" Hillary beamed at that.

"Oh, and one other thing. Can you please clean your face off with a towel or something? We got some things to talk about and not much time, and I can't think very well when you look like that. I'm sure you can imagine how looking at your face right now makes my pussy and nipples tingle."

"Oh, darn." Hillary frowned and pouted. "Instead of a towel, what if I just clean it like this?" She swept a finger across her left cheek and sucked the finger into her mouth. She sensuously licked her finger clean.

Maggie's body practically trembled in response. She was glad she was sitting in a chair just out of arm's reach from Hillary, because if she was any closer she doubted she could control herself. She had to close her eyes and try to blank her thoughts to calm herself.

Hillary was very pleased that Maggie was so affected. Clearly, the sexual desire between the two women was growing stronger all the time, and something would have to happen there, no matter what Anushka said.

But for now, she had mercy on Maggie. She said, "Hold on just a second." Then she got up and left the room.

Maggie peeked to see Hillary leave, then she closed her eyes again. *Crap! What's WRONG with me?! Women don't affect me this way. I've seen a lot of beautiful women over the years and I never felt a spark. But now, with Hillary, it's like a three-alarm fire! What am I thinking?!*

She thought with new resolve, *I'm not helpless. I CAN control myself.* She opened her eyes and realized she had a finger in her slit and she was pulling on a nipple. *How did THAT happen?! Fuck!*

She quickly withdrew her hands and sat on both of them to help keep them from wandering over her own voluptuous body. *I blame Nick's cum. I could resist if it was just Hillary looking her usual gorgeous naked self, but she's far too sexy with all that son-cum on her! I swear, if we had more time, I would lick every last drop right off Hillary's body! Even the splatters that dripped deep down into her cleavage!*

She shivered again and felt goose bumps as she imagined doing just that. She closed her eyes and tried to take deep, slow breaths.

Hillary came back about a minute later. She'd obviously been to the bathroom because she'd washed all of Nick's cum off.

Maggie felt like that was an almost criminal waste of delicious cum, but she told herself that it had to be done. Having a serious conversation now was far more important than enjoying a cum feast licking and kissing Hillary's silky, tanned skin.

Hillary sat back down in her chair. She resumed her quiet voice. "So. What is it you want to talk about?"

Maggie took her hands from under her ass, now that the worst of the "danger" had passed. "Hillary, I really like you, and I'm glad things are

working out between you and Nick. But we should work closer together on sharing Nick, so we don't make any mistakes, or cause hurt feelings. Just saying that you and him are 'friends with benefits' or that you're his 'second girlfriend' doesn't really say much or define the relationship. For one thing, those two things conflict. We need to be more precise. That'll help prevent problems in the future."

Hillary liked the sound of that, but she was wary. "Okay. What do you suggest?"

"I don't know, but for starters, 'friends with benefits?' Really? Is that all he is to you?!"

Hillary looked abashed. "Of course not! He means a lot to me already, and I feel my feelings growing stronger by the day. To be honest, I've never felt this way about any of my previous boyfriends, and we have even been intimate two full weeks yet. But the reason I used that term is because I'm not really his girlfriend. You are! You can go out in public and do all that romantic stuff. I have to keep what I do with him a total secret from everybody. So what does that make me exactly?"

Maggie said, "I don't know offhand, but let's figure it out. For starters, I mean, we're not just talking about dating the same guy at the same time, are we? We're starting to doing stuff together, the three of us. I like that, don't you? I hope we can do that a lot more in the future."

"Sure," Hillary replied, feeling quite relieved. "I like that a lot too! In fact... I really, really like it." She was going to say more about how she loved being with Maggie as well as with Nick, but she didn't want to overtly admit her attraction to Maggie just yet.

Maggie asked, "That makes it more of a true threesome relationship, don't you think? I don't know what to call that exactly, but we have to sort out all three corners of a triangle."

Hillary nodded. "Yeah, but that's uncharted waters. I love it, but it's weird and kind of undefined. My big problem is that I feel like an interloper, because you two have been together for a while already. I feel like I'm walking on eggshells, because I still don't know either of you that well, and I don't want to say or do the wrong thing."

"That's certainly understandable," Maggie said reassuringly. "We both like you a lot, and I, for one, appreciate you being careful and asking me for permission before trying certain things with him. But because we're in such a unique threesome situation, plus the Anushka complication, events can't really slowly evolve like they do in a normal relationship. It would be better if we could figure out where we stand from the get-go, rather than bump into each other all the time, trying to figure things out on the fly like stumbling, blind drunkards."

"What do you propose?" Hillary asked, feeling worried again.

"If you feel you can make a solid commitment to Nick, and that's a big if, then I'm willing to give you equal status with me as a co-girlfriend. Not 'first girlfriend' and 'second girlfriend,' but true co-girlfriends."

"Really?!" Hillary's heart soared with hope. She hadn't even considered that as a possibility.

"Really. But wait to hear what I mean a solid commitment is before you agree. I know you have Anushka, and that's cool. That's no problem. But we need to be careful about things like sexually transmitted diseases. I'm hoping you and she are in an exclusive relationship, you and Nick will be in an exclusive relationship, and he and I will be in an exclusive relationship. Well, mostly exclusive. What I mean is, no other sex partners for any of us outside of us four."

She continued, "So, for example, I don't want to worry about Anushka having sex with someone else, be it male or female, then accidentally giving it to you, and having that spread down the line to me. Or whatever. It's the same problem for all of us, no matter who starts it. You see what I mean?"

Hillary loved the sound of being an official co-girlfriend. Nick had already become her favorite male sex partner she'd ever had, and they hadn't even come close to actual fucking yet. The threesome sexual fun with Maggie too raised the sexual fun level even higher. She knew the sexual pleasures were only going to get better and better, and more frequent. Plus, she really liked him as a person too. And she tended to see Nick and Maggie as a package deal, so that doubled the overall appeal. But she only nodded cautiously, because she worried the other shoe was bound to drop.

Maggie said, "So, if I know truly you're serious, and want Nick as a long-term boyfriend and not just as a one week or one month fling or whatever, if you think he's the kind of boy you might want to be serious with for years..."

"Years?!"

"Years! I'm not saying 'forever' necessarily, but it's two years until both of you graduate from high school. Technically, that's 'years' right there. Do you think you might end up being with him that long?"

Hillary carefully thought that over, then sincerely said, "I already know that I would LIKE to be with him that long, at least that long, if things keep developing with him like they seem to be going. But I can't predict the future. Anything could happen. And we don't know each other very well yet. It's only been two weeks! And not even two full weeks. It's so hard to say at this point. But like I said, I would definitely like that."

Maggie nodded. This was very crucial to her life. The longer she could get Nick and Hillary to stay together, the longer she could be part of their great sexual threesome. So her future was in Hillary's hands.

Maggie went on, "Take you time to think it over. But IF! IF! If you agree to making that commitment, I'd be willing to give you equal status with me. Meaning, say, if you want to do something with him on a certain Saturday night, and I do too, we both have an equal claim on him. And if you're feeling like having sex with him, and I'm there and I do too, then we have equal claims again. Although I imagine we'll be happily sharing his cock in any case." She smiled at that.

Hillary smiled in agreement on that point too. Then she asked, "How would we work something out like that, then?"

"Amicably, I hope," Maggie replied. "Maybe you'd get him one time and I'd get him the next, or vice versa. Or we could be with him together. Hopefully, we'd be together as a threesome most of the time. Don't you think?"

"Oh, definitely! That sounds very appealing to me. I'd say threesome ALL the time, except that I have my relationship with Anushka. Plus, I have homework, and sports, and such. There are only so many hours in the day.

So there's going to be times when I'm with Anushka especially, and you're with him a lot. I hope I could get some alone time with him sometimes too."

Maggie felt butterflies in her tummy. She was so secretly thrilled that she wanted to do cartwheels around the room. She loved threesomes with Hillary, but she also loved having some one-on-one sexual time with Nick too. It sounded like she could get a lot of both! She was highly motivated to make this work, because this was like a dream come true for her.

But she kept her outward cool and just said, "I'm sure something could be worked out."

Hillary asked, "But how? And by whom?"

"Probably, he'd be the one who'd have to decide. In fact, I'm sure he'd decide. I have to warn you, if only due to the fact that there's two of us and only one of him, he's bound to have most of the power in this threesome relationship. Do you think you could handle that?"

Hillary considered that, then said, "I don't consider myself the sexually submissive type. But it seems to kind of be that way already, and it's fine with me. It feels natural. It's definitely a weird dynamic where you and I are so focused on pleasuring his cock nearly all the time. It seems we can't keep our hands off it!"

"Or mouths!" Maggie smiled and winked.

Hillary laughed. "Right! Especially mouths. But that already feels natural too, somehow. Like how we've been today. I'd love for it to be like that all the time. If that means he has the deciding power, then so be it. Just so long as he doesn't start getting arrogant and try bossing me around all the time."

Maggie nodded. She was secretly relieved to hear that. "Good, good. I feel the same. My point is, in terms of working things out, he would pretty much be in charge, and then you and I would work things out as equals. You wouldn't have to feel like an interloper or third wheel."

"I like that. A lot! But what about the fact that you're his girlfriend in public?"

"We can work that out later, if you're open to the idea of going public with him eventually."

Hillary's eyes bugged out. "REALLY?! Is that even an option?! It would be a total scandal, for all of us!"

Maggie acted casual. "If it gets around that Nick has two girlfriends, sure, it'll be scandalous, but so what? And he'll get to have fun being the cock of the walk. But we'd probably want to keep it like it is for a while, until we're all ready to go public, if that's what we decide to do. Before we take that step, we need to see if this is a relationship that's going to last more than just a month or two."

Hillary nodded. "Plus, if I keep going with Anushka, that'll be a double scandal for me especially! People will think I'm the biggest bad slut ever!"

Maggie grinned naughtily. "I hope you are, for Nick's sake, but in a 'good slut' way."

"Yeah, but you know that's not what I'm talking about. I'll have to think about the whole 'going public' thing. That never even crossed my mind!"

"Think about it," Maggie said. "There's no rush. I'm sure you'd want to wait a few months to make sure your relationship is long-lasting enough before you dare step into that potential minefield. But the other option would be that we'd be co-girlfriends, or co-sluts, but I would be the only public partner for him. The key is, between us, in our private world, you and I would be equals."

Hillary said, "I guess I could live with that. And in return, I'd have to make that commitment?" she asked.

Maggie nodded back.

"But how much of a commitment? Like I said, I can't look into the future and give guarantees. I THINK everything is different with Nick, but the brutal truth is that I don't have a good track record with long-lasting relationships. I can know what I want to happen, but Nick and I could have a big fight and break up tonight. There's no way to know for sure. I still don't know him that well. I mean, I thought I knew him, kinda, but he keeps surprising me. In a good way, mind you. But things are changing so fast that it's hard to know where we'll be in a week, much less in a month. Or a year!"

Maggie nodded again. "True. That's all true. But look into your heart, and please be honest with me. How much do you like him? How serious do you

think you could get with him? Is he just the latest flavor of the month for you, or is he something much more than that? We know things are still in very early stages, but could you see being with him a year from now? Or two? Maybe until you both graduate? Is that possible? Is marriage even remotely conceivable? Now, that doesn't mean all that is gonna happen, but it's a question of... do you feel something special, even extra special, for him?"

Hillary frowned. She pondered that very seriously. "Boy, I don't know! I'm going to have to think about it. I BELIEVE I do." She looked to her bed to confirm that Nick was still passed out. Then she leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, "In fact, just between you and me, if you put a gun to my head, I think I'm in love with him already!"

"Oh! Really?!" Maggie felt a sharp pang of jealousy. But she was even more overjoyed, because the more serious Hillary was with Nick, the more likely their threesome relationship could last a long time.

Hillary frowned again. "I think so! But it's hard to tell because everything has happened so fast, and the lust is so intense! Where does the lust end and the love begin? It's hard to say. But if I'm not in love with him already, I'm convinced I soon will be, because everything points in that direction. In fact, each time we have great sexual fun, like we've been doing today, it feels like my passion for him doubles!"

Her eyes went wide, as if she was surprising even herself with that comment. "Okay, maybe not literally doubling each time, but I think you know what I mean. The problem is making a future commitment when the future is so unknowable. Especially given my troubled history with long-term relationships. I guess I'm more of a 'live for the moment' type of person. It's hard for me to think in terms of next year and beyond with my love life."

Maggie said, "I'm sorry to put you on the spot. You don't have to decide tonight. Sleep on it. Think it over for a while. But don't take too long. I love Nick. I'm not gonna share him with just anybody. Normally, I wouldn't even consider it, but he thinks you're very special, and I think you're very special too. I know he's in the same boat, where he feels the lust for you is so strong that it's rapidly turning into love."

That last comment wasn't exactly true, since Maggie knew Nick had been in love with Hillary for the past couple of years, at least, but that history couldn't be revealed to Hillary. Plus, she believed it was still substantially true in that Nick's infatuation type of puppy love was gradually turning in a much more substantial and durable love.

Maggie continued, "I believe we already have an arrangement here that's really magical and unique, and it's getting better all the time. This could be a perfect storm of everything coming together just right, something that works great for all four of us, Anushka included. But I can guarantee it won't work unless we make it work, and if we don't make the best, most heartfelt commitments we can. We need to set up a certain structure early on, and not just have people floating in and out. I'm taking a big risk in being willing to share him with you, and I'm on eggshells too, wondering if I'm making the right decision in thinking you can handle it."

Hillary nodded. "I can see what you mean." She was silent for a while, taking that all in. She wanted to fully commit, but she was afraid. A big issue with her was that she didn't trust herself due to having so little success with long term relationships in the past. How could she know she'd last a year or two with Nick, or even longer, if she'd never gone steady with anyone longer than her two-month commitment to Anushka?

A new thought came to Maggie, and she blurted it out. "You know what this relationship we're talking about is? It's like a table." She looked to Hillary's computer desk next to her. "A table needs four legs. With only three, it'll fall over. For instance, Anushka wouldn't feel good about you dating Nick unless she knew he was dating me, because otherwise things wouldn't be balanced. So that's why we have to build the table right from the beginning, instead of hoping it'll somehow evolve on its own."

Hillary nodded again. That metaphor worked for her, especially since she was well aware of all the intricacies involved. She thought some more, and finally said, "I... I want this to work. I really do. Maybe I can't say for sure that I love Nick yet, but I definitely like him a whole lot, and I'm getting there with my loving feelings growing stronger by the day."

She added emphatically, "I'm certainly in LUST with him! There's no doubt about that! I mean, when we've been together, like at the movie theater, and today, those have been the hottest, best sexual experiences I've ever had in

my life! I feel like I'm addicted to that already. I think about his big fat cock practically all the time. I think about all the things I could do with it. Because when that bad boy comes out to play, my God! My own sexual arousal is off the charts the whole time!"

Maggie nodded knowingly.

Hillary continued, "I know exactly what you mean about this being a perfect storm, or a four-legged table, or whatever. The point is, this could be a once in a lifetime chance. It's such an exciting possibility, and yet, I'm so young... To be totally honest I could imagine getting married to him, even! I really could! I've never felt that way about anybody before, and even though it's just a distant glimmer of a possibility, at least it COULD happen, in theory. But I'm only seventeen! I'm only a junior! I'd like to sow my wild oats with a variety of partners for quite a few years yet. Ideally, I wouldn't think about marriage for another ten years."

Maggie had a hard time not pumping a fist in the air. She was sad that Nick was asleep, because she knew he would be over the moon to hear that Hillary considered marrying him even an extremely remote possibility. At least it was a start. Maggie was overjoyed too, because if that happened, there would be no need for a "hand-over" at all! She didn't even dare get her hopes up about that, because the chances were so remote.

Maggie pointed out. "Understood. It's not like you're committing to marriage now. Nobody's expecting that at this point. The chances are, you'll go to one college and he'll go to another, and I'll probably still be living around here. I don't even know how old Anushka is, but she'll probably be going somewhere else too."

That made her secretly sad, because she realized that was the most likely outcome, by far. Maybe her best hope was that their threesome relationship could last through their junior and senior high school years.

Hillary explained, "Anushka is in the same grade as Nick and me, but she goes to a private school."

"Ah. Wouldn't it be great if we could have a relationship, all four of us, that lasted until then? Or at least a big chunk of that time. Meaning the end of high school for all three of you. And that'll be around the time I finish college, knock on wood. You'll still have years and years after that to sow all the wild oats you could ever want."

Hillary was lost in thought for nearly a minute. Then she said, "I'd like to give a tentative yes, now. But let me think it over, and talk to Anushka, and Nick, and even to you some more. I'm not used to making a big decision like this."

Maggie smiled. She felt greatly relieved to get at least that much initial affirmation. "Sure. That sounds wise. I'm encouraged that you're being thoughtful and not just rushing in. I've got a good feeling about all this."

Hillary replied, "Me too. But... what if I can't decide soon? Could we keep the status quo, where you're his primary girlfriend, and I'm kind of a number two?"

"Yes, although I sincerely hope it doesn't come to that. I don't want to be the 'bad guy,' and riding roughshod over everybody else's wishes. I'd like for you and me to be equal co-girlfriends. But if you do keep the status quo, even that will require a certain fidelity for as long as that lasts. Nick and I shouldn't potentially suffer consequences if you or Anushka are promiscuous."

"We're not. I used to be, and I know this sounds funny for someone as young as I am, but I'm kind of bored of having lots of sex partners. Don't get me wrong, I love being a wild, sexually liberated woman, but I'm into quality, not quantity. More isn't always better."

"That's definitely true," Maggie nodded.

"What about you? Or Nick, for that matter? Should Anushka and I be worrying about your promiscuity?"

"Definitely not!" Maggie spoke resolutely, sounding almost offended. "Like I said, I love Nick, and he's all I need. In fact, I don't even have enough time for him, which is a big reason I was open to sharing him with you in the first place. You know that already. As for Nick, he's very loyal."

Of course, what Maggie didn't say and couldn't say was that the bond between her and Nick was already eternal due to them being mother and son. And that made their sexual bond far stronger than Maggie could have ever imagined. Her interest in any other man had gone to zero, even in idle fantasies. She didn't fully consciously realize it yet, but in her heart, she completely belonged to Nick. Both her love and lust for him was even

greater than anything she'd ever felt for Andy, and they'd had a good marriage for many years.

Maggie went on, "And he'd be a fool to wander when he's got both you and me. I mean, just look at us! I hate to sound arrogant, but the fact is, we're not just a couple of good looking girls." Even though she was sitting, she posed a little bit, proudly showing herself off.

"That's true," Hillary agreed, as she also smiled and struck a sexy pose in her seat. "We do look pretty good! And it's hard to miss that we have a certain similarity here that he kinda likes." She waved a hand over her tanned, huge breasts.

Maggie chuckled at that. "Yes. He's a lucky kid, considering how top-heavy we both are. But I worry about someone like Debra trying to elbow her way in, just because he's seen as the studly guy of the week or whatever." (Nick had talked to Maggie about Debra, including Debra's curious interest in him and her attempts to talk to him at school.)

Hillary raised an intrigued eyebrow. "Yes. Ironically, when it comes to sleeping around, the biggest problem could be Nick. Any woman who finds out he's dating both you and me will wonder what's so special about him. They'll go all out to personally sample his wares. Even if he wants to be faithful, he could find it very difficult. As the saying goes, he's 'young, dumb, and full of cum.'"

Maggie joked, "We know he's not dumb, but he's so full of cum that that one counts for double."

They both laughed at that.

Maggie asked, "What about Spencer? I don't know how Nick would feel about me sharing this with you, but he's seriously worried about you getting together with Spencer."

Hillary waved a hand dismissively. "Forget it! That's no secret. I know Nick is concerned. We've talked about it, and I can see it in his face. But he has no reason to worry. Okay, I'll admit that Spencer is my type. Or, at least that WAS my type. I don't know if you've met him, but let's just say that he's EXTREMELY handsome AND charming. Plus, I know he's very interested in me. That's flattering, when you know he could date literally any other girl in school, even Debra or the most gorgeous seniors."

"And...?" Maggie prodded. So far, this wasn't sounding encouraging at all.

"Normally, I'd probably date Nick for a while and then drop him and date Spencer. Or maybe another girl and then Spencer. That's my usual pattern, to go back and forth between dating girls and guys."

Hillary continued, "But things have changed. Even before you and Nick came along, I'd started dating Anushka in a very serious way, more serious than any relationship I'd been in before. And that caused me to kind of reassess, because she means a lot to me. I was already thinking heavily about trying to make a serious go at a long term relationship with her. She's special. And you should see her. She's beautiful!" She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Maggie politely chuckled. "So you keep saying. And you keep hinting she had two attributes you like in particular..." She wiggled her eyebrows right back.

Hillary laughed. "That's true. I guess if Nick is a tit fiend, I'm just as bad as he is."

Then Hillary sighed, and her smile turned to a frown. "The problem was, I knew myself. It's my bisexuality that's been a problem for me. The grass is always greener. When I'm dating a guy, I start longing for a girl. And when I'm dating a girl, I start longing for a guy. So I didn't think I could last long with only Anushka, no matter how much my feelings grew for her."

She added with a smile, "But now that's changed! Anushka has given me permission to be with Nick. And Nick has given me permission to be with Anushka. And both Anushka and Nick are turning out to be heads and shoulders above any previous boyfriend or girlfriend I've ever had. And then there's you!" She stared intently with "come hither" eyes at Maggie.

Maggie blushed and turned away.

Hillary decided she was coming on too strong. Maggie still needed her fig leaf of thinking she wasn't bisexual. And Hillary needed to figure things out with Anushka before she could go further physically with Maggie.

So she said, "What I mean by that is, I like you a lot! I LOVE sharing Nick with you. Like what's happened today. Giving Nick my first real blowjob with him was great. It was intense! It's like you said: the fact that he has such a thick cock makes it a really tough struggle, but that makes it soooo

much more satisfying when he splooges all over me! But anyway, as great as that was, the fact that you were kneeling next to me with your hand on my back and giving me encouragement and advice made it twice as great! More, even! I want to thank you for that."

"Really?! I thought I was being too meddlesome. But I feel so passionate about the sucking of Nick's cock that it was like I couldn't keep my mouth shut."

"Really. And I love your passion, and how it rubs off on me. I liked blowjobs before, but now you're making me fall in love with them. Well, you and Nick are."

Maggie beamed. "Good! Because I'm pretty convinced that this threesome relationship is going to be fairly heavily blowjob-centric."

Hillary said, "I know, and I welcome that. Nick is one fucking lucky bastard! Isn't he?"

Maggie shared a radiant smile with Hillary's equally big smile. "He is!"

Hillary went on, "I also saw that you deliberately held back from joining in with your lips and tongue, or even just a hand. I'm sure it was because you wanted to give me a special one-on-one first time experience. Thank you! That was really sweet. But there's no need to do that in the future. I want ALL of our blowjobs to be shared from now on! Well, most of them, at least!"

Maggie nodded eagerly at that.

Hillary continued, her voice suddenly dripping with lust, "Can you just imagine? Taking turns choking and gagging and slurping and sucking, only to have him squirt his sweet cum all over us? And then we get to clean each other off? And he usually cums twice, so we'd do it all over again! Hell, just thinking about it is making me squirm!"

"Me too!" Maggie said. And she wasn't just saying that. She was squirming in her seat already. She was glad she was sitting in a wood chair, so she could clean up the juicy mess her pussy was starting to leak.

Hillary continued, "So, even though you may not be bisexual, I see the relationship between you and me as a really great thing too. And I only mentioned blowjobs just now. Think about all the OTHER fun things the three of us could do together! Can you imagine the three of us spending an

entire day together until Nick fucks our pussies so hard and so often that we can't even walk? I can! And sharing that with you will double the joy. Triple it, even! Or imagine..."

Maggie held her breath, but tried to keep her outward cool. She got nervous at the talk of actual fucking.

Hillary was going to describe a daisy chain, with Nick, Maggie, and herself each licking the privates of one of the others, but she realized that wouldn't work unless someone was doing some pussy licking. Maggie wasn't ready for that kind of talk.

Instead, Hillary waved her hands, and said, "Imagine so many things! I don't even know where to begin! Frankly, I'm starting to understand why you're so keen on sharing. In addition to the reason you gave about not wanting him to become too serious with you after your recent big break-up with your last boyfriend, I'm sure you're thinking that it keeps two to keep his cock in check."

"What do you mean?" Maggie asked, just to hear Hillary spell it out.

"You know exactly what I mean! He's a living sex machine! His cock NEVER goes down! At least, it seems that way. I've got a pretty big libido. I LOVE sex, and I don't care if everyone thinks I'm a slut. Fuck them! Sex is great. There's nothing to be ashamed about, if you're a 'good slut.' I tend to wear out my sexual partners, both male and female. But with Nick, I'm starting to think he's going to be the one to wear ME out!"

Maggie said proudly, "He cums about four to six times a day, on average."

Hillary waved her hands to express her feelings. "You see? You see?! That's nuts! That's like two normal guys! Or more!"

Maggie smiled knowingly. "I know. And you're right. Especially since there's something called the Coolidge Effect."

"What's that?"

She spoke honestly, "Studies show that men love to spread their seed around. It's a basic biological imperative. When a man is presented with a new woman to have sex with, he has remarkable recuperative abilities, as part of that biological drive to impregnate as many women as possible. The key for us is that 'new' doesn't have to mean a total stranger. It could just mean someone who's been out of the room for an hour or two. Between you

and me, we could milk that, so to speak, to keep him cumming all day long!"

Hillary shook her head in disbelief. "My God! That sounds really hot! I love it!"

Maggie was very glad that Hillary was tentatively agreeing to her plan, but she wanted to see if she could get a stronger commitment, and right away. She said, "You know, you're very lucky. I don't think you could find a more ideal situation if you tried. Have you ever had a good threesome situation before?"

Hillary frowned again. "No way! Even for a 'good slut' like me, that's way out of bounds. I've never been in a situation where that was even proposed, and I have lots of friends and they've never heard of that either. If it happened to anyone in school, it would spread through the gossip grapevine like wildfire. Now, one guy going hot and heavy with more than one girl because he's not going steady with any of them, sure. Ditto with the sexes reversed. But that's very different from a true threesome, where all three have sex together. That never happens!"

Maggie pointed out, "But it does, because we're doing it. And what about orgies?"

"I've never been to an orgy," Hillary said, "That's not my scene, because I'm not that kind of slut. I have to have emotional feelings for a person first, so I don't do one-night stands. What about you?"

Maggie said, "As I told you, I was dating just one guy for my entire sex life before Nick, so I'm actually very sheltered and inexperienced in that way. Certainly, no orgies."

"Oh yeah. Right. Well, I've never taken part in an orgy, but I've been to some wild parties that practically were orgies, where people were getting naked and making out and even fucking out in the open. But I kept my hands to myself. I don't want to get handed around like a party favor! Yuck!" She stuck her tongue out.

Then she said, "You might get a true ménage-a-trois one-night stand, or even an orgy, but those sorts of things never last. The personal politics of it are a nightmare. It never, ever works out. People talk about it, but they never actually want to share."

Maggie was hoping Hillary would say something like that. "True. In general. And yet, look where we are!" She looked down at her nude body, then over to Hillary's nude body, then to Nick sleeping on the bed with his flaccid penis in sight. "We've already started doing it, and it DOES work! In fact, it's magical and wonderful, isn't it?"

Hillary nodded emphatically. "Yeah! We're breaking all the rules!"

"And if that's isn't enough, you have a great relationship with Anushka on top of that! And everyone's cool with it. What are the odds of that? They must be less than a million to one. Do you really need to think long and hard about whether you want to give this your best shot to make it last for the long term? Will you ever have another chance at something like this, even if you live for a thousand years? And, given that you're a bisexual, it fits your wants and needs perfectly. It seems like a no-brainer to me."

Hillary stared off into space for a minute or more. She was thinking hard. She tried to look at the situation from every angle. It did seem like the ideal situation, especially since she was anticipating Maggie to have a hot, bisexual side she couldn't wait to explore.

She finally looked back at Maggie. "You know what? You're right. Count me in!"

"Really?!"

"Really!"

Maggie felt triumphant, but she wasn't done quite yet. "What about Spencer?"

"I can still be friends with him, right? I mean, I know he wants me, and I suppose I'm attracted to him, but not anything like how I feel about Nick! Spencer is the guy I would go out with in some alternate universe where I didn't meet Nick or you. I see that as a moot point now, which I why I have no worries about going with him to his yacht tomorrow."

"Fair enough," Maggie said. "But can you imagine how Nick feels about that?"

Hillary winced. "I know! I feel bad. But come on... a yacht! And not just that, he's going to go first class all the way. I want to see what it's like to live like a movie star for a day. Can't I do that?"

Maggie said, "That's understandable, though it doesn't seem to fit with your whole hippie and environmentalist ethic."

Hillary winced again. "UGH! I'm so bad! But he was going on the yacht anyway. They won't be using any more gas to have little ol' me on board. Besides, it's just this one time."

Maggie rolled her eyes, clearly showing she was disappointed. "Regardless, I think we all know Spencer is only inviting you so he can try to seduce you."

Hillary groaned. "I know that too! Damn! Spencer actually is a really nice guy. He's not the grabby hands type. I'm confident he won't make a pass at me tomorrow. Look. Let me be completely honest with you. I'm very beautiful. You are too. I don't want to fault it with others, but between you and me, there's no point for us to have false modesty."

Maggie nodded at that.

"I know it, but I don't let it go to my head. But because of my beauty, I've never really had a friendship without some sexual attraction there. At least I haven't in the past few years, since I started to seriously fill out. I'm used to that, and I know how to keep a friendship just a friendship, despite that. I can handle Spencer!"

Maggie said, "Okay, fair enough. Just remember that kissing on the lips or anything more than that is against the rules. You belong to Nick now. And Anushka. And, in a weird way, me."

"Of course." Hillary got a little thrill from Maggie's "belong" language. She wanted to tell Maggie that meant Maggie belonged to her too, but she refrained due to sensitivity over the bisexuality issue.

Maggie got to a very crucial point. "This situation needs careful balance to work. I remember you told Nick and me earlier, 'As you know, I'm going out with Anushka, and that's my big priority for me right now.' Those were your exact words. If this situation is going to work, your relationship with Nick needs to be equally balanced with your relationship with Anushka. You can't play favorites, or someone is going to feel left out and leave. I'm willing to give you equal co-girlfriend status with me. Can you make a similar sacrifice?"

Hillary put on a worried face. She sighed. "Oh boy!" She sighed again. "You're asking for a very big, very difficult thing there! I could, sure. That sounds fair to me. In the long term, I think that would be good, to have that balance. The problem is Anushka. She's the one that's going to need convincing on that."

Maggie pointed out, "What if, tonight, Anushka tells you that she's so upset about you and me French kissing that you can't be in the same room as me anymore? Or that she's taking away all your privileges with Nick? Or that you can't even see him either?"

Hillary sighed heavily. "In theory, she could do that. That has to change. The ironic thing is, she's actually sexually submissive to me. But because she had 'first dibs' on me, I felt it was only fair to get her permission before taking each step with Nick. The same with me wanting to get your okay before doing things with him, because you got to him first. But the situation is changing. She DID promise that I could date a boy, even before Nick came along. She needs to live up to her promise."

Maggie nodded, then asked, "But do you think you can convince her?"

Hillary pondered that, and then said, "I think so. It won't be easy. But I think she'll see that the only serious chance of having a long-term relationship with me is sharing me with a guy. That's just the reality. I have a track record that proves that. So I can get her to agree to that much easily enough. That's why she agreed to let me date a boy in the first place. I think I can get her to be an equal partner with Nick in sharing me. Ultimately, it's in her interest. I believe her best chance to have me for the long-term is if I have a very serious boyfriend too, to express my straight side. That's much more stable than if I keep going through short-term relationships with Spencer-type guys."

Maggie said, "I sure hope so. I'd consider that a vital part to your commitment to Nick, that you're not more committed to her. Otherwise, what you have with Nick is built on shifting sands. Anushka could snatch it all away at any time. Nick would never go for that."

"I know, I know! I know!" Hillary sigh heavily again. "Boy, this is tough. I'm pretty confident we can work that out, though."

She went on, "The bigger problem, Maggie, is you. As we found out today, you and I are going to be in a lot of highly charged sexual situations. Crazy

things happen sometimes. We're going to be kissing, and licking cum off each other, and rubbing cummy tits together, and who knows what. One thing I'd love to try with you is snowballing. Do you know what that is?"

Maggie didn't, but she was feeling a growing heat and tingle in her pussy just the same. "No, what?"

"That means passing cum back and forth with open-mouthed kissing. We did a little bit of that earlier when you were licking his cum off my cheeks and kissing me, although we didn't use that much cum. Would you like to try that with a full mouth of Nick's cum?"

"DEFINITELY!" a very eager and wide-eyed Maggie said. But she forced herself to calm down, and tried to act nonchalant about it (though she failed miserably). She added, lamely, "I mean, uh, I'm willing to give that a try, if, uh, if you are."

Hillary smiled from ear to ear, because she could see just how eager to try that Maggie really was. She was tempted to tease Maggie a little bit, but she realized it wasn't wise.

Instead, she continued, "Me too. Plus, look at how we've kissed and rubbed our breasts together. I'm sure Nick is going to want us to do a lot more of that."

"For sure," Maggie happily agreed. "Can you imagine, after we've been sucking and titfucking his cock for a couple of hours, until his balls are seemingly drained dry, and our faces and chests are drenched with multiple cum loads? It looks like the fun is all over, but then you and I French kiss and outrageously rub our sperm-spattered breasts together! I bet you anything he'll get erect again in two seconds flat!"

Hillary brightened, and laughed, "Oh, no doubt!" She rubbed her hands together gleefully. "Good Lord! Do you realize the power this gives us?! Between that, and the Coolidge Effect you mentioned, we could get him to cum, like, twelve times a day!"

Maggie smiled from ear to ear. "Don't get me started! That sounds like heaven to me! God! Can you just imagine how sore our jaws will be after a marathon day like that?!"

Hillary laughed some more, with Maggie. "I know!"

Then she tried to calm down and get serious again. "So, as you can see, you and I, we're going to be doing some pretty intimate things. And we'll be naked around each other constantly! And that has nothing to do with my bisexuality, it's just two 'good sluts' having a sexy, fun time with their man."

"Agreed!" Maggie said. She could hardly wait for all of that to happen, especially something like a twelve orgasm day for Nick. That would mean dozens of orgasms for herself, and the same for Hillary.

Hillary continued more soberly, "The big question is, how will Anushka handle all that? That's the million dollar question. I'm sure she'd love me to get serious with some other guy who comes just as himself without a girlfriend."

Maggie said, "You have to talk to her and make her understand that's not going to happen. Guys don't like to share. Spencer especially. He's an establishment Republican type, as you know. Very traditional values. He wouldn't approve of your relationship with Anushka at all. He might be willing to go along with it at first, just so he could have sex with you, but it wouldn't be long before he was trying to undermine your relationship with her and get you to break up in every way possible."

Hillary put a hand on her chin. "Hmmm. Yeah, I can see that. He's a nice guy, but he doesn't even believe in evolution. Or at least that's what he says. I find it hard to believe that someone as smart as him could be as stupid as that. He probably thinks all gay people are going to burn in Hell."

Maggie was secretly cheering on the inside, because she could tell she was making her point. She conceded, since it was a moot point, "I hear he's really handsome though."

Hillary laughed. "Yeah, he is that."

Maggie said, "You need to make Anushka see that it's the very fact that Nick has me too that makes this all work. He can't demand you to get exclusive if he himself has another girlfriend. Like I said earlier, it's like a four-legged table. That's what makes the whole thing work. And, as part of that, you and I can't avoid being naked around each other a lot, and kissing, and rubbing our cummy breasts together, and the like. But I AM straight, so Anushka shouldn't feel threatened, even with all that nude contact."

Hillary didn't actually believe that account, because she could feel the sexual desire growing between her and Maggie. It had gotten much stronger in the last couple of hours alone. But Hillary had her own ultimate dream, just as Nick did. In her ideal scenario, she would get fully intimate with Maggie until they were a threesome in every way. She also would get Anushka to accept that, mostly because she knew Anushka was submissive to her and also desperately in love with her. It was pushy, but Hillary believed that Anushka would ultimately be happy with that if it meant the two of them truly could have a serious relationship that lasted a year or longer.

However, even though Hillary considered herself honest and honorable, she felt she had to keep certain things secret to make that dream come true, including playing along with Maggie's increasingly improbable claim to be completely straight.

Thus, Hillary nodded, and said, "I can see that. And if I put it that way, I think Anushka will too. Let me talk to her about all this tonight. I'll give Nick a call if things are going well with Anushka and if she generally agrees to this. Plus, hopefully, that she isn't royally pissed at me from the 'kissing with you' news I gave her. Then he can make his brief appearance. If she doesn't, then having him show up in the middle of our dinner would be like putting out a fire with gasoline."

Maggie agreed to that.

She was justifiably proud at how her negotiation with Hillary had worked out. She figured she was being clever, because her big concession to have Hillary be a co-equal girlfriend wasn't really a concession at all. That's what she and Nick were aiming for already. She hadn't been going out with Nick before, and her continued intimate relationship with him hinged on his intimate relationship with Hillary continuing too. (Or so Maggie thought. In fact, Nick was determined to keep her no matter what happened with Hillary.)

Maggie was much more concerned about Spencer than she'd let on talking to either Hillary or Nick. She hoped that getting Hillary to commit at least to fidelity with no one other than Anushka and Nick would mean that a smooth operator like Spencer would be frozen out of the picture before he could get a foot in the door. She had a hunch Spencer might try to make a

pass at Hillary on his yacht tomorrow after all, so coming to this agreement prior to then was crucial, in her mind.

Maggie very much wanted to seal the agreement with another French kiss, but she doubted she'd be able to control herself. She decided she needed to spend some time away from Hillary and regain a grip before she did something that could get Hillary in even more immediate trouble with Anushka.

So, instead of a kiss, she said, "Excellent! I think this is going to work out great! This calls for a celebration, but I'm worried we're running out of time. When are you supposed to meet Anushka exactly?"

Hillary glanced at a nearby clock. "Ooooh shit! Not good! Too soon! We've got a reservation, obviously, and there's no way they could push it back at this late hour. I can't be late! I need to get it in gear!"

Maggie was secretly glad about that, because if Hillary was in a rush, there wouldn't be time for another prolonged make out session between them. She worried that she'd have no resistance whatsoever if that happened right now. To further avoid a kiss, she looked at Nick and said, "If that's the case, then I think we should wake up our dreamy cum-filled boy over there."

Hillary turned to look at Nick and laughed. He was still lying asleep in his bed, but his penis was erect again. In fact, it was so stiff that it was poking up at a jaunty angle. "Look at that! Are you kidding me?! It's getting downright hilarious! Nick is like a perpetual cum machine!"

Maggie couldn't stop smiling at that sight too. She hadn't noticed that his dick was engorged again until that look, because it just happened shortly before that. It gave her a naughty idea.

She stood up. "That he is! I've got an idea. Why don't you start getting ready? Figure out what clothes you're going to wear. Meanwhile, I'll wake him up in a special way."

Hillary chuckled. "Let me guess. Could it involve your lips and tongue on his boner?"

Maggie joked, "Excellent guess! No wonder you're in the Advanced Studies program. What gave it away?"

"Well, the way you're hungrily licking your lips, for one." Hillary laughed some more.

Maggie realized that in fact she was doing that. She didn't care. Reveling in her total nudity and wanton sluttiness, she carefully crawled up on Hillary's bed and positioned herself between Nick's legs, over his crotch.

Hillary went to her closet to start picking out clothes. She had other things to do to get ready that would take her to the bathroom and elsewhere in the house, but she didn't want to miss Maggie waking Nick with her oral skills.

A minute or two later, Nick woke up to a very pleasant surprise. Maggie was sucking him with deliberate extra noise, so there could be no mistake what was going on. He opened his eyes and looked down. "Jesus!"

Hillary joked, "Nope, guess again. It looks more like Maggie to me."

A very disoriented Nick looked around and realized he was still in Hillary's bedroom. Hillary was standing naked in front of her closet, holding some clothes. But she turned back towards him and gave him a wink.

Maggie spent the next five minutes up on all fours between Nick's legs, having the time of her life bobbing on her son's thick pole. The fact that she knew Hillary was watching more often than not was a big plus, and she put her whole body into the sucking, humping her ass in time to her bobbing head, to put on a sexy show for Hillary's benefit.

As she slurped with an exquisitely tight lip-lock, she thought, *This is my new life now! The agreement with Hillary pretty much seals the deal! If she gets really serious, and all the signs look good, then I hope we won't hear any more talk about this arrangement lasting only a month or two. The two of us could well end up having a full-fledged relationship with him for the next two years! If not LONGER!*

And you know what that means for me? A lot more adoring and pleasuring of my son's massive cock monster! Unfortunately, I'll still have to be in Margaret mode most of the time. That means I'll be waking up in my own bed, alone, instead of sleeping with my sexy son and waking him with a hummer as a daily habit! Sacrifices have to be made, to put up a front of normality.

But at least I can switch into Maggie mode a lot more often! Why shouldn't I drive him to school every single damn day! We need to talk about that, and soon! MMMM! But, even if that happens, I'll bet the times I'll get to wake

him with my mouth are going to be precious and few. So I should enjoy this special time to the fullest!

Unfortunately, Nick and Maggie had to leave shortly after just the five minutes. They didn't want to be in Hillary's hair while she was rushing to get ready. Furthermore, Maggie had to prepare dinner for her "family" (if Andy could be counted in that), as well as help Nick get ready. Nick hadn't been to many fancy restaurants, and she wanted to dress and prepare him well so that he'd made a good first impression with Anushka.

So Maggie had to cut her blowjob short and get dressed.

As they left, Nick didn't even get much chance to say good-bye to Hillary, other than a few words and a brief French kiss. Hillary was fully into rushing to get ready by then, and he didn't want to slow her down and make her late.

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Maggie felt a little bad about cutting off his blowjob like that. She was discovering that she did pretty well driving the car with one hand while rubbing the sweet spot on his cock with her other. So she stroked his stiff erection on the way home while she updated him on the great news about the agreement she'd just made with Hillary.

That made for a good combination, because what Maggie had to tell him was great news for Nick's sexual and romantic future with Hillary, which in turn meant great news for his future with Maggie too. Hearing that got him even more aroused and excited, and Maggie jacked him off the whole time.

Maggie was careful to keep her clothes on. But at a couple of the longer traffic lights, she dared to bend over, engulf his cockhead, and bob on him until Nick told her when the light turned green again.

More and more, Maggie was fully embracing her role not just as his "fake girlfriend" or co-girlfriend, but full-fledged personal slut. She was too ashamed to openly call herself that, but she loved serving his cock at pretty much every opportunity while in Maggie mode, and he loved it, so there was nothing to stop it from happening a lot, except for the fact that her Maggie mode time was so limited.

When Maggie parked the Ford Explorer in the garage, it was her intention to hurry inside and start making dinner. She was late on that already. But

she decided she couldn't leave Nick hanging a second time. Besides, she was hungry for a celebratory blowjob.

So, once the engine was turned off, she simply leaned over and engulfed his cock. She bobbed and licked for a few minutes. She went at it so intensely that she didn't give him much of a chance to play with her body or take her clothes off. She was determined to get him to cum right away!

Nick managed to pull her top up to her armpits, but that was all he could manage, since he was so distracted. He couldn't even play with those tits because he was overexcited and struggling not to cum too soon by that point.

Nick was so excited about all that had happened, and especially the news of this agreement, that he didn't last long. He cried "CUMMING!" only a few minutes after she started her renewed oral attack in the garage.

Although Maggie had come to love facials and pearl necklaces, she took his load straight down her throat in the interest of time and cleanliness. It went without saying that it would have been problematic and dangerous for her to walk into the house with a face or chest full of cum! However, she left a little bit of his seed on her tongue, just because she loved to savor the taste.

His dick might have stayed hard, as per his usual "cums in twos" tendency, but he let to go flaccid because he knew they didn't have time for any more sexual fun.

All too soon, Maggie turned back into "Margaret." (She wiped her face clean before leaving the garage with a moist towelette, just to be sure there were no tell-tale stray cum gobs or streaks.)

Nick had to switch gears and get ready for a five-star restaurant. He would have been frustrated at the sudden shift, but he was too overjoyed by life to be frustrated by anything.

Chapter 36: Getting Ready to Meet Anushka (Friday)

Maggie, now back in "Margaret mode," quickly cooked up some pasta for Nick, Andy, and herself. She was dressed in typical "suburban soccer mom" clothes, and she acted the part well during dinner as well.

It was all a lie, though, even more than before, because she couldn't simply switch personas. She obviously didn't have multiple personality disorder; she was pretending much of the time. She acted the same usual for dinner behavior on the outside, but on the inside her heart was soaring and her pussy was throbbing as she recalled all the things she'd done with Nick and Hillary all afternoon long.

She didn't feel much in the way of guilt or regret, but she was determined to keep her Maggie mode as only part of her life, for many reasons. One benefit to that was it helped her get completely sexually uninhibited and slutty whenever she was in Maggie mode, precisely because she knew that was a "part time job" and she would be returning to the safety of her normal life before long.

She and Nick ate dinner quickly, and then rushed up to his room.

Nick needed to get ready to meet Hillary and Anushka at a fancy restaurant, and Maggie knew he'd need her help. She helped select a jacket and tie, since he was keen to make his best first impression with Anushka. Plus, it wouldn't exactly hurt to look handsome for Hillary too, even though he had no hopes of fooling around with her this evening.

Although Maggie had her "firewall" around her house, she had no choice but to talk to him about Maggie mode matters inside the house, due to time pressures and the simple logistics of him needing to be in his bedroom or the bathroom down the hall to get ready.

Maggie gave Nick advice on how to behave himself and act politely and properly. The restaurant, Park Avenue, was said to be five-star quality. Due to Nick's youth, plus Andy's mobility problems and the tensions between Maggie and Andy, it had been a long time since Nick had been to a restaurant of this caliber.

Maggie left for a while when Nick showered and dressed. She didn't want to tempt herself to be around him while he was changing, especially since

she knew he didn't wear underwear anymore. She came back when he was as ready to go as he could get.

Nick stood in his room looking nervous while Maggie sat in a chair. He said to her, "Well, I guess there's nothing else to do but wait. Hillary told me not to leave until she calls and gives me the okay. Who knows when that'll be?! Or IF it will be?!"

Maggie advised, "Oh, she'll call, I'm sure. But probably not for a while. And the longer the wait, the BETTER it is, so don't get nervous."

"How can you say that?!"

"Trust me, I'm a woman. I know these things."

He complained, "Maybe so, but it sucks for me! I'm way nervous already. This is key! Everything hinges on what Anushka says tonight. Not so much with me, but what she and Hillary are talking about right now. If she flat out refuses the plan you got Hillary to agree to, everything could be sunk! Everything! Hillary could break up with me! Tonight!"

Maggie remained calm and comforting. "That's not going to happen. I'm sure of it. At worst, there will be a lot of drama and crying. Maybe they'll even break up or have a big falling out for a time. That's a worst case scenario, mind you. In the end, Anushka will see that this is actually a really good thing for her. She had little to no chance to keep Hillary for more very longer due to the way Hillary ping-pongs between dating boys and girls, and she knew it. With this agreement, everything will change. She may be stubborn, but she HAS to see the light on that. Believe me."

Nick sighed and frowned. "I wish I could. I'm not so certain. You know how I am. At times like this, when I'm not horny, I get shy and have no confidence. I could really use a hug."

Maggie frowned too. "I'm sure you could. And normally I would be happy to hug you. But in light of what's been happening to us lately, I can't risk that. Remember, I'm in Margaret mode now. If I hug you, I might not stay that way."

He sighed again. "That sucks. But I understand."

Maggie said brightly, "Hey, don't just stand there looking bummed. Waiting is good. Like I was saying, the longer you have to wait, the better."

"How do you figure? You didn't explain." He sat down on the edge of his bed, facing Maggie.

"Let me explain now. If you have to wait, that means Hillary is being smart. Human beings are pretty predictable. When a person gets angry or upset, all kinds of hormonal and chemical changes happen within us. I'm no doctor, so I don't know what those are exactly, but the point is you can't just turn off your strong emotions like flipping off a light switch. It takes time for the body to calm down after getting all worked up. Which would you rather do: rush to the restaurant and meet Anushka while she's still in an agitated state, or wait another hour or two and meet her when she'd calmed down?"

He griped, "An HOUR or two?! I understand what you're saying, but that's so long! I'm going to go stir crazy until then! I'm not used to this romantic complication stuff!"

Maggie chuckled knowingly. "It's a lot easier when you're just kicking back while one of your two busty sluts sucks you off, isn't it?" Then her eyes bugged out and she covered her mouth with her hands.

After she got over her shock at her own words, she said, "Scratch that! I'm in quasi-Margaret mode here. That sort of talk is not allowed! Pretend you didn't hear that!"

He sighed. "Don't worry. I'm so stressed out that I'm as unaroused as I can get. I wish at least Hillary could call me and tell me that Anushka agreed to the terms. Then I wouldn't have to worry."

"That's probably not going to happen," Maggie said, calming down and trying to be encouraging again. "And Hillary is a smart cookie, so the odds are you'll have to wait a while. Let them eat their dinner. Maybe you'll catch them during dessert or even afterwards."

"UGH!" He looked miserable. "Ma, you don't understand! This is way more to me than just a lust thing! I LOVE Hillary! I really do. Yes, she looks the way she does, and that's a big, big part of the appeal, but she has an awesome personality too. To have both of those things is so rare that I may never find it again. I totally want to get married to her and everything!"

He sighed heavily. "I know that's probably not going to happen, but a guy can dream, right?"

She smiled at him. She was tempted to tell him Hillary confessed that she could at least imagine marrying Nick as a distant, remote possibility. He knew he would do backflips over that. But she figured that was something that Hillary had told her in confidence and didn't want passed on. Besides, it was good for him to keep his desperate edge to help him Hillary's heart completely.

She answered him, "You most certainly can, and it's good that you do. You'll never get anywhere if you don't have something to aim for. That's a good thing to aim for too. The more I get to know her, the more I like her. I'm rooting for wedding bells between you and her someday, because how could you possibly do better? But don't tell her that you're even THINKING about that! You'll scare her off."

"Don't worry, I'm not stupid. The 'playing hard to get' strategy is working well for me. There are so many times I want to get all mushy and tell her how much I love her and praise her to the high heavens, but I have to keep my lips zipped. There will be a time for that, but later."

"Much later," Maggie agreed. "Now, to help pass the time, I know what you'd like to do."

His eyes lit up, and he stared at her with a sudden hunger. There was nothing he would have loved more than to have sexy fun with Maggie in the garage to pass the time. But he didn't want to upset her by making that suggestion.

She said, "Unfortunately, we can't do that."

"Awww." He dropped his head.

"However, since this is a special occasion, I'm willing to talk about Maggie things to help pass the time, even though we're inside the house. Just make sure there's no touching, okay."

"Okay!" Just being able to talk about sexual matters in a more overt way lifted his spirits considerably. "So, what do you want to talk about?"

"I'm glad you asked. You've got a big problem that we need to take care of right away."

"Oh no, another problem. What's that?"

"It's great that Hillary will let you touch her pussy now. That's a big step! So congratulations. But it also brings up a problem that needs to be addressed right away. You have NO experience in touching or licking a girl there. None! So far, you've built up a reputation with her as being quite a studly and sexually talented guy. You don't want to ruin that by stumbling around her pussy like a drunk and blind man staggering down the stairs."

"Ouch! Am I that bad?!"

"Well, luckily, you haven't really done anything to her yet. I don't know what happened between you and her in the girl's bathroom last week. But you played with her pussy there, didn't you?"

"Yeah." He smiled in fond memory.

She went on, "But I was there when fondled her pussy last Tuesday. When you touched her then, I could see that she was so close to orgasm that you basically could do no wrong."

He admitted, "That pretty much was what happened in the school bathroom too. Just the fact that we were getting naughty in a place like that made her hotter than a river of flowing lava. She said I did a good job afterwards, but I think it was all about the context. I felt like I was just... clueless. And winging it."

Maggie was secretly glad to hear that. She didn't want him to be doing a good job already, or she would have no excuse to help. "I'm sure you WERE clueless and winging it. Because how could you know otherwise, with no previous experience? If you don't get help, and fast, you're going to really disappoint her. The clitoris and pussy are kind of counterintuitive. You can't just rub and pull and get all aggressive like you do to my breasts and expect her to like it. There's an art to doing it right. Remember that Hillary has had a lot of lesbian lovers, so you've got a lot to learn to just be average when it comes to pussies, by her standards."

"I know! I've thought about thought of that. How can I compete with Anushka when it comes to pussies?! That sucks! What am I going to do?!"

"Normally, you'd be in quite a fix. There are things you can read, and maybe even how-to videos you could find on the Internet. But nothing beats actual practice. Just like you can't learn how to ride a bike from reading about it and watching other people do it; you have to do it yourself."

He nodded, but he still didn't understand what she was getting at.

She continued, "You know my firm policy about not allowing you to touch my pussy. Obviously that's in place to make sure we don't get carried away and go all the way. Which can NEVER happen!" She wagged a finger at him in warning.

Her heart was beating fast as she reached the crux of the matter, finally. She tried to look and sound casual though. "But, given this crisis situation with you needing to be good enough for Hillary, I'm willing to amend that rule somewhat."

"REALLY?!" He was so excited that he stood up.

She chuckled at his youthful eagerness. "Really. But only some. I still have the same concern about not getting carried away. So, I'm willing to give you lessons in how to touch a woman down there. If you behave yourself, we might be able to continue doing that. And if you're REALLY well behaved, I might even give you lessons on pussy licking too, further down the line."

"WOW!" He punched a fist in the air. He did a little jig.

Maggie laughed, mostly because she could see a very well defined bulge suddenly form in his slacks. He wore dark blue slacks that were tight and well fitting, so his boner didn't have anywhere to go. She waved her hands in a downward motion. "Sit back down already. Behave! Remember, I'm mostly in Margaret mode now. It's just my mouth that's not."

That put a fiery look in his eyes, and his nostrils flared.

She waved her hand. "Not like that! You know what I mean. I can talk, and that's it."

"Right." He sat back down on his bed. He was still bouncy with excitement at this new great news.

She continued, "Anyway, we need to act fast on getting you up to speed on how to properly handle a pussy. I don't want you touching Hillary there until I at least give you rudimentary instructions."

"Maaaaa!" he griped. "She JUST gave me the green light on that again today!"

"I know, I know. You're horny and eager. But patience will win the day. Are you looking for a quick sexual thrill with her, or long-term love?"

He said, a bit put out, "You know the answer to that."

"Then patience, okay?"

He nodded.

"There's no chance I can give you hands-on instruction tonight. Luckily, I don't think you'll be in a sexual situation with her tonight anyway, given that Anushka will be there. But tomorrow morning, we'll have to find some way and place for me to switch into Maggie mode, so I can start to teach you. There's no telling what'll happen at the party tomorrow night, so we need to be prepared for anything."

"Sweet!" He stood up again and punched his fist in the air again.

She chuckled and rolled her eyes, acting like she was cool as a cucumber. But that was just an act, because her body was on fire. Her nipples were erect and her pussy was pulsing. She figured that if they found a time and a place for her to go into Maggie mode, the pussy touching lesson would be great, but she would have to find a way to get her mouth bobbing on his cock again too. She loved sucking him and couldn't get enough of it.

She said, "Now, let's switch gears for a minute. Have you decided what you're going to say to Anushka?"

"Kind of. I have some scenarios in mind. But I'm going to have to roll with the punches to some extent."

She nodded. "You're a clever guy, so I'm sure you'll do fine. Keep stressing that you and her should be allies, not enemies. Look at it from her point of view. How does what you do with Hillary help Anushka?"

He nodded impatiently. "I know! I know! It provides balance and stability so we all can have long-term relationships instead of having Hillary flame out, like in past relationships. Believe me, I've been thinking about what I'd say to her for days now, well before I knew about tonight. I've got this! Trust me!"

"I'm sure you do. I'm glad to see your confidence is surging."

He looked down at the lewd bulge in his slacks. "As you know, it surges when I'm surging down there too."

"That's fine. Run with that! I'm sure Hillary and Anushka will be dressed in very sexy outfits, and Hillary has hinted that Anushka is quite beautiful."

"And exceedingly busty!" He wiggled his eyebrows like Groucho Marx.

Maggie laughed. "Oh, you noticed those references? I thought you wouldn't be interested in that."

He laughed too. "Yeah, right! I'm an unrepentant 'boob brain,' and I don't care who knows!"

"That you are!" Maggie was tempted to strike a sexy pose to better show off her massive rack, or even get topless altogether. But she knew that was a dangerous, slippery slope, so she just stayed still.

She said, "Use your 'horny power' to your advantage. Let your lust flow when you see them! Use it as a tool to give you the confidence that you don't otherwise have. Don't be wagging your big fat cock in Anushka's face, since she's lesbian, but otherwise, stay stiff and horny!"

He grinned widely. "Will do. Somehow, I don't think that'll be a problem for me, especially if half the rumors about her being a super stacked gorgeous Indian babe are true. Plus, even if she looks like an orc, Hillary will be there, dressed to the nines."

She smirked knowingly. "Somehow, I don't think you'll have a problem getting a stiffy. You never do." She glanced significantly at his crotch.

He chuckled, and crossed his legs. "MaaaaAAAAaaaa!"

They talked for a while about what he wanted to do and say at the restaurant. Nick laid out what he was planning on telling Anushka, and Maggie offered critiques and suggestions. He didn't need much help since he had thought things through carefully already but, if nothing else, it helped him pass the time without getting too nervous.

At one point, Nick changed the subject by asking, "By the way, what did you think of that whole incest 'role-play' thing with Hillary today?"

Maggie started laughing at that, and Nick joined in.

She said, "I gotta say, considering you're still basically a kid, you're a total genius! That whole cover story about 'ma' and 'son' was inspired. Talk about lucky! Now, we don't have to sweat it anymore!"

He nodded gleefully. "YOU were the genius! I came up with the 'Ma' excuse, but I'd thought of that in advance for the most part. You can up with the 'Son' excuse on the fly!"

She felt giddy and tingly from the compliment. For some reason, that gave her an extra powerful urge to immediately drop to her knees and suck his cock. But she hid it well. She said, "That's only because I was following your lead. The bottom line is, we're in the clear about the incest danger!"

He pointed out, "Not exactly, unfortunately. We still have to sweat it, just not as much. I'm going keep trying to call you 'Maggie' most of the time when Hillary is with us, because of all the other people who might overhear. And Hillary thinks it's just an occasional game we play, not something we do all the time. But yeah, it is a pretty great stroke of luck. She didn't seem even the tiniest bit suspicious, or is that just me being overly optimistic?"

"No, I really think she doesn't have a clue."

He said, "I think so! After all, the chances of you being my real mother seem wildly improbable in the first place. We just don't look that much like each other, especially now that you're a blonde. But I think the main thing is that she's convinced that you really are only twenty years old. You look young! You really do! Heck, you're only 33, and that's way young for a mother with a kid my age. But you look even younger than that. Maybe 25, tops. So I'm sure Hillary doesn't even consider the possibility you could be my mother, because the idea would seem patently absurd."

"I think you're right, and thank God. It's a lucky thing I have a young face."

"You do, but that's not luck. You work out like a demon every day, and it make you totally frickin' HOT! You have a hardbody like a professional female athletic, yet you've got soft and squeezable tits out to here!" He stretched his arms out in front of him.

Then he caught himself. "Oops! I'm getting a big carried away for this 'neutral territory' kind of conversation. But my point is, you look as young as you do mostly due to hard work, not luck. You should be proud of your sexy body! So sexy!"

She chuckled, and waved her hands in a downward direction. "Whoa, boy! Calm down! Stop drooling already!"

"Sorry." He pretended to wipe his chin of drool. "Not that we're out of the woods with the incest danger. We'll probably never be totally safe with that, even with your backstory novella. How is that coming along, by the way?"

"Good. Very good. I'm about halfway done already."

"Excellent. But even with that, and all our other careful preparations, there are still lots of ways we could be ruined. For instance, if she comes to our house. That would be a total disaster!"

"I know! I keep worrying about that. We're going to have to work on that, and make the place completely radioactive in her mind. I didn't get a chance to give her the excuse we've come up with about that yet, although I almost did. But I will as soon as it can come up in a natural way."

He nodded. "Good. Surprisingly, it hasn't come up when I've talked to her either. I think she feels most comfortable in her own room in her own house, and much prefers to meet there anyway. So that's a lucky break. But I've been thinking about how we should handle my 'mother.'"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the problem is that if you're Maggie my girlfriend, who's my mother?!"

"Ah. Yes. That's one of our most dangerous and fundamentally unsolvable problems."

He nodded. "I've been thinking that I should just tell her that my mother died a couple of years ago. You could have died in the same accident that gave Andy his injuries."

They had previously agreed that, if asked, Nick would tell Hillary that Andy was his father. He needed to have someone be his father, and Hillary might come here unexpectedly and run into him.

Maggie was dismayed. "Son, that's morbid! I don't want to be dead!"

"You're not dead. You're obviously still alive! But isn't that really the only solution? What if things keep developing and she wants to meet my parents?! What else can I do? Rent a couple of actors to play the part?! That won't last. I could say that I'm basically emotionally estranged from Andy, which is basically true, and try to keep her from him as much as humanly possible. Then, with my mother having died, that pretty much solves the parents problem."

Maggie was frowning. "I suppose. I don't like it, but you're probably right that it's the least worst solution. But have you talked about the fact you have a mother to her yet?"

"I've generally tried to avoid the topic since it's such a potential minefield for me. I've probably made some general vague mentions about 'my parents.' But if I did, I could just tell her that I don't like to tell anyone that my mother died unless I get really close to that person."

"That's plausible, I guess." Maggie seemed uncertain. "Still, I worry. The dangers of getting caught are almost unthinkable, so I try hard not to think of them. Of course, if Hillary finds out I really am your mother, your relationship with her will be over in an instant. But worse, she could be so angry that she'd 'out' us to other people. Maybe including Andy! Then we'd really be screwed!"

"I know! I know! But I honestly don't think she'll do that. At least not if I get a chance to explain myself to her. She's not the vengeful type. And the more our bond grows, the more sympathetic she'll be."

Maggie glared unhappily. "Maybe. Or maybe the more she falls in love with you, the more betrayed she'll feel. Beware a lover spurned!"

Nick sat there looking depressed and worried. His penis had gone flaccid. "Oh great. Now I'm all stressed out again. Up until now, I thought I had this Anushka situation licked. But suddenly, I'm all stressed and worried about that too!"

Maggie tried to boost his spirits and inspire his confidence, but he remained in a bad mood. They talked about different things, including some fairly sexual things, but nothing helped to put him back in his previous confident mood.

At one point, Nick asked, "So, what will you do tonight, after I'm gone?"

She replied with a frown, "I've actually way overstayed my time in Maggie mode. Well, verbal-only Maggie mode, that is. Once you're gone, I'll turn back into Margaret, or a pumpkin, whichever one is more boring."

"You seem sad and bitter," he noted.

"Yeah, I guess I am. You have no idea how much fun I'm having in Maggie mode these days. You're probably thinking that all sex with anyone is this great, because this is all you've known but it's not. Not by a mile! I'm not just talking about my time with Andy. There's such a sexual spark between us that it's... it's irresistible! What we have is like pure magic! And I know

Hillary feels the same. It's like you're hitting a home run every time you're at bat!"

He nodded. "I feel it too. And I feel the exact same thing with Hillary. I know I've never had sex with anyone else, but I'm sure it can't be like this normally. If it was, people would do nothing but have sex until they died of dehydration!" He chuckled. "Besides, it's a million times better than masturbation."

She nodded back, "It's TOO exciting and enjoyable. It makes everything else I do seem bland. Frankly, 'Margaret' lives a pretty damn boring life. Tonight, after you're gone, my highlight will be watching TV for a couple of hours, or maybe reading some more of a murder mystery novel I'm in the middle of. It bores me just to think about it."

Her voice suddenly was filled with eagerness. "And then compare that to what we did together today! For instance, what we did while buck naked in the middle of an SUV in some library parking lot! What were we thinking?! So reckless!"

He nodded. "But so exciting!"

She sighed, then deflated with sadness and longing. "Yeah."

He said, "I'm lucky school and homework keep me busy a lot. You should stay busy. Why don't you work more on your novella?"

"I would, but I realized I have to be in the right mental state for that. At least while you're off meeting Anushka, I'll be too nervous. I'll be sending you my best wishes."

"Thanks, Ma!" he smiled widely. Then he suggested, "What about working on your cookbook some more then?"

"Maybe I will." She realized that he'd had a very good idea, and it would help a lot if she could find better ways to occupy her "Margaret" time. The cookbook certainly needed work. Between all the excitement of her Maggie mode times and working on her backstory novella, she hadn't done anything on that for days.

Unfortunately, after that, Maggie stayed sad, making her attempts to cheer him up nearly impossible.

Luckily, Hillary finally called Nick on his cell phone a short time later. She spoke in hushed tones. "Hi Nick! I'm calling from the restaurant bathroom, so I have to be quick. Things are developing. I think it's time for you to come here. How soon can you leave?"

"Right away. But, uh-"

"Good! Do it! Can't talk now. I'll see you soon. Bye!" She hung up.

Nick continued to hold and stare at his cell phone. He didn't know what to think about that call. He relayed to Maggie what Hillary had said, word for word.

Maggie said with forced cheer, "That's good news! Go get 'em, Sport! I know you'll kick butt!"

He still looked very worried. "But what if I'm walking into a disaster? 'Things are developing.' What the hell does that mean?! That could mean anything. What if that was the best spin she could put on it? Why didn't she at least say 'things are developing WELL?' One more word. Was she really that in a hurry that she didn't have time for one more word?!"

Maggie stood up. "You think too much. I'm sure it's fine or she wouldn't have called to have you join them. Remember, she's on your side. She's not going to send you into disaster. Come on. Get going! You told her you were leaving right away, so don't just stand here and fret. I'll see you out to the car."

"Thanks."

He was all ready to go, so he immediately hurried to the garage, with Maggie following right behind him.

Maggie was concerned about his attitude. She feared he wouldn't do his best with Anushka because he'd lost his confident swagger brought upon mainly by getting horny. And a lot was riding on this, for everyone.

So, when they both reached the garage, Maggie said to him, "Take the Prius. I doubt it matters, but if Hillary happens to see your car, that'll win you more points than if you're driving the big SUV. Don't forget what a big environmentalist she is."

"Thanks."

"And... You know my rules. When we're at the house, I'm 'Margaret,' not 'Maggie.' That's true even in the garage most of the time, since we made that neutral territory again as its default state. But you need a boost to put you in the right frame of mind."

Her voice unexpectedly turned sultry. "So... is it just me, or is it too hot in here?" She gave him a sexy wink, and raised a hand behind her head to strike a sexy pose.

He smiled in appreciation. He thought that was as far as she was going to go. In truth, it wasn't that inspirational, because she was wearing rather frumpy and conservative "Margaret clothes."

But she wasn't done. She started repeatedly pulling her blouse from her chest, like her clothes were sweaty and sticky. "It must be a 100 degrees in here. At least! Maybe 105. I'd better take off some clothes before I burn up!"

With Nick standing in front of her, she started to undress in the sexiest manner she could manage. However, she knew that Nick told Hillary he'd leave right away, so she had to hurry. She figured that given Nick's love of nudity, the main thing was that her clothes came off.

A minute later, Maggie was left standing in just her socks. "Ta-da!" She struck a sexy cheesecake pose again, and much more convincingly this time.

Nick was so moved, and so aroused, that he rushed to give her a hug. "Oh, Ma! Thank you so much for that!" He kissed her lips before she could reply.

Things heated up between them rapidly. They started out holding and kneading each other's asses. But it wasn't long before Nick had his hands on Maggie's bare breasts, twisting her nipples like he was turning radio knobs. Just as quickly, she wound up with a hand down his slacks. Soon, she had his belt unbuckled and his zipper undone so she could get to all of his cock and balls with both hands. His slacks slid down his thighs.

She had merely intended to show some bare boob for him, to give him a hard-on again. But their mutual desire was so great that once they started down a lusty path, neither of them could stop themselves.

In fact, a minute later, Maggie found herself on her knees, bobbing on his cock!

She thought, How the hell did this happen?! All I wanted to do was getting him nice and stiff, and he was like that before I even took my bra off! But ... Mmmm! God, I love this cock! But I really shouldn't... Mmmm! But listen to him moan! He's so cute! I love it when I get him moaning like that. He's having the time of his life, thanks to my active tongue and my sliding lips! And what's wrong with that?!

Anyway, what was I thinking? Oh yeah. I really shouldn't have gone THIS far. Aaaah! Because once I get started... Mmmm! Once my clothes start to come off... Aaaah! Mmmm! Yes! ... Do you like it, Son? Do you like it when your mother turns into your personal cocksucking SLUT?! MMMM! Do you like it when I get down on my knees to slurp on your impossibly thick cock?! This thing is a real jawbreaker! Mmmm! YES! Maybe I should gag on it to show you how much I love every last inch!

But, somehow, she suddenly pulled all the way off. She scooted a few feet back for good measure, like a scurrying crab. She felt like she had to stop. Not only was she making Nick late, but she sensed that if she didn't stop now, she would only get more and more into it and keep going for five or ten minutes more, until finally Nick had an orgasm. It was true he usually stayed erect after cumming the first time, but what if he didn't? That would defeat the entire point of trying to arouse him before he left. And if he did stay erect, she almost certainly wouldn't stop then, making him even later. She felt like she had no choice.

With Nick still reeling in confusion, she scooted to where her clothes had been tossed on the floor, and she started putting them back on. She said, "I'm sorry, Son! God knows there's nothing I'd love more than to suck your big fat cock for as long as it takes to get you to cum all over my face! But... not now! That was just to get you horny and confident again. You can't be late! Hillary is waiting for you! You HAVE to go. NOW!"

He seemed lost in a lusty daze. He stared at her with a ravenous hunger, like he wasn't going to stop until he'd fucked her in her mouth, cunt, and even her ass! But he snapped out of it, more or less, and nodded. He tried to talk himself into leaving instead of ripping Maggi's clothes off and ravishing her. "Right. I can't blow it with Anushka. Nothing's more important than that. Focus on my dream. The big picture. I've gotta go!"

"You do. So go!" She waved her hand at him as if shooing him away.

But he just stood there holding his stiff erection. He was lightly stroking. "But you look so sexy. God, I love it when you're completely naked. And I'm really, really horny!"

"I know! Take all that horniness and wow her with your cleverness and confidence. Go! Now! I'll still be sexy tomorrow and beyond. I'm sure my lips will be back on your cock monster soon! Tomorrow, for sure!"

He reluctantly nodded. With a sigh, he pulled his slacks up and tucked his privates away.

He looked to the Prius and seemed to rediscover his urgency to get to the restaurant in a hurry. "Okay, I'm going now. Wish me luck. And thanks for what you just did. You're the best mother ever!"

She chuckled. "I'm too good."

He started the car. "That was exactly what I needed. I'm going to be dangerously horny for a long time after that, thanks to you." He hit the garage door opener button, and the garage door started to lift.

Maggie realized with horror that her naked body would soon be exposed to the street! So far, all she did was put her top back on. She was still naked from the waist down!

True, the sky had grown dark and the odds of someone happening to be out for a walk right in front of their house was infinitesimal, but that didn't lessen her alarm. Gathering most of her clothes, she got up and rushed behind the Explorer before the garage door raised up a few feet.

Nick said, "Oops! Sorry about that! But it looks like you're okay. I've gotta run. Bye!" He pulled the car into the driveway and then made sure to quickly close the garage door. Then, with a big smile on his face, and a throbbing erection in his slacks, he drove off.

Chapter 37: Meeting Anushka (Friday)

Nick kept hearing about Anushka, but he still only had a vague idea what she looked like. He could hardly wait to see her. He knew next to nothing about her, except that she was ethnically Indian, and Hillary thought she was beautiful and claimed she had breasts even bigger than her own.

Nick was fairly convinced that Hillary was lying about that last part. Hillary's breasts were already so large that they were wider than her upper torso. It seemed anatomically improbable to be any more stacked than that unless one was chubby or fat, yet Hillary implied that Anushka had an hourglass figure.

Nick drove a good deal faster than the speed limit in order to make up for the time lost while Maggie had been "inspiring" him on her knees in the garage. With her oral expertise on his mind, not to mention great, fresh memories of events from earlier in the day, he stayed erect and inspired all the way to the restaurant.

Arousing thoughts of Maggie also stopped him from worrying too much about what was going to happen. His great lust really did send his confidence soaring, every time.

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Nick parked the Prius and hurried into the Park Avenue restaurant. Normally, he would have been interested in all the pomp and splendor of a five-star restaurant, but his only interest was in finding Hillary and Anushka. He walked around the restaurant trying to act like he was supposed to be there until he recognized Hillary.

Luckily, he was at a good angle to see Anushka's front side, so he stood back at a distance to give her a quick look over. He was immediately struck by her beauty. *Oh my GOD! She's gorgeous! And stacked! I knew she was beautiful, but I didn't think she'd be THAT beautiful! She's in the same league as Hillary and Ma!*

He tried to get a better look at her breasts, since he had such an interest in big tits. *Whoa! Hillary was right! Anushka isn't just stacked; she's SUPER stacked! Hot damn! She's as endowed as Hillary, for sure. If not more so!*

WHOA! No wonder Hillary's going out with her! If I was bisexual, she'd be way up near the top of MY list!

He couldn't help but notice how dark Anushka was. In fact, he couldn't remember seeing a person as dark-skinned before who wasn't African American. He found her looks very exotic and appealing.

Consciously or not, he compared all women to his mother, and if they didn't at least come close to her beauty and curvy, busty shape, he just wasn't interested. That was an extremely high standard, and only a handful of girls at his high school were attractive enough to turn his head at all. Indeed, Anushka was in a different league than any of them, and only Hillary, Maggie, and Debra compared, at least so far. (Admittedly, he hadn't even taken a good look at most of the girls in the sophomore or senior grades, since the three grades were physically separated nearly all the time on their own floors or buildings.)

Nick decided to try not to be such a tit fiend and try harder to look at the rest of Anushka too, starting with her face. He could save ogling her tits for later, like saving a tasty dessert for after dinner.

She had a stunning face, much like that of a Bollywood movie star. Her facial features were simply perfect. Like Maggie or Hillary, she could have easily graced the cover of a popular magazine because of her face alone. She had sparkling blue eyes and long black hair. He made particular notice of the blueness of her eyes, because he figured that nearly everyone with black hair and dark skin had brown eyes.

Unlike Hillary, who never wore make-up as far as Nick could tell (and didn't need it), Anushka had a lot of make-up on. Her eye liner accentuated the exotic, oval shape of her eyes, particularly at the outer points. She wore long and highly decorative gold earrings. Her red lipstick made her lips look very inviting. She even had a piercing in one nostril.

He was also struck by her very sexy outfit. He could only see her from above the table, but she was showing off a surprising amount of skin. She wore a bright yellow top that covered about as much as a sports bra, if even that much, except that it covered her shoulders too. It showed off a dramatic amount of deep, plunging cleavage! She wore a sari of the same yellow color, but it didn't cover much at all that wasn't covered already by the sports bra-sized top. It was draped over her right shoulder, and swept

dramatically to her left side. But it was thin so it didn't cover any of her cleavage, and it still left her belly button and the rest of her midriff bared.

She knew how to show herself off, because she had a muscular, sexy midriff on display, highlighting her unusually narrow waist, yet unusually wide hips. She had a true hourglass figure, even more so than either Maggie or Hillary.

One thing that struck him was that she seemed to have a jewel of some sort right between her eyebrows. He knew that some Indian women had a red dot there, but didn't know what it was called or what it was about. Anushka, though, looked to have something shining and yellow there instead.

If Nick's penis wasn't erect already, it certainly would have been after looking at Anushka, even though he was seeing her from four or five tables away. He thought, *Damn! What a shame! It's downright tragic that she's lesbian, because she's seriously fuckable! And SO STACKED! I would do her in a heartbeat. No wonder Hillary is going out with her and says she's special. Whoa! She sure is!*

He couldn't see much of what Hillary was wearing because she had her back to him, but he liked what he saw. Her back seemed almost totally bare, except for her long, straight, brown hair falling down over it. He actually had to take a closer look to confirm she was wearing any clothes at all.

He still hadn't been seen by either of them, so he had a chance to recover from his initial shock over how beautiful Anushka was. He did his best to tuck his erection away, although he couldn't entirely hide the bulge in his tight slacks. Coming closer, he looked at their table and saw they must have finished eating and their plates had been taken away. He was glad he'd made it in time, before they left.

Anushka and Hillary were absorbed in conversation, so they didn't notice he was coming until he was standing right next to their table. Although neither of them were smiling, he was relieved that they didn't seem to be upset at each other.

To get their attention, he said, "Hey there! What's up?"

Hillary and Anushka stopped talking and looked his way. Hillary broke into a big smile, but Anushka frowned and stared at him with a critical, narrow gaze.

He stepped forward and held out his hand towards Anushka. "Hi, Anushka, I'm Nick."

Anushka stood up and shook his hand, but she didn't say a word. She generally had a poker face, except that her brilliant blue eyes were glaring at him.

Hillary stood up too, but she didn't give Nick a hug or a kiss, no doubt being sensitive of doing that in Anushka's presence. She was obviously proud to show off Anushka. "She's a beauty, isn't she?"

He replied, "My God, you were not kidding. I mean, I knew anyone going out with you had to be good looking, but Anushka, you're absolutely gorgeous!"

Anushka continued to glare at him. But after a pause, she politely muttered, "Thanks." Then she sat back down.

From his new position, he could see more of what Anushka was wearing. She wore a long skirt of the same exact bright yellow color of her sari and top. It covered most of her legs and her hips, but the hem line dipped down nearly scandalously below her tummy, showing bare, dark skin nearly to where the top of her bush, if she had one, would be.

He also even more startled by the sheer size of her breasts! From afar, he could tell she was stacked, but due to the lighting he couldn't get a good idea of exactly how much. Up close, he realized that her boobs did seem to be even bigger than Hillary's! That was staggering. Hillary's F-cups on a girl her age was a very rare thing, especially for someone as fit and narrow-waisted as she was.

Anushka looked to be fit and narrow-waisted too, but her breasts were G-cups! At least!

He thought, *Sweet Jesus! Mother of mercy! I think I'm in lust! But I've gotta play it cool. She's a lesbian! The absolute LAST thing she'll like is some male perving all over her. Don't look at her incredible rack! Anywhere else!*

He took another look at Hillary, now that he could see her from the front. She wore a shimmering blue and purple dress that was more blue in some areas and more purple in others. The variation of colors and subtle patterns was like a work of art. Clearly, it was a very expensive dress. She looked

much more covered from the front side. But the dress was held up by two straps, and between them there was a truly breathtaking amount of cleavage on display! She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, because the gap in her dress actually went a bit below her huge tits, allowing one to see a small triangle at the top of her tummy.

Thanks to Nick's very healthy libido, he couldn't help but picture Hillary and Anushka making love together. *Wow, that would be so hot! A lot of people would pay some big bucks to see that. That would be just one notch less awesome than seeing Hillary and Ma fully getting it on. Hillary sure knows how to pick the most beautiful girlfriend in town! Excepting Ma, that is.*

He pulled a chair up and sat down between Hillary and Anushka. Then the three of them began to talk.

He had assumed there would be some discussion about their possible relationship arrangement, but there was no mention of that kind of thing whatsoever, at least not yet. Instead, they started discussed the very basic "getting to know you" stuff -- one's hobbies, family, classes, possible friends in common, and so on.

It was a bit like pulling teeth, since most of the information-sharing needed to take place between Anushka and Nick, and Anushka was clearly reluctant to talk to him or ask him questions. Hillary had to assist in drawing her out, and sometimes elaborate her answers.

Nick wasn't enjoying himself. Anushka clearly saw him as competition for Hillary's affections. It looked like she had no interest in being his friend. She wasn't overtly insulting, at least not much, but she was surly, annoyed, disdainful, and kept giving him nasty looks. His erection was long gone, and his shyness was returning.

He remained curious about the yellow dot-shaped jewel between Anushka's eyebrows, and he was desperate for anything to talk to her about. So, during one particularly long awkward pause in the conversation, he asked her, "By the way, excuse me, but I have to ask. What is that beautiful jewel that you're wearing?"

He pointed to the spot between his own eyebrows to make clear what he was talking about.

Anushka replied with great annoyance, "It's called a bindi, idiot! Don't you know anything?!"

"Apparently I don't. Sorry for asking." He decided it was better not to ask her any more questions.

After just a couple of minutes of this, Nick said, "Sorry, but this isn't working. I think that maybe before we try to chat in a friendly way, we need to sort some difficult issues out. Hillary, did you talk to Anushka about, well, you know?"

Hillary replied, "I did. And she agrees!" Hillary smiled.

"Not willingly," Anushka complained. "What choice do I have? It's bad enough having to share my love with you" - she said "you" with contempt, and gave him the evil eye again - "but I have to share her with some college student named Maggie too?! I am NOT happy!"

Nick was tremendously relieved that Anushka had agreed, even though she sounded hostile about it. He decided that he didn't have the luxury to just bask in the great news. He had to act fast to help improve her attitude. So he said to Hillary, "I know this is kind of a strange thing to ask, but can I speak with Anushka alone for a few minutes?"

Hillary was surprised. "Are you sure that's a good idea? I'm pretty sure she's only holding her tongue, kind of, because of the setting and because I'm here."

He nodded. "I'm aware. But maybe it's good if she lets her frustrations out, so we can work on fixing what's bothering her. By the way, I take it you finished eating?"

A worried Hillary replied, "Yeah. We had dinner and dessert too. But there are lots of empty tables, so they're not in a hurry to kick us out."

He nodded and looked around. The restaurant was on the side of the hill, so even though they were on the ground floor, he saw a balcony area on one side of the room. He said, "Anushka, why don't we go to the balcony and talk there for a few minutes?"

"Fine!" She was still staring daggers at him. "Let's get this over with." She huffed with annoyance.

That huffing did some amazing things to her enormous breasts, but for once Nick's penis wasn't even erect to help him enjoy it.

Anushka had been as tight-lipped as possible since Nick had arrived. But as soon as she and Nick walked out of Hillary's hearing range on the way to the balcony, she hissed at him, "Don't you DARE touch me! If you even think about it, I'll rip your arms off!"

He didn't react to that, and just kept on walking.

As they got nearer to the balcony, she said in the same angry voice, "And don't you dare suggest some proposal that would involve you and I being in bed at the same time in any way whatsoever! That is NOT going to happen, so keep your sick fantasies to yourself! I'm 100 percent lesbian, and proud of it! I don't know why I'm willing to listen to you at all. When we get to the balcony, I have half a mind to throw you off it!"

He thought about joking, "You look sexy when you're angry." But of course he couldn't possibly even joke about that. However, it certainly was true that she looked even sexier when she was angry! She was a very passionate woman and it showed.

They came to a stop at the balcony. There were some tables for customers there, but since the sun had long since set, there was nothing to see in the dark, and it was colder than on the inside, none of the tables were occupied. Nick stood near the edge, but not too near, just in case Anushka got so angry with him that she started to take that idea of throwing him off seriously! He briefly noticed there was what looked to be an artificial lake about fifty feet below, off in the darkness, but he didn't care about that. It was an elegant restaurant, for sure.

With Anushka impatiently standing in front of him with her hands on her hips, he said, "Let me be frank. I know you're worried about me. You and Hillary have been dating exclusively for over two months now, and then she starts dating me. That's gotta bother you."

Anushka just sat there, somehow both poker faced and glaring. She wasn't making this any easier for him.

"I want to assure you that you shouldn't worry about me, and here's why. You know Hillary's dating history. She clearly desires both girls and guys, and she can't be satisfied with just one or the other. If you don't let her date

a guy, her desire to do so will eventually grow too strong, and you'll lose her. Between us, I can keep her heterosexual urges satisfied, and you can keep her homosexual urges satisfied. Instead of her keeping her usual pattern and breaking up with you before long, we can both date her for many, many months to come. Who knows how long? The sky's the limit."

Anushka finally spoke. "I know that, you idiot. She and I just spent the last hour plus talking this into the ground. That's why I'm willing to let her date you. That's why I'm even deigning to speak to you now. But that doesn't mean I'm happy about it."

"But you should be. It's the only serious chance you have for a long-term relationship with her, and you know it."

She groaned in great frustration. Her fists on her hips were clenched. She said bitterly, "I've been thinking about this for days now. I've grown resigned to the fact that I may have to share her with you. I'm not happy about it, but I'll do it for the reasons you said. The logic is inescapable, given her personality and dating history. But I'm not about to happily share her with you AND Maggie! THAT'S what I can't stomach!"

He said, "Ah, but that's what makes this whole thing work. The normal male behavior would be if I tried to fight sharing her with you and tried to make her mine exclusively. But thanks to Maggie, I can't do that. I'll be splitting my heart between Hillary and Maggie. I can't expect or demand for her to be exclusive with me, if I can't be exclusive with her. It's the very fact that I'm dating Maggie that makes this work so well! It creates a stable balance. Can't you see that?"

Anushka kept on frowning, if not scowling. But she was paying attention.

He added, "Furthermore, it'll make the sharing easier. I won't be trying to completely monopolize her time or attention, because of Maggie. When you have a private night with Hillary, I'll probably be having a private night with Maggie."

Anushka was still frowning, but she did raise an intrigued eyebrow. That was a point Hillary hadn't explicitly mentioned yet.

"I know you see me as an adversary right now. But we should actually be allies! I'm rooting for you and her to stay together. Without you, I know she's likely to break up with me before long. I need you, and you need me.

And yes, Maggie is a key piece too. Our enemy shouldn't be each other; it should be Hillary's well-known difficulty in maintaining long-term relationships. We need to try to change her whole approach, so she's happy with you and me, instead of always looking over her shoulder at someone new."

She replied haughtily, "Come back to me in a couple of months, and then maybe I'll take you seriously. You've only been with her a week."

"The better part of two weeks, actually," he said.

"Whatever! That's still next to nothing. You're probably just her latest flame."

"Okay, take that attitude if you want, but I think you know that's untrue. It's true that I've only been intimate with her for a short time, but I've had a heavy crush on her for three years now! She doesn't even know about that."

"She doesn't?"

"No. I've told her that I 'kept my eyes on her,' because we were in nearly all the same classes, but that's all I've said. But the truth I'm revealing to you is that I've been in love with her that whole time."

"Love?!"

"Love. Again, I haven't told her that. I didn't want to scare her off by revealing the intensity of my feelings. But I'm sharing this secret now so you'll know how things really are, and how it benefits you. I didn't date anyone during that time because I only had eyes for her."

"Liar! You dated Maggie. Duh!"

"That started during this summer break, with Hillary out of my life for the entire break. But also, as for Maggie, you may not believe this, but I started going out with her in large part so I could go out with Hillary!"

Anushka scoffed, "Yeah, right!"

"It's true! I'd been Hillary's classmate for many years, but I was too shy to approach her. I'd learned everything I could about her, and I'd come to love her. Not just for her looks. Yes, she's very beautiful, but I love everything about her! Her personality, her smarts, her values - everything! It's the same as you. You love her beauty, but you love her inner beauty too, don't you?"

Anushka growled, "Don't try to win points with that sort of talk!"

He persisted, "You know what I mean, and I'm sure you feel the same way about her. I love her! And I'm sure you love her too, because Hillary says you do. With Maggie, I was able to get the sexual and social experience to break me out of my shy ways. And I knew that without that, Hillary would never give me a second look. I'm not some super handsome guy. But Maggie is quite beautiful, and the fact that she was my girlfriend was bound to gain Hillary's interest and make her think of me in a new way. And that's exactly what happened."

He went on, "So my plan was to 'springboard' from Maggie to Hillary. But a funny thing happened along the way: I fell in love with Maggie too! And that's good! Because, like I said, it creates balance for all four of us. If not for Maggie, all I would do is think about Hillary, and it would kill me to have to share her with you. As it is, I have no choice but to accept a sharing arrangement, because I'm asking Hillary to accept that same kind of arrangement."

Anushka pointed out, "I don't have a 'Maggie' of my own. Since I'm a lesbian, I don't have the urge to date girls and guys, like she does. So it isn't really a mirror situation. All I have is Hillary. So I DO think about her a lot. And it DOES kill me to have to share her with you!"

He nodded. "Understandable. Yet you know this is the only way, right? This is your one chance. If not for me, she'd be dating a normal guy who wouldn't want to share, and it would just be a matter of time before she broke up with you. Or, if it didn't happen then, it would happen with the next guy. Or the next guy. The whole situation would be an unstable roller coaster for you. Instead of saying to me 'Come back in a couple of months when I see you're serious,' you should be trying to do everything to make this work!"

She didn't reply, but she seemed to be giving that serious consideration.

He continued, "I'm in this for the long term. Period. I love Hillary. Period. I only have two women in the world I'm interested in or attracted to, and that's Maggie and Hillary. Whether Hillary successfully transitions to long-term relationships or not will largely depend on you and me, and how well we get along. If we're sniping at each other, undercutting each other, or even just not talking to each other, this whole arrangement will prove

unworkable and fall apart. The next couple of months will be crucial. If we can get over that hump, I think things will get easier as time goes on."

He stopped and waited for her reaction. He was proud of himself, because he thought he'd done a good job of overcoming his shyness and making an eloquent and convincing case for himself. It helped that, while he'd lost his erection, he still was somewhat aroused, especially due to Anushka's bombshell beauty and her sexy and revealing yellow sari outfit. She was showing off darkly tanned cleavage for miles!

She pondered his words for some long moments, and then said, "Okay, since you're being so blunt and honest, I'll be blunt too. You're right, I don't think you're just the latest Johnny-come-lately. But that's what worries me the most: that her feelings for you are so strong. The last couple of days, she's been nothing but 'Nick, Nick, Nick.' You're all she talks about. I've been her confidante for years, way before we started going out, and she was never like that with anybody, not even with me!"

He said, "Thanks for your candor. If we can share our true feelings like this, I think we can get a lot done. But I know her desire for me is going to burn bright for a while and then fade some. That's human nature. It won't be 'Nick, Nick, Nick' all the time. I just hope that desire won't fade all the way out. The situation is kind of weird, because I've been in love with her from afar for a couple of years now, so I've had all these strong, bottled-up feelings for her, maybe exactly the same as you, it sounds like. And now my intense feelings are pouring out to her, and she's feeding off that. Things will normalize after a while, I'm sure. Besides, don't sell yourself short. Her feelings for you are very strong. When she talks to me, there's a lot of 'Anushka this, Anushka that.'"

"Really?" she asked. Obviously, she was very glad to hear that.

"Really. She sings your praises, big time!" Actually, that was a stretch. Hillary did talk about Anushka, but not that much. He figured Hillary would have talked about her more, but she was trying not to, to avoid seeming like she was attempting to play her two lovers against each other. Still, he said that because he knew that was something Anushka needed to be reassured about.

He paused, and then added, "Let me say this. From all I hear, you're very good for Hillary. You're remarkably beautiful."

She took a step back, and held her hands up. "Don't even try to hit on me!"

He rolled his eyes. "I'm not trying to hit on you. For Christ's sake! I'm just stating facts. It's important to be honest about this. If you can sincerely claim that you're not 'remarkably beautiful,' I'll eat both of my leather shoes right here, right now!"

She couldn't resist grinning briefly. "I'd like to see that."

He chuckled. "I'm sure you would, but I see you're not making that claim. You're not just the latest girl she happened to be dating when I started to get involved. There's obviously something special going on between you two, and the physical appeal is a big part of it. That's good! Good grief, woman! You're stunning! Your body is ridiculous!"

She wagged a finger at him. "I'm warning you about the flattery!"

"Again, I'm just stating facts, and you know it! I wouldn't be surprised if you're the only girl who could hold her interest for a long-term lesbian relationship. I think she loves you. I really want to be your ally on this, and hopefully eventually even your friend. Not to hit on you! I fully believe that you're lesbian. But so we can be better allies. I want to do all I can to keep your relationship with her going, and going strong. And that's not just because I want to be nice; it's because it will ultimately benefit me too."

She sat there thinking intently for a couple of minutes. She stared out into the darkness.

Eventually, he grew impatient, and asked, "Well? What do you think?"

"I don't know. I'm going to have to think this over. On one hand, your words are reassuring. They make sense. But on the other hand, they're almost TOO reassuring. You're obviously charming, clever, passionate, considerate, and plenty handsome. I'd almost have preferred it if you'd blundered in here like a typical clueless male and treated me like an enemy, instead of charming my socks off. At least then, I'd know how to treat you."

He was really surprised to hear that. For one thing, getting called "plenty handsome" was a surprise. And he certainly didn't think he'd charmed her "socks off."

He said, "I hope you don't really mean that, about hoping I'd be your enemy. We're in a very unique situation here, and it's a big challenge to make it work. Hillary's an amazing woman. I'm thinking that you really love her,

and that you'd have a hard time sharing her with anybody. It would be easy to make the person you share her with the target for your frustration, but I'm not the enemy. I'm a man and you're a woman. I can physically and emotionally satisfy her in a way you simply can't. She wants a man to love. But at the same time, you can physically and emotionally satisfy her in a way I simply can't. She wants a woman to love too!"

She gesticulated, with a pained look on her face, "I get that. I do! I keep telling myself that. That's why I've given her permission to get intimate with you, up to going all the way. It bothers me that she's loving her times with you as much as she does. I burn with jealousy. But I could cope with that. Just barely, but I'd manage. The problem is Maggie too! You say she's beautiful. Hillary's also admitted that she's very beautiful. I'm afraid to see just how beautiful she is!"

Nick admitted, "She's all that. And then some." He didn't want to lie, but he also didn't want to say any more about Maggie's looks than necessary, since that would upset Anushka more. So he figured the vague truth was best.

Anushka raised her clenched fists up and then dropped them down in frustration. "See?! That's what kills me the most! Not only do I have to share Hillary with you, but with Maggie too! I know Maggie's supposed to be straight, but they kissed on the lips today while naked, and how straight is that?!"

Nick said, "I fully understand your concern there. To be honest, there IS some sexual attraction between Hillary and Maggie. But don't be alarmed! I've gotten to know Maggie quite well this summer. Hillary's so beautiful that even straight women are going to be at least a attracted to her. You've noticed that too."

Anushka's face was looking increasingly anguished.

But he quickly went on, "The main fact you should keep in mind is that Maggie's basically straight. She's fallen in love with me. We're getting really serious. She's not going to fall in love with Hillary. Period! It's not going to happen! She's three years older than us, and she's had lots of relationships, and she's never had any interest in women."

Anushka seemed to only get more upset.

That puzzled him. He thought that part would help. But he pressed on, "What's going on between Hillary and Maggie, it's a function of me being there. We're having a lot of fun with threesome situations. They've started taking turns giving me oral sex, for example. That's a big thing the three of us love." He said this despite the fact that it hadn't really happened yet. "The sharing of the penis is fun for them, and then when I cum, I cum over both of them. Then they share that too, by kissing and licking it off each other."

Anushka stuck her tongue out with a sour face. "Gross! That's so disgusting!"

"For you, sure, but not for them. There's physical intimacy happening between them. They're naked and touching and kissing each other. But it's part of a very heterosexual thing. It's mostly about sharing my cum, to be graphic about it. It wouldn't happen if I wasn't there. It pretty much just started recently, but I'm sure there's going to be a lot more of that from now on. And that's actually a GOOD thing for you."

She put her hands back on her hips and glared at him. "You've gotta be kidding me! I'd love to hear you justify THAT!"

"I'm being serious. Look at me." He held her arms up. "Physically, I'm not THAT much of a catch. Hillary could do a lot better, based on looks. I know it. That's a fact, just like you being startlingly beautiful is a fact. Hillary is really into me now, true. I do have some sexual skills. But it's going to be hard for me to keep her sexual interest for a year or more all by myself. There are many other guys who are way more handsome and 'studly' than I am. She and I click on many levels, but the sexual fire needs to be there too."

He continued, "But the threesome thing, that's my ace in the hole! That's something that Maggie and I offer that no one else can offer. The odds of the stars aligning for a threesome situation to work long-term are extremely, extremely small. Hillary really loves it! So as long as we keep doing things like double blowjobs, Hillary is much, much less likely to break up with me. And that means she's much less likely to break up with you. It's a big deal, believe me."

He went on, "Maybe it sounds ridiculous to you, but it's true nonetheless. Like I said, if people stay together in an intimate relationship, there has to

be a sexual fire that keeps burning. Sometimes it's just ordinary sex. But sometimes it's something special, like anal sex, or bondage, or lactation, or some weird fetish. When you find someone who shares that same strange special thing, you're likely to hang on to them for a long time. With Hillary, it's the threesome thing with Maggie and me. She's the secret ingredient!"

He continued, "Not because Hillary is very attracted to her. She knows Maggie is basically straight and thus they would have no future. But having Maggie involved in the threesome, straight sex with me turns it into a very different, and highly arousing, thing. Sharing titfucks and blowjobs and handjob and the like, I honestly think that's going to be the key sexual glue that keeps Hillary and me together for a long time. Maybe you have some special sex act or two like that that's your glue with her."

Anushka turned bashful. "We do." Then she growled, and balls her fists at him, "But I sure as hell won't share what it is with you!"

He held his hands up defensively. "That's fine. I don't need to know. But maybe that helps you understand what's going on here. I know you want to say to Hillary, 'Fine, have sex with Nick if you must, but not Maggie too.'"

"I do! That's exactly what I've said to her already!"

"Very understandable. But Maggie and I work as a package. If you're really committed to seeing this thing through and having a truly sustainable long-term relationship with her, you need to get used to the idea of Hillary, Maggie, and me all being naked together, them sharing my penis a lot, and cum flying all over the place and getting licked up."

"Ugh! Yuck! So gross! I could never be a part of that! EVER!"

"Don't worry! That's totally not your scene. I understand. I'd never ask you to be a part of that, because it's a very heterosexual scene. But that's why you don't have to worry about Maggie. Yes, Hillary and Maggie are bound to kiss and touch each other's naked bodies and the like. A lot! I'm not going to sugarcoat it. But the bottom line is Maggie isn't a lesbian like you. She's simply incapable of falling in love with another woman! And she's already very much in love with me! She's not a threat to you. She's a vital part of what's going to make this bizarre four-person relationship work. In fact, I'm sure it would soon fall apart without her."

Nick was trying to be honest. He didn't know exactly how bisexual Maggie might end up being. He was secretly rooting that she and Hillary would get even more sexually intimate with each other, something he definitely wasn't going to tell Anushka. But he believed that he was being honest in a larger sense, because he was convinced that Maggie was far more heterosexual than she could ever be homosexual. That meant that whatever sex Maggie and Hillary might end up having was just recreational.

Plus, the secret yet vital fact was that she was his mother, which meant they shared a very deep and special love. Nick couldn't possibly imagine Maggie falling out of love with him and falling in love with Hillary instead.

Anushka was silent for a while. She frowned as she intently pondered his words. Finally, she asked, "And what about you and me? Like I said, if you so much as hint that I need to have sex with you to 'stabilize' the 'balance' or some crap like that, I'm gonna throw up! And then I'll chuck you over this balcony!"

To his great surprise, she suddenly thrust her chest out in his direction, while arching her back and keeping her arms pinned back. "Check out this rack! You want to know one of my secret weapons to keep Hillary? How 'bout these G-cup breasts?! And I'm not even done growing yet. I feel a new bra size coming on! See them and weep, because it'll be a cold day in Hell before you get to know what it feels like to touch them! If you ever try, I'm going to smack you so hard your head will land in a different state!"

Nick's penis had grown flaccid, but it suddenly surged back to life. He loved big breasts, of course, and hers were just about the biggest he'd ever seen! He'd seen porn on the Internet where the woman had breasts that were too large for him and actually a turn off, but that definitely wasn't the case with Anushka! Plus, the combination of her remarkable breast size, then her narrow waist, then her wide hips, was even more arousing. It was agonizing for him to remind herself that she was totally lesbian.

Having made her point, she relaxed her pose. She leaned in to him and pointed a finger at him accusingly. "I know you! Hillary says you love big breasts, and the bigger the better! I'm sure you're already thinking that you're so suave and clever, you're not only going to get me to agree to this fucked-up four person thing, but you're going to end up fucking me too! I'll tell you right now that you're sadly mistaken! I have no interest in men.

None. Zip! Nada! So don't even go there! If you try, it's just going to fuck things up!"

He held up his hands in a defensive pose again. "I'm not going to go there! Don't worry! Yes, I'd freely admit that I've noticed you're very beautiful AND very endowed. In different circumstances, I would love to have sex with you. But that would be an alternate universe in which you were straight and I wasn't already in love with Maggie AND Hillary. Men look. When we see a new woman, we basically size her up as 'fuckable' or 'not fuckable.' We still do that even when we're totally in love. But it doesn't mean anything, and I certainly would NEVER try to get fresh with you. No way!"

He pleaded, "Look. I really, really want this to work. I love Hillary. I love Maggie. I have a great and ideal situation where hopefully I'll get to love them both. I'm not going to screw that up for anything. I'll do all it takes to make it work."

She pointed at him again. "Then I expect concessions from you. BIG concessions!"

He daringly said, "Sorry, but no concessions. This has to be a balanced situation. If, say, you get to see Hillary most of the time and I only get to see her a little, that's not balanced. She'd start to resent that, and treasure her time with me more than her time with you. Same deal if she spends a lot more time with me than with you. She'll come to resent me. It has to be roughly equal. When I say I'll do all it takes, I mean I'm going to fight to the bitter end to establish the best situation to make this work for the long-term. If that means I'll have to make sacrifices, then I will. But some sacrifices will ruin the balance, so I'm not willing to do that."

She glared at him, and then suddenly walked away. But she only walked in a circle about ten feet from him and then she came right back. She huffed, and put her hands back on her hips. "You're infuriating, you know that? Everything you say makes sense. I can't defeat your logic. But everything also strangely seems to greatly benefit you. And Maggie. And it leaves me fucking frustrated and suffering!"

He said, "Tell me what it would take to make this situation more workable for you. Ultimately, if you're not happy, it's not going to work. I want you to be happy! As long as we keep the overall balance, I'm glad to make those

kinds of concessions. For instance, what if you and I both want to do something with Hillary next Friday night? I can defer to you at times like that. Just so long as there's an overall balance on the number of nights the each of us spend with her."

"And what about Maggie? Would she get her nights with Hillary too?"

"Are you kidding me? No! Maggie's not looking for a relationship with Hillary, and Hillary's not looking for a relationship with Maggie. Well, except as friends. If Maggie's going to be in a sexual situation with Hillary, it's because I'm there too. It's all about the sharing of the cum and the sharing of the penis and all that."

Anushka let out a heavy sigh. After staring at Nick for some long moments, she said, "This sucks! I feel like I'm getting screwed over here, big time! Two weeks ago, I had Hillary all to myself. And now this!"

He pointed out, "Yes, but in another month or two, you would have lost her. To quote Sting, 'If you love somebody, set them free.' If you try to keep her all for yourself, you're going to lose her. The question is, would you rather keep her all to yourself for a very short while, or dare to share her for a potentially very long time?"

She sighed heavily again. "You know the answer. I love her! I have no choice. I have to try for the long-term dream. I said I needed to think on this, but what's the fucking point? I guess I have no choice but to agree to your fucking stupid plan!" She stomped her foot in frustration.

That set her enormous tits jiggling, but he resolutely stared only at her face. Luckily, her face was so stunning that that was very easy to do.

He grinned. "That's the spirit. You won't regret this. I promise. I know this is really unorthodox, and we're jumping off into the great unknown, but I feel in my gut that it's going to work out. If it doesn't, neither of us will be able to say that we didn't try all we could to keep our love with Hillary going for as long as we possibly could."

She grumbled, "Yeah, I suppose."

He stuck his hand out. "Shake on it?"

She gave him an annoyed look. "You definitely have some chutzpah. That's for sure. But fine." She stuck her hand out, but didn't quite touch his. "However, if there's a big conflict on a key night, I get to be with her."

He replied, "Just so long as there's balance. For instance, if you get first dibs of a Friday or Saturday night with her, I'd get the one you don't want."

"Fair enough. And, if I'm unhappy with anything for whatever reason, you'll work to make it better, because you said that if I'm unhappy this arrangement won't work."

"Right. I'll do all I can. This is a living experiment. Unexpected surprises and challenges are going to come up. But if you and I work as a team and truly cooperate, we can overcome all obstacles. You and I, we don't have to like each other at all. It would be nice and helpful, and I'm going to try to befriend you, but it's not an absolute must. In any case, we do have to do our best to cooperate and make this work. Agreed?"

She started to bring her open hand to Nick's, but again, she pulled back at the last second. "Wait! One other thing. I still haven't given you permission to go all the way with her!"

Nick dropped his hand. He stared up at the ceiling and exhaled heavy. "Crap!" Then he looked back at her. "But we do have permission to do everything with her short of that, right?"

"I suppose." She pursed her lips unhappily.

Nick was secretly pleased. Not being able to fuck Hillary yet was extremely frustrating. But he was confident that would happen soon, and that it wouldn't take long. If nothing else, Hillary would put pressure on Anushka until she gave in.

He considered it much more important to win the concession that Anushka couldn't limit what Maggie and Hillary did to each other, at least short of penetration there too. He'd been very careful about that issue during this entire discussion, since it was highly upsetting for Anushka if Hillary were to get sexually intimate with another woman. She might not have fully realized it, but she was agreeing for Maggie and Hillary to get very intimate with each other indeed.

He asked, "Just when would you give that permission? If you keep holding it back, then we're not going to have the necessary balance to make this work."

She put her hands on her hips. "Look. I'm not an asshole. I know that's the one thing Hillary craves most from a male partner. If she's not getting that,

she's not going to be happy, and I want her to be happy, despite the pain of having to share. But first I want to make sure you're not some kind of con artist who's screwing me over with this deal. If you're everything you say you are, I'll give that permission soon. And who knows? We might even come to tolerate each other."

"Okay. Fair enough. Agreed?" He stuck his hand out for a handshake again.

"Agreed."

They shook hands.

As soon as Anushka took her hand away, she said with a concerned face, "I can't believe I just agreed to all that! And right after Hillary hit me with all kinds of shit I had to agree with. This has been a double whammy of a terrible evening for me."

He said, "You feel that way now, but in six months, you'll be looking back and feeling very, very glad that this evening happened, because it allowed you to stay with Hillary for all that time and beyond."

She shook her head. "I sure hope so. Boy, if I go through all this and she dumps me in a month or two anyway, I'm going to come looking for you!" She pointed a finger at him threateningly.

"Don't I know it! Remember, our enemy is Hillary's trouble staying in committed relationships, not each other. Together, I want to see this arrangement last all the way to graduation. At bare minimum! I'm going to share another secret to you I haven't told Hillary or anyone else yet: my ultimate dream is to be with Hillary and Maggie forever! If that means I'd have to share Hillary with you forever too, I could totally live with that, if that's what makes Hillary happy."

There was a long silence as Anushka pondered that. She stared off into space. Then she made eye contact, and examined him closely. "'Forever?!'"

"Forever. And if this four-person thing works, then I'll want to keep that going forever too. Because if it ain't broke, don't fix it. So that means 'forever' for you too."

She stared at him critically, "I get that. But that would also mean you're with Hillary AND Maggie forever! Just who the hell ARE you?! The fact that you've captured Hillary's heart as much as you have is startling enough. But you say Maggie is very beautiful too, and you've captured her too! And

then you want to have them as co-girlfriends for years?! Maybe forever?! Do you know how IMPOSSIBLE that is?!"

"Yes, but that's also what makes it work. It's like I was saying about finding someone who has the exact same weird fetish as you. Like, imagine you're a grown man and you can only get aroused while wearing diapers. Then you find a woman who also is only turned on by a man in diapers. You two would stick together like glue because you're almost certainly never going to find another like that! That's how I feel things are with Hillary, Maggie, and me. Yes, it's basically so improbable to be practically impossible to get a viable threesome relationship going. But now it has, and it works for us, we're going to stick together like glue! And you're actually part of that glue, precisely because Maggie is straight, not lesbian, so Hillary needs YOU!"

Anushka said, "I get all that. You're repeating yourself. Although hearing you say that does make me feel better. But such things don't 'just happen.' The three of you didn't fall into it like you fell into a whole. What the hell happened?! As you point out, Hillary could find a more physically impressive guy than you. But she's with you. What's your secret? And you some kind of fucking mind controller or what?! I'm seriously puzzled!"

He said, "It's like I said, how I was trying to 'springboard' from Maggie to Hillary and ended up with both. Luck was involved, believe me! Lots of luck! But also..." He paused and bit his lip.

"What?!" She asked impatiently.

"I wasn't going to bring this up, because you'd accuse me of trying to come onto you. Do you promise not to do that?"

She put her hands on her hips, which was a very sexy pose. But then again, every pose was a sexy pose, with her body. "I'll reserve judgment until you tell me. But I'll try to be tolerant."

"That's the best I can hope for, I guess. You see... I think my penis size has a lot to do with it. It's not super long, but it is really wide, and apparently that makes a lot more impact on a woman's pleasure. You probably know that from using dildos and strap-ons and whatnot. Furthermore, I seem to be naturally blessed with sexual stamina and recuperative ability. The bottom line to all of that is that I can offer them a lot of sexual pleasure. Maybe the greatest sexual pleasure they've ever had."

He added, "That's another thing that should be good news for you. Because I can offer Hillary better sex than almost any other man, so she's less likely to break up with me. And, just looking at you, I'll bet you can offer her incredible lesbian sex too. So she's less likely to break up with you. Stability! Balance! Hillary's a remarkable woman, so she deserves remarkable partners. I may not look like Brad Pitt, but if I leave her very satisfied that's the main thing, right?"

There was another long silence as Anushka thought all that over. She finally said, "Sheesh! You're skating on thin ice! That comes very close to you basically saying 'I'm so awesome that you should try sex with me.' But... I can understand why you said it. That DOES explain a lot of the mystery of how you could win two bombshells like them and even have them willing to share you. So I guess I won't throw you over the balcony just yet."

She grinned at that last comment of hers.

He grinned too. "Note to self: next time I talk to Anushka, don't do it near a balcony!"

She laughed, then tried to squelch it before she finished laughing in the natural way. She glared at him. "But see? Obviously your penis size and all that doesn't explain ALL of why they've fallen for you. Clearly, you're clever AND charming! Too damn clever, if you ask me! I can't BELIEVE the things you made me agree to tonight!" She poked a finger in his direction. "You're dangerous! That's what you are. Dangerous!"

He didn't know what to say to that strange combination of compliments and warning.

She added, "That joke is another example, showing your humor. So you're funny too, which is even worse!"

He said, "No, even better. The more impressive I am, the more Hillary's likely to stay with me, and the more things will be stable for her to stay with you. Besides, you're funny too, like your comment about how you won't throw me over the balcony just yet."

She glowered, "Yeah, but the difference is I'm not joking about killing you!" But then, after a perfectly timed pause, she broke into a big smile.

He did a double take as he realized that was a joke too. "Damn! You got me! Nice! I can totally see why Hillary is in love with you. First, you look

the way you do, which I won't get into detail about for fear of castration-"

"Smart man!" She grinned impishly.

He resumed, "Plus, you clearly love her and will fight hard to keep her. And you're smart. I can see that just from this one conversation. And, we've been talking seriously so there hasn't been much chance to show it, but I'm seeing at the end here that you can be quite funny and charming too. So what more could Hillary possibly want in a lesbian lover than you!"

She growled at him. "Ugh! You're too much! I'm actually enjoying talking to you, which I never thought I'd do in a million years! And you've got a silver tongue with all these compliments."

"Hey. I'm only telling you the truth. I can see you're a good judge of character. You'd know right way if I wasn't being sincere."

"UGH! See?! You're doing it again! You really are a case! Please, go, already!"

With a smile, he concluded, "Don't worry, I'm going. You and Hillary still have a long evening ahead of you. Turn this frustrating evening into a magical one. Have some fantastic make-up sex with her!"

Anushka sighed heavily. "Have you figured out what you want to do for a living yet?"

He was startled by that random question. "No. I figure I've got a few years before I have to start to decide. Why?"

"You should go into sales. You could sell snow to the Eskimos!"

He chuckled. "I'm no salesman. It's not me, it's just that this is a plan I strongly believe in. It works and makes sense. You'll see. Plus, my love is driving me, pushing me way out of my comfort zone. I'll do anything to win Hillary and keep her. Like talking to you. That wasn't easy."

Anushka sighed. "I hope you're right. And I also hope I never have you as an enemy. You ARE dangerous!"

Sensing their conversation had come to a good ending point, he said, "Can you do me a favor and not tell Hillary the secrets I told you?"

She asked him with a twinkle in her eye, "Like you're not just a very big dick, but you're secretly in love with her? Or how you've been in love with her for the past few years?"

"Exactly. I sense you're a nice person, and an honorable person too. So I'm trusting you with those secrets. I hope we'll eventually reach a point where we'll be able to share other secrets if it can help us maintain whatever want to call this four-person network of relationships."

She pouted, "Drat. I was going to tease you about blackmailing you, but you just took the fun out of that. Don't worry, you can trust me with those secrets. I don't fully trust YOU yet, though!"

"Understood. That will take time. But I'm going to prove myself worthy of your trust. You'll see."

The two of them walked back to where Hillary was sitting, looking bored. As they got close, Nick remembered the lake in the darkness below the balcony, and playfully asked Anushka, "By the way, when you were going to throw me off the balcony, were you going to aim for the lake or the land?"

She merely replied, "As if you have to ask!" She laughed.

He chuckled at that amusingly enigmatic answer. *Man! I really like this Anushka! So fucking hot and stacked! AND she's passionate and spunky! Maybe it's a good thing she's lesbian, because I don't want to mess up the impossibly great thing I have going with my two dream girls, and it would be incredibly tempting to push my luck by trying to rope her in too.*

Hillary perked up when she saw them coming. She asked, "What's been going on?! You two have been talking intensely for a long time. I've been peeking from here. But I didn't see any yelling or fisticuffs, so at least that's good."

Nick said, "I think we've come to a good arrangement that'll work for us all. But I've probably overstayed my welcome. Anushka must be sick of me by now. So I'm going to go, and I'll leave it to her to explain things to you, okay?"

"Okay." Hillary beamed, delighted beyond words that Nick and Anushka seemed to have reached some kind of arrangement.

To Nick's surprise, Anushka stood up to see him go. She held her hand out to shake his hand again.

Nick shook her hand, and said, "It was very... interesting to meet you."

Anushka responded, "It was interesting to meet you too. Let us hope that the meaning of 'interesting' isn't in the meaning of the ancient Chinese curse." Seeing Nick's quizzical look, she explained, "The saying is 'May you live in interesting times.' Think about it."

Nick smiled. Letting go of her hand, he said, "I don't have to, I see what you mean. Hopefully things won't get THAT interesting. Goodnight Anushka, Goodnight Hillary." He turned and left.

He was frustrated that he left without even kissing or hugging Hillary goodbye. He didn't want to press his luck with a show of affection in front of Anushka. He figured that was probably a good thing, especially since his erection had come back with a vengeance from simply looking at Hillary and Anushka together in their remarkable outfits and even from shaking Anushka's feminine hand.

He was sorely disappointed that Anushka was lesbian. He loved Hillary and Maggie with all his heart, but he was young and horny, and he couldn't help but fantasize.

He was extremely pleased at how that encounter had gone, overall. He knew he'd never been that articulate or convincing before. He felt that his love and passion for Hillary and Maggie had guided him and boosted his confidence, allowing him to make the strongest case he possibly could.

When he came home, Maggie was waiting for him. She was dressed in her "suburban soccer mom" clothes, and she made it clear that no hanky panky was allowed. (She'd masturbated in her bedroom while he was gone to burn off her sexual frustration, since she'd had to break off the blowjob before he left.)

She went to his bedroom with him and they sat a safe distance apart while he told her everything he could remember about what he'd said and done.

Maggie was extremely pleased at how well he'd done. The temptation to sexually reward him was nearly overwhelming. But she was steadfast in her determination to maintain her Margaret persona at home.

So, instead, once he finished talking, and she finished congratulating him, she went back to her bedroom and masturbated herself until she tired herself out so much that she fell asleep.

Nick did exactly the same. He came twice into a sock. Then he slept the sleep of a truly satisfied man. He felt more than ever before that all his greatest Maggie and Hillary plans and dreams were coming true.

Chapter 38: Nick's First Pussy Lesson (Saturday)

Maggie found herself sitting on an airplane. She was in the window seat, and Nick was right next to her in the aisle seat. In addition to their two seats, there were three seats in the middle, and the two more seats on the other side. All those seats were occupied, as were nearly all the rest in the airplane.

Maggie had no idea why she and Nick were on a plane, or where they were going. But that didn't matter, because she was completely naked and she had Nick's erection in her hand! Nick was fully dressed and casually reading a magazine, but his pants were opened wide at the undone zipper, giving Maggie access to his cock and balls. Even though Nick seemed fully absorbed in the magazine and wasn't paying her any mind, she couldn't seem to stop stroking his cock! Nor could she see any sign of her clothes nearby. She was the only naked person on the plane that she could see, but nobody seemed to be paying her any attention whatsoever.

Maggie was beyond ashamed at her situation. Her face was burning red with shame. But she was aroused beyond belief too. She didn't even consider stopping her stroking of Nick's throbbing cock, and in fact she brought a second hand-over to caress his balls too. But she very much wanted to do something to cover her nudity. However, there was nothing to do. She looked around her seat and she couldn't find a blanket or even a pillow.

She decided to duck down. But the only way to lean down was towards Nick's lap, and she wound up "ducking" right into his cock! Somehow, she found herself licking it. Then, less than a minute later, she craned her mouth open wide and started to bob on it. It was already dripping with cum and saliva, so she figured she must have been bobbing on it a good deal already.

She closed her eyes and concentrated on sucking and licking. That allowed her to pretend she wasn't buck naked on a crowded airplane! Her whole world became his cock. Well, mostly. She couldn't entirely forget where she was, and that kept her face burning with shame and humiliation. But it also kept her pussy burning too!

Nick kept on reading his magazine. Maggie actually could feel the bottom of it brushing the top of her head at times. But occasionally he absent-mindedly ran his hands through her hair or even down her back. However, his constant moans of pleasure showed how much he was enjoying her oral talents.

Maggie was annoyed that he was so busy with his magazine. She went all out, using her hands, lips, and tongue, and every trick she could think of, to get him to at least pant hard and stop reading.

She was making some progress when she heard a voice.

"Excuse me, sir. Would you like something to drink?"

Maggie was horrified. She realized from the polite and friendly tone of voice that had to be a flight attendant coming by to take everyone's drink orders. How could this woman not notice Maggie's nudity and what she was doing? It was impossible! She wanted to pull up, but that would only multiply her embarrassing situation.

Nick said, "Um, yeah. I guess I'll have an apple juice."

The attendant said in a totally unperturbed voice, "Good choice. They say if you drink juice instead of milk or soft drinks, your cum will taste sweeter. And what would your mother like to have?"

Maggie was so horrified to hear herself referred to as Nick's mother that she popped her lips off Nick's cock and pulled up to stare incredulously at the attendant. "What did you say?!"

The beautiful attendant, who Maggie didn't recognize, just smiled patiently at her and said, "I was just asking what you'd like to drink."

Maggie saw that the attendant was looking down at her big, bare breasts, so she covered them up as much as possible with her arms and hands. "What?! No, I mean what you said. 'Mother!'"

The blonde-haired Scandinavian-looking attendant still didn't seem even slightly fazed. She shrugged. "Oh, I just assumed you're his mother since you're obviously sucking his big cock and not wearing any clothes."

WHAT?! Maggie thought. That doesn't make any sense!

Nick had put his magazine down, and he was looking amused and also not at all bothered by the interaction. His cock was sticking straight up, defying

gravity through sheer lust.

The attendant noticed that. She smiled, reached down, and held Nick's boner in her hand. She said brightly to Maggie, "And what a lucky mother you are. Your son's cock is exceptionally thick! No wonder you're been sucking and stroking it since we were on the runway." She started ostentatiously stroking it up and down.

Maggie couldn't believe what was happening. With her huge breasts as covered as well as she could manage, she leaned forward to look past the attendant as best as she could and see how the other passengers were reacting this. But none of them seemed to care. Even the older man sitting directly across the aisle from Nick didn't lift his eyes from his Economist magazine.

Maggie was startled again when the attendant asked her, "Do you mind if I...?" She didn't know what the sexy attendant was talking about, but she shook her head to show she didn't mind, whatever it was.

The attendant gave her a grateful smile. She dropped to her knees in her tight attendant outfit, right there in the aisle. She looked around conspiratorially, and then said to Maggie, "It looks like the others are going to have to wait a little while on their drinks. I want something to drink too: your son's cum!" Then she opened her mouth wide, engulfed Nick's cock, and started bobbing on it.

A red-faced Maggie was shocked all over again. But she was also annoyed. *That's MY son's cock! It's MY job to keep it stiff and throbbing, thank you very much!*

Forgetting about keeping her breasts covered, she crossed her arms under her massive rack and huffed in annoyance while she watched the attendant's blonde hair bobbing up and down.

Nick turned to Maggie with a shit-eating grin. "This is my favorite airline!"

Maggie rolled her eyes. She said bitterly, "I'll bet."

But she was shocked again when she looked back at the attendant and saw that her hair had turned from blonde to brown when she'd been looking up at Nick. The brown-haired head came up and the face was Hillary's! She still wore the attendant uniform, and she was in the exact same kneeling pose, but somehow she'd become someone else.

Hillary said, "Don't worry, Maggie. We'll share. Don't we always?" She smiled warmly. "Here, it's your turn next." She reached out, put her hand on Maggie's head, and pulled her back towards Nick's stiff cock.

Maggie immediately got busy bobbing some more. But she didn't know what to think. She was so extremely aroused that she couldn't stand it. But she was still feeling extremely humiliated and confused too. Having Hillary there and sharing in the cocksucking at least meant she had someone to sympathize with her. But she didn't understand anything. How did the attendant turn into Hillary? What happened to her clothes? Why did nobody, not even Nick, think any of this was odd in the slightest?

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Just then, Maggie woke up.

She bolted up in bed, her eyes immediately wide open. Her heart was racing and she was panting hard. Her body was tingling with arousal, especially her nipples and pussy, her face was flushed. She thought, *A dream?! That was just a dream?! Phew!*

She looked around her bedroom to confirm that this was reality. The sun was shining in through the windows. She checked her clock and saw it was time to wake up anyway. *Shit! That's a relief! But still, what a fuckin' weird dream. But then again, I've been having a lot of those lately.*

That was true. She'd been having dreams of this nature every night, for days now. During the last night alone, she'd had several other sexual dreams that featured both Nick and Hillary, and usually lots of cocksucking and female nudity. The difference was that she hadn't fully woken up, so she didn't remember them clearly. But this airplane flight dream stuck vividly in her mind.

She laid back down and closed her eyes again, so she could try to remember it. Despite its strange and humiliating nature, she even tried to go back to sleep and resume the dream where it had left off. She could put up with the strange situation if it involved lots of cocksucking! But she was far too wired and aroused to get back to sleep.

So, instead, she had a long masturbation session where she completed the dream as best she could in her waking mind. Back on the plane, Hillary soon wound up naked too. After the two of them took turns cocksucking

and titfucking Nick's cock for a long, long time, Hillary climbed up on Nick's lap, and impaled herself down on his fat boner. She joyously and very vocally bounced on his thick pole until he finally came inside her.

At that point in the fantasy Maggie had her masturbatory orgasm in real life. Once she was sexually satiated, she finally opened her eyes for good and got out of bed.

She staggered off to take a shower. Since she'd taken sole possession of what used to be the master bedroom she and Andy had shared, she had her own bathroom.

She felt guilty and upset. As the cool water poured down on her, she thought, *Fuck me! That was a fucking crappy dream. Why did it have to be all weird like that, and on an airplane, no less?! Does that represent some subconscious desire of where I want to end up? Constantly naked, horny, and permanently attached to Nick's big cock?*

Well, if I put it that way, it sounds pretty good, actually! She chuckled to herself. *But it's fucked up too. Why all the humiliation? Nick was smug and taking me for granted. And why the hell was I naked in the middle of a crowded airplane?! That can't be healthy! And what's the worst of all is that I continued the dream in my mind even after I woke up.*

Sure, that dream was hot as hell, but it was also a cautionary tale. That's what's going to happen if I don't get my act together and put some limits on my sexual desires. I'm losing all perspective. It's only been a week since I've started getting serious about pleasuring Nick's cock, and my life is spinning out of control!

She contemplated calling off Nick's cunnilingus lessons planned for that morning. However, she decided she couldn't afford to do that. She figured that the hand-over goal was all important, and she needed to get her act together and her willpower together so she could get him able to perform at least competent cunnilingus for Hillary. If he didn't, the entire hand-over plan could be in jeopardy.

However, she decided, *It's better if I limit herself to just that one sexual encounter with him for the entire day. I don't know what's going to happen at Shannon's party, but I hope that it will be a normal party where one just mingles and meets new people, so no, or at least very little, hanky panky can happen there.*

I feel better after making that decision. It's like I've been riding on a wild roller coaster ride, and my cart is in danger of flying off the track. I pretty much overdosed on cock lust yesterday. I don't regret it, but... I need balance in my life! I need a couple of days to just be in Margaret mode, and only Margaret mode. Then I'll be able to move forward again on Tuesday, the next time I'm supposed to go into Maggie mode. But I'll have to make it through Nick's cunnilingus lesson and the party first.

However, she was lying to herself. Hillary had already strongly suggested to her that there would be opportunities for the three of them to sneak away from the party crowd to have some serious sexual fun together. That was the main reason Maggie was excited to go. But she conveniently forgot about that now, to better justify what she was going to let Nick do to her pussy soon as an exception to her generally having some willpower and boundaries.

She ended up masturbating before she got out of the shower. She figured that if she was going to give the cunnilingus lesson, it would probably take place soon. The more she could exhaust herself sexually now, the more in control she could be during the lesson. At least, that was the excuse. Her thinking was guided by the fact that she was still very horny.

But there was some validity to her plan to calm her lusty desires through frequent masturbation. She dressed and came downstairs to make breakfast. When Nick came in to join her and Andy in the kitchen and dining room area, she found that she was able to maintain her "Margaret mode" and not get suspiciously excited. That was very encouraging for her.

However, from time to time, she would still have thoughts like, *Sure, the point of the lesson will be getting him to know his way around a pussy. But that's going to make his big fat cock hard and stiff. VERY stiff! And it would be cruel to leave him like that. Which means I may well end up with his thickness in my mouth!*

Calm down, woman, calm down! You're in Margaret mode! Andy's right here! This is NOT the time to think about the pure joy of wrapping my lips around his hot, throbbing cock monster and going wild with my tongue! And caving my cheeks in to really give it to him with the most powerful suction yet!

Yep, that's what I can't think about right now. So stop it, already!

She managed to keep those thoughts at bay, mostly, but there was a big smile on her face and a skip in her step.

When Nick came downstairs for breakfast, he saw Andy watching CNN on the dining room TV and eating a muffin. He walked to the kitchen and took a close look at Maggie, from her head to her toes. She was thoroughly dressed, with even her arms covered. That was somewhat overdoing it, given that it promised to be a sunny, warm day in Southern California.

His heart leapt to his throat when his gaze made it all the way to her feet and discovered that she was wearing high heels! And not just any high heels, but bright red, five-inch high stilettos! *Sweet! No way! I was hoping, but I didn't want to make any assumptions. Those red heels mean cocksucking! Soon! She's told me that herself!*

Maggie watched him watching her, and felt butterflies in her stomach when she saw his eyes widen when he noticed her high heels. After he looked back to her face, she glanced over to make sure Andy was focused on the TV, then gave Nick a wink. She turned back to the counter where she was preparing some food.

She thought, *I shouldn't wink like that, since I'm in Margaret mode. I'm so baaaaaad! But what's the harm? It's just one wink. And it's so hard not to get excited. Sport knows what these heels mean! Mmmm! I can almost taste his creamy seed already!*

With the three of them eating breakfast together, Andy mentioned that he had a plan later in the day to go watch some college football on TV with some friends. He asked Maggie if she could drive him to the friend's house where they were gathering.

This was a big relief for Maggie, for two reasons. For one, she was glad that Andy was actually getting out of the house and starting to socialize with friends some. Luckily, he was an avid football fan, and he had some friends who were just as big on the sport as he was. They often got together to watch football on Saturdays and Sundays. Andy had generally watched football and other sports by himself for the last two years. But now that it was September, football season was getting in swing, and it looked like Andy was feeling social enough to watch the games with his friends again.

The second reason Maggie was glad to take Andy to his friend's house was that it meant he would be gone when she gave Nick his pussy touching

lesson. She couldn't have the lesson at Hillary's place, since it was being kept secret from Hillary, and any other place outside the "firewall" around the house was dangerous. The only obvious spots were the sun roof or the garage, if Maggie wanted to keep her vow to always stay only in Margaret mode inside the house. If she chose either the roof or the garage, it would be less stressful if Andy wasn't there.

After careful consideration, she decided to choose the sun roof. Since she sunbathed there nearly daily, she'd come to make it her own, and she felt comfortable there naked. It was turning into another typically beautiful day in Orange County, and she thought it would be a shame to be hidden in the dark of the garage instead.

The house was on the top of a gently sloping hill, with enough elevation so she didn't have to worry about anyone easily seeing her in the nude up there. In the many months since she'd started tanning in the nude, she'd let the trees grow wherever that could help increase the privacy. Furthermore, she'd installed some small fences where the trees failed to provide cover. So one could walk around in parts of the sun roof area without being seen, although she usually preferred to sit or lie down on a lounge chair just to be on the safe side.

The only concern was making a lot of noise. However, it would take loud screaming before any neighbor was likely to notice.

When Andy watched football with his friends, they usually watched two games back to back before they got their fill of excitement and beer. On Saturdays, there were so many college games on various channels that they always had games to choose from. That was good, because it meant Andy would be gone a long time before he would call to be taken back home. Even better, he wanted to be taken to his friend's house at ten in the morning, so Maggie and Nick didn't have long to wait.

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Once Andy had been dropped off, Maggie found Nick and took him up the stairs to the sun roof. They were both fully dressed. There already was an obscene tenting in Nick's shorts, because he was dying of anticipation.

She was so excited that she was on the verge of trembling. But she was maintaining an outward calm, mostly to fool herself into thinking she had more willpower than she actually did.

She held up her hands in a halting gesture. "Hold your horses, Sport. I'm sure, now that I've dropped Andy off, you can guess what we're going to do next."

"The pussy pleasing lesson!" he said enthusiastically.

"Correct. But first I'm making a new rule. As you can see, we're technically on the house, not in it. That puts us outside my inviolate firewall. This is a lot nicer than the garage, so I thought we could do it here."

"Sweet!" He raised his fists in triumph.

She chuckled. "However, before you get too excited - whoa! What are you doing?!" She interrupted herself because she saw him unzipping the fly to his shorts.

He explained as he unbuttoned his shorts and let his boner bounce free, "I'm getting more comfortable. Aren't we-"

"Stop! Hold your horses!" She stared intently at his fully exposed hard-on. *God, how I love my son's gorgeous cock!* She unthinkingly licked her lips. *It's going to be in my mouth soon! But not yet! Things must be done in their proper order. I really do need to train him!*

Gathering her wits, she continued, "You just stand there and let me finish, please. Now, as I was saying, yes, we're using this area here today, but that doesn't mean you can just come up here with me any time you need relief. For... for that!" She pointed at his turgid erection, which was poking towards her like a flagpole. Except it angled down some because its thickness made it quite heavy. "Just like the garage, this can only be used in an emergency, on special occasions, when we don't have any alternatives."

She went on to explain the security issues with noise and standing up too close to the sides of the sun roof area. Her heart was racing faster and faster, and her pussy was wet already, but she was determined to do things right now, so they could have plenty of sexual fun later without much trouble or worry.

Also, she felt she had to be much more controlled than usual, even while she was in Maggie mode, so she wouldn't lose all control and end up getting fucked by her own son.

Finally, while still repeatedly licking her lips and talking more to his protruding boner than his face, she said, "Okay, if you understand that and

agree to abide by everything I've said, then I'm going to take off my clothes now. BUT! And this is crucial: do not start kissing and touching me all over immediately. We're going to be CALM and CONTROLLED about what we do here. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma."

"That's Maggie to you, buster." She'd been looking stern, but she finally broke into a smile.

It only took a few seconds for him to pull his already unzipped shorts down his shorts, and he left his T-shirt on as usual. That left him standing there brazenly holding his boner while he wanted for her to get naked.

Maggie arousal level soared still higher as she realized she'd just been put in a position to put on a sexy show for him. As she licked her lips some more, she complained to him, "Look at all these layers of clothes I have on, and you're done already. I'll bet you think that I'm going to do some kind of slow and seductive striptease for you, while you stand there and stroke your big fat cock!"

She said that even as she began a slow and seductive striptease for him, while he stood there and stroked his big fat cock. Her mouth was salivating like crazy, because it was hard for her to think of anything but how it would feel to have her lips sliding up and down his throbbing shaft again.

She spent the next five minutes taking her clothes off. She wished she'd thought to put some music on, because it really was a striptease, and she'd never performed one in her life. Being outside on the roof made her extremely embarrassed, and the silence made that feeling even worse. Her face blushed cherry red. But she felt some compulsion to perform for him and titillate him that couldn't be denied.

She pulled her top up and got her bra off first thing, because she knew how much he loved the sight of her evenly tanned, round E-cups. Once those were fully exposed, that actually gave her confidence to continue, and with more verve, because that made her more aroused still, and her boldness rose along with her arousal.

Soon, she was completely topless. But she spent more of the five minutes teasingly pulling her panties and dress down her legs. She would pull them

down together but then act like she'd changed her mind and pull them back up, covering her pussy lips, to prolong the experience.

So far, she hadn't said a word, because she was so very humiliated, and worried that any talking probably would only humiliate her more. But when she turned around to bend over and show off her bare ass, Nick couldn't resist saying, "Ma! Jesus Christ! Your ass is so fine!"

Maintaining that pose, she turned back around to face him, while acting like she couldn't pull her dress down her legs any faster than a crawling snail. That meant her huge globes were dangling down enticingly. She lifted her head up enough to stare at his boner and his fingers sliding on it. She said, "Son, watch what you're doing! I do NOT want you to cum now, because that'll ruin the whole lesson. And I object to you stroking your own cock at any time. Now that you have Hillary AND me under your thumb, you should leave that to one of us. Or both of us at once!" She kept on salivating and licking her lips.

For some reason he couldn't understand, hearing her say "under your thumb" knocked his arousal level up another notch. He took his hands off his boner, because he was worried about getting too close to cumming even before the lesson began.

Maggie soon had her remaining clothes down below her knees. She liked to stay bent way over, because it was a good way to show off her ass and tits, with different angles resulting in different visual delights. It also made her feel vulnerable and even helpless, and that turned her on too.

Furthermore, it caused her to frequently notice her red high heels. Just seeing them and thinking about them make her pussy gush, because they had already become so linked to cocksucking in her eyes.

Nick thought the pussy lessons would start right away, but Maggie said he'd do better if he didn't have an erection to distract him. So she first insisted that they put suntan lotion on each other so they wouldn't get burned. That took a very long time, and Nick's cock and Maggie's big breasts seemed to get extremely well covered.

But her argument about using that as a delaying action so his penis could go flaccid was an absurd premise. For starters, he was never going to go soft while she was standing buck naked in front of him. Then, getting to run his hands all over her body kept his hard-on throbbing with need. By the time

she was done, she was not only gloriously naked, but glistening and shining from the oily lotion as well.

Then it was his turn. She insisted that he had to take his T-shirt off after all, because keeping it on would be problematic with her body all oiled up and the rest of him oiled up too. Plus, she pointed out he could work on his all-over tan some too, and Hillary would appreciate that. She reminded him of his alleged willingness to do anything to help his seduction of his "dream girl."

He couldn't argue with that and took his shirt off. That left both of them completely naked with the significant exception of her sexy red high heels.

Once she started applying to lotion on his body, her excuse about this being a delaying action to give his penis time to go flaccid broke down altogether, because she kept one hand on his cock nearly all the time, sensuously stroking it. She made very slow progress applying the lotion with her other hand, since nearly all her attention was on his cock.

It seemed the only time she wasn't jacking him off, she was deliberately rubbing other body parts directly against his boner, such as wonderfully stimulating him by grinding one of her ass cheeks against it. That felt even better because by that time, both their bodies were shining in the sun from all the slick suntan lotion.

Eventually they ran out of excuses, and Maggie ran out of willpower. Still pumping a hand up and down his boner, she told him, "I can't start the lessons with you in this condition! It'll be way too distracting. And the suntan lotion only seems to have made matters worse! Your cock is just so HUGE and gorgeous! I'm going to have to resort to more drastic measures to tame this beast!"

Ironically, after covering his cock so carefully, she then took a wet washcloth and wiped his boner free of any trace of the suntan lotion.

Then, after getting Nick to lie down on one of the two lounge chairs under an umbrella to provide shade, she proceeded to give him a very prolonged blowjob.

They had lots and lots of time, since Andy was gone for the duration of two football games. As much as Maggie was excited to have him touch and play with her pussy, her desire to suck his cock was even stronger.

At one point, during one of their many short breaks, she told him, "This may not seem necessary, but it is. It's part of your training too. And mine."

"Oh yeah? How?" He was kicking back with both hands behind his head. He couldn't believe how stunning Maggie looked with her skin oiled up from head to toe thanks to the lotion. She looked much more like a wanton porn star than a mother in the middle of suburban nowhere.

She grinned naughtily, since even knew her excuse was just that, an excuse. "First off, Hillary is going to suck your cock a lot! Did you see and feel her passion yesterday? Now that she's started, she's going to want it all the time. Believe me, I know the feeling. So you have to get better at getting your cock sucked. There's a real talent to that, especially when it comes to prolonging your already remarkable endurance!"

He joked, "It's a tough job, but someone's gotta do it."

She smirked sexily, then went on, "Plus, she thinks I'm a true cocksucking queen! She thinks I've sucked you hundreds of times! Which I would have done, for sure, if our intimacy began at the start of summer like our cover story says, but you know that's not the case. So I've got to really up my game to live up to my suck queen reputation! I hope you're in no hurry to go somewhere, because this could take a long time. The more practice, the better!"

His smile practically split his face in two. "Believe me, I'm in no rush! Especially with you looking like that!"

"Like what?" She asked coquettishly, while she resumed holding and stroking his boner in anticipation of ending their little break.

"Like you!" He took his hands from behind his head to gesticulate with emotion. "I told you recently that you're hotter than any Playboy Playmate of the Year, and I believe that! Gaawwwd! You have such a hard body! You could be on the Swedish Olympic volleyball team, except you're way too tanned all over to be Swedish. And I don't think you could ever make the team because your gigantic tits would get in the way!"

He continued, still gesticulating, "But it's not just that! You're oiled up like a Greek wrestler, and you're shining in the sun like you're made out of chrome! On top of that, you're up on all fours between my legs in a deliberately provocative position where I can see your huge fun bags

swaying, when it would be easier and more comfortable for you to lie down. Not that I'm complaining! Jesus! And then, on top of all THAT, seeing you holding and stroking my boner with your mouth close enough to breathe on it does things to me! How could thing get any MORE arousing?! It's impossible!"

Her heart soared from all the compliments, especially the Playmate of the Year one. She just smirked and smiled, and said, "I disagree! What if I do some more of this?!" She engulfed his cockhead and resumed her bobbing.

"Gah!" He clutched her head with both hands. Despite the fact that he'd just been supposedly taking a break to give his cock a chance to calm down, he wound up even more horny when the break ended than when it began.

He didn't cum though. Not then, and not for a very long time. Although Maggie ostensibly was merely trying to make him cum so they could get on with their lesson, the last thing she wanted was to get him to cum, and he felt the same way. She generally went a lot slower and easier on him to try to make this the longest cock pleasuring session he'd ever experienced yet.

Maggie's cocksucking went on so long that she varied it up with a titfuck or handjob at times, just to give her mouth a rest.

After more than half an hour, Maggie wound up lying down between his legs - staying on all fours eventually grew tiring - with her enormous tits wrapped around his thick shaft and her ruby red lips wrapped around his cockhead.

She found herself thinking, Pleasuring my son's cock is HARD WORK! UGH! This is seriously tiring! When I think back to the time I practiced on that Nick-sized dildo on Wednesday, I almost have to laugh. Now, THAT was an ordeal. I could barely last ten minutes, and it was unarousing and miserable. But I've been sucking him so long today, and it's endless bliss! Yet his cock is just as thick as that dildo. Somehow doing it on him makes all the difference. Well, the well-timed breaks are key too.

The titfucking is another key lifesaver, for sure. It got to the point where I just ran out of energy to suck and stroke, even considering that I've been taking things at a much more relaxed pace than ever so. But it's kind of a mixed blessing, because half the time, I can't resist titfucking him AND bobbing all of his fat knob too, like I'm doing now! It's even MORE tiring!

But who the fuck cares?! This is heaven on earth! I'm so happy that I can't even say! There are a few tears on my cheeks, and yeah, they're from the sheer physical difficulty of doing the titfuck/blowjob combo, but they just as easily could be from the joy!

This is what being a "good slut" is all about. Yes, we're here for the pussy lessons, and that's very important. We WILL get to that, for sure. But what's the rush? We literally have hours and hours, and there's just SO MUCH COCK to take care of!

The only thing that stopped them was that, eventually, after well over half an hour, Nick reached a point where he'd been fighting the urge to cum for so long, and squeezing his PC muscle for all that time, that he ran out of energy to keep fighting. He simply tapped his mother on her bobbing head and announced, "It's time!"

During all her sucking and titfucking, Maggie had been thinking a long time about where she wanted his cum the most. Straight into the mouth was definitely out. There were times she greatly enjoyed that, such as if she didn't want him to make a mess, but this wasn't one of those times. So it came down to face vs. tits.

She eventually concluded that her son was so virile that she didn't need to make that choice at all. She sat up and kept jacking him off while directing the first ropes of his cum eruption onto her face. She carefully aimed him so he nailed every single part of her face. But she knew from experience that he still had a lot more cum to give, especially with this being his very first orgasm of the day. She redirected his cock to her chest and aimed to make sure he thoroughly cover every inch of her immense tit targets.

She sat up and back, and looked at herself. "Sport! Look what you've done to me! It's simply SO MUCH CUM! I see it, and feel it, but I can't believe it! It's INCREDIBLE!"

She laughed with pure joy. She swiped a finger down her cleavage, and wound up with the finger completely soaked in pearly white cum. She held it up in front of her face. "Look at this! Just look at it! I know I just said this, but... SO MUCH CUM!" She laughed. She sucked that finger into her mouth and let out a long, satisfied moan as she savored the taste.

After pulling her finger out, she smiled her pearly white teeth at him. "Son! Isn't this fun?! You're so virile! The only thing that has me sad is that

Hillary isn't here with us. Maybe next time. I'm sure we'll spend many, many, MANY weekend hours with BOTH her and me oiled up and lying naked in the sun between your legs, slurping and lapping on your cock together!"

He actually had to complain, "Ma! Don't say that! I'm too horny already! It feels so sensitive that it almost hurts!"

She looked down at his boner. After his orgasm, she'd let go so she could glory in looking at, and consuming, all of his cum splattered on her body. She gasped loudly when she saw that his dick had never gone flaccid.

Her eyes widened, and she pressed a hand against her very cummy tits, as if she was in danger of having a heart attack. "SON! This is even MORE incredible! When you say you always cum in twos, you really meant it!"

She'd left a bottle of water by the side of the lounge chair, having anticipated that it would be a very long suck session. She muttered, "Hold on. Mustn't get dehydrated. Drink your drink too!" She took a long swig of the water.

He picked up his drink and sipped on it. She was spoiling him rotten, because she'd given him a big glass of pineapple juice, which a straw to help drink it. He didn't realize it, but she'd done some research in recent days and found out that pineapple juice did more than other liquid to improve the taste of a man's cum. So, as far as she was concerned, he was taking "cum fuel" in through his mouth so she could suck it out of his balls later.

She crouched back down into just a sucking position. She held his boner and resumed stroking it straight away. She looked up his body, and said, "Son, I told you that we need to get your overexcited cock to calm down before we can start the pussy pleasing training. I don't want you so very horny that you're tempted to do naughty, forbidden things with me! That still holds true even after you've cum, since you didn't go soft."

She lapped her way around his cockhead a bit, and then kept talking to him as she licked. "So... you don't mind if I suck you and titfuck you a whole lot more?!"

He took another sip of his drink, then said, "Ma, I think it's safe you NEVER have to ask me that question! YES! So much YES! Very, very,

very YES!"

She laughed. She loved that answer, because it matched her enthusiasm. "Good!" She looked at his boner even as she kept on licking it. "Gaaaawwwwd! This is going to be a challenge. My jaw is soooo sore! And my tongue is all tired out! UNGH!"

He said, "Ma, you don't have to do this if you're tired! We've got tons of time until Andy needs to be picked up. Why not take a rest for a while?"

She spoke with renewed determination. "No! This is very important to me. Son, I'm in Maggie mode. While I am, I'm your good slut. Your busty, wanton, shameless slut! A good slut is a good cocksucker, first and foremost! She has to push herself to please her man!"

She kept lapping on his sweet spot while staring intently up into his eyes. "Sport, you won me! You won me! Thanks to your clever fake girlfriend scheme, you won me, and Hillary too! It's time you reap the rewards! I can't be in Maggie mode all the time. But when I am, you damn well better believe that I'm going to do everything I can to show how much I love you short of actual fucking!"

That left him nearly speechless. "Oh, Ma! I can't even..." He reached out and ran a hand through her long blonde hair.

She felt a shiver race up and down her spine. She loved it when he stroked her hair while sucked him. "Mmmm! Son, now, you just kick back, you sexy, cocky, well-hung bastard! And enjoy the fruits of your victory. You've made me yours! This body belongs to YOU now! This is proof positive that brains win out over beauty. So you just lay there and think about how fucking good it feels to be such a clever bastard that you've turned your 'Playmate of the Year' mother into your personal cocksucking SLUT!"

With that, she took a deep breath then engulfed his cockhead again. She started bobbing and stroking him with renewed energy and resolve.

For the first few minutes, it was touch and go if he'd cum again, because she'd worked herself up to a fever pitch with her own words. It seemed that the more she fell in love with sucking his cock, the more her sexually submissive side came to the floor. She hadn't planned on telling him things like "This body belongs to YOU now!" because she didn't want him to know just how much she adored serving his cock, for fear of him getting a

big head (and not the "big head" she wanted!). But sometimes her lusty fire burned so brightly inside her that it was as if she couldn't control her mouth.

Happily for both of them, she certainly didn't want him to quickly cum again, despite her claim that she was doing this to get him flaccid for the pussy touching training. Eventually, her energy surge ran out of steam and she settled down for a more relaxed and sustained sucking session.

This second time was even more of an endurance marathon than the first time. Her jaw was already sore, so she had to resort to "merely" licking and stroking him sometimes, or more pure titfucking, instead of the titfuck/blowjob combo. They also took more breaks, and longer ones. To make up for her tiredness, sometimes she would crawl up on him for a long make-out session while she still kept a hand working his stiff cock.

Luckily, her tongue seemed to have almost endless endurance. It seemed she was licking his cock the vast majority of the time, even when her lips weren't sliding on him at the same time.

At one point, well over half an hour since he'd had his first orgasm, she found herself thinking about her situation as she bobbed and licked him some more. *Aaaah! This is what it means to be a "good slut." This is what it means to be Maggie! Margaret is a stick in the mud. And she's got a stick up her ass. She's no fun at all!*

But Maggie... she's not a common slut, a bad slut. She's very loyal! In fact, she only has eyes for her handsome son! But when it comes to pleasuring and pleasing him, she's a very, very GOOD slut! She spends most of her time naked and kneeling between his legs, with a sore jaw! There's nothing she won't do to show him how much she loves him with her body, and especially with her big tits and her mouth!

Ungh! God! This is bliss! And the best part of all is that Hillary feels the exact same way I do. If she were here with us today, she be pushing me harder and I'd be pushing her harder. The best kind of friendly competition. And, Good God! We would do so much to his motherfucking cock!

It was a full hour of non-stop cock stimulation since his first orgasm before she got Nick to cum a second time. Like that orgasm, she had him cum on her face and tits. And also like that time, he blasted a remarkable amount of cum on her body.. However, she had to wash herself clean shortly thereafter because the first load had been drying and getting gross.

Plus, it was finally time for them to get to their lesson, now that she's actually "tamed" his penis and managed to get him to go flaccid. She didn't want all of his cum on her skin to distract her from her lesson.

Both of them got up to use the nearest bathroom and freshen up a bit. Technically, that was a violation of her "firewall," since she strolled through the upper floor in just her red high heels and with an almost ludicrous amount of cum on her face and chest. But she told herself that didn't count, since the sun roof had no bathroom and it was one of the rare times Andy wasn't home.

A couple of minutes later, and after they'd drank a lot more of their drinks, they returned to the exact same positions they'd been in before. Nick laid back down on the lounge chair, while she sat up on it right next to his lap. She patted his flaccid penis. "Okay, we've taken care of that. It took longer than anticipated, but I can't say I didn't enjoy it." She winked, and wiped her chin just to make sure it was clean.

Nick laughed. "Best. Mom. Ever!"

She wagged a finger at him. "Hey. Remember I'm Maggie now."

He replied, "I know. But you're kind of my mother all the time too. We both know that. And it almost brings tears to my eyes when I think what you did to me, and for how long. That was, like, an hour and a half! I can't believe it! I literally can't believe it! It was soooooo great! I'm so full of love for you right now. I don't know what to say!"

She smiled radiantly under the shining sun. "Well, believe it, buster! I think we're already had some serious talks that included Hillary where we agreed that we're less your 'girlfriends' and more simply your 'sluts!' This is what that means! This is what you get for achieving your dream with your two 'dream girls.' And yes, I know I'm one of your dream girls too, so don't try to deny that." She gave him a saucy wink.

She switched to more of a business mode. "Anyway, we'll talk more about that later, if you want. Right now, I'm in precious Maggie mode time. Luckily, Maggie knows a lot about how you can impress a girl with your pussy pleasing skills. So let's get started. Are you ready, or am I going to have to blow you for another hour?"

His eyes lit up. Clearly, he was trying to decide if he could get his penis erect again soon.

She rolled her eyes, and laughed. "Forget I said that! You really are a case!" She idly fondled his penis, even though it was flaccid. "This thing is far too naughty!" She chuckled.

Then she managed to let go of it, and focused. "Okay, here we go. Before we get to the practice session part, let me give you some general advice. In my opinion, the biggest mistake a clumsy lover makes is he's impatient."

He raised a hand. "Out of curiosity, how would you know this? I'm kind of having a time-out with Maggie to talk about your real Margaret past. You married Pa so young. Didn't you only ever have sex with him?"

"Yes. He started out not knowing what he was doing with oral sex. Me too. It took a while for the two of us to kind of blindly stumble together onto how to do it better. So I learned from that. But also, women talk to each other. I kept hearing the same complaints about what guys do wrong, so I'm passing that wisdom onto you. Capiche?"

He nodded.

"Good. Now, like I said, the biggest problem is impatience. Guys want to go for the jugular. Straight to the rubbing and pulling on the clit, or straight to plunging fingers into a woman's slit, or maybe both at once. Get her to cum right away! But that's not what women want. Luckily, you're not a 'three minutes and done' guy. You try to make the sexual pleasure intense and prolonged for your women, don't you?"

He felt a lusty chill just from the casual reference to him having "women," plural. It was thrilling because it was true! He said, "Definitely. The way I figure, the more you give, the more you receive. Like, I noticed that while you sucked me all this time, for well over the last hour, you kept fingering yourself from time to time, I think I counted five orgasms you had. Am I right?"

She replied with surprising embarrassment, "You noticed that?! I thought I was so quiet!"

"You were. Very quiet. But I could feel your body trembling. I could even feel your lips trembling around my dick, because you were sucking me off

most of those times. All of 'em, I think, in fact. That made it pretty hard not to notice!"

She grinned impishly. "You got me. Actually, I came seven times. Twice when I wasn't sucking you."

"Seven?! Wow! That makes me feel so great! See, even though I didn't really do anything to you at all, I was going to mix things up and do whatever it took to make sure you have a great time. Because if you do, we'll do that a lot more. And if you don't, well, we won't. And it makes me super psyched every time I can make you cum."

She smiled widely. "That's a VERY good attitude, kid! No wonder you have TWO slutty girlfriends already!" She chuckled.

He went on, "Yeah, but as I discovered, it's not all about the orgasms. The main thing is if we both have a really great time, the whole time. An orgasm is awesome, but if you measure pleasure, there's more pleasure staying right at the edge of a climax for a longer time. And when you do that, it's much more powerful when you finally cum. I know that's true for me, but I'm thinking it's probably the same for a woman."

"Exactly! It IS the same with a woman. A few big cums with a long, long buildup is better than if she has lots of small orgasms, in my opinion. Your goal shouldn't be to make a woman cum right away. Instead, try to work her up first. Get her seriously hot and bothered with foreplay. Do you remember when you talked to Hillary on the phone the other day and you didn't give her permission to cum?"

"Sure. That was epic! So much fun!"

"It was. You hit upon a great thing there, because you titillated, teased, and even tortured her before she came. So when she did, it WAS epic! That's what you should be with fingering a pussy or cunnilingus. If she's starting out 'cold,' meaning she's not already hot to trot after sucking your cock for a long time like I just did, or something like that, that's when you really have to be careful. Start out by NOT touching her labia or clit at all!"

He frowned in confusion. "Excuse me? What's the point of that?"

"Aren't you listening? Build-up. Foreplay. Start small and work your way up. Her entire body is fair game. Touch her sensuously everywhere. Even running your hands lightly over her arms and legs will give her goose

bumps if you do it right. It's about anticipation. It's about tension. Start further out and work your way in. Caress her inner thighs, her skin above her clit. Touch the sides too. Everywhere BUT where you and her really want to go. 'Good things come to those who wait.' Remember that."

He nodded. He was paying very close attention. He wanted to get as talented at this as he possibly could. Maggie and Hillary were doing wonderful, amazing things to his penis all the time. He wanted to give back as much as possible. Not being able to touch either of their pussies had been a big limitation, but that was lifting.

She said, "Okay. Then once you finally do start homing in, continue to be slow and gentle. I'm assuming we're talking about a time when you can take a while and do it right, by the way. Think of all the afternoons you'll be spending at Hillary's place with nothing but hours and hours to have fun with her perfect naked body! Why rush? Do like I did with the oral sex I just gave you. Keep the fun buzzing along a good long time, and THEN end it with a big finale!"

He nodded again.

"Okay, good. She'll be so grateful that she'll turn the tables and she'll show you how much she loves you by sucking you cock with more passion than ever before. Especially if she's me!" She winked.

His eyes widened. That was a tantalizing hint that she might let him play with her pussy well after this lesson.

"Now, come closer to me and learn what you're dealing with. Do you know the names of all the parts?"

He sat up on the lounge chair.

She also got up on her knees right in front of him with her entire body on the chair. That put her so close to him that his dick probably would have touched her body if it had been erect.

He pointed closely at her pussy as he talked. "Sure. The whole outside part of the vagina is the vulva. The large, soft outside lips are the labia majora, and the thinner, inner lips are the labia minora. Right above that is the clitoris, which is like a mini-penis for a woman. There's a ton of nerve endings there, making it super sensitive. It's covered by the clitoral hood

most of the time. Right underneath it is the urethra, where the pee comes out. Then below that it the slit I can stick my fingers in."

She was genuinely surprised. "Good! Were you doing a little Googling recently, knowing this was coming?"

He grinned shyly. "A little. Although I knew all that already. This is a big area of interest for me."

She had a good laugh at that. "I'm sure it is! Remember that stuff, in any case. Now, look at me. Let's reposition some more."

Both of them got off the lounge chair altogether. They she laid down on it, face up, and with her legs spread wide open.

He crawled up between her legs. They had essentially swapped places from when she'd been sucking him.

He was in awe, and he repeatedly gulped as he stared. Normally, such a sexy sight would have made his penis erect fast. But a big downside to him usually cumming twice in a row was that it often was hard to get stiff again quickly for a third time.

She said, "Feel free to look at my pussy all you want, up close. Study it. But don't touch it yet. Remember what I said about caressing around it first. Explore my legs, thighs, and tummy."

He scooted up even more, then put his hands on her, one on each thigh. "I'm good at that part already, aren't I?" He was brimming with excitement.

She chuckled. "You are. Too good! You make me far too horny far too often. But that's another story. Just explore."

He took his time to explore, but he followed her advice to start out touching the rest of her body first.

As the minutes passed, his fingers circled in closer. His eagerness grew the closer he got to her clit and labia.

Her excitement was growing too. But she tried hard to keep herself together, since she was the teacher and she really wanted him to get good at this. No doubt, it would be to her own benefit, because she knew he'd be playing with her pussy a lot from now on. All he needed to do to make that happen was reassure her with his behavior that he wouldn't fly out of control and try to fuck her.

She said, "Okay. I think we're ready for the next step. Watch me unhood my clit. See? Sometimes the hood will move out of the way on its own, but not all the way. So I help it along a little bit like this. See?"

She continued to show and explain. She would pull her labia and indicate how she liked it done. Then she'd have him do it. She'd hold her pussy open and then have him take a turn. And so on. Bit by bit, she made him understand and know how to touch her in just the right way.

This was the first time he'd been able to touch her pussy, and it excited him tremendously. Still, he forced himself to stay calm and only touch her where and how she told him to.

After a while, she said, "Okay, you're doing good. But what are you forgetting?"

"I don't know. What?"

"The rest of my body! With you, if I did nothing but yank on your cock for an hour, you'd be a very happy camper. Let's be honest: anything else is a nice bonus, not a vital part of keeping you aroused. But with a woman, you want to make it a whole body experience. A woman's body is complicated. If you touch her one place, it would help stimulate her elsewhere. Just because I'm letting you touch my clit and pussy now doesn't mean you have to ignore everything else."

"Sorry, Ma. I mean Maggie. It's just that I get so excited!"

"You do. And that's great. A good attitude is key. But what about my nipples, for instance? You know how much I love nipple play, especially your magic touch, but you haven't touched them yet."

He quickly brought a hand to her nearest nipple and started twisting it, but not as aggressively as usual.

She said, "There's some kind of special connection between the nipples on one hand and the pussy and clit on the other. If you touch one, it's almost like you're touching the other one too. You're starting to know what my other erogenous zones are, like the backs of my knees, or the nape of my neck. Even my underarms. Don't ignore them either. Make this a whole body experience! Then you'll really drive Hillary wild!"

He grinned as his hands started to wander. "And you too, I hope."

"I'm just showing you the ropes for Hillary. Well, mostly. Don't expect that I'll let you touch me here all the time." Even as she said that, she was almost certain it was bullshit. Still, she didn't want to raise his expectations too high.

She taught him how to gently pet her pussy lips. She advised, "Right now, as far as I understand, you're still not allowed to penetrate Hillary very far. You can play with her clit and pussy lips, but you can't plunge your fingers inside her. Is that true?"

He sighed. "Unfortunately, yes. As far as I know, that is. We didn't talk about changing her restriction except a general agreement that she shouldn't stop me from fucking Hillary for long, if things keep developing with Hillary and she wants me to fuck her, that is."

Maggie laughed, like that was an absurd comment. "Oh, she will! Believe me, she will! Son, she's like a bitch in heat for your cock! If you had permission to fuck her today, she'd be clawing her back as you hammer her balls-deep!"

He felt woozy from hearing that. He ran his hands through his hair, trying to regain his wits. "Whoa! That so... intense!"

She reached out and comfortingly stroked one of his upper arms. "Don't worry. I know you must be overwhelmed as you start to realize just what it means to have won two sexy sluts, but it'll all work out great. Actually, maybe it's a good thing you can't fuck her yet, so you'll have some time to mentally adjust."

He sighed. "That's probably true. But whether that's the case or not, I'm not happy that Anushka gets to make the call, not me. I think she's still holding back on letting me fuck Hillary so she'll have a way to control me for as long as she can."

Maggie ran a hand up and down his arm supportively. "That's okay for now. Look at it as a plus, because not only might you not be fully mentally ready yet, but you might not be at your best physically either. By taking things sexually with Hillary one step at a time, you'll come across as a very talented lover each step of the way. And, of course, your other slut can give you secret training like this, so she'll think that you were a masterful lover all along."

She momentarily tingled with arousal as she thought about her possible "responsibility" to let Nick fuck her as part of her lessons to improve his sexual skills. But she quickly dismissed that as just her libido talking.

He nodded. "Yeah. Maybe so. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to win Hillary for the long term. If that going slow, then so be it."

"Good. Good attitude. Now, since you can't probe inside her pussy yet anyway, we'll save learning about the G-spot and other 'inner mysteries' for another day. The fact is, most women prefer more finger and tongue contact on the outside than the inside. You've gotta go where the sensitive nerve cells are, and the epicenter with that is the clitoris. By far!"

She touched her own clit and lightly diddled it. "Remember that it basically has ALL the nerve cells of your penis, but shrunken down to this size. It's SO sensitive that you have to be careful not to go overboard. Less is more. We'll talk more about that later."

He nodded. He was an eager student.

She said, "Now, you won't be using your tongue on me today."

He griped, "I won't? Oh man! That sucks. Why not?!"

"Because I want you to master this. Plus, I don't want you to get me too worked up. Although I'm Maggie right now, we both know I'm something else to you too. Frankly, you get so worked up, practically into an overwhelming sexual frenzy, that I worry you might not stop once you get going."

He said, "Ma! I promise! I promise so very, very much that I won't do THAT!" They both knew he was talking about fucking. "If you've ever trusted me on anything, trust me on this! Please! I want to go down on you so very much!"

She thought, *Dammit! This is so hard! Son, it's not so much that I don't trust you, although I do have my worries. It's more that I don't trust me! But I can't tell you that!*

She merely smiled benignly. "Maybe next time. One step at a time is good enough. Remember, you just said you're doing this for Hillary and you'll willing to go as slow as it takes."

He sighed heavily, defeated by his own words. "Yeah. I guess."

She told him, "Don't worry. What you learn to do with your fingers will pretty much teach you what to do with your tongue anyway. Have you heard of the alphabet trick?"

"Sure. That's where you spell out letters by licking their shapes with your tongue."

"Right. But there's no reason you can't do that with your fingers too. The key is variety. It's just like when I'm sucking or stroking your cock. Sure, a steady certain rhythm is fun for a while. But eventually, it's good to vary things up. Keep things interesting by changing up what you do. That's what the alphabet trick forces you to do, but you don't really need it if you're constantly creative anyway."

He nodded.

They went back to more tactile learning methods. He continued to play with her pussy and clit, and she continued to advise him. Once she suggested something, he'd try it out on her body right away. They were both having a great and highly arousing time.

He was a quick learner. The only thing he was having particular trouble was her clit. He kept wanting to touch and manipulate it too much.

She had to tell him, "Like I was telling you, it's easy to overdo it with the clit. Think of it as the dessert, not the main course. For instance, try circling the clit while stroking my labia."

He immediately started doing that.

She sucked in her breath and whistled in appreciation. "That feels really good! Or try blowing on it. That can drive me wild if you do it at the right time. Or tap on it. The point is, don't twist and pull it roughly all the time like you do my nipples. Every female body is different, but I can guarantee you she won't like that. Imagine if you took ALL of your nerve endings in your big cock and shrunk them down to that little nub. A little clit attention goes a long way."

He did a lot better after that. He got a pretty good reaction from blowing on her clit, and he did that a lot. He also liked how that put his face very close to her pussy, allowing him to imbibe the pungent sexual smell coming from it. But he was very careful not to bring her tongue to it. He was trying hard to prove to her that he could control his sexual passions.

By this time, his penis had recovered and it was fully erect.

Maggie was aroused, but she wasn't as aroused as she thought she might be, because she took her teaching role seriously and that distracted her. Plus, she realized that as much as she was enjoying it, she wanted to suck his cock a lot more. It would have been different if he could lick her pussy too, but she was adamant on not allowing that just yet.

The time came when she said, "Okay, I think you're getting the hang of it. I think it's time for an advanced lesson."

"What's that?"

"A limited sixty-nine. We'll adjust one of these lounge chairs until it's totally flat. Then we'll lay side by side, with our faces at each other's crotches. Thus it won't be as intense as having me on you or under you, but it'll be close. You'll be able to continue practice what I've been teaching you. No mouth on me though! Remember that. Be good, and you'll get a more advanced follow-up lesson soon. Meanwhile, I'll have fun with your cock, and I WILL use my mouth!"

His face beamed upon hearing that.

She was all smiles too. She was proud of her cleverness, because if this worked she could have her cake (teaching him to pleasure a pussy) and eat it too (suck his cock). She said, "Sixty-nines are great. They're a win-win. I think you'll be doing a LOT of those from now on, maybe even in a chain since you have two sluts, so it's good if we practice this too."

He asked, "'Maybe even in a chain?'"

"I mean you could, say, end up licking Hillary's cunt while I suck your cock. Or vice versa. I'll bet that sort of thing will prove very popular!"

He breathlessly exclaimed, "I'll bet that too!"

They got down to practicing that limited sixty-nine, and practice they did! Knowing that they didn't have to worry about Andy or the time, they kept right on practicing and practicing. Nick was very careful never to lick her pussy, despite the great temptation, because he still figured it was more important to earn his mother's trust with this. She bobbed and licked him at a slow and lazy pace, both to help prolong the joy, and so he wouldn't get so overwhelmed that it wasn't able to continue the pussy pleasing.

She was beginning to develop a significantly different "slow and lazy" sucking style. It involved a lot less lip and hand work, and a lot more tongue work. Typically, her lips would slowly slide back and forth over his sweet spot, but without much suction or rhythmic variety. Then she would focus on what her tongue could do. She was experimenting all the time and getting increasingly creative and dexterous with her tongue. She knew not only would she be sucking him in the "slow and lazy" way a lot from now on, but her improved tongue skills could help when she sucked him in the usual way.

After a long while, and without him cumming again yet, they took a break for lunch. Maggie had thought ahead while waiting for Andy to leave, so she'd already made sandwiches and drinks and brought them to the sun roof so she wouldn't have to leave Maggie mode for even a minute, if she could help it. However, they both had to take bathroom breaks again, and those minor "firewall" violations couldn't be helped.

Even during lunch, they stayed naked and couldn't stop touching each other.

Once they'd finished eating, Maggie announced it was time for them to reapply the suntan lotion to each other, or they could get sun burns, even though they stayed in the shade nearly all the time.

That resulted in very little suntan lotion application, but a lot of general kissing and fondling, and lots of handjob action. But, for a change, he was able to play with her clit and slit too, so long as he didn't push his fingers inside.

By and by, they finally got their bodies covered with the lotion. So they went back to more sixty-nine practice.

After a while, when Maggie got tired from sucking his cock non-stop for many minutes, she pulled her mouth off his hard-on and asked him, "So, how do you like playing with a woman's pussy?"

"I love it!"

"Does it live up to your expectations?"

"Definitely! I love it especially when I make you cum. That's the best!" Already, he'd given her two nice climaxes with his finger play. He was very proud of that.

She asked, "Do you really mean it, or are you just saying that?"

"Oh, I totally mean it. I love everything about the female body. I can't stop touching it. At least when it's a sex bomb body like yours or Hillary's, I could literally get off from just touching and caressing and kissing for hours!"

She chuckled. "I can believe that. Easily!"

He went on, "And making you cum is great. I swear, I get as much pleasure making you cum as I do from cumming myself?"

She asked skeptically, "Really? THAT much?!"

"Well, almost," he conceded. "But I mean it!"

"If what you're saying is true, that's very good. I think you're sincere, and that attitude is going to make a lot of women VERY happy. The biggest key to being good at pussy play and cunnilingus is enjoying it. If you're just doing it because you feel obliged, she'll feel that reluctant vibe and it'll make it twice as hard for you to get her off. But if you have the eager attitude you've shown today, it's almost like you can do no wrong. But check from time to time to see how she's doing. I've got some secrets I can teach you on how to 'check her pulse,' as it were."

She went back to sucking his cock while he went back to her pussy mound. They were having such a fantastic time that they were in no hurry to stop. Maggie had her cell phone nearby, just in case they were still at it when Andy called to be driven back home, as improbable as that seemed. They were being careful to stay in the shade so they wouldn't get too much sun.

Now that Nick had mastered the basics, Maggie could continue to give him advanced tips from time to time. She could see his skill steadily improving. The lesson really was working. And it was a hell of a lot of fun for the both of them!

However, Andy wasn't the only one with Maggie's cell phone number. Hillary called while Maggie was getting close to making Nick cum for the third time. She talked to Maggie, but said she mainly called her to reach Nick, since he wasn't answering his cell phone.

So Nick sat up on the lounge chair and took the call. "Hi, Hillary!"

Hillary's voice sounded happy and friendly. "Hi yourself. What are you up to?"

"Oh, this and that." He chuckled at being so deliberately cryptic.

Hillary laughed. "I'll bet. Does it involve you and Maggie being naked?"

"As a matter of fact, it does." He looked down at his lap. Maggie had gone right back to sucking him off! He ran a hand through her long blonde hair. He noticed though that she would pause all her mouth movement every time it was Hillary's turn to talk, presumably so she could hear what was being said.

Hillary laughed some more. "I'm sure! Anyway, the reason I'm calling is that Anushka is over here, and we've been hanging out too. Also without much in the way of clothes."

Nick could hear a distant voice on the line. "Hillary!" That was Anushka's voice. Obviously, she was listening in on the call, just as Maggie was listening in.

Knowing that, he was grateful that he luckily hadn't mentioned yet that Maggie was actively sucking him off. He'd been saving that for a surprise later in the call. He assumed Anushka would think that was "gross."

Hillary laughed at Anushka's complaint. "Don't mind her. Anyway, Anushka and I got to talking. We'd like to meet with you today and just talk some more. She doesn't want to admit it, but I think she was kind of impressed with you last night, in a weird way."

Nick could hear Anushka protest hotly in the background, "I was not!" He was secretly blown away that he was hearing that while he ran his fingers through his mother's hair as she steadily bobbed on him. It was all too surreal!

Hillary laughed yet again, at Anushka's protest. "Like I said, don't mind her. Anushka still isn't exactly your number one fan, but she's agreed that it would be worth it to try to hold an amicable conversation so we all can learn more about each other."

"I'd love that. I think that's a great idea!"

"Cool. Normally, we could all talk at Shannon's party tonight, but Anushka can't come, since I'm holding off on making it widely known that I'm bisexual so people can get to know me better first without putting a label on me, as I explained to you before. I was thinking about a 'getting to know you' kind of meeting between the three of us. Somewhere on 'neutral

ground' where you and I will be forced to keep our hands off each other, since Anushka wouldn't like to see that. Do you have time to meet? I'm thinking about a restaurant or coffee shop."

"Sure! That sounds great. Can Maggie come too?" He lovingly patted Maggie's bobbing head. He was tripping out from the intense pleasure. It seemed that Maggie was excited by sucking him through the call, because she was sucking him with more suction and energy.

Hillary said reluctantly, "Uh, I think maybe not. Anushka was hit with all kinds of big shockers last night. It would be better to let her get to know you first, and then we can include Maggie next time. How does that sound?"

Nick looked down at his mother. She'd still been pausing whenever it was Hillary's turn to talk. She'd just resumed sucking again, but she also looked up and gave him a thumbs up sign. Apparently, she was just barely able to make out what Hillary was saying by staying quiet at the right times.

He said, "Okay. Sounds good. Maggie says she doesn't mind. When would you like to meet?"

"Oh, any time. How 'bout right now?"

"Um..." He looked down at Maggie at her sliding lips. Due to his tendency to cum in twos, he knew that he could experience a lot more cocksucking joy before she left him flaccid and completely sexually satiated. So "right now" wasn't exactly ideal. But on the other hand, he had a policy that anything to help him fully win Hillary's heart was top priority.

Hillary had another laugh. "I hear some pretty heavy breathing on your end. And, some more distant slurpy sounds! I can guess what's happening, you studly devil."

In the background, Anushka could be heard complaining, "Ewww! Disgusting!"

He thought with chagrin, *So much for keeping that a secret. Oh well!* Even now, Maggie wasn't slowing down at all, except when necessary to hear what Hillary was saying. In fact, she was steadily speeding up!

Hillary suggested, "Why don't you wait until you're done with whatever you're doing and then call me? We'll figure out an exact place and time."

"Okay. Cool. I can't wait!" Nick actually blushed. He was grateful Hillary didn't mind him finishing with "whatever" first, because he didn't want this fantastic blowjob to come to an end just yet.

He hung up the phone a short time after that. He clutched the sides of his mother's head with both hands. He tilted his head back and moaned loudly, because she was driving him absolutely wild!

Chapter 39: Pre-Party Talk (Saturday)

With Nick no longer on the phone, Maggie went right back to her cocksucking. They laid back down side to side in a modified sixty-nine, so the two of them could work on each other's privates some more. Although Hillary wanted to meet soon, it didn't have to be right away, so neither Nick nor Maggie were in a hurry to stop.

Maggie was very pleased at how well Nick was improving. She continued to give him tips. For instance, at one point, she pulled her lips from his boner to take a short breather. Still lying on her side, she said, "Nick, can you reach around and put your finger in my ass crack?"

"Gladly!" He quickly did just that.

"Good. Now, here's a fun thing to know. Most people use the clit to see how well the sex is going. But, like I said, a little goes a long way with the clit. So it's good to have some other indicators. Lightly rest your thumb on my anus."

He did, and then said, "Done!"

"Okay, here's my secret. You can take a woman's sexual pulse with her 'starfish.' Don't press down on it, just lightly rest on it. If it starts twitching, that's a big sign that you're doing something very right. When it stops, that means it's time to move on to something else. And here's an extra bonus. As long as your finger is there, if you really want to drive your woman wild, right when I start to cum, push in about one digit's worth! You'll send her all the way to low-Earth orbit! However, remember that not all women like anal play. It's good to ask first."

That something she'd learned from her years of sex with Andy. Although it paled in comparison to her sexual fun with Nick, she did have a pretty good sex life with her husband for many years, by normal standards.

As Maggie resumed stroking her son's cock, Nick said, "Wow! That's cool. I must say that I'm really impressed at your sexual knowledge. I always knew you looked super sexy, and Pa is a handsome guy, but I didn't see a lot of passion between the two of you. I figured you had really boring and infrequent sex lives."

Maggie let go of Nick's cock, and looked sadly out into the sky. "You're not totally wrong with that. Andy and I DID have a very good sex life, once upon a time. But we were careful to keep that behind closed doors. And by the time you hit puberty, that had changed. I didn't understand why. I mean, we were only in our late twenties! But in retrospect, it became clear that when Andy got bored, his solution was to have affairs and have less sex with me. So probably all you remember are those years."

Nick sat up and pulled Maggie up too. "I'm sorry for reminding you of that. And I'm sorry for him too. But I'm here for you now, and I'M not going to let you down!" With that, he pulled her in closer and kissed her lips.

Maggie melted in his arms, and reveled in his loving kiss while keeping one hand pumping on his boner. *What a great son! Son or not, he's a great and considerate lover, and he's gonna be even better after I've taught him all I know. Nick, I love you so much! How can I regret getting intimate with you? Society says it's wrong, but it feels so right! This is exactly what I've needed for two years now. Maybe I can finally start to move on and put Andy behind me.*

Nick and Maggie continued to play with each other's bodies and have fun. Eventually, they each had orgasms, more or less at the same time.

Nick did use the finger-up-the-anus trick to heighten Maggie's climax, and it worked just as she'd said it would. She did warn him of the sanitary issue of being careful where that finger went after it had been up an anus though. Happily, they still had a towel nearby that Maggie had used to wipe the cum off her skin, so Nick used that to clean his finger.

Maggie thought they were done, and he could soon leave to meet Hillary and Anushka. But his cock stayed fully erect.

She was both impressed and weary. She'd been sucking him so long that she simply couldn't go on. Her jaw and face seriously hurt from all the prolonged effort.

She resumed jacking him off, but otherwise stalled for time. "Seriously? Again?!"

He said sheepishly, "Sorry. I can't help it. It's you. Your body. Your nudity. You insatiable, talented mouth. Cumming on you. Plus, the whole cumming in twos thing."

She sighed. "Oh, yes. that. I forgot about that. That's for real, isn't it?!"

"Of course it's for real. As I've told you, it doesn't happen all the time. But with you? Like this? It's gonna happen every time, for sure!"

She sighed again. "Unfortunately, your mother's mouth isn't as 'insatiable' as you think. You're worn me out!" She started to think what she could do, because she didn't want the sexual fun to end. She considered a lot more titfucking action, and a pure titfuck instead of a titfuck/blowjob combo, so her mouth could have a rest. She felt there was a lot more to titfucking him that she had yet to fully enjoy and explore.

But then another one of her great fantasies came up in her mind, and she knew what she wanted to have happen.

Her whole face lit up. "Son, I have a GREAT idea! It'll get you to cum again in just a few minutes, I hope, so you can go to your meeting without being too late. Just two words: face fuck!"

He narrowed his gaze as he considered that. "Face fuck?!" He was torn on that idea. It sounded interesting, and they'd definitely never properly done it before, but he wasn't thrilled at the idea of cumming "in just a few minutes."

"Face fuck, yes! I'm all sucked out, true. But I can handle just kneeling before you while you do all the thrusting in and out of my mouth. Use my face like a pussy! Think of it as a second cunt! Literally FUCK my face!"

Those comments sent his enthusiasm soaring. "Okay! Let's do it!"

He stood up and Maggie knelt in front of him, as promised. To "warm him up," she titfucked him from that position for a few minutes. Warming him up was entirely unnecessary, but she couldn't get enough of his cock. Besides, it gave her mouth longer to recover, so she could have one last oral exertion with the face fuck.

As the titfuck went on, Maggie gave him some rules she made up on the fly. The main one was that she was worried he could get carried away and fuck her mouth so vigorously that she could fall behind in getting enough oxygen. So they came up with a system where she would aggressively poke him with her index finger into his leg or chest, since she would be unable to speak at all.

Even though that talk was practical and necessary, it helped get both of them even more worked up, because it got them thinking more about how "violent" the face fuck could get.

Finally, it began. He was feeling unusually aggressive, worked up by the face fuck idea. He slid his boner into her mouth until all of his cockhead and then some was inside. He put his hands on the sides of her head and gripped her fairly hard to keep her head in place. Then he started to thrust.

She didn't have much to do with her hands. She ended up clutching his bare ass cheeks with both hands. It felt good, and it also provided more stability to help him thrust in and out.

He soon discovered that the face fuck was a very different thing than a regular blowjob. Admittedly, in terms of what body parts were involved, it was just a variant of the same thing. But psychologically, it was something else altogether. He closed his eyes and imagined that he was fucking his mother's hot, wet, tight cunt, instead of her hot, wet, tightly sealed mouth. Soon, in his mind, he was fucking her, and losing his virginity! The sexual ecstasy was off the scale.

Unfortunately, the sheer intensity of the experience was so great that he couldn't handle it for long. He couldn't clench his PC muscle while aggressively thrusting in and out, so he was especially vulnerable losing control. Sure enough, after only three minutes, he shouted, "UNNNGH! Gonna... gonna lose it!" And he lost it. He blasted a load right into her mouth.

Normally, Maggie much preferred taking his cum on her face or tits than down her throat. But this was an exception. In her fantasy thoughts, her mouth really was her cunt, and he was losing his virginity by fucking her for the first time! So it was only natural that he should cum deep in her "vagina" and possibly get her pregnant!

She was so far gone into that idea that she got an extra big thrill from his cum rocketing down her throat. She took her hands off his ass cheeks and played with her clit and slit, and soon had a big orgasm of her own, even as his was starting to peter out.

For the next minute or so, she took over aggressively sliding her lips back and forth on his hard-on, because he suddenly lost all of his thrusting

energy after cumming. She kept right at it until her own great orgasm came to an end.

Right around that time, he finally went flaccid in her mouth.

She pulled out and slid to the ground.

He lost the ability to stand. Luckily, he managed to stagger back and collapse onto the lounge chair he'd been standing close to.

The two of them rested and recovered for a few minutes.

Then Maggie got up and laid on top of him, cuddling her incredible, voluptuous nude body into him. "That was fantastic, Son! Don't you agree?" Her face was right next to his so they could kiss.

"Definitely!" He still had something of a stunned, dazed look on his face, because that had been such a very intense experience.

"We'll have to do that again, don't you think?" she asked. "Lots of times, I should hope!"

He just shook his head. "Oh, man! Of course!"

The two of them French kissed, but it was only a languid, loving kiss, since they were both quite tuckered out.

He thought, Wow! Face fucking is great! It may be my favorite sex act yet! The only problem is, I haven't been thinking much at all about actual fucking, because everything that's been happening to me has been so awesome that I'm happy to just live in the moment. But that was a lot like fucking, I'm sure. It felt all different to be in charge and thrusting so hard and fast! It felt GOOD!

So the problem is, now I'm going to be totally craving to experience a lot more of that. Actually fucking with Ma! And with Hillary! But I can't do either of those things. Total cock block! Damn! Damn those stupid restrictions!

Maggie had similar feelings about the similarity of face fucking to actual vaginal fucking. But her emotions were much more conflicted. *God, that was good! No, the best! But it was too good! That just further confirms that every kind of sex with Nick is way better than normal. I very much enjoyed when Andy used to fuck me. That was nearly all of our heavy sex: no anal,*

precious little oral, just lots of fucking. But I'm sure Nick will blow even Andy's best clear out of the water!

Gaaaawwwwd! To get FUCKED by my son! That would be the ultimate! But I can't let that happen! I'm already getting way too addicted to Maggie mode as it is. I would just go FULL SLUT for him, once he starts stirring his fat fuck-stick balls-deep inside me! UNGH! I can't even THINK about it!

At least we've got face fucking instead. Could that be a viable substitute, like the fake bacon we have for breakfast sometimes? That's not as tasty as real bacon, I know, but it's been a long, long time since I had any real bacon, and I don't miss it because the substitute satisfies that craving enough.

So is that what would happen? Or would him fucking my face more just make my craving to be truly, deeply, and royally fucked even stronger?! I don't know!

Nick and Maggie continued to kiss and cuddle for a few minutes. But Nick had to be mindful of getting to his meeting with Hillary and Anushka at a reasonable time. He decided it would be good to shower, to get the suntan lotion, cum, and sex smell off.

Standing naked with Maggie in the upstairs hallway a couple of minutes later, Nick suggested, "Hey, I've got an idea. We could take a shower together."

But she pointed out, "We're back in the house again. That means I'm in Margaret mode now."

He noted, "But you're standing nude in front of me."

"Good point. Don't look!" She rushed down the hallway and into her bedroom.

He rolled his eyes and sighed in frustration. But he went to take a shower by himself, while she showered in her private bathroom.

As he soaped up his naked body, he thought, *Damn! So frustrating! Just seeing her perfect and richly tanned body hustling away from me, her firm ass cheeks undulating up and down with each step... UGH! So sexy! It's so weird that she sucked me off for a total of well over two hours, and let me*

play with her naked body all the time, including her pussy, and yet now we can't take a shower together! How does that make any sense?!

But, come on. I need to chill out. I consider myself a good and loving son, and if she feels strongly about staying in Margaret mode inside the house, I'm not going to push that. At least not for now. I understand she feels like she needs her "safe side." I'm just bummed we don't have a shower up on the sun roof, or then it would be okay.

Afterwards, the two of them sat at the dining room table while fully dressed.

Nick said, "I want to thank you so much for your lesson today. Not only was it a total blast, and I don't just mean my four cum blasts-"

She cut him off. "Be careful what you say! Remember that I'm Margaret now. Would you say that to her?"

He frowned, and deflated. "No. But... thank you just the same."

She grinned. "You're welcome. But you didn't hear me say that."

He grinned too. "Say what? I don't remember already." He reached out and took her hand.

They shared a loving, intimate moment. But Maggie had to withdraw her hand for fear that she'd kiss him some more, and not in a "motherly" way.

He came up with an idea-that might allow him to talk some more. "Hey, Ma, guess what?"

"What?"

"I just had this amaaaaazing date with a sexy MILF! So sexy. So beautiful. People say she easily could have been a Playboy Playmate of the Year."

Maggie couldn't resist grinning widely at that. She loved that particular compliment. "Oh, really? And who says that exactly?"

"I do! But only because it's true! But... the thing is, she not only LOOKS sexy, she totally ACTS that way too! In fact, it was kind of our first solo date, but she spent more than two hours total just sucking my dick!"

Maggie knew this wasn't the sort of talk she could allow inside the "firewall" of her house, but thanks to his thin conceit of supposedly talking about someone else, she couldn't stop herself from playing on. "My

goodness! She sounds like a slut for sure! A raging, shameless, wanton hussy! But what do you mean by 'first solo date?'"

"On, well, we went on another date, but that was a threesome date with another busty bombshell babe. We went to a movie, and the two of them spent pretty much the entire movie jacking me off together!"

Maggie could feel her nipples harden and her pussy start to tingle as she thought back to that remarkable movie theater experience. But the fact that she could sense herself getting aroused gave her pause. She said, "Okay, smarty pants. Enough of that sort of talk of this supposed other woman. Remember that we're inside the house now, inside my firewall. Let's keep it toned down."

"Sorry." He felt bad, because he didn't want to go too far inside the house. He truly had nothing to complain about, given what had happened on the sun roof. He said, "I'll drop that. But before I do, I just wish I could tell that woman how incredibly impressed I am by what she did, and how very grateful I am too. I wish I could tell her how much I love her!"

She felt herself growing a bit flush at his kind words. "Thank you! Er, I mean, I'm sure she'd thank you. I happen to know her, so I'll pass your message on."

"Thanks!"

They both were grinning madly.

Then Maggie put on a stern face. "Okay, Mr. Smooth Talker, can we refocus? You have a get together with Hillary and Anushka coming up shortly. Do you have a plan, or are you going to go in shooting blind?"

He tried to refocus too. "I've gotta have a plan, of course. But a certain sexy, cock-starved date of mine who shall not be named kept me so extremely aroused ever since I got off the phone with Hillary that I haven't have time to actually come up with one."

"Okay, let's work on that now," Maggie said. "And no more even passing references to that date of yours. The real Margaret wouldn't stand for that talk."

He nodded. The two of them got busy talking and brainstorming about his upcoming meeting. Since he'd already debriefed her about everything that happened in his meeting between himself and Anushka right after getting

home from that meeting, she was very well informed to give him good advice.

He stopped making any sort of overt sexual reference to earlier behavior between him and Maggie, but he was secretly delighted that they were having this discussion inside the house, at the dining room table. He figured that was a special exception since Andy was out of the house altogether.

During their discussion, Nick asked, "So, what do you think I should anticipate Anushka's attitude will be? Is she going to be out to get me?"

Maggie thought that over, and then said, "I don't think so. Given what you told me about your discussion with her, I think she's at least going to try to be sociable. You two really did strike a remarkable deal that's bound to benefit her and you. Plus, it sounds like you pretty much charmed the pants right off her to boot!"

She reached across the table and held his hands. "I can't tell you how impressed I am by your description of how well that meeting went. It succeeded all my expectations."

He spoke with wide eyes. "Me too! My God! It was like I was possessed by some other guy, a very suave and persuasive guy. When that was over, I was like, 'Did that really happen?!'"

She said, "Of course it happened! And that was you all along. You need to believe in yourself! I always knew you could rise up and out of your introverted shell, because you did it from time to time even before the whole fake girlfriend scheme began. Now, it's happening over and over again, since you've discovered your version of Popeye's spinach."

He thought back to old cartoons of Popeye the sailor suddenly getting super strength after eating a can of spinach. He burst into a wide grin. "Nice reference, Ma! That's kind of spot-on, actually. I get all horny and then I get so confident that it's like I can do anything. That WAS me the whole time with Anushka, wasn't it?"

She gave his hand a reassuring squeeze. "Of course it was!"

She pulled her hands away, worried that she could get too familiar with him inside her firewall. "That said, don't be overconfident. I'll bet she's still feeling very, very wary towards you. She may blow hot and cold, so anticipate that and please be tolerant. She'll be looking for you to slip up

and thus confirm in her mind all her worst fears about you. But she's going to at least try to give you a chance to make a good impression. Otherwise, why would she even want to meet at all? I think your plea that you two need to try to be friends and allies, or at least not enemies, struck a chord with her. So please be your usual charming self, and don't blow it."

He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "You could help inspire me to get fully confident again. Like another can of spinach!"

She gave him an annoyed look. "Are you kidding me? After all that I did for you this morning?!"

"I know, and I can't thank you enough for all that. It will always be one of my favorite memories of my entire life, I'm sure. But either I'll be horny when I'm with them or not. Being highly aroused all that time earlier won't help me later."

"Fair enough, but you'll have to be on your own this time. I can't really speak about this at all since I am in Margaret mode, but let's just say that if I 'help' you any more, my mouth is going to fall off from sheer exhaustion! How much 'help' does one boy need in a single day?"

"Sorry." He felt chastened.

She spoke obliquely, since she was trying hard to stick to her Margaret mode inside the house, even though that kept slipping. "Besides, I 'helped you' FOUR times today already! Do you seriously think you could even be in shape to get 'helped' again?"

"Definitely!" He tried to be circumspect too, in respect to her wishes. "What can I say but that you inspire me. And Hillary does too. And I know you haven't seen her yet, but like I told you last night after coming home, Anushka is seriously hot! And STACKED! I know she's lesbian, but I can still admire the scenery, can't I?"

Maggie warned, "I would be very careful about that. Don't try flirting with her at all, at least not until you get to know her much better. Especially since she's lesbian, that's likely to go over like a lead balloon. And I'd be wary of flirting with Hillary in front of her too. Remember that you're walking on eggshells, and the stakes are high."

"Right." He nodded.

After getting more advice from Maggie, Nick called Hillary back and told her that he was ready to leave right away.

They arranged where and when to meet. Hillary picked a nearby coffee house named "967" for its street address. It was a nice, upscale place, with plenty of tables both inside and in a large garden out back.

Nick dressed in his usual T-shirt and shorts, including the now standard no underwear.

He ultimately decided not to try to get erect and highly aroused for the meeting. He figured that both Hillary and Anushka were so extraordinarily beautiful that he would be at least fairly mentally turned on no matter what, even if there was no physical manifestation of that.

Had it not been for last night's meeting with Anushka, he probably would have been intimidated and shy due to all of that beauty. But he had a good feeling that he and Anushka were on the same side now, working towards a similar larger goal, and that she knew that on some level. So he convinced himself that he was going to meet with friends, not a friend and a potential adversary.

He found Hillary and Anushka sitting in one of the more out of the way tables in the back garden. They were sitting in the garden, and they looked fantastic.

Anushka happened to be facing his direction, so he checked her out first, just like he did last night at the restaurant. And just like his first look last time, he saw her but she was too absorbed in talking to Hillary to notice him, so he had a good chance to look her over. She was wearing form fitting blue jeans and a red V-neck blouse. Her clothes weren't nearly as jaw-droppingly sexy or fancy as what she'd worn last night, but they were plenty arousing just the same. The blouse was noticeably tight, and left no doubt about just how exceedingly large her breasts were, or how narrow her waist was. She showed a few inches of cleavage. It was more respectable than slutty, but it nonetheless showed that she was proud of her ample assets.

Nick was very pleased. True, it was nice to see a beautiful woman looking good, but he'd been getting plenty of that from Hillary and Maggie lately. Much more important was he saw her choice of clothing as a hopeful sign that she was trying to have a better attitude with him. Had she covered up with a long-sleeved turtleneck sweater or something like that, he would

have taken that as a sign she was uncomfortable and unhappy in his presence. Instead, he guessed that she was dressing just the same as if she'd been with Hillary alone.

He resumed walking, but he walked to a position where he could see Hillary's front side better before he walked closer. Hillary wore tan-colored medium length shorts and a sleeveless light green top. It showed off a bit more cleavage than Anushka's blouse, but not by much. He figured that Hillary used what Anushka wore as a guide to what she could wear in public without bothering her girlfriend.

He came closer and announced himself.

Hillary got up and gave Nick a hug and a kiss. It wasn't a long or passionate kiss, just a closed-mouth lip-to-lip kiss. But he was gladdened that she was feeling comfortable enough to do that with Anushka looking on, since they didn't hug or kiss at all at the restaurant last night.

Anushka stood up for him, but they merely shared a brief handshake. However, the fact that she smiled at him was an encouraging sign. She definitely wasn't giving him the hostile glare she'd greeted with him last time!

He smiled back widely.

They sat back down and began to talk. Nick pulled up a chair and placed it so the three of them were equidistant from each other around a circular table. It became immediately clear to him that Anushka was a very different person than the girl he'd first met last night, now that her hostile mask had come off. She was wary, but she was genuinely trying to be friendly to him.

He was careful to be on his best behavior. He started out feeling a little shy, and not that aroused. But he deliberately kept looking at Hillary and thinking sexy thoughts about her, to give him that proverbial spinach can of arousal and thus confidence that could help improve his social interaction skills.

Before long, he had an erection. Getting horny truly did change his personality, making him more engaged and outgoing.

They repeated the "getting to know you" small talk that had been tried last night. But this time it went much, much better, due to Anushka's improved attitude. They ordered coffees and shared a croissant, and generally relaxed.

Nick had mostly been talking about himself for Anushka's sake, and she seemed genuinely interested. But after a while, he said, "Okay, Anushka, enough about me. Here's pretty much everything I know about you: you're Hillary's girlfriend and you love her, you're lesbian, you're ethnically Indian, you're in the same grade as us but you go to a private school, you seem nice and smart when you're not angry at me, and you're extremely busty and even more extremely beautiful. Plus, it pays to be nice to you or you're liable to throw me off a balcony. That's it! So tell me everything else."

Anushka laughed. She particularly liked his reference to their joking around last night about her throwing him off the restaurant's balcony. She looked to Hillary. "Does he always ladle out the compliments like that?"

Hillary said with a touch of pride, "Pretty much."

Anushka rolled her eyes, but she didn't seem displeased. "Okay, Tit Boy, what would you like to know?"

"Tit Boy?" Are you referring to my single nipple and the cyclops like single breast in the middle of my chest? It's not polite to make fun of somebody's genetic defect like that!"

Both Hillary and Anushka laughed heartily. Anushka said with a smile, "My apologies. What if I call you 'Tit Fiend?' That's a nickname Hillary calls you with me sometimes."

"That's much better." He smiled widely. "Now where were we?"

Anushka asked, "As I said, what would you like to know?"

"About your tits? Everything!" He wiggled his eyebrows in the Groucho Marx style. But before she could get upset, he added, "Remember, I'm very aware of the fact that you're lesbian. I'm not going to try to hit on you, or flirt with you in an 'I'm trying to have sex with you' sort of way. But your breasts ARE extraordinarily large and shapely! You can't expect me to entirely ignore the two 800-pound gorilla boobs in the room."

Anushka laughed at that. "Okay, fair enough. Pointing out that they're there is okay, but if you start going on about how you want to touch them, I will not hesitate to thwack you." She looked around and added with a grin, "And count yourself lucky we didn't meet at a place with a high balcony this time."

He quipped, "Just so long as you thwack me with your boobs, I'm good." Again, before she could get angry, he said, "Come on, you have to admit that was funny, and you walked right into it... with your breasts leading the way about a minute before the rest of you!"

Hillary snickered. "It's funny because it's true!"

Anushka rolled her eyes. But she couldn't hide that she was amused.

He changed his approach, worried her was going too far. "But don't worry, I'll behave. Enough of that. Let's talk about you. First off, I'd like to know a little bit about you. You obviously look like you're from India, but when you talk, you sound like a local. So what's the story there?"

She replied, "That's because both things are true. My parents are from India. Bangalore, specifically. Have you heard of that?"

He'd been testing Anushka a bit with his teasing to see just how uptight she'd get. He was pleasantly surprised, and took that as another good sign about her changed attitude towards him. He replied, "Sure. Isn't it the third largest city in India or thereabouts? Kind of south of Mumbai, if I recall, in the hills on the Deccan plateau."

Anushka gave Hillary an accusing look. "Did you prep him?"

Hillary held her hands up defensively. "I swear I did not! I swear it! I'm as surprised as you are." She asked him, "How did you know that? Have you been there?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't been outside of North America yet. But I've always been interested in geography, and the world. I want to travel everywhere! If you don't believe that I knew that on my own, ask me some random geographical questions about anything, or anywhere."

Anushka peppered him with a few obscure questions that she happened to know the answers to. To her great surprise, he got most of them right. She was impressed. "Okay, so you're not just a handsome sex stud; you've got brains too. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, since you're in the Advanced Studies program with Hillary, but I guess I am a little surprised anyway."

Nick chuckled. "I'm a 'handsome sex stud?' Since when?"

Anushka gave Hillary an annoyed look. "That's what she calls you. A LOT. A bunch of crap like that. It's fucking annoying, if you ask me. Damn

breeders."

Nick had heard that "breeder" was a derisive word some gay people used for straights. But he didn't mind. Despite her harsh words, he knew there was an element of teasing playfulness there. In fact, he was pleasantly surprised. He'd had no idea Hillary thought of him as both "handsome" and a "sex stud." That almost exceeded his wildest hopes!

Hillary groused at him, "Hey, don't get a big head. I must have been confusing you with someone else." But her smile showed that she was teasing too, so he didn't mind that either.

"Yeah, that must have been it," he replied happily. He tried to get serious again. "Anyway, Anushka, I still don't know much about you except that your family is from Bangalore."

Anushka replied, "There's not a lot to tell. My parents came here not long before I was born looking for a better life. This was before the Indian economy started to boom. My dad got a job as a manager with a military related company. I don't really know what he does since it's all classified, but apparently they like what he does, because we do pretty well and we live in a big house. I'm afraid I don't know much about my Indian heritage. I don't speak Hindi or Kannada or anything like that, sadly."

He looked at the red dot between her eyebrows, and asked, "Well, can you tell me about the spot you wear?" He pointed at the same spot on his forehead to indicate what he meant. "I believe last night you told me it was called a 'bindi idiot.'" He grinned, because he was deliberately misunderstanding what she'd told him.

She laughed. "I called it a 'bindi' and I called you an 'idiot.' Maybe I was half wrong there. I apologize. It could be called something other than 'bindi.'"

It took a second or two for him to understand her joke. He sat back and shook his hands in the air, as if he was trying to air them after touching a hot stove. "Oooh! Burn!" However, he didn't mind at all. He could see from the smiles all around that it was just more playful banter.

She said, "Sorry. Maybe I was a little premature on the 'idiot' part. There's a slim chance that there's hope for you yet." She was smiling as she said that, revealing that was more joking around.

Hillary happily added, "VERY slim!"

Anushka nodded, then continued more seriously, "Luckily, I'm not TOTALLY clueless about Indian culture, since my parents have taught me some stuff. The bindi used to have religious significance. It's the location of a chakra. You could kind of think of it as the third eye. It actually has a lot of meanings, and the traditional red color has many symbolic meanings as well. But it's evolved into just being a fashion statement for most people. Even some famous Westerners like Madonna and Julia Roberts have been seen with them. Today, I'm wearing the traditional red color, but that's just coincidence, because it matches my outfit. Last night, I had a golden gemstone called a 'tiger's eye' there, to match my yellow sari."

"Cool," he said showing genuine interest. "It sounds like I could learn a lot from you. I don't know much about Indian culture. Well, except for some stuff. I've watched some Bollywood films, for instance."

She laughed. "You did? Oh no! Pretty stupid, huh?"

"Not at all! I think they're great fun. All that singing and dancing is a blast. And sometimes they can be deep too. I saw one recently called 'Lagaan' that was particularly good. It's kind of a historical, sports-"

Anushka interrupted, "You know that film?! No way!"

"Sure," he replied suavely. "I'm not a Bollywood film buff or anything. So I figured the way to pick the good ones was to find the films by the most famous actors and actresses and watch those. So I kind of honed in on Aamir Khan, Salman Khan, Shahrukh Khan, Kajol-"

She interrupted again. She was suddenly brimming with excitement. "Wait a minute! You actually know who Aamir Khan is?! He's my favorite! And Kajol?! She's my other favorite!"

He grinned. "She's a hottie. And a cutie too. Actually, that's one of the reasons I'm into Bollywood films. There's like a billion people in India, and the most beautiful women end up as movie stars, so you have some seriously stunning women to look at!"

Anushka was so excited that she squirmed in her seat. "This is so cool! I've never met ANYBODY who isn't from India who knows anything about Bollywood films! Even Hillary doesn't have a clue!" She turned to Hillary. "Where did you find this guy?!"

Hillary smiled. "He's something, isn't he? To be honest, I'm just as surprised as you are that he knows this much about it. However, thanks to the 'looking at the hotties' angle, I can believe it." She snickered.

He smiled proudly. "Hey, I'm a guy. Hollywood actresses have nothing on Bollywood actresses. Plus, in Bollywood, they sashay around and dance in revealing saris. Much like the one you were wearing last night actually, Anushka. You're totally beautiful enough to be a famous Bollywood actress yourself."

"SHUT UP! I am not!" Anushka reached across the table and pushed her hands against him. But she was clearly flattered and delighted at the praise.

Nick and Anushka went on to have a lively discussion about Bollywood. In truth, Nick didn't actually know that much. But since he'd found out Hillary had an Indian girlfriend, he'd done some Internet research and watched a few films, including "Lagaan." He did enjoy them a lot, but he'd done it mostly with an aim to eventually make some points with Hillary's lover.

Now, that effort was paying off. Nick's knowledge was superficial. But he'd gotten Anushka started on something she was secretly passionate about (although she had tried to downplay it at first out of embarrassment), so he let her dominate the conversation and generally agreed with what she said.

After a while, they got back to Anushka's personal background. She told him that she'd had a stereotypical suburban American upbringing, so there wasn't much to tell. She had an older brother, Ajay, and sister, Arvi, but they were already attending college far away so she didn't see them much. Because her parents were rich, and wealthier than Nick's or Hillary's, she went to an expensive private high school while Nick and Hillary went to the public one.

At one point, Nick said, "I have to ask a difficult question. Do your parents know you're gay? And if so, what do they think about it?"

Anushka slapped her hand against the middle of her face and kept it there for a few seconds. "Oh God! What a question." However, she was feeling such rapport with Nick that she decided to answer it. "It's difficult. My mom knows. She was NOT happy about it at first. Not at all! But after she saw that I was serious, she kind of made her peace with it. She's great. I love her a lot. My dad, though..." She stared at Nick with a sad, distant look.

Hillary spoke for her. "Her dad doesn't know yet. It's a big problem."

Anushka nodded solemnly. "Especially because I've come out at school. Luckily, he's so busy at work that he doesn't have a clue. And he's close-minded. My mom and I decided it's best if he doesn't know. At least not yet, while I'm still living at home. But he's going to find out sooner or later. And I'm NOT looking forward to that day!"

Nick said, "That's too bad. At least you've got your mom on your side. But I'm curious. How could he not know? For instance, wouldn't he expect that you're dating by now? Especially since you're as beautiful as you are. The boys should be knocking your front door down."

Anushka replied with some bashfulness, "Well, it's not that I've never dated boys. I have, some. But they just didn't thrill me like girls did. So I started dating girls on the sly and found the missing spark. Then I fell in love with Hillary, and that's all she wrote!"

She laughed gaily at that part, and held Hillary's hand. "Luckily, my dad knows about my dates with boys. So that'll keep him clueless for a while, I hope."

Nick nodded. He was very intrigued by the possibility that Anushka might not be completely lesbian after all. Although he was more than satisfied with Maggie and Hillary, the possibly of finding himself in bed with the two of them AND Anushka as well made his heart race. But he figured that was just a wild flight of fancy, judging from the loving and intimate manner Hillary and Anushka interacted.

Nick continued to learn more about Anushka. He found out that she shared many values with Hillary. For instance, she was vegetarian, environmentally minded, and politically liberal. She even liked the same kind of classic rock, and had other similar cultural tastes. For instance, Hillary didn't even watch TV, but she saw a lot of movies, and Anushka did the same.

He was very pleasantly surprised, because that meant he also shared a great deal in common with Anushka. He wasn't sure if Anushka sincerely liked all those things, or if she was just trying to like the same things Hillary did. But if the latter was the case, Nick certainly couldn't be critical since he'd also tilted his interests towards those he knew Hillary liked, and now he was doing the same with Anushka and Bollywood movies.

The three of them soon found out that they had a seemingly endless amount of interesting things to talk about. They got along like a house on fire, as the saying goes. Nick was so absorbed by the conversation that at times he forgot he was talking to two stunning, busty bombshells who could have graced the cover or centerfold of any erotic magazine. He genuinely enjoyed simply talking to them.

At times, he was so carried away by the conversation that his penis even went flaccid. But that usually didn't last long, because he was sitting with the likes of Hillary and Anushka. Just about anything could get his penis fully engorged again. For instance, at one point, he found himself staring at Hillary's lips moving while she was talking, and recalled how it had felt to have those lips wrapped around his shaft when she gave him her first full blowjob yesterday. That revived his erection in a hurry!

He talked about himself too, and Maggie some as well. He was more careful with what he said about Maggie, since he didn't want to mar what was turning out to be an unexpectedly friendly and enjoyable chat by making Anushka jealous. So he steered clear of talking about anything sexual relating to Maggie, as well as any specific details about her beauty. He also tried not to talk about her "college career," since in fact that was all made up.

Instead, he volunteered information about the cookbook she was working and her cooking interests in general.

Happily, that was something both Hillary and Anushka were keen to talk about.

Hillary asked, "She's only twenty, and she's busy with her college classes, and she's writing a cookbook already?! And she has a popular cooking blog too? That's amazing!"

Nick thought, *That would be amazing if it were true!*

He said, "Well, she's taking a light class load right now. Besides, she's got a long way to go on writing the book. She's good on the cooking part, and finding interesting foods and recipes from all over the world, but she's got no experience with the writing part. So it's going to be a tough, long road before she gets to the finish line. She's got to learn a lot about writing and book publishing along the way. But hey, Anushka, maybe you could help

her someday. Maybe your mom knows some delicious South Indian dishes?"

"Actually, that's true," Anushka said proudly. "My mom is a really good cook. And Indian restaurants in the US, they're usually more about Northern Indian food, from Delhi and that region. There's a ton of regional variety. And my mom has taught me how to cook a lot of the family favorites, so I suppose I might be able to share some of that."

Nick was relieved, because that suggested Anushka wasn't as hostile towards Maggie as he had feared. Although, perhaps Anushka hadn't realized how sexually intimate Maggie and Hillary were getting. That wasn't too surprising, since his two buxom lovers hadn't actually done much with each other beyond French kissing and a lot of naked tit rubbing; it was just that the situation was ripe with potential, plus the lusty passion with which they'd done those limited activities so far.

Still, Nick figured that the more Anushka and Maggie could get to know each other, the better the overall situation could be. He knew Maggie was a kind and friendly person, and it was becoming increasingly clear that Anushka was too, so he thought they could make natural friends.

So he suggested, "Let me talk to her. I'm sure she'd love to talk to you about that. She's like a sponge, picking up knowledge about food from everywhere. You should see the weird food that she buys and makes me eat. She goes to this Asian supermarket, and also to a Middle Eastern one-"

Anushka cut in. "Oh, I think I know the one. I go there too! They have some Indian stuff!"

And Hillary said eagerly, "And I know the Asian one. My mom goes there all the time!"

"But you're not Asian," Nick pointed out.

"No, but we're open-minded. Remember, my parents are 'weird hippie types.'" She made mocking air quotes. "We practically LIVE on rambutans, and mangosteens too!"

Nick was astonished. "No way! Those are some of my favorites. I've got some in my house right now! "

Anushka asked, "You have rambutans and mangosteens in your house RIGHT NOW?! What are we doing here?! Let's go!" She made like she was

starting to get out of her chair, but it was just more joking around.

Hillary pointed out, "As you can see, she loves those too. We're both big on all sorts of exotic foods. I was like that even before we got intimate and she really started turning me on to good Indian food."

He suggested, "Maybe you could help Maggie with her book too."

"I probably could. Have you ever heard of soursops?"

His face lit up. "Are you kidding me?! I've got a big container of soursop juice in the fridge right now!"

Anushka smiled. "Yum! That makes great juice. What about the wood apple? Have you heard of that?"

"No, what's that?"

The three of them wound up having a very animated discussion about strange fruits and other exotic fruits. Anushka and Hillary gladly agreed to help Maggie with her book. Nick was very encouraged by this, because it would give Anushka and Maggie an excuse to meet and become friends, and it would help Hillary and Maggie grow closer. Plus, it was more that he had in common and could talk about with all of them.

Nick was definitely making a big and very positive impression on Anushka. It didn't hurt that he was going out of his way to be highly complimentary and friendly. For instance, during one lull in the conversation, he stared intently at Anushka's face, as if he was trying to remember something.

His staring was so obvious that Anushka asked him, "What?"

He put a hand on his chin and rubbed it thoughtfully. "Sorry, it's just that you remind me of somebody, and I'm trying to remember who. Oh, wait!" He snapped his fingers. "I know! Have you seen that new Bollywood that just came out? I'm not good with Indian names, but it came out a few months ago, and it's a critically acclaimed historical romance."

Anushka sat up in her chair and leaned forward eagerly. "Do you mean 'Devdas'?"

"Yeah, that's the one."

"You KNOW that one?! Nick, you're amaaaazing!"

Luckily, Nick had seen it, but it was only one of a handful of Bollywood films he'd ever watched. He was trying to downplay the fact he knew so little. He smiled, and said, "You know the actress in that? Again, I'm not good at names, but she plays the childhood sweetheart. Anyway, you look a lot like her."

"NO WAY! SHUT UP!" Anushka was so stunned by that comparison that she actually stood up. "You lie!"

Nick cowered slightly, thinking she might actually hit him for one compliment too many about her beauty.

But instead, she said, "That's Aishwarya Rai! You're talking about Aishwarya Rai! She's a goddess! She's one of the most beautiful women in the entire world! Hell, she might be the most beautiful of them all! And you're saying I look like her?!"

Recovering, he said confidently, "Sure. Definitely!"

Anushka looked around and saw that other people scattered around the coffee house's back garden were staring at her. She sheepishly sat back down. "That's not possible! I'm not that beautiful. Nobody's that beautiful!"

He breathed a big sigh of relief. "But she is."

Anushka exclaimed, "Even she's not that beautiful!"

Then all three of them burst into laughter as she realized how nonsensical that was.

Once they recovered, he said, "Seriously, you are that stunning in my book. In fact, I think you're even MORE beautiful than she is. Your face and overall body is awesome, just like hers, but you're much more endowed." He nodded towards her G-cup chest. "If she were to see you, she'd say, 'Damn, girl. I quit. You take over.'"

"SHUT UP! SHUT... UP!" Anushka squealed excitedly. "You fucking lie, you big fat liar! But I love you for it! I could kiss you right now!"

In truth, Nick thought Anushka had a resemblance to Aishwarya Rai, but it wasn't like they were doppelgangers. However, he knew she'd be flattered by the comparison. And he sincerely was even more attracted to Anushka than the famous actress, because he thought their faces and bodies were equally stunning, but Anushka had much bigger breasts, just as he'd said.

Hillary was highly amused watching this interaction. She quipped, "Uh-oh! I'd better watch out. Nick is trying to steal my girlfriend."

"He is not!" Anushka said hotly. Then, apparently to prove it, she turned to Hillary and kissed her passionately on the lips.

Nick was very pleased with himself. He'd hoped to just break the ice with Anushka and start to get to know her a little better so they could hopefully become friends one day. But it looked like they were becoming friends already. He knew the quick success was partly because he was on his best, most charming behavior. But also, all three of them had many unexpected interests in common, such as the way they had a taste for unusual tropical fruits.

The kiss between Hillary and Anushka looked to be a very fiery one, and it lasted a full minute, at least. Nick was secretly disappointed that they both stayed in their seats and merely leaned way forward to make contact, instead of being in a position to press their enormous racks together. Just thinking about Hillary's F-cup breasts sliding against Anushka's G-cups made him giddy and light headed.

He sensed that the kissing wasn't just to visibly demonstrate Anushka's lesbianism, but also a way for her to channel a surge of arousal she felt due to his compliments. He made a mental note how that could have a similar effect for future situations. He made a particular note to remember Aishwarya Ra!'s name, because that comparison was what seemed to really drive her wild.

After things calmed down after the kiss, Nick said, "Anushka, that kiss reminded me that you said you've already come out at your school. You go to the Academy, don't you?"

"That's right." She seemed to get a bit defensive at the mention of her school.

"How's that going?"

She let out a loud groan. "UGH! It's super frustrating! It's a GREAT school, academically. But the other students SUCK!" She sighed again.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Oh, God," she said wearily. "Where to begin? This is NOT a normal group of teenagers by any means. Consider your high school. It's already unusual

because of all the wealthy neighborhoods around it. Then consider that those are the POOR kids who don't have the money to basically buy a new car every year just for the tuition! Which means that everyone thinks they're part of the elite. They're all spoiled, stuck-up, and entitled. It's like... have you ever seen the movie 'Animal House?'"

He smiled. "Of course. A classic!" He quoted his favorite line from the movie, delivered by John Belushi: "'Over? Did you say 'over?'" Nothing is over until we decide it is! Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? Hell no!"

The two bombshells with him laughed at that.

Anushka said, "That's the one. And yeah, totally great. But think of the snobby frat and sorority portrayed in that movie. Those stereotypes are my classmates! And to make matters worse, the place is SO WHITE! Just like the frat and sorority in the movie, actually. I hadn't really considered myself discriminated against until I started going there. In most classes, I'm the only minority of any kind."

He asked, "Are people straight up racist with you?"

"Not exactly. More like clueless. And puzzled. They act like I have a bone through my nose, like they've never seen a minority before. Even though we live in Orange County with a large Hispanic population, and I'll bet the vast majority of them have maids and gardeners who are illegal immigrants from Mexico."

He said, "That sounds like it does suck. Are there at least some that you can be friends with?"

Anushka gave him a sour expression. "Some, but not many. On top of the spoiled, elitist attitude and the unwitting racism, there's the problem with my looks."

He joked, "If that's a problem, I wish every girl in the US had such a problem!"

She frowned. "It's not funny, because it really is a problem. Hillary knows what I mean. When you look like I do, you're seen as a threat by the other girls."

He exclaimed, "But you're a lesbian! Openly lesbian! It's not like you're going to steal their boyfriends away."

"You'd think that would make it better, and maybe it does. But then I shudder to think how much worse it would be if they thought I was straight. They act like I'm going to try to steal their boyfriends away anyway! Like they don't believe I'm really lesbian, which is insulting. And then they act scared around me, like I'm going to try to seduce them. Or they try to seduce ME!"

She sighed. "Then, to add to the merry cocktail mix, most everyone is right wing in their beliefs, since that's often the case for the super rich. So you get the racism, as I said, and a heaping helping of homophobia. Plus, all sorts of Bible thumping righteousness and kids trying to convert me and cure me of my 'sin.'" She rolled her eyes.

Hillary reached out and gave her a brief hug. "But it's all okay, because she has me now! Right, Anu?"

Anushka smiled at that and kissed Hillary's nearest cheek before Hillary pulled back. "Yeah! Thank God for you, Hills!"

Nick took note of the nicknames "Anu" and "Hills," neither of which he'd heard them say before. He guessed it was a sign of how well the conversation was going that they felt comfortable enough around him to start using their pet names for each other.

Anushka stared lovingly into Hillary's eyes while talking to Nick. "She's been a real lifesaver for me. She's so different from the entire Academy crowd. I'm increasingly bummed I don't go to the public high school. Maybe there's a self-selection process where all the grounded and mature kids go there. Or maybe going to the 'elite' Academy goes to people's heads and makes them stuck up. Or both."

Nick asked her, "I've heard the girls at the Academy are sort of famously beautiful. Is that true?"

"For sure," Anushka replied. "They get every advantage, starting with their dads marrying fashion model-type trophy wives. And the peer pressure to look your best is intense. Some girls complain that I'm fat! Me!"

He boldly said, "You ARE fat... but in all the right places! Most especially two places!" He nodded at her enormous bust. "The rest of you is curvy, but firm and fit! If your waist was any narrower, I would actually be concerned."

Anushka shook a fist at him. "Dammit! I was so looking forward to a good excuse to knock your lights out with that 'fat' comment. But then you turned it around to your usual thrilling flattery. I'll get you one of these days!" She continued to wave a fist in his direction, but the toothy smile on her face made clear she was just playing around.

Hillary laughed. She quoted him, "'You are fat.' Yikes! You really like living on a razor's edge, don't you?"

He grinned impishly. "Hey, it got her attention." He asked Anushka, "But my point is asking about the beauty of the others girls is that I'm thinking that if that's the case, wouldn't you more blend in than if that wasn't the case?"

Anushka said, "You might think, but no. There are a few others who have beauty like mine, but only a very few."

He acted incredulous. "What? Are you kidding me?! Does Aishwarya Rai go to your school?" He pretended to have a Eureka moment. "Or maybe you ARE Aishwarya Rai, going undercover for a role in a Hollywood movie! That must be it! Anushka... What's your last name?"

Anushka's mouth was gaping wide open. It took a few moments for her to gather her wits to say, "Um... ah... Ratnam."

"A-ha! 'Anushka Ratnam.' Yeah, right! What a obviously made-up name. Clearly, you ARE Aishwarya Rai, and I've just blown your cover. But don't worry, your secret is safe with me." He pantomimed zipping his lips shut, then sat back in his chair.

Anushka stared at Hillary incredulously. "Is he like this all the time?!"

Hillary laughed. "Pretty much!"

Anushka whispered to her in a sultry voice, "I know he's just trying to impress me with flattery, but it's making me horny just the same. He's so good for my ego! Good grief!" She leaned forward again to kiss Hillary.

Hillary leaned in too, and they shared another kiss like the last one, with their hands on each other's heads and their bodies frustratingly far apart.

Nick was disappointed by the lack of any tit-on-tit contact, but he still loved to watch them make out. He was also intrigued by Anushka's passing mention that his words had made her "horny." *She said "horny?" But I'm a*

guy! Maybe she's not as lesbian as she says she is. If I was her and going to the Academy - and this is the start of her third year there - I would probably rebel against all the racism, conformity, and especially the homophobia by being even more flagrantly gay, to stick it to their faces.

Plus, Hillary has told me that she thinks female sexuality is a lot more fluid than male sexuality, with most girls being some level of bisexual. What if that's true?! The possibilities are mind-boggling!

But I've gotta put that thought away, at least for a while. It's dangerous to even mentally lust over her, for all sorts of reasons.

That kissing ended and the discussion picked up right where it left off. Anushka said to him, "Please cut it out with the Aishwarya Rai stuff. That is SUCH a lie! I don't look anything like her!"

He held his hands up defensively. "I will stop that for now, but only because I don't want to inspire you two to have an even hotter lesbian kissing session where you end up stripping each other naked and going wild right here over the table." After a well-timed pause, he acted, "Actually, I DO want that. A lot! I'm a total perv! But I'll behave."

The two super stacked girls laughed at that. Anushka looked to Hillary and asked, "Does he have an off switch?"

"Not one that I've found yet," Hillary gleefully replied. "He has the libido of three guys combined - at least!" She laughed, but she was more serious than joking.

The conversation had gotten way off track. That had been fun, but Nick wanted to get it back on point because he was honestly curious for answers. "So, before I exposed that you're a certain famous Bollywood star who's living undercover but who's name I shall not mention, you were explaining how it doesn't help that the other girls in the Academy are beautiful?"

Anushka couldn't stop smiling, especially for his undercover movie star conceit. "Yeah, I don't think it helps. Like I said, there are a handful of other girls who are more or less in my same league. Maybe four. And they're ALL blue-eyed and blonde-haired. Like clones."

He pointed out, "You're blue-eyed. That's one thing I noticed that reminds me of Aishwar- er, a certain Bollywood actress whose name I cannot say."

Anushka was impressed. "You noticed that detail on me and her? Most guys don't notice that I have a FACE!" She looked down knowingly at her immense chest. "Anyway, I think they kind of gang up on me as the exotic one with the largest natural breasts, by far, and the biggest threat. Just what I'm threatening them with, I have no idea! I just want to live my life!"

She went on, with her huge smile finally fading as she was reminded of her problems, "It's like that all the way down. Slightly less beautiful girls are jealous, the normal looking ones are intimidated, and so on. All the guys are either tongue-tied and shy or just sort of pant and drool. The fact that I'm a known lesbian doesn't seem to make a dent, since that doesn't change the way I look."

Hillary spoke up. "Nick, I know this sounds boastful, but Anushka and I have truly uncommon beauty. That's just a simple fact."

He said, "I agree 1000 percent. Not even as a pervy guy. That's just a fact, as you said."

Hillary went on, "It's a lot harder than you'd think. I've talked to you about this before, how I can't deal with anyone in a non-sexual way except for my family. If anything, that's even more pronounced for Anushka, because at least I kind of have a girl-next-door look going on. But she stands out with her exotic face, dark skin, and, yes, her very, very large breasts. So the best thing you can do is try to treat her as normally as possible."

He said, "I'd like to do that. And I will, most of the time. But, sometimes, Anushka, isn't it fun when we kind of joke around in a flirty way, like you threatening to throw me off a balcony and me calling you fat?"

She laughed. "Yeah, it was really fun when you called me 'fat!' Please do more of that!"

He grinned widely. "Okay, maybe not the best example. But even that made you laugh and smile. I know you're lesbian. I get it. I'm doubly taken, and Hillary is going to be with us anytime I see you, I'm sure. So do you mind if I keep up that sort of joking around? I actually really like talking to you, especially with the kind of fun rapport we're building."

She said, "Of course that's fine. I'm really enjoying it too. It's weird to think that, 24 hours ago, I kind of hated you with a passion and blamed you for all my problems."

He said, "It's like I said then. We should be friends, because we're natural allies."

"That's true," Anushka agreed.

The three of them kept on talking for what turned out to be almost three hours. The lightly flirtatious fun and joking was a big part of that. They all were having a great time.

But eventually Hillary asked the waitress what time it was the next time she came by, and when she found out it was five o'clock, she said to Nick and Anushka, "This has been great, but we should probably go soon. Nick, you and I have that party to get ready for."

"Oh, right." Nick nodded. "I'm glad you brought that up, because I still know next to nothing about it. Can you clue me in some more? When and where, what should I bring, and all that?"

Hillary said, "As I told you already, a girl named Shannon Blaine is the party host this time. Speaking of the Academy, that's where she goes to school. You're going to be hanging out with the 'beautiful people' crowd tonight, including maybe I'd guess about half Academy students."

Anushka said with heavy sarcasm, "Lucky you."

Nick didn't fully realize it, but the mere fact that he was going to the party at all was a big deal. As long as he could do a reasonable job of fitting in, there was a good chance he could be fully accepted by the school in-crowd elite.

However, he wasn't sure if he really wanted to be friends with such people. He said, "But I thought you're not into the whole 'beautiful people' crowd. You told me they're shallow and vapid and all that, even the non-Academy ones. And I agree."

Hillary replied, "That's true. However, it's kind of like throwing a virgin down a volcano every now and then to appease the gods. Sometimes, you gotta put up with some bullshit to get along. As I've told you, I like to get along with everybody. Heck, I'll even talk to Debra and say nice things to her from time to time. It's especially important to make nice with this bunch. They make most of the social movers and shakers. If you're in their good books, it just makes life way easier. Besides, they throw the best parties by far, and I do like to go to a good party every now and then. "

Anushka chimed in, "Nick, you should go. You know how I was saying I have those four blonde bitches giving me trouble? That doesn't happen to Hillary because she knows how to get along with everybody, especially this group. Let's just say I'm a lot less tolerant."

Hillary went on, "It's just an occasional party, and you can spend most of the time hanging out with people like me!" She smiled brightly. "And it's not like I'm gonna start hanging out with these people outside of school, not counting the parties. Don't worry; you'll have a good time. There's drinking, and dancing, and a hot tub. The music kinda sucks, but what can you do. Unfortunately, people like you and me who would rather dance to James Brown than Bobby Brown are a dying breed."

"Wait. Did you say a hot tub?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot to mention clothes! You should dress nice. Not like wearing a suit nice, but not like jeans and a T-shirt either. You know, stylish, like you're going dancing to a popular place. And wear a bathing suit underneath, or bring one. As the party goes on, we'll probably all drift to the hot tub at some point."

Visions of seeing many beautiful girls in skimpy bikinis filled his head. His heart was set on only Maggie and Hillary, but he still appreciated sexy "eye candy." He asked, "All? How big is this hot tub?"

"I dunno; I've never been to Shannon's place before. Remember, I'm new to this school, just like you. I'm just passing on what I've heard from her and others. I do know that her family is very, very rich, so prepare to have your socks knocked off."

"So... Maggie should wear a bikini under her clothes?"

"Of course! Or bring one along in a bag. A big part of this party is the beautiful people proving just how beautiful they are. The pecking order is based on looks more than anything, and this party will be key in determining the pecking order. So was the one last week, but you missed that one. So expect to see a lot of peacocks strutting around, showing off their feathers."

This upset him. "But I don't have any feathers!" He had a low opinion about his looks, even though he was fairly handsome and muscular.

But she just laughed. "Don't worry, you're plenty handsome. I found you attractive right off that bat, right? And I have pretty high standards."

"But..."

She turned to Anushka. "What do you think? Is he handsome?"

Anushka said, "I don't want to give him a big head. Especially after his Aishwarya Rai comments. Nick, you're dangerous!" She pointed at him accusingly. "Seriously. Hillary, I told him last night that he could sell snow to Eskimos, and I'm starting to actually believe it. But yeah, you're not Aamir Khan handsome, but you'll do, I guess."

She smiled at that, knowing he would get the reference to Aamir Khan, the star of the Bollywood film "Lagaan" that he'd seen.

Hillary said to him encouragingly, "Relax! Two things. One, looks are way, way more important for girls than guys. Hell, I could be an openly raving and drooling axe-murderer, and they'd invite me to this party anyway just because of my looks. With guys, as long as you get past a certain threshold to be considered 'yummy' and desirable, it's more about other things, like wealth, attitude, sports heroics, who your friends are, and especially how 'cool' you are. Unfortunately, intelligence doesn't count much for many, but it does for me. Tonight, you'll see a lot of fairly ordinary guys dating some pretty hot women, but you're not gonna see any hunky guys dating ordinary looking women. That's just how it works in high school, and probably beyond, based on what I've seen about how adults live."

He was still frowning. He thought about the desirable factors: wealth, attitude, sports heroics, etc, and felt he didn't score well on most of them. True, he did well in sports at school, but he was far from a "hero." He wasn't even on any varsity or junior varsity team. At times like this, he was astounded that Hillary wanted to spend any time with him at all. He was especially worried about having to take his shirt off to go in a hot tub. He didn't have a big, muscle bound chest, and his tan needed a lot of work.

"Don't worry!" Hillary said in response to his frown. "You'll be fine. The mere fact that you'll be bringing Maggie will shoot you to the coolest of the cool, for all those Academy kids who don't know you yet, as well as the seniors in our school. They'll take one look at her and assume there must be something super special about you to hook her, especially since she goes to college."

He thought about his original logic when he'd come up with the fake girlfriend scheme. *It's funny that she says that, because that was exactly what I'd been thinking with that scheme from the start. The problem is, I know there isn't anything "super special" about me. I can't help but worry that everyone at the party is going to see through me right away.*

Hell, does Hillary think there's something "super special" about me? If so, what?! Sharing a love of mangosteens and Jimi Hendrix albums will only take us so far. I suppose my big dick might be my special thing, but I can't base an entire long-term relationship on just that. I'd be sunk without Maggie and the threesome fun we've been having.

He forced himself to smile as Hillary gave him more details about the party. He agreed with everything she said, and acted eager to go. After all, he wasn't going to miss a chance to be with Hillary for anything, especially since Maggie was going to go with him. He figured making nice with some spoiled rich kids was a small price to pay.

The only disappointment for Nick was that just as he was about to part from Hillary and Anushka, Hillary mentioned that she still had plans to go boating with Spencer, but on Sunday instead of Saturday. She asked him if that was okay with him, and pointed out that Anushka had already given her okay.

He was bummed to hear that, since he thought the yacht plan had been canceled altogether, at least for this weekend. But he was heartened that at least she asked him permission.

He told her she could go. He figured that if he was going to be a good boyfriend, he couldn't get too jealous and possessive. Despite Hillary's track record of quickly losing interest in favor of someone new, he had to try to trust her.

When he got up to leave Hillary and Anushka, both of them stood up to give him a hug and a kiss good-bye. In Anushka's case, it was just a peck on the cheek. She also carefully leaned in so he didn't get to feel her gigantic breasts against his chest at all. But at least it was a hug and a kiss. That was big progress in his eyes.

By contrast, Hillary gave him a "real" hug, pressing closely up against him. They also kissed on the lips, with a little bit of open-mouthed tongue, but

only for a few seconds. However, he figured that was even more progress, that she was willing to do that right in front of Anushka.

Plus, Anushka didn't show any adverse reaction. She even kept a smile on her face.

All in all, he thought the meeting went much better than his best case scenario, and it lasted a long time too.

For their entire meeting, they didn't discuss their sharing issues whatsoever. It was strictly a "getting to know you" meeting. But he felt hopeful that the better he and Anushka got to know each other in general, the easier it would be for them to work out their remaining issues. For instance, he didn't ask her to lift her rule against him fucking Hillary, in part because he wasn't sure if he was ready for that big step. But he felt confident that Anushka would definitely give permission if they had a few more meetings that went as well as this one.

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Back home, Nick grew nervous as he got ready for the party.

Happily, Maggie saw his mood and helped out. Andy was back home, so they had to be a lot more careful about what "neutral territory" was. She and Nick took a walk around their back yard, since that was the "neutral" area where she could remain Margaret but talk about Maggie things. She gave him a pep talk to boost his confidence.

She wasn't happy when she found out about the hot tub, and at first she insisted that she'd wear a conservative one-piece bathing suit.

But he told her what Hillary had conveyed about how he would be judged partly on how beautiful his date was, and how essential this party was in creating impressions with the most influential kids that would last all year.

She finally gave in. "Okay, since it's so important to you, I'll try my best. I'll even bring a sexy bikini. However, you have to promise: no kissing, and no grabbing! We're in public. This is not like, you know..." She dropped her voice way down low. "When we do things in the garage. Or on the sun roof."

He started to get erect, just from thinking about those things. Thinking about fucking his naked mother's tits while she sucked on the top of his

boner pretty much blew his head right off his body. However, he knew he wasn't supposed to talk about that during their neutral ground discussions.

He also considered simply laying down "the law" and telling her that she was a "good slut" while in Maggie mode, his good slut, and of course he'd kiss and fondle her all he wanted. But he was clever to realize that what they said at this time mattered nothing or next to nothing compared to what actually happened at the party. He figured the best thing to do was say whatever she needed to hear while she was in Margaret mode, short of making promises he knew he would break, because once she switched to Maggie mode, she would go sexually wild anyway.

So he carefully said, "Sure. But there could be situations where we have to act like boyfriend and girlfriend. Like putting my arm around you, or dancing with you, or maybe even kissing you on the lips."

"I realize that, but within reason. After what happened in public in the recent past, like our movie theater debacle, I'm once bitten, twice shy. I can't emphasize to you enough how important it is to me that you behave."

He certainly didn't see the movie theater experience as a "debacle," but he didn't want to argue the point. "Don't worry. I'll be so good, there'll be a halo around my head."

"Yeah, right." But she grinned, and seemed at peace with the situation.

In fact, she knew even on a conscious level that she was lying to herself and to him. She was certain they'd be doing a whole lot more than French kissing. But this was what she psychologically needed at the moment. She worried she'd gone a little too far with the two hours of cocksucking in the morning, and she wanted to believe she had more willpower than she actually did.

Chapter 40: The Party (Saturday)

Maggie and Nick got in her red Prius to go to the party. As usual, Maggie drove.

Nick wore black slacks and an expensive and stylish white dress shirt with black and gray patterns on it. Maggie wore four-inch red high heels and a black dress with underwear on underneath. It showed off some cleavage, but it wasn't nearly as revealing as the stereotypical "little black dress." Even her shoulders were covered.

Normally, the mere fact that she was wearing red and tall high heels would have gotten Maggie hot and bothered. But both she and Nick were feeling nervous about the party. Also, she was still feeling a bit guilty about going "too far" with her two hours of cocksucking earlier in the morning, and she was trying hard to keep her lust in check.

Once Maggie had the car moving down the driveway, she looked at Nick and saw him frowning. "What's wrong?"

"I'm worried about the party. What else?"

He'd been complaining about his worries while they were getting ready. So Maggie said, "Now, we've been over this already. You're going to do just fine." She felt she had to hide her own worries to help him with his confidence.

He slumped down in his seat and put a hand on his forehead. "That's easy for you to say. You're not a fraud. I'm a total fraud! They're going to take one look and see right through me. They're going to laugh at the boy who's dating his own mother!"

Maggie growled unhappily, "They're never going to know that, UNLESS you blab it everywhere. We're outside of the house, so no use of the 'M' word. Is that clear?"

He nodded. He was mindful that he had to be extra careful not to say "Ma" or "Son" at the party. The stakes were far higher there than if they only slipped up in Hillary's presence.

She kept glancing his way while driving the car. "Look. I understand how you feel. You've never really been to a party like this before. You're worried

about our secret being exposed. You're also worried about falling back into your shy ways and failing to live up to your new reputation."

He nodded emphatically, and looked even more miserable.

"This isn't me, Ma! I am that shy guy. I've gone to great lengths to be a more extroverted guy because I love Hillary so much that there's nothing I wouldn't do to win her. But the strain of always being someone else is getting to me."

She asked, "Did you feel strained when you were talking to Hillary and Anushka this afternoon?" He'd already told her all about that since he'd come home, so she knew what she was asking about.

"No, not really. In fact, it was a really nice time the whole time. Very relaxed."

"Why do you think that is?"

"They're both so sexy and beautiful. Just being around them, I get-"

She cut him off. "Let me guess: 'really, really horny.'" He'd been saying that a lot lately, with a variable amount of "reallys."

"Exactly! It's not like I had an erection the entire time, although I probably did most of the time. But I did feel a little frisky just from being near them pretty much constantly. And when I'm horny, all my confidence problems go away."

She pointed out, "Well then, you're in luck. Guess who's going to be there? Hillary! And who else? Me! And we're wearing sexy outfits. I'll make sure to stick by you as much as I can, and I'm sure Hillary will do likewise. So won't you be horny from that?"

"I hope so. But I'm feeling totally non-aroused right now. If I'm charming and I fit in, then I'll be invited to more of these parties. If I'm not, then I won't, and I won't be considered one of the 'beautiful people.' I don't really care about that in and of itself, but if I have a big reputation at school, Hillary's going to be prouder about going out with me. Maybe she'll even be willing to go public with that before too long."

"While you're still publicly going out with me?!" Maggie started to get panicky, worrying she would be replaced in that way.

"Why not? It's possible. I'm certainly not planning on stopping publicly dating you."

Maggie's heart soared, and her lust soared too. What he just said ran contrary to the "hand-over" idea, but in the moment she didn't care. She loved being his "good slut," and acting that way in public was even better.

He quickly continued the discussion so they wouldn't have time to discuss what he'd just said. "Hillary claims not to be affected by status, and I'm sure it affects her less than most, but it affects everyone to some degree. This could be a big triumph for me or a total disaster, and I'm so stressed out worrying, that it's going to be a total disaster!"

Maggie glanced at him again as she drove. *My poor boy! He really does look miserable. And even though I've been driving slowly just in case we need to talk out some things before we get there, we're going to be there soon. I can't let him enter the party in this condition!*

She made a snap decision, and said, "Unzip your slacks."

"What?!" He looked to her in surprise.

"I said unzip your slacks. I'm going to jack you off a little bit."

"COOL!" He'd been slumping down, but he straightened up with a new smile on his face. He quickly unbuckled and then unzipped.

She reached out and held his penis, because she didn't have a lot of time. His penis was flaccid for once, so she had to fondle it to get him going. But she also said, "I'm not happy to do this, because I don't want to make this a habit if I'm behind the wheel. It's not exactly safe for me to drive one-handed while thinking about your fat, hot cock, you know."

"Thanks, Ma! You're the best!" His penis was quickly stiffening.

She sighed. "I'm weak, that's what I am. But this is an important evening for you, and you will do better if you've got a big boner in your slacks. We both know about your proven lust-confidence connection. However, like I said, don't expect this to become a habit! Or we're going to get in a car crash soon."

She glanced over at his dick rapidly engorging in her hand. "Besides, think about the impact on me. It makes you horny and confident, but it makes me horny and frazzled. I'm already salivating, dammit! You're going to go in

there feeling like the cock of the walk, but I'm going to go in there thinking about how much I wish I was still in the car, bobbing for cock!"

"Sorry. I didn't realize."

"That's okay. You're 'young, dumb, and full of cum,' as the saying goes. Except you're definitely not dumb."

She kept on stroking his now exceedingly stiff cock the rest of the way there. She kept staring at her hand sloshing around on his hard-on as much as safety would allow. *I'm soooooo baaaaad! Again! Gaaaawwwwd! I can't believe how much I love this cock. How much I need it! I was lying to myself and to him, acting like we'd only make out a little bit at the party. As if! I couldn't even make it TO the party before I have his hot missile in my hand!*

But here's the big question: do I pull over to the side and suck him or do I stop the cocky fun altogether? I do so wish I could properly adore him with my tongue and lips! It's what a good, big-titted slut does to her man! But let's face it: if I get started on that, I'm probably going to keep going until he cums. Twice! And how is that going to help? He'll probably end up going into party flaccid. And way late, since his stamina is so great. I could spend the next hour or more just bobbing on his thickness by the side of the road.

Oh God! Dear Lord! I COULD! And I WILL, for sure. Many times! Just not now, unfortunately. We have to think of making a good impression at the party. That comes first!

Once they reached Shannon's address, they saw a tall fence made out of iron bounding a vast property. There was so much greenery and lawn that the buildings on it could only be glimpsed between the trees. There was a guard post with a guard in it. Clearly they would have to interact with the guard to get inside.

That gave Maggie a good excuse to stop, since she didn't want to keep stroking him where the guard might see. She stopped the car by the side of the road about a block before they reached the guard post. She reluctantly let go of his boner and said, "I'm so sorry, Nick, but we have to stop. You need to get decent."

To her surprise, he put up no fuss about it.

As he tucked his boner away, he said, "Thanks, Maggie! You really are the absolute best! That's gonna do the trick for sure. Already, I feel different. Like a new man! Thanks to that brief handjob, I feel like the cock of the walk!"

She smiled, and decided she'd done the right thing. She commented, "It really is like Popeye getting his can of spinach."

He was all grins. "Yeah. Except the spinach is your talented slipping and sliding fingers and especially your sexy sucking mouth! If you ask me, I think I have it way better than Popeye. I don't even like spinach!"

They both laughed at that.

They continued on and made it through the guard and his questions without trouble. After getting a gate buzzed open by the guard, they continued down a long private driveway until they arrived at Shannon's house. Actually, it was much more like a mansion or even an estate than a house.

The entire property was so opulent that both of them almost expected valet parking, but there were about dozen cars parked on either side of the driveway, so Maggie just parked the car there too.

"I'm getting really nervous, Ma," Nick said as he walked her to the front of the mansion. "Er, Maggie, I mean. Sure, Hillary said it would be fancy, but I didn't expect it to be THIS fancy."

In his own mind, he thought, *I'm a fraud! A fake! A loser! Hillary's gonna see through me soon. Maybe tonight!* His penis was growing flaccid too.

Maggie took his hand and squeezed it encouragingly. "Relax. You also told me that she said that it would be just kids your age, no parents or staff, so I'm sure it'll just be kids being kids. It's just that they'll be standing around expensive stuff. You told me you already talked to some of these kids at school. It'll be just like that, except they'll be dressed up more and holding a beer."

She checked his slacks and saw the size of his bulge had gone down. Then she leaned in and whispered. "If you have any problem staying aroused, just think of one thing!"

"What's that?" he whispered back.

"You have not one, but two, good sluts at your beck and call! And not just any sluts! No! They're both your dream girls. Your lusty, busty, frequently naked, super hot dream girls! They're always thinking about pleasuring your cock! Serving your cock, even! Trust me I know, 'cos I'm one of 'em!" She chuckled.

"Whoa!" He was floored by that. His penis engorged right back to full size almost immediately.

She saw that and smiled. Then she whispered some more, "If that doesn't do the trick, think about sitting on a bed in Hillary's bedroom with her and me fully naked between your legs. Think about the two of us spending a couple of hours just taking turns bobbing and slobbering all over your cock! It hasn't happened yet exactly like that, but it will! And if even THAT isn't enough, look at all those people in the party and consider that NONE of them have claimed TWO bombshell babes for their own! There's no doubt. NONE!"

His eyes widened. "Whoa again! You're a genius! That'll do the trick every time. Come on, let's go now, while I'm still riding this lusty wave!"

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They continued to the front door. No one was there to greet them, so they went on in.

Most of the rooms in the house were vast, and parties tend to do better where people can cluster closely together. So the main group had congregated in the dining room, which wasn't quite as vast as some other rooms. There were about 25 people there, but there were others scattered elsewhere, include a few they saw on their way to that room.

Maggie was mostly right about the other kids. They let themselves in, and looked for Shannon, so they could introduce themselves to the host first. But Shannon was nowhere to be seen, and when they asked around, nobody knew where she was. The house truly was a mansion, and the grounds around it were substantial, so they decided not to go for a hunt just to be polite. Shannon would hopefully show up soon.

Nick and Maggie went to something to drink, and wound up with cans of beer in their hands, because that's all there was. Clearly, the vast majority of

people at the party were under the drinking age of 21, maybe everyone (except for Maggie), yet everyone was drinking alcohol.

Maggie wasn't happy to see Nick drinking, but she figured she had to let go somewhat to help him fit in. She couldn't talk to him about it with people all around them, and she kicked herself for not thinking to discuss the issue before they arrived. But when he went to get a beer for both of them, she gave him a subtle nod of approval.

However, she also tried to make a stern face at the same time, as if to warn him to restrain himself. She didn't worry too much though, because she knew he was a remarkably smart and mature boy for his age. She figured he would know not to get drunk, or even get close.

The two of them started chatting with the other guests. Nick was relatively shy and quiet, despite still being aroused. But that didn't matter much, because they stuck together and Maggie did plenty of talking for both of them. She always introduced herself as his girlfriend, and that gave her a secret thrill every time.

Everyone seemed nice and friendly enough. Nick started to realize that it wasn't that scary after all.

But then again, it was easy to get intimidated by just how fancy and opulent everything was. Nick had never been in a mansion before, much less one like this. It had a stark and sleek look, with most of the furniture either all black or all white. The walls were generally white and bare, except for the occasional large abstract painting. It looked like the kind of place a movie star would live in. The only thing he could relate it to were locales he'd seen in movies.

For instance, the house was located on the side of a high hill, giving it a great view of the town below (actually, the house wasn't far above the lover's lane Nick and Maggie had used). This also meant it was a split level, multi-floored house. Nick couldn't even figure out how many floors, or partial floors, there were. There was an open space in the middle of the house that cut through all the levels, and at the bottom of it was a big indoor swimming pool.

There was an even bigger swimming pool outside, but on a high balcony set well above the ground. The hot tub was on a slightly higher balcony, so one

could look down from it to the pool area. It was positively huge for a hot tub, and could fit a dozen people comfortably.

Furthermore, Nick felt intimidated by the remarkable attractiveness of both the boys and the girls at the party. He thought with chagrin, *When Hillary calls them the "beautiful people," she isn't kidding. Good grief!*

Indeed, he had very good reason to feel intimidated. The party had a roughly 50-50 male-female ratio. The boys didn't look that exceptional. Most were handsome, though few were obviously "hunks" like Spencer (who, by the way, was nowhere to be seen, at least so far). Many though had fairly ordinary looks. Nick guess like he was somewhere in the middle of the pack when it came to pure physical appeal.

The girls were another story altogether, however! It seemed that a certain minimum standard of beauty was necessary for any girl to even be at the party, and there probably was a lot of truth to that. It was almost exactly as if someone had selected a dozen or two of the most beautiful girls from Nick's public high school, then added a similar number from the Academy, and put them all in one mansion. (He had only a rough idea of how many people were at the party, since he didn't know how many were in other rooms or outside.) Nick had never seen so many beauties in one place!

One important factor was that it was unusual that Nick and Hillary were at the party in the first place, since the vast majority of the kids there were seniors from both schools. That meant their bodies had had one more year to develop than Nick's usual junior grade classmates. It was only rare exception that juniors like Hillary were chosen to come, in her case no doubt due to her rare beauty.

Another important factor was that the boys and girls dressed very differently. Many of the boys dressed fairly casually. Some dressed up like Nick did, though that was more the exception to the rule. Others wore just T-shirts and jeans, like they didn't care about making a good impression at all. But every girl had put effort into wearing something sexy and impressive. As Nick observed the others, he got the impression that the girls were dressing as much or even more for each other than for the boys. Since beauty was a much more important social prestige factor for the girls, they all wanted to maximize their beauty as much as possible.

That also meant jewelry. None of the boys had any special accessories to show off wealth, such as watches or rings. But practically all of the girls did. At one point, Nick thought, *This place is like a walking jewelry store! If I was a robber, I would just come to one of these parties.* He guessed the girls were showing off their level of their family wealth by their necklaces, rings, anklets, earrings, and so on.

Thanks to all of that, Nick felt like a fish out of water. To make matters worse, he listened in on conversations, and he didn't hear anything interesting being discussed at all. Most of the other party-goers knew each other from going to school together for years, or at least from attending parties such as this one many times. They generally talked about people they knew, places they'd been, and things they had in common, and it was all Greek to Nick.

Just looking around, he also got the impression that most, if not all, of the other party-goers were boyfriend-girlfriend pairs, and such couples usually stuck together. That made it even harder for him to socialize, because it was hard to get into a one-on-one conversation, and he did his best with those.

He was increasingly sorry that he'd come to the party at all. He thought to Anushka's comment that her fellow Academy students were like the enemy frat and sorority members in the "Animal House" movie: very attractive, yes, but conformist, elitist, and vapid.

Neither Nick nor Maggie had seen Hillary yet, and there still was no sign of Shannon. (It didn't help that they didn't know what Shannon even looked like.) But after a while, Maggie thought she would be a good mother and leave Nick alone for a while, so he could see that he'd do just fine at the party by himself. She dived right into the crowd of twenty or so guests who were gathered together in one room (there were doubtless more scattered elsewhere), and began introducing herself.

But Nick was shy. He hadn't been that talkative even with Maggie there, because the confidence he got from the handjob in the car eventually "burned off" the more he worried about being a fish out of water. Once he was alone, he was in danger of fully retreating into his shy shell. He was only sipping on his beer, so he wasn't getting much "liquid courage" either.

Nick was just floating through the crowd, drinking his beer but not really speaking to anyone, when he saw a couple walk through the room dressed

only in their bathing suits. The boy was tanned and had a muscular build, like an athlete. But what caught his eye was the girl. She was drop dead gorgeous! He didn't think she was as gorgeous as Maggie or Hillary, but she was wearing a skimpy, bright red bikini that left very little to the imagination. Her skin was wet and her long blonde hair swishing from side to side down her back was wet too. To see her walking through the crowd of people who were generally well dressed was odd, to say the least.

He thought, as he surreptitiously watched her, *Man! This party is so odd. Bizarre, even! Hey, I know what it reminds me of: those televised beauty pageants. It's all about showing off and being judged. And now we're coming to the bikini part of the competition! Talk about being judged on your looks! They might as well line up all the girls buck naked and have everyone else hold up the number of their views, just like in some Olympic events. And just in the Olympics, most of them would get very close to a perfect ten! Like her! Whoa!*

Nick eventually saw Spencer enter the room from the darkness of an outside balcony, but he tried to avoid him.

However, when Spencer saw Nick, he immediately came over and treated him like an old friend. "Nick, my man! How you doin'? I'm so glad you could make it."

Nick had to go through a chummy handshake and high-five combo while maintaining a fake smile.

Spencer tried to make some small talk with Nick. They almost never had talked just one-on-one at school, since their social interactions were almost always at the busy lunch table.

Nick was polite and seemingly friendly, but not very verbose. However, he was able to pump Spencer for information about the party. He found out that there were "about 50" people there in total, evenly split between the two high schools. He also found out that only "about five or six" of them were juniors from his high school, and that included himself, Spencer, and Hillary. So nearly everyone else was a total stranger to Nick, since he didn't know any of the seniors from his own high school.

He also learned that Spencer knew Hillary was coming but hadn't seen her yet. Spencer asked him about Maggie, but hadn't met her yet either. When

he asked Spencer about Shannon, the host, he replied, "I've seen her around," and suggested that maybe she was at the hot tub.

Before long, Spencer saw someone else he knew and wanted to greet, and excused himself to go to that person.

Nick sighed inwardly. *Christ. Why does he have to be here? He must love this party, because he fits in perfectly. I fuckin' HATE him! True, he hasn't actually done anything bad to me. In fact, he's been nothing but nice to me. Still, I know that the moment I turn my back on him, he'd be fucking Hillary if he could.*

He suddenly had an alarming thought. *And Maggie! Oh no! I sure damn hope he doesn't meet her tonight! Of course he will, and undoubtedly he'll set his sights on her too. But at least he doesn't stand a chance with her, especially after all the stuff I told her about him. I should hope, at least!*

He wanted to wander around a bit, if only to get away from the main crowd, and Spencer in particular. He walked out to the balcony the pool was on, and looked over the edge. It was at least two stories down to the ground. He saw two tennis courts and even a small putting green as he peered out into the darkness.

He thought, *What have I got myself into? Who the hell has tennis courts and a frigging PUTTING GREEN in their backyard?! I feel like a fraud. Hell, I AM a fraud. I don't belong here. The only reason I'm here is because people think that I'm dating Maggie, and she's a total knockout. They're going to expose me for the nobody I am; I just know it!*

But happily, Hillary arrived, fashionably late, and she sought him out. She walked by herself to where he was standing alone and gave him a friendly but not particularly intimate hug.

"I'm glad you're here," she whispered in his ear as she hugged him. She kissed his cheek. She would have done more, but she had to be mindful that he was supposed to be going out with Maggie, not her.

He muttered with visible relief, "Man, am I glad to see YOU!"

She pulled back and smiled. "I've been looking for you. I don't like talking to most of these people that much, and I'll bet you don't either. I finally have someone nice to talk to."

"I've been hiding out. Hillary, I'm kind of overwhelmed." He waved an arm around. "This place!" He didn't need to explain, but just nodded towards the main crowd of partiers.

He could see into that room from the balcony, through giant windows that covered most of that side of the house.

He shrugged towards the others, and complained, "And those people! I mean, I know you call them the 'beautiful people,' but I didn't realize just how beautiful they were all dressed up. Or dressed down! I saw one couple walk by in just their bathing suits."

Hillary grinned, like they were both in on the same joke. "I know. It's pretty nuts, isn't it?"

He nodded. "They looked pretty normal in school. At least I assume so, because where did they all come from?! I feel like I'm in some kind of movie or TV show, where all of the supposedly normal high schoolers are played by actors or actresses looking like Sarah Michelle Gellar or Jennifer Love Hewitt."

She nodded, and said, "It's amazing how much cleaning up and putting on some nice clothes can do to a person. But they're still the same people. Picture them all in scruffy T-shirts and backpacks slung over their shoulders."

He grumbled, "Yeah, but I still feel like such a fish out of water."

He immediately chided himself, *Hey, dipshit! Don't sound so pathetic! You have to appear impressive around Hillary. Be strong. Confident. Brave!*

She smiled encouragingly. "I know what you mean. I really do. Remember, I'm a hippie chick at heart. But also remember that it's kind of a big deal to even be invited. I know these people are annoying, but if you can get them to think of you as one of them, it has all sorts of advantages."

"So you keep saying," he sound glumly.

She suggested, "You've told me how you don't like to go to church, the same as me. Think of going to a party like this as going to church every once in a while, to stop your parents from nagging you and staying in their good books."

Before he could respond to that, she asked, "By the way, how do you like my outfit?"

She stood back to let him get a good look, and turned this way and that. It was a dark night, but the entire pool area was well lit, so he had no trouble seeing her. She wore a dress that was a mixture of blue and green, and many colors in between, giving it an overall turquoise look. It was similar to the outfit she'd worn to the five-star restaurant last night, except that one had mixed blue and purple. It appeared to be silk or satin, because it shimmered and shined under the lights.

But, being the tit man that he was, pretty much the only thing he noticed was the gaping cleavage. There were two straps covering her breasts. Each strap rose up from her waistline, growing thinner as it went, becoming thin straps by the time they reached the tops of her shoulders. Most of her breasts were covered, but there was a gap between the two straps that started below her belly button. As a result, the cleavage display was absolutely colossal, and there was no doubt that she couldn't be wearing a bra. The straps also pushed her tits tightly together, so he could actually see more of the undersides where they met than any other part of them.

He hadn't replied yet, but she loved the way he was eating her up with his hungry gaze. She turned all the way around, revealing the two straps crossed in the middle of her back instead of connecting behind at the back of her neck, and then the straps finally met the rest of her dress just above the top of her ass. The straps remained thin on the backside, leaving her back almost entirely bare.

His erection was coming back in a hurry, and his shyness and doubts were fading away just as quickly. He couldn't stop thinking about her all-over tan, which allowed her to wear this dress well (since no tan lines were showing on the exposed parts of her tits). In his mind's eye, it was like she wasn't wearing anything at all.

"You look ravishing!" he finally exclaimed.

She was all smiles. "I do?"

He nodded eagerly. The only thing he didn't like was that the other guys at the party would get to see all that exposed skin too. But he didn't want to come off as the possessive type, so he kept his mouth shut about that.

She said with a sly grin, "Then I think it's only right if you ravish me. Come on!" She took his hand, and started walking him around the pool.

"Where are we going? Do you want me to get you a beer?"

"No, I don't drink alcohol."

"You don't?"

"I haven't told you that yet? No, I don't. I'm very careful about what I put in my body. I'm not just a vegetarian, by the way. 'Vegan' is what they call it. You know what that is?"

"Sure. It means no consumption of products made from animals at all."

She nodded. "I didn't tell you right away because everyone makes fun of vegans."

"I don't care. I think it's cool!"

She smiled. "I can see you mean that. Thanks."

"I haven't been able to do that myself, in part because I have to rely on what I get served at home. But I know it's great for the environment."

She nodded, "But I'm not a total vegan; I'm just a dietary vegan. I'm interested in it for the health and environmental reasons mainly, so I'm not hard core. I eat honey, for instance. I even break down and have ice cream sometimes, as you know." She smiled in fond memory of their ice cream shop adventure.

Then she gave him an unexpectedly lusty and fiery look. "As for tonight, the only animal product I'm planning on putting in my body anytime soon is your cum!"

He tripped as he heard her matter-of-factly say that, and he practically stumbled into the pool.

She laughed, and helped him regain his balance. "You like that, eh?"

He just laughed, because of course he liked it.

She kept him walking around the pool. "It is okay, right? I mean, Maggie's serious about sharing you, isn't she?"

He made a sour face. "How many times do we have to go over this? We're a threesome now."

"I know, and I love it, but she wouldn't even mind if I steal you away from a little private one-on-one time?"

"Of course not."

"I think we definitely need some ravishing then. This way." She appeared to be leading him to the higher balcony that contained the hot tub.

She started to sashay in a very obvious way as they kept going. "Did you know I picked this dress just for you? I chose it mainly for how easy it is to take the straps off, leaving me naked from the waist up."

"Oh God!" he groaned eagerly. Since she was leading the way, he watched her ass cheeks rise and fall inside her dress in the most tantalizing way. That spurred him to say, "Wherever we're going, let's get there already!"

"Just a moment." They'd reached the wide set of stairs leading a half-story up to the higher balcony. She looked at him and grinned. "Nobody's around. I think I could have some trouble up these stairs."

He was puzzled. *She's so fit that she could probably run a marathon, so why would she have trouble with a few steps?* He had no doubt she was in better shape than he was, especially since she told him she jogged most every morning and swam laps in her backyard pool most afternoons.

Realizing he needed a bit more to go on to understand her hint, she added saucily, "Maybe you could help me up these troublesome steps with a hand on my ass."

He planted a hand on her far ass cheek, and happily "helped" her up the stairs. He snickered. "Yeah, very troublesome!"

"Very!" She laughed, loving the way he was cupping and caressing one of her ass cheeks.

He was frustrated that he was still holding a beer, because he wanted that hand to hold her ass too. But they went up very slowly, giving him a nice long chance to fondle her shapely butt.

"Feel anything unusual?" she asked.

"Nothing, except for the fact that's about the most amazing ass I've ever had in my hand. So round and firm, yet yielding!"

"You ARE sweet. But I meant panty lines. Feel any?"

He brought his hand up and around her ass crack, but didn't feel any lines. He even slid a couple of fingers into her crack briefly just to make sure. "Um, no! What happened to your panties?!"

She laughed. "Don't worry, I've got it in my purse. Bikini bottoms, actually." Her purse was back in the house in the cloakroom.

His cock was so hard already that he wanted to yell out in frustration, *"Where are we going already?!"*

He didn't say that, but she could read the emotions on his face. She said soothingly, "Don't worry, we're already there."

He looked around. There were just enough outdoor lights for him to see. They'd reached the top of the stairs, and the hot tub was right in front of him. But beyond it was an extension of the house that looked like a deck house. There were several doors in it, which looked like they lead to small rooms.

She explained, "I was looking over the house and kind of wandering around before I went to find you, and I noticed those rooms. I'll bet they'd be ideal for our needs."

He didn't know what she meant by that, but his imagination ran wild. At the very least, he knew it had to be something good. She'd only given him one proper blowjob so far, and he was hoping he could enjoy that exquisite pleasure again. Or maybe a full-fledged titfuck! It seemed outrageous to consider something like that, but in talking to him about going to the party, she had hinted that there would be chances to sneak off for some "serious hanky panky" from time to time.

His heart was beating so hard and loudly that he was convinced she could hear it too.

Chapter 41: The Sauna (Saturday)

Nick and Hillary split up and tried the doors. They quickly found that one led to a combination shower and bathroom, another to a changing room, and the last led to a sauna. The sauna was turned off and not much warmer than the other rooms, plus it looked the most comfortable, with long wooden benches to sit on. So they chose that one, and closed the door behind them.

"Finally!" she exclaimed, looking just as eager as she felt. Standing right in front of him, she thrust her chest out and pinned her arms behind her back. "Can you do the honors?"

"Gladly!" He reached out and pulled the straps off her shoulders. Within seconds, she was naked down to her hips.

He gasped out, "Hillary, I've missed you so much!" He was in awe of her tanned, fit, and voluptuous body. He was about as aroused and excited as he could get, and his heart pounded hard. Getting intimate like this in the middle of a party at a strange house only added to the naughty thrill.

She hefted up her huge, bare, and remarkably round tits. "Did you miss all of me? Or just these?"

"All of you!" He wrapped her in a tight hug. But then he took over hefting up her big boobs, and asked wryly, "But is it okay if I miss some parts of you a bit more than others?"

Her laugh was cut off as his lips found hers and they began to kiss. At times like this, his self-confidence soared, making him bold.

But he wasn't done there. He still had an urge to get her dress all the way off. After a minute or two of happy tit-fondling, his hands went off to pull her dress down past her wide hips.

Hillary could tell what he was doing, and she was happy to help out. She shimmied out of the dress herself, saying, "Oops! My dress seems to be falling off. Even my clothes want to be naked around you!"

She picked up the dress that had dropped to her feet and put it on a nearby bench. It was very expensive and she wanted to be careful with it.

Hillary found herself standing there in nothing but a necklace and blue high heels. She almost never wore high heels, but she was making an exception for the fancy party. Even then, they were only three-inch heels, not the four- or five-inch types Maggie had been wearing lately.

She told him, "My goodness! You're a randy bugger, aren't you?" She laughed as he brought his hands back to her tits while also nuzzling his face into her neck. "Am I naked enough for you now? I know how you demand total nudity for your sluts!"

He felt a shiver race down his spine from hearing her refer to herself as one of his sluts. Even if she only meant it as sex talk, it got his heart racing even faster.

He pulled back to appreciate the sexy pose she was making. One of her arms dangled over her head, and her gaze was simply sizzling. *Amaaaazing! Whenever I see her totally naked like this, I can't believe it! What's she doing with me?! God, she's so fine! So tanned! So fit! So stacked! And she's posing like that for ME!*

He nodded like a bobblehead, leaned his head down, and buried his face in her cleavage. He quipped, "But if you can figure out how to get any more naked, I'm all for it."

She laughed, especially when he playfully motorboated his face into her F-cups a little bit. However, she warned him, "Watch out, you naughty boy! The door isn't lockable, you know. Anyone could walk in at any time!"

"I don't care! I need you naked!" His worries about the party were long gone, and his only care in the world was Hillary. He thought, *Could it be that this is it?! Maybe I made such a great impression on Anushka today that she gave permission for fucking. There's an actual chance I could lose my virginity to my dream girl Maybe right in this very room!*

He tried to push that thought away though, because he figured it was a longshot and he didn't want to get his hopes up too high.

"Wait!" she pulled back a bit, but let him keep pawing her bouncy, bare breasts. "Before we go too far, I need to remind you that I still don't have Anushka's permission to go all the way."

"That's okay," he said. In fact, he had just been thinking mere seconds earlier, but he didn't want to admit that.

Also, although it was fun to fantasize, he wasn't in such a rush to actually do it yet. Of course, he loved the fantasy idea of fucking her. But with the real McCoy becoming more and more likely, it seemed a scary proposition. He wanted to work up to that, and gain sexual experience with her and Maggie along the way so he wouldn't make a fool of himself when the big moment came. He even hoped that Maggie would give him fucking lessons, just like she'd been giving him cunnilingus lessons. It was fun to hope that, even if it was highly unlikely.

She said apologetically, "I hope you don't mind, but I didn't even ask her about it after you left. I didn't want it to seem like all that fun time we spent together was just a sales pitch to get her to change her mind on that."

He eagerly ran a hand down to one of her bare ass cheeks, and squeezed her there. "That's fine, and I understand about not asking again yet. I just need you naked! You look so sexy, I can't stand it! I want to explore your perfect body!"

She was breathing hard already. "Oh! In that case, I need to do some exploring of my own. I thought we were just gonna neck a little so I could get you to stop worrying about the party, but what the heck."

She brought a hand down to the large bulge in his slacks, and ran her fingers up and down it. "So this is what makes Maggie scream at night, huh? I love how thick it feels!"

Her own mention of Maggie caused her to say, "I feel bad that we're here without her. Is it okay if I have some private time with you though? I'm thinking that later, she could have a private turn with you, and then we could have even more fun as a threesome after that!"

He looked down at her hand, which was effectively jacking him off through his slacks. "All at this party?!"

"Sure! The night is long. All you need to do is make enough of a social impact so that the others will say 'Oh yeah, I talked to that Nick guy. He's nice.' You could do that in a couple of hours. That'll leave a few more hours just for playing around!"

He felt a shiver run down his spine. *Pinch me, I'm dreaming! I'm so glad I came to the party after all!*

She was panting harder, her huge tits heaving up and down. She stared hungrily at her hand pumping up and down his lewd bulge. "I can't wait! Please, can you take it out for me?"

"Are you kidding? As if you have to ask!" He was so worked up that he thought his heart would pound its way clear out of his chest.

Apparently, his hands didn't work fast enough to satisfy her, since he was still fondling her round boobs and it was hard for him to let go.

She unbuttoned his slacks and then unzipped the fly, causing his slacks to slide down his thighs to fully expose his balls too. She cradled his erection in both hands.

He brought his hands back to her ass, leaving her massive tits to mash into his chest,. But he let her pull back some (while keeping his hands in place) so she could have a clear view down to his crotch.

She exclaimed, "It's so... big! It's SUCH a nice thick one!"

He looked at the wonder on her face. "You're acting like you're seeing it for the first time."

She laughed, "Yeah. Guilty. Every time I see it, I'm surprised over how thick it is, so it feels like the first time."

He immediately started whistling Foreigner's hit song "Feels like the First Time."

She recognized the song and laughed. "Shut up! Overplayed corporate rock. Besides, you know what I mean. It's just the same as how your eyes bug out every time you see my boobs."

He laughed gaily. "You've got a good point there."

She laughed too. "Some things a person never gets used to. Besides, this is the first time I've had it all to myself, and up close under bright lights, no less."

He looked around the room, which was well lit. *Jeeesus! We're doing this here, in a sauna! With a party going on not that far away. And a door that doesn't lock! This is madness! But I love it!*

As her fingers started to stroke his hot pole, she spoke to it in a funny baby voice, "Mr. Cock, will you be my friend?"

Her fingers were sliding up and down his already trembling hard-on in a very arousing manner. "Oh no, he's not answering me. Must be shy. Maybe if I pet and stroke him for a while, he'll like me." She added in an extra sexy voice, "Or should I give him a kiss or two?" She stuck her tongue out and seductively licked her lips while staring intently into his eyes.

He just groaned lustily. He thought giddily, *Note to self: the fake girlfriend scheme is a total fuckin' grand slam frickin' fuckin' frackin' success! YES! Hillary is as hot as she looks. Hotter, even! And it seems really damn likely she's going to blow me again! That's almost as good as fucking!*

As her fingers tickled his sweet spot under his cockhead, he thought, *I can't believe it! This can't be real! I think my dream girl is as into me as I'm into her! Dreams CAN come true!*

She plastered her body against his some more, but kept right on stroking him. It was odd that he was fully dressed and she was completely nude, but both of them got off on that dichotomy.

They resumed their sizzling kissing. They changed positions and moved their hands from time to time, but still she kept on stroking him without any break. It was like at least one of her hands was permanently attached to his boner at all times.

He was quickly learning how to adjust his touch and his moves to better arouse her. He was gentle with her breasts and focused on her sensitive undersides even more than her nipples. Whereas she seemed to like his more aggressive kneading of her butt, and even some exploration into her ass crack.

She moaned in a very feminine and erotic voice to show her approval whenever her lust spiked, which was often. In fact, his tit and ass play was making her so horny that she began writhing her entire naked body against his, like a cat rubbing against a scratch post. But still, she kept on stroking.

Feeling encouraged, Nick thought about putting his morning's lessons on playing with a pussy into play. This was a very, very different situation than the one he'd faced with Maggie earlier. Then, he'd had all the time in the world, and he was lying down and up close to her crotch. He wished they'd role-played some situations like this, where he and Hillary were standing up and everything was frantic and exciting.

Still, he did his best. He threw out his earlier strategy of spending minutes before even touching anywhere on her pussy mound. But he ran his fingers just outside her labia and clit instead of touching either of them directly at first.

Hillary moaned, "Oh, yes! Touch me there!" She took his hand and moved it a couple of inches over so his fingers were directly on her pussy lips.

He was somewhat amused and chagrined, because he remembered Maggie's advice to start slowly down there. *So much for taking my time! Oh well, maybe next time. At least I've had some practice on how to do this well too. She did say the starting slowly was for when she wasn't already worked up, and she's definitely worked up!*

He started running his fingers up and down her pussy lips without actually pushing in. Her clit was already unhooded, and he occasionally tapped it or brushed against it.

Hillary appeared to love what he was doing, since she was going into erotic overdrive. In particular, she gave up all attempts at subtly stimulating his cock and pounded her fist up and down it with great speed instead. It was a "brute force" method that he'd never experienced to that extent before, but it was highly arousing just the same.

She was so relentless that within less than five minutes he found the urge to cum simply overwhelming. He knew it wouldn't be much longer. Given his unusual stamina, it surprised him that he would feel such a powerful desire to cum just from a handjob, but she was very forceful and insistent. He couldn't resist!

He idly wondered where his cum would end up. He hoped he would soon be painting her flawless tanned skin again.

Then there was a knock on the door.

They both froze. Nick started to pull his slacks back up, but Hillary didn't do anything. Her dress was up on a shelf, clear across the room, so there wasn't much she could easily do. But she had the sense of mind to ask, loudly, "Who is it?"

"It's Maggie! Hillary, is that you?!"

Hillary spoke back through the door with relief. "Oh, Maggie! It's me! I'm here with Nick. Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! Then please come on in. But don't open the door much! We're not exactly presentable. It's unlocked, by the way."

Hillary had taken her hands off Nick's shaft, but she was so unworried by Maggie's presence given what the three of them had done together already that she went right back to holding and stroking it. However, she went back to a slow and steady style, as she didn't want him to cum right when Maggie was coming in.

Nick was more careful, and took his hand away from Hillary's pussy mound.

Maggie walked in and closed the door behind her. Her eyes practically popped out of her head because of what she saw. She had a side view of Hillary and Nick, but it wasn't his exposed cock that hit her at first. Between Hillary's hands and the way their bodies were pressed together, she couldn't really see it.

What struck her was the fact that Nick was (apparently) fully dressed in nice clothes whereas Hillary was completely naked, except for her black high heels.

That simple contrast hit her like a thunderbolt. She hadn't been aroused at all, despite all the 'beautiful people' at the party, but her nipples instantly popped erect in her dress. She felt she'd never seen anything so arousing in her life, especially given the way Hillary's high heels put her legs and hips in an even sexier pose than usual.

Only after a few seconds did she realize where Hillary's hands were and what those hands were doing. That just made her doubly aroused.

Then Nick, who'd been keeping his hands at his sides, brought his hands back to Hillary's ass after confirming it was only Maggie at the door after all.

That pushed Maggie's lust even higher. The way her son was matter-of-factly handling this naked sex bomb while knowing that she was standing there watching made it seem like he was taking for granted that she belonged to him now, and he could do anything to her or Hillary that he wanted.

Maggie was suddenly so horny that she practically swooned and lost her balance. She couldn't even breathe for a little bit. It helped that Hillary was simply so beautiful that she sometimes literally took one's breath away, especially when she was naked. Maggie held a hand up to her chest and just stood there with her mouth open and eyes wide.

Hillary said in an everyday tone, "Hey Maggie, I'm so glad to see you. Nick said you wouldn't mind if he and I snuck off for a little private time. Is that okay with you? I know you've let me do a lot with him already, but I just want to double and triple check that you're completely okay with it."

There was a long pause. Maggie thought it amusing that Hillary said this while actively running her fingers up and down Nick's cock, but lust so completely swamped her brain that she couldn't think of any joke or clever comment about it. She finally just nodded.

"You're good?" Hillary asked, double checking as she'd just said she would. She'd turned a bit towards Maggie, making it more blatantly obvious how her hands were sliding up and down on Nick's pre-cum soaked pole.

Maggie gulped as she saw her son's stiff prick come into full view. But she managed to say, "I'm good." Her heart was pounding hard, her palms were getting sweaty, and her pussy had gone from dry to moist to swampy in a matter of only a few moments.

She was so overwhelmed and aroused that the room was spinning. She could have gone back outside until she calmed down, or simply closed her eyes, but she didn't even think about those options. Instead, she sat down on a nearby beach in an attempt to recover. The truth was, she didn't want to stop looking because she adored what she was seeing.

As she panted hard, she admitted to Hillary, "This is great! I love that you're so bold that you didn't even pause in your stroking when I came in. That's... really hot!"

Hillary breathed a sigh of relief. She had been very worried that she was being too bold by doing that, or by sneaking off alone with Nick in the first place. She looked down at her slipping and sliding fingers, and admitted, "Yeah, well, it feels so good that once you start, you just can't stop!"

Maggie nodded in heartfelt agreement with that. Briefly, she remembered security concerns and looked back to the door with worry.

Hillary saw that look and explained, "It's not lockable, unfortunately. We'll just have to take our chances."

When Maggie heard that, it worried her greatly, but it also kicked her arousal into an even higher gear. She hadn't even touched Nick or Hillary yet, and she was almost deliriously aroused. Everything seemed just too sexy and dangerous to be believed!

Nick had been on the verge of climaxing when Maggie came in, but her surprise arrival gave him such a scare that it provided a second wind of sorts for his boner. Now that the shock was wearing off, he had a renewed worry that he would cum too soon to live up to his reputation. He forced himself to close his eyes and kind of tune out, to help prolong the joy.

Hillary continued to talk, like she was idly chatting with a friend while getting a haircut. She honestly explained, "It's funny. I saw Nick standing all alone, and I figured he was nervous. So I led him in here, hoping to neck a little while and get his mind off his worries. And maybe more. It seems that his confidence grows when he's horny."

Maggie was too winded to talk much, but she nodded emphatically at that.

Hillary continued, "But the first thing he did was to take ALL my clothes off! That got me so HOT that I just couldn't resist his BIG COCK! I was about to go down on him when you came in, but now we can go down together! Maggie, aren't we lucky to share him?!"

Her words hit Maggie like physical blows. When Hillary said "BIG COCK" with extra passionate oomph, Maggie felt a shiver down her spine and an extra powerful tingle in her pussy. She'd just sat in a spot where she didn't have to see the handjob while she tried to regain her breath and gather her wits.

But Hillary helpfully pivoted herself and Nick around, explicitly to give Maggie an even clearer and closer view of the handjob action than before. When Hillary mentioned his "nice one," she tilted his stiff cock Maggie's way, and stroked and held it in such a way as to show off just how long and thick it was.

Maggie found herself staring at it, but she also thought, *Good Lord! That belongs in my mouth! In Hillary's mouth! No, both our mouths! We can finally take turns bobbing on it, just like in so many of my dreams and*

fantasies! We're his sexy, busty sluts, and it's time for us to prove it with our hot lips and busy tongues!

She realized she was practically hyperventilating, and tried to regain some control. She also realized that she was burning with jealousy that Hillary had possession of Nick's raging boner and she didn't, even as she rejoiced at Hillary's wanton behavior with him.

Okay... Calm down! Gotta stay calm. There's nothing in him stripping her naked and turning her into his hot little slut-bunny!

She got an extra kick from the term "slut-bunny," which she'd never used before.

He can do that. In fact, he should be doing that. It's the whole point, right? To hand him over to her? I can't get mad at him for taking full advantage, ripping off all her clothes, and squeezing that gorgeous bubble butt like he owns it! And I certainly shouldn't feel jealous of her for sliding her sexy fingers all over his cock monster!

Of course she's stroking that fat cock of his, so hot and pulsing with energy, practically bursting out in a geyser with all that delicious cum? That's exactly what I'd do most anytime I could get him alone. I should be happy, right? It's not like I need to get up and take all that thick, delicious fuck-meat away from her and hold it in my hands, and stroke it and pleasure it and love it until its squirts a big delicious load all over my face. No, that would be wrong!

We're his co-girlfriends, co-sluts, and she deserves as much cocky time as I do! The main point is that his cock is getting properly serviced by at least one of us. I'm just gonna sit here and relax and give her the one-on-one time she so richly deserves! Really, I am!

Maggie's chest was wildly heaving, but she wasn't that arousing a sight to look at, because of her conservative black dress. It showed some cleavage, but compared to the other revealing outfits at the party she almost seemed like a prude. She was seriously regretting her choice of outfits now.

She reached under her dress, pulled her panties to the side, and started playing with her pussy under the dress. She was afraid of someone else coming in at any time. Meanwhile, her eyes kept wandering up and down Hillary's body. *Incredible! I don't consider myself bisexual, obviously, but*

Hillary is like a walking orgasm! And Nick's won her! And me! That's a simple, known fact, but it still is really HOT!

Maggie loved the way Hillary's huge, bare tits were mashed into Nick's stylish dress shirt. But much of Hillary's rack couldn't be seen from Maggie's point of view, since Hillary's current stance was emphasizing her ass instead. It jutted out to a surprising degree, partly thanks to her high heels. But what was also noticeable was Hillary's perfect, all-over deep tan.

An epiphany hit the horny mother: Hillary! She's me! She looks so much like me that it's scary! Okay, from the neck up she looks quite different, but from the neck down, her body could be mine. Especially the big breasts, the jutting ass, and the tan. Even our hair falls down straight and long; it's just brunette instead of blonde. That must be what I look like jacking off my son. WOW!

That upped her arousal even more. She tried not to look at Hillary's head, or her straight brown hair running a short way down her back, so she could truly pretend she was looking at herself. *I look really hot! Just look at me go, jacking him off like that! My entire body is in heat, rubbing up and down his like the shameless slut that I am! Go, me, go!*

I wonder if he's so in lust and love with her because she reminds him of me on some level? Or is it that I remind him of her? Or both? Or is it just any boy his age would love a shapely woman who has a stunning face and big tits? God, I want him to FUCK the HELL out of me! I don't even care that I am his mother. That just makes it better! And he should fuck Hillary too! Son, treat us like the sluts we are and leave our cunts hurting and sloshing around with all your baby-makers!

She knew that she wouldn't actually let him fuck her if he tried - at least not yet. But it made for a thrilling fantasy when she was in this highly aroused condition.

Maggie also couldn't help but see and appreciate Hillary's talented finger work. The buxom teen had two fingers on Nick's sweet spot and she was working it relentlessly. Maggie still felt jealous that those fingers weren't hers. But at the same time, she looked up at Nick's face and saw the tortured look that showed he was experiencing total ecstasy. She couldn't help but love that, and approve.

Hillary asked Maggie with surprising calm, "By the way, how did you know to find us here?"

Maggie closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down, because she realized she was so worked up that she would have a hard time talking. Her chest was still tight and heaving, and she was still playing with her pussy, but she tried her best to answer, "I started talking to people... and got... caught up in it and... And... After a while... I... I... I noticed Nick was gone... So I..."

Hillary interrupted during one of Maggie's long pauses. "Are you okay?" She'd noticed that Maggie was even more aroused than she was, which was saying a great deal.

"I'm fine. I'm just, uh, winded... From... uh... running here."

That was a bald-faced lie, and all three of them knew it. But neither Nick nor Hillary felt it necessary to call her out on it.

Maggie was feeling so very horny that she closed her eyes, to try to reduce the amount of sexual stimulation bombarding her brain. However, she had a mental image of Hillary jacking her son off that she couldn't shake. It didn't help that she could hear the squishy sounds of the handjob as well.

She soon was forced to open her eyes again though, because her image of Hillary jacking him off kept morphing into an image of herself doing the same. Looking directly at the cock stroking was actually slightly LESS arousing than thinking about it!

But her breathing did ease up a bit, thanks to her attempts to calm down. She continued, "I looked around... and didn't see you or Nick. ... I worried he'd gotten shy and gone off somewhere. ... I asked a couple people, and they told me... you... you'd come here."

"Who told you?"

Maggie wanted to get at her nipples too. She pulled her dress down and started to remove her bra. "Blonde... Unusually beautiful blonde. ... Looks like a movie star."

"Do you remember her name?!"

"Name's uh, Debra, I think."

Hillary cursed, "Fuck! It figures. I knew she'd be at this party. This is THE Debra! Remember? We've talked about her."

Maggie had a realization. "Oh! Her!" She'd only known that the Debra both Nick and Hillary had complained about was both blonde and extraordinarily beautiful. It was an indication of how many of the girls were both blonde and beautiful that Debra didn't immediately stand out. The name should have been a big tip off, but Maggie hadn't been thinking about Debra at all.

Hillary groused, yeah, her. "Debra's always after me, like we're in some kind of competition. I couldn't care less about her, but she's always on my case. I'm not surprised it was her. Did anyone else know?"

"I don't think so." Maggie tossed her bra further down the bench she was sitting on. She sighed with relief about others not knowing as she started to twist her erect nipples, Nick-style.

Hillary cursed, "Shit! That's bad, because she's probably keeping an eye out for me in this very room, and we can't even lock the door! Shit, shit, shit! Maggie, if you don't mind, I think it's best if you keep your clothes on. Then, if Debra or anyone else knocks on the door, you can peek out and tell 'em to go away!"

Maggie was disappointed to hear that, since she'd just pulled her dress off her shoulders and taken her bra off. But she said, "Okay." She kept the bra off, but pulled her dress back up into position, more or less.

Hillary told Maggie, "I'm really sorry to have to say that to you, because it's so fun to be naked with Nick!"

Maggie found it increasingly difficult to talk, because her breathing was becoming ragged and heavy.

Ironically, Hillary still was feeling calmer, even though she was the one sliding her fingers up and down Nick's slicked-up shaft.

Nonetheless, trying to at least pretend play it cool, Maggie noted, "You're telling me! Nick loves his women completely nude. Just in the past week, he's put me in some very embarrassing situations that I haven't told you about yet, when he took ALL my clothes off."

Hillary asked eagerly, "Oooh! That sounds sexy. Like what?"

"I-I-I... I can't say right now." Maggie was too embarrassed. Plus, she was suddenly so aroused that it was getting hard for her to think or talk. She pulled at her dress with her free hand while she continued to finger herself under her dress. She felt like she was burning up, and she longed to get completely nude like Hillary. But she reminded herself she had to be careful in case Debra or anyone else came by.

"Oh, come on. We're friends now, aren't we? I won't tell a soul. What happened?"

Maggie was so proud of her son's exploits that she couldn't help but say, "Well, let's just say that I found out that it's possible to get seriously titfucked while lying back in the front seat of my car, wearing only my high heels. In a very public place!" She was thinking of her time with Nick at the "lover's lane" parking lot.

Hillary giggled. "Oooh! That sounds like fun!"

A couple of minutes passed as Maggie and Hillary discussed that incident. Both of them got even more worked up about it.

Hillary said while still stroking his hard-on, "I'd LOVE to get titfucked just like that."

Nick had been completely silent for a while now. He felt it was a major accomplishment if he just managed to not cum, and he had no mental capacity left for thinking or talking. He'd long given up on trying to finger Hillary's pussy, since it seemed all he could do was grip her shoulders in an attempt to hang on a little longer.

Nevertheless, Hillary asked him, "Would you like to fuck my tits like that?" She took his hands from her shoulders and brought them to her breasts. "Would you like to do it in public, where everyone can see?" She went right back to jacking him off.

Maggie was more than encouraging to Hillary. "Oh, you just have to! It's so much fun! You'll cum and cum and cum again!" She was conflicted about the hand-over plan, to say the least, not to mention her jealous feelings caused by only being able to watch. But when she got all worked up, she found it a lot easier to be generous about sharing him with her.

Nick, meanwhile, was practically like a statue. He'd discovered that if he kept his eyes closed and his hands still, he could somehow ride the edge of

a climax without actually shooting off, so that's what he was doing. Even with his hands holding Hillary's huge globes, he didn't do anything more than unthinkingly squeeze them a little bit. He didn't talk, and he hardly even had conscious thoughts. He just focused entirely on what was happening to his boner. True, he wished he could play with Hillary's fantastic body a lot more actively, but he had to make choices, and prolonging the joy took priority.

Maggie was still feeling worried about Debra. Out of the blue, she asked, "Do you think Debra will catch us here?"

Hillary spoke while still focused on the handjob. "I think we'll be okay. We don't want her to know that we're both intimate with Nick, or she'll have a field day with that. She's dangerous and sneaky, and even though she and I have been nothing but outwardly nice to each other, I think she hates me. It'll be tricky for all three of us to get out of here without her noticing, but let's deal with that later. Maybe we can leave one by one, just to be safe. The first one out will make sure the coast is clear."

She groaned erotically, and looked down past her big tits to her hand on Nick's cock. "But first, I wanna give Nick a really nice cum." She looked into his eyes. "Just think how mellow and good you'll feel after a great big orgasm. I would totally drop to my knees right now and suck your fat cock hard and long, but we have to be ready to move fast in case Debra comes knocking. We'll have other chances to sneak off later in the party, hopefully more than once."

She looked around and realized there wasn't anywhere to hide. There was no furniture in the room at all, except for long benches built into the sides of the wall. Still, she said, "We can, um, hide in the corner or something."

He grunted. He was past the talking stage by now. He was still holding Hillary's tits with both hands, but he was doing that mostly just to hang on for dear life. He had his eyes tightly shut as he tried to focus entirely on prolonging the pleasure. *God! I can't believe it! This is SO much better than my best Hillary fantasies!*

Hillary added to Nick, "That said, don't be too worried about Debra or anyone else here. By and large, they're a bunch of posers and losers who happen to have rich parents. Don't feel intimidated! Remember, not only is the hottest girl here your girlfriend, but I'm your girlfriend too."

Nick was so out of it he couldn't even reply. The pleasure was so great that it was like his brain was melting. However, he recognized the importance of her question, and somehow managed to nod his head.

Maggie opened her eyes as she thought through the logic of Hillary's comment. "Hey! Hillary, what are you talking about? You're the hottest girl here, by far!"

"Ha! Me? Are you kidding?" She pulled away from Nick, but kept a hand on his erection. Even though her fingers stayed in place, they continued to subtly rub up and down on his sweet spot.

He finally opened his eyes to see what was going on, since he'd had to let go of her soft and squeezable tits.

Hillary waved her other hand over her body, and complained to Maggie, "Look at me. I'm fat!"

"Fat? HA! That's a laugh!" Maggie was stirred from her erotic haze by sheer incredulity approaching outrage that Hillary didn't consider herself the sexiest girl in town. "If you're fat, then I'm a sumo wrestler! Where?!"

Hillary stopped stroking Nick's erection, but kept it in a firm grip. She hefted up one of her bouncy melons with her free hand. "Here, for starters."

"What?! Hillary, that's all good. You WANT fat there!"

"But it makes 'em saggy." Knowing Nick was watching closely, she slapped it lightly, setting off a jiggle-quake. "Besides, they throw off my body fat percentage."

"To what?"

"Sixteen percent."

"Are you kidding me?! That's almost what professional female swimmers or runners have!"

Hillary knew that, and she was more boasting than complaining. Normally she was modest, but she couldn't help but be proud at how well she kept her body in shape. She continued to gripe, "But I'm fat all over! Look at my ass!"

Finally letting go of Nick's erection after one last loving squeeze, she turned around and bent over. But she didn't just bend over. She spread her legs wide, grasped her ankles, and dropped her head to within a couple inches of

the floor, keeping her legs stiff and straight all the time. "See?" she complained.

Maggie figured out what Hillary was really trying to do, because it dawned on her that she wasn't pointed towards her at all, but was perfectly positioned for Nick to see her instead. *She's giving his cock kind of a much needed break AND arousing him mentally even more at the same time! Brilliant!*

Maggie looked at Nick, and saw that he was holding his shaft around the base. He had a pained expression on his face, because he was struggling so very hard not to cum. It appeared he was squeezing his shaft hard at its base, not from pleasure, but in a desperate attempt to delay his climax. (It was a technique he'd read about in a porn story on the Internet, but he never figured he'd be using it in a trial by fire situation in real life.)

If he were to lose control now, he would start shooting his cum directly onto Hillary's ass from only about a foot or two away. He felt dizzy as he contemplated shooting his load directly onto Hillary's bald pussy, peeking at him between her ass cheeks. In fact, if he really had his act together, he could have put his hands on her ass, stepped forward, and plunged into her hot cunt!

Somehow, the technique worked, giving his dick a second life. But it was surprisingly taxing too. He impressed himself that he managed to remain standing.

Meanwhile, a still-masturbating Maggie was so aroused by Hillary's sexy bent over pose that she thought, *Fuck! If I had a dick, I'd totally be plowing it into her about now! Look at her, with that shamelessly dripping pussy in perfect view! She's complaining that she's FAT! HA!*

"Where's the fat?!" she persisted in asking Hillary.

"Here." Hillary briefly took a hand off her ankle just long enough to wave it vaguely towards her ass. "Can't you see?"

"No, I can't see!" Maggie said emphatically. "There's no fat there! In fact, the only fat in this whole room is my son's fat cock!" She was horrified she'd just said "my son." She belatedly covered her mouth with a hand. *Oh shit! I fucked up royally! The secret is out!*

Even Nick was alert enough to look horrified. That was different than just having playful "Ma" and "Son" nicknames, especially since Maggie said it as if she meant it and not as part of an obvious role-play. He held his breath, hoping Maggie could somehow pull out a miraculous save.

Luckily, Maggie didn't need to, since Hillary still thought of the "Ma" and "Son" "role-play" from the previous day and assumed this was an extension of that. It was a very lucky break that she was turned around and bending over so she couldn't see the aghast expressions on Nick's and Maggie's faces.

Hillary started laughing so hard at that that she was forced to stand back up for fear she'd topple over, especially considering she was wearing high heels. "Good one," she said, still laughing. "Your son. Right. Are you playing that game again? Anyway, you're hardly that old!"

All that laughing kept her tanned tits constantly swaying and jiggling. Nick had a hard enough time not cumming when Hillary was bent over, but the situation wasn't any better now that she was back up. She was orgasm-inducing all over, from any angle. She still had her back to him, and he was amazed at the amount of "side boob" he could see. At least the squeezing at the base of his shaft trick seemed to be working, and his imminent orgasm crisis had passed.

Maggie realized that she'd dodged a bullet, thanks to their previous incestuous "role-play." Furthermore, she figured Hillary thought the "my son" comment was her making an indirect joke about how old she was as part of the self-put down battle they seemed to be having. Trying to play along with that interpretation, Maggie complained indignantly, "I am old!"

Hillary rolled her eyes. "Yeah, old. You're what, two years older than me? Three maybe? I wouldn't even believe that much except you do go to college."

Maggie deliberately avoided answering that, by saying, "And I strongly object to your implication that I'm the prettiest woman in this room. We both know that's not true. You're both younger AND more stacked, for starters. And if you want fat, just look at me." She stopped masturbating and stood up. She thrust her hip out, acting as if she had fat thighs.

"Okay, now you're the one being a liar," Hillary said, inadvertently revealing that she knew she didn't have an ounce of unwanted fat on her

body. "Where's all this fat?"

"Where?" Maggie threw up her hands. "Everywhere!"

"Show us," Hillary challenged her.

"Okay, fine! I will!"

Maggie bent over, but haphazardly, not in the deliberately seductive way Hillary had. "On my ass, for starters."

Hillary crossed her arms under her huge rack, pushing her tits out. "Maggie, the only thing we can see is that you're wearing a nice black dress."

"Sheesh! Fine!" Maggie was very worried about other partiers finding them here, especially Debra, who seemed inordinately interested in the whereabouts of both Nick and Hillary when she'd talked to her at the party earlier.

But she thought to herself, *I'm gonna take some of my clothes off, but just for a second. Then I'll put them right back on, and my son will never touch me. I have to prove to this silly slut that she's wrong. Her? Fat? Puh-lease! I'll show her fat!*

Nick continued to hold his cock while he waited with Hillary for Maggie to disrobe. But he was careful to only stroke his sweet spot a little bit now and then, since he was trying to give his cock a relative rest. He was still in some sort of erotic fog, or daze, but at least he managed to keep his eyes open and watch what the others were doing.

Maggie had to pull her dress over her head to get it all the way off, since it was a single piece.

As she did that, Hillary sidled up to Nick and whispered to him, "Look at that! You've got an incredibly sexy college girlfriend, you know that? You lucky dog. Look at how she's struggling to get that dress off. Is she really having trouble, or is she putting on a sexy show for you? Either way, you win!"

Nick couldn't disagree with that.

In fact, Hillary wasn't just praising Maggie's body for Nick's sake. She lusted after Maggie so much that it almost hurt like a physical pain. True, she loved and lusted after Anushka too. But she was increasingly feeling

that she might be able to have both, especially since Nick was leading the way in having two girlfriends.

Maggie put her dress aside on the bench and stood there wearing nothing but her panties and her high heels. She was so hot and bothered that she stood proudly in a sexy stance, with her hip cocked.

Hillary practically drooled from watching Maggie stand there. She silently mouthed the words "FUCK ME!" But to quickly cover up from that slip, she asked her, "What's your body fat percentage?"

"Almost the same as yours, but that's not the issue. My breasts are smaller too, so my percentage should be better, not worse!"

Huffily, Maggie kept taking her clothes off. She wanted to show off her supposedly "fat" ass, and she couldn't do that very well in the "granny-style" panties she was wearing, so she slowly and seductively wiggled them down her legs. Besides, she wanted Nick to look at her more, instead of only having eyes for Hillary. She loved the fact that he was devoting all her attention to her at the moment

He definitely was watching! She bent further forward the more she shimmied the panties down her legs, and that in turn caused her huge tits to drop and sway.

Finally, she was naked except for her heels. She stood back up, only to immediately turn around and bend over outrageously again. Her lust was getting to her, and she was forgetting all about needing to be cautious. This time, she bent over the exactly same way that Hillary had just done, deliberately putting her bare ass on display for Nick to enjoy. In fact, she spread her legs even wider than Hillary had. Her stiff legs were spread so very wide that they almost made a right angle at her crotch.

"You see? You see?" she complained as she clutched at her ankles. "That's a fat ass. So don't go talking to me about fat asses!"

What Maggie didn't fully realize was that Hillary loved the display just as much as Nick did.

Hillary started walking to where Maggie remained lewdly bent over. However, she realized she didn't want to move too far from Nick. So she took his hand off his cock and replaced it with her own, and resumed

jacking him off. Then she gently but firmly pulled him along with it until they stood right behind the insanely horny mother.

He had to shuffle along awkwardly, since his slacks had slid nearly down to his knees.

With pre-cum and even some real cum dripping down her sliding fingers, she asked Nick, "I don't see any fat on your quote 'mother' unquote. Do you?"

"No." He wasn't good for much more than a one-word answer. He was panting like he was about to hyperventilate. The fact that Hillary overtly called Maggie his "mother" nearly put him in a tizzy of delight. Even if she was being somewhat mocking about it, every time such words were used by or around Hillary made their incestuous secret a little safer. Plus, it was hot!

Maggie continued to pretend she was fat, even though it was really just an excuse to show off. "I suppose it isn't obvious at first sight, but it's there."

Hillary would have loved to touch and caress Maggie's gorgeous (and completely fat-free) butt, but she felt she shouldn't. She was trying to keep her lust for Maggie in check for now, especially since she worried they were in an unsafe location and would need to move soon. Plus, she had to take into account Anushka's concerns.

However, she could live vicariously through Nick. Besides, she loved making him so aroused that he could practically cry. So she suggested to Nick, "Touch her ass! Give it a good feel. See if you can find any fat there."

Maggie felt a shock of excitement race up both her splayed out legs and continuing straight to her pussy. By the time her son reached out and touched her, it was all she could do just to stop herself from screaming out in orgasmic ecstasy. And all he did was put one hand on her!

Nick ran his hand over his mother's bare ass, but lightly and tenderly. Strangely, he was so aroused that it was like he'd become docile. That was because he was in an erotic fog as thick as pea soup, and his brain was barely functioning. The tanned and firm bare ass bent over so lewdly for him didn't even seem real.

Maggie had been half-hoping he would plunge his fingers into her wet pussy (her rule against it be damned!). But instead, he continued to just lightly graze her ass cheeks. Ironically, his light touch aroused her more

than if he'd resorted to the heavy groping style he usually used on her. It caused her to tremble and tingle even more as he stimulated the fine, invisible hairs there.

She realized that if she didn't get back up, she'd likely climax and topple over, so she reluctantly stood up straight.

As if in a confused dream, Nick pulled his mother close and twirled her around so she'd be facing him. His eyes were slightly glazed over. Without thinking whatsoever, his hands went straight for her magnificent globes and he hefted their sensitive undersides.

Maggie probably would have let him keep doing that, and then give in even more, but she felt a hand just above her pussy, and looked down at it. It was Hillary's hand! True, it was only the backside of the hand, and the contact was (mostly) inadvertent because Hillary was still gently stroking Nick's cock, so her hand was unexpectedly trapped between Nick and Maggie when Nick started to hug her.

But Maggie was so shocked by Hillary's unintended touch that she jerked back, breaking out of Nick's grasp. She stumbled back to her bench and sat down. Her heart was pounding so loudly that it felt like there were tribal drums beating in her ears.

Nick's "ass check" was technically inconclusive, since he hadn't taken the opportunity to firmly knead her luscious bubble butt. But the visual evidence was overwhelming that Maggie's ass was as incredible as the rest of her body, and very much the equal of Hillary's. Sadly, Maggie really did think she could lose some weight, but that was only because, like most American women, she lacked confidence in her looks.

Hillary triumphantly concluded, "You see? I think we can safely conclude that there's no fat on you whatsoever. And yes my breasts are one size bigger than yours, maybe, but that just means they're TOO big. And you're a couple of years older, but that just means you're more womanly and curvy. I'm still growing into my body. You see how my legs are still coltish?"

She kicked up a leg nearly as high as her waist, like some kind of chorus line girl.

That move made Nick moan. He couldn't believe how sexy both women were, and the fact that Hillary was still jacking him off with one hand made

his pleasure that much greater.

Maggie conceded the "fat fight," because she was too horny to talk. She decided her best bet was to mentally shut down for a while. She closed her eyes and tried to shut out the outside world. Once again she thanked her lucky stars that her mention of "my son" didn't ruin everything.

She could still hear the rhythmic squish, squish, squish sounds of Hillary's hand sloshing all over Nick's big erection. She found herself thinking, I wonder how long she was doing that before I arrived. I'll bet her hand is getting tired. I wonder if I should take over. It would be the polite thing to do, after all. Her hand definitely has to be very tired, now that I think about it. And if I don't take over, all her hard work could be for nothing, if his hard cock goes flaccid!

Her bare boobs kept heaving up and down, more and more. It's imperative that my son has a nice cum! He's all wound up and nervous being here at this high-powered party, and I'm sure squirting a huge load of cock cream all over his busty mother would help him out! In fact, why settle for a handjob? Since we're at a party and all, it's probably better he shoots it all down my throat after I suck, and lick, and joyously suck and suck and lick and lick on his fat knob, and all that tasty cock-meat! I can still almost feel what it was like this morning, cramming that entire huge cockhead in my mouth, and it felt soooooo good...

Better yet, you know what would be really great? If he cums on my tits and face right now! Then I could rub all that sweet cum into my skin! I'd go back to the party smelling of his cum with a pearly, shiny sheen. No one would know except maybe Hillary, but I'd know! And my son would know! Too hot!

But Maggie was exhausted and struggling just to breathe. She got so carried away with fantasies about handjobs and blowjobs that she didn't think to actually open her eyes and ask Hillary if she could take over. Besides, some residual fear about being caught held her back from getting more involved. She'd forgotten about Debra specifically, but she still had a nagging feeling that she was only supposed to stay naked for a short while and they needed to leave soon.

However, Maggie was right that Hillary had been jacking Nick off for a while now, and Hillary's hand was in fact tired. Hillary knew it wouldn't

take much at all to get him to cum, but before she did that, she wanted to make out with him a little longer. She let go of his shaft and brought her hands to his ass instead.

This didn't give his hot pole any respite whatsoever, because it got trapped pointed straight up between her naked body and his clothed one, since he still wore his dress shirt and his slacks were down around his knees. When the kissing resumed and she also resumed writhing all over him in delight, she was effectively jacking him off with her lower tummy instead.

He still felt like he'd climax at any second, and he didn't understand how he was managing to hold out for so long (although his squeezing the base of his cock trick had helped a lot).

That's how they were, with Maggie slumped on the bench, her eyes closed and her pussy copiously flowing, and Nick and Hillary hugging and kissing in the middle of the room, when there was a knock on the door!

But none of them had any time to react, because after only three quick knocks the door flew open.

Chapter 42: Debra's Game (Saturday)

The person at the open door was Debra.

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary were all understandably shocked and upset. But Debra was about the last person Hillary in particular wanted to see. Hillary knew that, no matter what ever else happened, Debra would have tremendous leverage over all three of them.

Debra was wearing a bright yellow dress held up by two thin straps that showed a lot of cleavage. As she took in the scene as the door closed behind her, she smiled in wolfish delight.

She'd been trying to get some dirt on Hillary for the past month, in anticipation that Hillary would be her greatest rival in the coming school year. That effort only intensified once the school year began. But Hillary was such a straight arrow that she'd been foiled. (She did know how much Hillary liked to eat marijuana brownies, but that didn't help since that was actually considered cool with her fellow students. Ditto with Hillary dating a girl, which Debra hadn't found out about yet anyway.)

Now, she really had something good, because she knew Nick was dating Maggie, and yet here he was with a completely naked Hillary instead! She smiled triumphantly.

However, her glee turned to confusion as she realized that Maggie was in the room as well, and completely naked too. That threw her off, to say the least. She didn't know what to say, and just blurted out, "What's going on?!"

Hillary was horrified as she continued to gawk at Debra standing there at the door. She had often told herself she didn't care at all about popularity contests, but that wasn't entirely true. She'd seen Debra as a rival as far back as when they'd been going to different schools, because their beauty was so heads and shoulders above everyone else at their age level that Debra was an obvious rival even back then. Naturally, her concern had greatly magnified now that they were going to the same school, although she outwardly acted as if she'd love nothing more than to be Debra's good friend.

Unfortunately, by turning to look Debra's way, Hillary had made matters worse, because she'd completely exposed Nick's boner to Debra's view. It

poked straight forward, and was obviously soaked in pre-cum. His slacks were still down at his knees, of course. There was a noticeable patch of wetness on Hillary's lower tummy where it had been rubbing.

Hillary racked her brain, but couldn't think of any rational excuse to explain the situation. It was hard to imagine a more compromising situation! And there had been no talk of her publicly sharing him with Maggie as official girlfriends.

Hillary wasn't ready for the public scrutiny and humiliation that would come if her classmates found out she was the girlfriend to a boy who already had a girlfriend. She might be ready for that eventually, but she wasn't now. She figured it was better that people got to know her before that became big news and threatened to define her. (Similar reasoning had her keeping her bisexuality under wraps at school for now.) So she had to try to keep Debra convinced that Maggie was the only one dating him.

It was a tall order, to say the least! She decided that Maggie and Nick obviously were no help at the moment. Maggie appeared to be waking, but from a slumber of erotic reverie instead of actual sleep. However, that would take time. Nick, meanwhile, was so close to climax that his hard-on was sticking straight out and its twitching could be easily seen from across the room, despite not being touched at all at the moment. He was even deeper in his erotic fog, and good for panted one-word answers at best.

So Hillary knew it was up to her to save the situation. The one advantage she felt she had was that she'd heard Debra wasn't very bright. To buy time, she went on the offensive. "What are YOU doing here? Just barging in on us like that!"

Debra was forced to explain herself. "I noticed Nick had been gone from the party for a while now, and then I realized that you two had disappeared as well. I was just wondering where you all were."

That was an artful lie, since in fact she'd known where Hillary and Nick were the whole time, and she was hoping to catch them doing something naughty. She'd even brought a camera, which she was holding behind her back, in hopes of getting some good blackmail material and/or proof for juicy gossip.

However, it was true she hadn't seen that Maggie had joined them. (That was ironic, since Maggie had worried about Debra following her while

Nick and Hillary had no clue.) Maggie's unexpected presence there had overturned her plans, and now she was nearly as confused what to say or do as Hillary was.

As the public high school's two most beautiful juniors stared at each other, with their faces a changing mix of emotions, an excuse started to form in Hillary's mind. It wasn't great, or well thought out, but it would have to do. She knew a lot of sexual hijinks took place in parties like these. True, those would generally take place a few hours later when most everyone was drunk, high, and/or loosened up, but it was something to latch onto.

This group of partiers knew each other very well for the most part, because they'd been going to the same schools together for ages. In fact, Nick and Maggie were the only completely new faces at this particular party, while Hillary had only joined this party crowd at the party she'd attended the week before. Hillary had been forewarned by Shannon and others that, later in the evening, people typically started to play sexual games like strip Twister, or strip poker, and the hot tub was there mostly so the girls could show off their nearly naked bodies. Often, many girls took their tops off and flaunted their tits. At some parties, if they were really drunk or stoned and/or things got particularly wild, some girls would even wander around completely naked.

Almost everyone at the party was dating someone else there, and couples tended to break off and find empty rooms to have sex in as the evening wore on. More than a few spent the night. There wasn't any overt partner swapping per se, but there was a lot of flirting and rubbing body parts against other boyfriends and the like, and sometimes secret cheating took place.

Hillary had kept most of this information from Nick and Maggie, because she wanted to do some fooling around of her own with Nick, and maybe even Maggie too, depending on how things worked out. She didn't want to scare them off from going to the party, especially because she sincerely believed getting along with this crowd would be a big help to Nick's social standing.

Debra wasn't evil, just very self-centered. But Hillary had heard correctly that she wasn't smart. She fit the stereotype of the dumb California blonde

to a 'T.' So the awkward silence stretched out for a seeming eternity while she tried to think up what to say.

Finally, she asked Hillary, "What are you doing with Nick?! And rubbing up naked against him, no less! I thought he was going out with Maggie?"

She looked to Maggie in confusion, because she honestly didn't understand.

Nick was somewhat reviving. Fear of Debra ruining things was making his penis go flaccid. However, he figured it was better to let Hillary talk, since his brain was still muddled, to say the least.

Hillary tried to hide her fear and make it seem like everything was casual and normal, but she didn't do it very well at first. "Oh, that? You're asking about that?"

"Yes, I'm asking about that," Debra replied testily, still keeping the camera hidden behind her back.

"Funny you should ask. You see, we're playing a game."

Debra looked very doubtful, and almost cross. She started to fold her arms under her breasts, but then stopped when she remembered she needed to keep her camera behind her back. "You are? What kind of game?"

"Um, well, the truth is, we came here to smoke some pot and get high. The three of us. But, uh, uh... Maggie made me a bet, and uh, the challenge was to see which one of us was the sexiest. And uh, um..."

She was blatantly making this up as she went along, and she was very nervous and inarticulate, because she was a bad liar. But Debra was just dim enough to wait her out before making up her mind about it.

After a particularly long pause, Hillary had the good idea to add, "I'm having a hard time saying this, because it's kind of embarrassing."

Seeing that had mostly mollified Debra's suspicions about her slow reply, she continued much more confidently, "So we started by comparing breast size. We had to take our dresses off for that. But Nick said he thought we both looked great, and he couldn't choose between us. And that's understandable, right?" She looked down at her F-cups and over at Maggie's E-cups.

Maggie remained standing there, but she was covering up her privates as best she could. However, she was so busty that one arm couldn't cover

much of her breasts, since she needed a hand-over her pussy too.

Debra looked back and forth between Hillary and Maggie. She reluctantly nodded.

Hillary continued, gaining still more confidence as she spoke, "Then we, uh, we started taking off more clothes, showing him this and that, but he still couldn't choose. So finally, we decided that the first one who could make him cum would win, and she'd be declared the most beautiful. However, since he's dating Maggie, I wasn't allowed to use my hands on his... you know, his dick. But that wasn't fair, so she wasn't allowed to use her hands either."

Hillary straightened up. Unlike Maggie, she wasn't attempting to cover her privates at all, since that could be seen as a sight of weakness and/or guilt. She concluded with a steady voice, "So when you came in, that's what you were seeing. We were passing Nick back and forth between us, trying to get him to cum. As soon as we did that, we were going to go back out and rejoin the party. Really."

There was a silence while Debra looked around and considered all that.

Hillary was quite proud of herself for coming up with that on the fly. It wasn't that far from the kind of crazy shenanigans she'd heard took place at parties like this later in the evening. She crossed her fingers behind her back, waiting and hoping that Debra would buy it.

Maggie had sobered up from her lusty fog. She was trying to look alert and in agreement with Hillary's explanation while still "casually" covering her privates.

Nick was slowly coming around some more as well. The shock of discovery had pushed him back from the brink of orgasm, just as it had when Maggie unexpectedly arrived here. In fact, his dick really was drooping into flaccidness this time. But even though he was alert enough to converse now, he decided Hillary's lies were much better than anything he could come up with in his still mentally muddled condition, so he wisely kept his mouth shut.

Debra surprised everyone by suddenly smiling, and declaring, "Oooh, that sounds like fun! I want to play! Can I?"

Hillary was astounded to find that Debra was so completely fooled that she even wanted to join them. She was particularly amazed because she knew Debra already had a boyfriend named Devon, who in fact was there at the party. Dumbly, she just nodded, and said, "Uh, sure."

It seemed to be the best way to pacify Debra, especially since Hillary had just seen some peeks of a camera Debra was trying to hide behind her back.

As Debra started to unzip the back of her dress, Hillary looked over at Maggie and held her hands up in a helpless gesture. She didn't dare speak, but she gave Maggie a very bewildered *"What was I supposed to do?!"* look. Since Debra wasn't looking, she pointed at the camera that Debra had temporarily forgotten to hide while she undressed.

Maggie had no answer to Hillary's non-verbal query. She didn't know what to say or do either. It was slowly dawning on her that Debra would be rubbing her naked body all over Nick's clothed one, but that seemed like the price she would have to pay in order to get out of this situation with her status as Nick's sole girlfriend intact.

Needless to say, Debra's body looked awesome naked. After all, she was already a professional model on a national scale. Her breasts weren't as large as Hillary's or Maggie's, but they were still a very sizeable double-D-cup, and they looked more like an E-cup on her, because she was shorter than the other two women. She also had an almost ridiculously curvy body, with a thin waist and wide hips (much like Anushka's hourglass figure). She also had an incredible ass that jutted out even more than Hillary's did. At school, her ass was almost legendary.

But her greatest asset was her face, framed by her long light blonde hair. It was a face that was striking enough to be on the covers of national magazines (although, in truth, she hadn't graduated to covers in her modeling career just yet). Her face looked so breathtakingly beautiful, especially whenever she smiled or pouted, that one felt an urge to forgive her of any crime or mistake, no matter how horrible. Every facial feature was perfectly shaped and perfectly sized, and her baby blue eyes were her best feature of all.

It was no surprise that she was spoiled and self-centered, given the body and face she had. She considered her face and body her financial meal

ticket for many years to come, so she was obsessive about exercising, eating well, and keeping it free of any scratch or blemish.

She also knew how to use her face and body to maximum effect. She didn't just take her clothes and underwear off; she made a slow, sexy striptease out of it. She knew everyone was watching, and she loved being the center of attention. That was particularly true when there was a horny male around. She was a shameless cock tease.

She stripped down to nothing but her silver five-inch high heels, since she saw Maggie and Hillary had their red and blue heels on, respectively. Then she struck a very sexy pose, with a leg slightly bent so the toe of her clad foot barely touched the ground, and then a hand on a cocked hip.

Nick was still quiet, but his penis was no longer flaccid, thanks to what he was seeing. He'd never anticipated seeing Debra naked in any circumstance. *No way! This can't be happening! No friggin' way! A lot of amazing things have happened to me lately, but standing in the same room with a naked Hillary, Ma, AND Debra so they can take turns rubbing against me takes the cake!*

Debra hadn't even been in his fantasies, but after looking at her naked body he was feeling he'd been remiss in that. *Good fucking LORD! Debra is a BABE! I'm pretty spoiled. If a girl isn't as sexy as Ma or Hillary, I'm just not interested. But Debra is right up there, for sure! Whoa! Some seriously impressive tits, especially on her smaller body. And I love how she has an all-over tan too, though her skin is lighter and rosier. But mostly, that face. That face! To see that face on that porn star body is too much! No wonder she's getting to be a famous fashion model!*

His eyes wandered all over her, but he particularly noticed that her pussy was shaved bare, just like Maggie's and Hillary's. *SHIT! I'm actually comparing their pussies as I'm LOOKING at them! Three totally shaved pussies, too. Talk about beyond... Wow!* His jaw was hanging open like it was distended, but luckily no one was paying attention to him to see the stupid yokel look on his face.

However, as the seconds passed, he did a rethink. *Hold on. Aren't I being disloyal to both Ma and Hillary just from getting aroused by the sight of Debra's super sexy body? I know Hillary doesn't like her. I'm going to close my eyes and try to tune out, so my dick can go flaccid.*

Remarkably, he did just that. He was mentally exhausted from so many arousing moments, not to mention the stress of the party, so he essentially shut down his mind for a while.

Debra asked no one in particular, "Who's next?"

Hillary replied, "Uh, it's still my turn, and then it's Maggie's turn. Then I guess it's your turn." She couldn't think of how to keep Debra from Nick just yet, but that progression would delay it as much as possible. She hoped she could come up with something else by then.

Debra asked impatiently, "And what will I win?"

"Nothing, except that Nick will think you're the sexiest out of us, if you do win."

Surprisingly, this was enough of a reward for Debra. She'd taken an interest in Nick lately not because she cared about him, or found him particularly attractive, but because she knew he was dating Maggie and had Hillary's interest. If Nick found her the sexiest, that would be solid proof in her own mind that she was undisputedly the sexiest of any girl associated with her high school, and that was a very tempting prize for her indeed.

Debra certainly was no prude. She loved sex, if it meant fucking or cunnilingus. She was far less interested in handjobs or blowjobs or anything where the focus was on the man's pleasure. However, she didn't enjoy sex as much as she wanted to, because she used the denial of sex as a tool to control her boyfriends.

She looked around the room, appraising Maggie's and Hillary's nude bodies. "Hmmm. Well, it is pretty tough competition, I admit. In fact, I'm really impressed with you, Maggie. Where did YOU come from? But I'll win anyway." She stated this with absolute conviction, and even an obvious smugness on her face. But it was such a beautiful face that even Hillary was tempted to nod, and say, *"Yes you will!"*

With everyone still standing there, Debra asked, "So... what are the rules again? We can rub up against Nick and touch him in any way we want, except for our hands?"

"That's right," Hillary replied, hoping she wasn't forgetting something important.

"And what's the time limit? How do you figure out the time?"

Hillary looked around and realized that none of them had been wearing watches, not even back when they'd been wearing clothes. There wasn't any clock on the wall either. "Um... Well, we don't have any way to keep time, so we just do it for a minute or two, until he says 'next.' He's the judge and jury anyway."

"Okay! Sounds good!" Debra was quite perky, now that she'd sorted out the situation to her satisfaction. "Go for it, Hillary!"

Hillary thought she'd stepped through to the Twilight Zone. Debra wasn't an enemy per se. Hillary got along with everybody and had no real enemies. But Debra was the closest thing to an enemy she had, even if their rivalry was almost entirely just in her mind and Debra's mind at this point. She never imagined she'd be doing something like this right in front of her.

She flashed a fake smile at Debra, but she said, "Hold on, I need to talk to Maggie about something for a minute first."

She took Maggie in hand and walked her a few feet away from Debra so they could whisper in private. She didn't bother to confer with Nick as well because he was clearly in such a sexual fog. She hissed quietly, "Quick, Maggie! Think of something to get us out of this!"

Maggie whispered back, "I'm trying, but I'm stumped. Except... what if we just call her bluff and tell her to get lost? So she'll tell others about what we're doing with Nick. That wouldn't be the end of the world."

Hillary frowned. "I know. We could do that. Except I'd really rather that we didn't. I'm not ready for that. I mean, I JUST agreed to be Nick's second girlfriend. I'd like a little reassurance that this actually is going to work out long-term before I start telling everyone about it and taking the hit."

Maggie asked, "'The hit?' You mean a hit to your reputation?"

Hillary winced. "Yeah. It's not like I'm all hung up on my reputation. But I just want to get along without making enemies. Remember that we live behind the 'Orange Curtain' in super-conservative Orange County. Some girls will be very judgmental and will never forgive me for being such a 'slut.' And I wouldn't care, except that I'll have to see many of them in class day after day after day. I don't want to make enemies unnecessarily. I just want to get along in a low-profile kind of way. Keep in mind that it's going to come out soon that I'm going out with Anushka too."

"I see," Maggie said. She had sympathy for that, especially due to the complicating Anushka factor.

Hillary continued, "Furthermore, you probably haven't heard much about Debra. I've heard of her mostly through reputation, and they say she basically acts like a spoiled child. If she doesn't get her way, she's liable to throw a hissy fit and then you'll be on her enemies list and she'll give you all kinds of trouble until she gets distracted with someone else to hate."

She made a decision on the spot. "I think I'm going to reveal that I'm Nick's co-girlfriend soon. In fact, I'd like to even do it in the next week or two to take Debra's ammo away from her. But I want to do it on MY terms after I confirm that everything is cool with you, Nick, and Anushka. If Debra tells the story when she's on the warpath, she'll make my life hell in all kinds of ways. I'd like to avoid that, if at all possible. And she's got a camera, as you must have seen by now."

Maggie had seen the camera too. She said with distress, "Then what can we do but go ahead with this? I can't think of anything else!"

Hillary nodded grimly. "I can't either."

Maggie was upset, but she looked at Hillary nude body in front of her, and then over at Debra's. She had the feeling that something extremely sexual was going to happen. Her newly emerging "good slut" side couldn't help but feel excited.

Hillary walked back to where Nick was standing, and said to Debra with another fake smile, "Okay, we're ready to begin."

Debra flashed a toothy smile. "All right! Let's do it!"

Hillary took a heavy breath and resolved there was nothing to do but just go ahead with this "sex game." She wrapped her arms around Nick and pretty much resumed what she'd been doing right before Debra came in. She started rubbing her huge tits against his chest, and writhed all over the rest of him for good measure.

But it wasn't effective like before. For one thing, Nick's effort to keep his eyes closed and go flaccid was succeeding. His dick wasn't even half-hard, so Hillary couldn't trap his dick against her lower tummy as she'd been doing before. It needed to get stiff first, but she wasn't allowed to hold it and stroke it.

Furthermore, Nick was just standing there. He was too blown away by the prospect that the three most beautiful women he'd ever seen in his life were going to take turns rubbing their naked bodies on him until he came to be of much use. He'd opened his eyes, but he just kept his hands at his sides, waiting for Hillary to take the lead.

Hillary decided she needed to be more proactive and creative. It occurred to her that there was no rule against taking HIS clothes off, so she started to unbutton his dress shirt. That took time, but she hoped it would pay off later when she'd be able to rub her fulsome melons directly against his exposed chest. She also doubted that he would pay close attention to the time anyway.

Furthermore, she realized that she hadn't mentioned any rule against talking. So she purred to him, "What's the matter, babe? Why don't you put your hands on my ass and squeeze it, like you did before?"

That got immediate results. He shook himself out of his stupor enough to clench her ass cheeks with both hands. Enjoying that, he started to knead them.

Hillary was pleased that she was starting to affect him. She purred in a seductive voice, "Nick, I know you're Maggie's boyfriend, but would you like me to rub my big breasts against your chest?"

By this time, she'd managed to get the last of his buttons done, and she opened his shirt wide. Then, as she actually started to rub him skin-to-skin while also licking him around his neck, she continued, "Just like this? Do you like that?"

He nodded like an eager puppy.

"Does it excite you that the girl with the biggest tits in school is rubbing them all over you? It excites me! I just luuuuuuve rubbing my naked body all over you, you stud! Maybe you should take off those stupid pants and hold your big cock up so I can rub against that too!"

Nick's dick was rapidly becoming turgid, and he quickly complied. His shirt was still on and hanging open, but that was no impediment to enjoying the way Hillary was now slithering all over his front side. Her main effort was on her tits, but she was using everything she had, even wrapping a leg around one of his on occasion.

Once Nick held his erection in place with it pointing straight up and resting against his body, he was able to let go and have it stay there, since her body started pressing into it so firmly.

Rubbing against his boner became her new focus. Her ass swirled around in a circular motion, allowing her lower tummy to rub his soaked pole with just as much friction and pleasure as if she'd been using her hands.

Debra was getting increasingly distraught, not because she disapproved of what Hillary was doing, but because she was worried that Hillary was being too effective and might win the contest. She was getting increasingly aroused too.

Hillary cooed, "How do you like that? I love your cock! It's soooo... BIG! Gaawwwd, and THICK! So THICK! This one is a real cunt-stuffer! Do you like that I'm rubbing your cock with my naked body while your girlfriend watches? That's 'cos you make me so HOT! I can't help but rub my big tits on you, 'cos you're such a stud! I want you to cum all over me! All over THEM!" She looked down at her sliding breasts to show what she meant by that.

She continued, "Can you do that for me? Cum on my tits! Bathe them in your hot cum!" She'd been working herself up to a fever pitch, and was practically squealing as if she was already climaxing.

Maggie was conflicted. On one hand she was jealous once again that it wasn't her rubbing Nick and telling him those things. But on the other hand, she absolutely loved every word that was said. She was reaching her own orgasmic bliss, picturing Nick cumming on Hillary's hefty rack.

Debra was even more annoyed. Hillary clearly had an awesome body, and she was just as clearly using it to excellent effect. Debra knew she wasn't going to win the competition at this rate. She turned to Maggie and asked impatiently, "Isn't it time yet?"

Maggie had drifted over to stand next to Debra, because that's where the best view was, directly in front of the action. She tried to stall for time, hoping Hillary would get Nick to cum, which meant Debra wouldn't have to touch him at all. She asked, "Don't you have a boyfriend?"

"Yeah? So what?"

"Wouldn't he mind if he saw you playing this game?"

"Yeah, he'd mind, but even though he's at the party, he'd never know to come in here. So don't worry."

"But-"

Debra interrupted, "Don't worry about it. It's between him and me." She and her boyfriend both cheated on each other from time to time and they both knew it, and that's just how it was. She didn't want to be bothered with annoying questions about it. Besides, she figured this wasn't really cheating anyway, since there was no actual fucking going on.

As for Nick, she barely knew him, and he certainly didn't look to be in her league, or even anywhere close to her league. She'd had sex with guys who looked like they could be professional strippers, and some who even were professional strippers. However, if he was going to be the judge as to who was the sexiest in school, she was determined to wow him and seduce him.

Additionally, she couldn't fail to notice that Nick did have an unusually thick dick, and she was very interested in getting to know it better. She could start to understand why both Maggie and Hillary were interested in him, from the size of his cock alone.

She was antsy to get her turn. She asked, louder, "Isn't it time already?!"

Nick heard that, and reluctantly said, "Time."

"Sheesh, finally," Debra complained. "That was more than two minutes, I'm sure of it. So that means I get more than two minutes too." She warned Maggie, "I'm gonna be keeping track!"

Maggie stepped up to take her turn. Lust was taking over, and she was tempted to just have fun rubbing her body all over her son's. But she remembered she had a task to perform. *I have to save him from Debra. She's trouble! I'm the last line of defense to stop Debra from getting her hands on my Nick! Or from him getting his hands on HER! If I can get him to cum in the next two minutes, then our cover story will be saved, AND we'll be able to get rid of her before she so much as touches him. I have to do my best!*

She didn't have to psych herself up much. She was insanely horny before Debra even arrived, and she hadn't gotten more involved already mainly due to her fear of getting caught, as well as wanting to give Hillary some

well-deserved one-on-one time with him. Even Debra's interruption and continued presence had barely cooled her ardor.

But she stood little chance of making him cum in her allotted time. Nick had gone flaccid before Hillary started her turn, so most of Hillary's turn had been devoted to getting his dick fully hard again. And although he was erect now, he had a long ways to go before he'd be ready to cum. He truly did have an impressive sexual stamina.

Maggie tried her best anyway. She walked up to him with a sexy strut, and shucked his shirt the rest of the way off. She knew he didn't like that, especially with Debra there, but she and Hillary had started a campaign to get him to take his shirt off frequently so he'd get used to it and thus hopefully stop worrying about the appearance of his chest, which was nothing to be ashamed about in the first place.

Maggie kissed him on the lips (open-mouthed, of course), and they resumed a pose they'd come to enjoy so much recently: her hands went to his ass, while his hands went to her tits. She began to knead his ass cheeks, while he twisted, pulled, and generally aggressively abused her nipples.

That was all highly arousing, but the fact that his boner was trapped between them was key to her plan to get him to cum. At first, Maggie just luxuriated in the fact that it was there and pressed straight up against her lower abdomen. But as the seconds passed, she started to churn her hips, increasing the pressure and friction against it. She slithered up and down his body like Hillary had done, so it wasn't an original move, but it felt fantastic for the both of them just the same.

She found herself thinking, I'm such a slut! Sure, I have to do this to save him from Debra, but I don't have to love it so much! I'm his MOTHER, for crying out loud! What would Debra think, or Hillary for that matter, if they knew the truth about THAT?! That Nick's mom is shamelessly rubbing her hot naked body all over her son, hoping to get him to cum! Why, his fat cock monster is only inches from my cunt, and all he'd have to do is adjust things a little and it would plunge deep inside me! Imagine that: my son FUCKING me, and in front of two totally hot naked beauties, no less!

I don't mind that they're watching me right now. Hell, I like that they're watching. Fuck. The truth is, I LOVE that they're watching! They look so sexy standing there naked in their high heels that they make me even MORE

horny! They must know by now that Ma is a shameless horny slut for her son! They can see him rubbing a steady stream of pre-cum onto me, and it's running down to my cunt! My soaked and swampy pussy is actually getting even MORE wet from my son's CUM! Oh my God, that thought is making me so hot that I'm gonna pass out for sure, especially with the way he's twisting and tweaking my nipples!

As her arousal grew, her moves became wilder, more instinctive, and even animalistic. She started to slither against him in a way that put even Hillary's impressive sexual moves to shame. She had long broken the kiss because of her new focus on rubbing her tits, and other body parts, all over him. She would slip her entire body down, and back up, and then further down with each pass. Between Nick's sweat, her sweat, and the remains of Hillary's sweat on him, lubrication wasn't an issue. The fact that it was a naturally stuffy sauna helped. The room trapped their heat and was becoming warmer all the time.

Maggie felt like she'd become a completely different person. She had lived without any sex of any sort the last couple of years, of course. But before that, her sex life with Andy had been fairly vanilla. She'd never performed a striptease for her husband, for instance. Since she'd gotten intimate with Nick, her libido had been set on fire. But even so, she was reaching a new level of totally wanton sexual abandon and release with her nude writhing.

Hillary was trying to keep her wits about her while she watched, because she very much wanted to get rid of Debra and somehow get back to where they'd been before she came in. But she had been very hot and bothered already, and Debra's arrival had only temporarily dampened that. She also lusted after Maggie as much as Nick, if not more. Seeing them naked together, with Maggie aggressively rubbing her body against him, was just about the most arousing sight she'd ever seen. Had it not been for Debra being there, she would have started masturbating in a heartbeat.

She was proud of the fact that she and Anushka had such a close relationship that they shared all their experiences and secrets. Already, she was wondering how the hell she would be able to explain this!

Before long, Maggie began dipping down so low that her tits nearly touched his erection. He kept his fingers on her nipples all the while, which actually meant she was getting a lot more aroused than he was.

But just when she got the idea that maybe her tits should touch it and even envelop it, Debra called, "TIME!"

Hillary immediately roused herself from her lusty staring, and said, "Wait a minute. Nick's the one who's supposed to say that."

"But he must have forgot. It's been three minutes, at least!" Debra complained.

Nick spoke. "She's right. It probably has been too long. Time. Sorry, Ma--aaggie."

Since he was a naturally honest person, he was trying to at least be somewhat fair. Besides, he didn't want to embarrass himself by cumming too soon. *Phew! That was a close call!* He looked over to Hillary and Debra standing next to each other and nearly felt dizzy enough to fall over. *Good Lord! So sexy! This can't be happening to me!*

Shoot! Maggie thought, not even noticing his near faux pas about her name. *I blew it. I could have given him a titfuck, and that would have been within the rules too. He's been on the edge for so long that he would have cum for sure. Plus, it would have been super fun and super hot! Damn! Now I have to watch Debra touch him. UGH!*

Debra stepped forward towards him. She looked at Maggie disdainfully. "Huh. Interesting strategy. It seemed the main thing was the way he played with YOUR nipples, and you didn't say a word at all. Interesting."

As soon as Maggie pulled away, Debra took her place. She wrapped her arms around Nick and pressed her fabulous naked body against his, including her double-D-cups against his bare chest. She fluttered her eyelashes at him, and beamed her devastating smile his way.

"Hi!" she breathed, as she looked up into his eyes. "I'm Debra, nice to make your acquaintance." Of course, they'd met at school a few times before and talked some, but she still hardly knew him since he'd been rather aloof, and she found it amusing to pretend that rubbing her naked body against his was her very first contact with him.

He looked to Maggie and Hillary, and then to Debra. *No, this can't be happening! No way! I hope my two dream girls aren't going to be upset at me later. What can I do?! It's not my fault!*

Debra had decided that her entire future would be based on her looks and sex appeal, so she'd devoted a lot of time and energy to being sexually desirable in every way. That included her voice. She had trained it to be sultry at all times, but she could turn the seductive tone up even higher at will, and she did that now. "I'm a professional model, and a kind of famous one to boot, but the only thing I am tonight is your slut!" She took one of his hands and brought it to her ass.

He could actually feel the difference in just how much more curvy and jutting her ass was, even compared to Hillary's and Maggie's extremely impressive asses. *Whoa! I get to touch Debra's naked body too?! She's got a flawless bubble butt. I sure am one lucky guy!* He brought his other hand down to better explore her remarkable derriere.

She continued in her boner-inducing extra sultry purr, "I hardly know you, but I really like you! I have a boyfriend, but he doesn't have to know that I'm gonna get your cock all stiff and hot so you'll cum all over my face! That'll be our little secret, okay?" She winked saucily.

He felt his heart making back flips. Debra was so cute and adorable, yet somehow mature and sexy too, that she was simply irresistible. Mostly, her face and especially her eyes had an almost hypnotic allure. As long as their eyes were locked, he was eager to grant her any wish, no matter what it was.

She started to slink and slide her naked body up and down his, just as Hillary and Maggie had done. But after a few dips, she took a very deep dip and wound up fully squatting. Then, without saying anything, she simply captured the tip of his stiff erection and swallowed it in her mouth!

Her eyes went wide as she realized just how difficult it was to engulf such a thick cock. She hadn't fully realized what she was getting into until she tried to stretch her lips around his cockhead and found her lips stretching wider and wider until it was slightly painful. But she was committed by that point, and determined to win. She thought she was being clever with her sneak oral attack, and she felt that she had to act fast before anyone told her she couldn't do this.

Her eyes bugged out as she struggled to just keep all of his fat knob in her mouth. She had never sucked a cock even remotely this thick before! But she was a trooper and managed not to gag or pull off. Again feeling that

time was of the essence for her sneak attack to succeed, within seconds, she started bobbing up and down on his sweet spot.

Hillary and Maggie realized what had happened immediately of course, but they were so shocked that they were slow to react. Finally, well after Debra had started her bobbing, they found their voices. "Hey!" "Stop!" "NO!" they cried out, alone and together.

Debra gave them an innocent *"Am I doing something wrong?"* look, but kept right on bobbing on Nick's hot and throbbing hard-on. She didn't see the need for a lot of extra work to win the contest when she could go straight for the jugular.

True, it was a constant struggle to suck on it. She was used to boys fawning over and practically licking her feet to impress her, so it was no surprise that she wasn't a particularly talented or experienced cocksucker, period. And thanks to Nick's size, it was all she could do to keep her lips moving on it while still breathing through her nose.

However, she figured that didn't matter much. She was confident she could get Nick to cum pretty quickly due to the excitement of the situation, plus her extraordinary beauty.

Maggie was upset, but Hillary was absolutely livid! Hillary realized she hated to see any woman other than Maggie sucking Nick's boner, but the fact that it was Debra, of all people, practically made steam shoot out of her ears. She clenched her teeth and clenched her fists, and seriously considered punching Debra hard.

Yet both Maggie and Hillary were finding out they could be very horny and angry at the same time. It was a thin line between hate and lust, and in some ways the intense emotion of one fueled the other, and vice versa.

Debra kept right on bobbing and slurping, thinking that her innocent act would get her through until he came. But he didn't cum right away, as she'd expected. It wasn't until Hillary and Maggie both angrily marched towards her and stretched their hands out to pry her off him that she stopped and pulled off.

Debra acted like the picture of innocence, even as she wiped the slobber running down her chin. "What? Did I do something wrong? The only rule is no hands, right?"

But even as she said this, she knew she would lose the argument, and her time was limited. So, with his saliva-soaked boner practically bouncing off her nose, she changed positions slightly, pushed her nice round tits together, and trapped them in her suddenly very tight cleavage.

Nick thought, *I'm sorry, this can't be happening to me! I barely even know Debra, and she was just sucking me off! And now she's starting a titfuck! Come ON! I MUST be dreaming! God, she's so fucking sexy AND stacked! It feels great!*

Hillary screamed, "STOP THAT!" It really pissed her off that Debra had the gall to start titfucking him now. She was very ready to do her bodily harm.

Debra saw Hillary standing right above her with her hands clenched into fists and a fierce expression. She literally backed off, scooting backwards while kneeling, just like a frightened crab. She held her hands out and up to show they weren't taking part in any hanky panky anymore, or even touching Nick at all. "What? Don't tell me I can't do that either?"

"No, you can't!" Hillary defiantly folded her arms under her heaving rack.

Maggie stood next to her in the exact same position, also looking extremely pissed off. "YEAH!"

Debra pretended to be hurt and miffed. "Okay! Sorry! Sheesh. You should have specified. I didn't know! All you said was 'no hands,' and I didn't use my hands."

Hillary calmed down a tad, but just a tad, as she realized Debra had a point, since they hadn't explicitly prohibited what she'd been doing. She huffed, "Fine. Now you know. No fucking, no titfucking, no cocksucking, and no handjobs. This is supposed to just be a game, not full-on sex!"

Nick thought, *If this isn't full-on sex, then what is?! Damn, it feels so awesome that I can't even begin to imagine how good "real" sex is! I think my sexual pleasure is already set on max! And with the three hottest girls in town! And one of 'em is my fuckin' MOTHER! Phew!*

Whatever happens now, it can't be undone that Debra had my dick in her mouth and was bobbing on it! And she had it between her big tits too! That happened! He looked from one naked beauty to another. *What the hell is going to happen next?!*

Wisely, he kept his thoughts to himself.

Debra didn't want Nick to go flaccid while she was arguing, so she stood back up and plastered her voluptuous body against his, making sure that his erection was up and pressing tightly against her lower tummy. She got busy rhythmically grinding her hips against him as she asked Hillary, "So those are the rules? Is there anything else I can't do? 'Cos I don't want any more of this 'Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you,' bullshit."

Hillary and Maggie looked at each other, trying to make sure they weren't overlooking anything.

Maggie said, "Let's put it this way. His dick can't enter any of your orifices."

"Damn!" Debra quietly muttered.

Hillary shook a finger at her. "No footjobs, either! Just rub your sexy body against him and say sexy things, like we did."

"But that could take forever," Debra complained, even as she rubbed her nakedness against him.

"Well then, maybe you're not deserving of being declared the sexiest of the three of us!" Hillary said that angrily and defiantly, like she was throwing down a gauntlet.

Debra loved that challenge. As she bent down to lick one of Nick's nipples, she asked hopefully, "Would that be some kind of public declaration?"

"Of course not! You can't tell anybody about this. It's just something that he'll think."

That hardly seemed like an adequate reward for Debra. But then it occurred to her that not only would Nick think she was the winner, but Hillary and Maggie would too. And that would be a sweet victory, since they were the ones she wanted to impress and defeat the most.

Besides, she was having such a great time that she didn't mind if this had to stay a secret. She hadn't even finished her first turn yet and she was already having more fun than she'd had in ages. There was a general erotic buzz in the air that was so intoxicating, that she already thought it was almost better than actually fucking. The presence of two nude sexpots like Hillary and Maggie, plus the way all three of their pussies were copiously flowing and stinking up the room, had done more to add to that atmosphere than anything Nick had done.

She turned all her focus back to Nick. But, even as she kept on rubbing her body against him, she said to the others, "Okay, but I was interrupted there, and that wasn't fair. My time is starting from scratch, starting now."

She was used to just declaring what she wanted and getting her way, so she didn't even wait for a reply, or expect one.

There was something about her that was so difficult to say 'no' to, that even Hillary and Maggie in their angry moods let that one slide. Besides, they were so very aroused that they wanted to see what she'd do to him next, so long as she didn't do something to make him cum.

The interruption had disrupted Nick's arousal, but Debra had had some long moments of bobbing on his cock before she'd been forced to pull off. She figured she'd be able to get him to cum soon, even if she stayed within the newly clarified rules. She continued her sweaty sliding over the entire front of his body, and resumed her sexy talk.

"Nick, you're such a hunk!" She didn't actually believe that. In fact, she was wondering what Maggie and Hillary saw in him, other than his cock, since she considered that even most of the other guys at the party were more handsome than he was. His face was nice, but his body was ordinary, except for his penis. However, that was an extremely big exception, both literally and figuratively. She had to admit his penis was the thickest she'd ever seen, and rubbing against it and especially sucking it had turned her on much more than she'd expected.

She could be an extremely convincing liar, but she decided to focus on what sincerely aroused her the most. "Did you like it when I was sucking your cock? Because I did! Geez, Nick! You're, like, some kind of sex god with a cock THAT thick! I could barely get it in my mouth, and my jaw still hurts, but I'm sooooo glad that I managed! Did you like the way I wrapped my tongue around your-"

Hillary cut in. "Hey! That's not fair! You weren't supposed to suck his cock, so now you can't talk about it!" She knew that wasn't really fair, but she was desperate for Debra not to win. She was so frustrated that she wanted to scream. She was gritting her teeth, rooting hard for Nick to hold out.

But Debra said to her, "Sorry, I asked you to clarify the rules, and you didn't say anything about that." She looked back into Nick's eyes, and fluttered her baby blues. "Nick, you know what I want to do? You know what I NEED to

do? I need to drain your cock! It really bothers me that your cock is full of cum. It bothers me that I can't slide your cock deep in my mouth and swirl my tongue all around it, like I was starting to do. That tasty cum should be on my face, and on my big, bouncy tits!"

Maggie let out a surprisingly loud groan at that. Even though she was hating Debra more and more by the minute, she was increasingly aroused by the minute too. Just seeing Debra's flawless, curvy body rubbing against her son's was making her deliriously horny. Adding to that the mental image of Nick's cum splattering onto Debra, as well as herself and Hillary for good measure somehow, aroused her so much that she suddenly ran her hands over the upper slopes of her big tits, as if wiping through all the cum there.

The same was true of Hillary. Her intense hate and lust were getting tangled together more and more with each passing minute. She had vicious thoughts of Debra, but instead of wanting to punch her, now she wanted to see Nick vigorously fuck her face! She was tempted to masturbate, but she felt she would somehow be losing if she gave in to doing that in front of Debra.

As Debra's nude body slithered all over Nick's front side, she stole a quick glance at Hillary and Maggie to see what the groaning was about. She could tell her latest words had hit home with them as well as Nick too, because their faces were morphing from angry to lusty right before her eyes.

She decided to continue in that vein, and include the other two nude bombshells in her hot talk to help appease them. With Nick kneading her ass cheeks again, she said to him, "I want you to do me first, but I want you to do us all! We're three busty vixens, and we're all naked and horny for you! Our big tits NEED your cum! Our cute faces need your cum too! I want you to cum on my face!"

A curious thing was that Debra had never let any boy cum on her face before. She liked to stay in complete control of her boyfriends, and that would be seen as a sign of weakness, if not total submission. But she was so very worked up that she realized she really meant what she was saying.

She went on, with even more enthusiasm, "I won't be happy until you've shot your load over ALL of us! Think of us as your little harem. We don't have to go back to the party at all. Paint your fuck sluts! Let's just stay here

so we can take turns sucking and fucking you, until our faces are so covered with your jism that we can't even see!"

Again, in the heat of the moment, that sounded like a great idea. She hoped that could actually happen. She didn't care much for her boyfriend Devon, and had no qualms about cheating on him. As the REM song went, he was just a simple prop to occupy her time.

She looked around again to see how she was doing. Little did she realize, but both Maggie and Hillary had or were developing cum fetishes, so this kind of talk hit the bull's-eye. In fact, that kind of talk aroused them even more than it did Nick.

Hillary and Maggie were drawing closer to the spot where Debra and Nick stood. Their big tits were heaving up and down, and their hands were on their pussies. (Hillary's resolve not to masturbate had just crumbled after what Debra had said.) They were trying to hide what their hands were doing, but Debra could see clear signs of fingers sliding in and out of soaked and pulsing slits just the same. Their faces looked sweaty, hungry, and desperate.

Even Debra was moved and aroused by how sexy they looked standing there in nothing but their high heels.

Maggie spoke to Debra, but only in her thoughts. *Stop! Please stop! No more talk about needing his cum, and wanting it dripping down all over our sexy bodies! If I get any hotter, my pussy and nipples are going to start smoking! Oh God! And Nick having a harem? A harem of sperm-covered fuck sluts? Yes! Yes! YES! No, stop, no! Yes! God, yes! No! It's so very wrong, but... More! Tell me more!*

Maggie had a self-imposed limit about the kinds of things she'd allow herself to fantasize about, and the language she would use. For instance, she tried to avoid the word "mommy" because she thought it sounded juvenile and demeaning. Hillary had similar restraints. However, Debra didn't care, so she used "forbidden" words like "harem" and "fuck sluts" freely. Their very forbidden status gave them an especially powerful erotic charge. That was why Maggie was so very keen to hear Debra to say more of the things she wouldn't allow herself to say.

Debra turned back to Nick. "Would you like that? Would you like to see my face so thoroughly covered with sticky cum that I can't even open my eyes?"

Do you want to make me one of your big-titted bitches for your growing harem?"

Maggie squealed orgasmically upon hearing that, and an orgasm did in fact hit her. She started deeply fingering her pussy. She was so overcome by lust that it was a near thing she didn't fall to the floor.

Hillary noticed Maggie's screaming and quivering. Like Maggie, she'd already been secretly playing with her pussy by pretending that she was just covering her pussy mound with her hands, although in fact she wasn't fooling anyone who bothered to look her way. But she decided that if Maggie could do it that openly, she could do it too. So she dropped one hand, spread her legs wider, and plunged two fingers deeply inside her gash.

She was immediately rewarded by a big orgasm too. However, unlike Maggie, she still had enough self-restraint not to shout out. Her embarrassment at being "found out" by Debra was greater, giving her more willpower.

Debra turned to Maggie briefly, puzzled by her loud and strong reaction. But she continued, "I wonder what my boyfriend would think of that, but he won't be my boyfriend any more, not after you fuck me and make me totally addicted to your cock!"

She was hamming it up, and didn't think she was being serious about such extreme statements, now that she was talking about harems and the like. She was just saying what she thought would arouse. But interestingly enough, her words were getting to her as much as anyone else. With every passing second, she was actually finding herself lusting after Nick more and more, and believing her words on some level.

She started to slide her way down Nick's body again, pressing her hard nipples deep into his skin wherever she went. "Now, those big-titted meanies say you can't fuck my tits, at least not yet. That's probably 'cos they only want your cock sliding through THEIR tits every day. I hope that soon you'll be fucking all our tits AAAAALL the time! Make us your fuck sluts! Would you like that?"

His only reply was a helpless, horny grunt.

She continued in her extra sultry voice, "But for now, I won't do that. However, there's nothing stopping you from holding your cock and rubbing

it all over me, including on my nipples. Can you do that? Can you paint my nipples with the cum dribbling out of your cock?"

Nick's brain had basically shut down again. He was enjoying everything to the utmost, certainly, but he wasn't really capable of rational thought. In fact, he would have already climaxed a long time ago, except that rubbing one's body against an erection without using hands to hold it still wasn't a very efficient method of making someone cum.

But he was happy to do anything she told him. When she told him to rub her erect nipples with his cock, he immediately started doing exactly that.

Debra squeezed her double-D tits tightly together, and as she was kneeling down at the moment, it was easy for him to target her nipples with his cockhead. But she knew her time was running out, if it wasn't over with already, and she needed to do something drastic to make sure he climaxed before she was called away.

So, while he was busy poking at her erect nipples, she took her finger and plunged it into her pussy. She was very wet, so it was easy for her to get her finger lubed up. Then she reached between his legs, fondled her way up his ass crack, and then suddenly thrust her index finger deep in his asshole. She really hated putting her finger in such a "disgusting" place, and she'd never done that to anyone before in her life. The fact that she did it showed just how determined she was to win.

Nick cried out loudly. She was stimulating his prostate, and it felt so good that it was like he'd discovered he had a second erection that already was being wildly stimulated, in addition to his first one being stimulated just as much. In fact, the feeling was so pleasurable and intense that he knew it would just be a matter of seconds before he'd be cumming all over her.

She purred, "That's it, Nick! Cum on my face! Point your cock up and cum on my face! Make me your slut!"

Hillary and Maggie were horrified by how obviously successful Debra's "attack" was going. Neither cared much if the other one "won" this contest of sorts, since they felt they were part of the same threesome team. But they weren't willing to stand by and let Debra win. They snapped out of their masturbating bliss.

Maggie struck first. She lunged forward and yelled, "Time's up!" At the same time, she grabbed Debra's hand that was in the middle of poking in Nick's ass, and pulled it away.

Hillary was a little slower on the uptake, but she similarly wrapped her arms around Debra's body and forcibly pulled her up and away from Nick. Her big tits mashed into Debra's back briefly, and she wasn't happy about such intimate contact, but she had little choice.

However, they were too late. Nick just couldn't take this incredible level of stimulation anymore, and he started to cum! The finger-in-the-ass move was the absolute final straw.

"Hey!" Debra complained, even as she was being safely deposited a few feet away. "No fair! You never said that wasn't allowed!"

Hillary wasn't happy to be touching Debra's naked body, and quickly let go of her. She started to say, "I never-" But she cut herself off when she saw Nick's cum flying through the air!

Because Debra had just been rather forcibly moved away, Nick had nothing and no one to cum onto. His ropes of cum arched up in the air a foot or two, only to come splattering down onto the floor.

Debra, Hillary, and Maggie could only watch. Both Hillary and Maggie were filled with a strong desire to move quickly so the cum could land on them, but they were too embarrassed to actually do that with Debra there with them.

Debra, by contrast, thought cum was disgusting. The facial talk was fun, and aroused even her, but she didn't want to actually do it if that could be helped. She was glad to be out of the way, and she scooted further back just to be on the safe side.

She also thought putting her finger up someone else's ass was disgusting, and she wanted to get her finger cleaned off right away. Unfortunately, she was in a room without a sink or towels. She saw her panties on the floor where she'd dropped them, and she decided they could be sacrificed and she could go "commando" for the rest of the party. With the other three highly distracted by Nick's cum shower, she used what little fabric her panties had to wipe her finger as clean as she could manage.

Nick's powerful cum blasts were reduced to a trickle, and then they stopped altogether.

Debra had the presence of mind to shout, "Victory! I win! YES!"

Nick was having a great time, no matter who was pleasuring him, but he had enough of a brain left to realize it wouldn't be good for the threesome dynamic if Debra won. So he raised his hands in the air like a football referee indicating a touchdown, and said loudly, "Foul! Unfair touching. That didn't count!"

Debra stamped her foot and crossed her arms under her luscious tits. "Unfair! I declare a mistrial! And a do-over!"

Chapter 43: Debra's Game Continues (Saturday)

Maggie put her hand on her hip and gave Debra a challenging look. "That's a joke. You don't have a right to declare that. Nick's in charge here, and he makes the rules!"

Even those words that she'd just said got her hotter, since she loved the idea of Nick being in charge of them all. She tried to suppress any submissive feelings she had for Nick, since she was his mother, and she often succeeded, at least to some degree. However, she was so out-of-control horny right now that sometimes her usual restraints were temporarily forgotten.

Debra was really horny too, and wanted more. She was surprised at how fun and arousing the contest was. She liked competition, so the conflict with Maggie and Hillary just made it more enjoyable for her. Looking to Hillary and Maggie, she said, "You can't say that's not fair. There was no rule against what I did. I won, fair and square!"

"You did not!" Hillary complained hotly. "We said no orifices, remember?"

"Yeah, but they were MY orifices."

Hillary gesticulated wildly in frustration, causing her massive boobs to bounce. "But it's assumed his orifices too! Jesus Christ! Do we have to spell out everything?! No boy is going to last long through an anal fingering. That's not winning; that's cheating!"

Debra tried a different tack with Nick, since he was the one apparently who could set the rules (although he was too stunned to act like it very much). Still keeping a short distance from him, she asked, "Nick, what do you think about what I said?"

"What?" His brain definitely was on erotic overload.

Then she noticed that his dick was still stiff. She stood up and waved her hands, as if she didn't have everyone attention already. "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Hold on! He's still HARD! Since you say that was against the rules, we CAN just have a do-over!"

Hillary and Maggie looked at each other and frowned. Although they were both extremely hot and bothered, they didn't want Debra there with them

any longer than necessary. However, they couldn't let her go away angry. They also both were mindful of the camera Debra had left with the clothes she'd discarded. If they stole or broke the camera, they would make an enemy, but they couldn't let her take pictures either. The best choice seemed to play for time.

Debra knelt in front of Nick and started stroking his cock. She figured that was allowed since none of them were officially having turns in the game at the moment. She looked up at him and said, "Impressive! Not a lot of guys can do that!"

He didn't have anything to say to that. He was still semi-dazed. He couldn't believe all of this was happening.

Maggie and Hillary weren't surprised that he was still erect. They both knew about his tendency to "cum in twos." But they didn't want to tell Debra for fear of making her more sexually attracted to him.

They should have stopped Debra from jacking him off if they were thinking, but neither of them were thinking very clearly. Lust was definitely ruling the day, with anger still there, but in second place.

Debra looked up at him while she blew air onto his spongy cockhead. "So, Nick, what do you think about what I said, that we need a do-over? It's only fair, right? Besides, why stop when you cum? In fact, why should we go back to the party at all? Sure, I'll have to go back there briefly so my boyfriend won't suspect and the others won't look for us, but other than that, we can stay here all night! You look like a studly guy."

She didn't know if that was true, but she was trying to butter him up, and the way his dick stayed erect certainly was impressive. "And you must be an awesome fucker to have these two so hot for you." She was fairly convinced of that, since they did seem quite hot for him, and there had to be some reason for it. The mere thickness of his cock suggested he'd be a great fuck, even if he had no experience with it.

She added, "So I'm sure you can fuck us all night! What do you say?"

Hillary decided to resume the game. The fact that it was her turn next helped sway her decision. She moved in close to Nick and she plastered her nude body against his, even though Debra was still stroking his hard-on.

"Talk and fondle all you want, Debra," she said snarkily, while licking Nick's neck. "You're doing my work for me."

Nick's hands went up to cup Hillary's huge tits, since there didn't seem to be any rule against that. But he remembered to be gentler with them than if they were Maggie's.

He thought, *Are you kidding me?! I'm getting play with Hillary's tits while DEBRA jacks me off! This HAS to be a crazy dream!*

"But I'm serious!" Debra complained to Hillary, even as she let go, stood up, and took a few steps back. "I'm glad we're resuming the game, but why stop there? We're basically having a stand-up orgy already. Why not get comfy and do it right? We should take this somewhere where there's a big bed. Nick, don't you want to cum on all of us?"

She added in an extra sultry, husky tone, "And IN all of us?"

Maggie coughed. "Excuse me, but don't you remember I'm his girlfriend?"

"Oh yeah." Debra had forgotten all about that. She started fingering her pussy, since she'd gotten very worked up and she'd seen the other two women do that. "But if you've allowed this much, you obviously don't mind sharing, and wouldn't it be fun to watch Nick take turns fucking the shit out of ALL of us?"

Maggie was seriously annoyed. "Debra, you presume too much. You really are a spoiled bitch. Nick's not going to fuck you just 'cos you want it. He's MY boyfriend! So shut up and sit down, and watch Hillary take her turn!"

Debra wasn't used to anyone talking to her like that, and she easily gave in. Nobody called her a "spoiled bitch," at least not to her face, and she didn't know how to react. Everyone she knew treated her like a princess, including her own family.

She didn't have any nearby spot to sit down, but she certainly shut up.

Meanwhile, Hillary was trying hard to think of ways to get Debra out of the room and away from Nick. She didn't want to let Debra seduce him with her cute yet stunning face and her shapely body. She decided to try to get him to cum right away, so Debra wouldn't get another chance to touch him.

Unfortunately, Nick had just climaxed, so to get him to cum again so soon was a very, very tall order. She could only think of one way to get Nick to

cum quickly, and it was Debra who had handed her the solution on a silver platter. She slithered down to the same position Debra had last been in, and then plunged her index finger into Nick's asshole just as Debra had. She wiggled it around a bit until she found his prostate, and then she focused her concentration on stimulating it.

She didn't bother talking or doing anything else, although her body still wiggled against his legs somewhat. She knew if she kept this anal probing up, he'd be guaranteed to cum very soon, maybe even less than a minute.

Debra could see that too, and she barked out, "No fair! She's stealing all my moves! Mistrial! Mistrial!"

"SHUT UP!" Maggie yelled at her.

Debra shut up, and stepped back. Like a lot of intimidating people, she caved in quickly to people who intimidated her even more (although virtually no one knew that about her, since she always charmed everyone around her).

However, Nick felt this was grossly unfair - and he was having such a great time that he didn't want to possibly end it by cumming quickly. He said, "Debra's right. We just said that's not allowed for Debra, so why should it be allowed for Hillary?"

With a sigh, Hillary pulled her finger out. "Okay, fine." She tried to think of another way to get him to cum fast, but she was stumped. She didn't have many options, since handjobs, blowjobs, footjobs, and titfucks had all been ruled out.

Lacking any other ideas, she stood back up and resumed the strategy of rubbing her body and especially her tits against him. But her main focus was grinding her lower abdomen bulge just above where her bush should have been against his erection. From time to time, she French kissed him too, or whispered sweet nothings in his ears. But she didn't do either of those things that often, since her body was sliding around him so much.

She knew that it was extremely unlikely to get him to cum before her turn ended. She doubted if Maggie could get him to cum during her upcoming turn either, which meant Debra would get another shot at him. She was starting to realize that Nick had an uncommon sexual stamina, plus the fact that he'd had an orgasm mere minutes ago made the task very difficult.

However, she reasoned that the hotter she got him, the fewer turns he'd have with Debra.

Thus, she tried to whisper the sexiest things she could think of, whether she meant them or not. For instance, she purred, "You lucky son of a bitch! I guess Maggie and I aren't enough for you? But don't worry; we're not mad at YOU. Only HER! This just happened. I blame her and her alone. So enjoy yourself as much as you can, while you can. Maybe she's right! Maybe you WILL cum on her face, and my face, and Maggie's face too!"

Hillary didn't realize just how pivotal that "sexy talk" was for his thinking. He'd been feeling guilty for any intimate contact with Debra. But he figured that he shouldn't mind so much if Hillary said that she and Maggie didn't mind.

After a couple of minutes of Hillary's body rubbing, sweet nothings, and especially her grinding against his boner, Debra began questioning the length of the turn.

So Nick called time.

Maggie was up next. She started with the same all-over body grinding strategy that Hillary had just used, but halfway through her turn, she came up with a different method. She dropped to her knees and put her face extremely close to the tip of his cock, as if she was going to lick it. However, instead, she told Nick to hold his own stiffness and rub it against her face. Technically that wasn't against the rules, as long as it didn't turn into a blowjob. She made sure that didn't happen, but whenever his cock was near her mouth she blew air on it.

Plus, she talked dirty in keeping with the on-going action. "Sport, if it weren't for the stupid rules, I would be lovingly lapping on your big fat cock right now! No, I wouldn't just be licking it! I would have it halfway down my throat and I'd be bobbing on it like my life depended on it! Think about all the other times I've sucked your cock while kneeling and wearing nothing but high heels! Doesn't that make you want to bust your nut all over my face?!"

He grunted and groaned needfully. But he was hanging on.

She went on, "And with Hillary and Debra watching too! That makes it so much more wicked and perverted! In fact, I don't want to just suck your

cock! No! I want you to FUCK my face and then cum all over it! Remember last time you did that?!"

Debra had always been a selfish lover, since she could easily get away with that. For instance, she often had her boyfriends go down on her, and she would only stroke or suck them a little bit to make sure they'd cum from time to time and have enough fun to come back for more. What she was seeing and hearing was entirely different, and shocked her to her core. Hearing Maggie (or Hillary) say things like how she wanted to bob on Nick's thick cock "like my life depended on it" aroused and thrilled her because that passion and desire shone through.

Debra couldn't remember ever feeling even half that passionate about any boy in her life, because she hadn't. More and more, she wanted to feel what Maggie and Hillary clearly felt. The obvious way to get there was to imitate what they were doing.

Furthermore, Debra remained eager to win the contest, and what she was witnessing looked like a much better strategy. So, when her next turn came, she tried hard the same thing, in the same pose. She even imitated the dirty talk and the air blowing. She was getting into the spirit of it, and her dirty talk reflected that.

As an example, she said, "Nick, it's true that Maggie must be a great cocksucker. I can just tell. But don't you want to have a NEW pair of sweet lips tightly sealed around your cock?! I sucked your cock once already, but only oh-so-briefly! I want MORE! You're so THICK! I could barely even stand it! I thought I was going to cry, it was such an ordeal. But that makes me want to suck it even MORE! I'm realizing the thickest is the best, and I want the BEST!"

The strange thing was, the more she talked like that, and the more she heard and saw the others talking and acting as they were, the more she actually meant it. She was developing a desire for him that was completely unfamiliar to her life experience. The fact that he was enduring such extraordinary sexual stimulation was rapidly convincing her he really was a great catch who was worthy of her, even if he didn't look it at first.

However, she didn't just talk and rub against him. She wanted to win! And then meant using every trick in the book, especially as her turn was coming to an end. So she also started using a hand to explore his ass crack.

That move immediately led to howls of complaint from Maggie and Hillary. But Debra pointed out that she was merely fondling all of Nick's ass, including his ass crack, and she wasn't fingering him deep in his anus.

So Maggie and Hillary allowed that. They were reaching the point where they were both thinking that anything to get Nick to cum faster would result in Debra having fewer turns.

Debra resumed her fondling, rubbing, and sexual talk.

One key difference was that when Debra talked dirty, she didn't limit herself the way the other two did. In the heat of the moment, she had no quibble with calling herself a "bitch," "whore," "slut," "fuck slut," or anything else she could think up. And, correctly sensing that Nick had very strong feelings for both Maggie and Hillary, she made sure to include them in her filthy talk as much as possible.

For instance, she said, "Nick, clearly, you have an incredible cock! I can see why Maggie and Hillary are your willing fuck sluts! You should make me your fuck slut too! Don't take no for an answer! Force me to be your personal whore! Your THIRD personal whore!"

An unexpected result was that Debra's words aroused Maggie and Hillary as much as Nick, if not more! It wasn't long before both women were freely fondling their clits, pussies, and breasts. And it wasn't much time after that before they started having more orgasms. Somehow, their anger at Debra only increased their arousal. They were the most hot and bothered during Debra's turns.

Debra had never completely let go in a sexual way, because she always worked hard to stay in command and in control. She'd done some fairly wild things in some other parties like this one, but it hadn't meant much to her because she'd remained emotionally detached and only somewhat aroused. But this time, Debra was letting her lust run wild, because the overall mood was so arousing and infectious.

With Nick's exceptionally thick cock almost literally smacking her in her face, these new and powerful feelings were largely getting imprinted onto her. She didn't consciously realize what was happening whatsoever though, and neither did anyone else.

Since Debra was having Nick rub his cockhead all over her face, near the end of her turn, she went from blowing air on his pole to sticking her tongue out and licking it a little bit whenever it came within range of her mouth.

Maggie and Hillary both protested this as another violation of the rules.

However, when it was their turns, when Nick ran his cock across their cheeks, chin, and nose, they found it nearly impossible not to do the same. Sometimes, Nick would even run his cockhead directly over their mouths with the excuse of wanting to go from one part of the face to another. Eventually, the rules were amended to allow "a little bit of incidental licking."

Nick made it through another round of turns, even though the "incidental licking" was becoming less and less incidental. In fact, the only thing that stopped things from turning into non-stop cock licking was that each woman wanted to do a lot of talking too.

He could have cum at any time, and Hillary especially strongly encouraged him to, but he was having too much fun to give up easily. He clenched and squeezed his PC muscle nearly non-stop.

Besides, he wasn't the only one having a great time. Everyone was extremely aroused. Hillary especially remained pissed at Debra, but she largely resigned herself that she couldn't stop what was happening so she might as well enjoy it until it was over, and deal with the consequences later. Whichever two women didn't have their turn with him fondled themselves lustily, and sometimes they even masturbated during their turns with him too. Each woman lost track of how many climaxes they had, because the entire experience seemed like one endless climax.

Another round of turns began. Slowly but surely, even the talking largely died down in favor of nearly non-stop and passionate "incidental" cock licking. Debra's idea to play with his ass was popular too, and while none of them went as far as stimulating his prostate for fear of being called out as a rule violator, his anal "starfish" was fingered and probed quite a lot, and to great effect.

During Hillary's next turn, "mere" cock licking somehow morphed into cocksucking. She had been nibbling on the tip of his cock, taking just an

inch or so of his cockhead into her mouth at a time. But then she lost all control and engulfed his entire cockhead and then some!

Debra howled in protest. "Hey! That's not allowed!"

But only a few seconds after Hillary started to bob on Nick's sweet spot, he lost it. He started cumming hard.

At first, Hillary tried to hide what was happening. But she was having to gulp repeatedly to swallow his cum down, and Debra could see the tell-tale gulping movement in her neck. She complained loudly about that too. "Hey! You can't make him cum like that!"

Since the gig was up anyway, Hillary quickly pulled back. She was so far gone that the main thought in her mind was that she wanted Nick to cum on her face. At the same time, she took control of his boner, even though his hand was still on it. She had to aim it here and there on her face, since Nick was too blissed out to think or act with any purpose.

Some of Nick's cum had gone into Hillary's mouth, but there was still plenty blasting all over her face. She opened her mouth widely and basked in the joy of the cum bath.

Debra shouted, "Cheat! Cheat! Cheat!" However, she was strangely fascinated by what she was watching. Up until tonight, she thought cum was nothing more than a disgusting bodily fluid, and she never let any man cum on her skin or in her mouth. (She almost never deigned to give blowjobs, so the question of where else the cum could go didn't come up often.)

So this was a very unusual sight for her. What particularly struck her was how much Hillary enjoyed it. So far, everything Maggie and Hillary were doing was proving to be far more arousing and enjoyable than her own sexual habits, so she was inclined to think she had facials all wrong too. She noticed that Hillary was fingering herself with her free hand, and had another big climax right in the middle of Nick's unusually copious orgasm.

Nick had been aroused beyond all reason for a long time, so he had a lot of cum to give. Rope after rope after rope splattered across Hillary's beautiful facial features. She kept her face still and eyes closed, but kept on aiming his erupting boner this way and that, making sure to paint her forehead, cheeks, nose, chin, open mouth, and everywhere in between.

She knew Debra had to be watching, and she felt like she was making some kind of point by taking Nick's cum everywhere, although she wasn't sure what the point was, exactly.

Satisfied that she'd been thoroughly painted, Hillary aimed it lower and let the last couple of ropes hit her enormous tanned breasts. But he was mostly drained by then, so there were only a few streaks here and there dripping down her steep and curvy tit-slopes.

Then, with his climax done but his erection still hard in her hand, she began cleaning it, licking every inch thoroughly.

Maggie also fingered herself to another climax as she watched her son shoot his cum all over Hillary's face. However, like most of her previous orgasms with Debra there since her first one, she managed to be relatively quiet about it.

She knew for sure by now that she had a fetish about facials and pearl necklaces, but she loved it so much that she didn't care. In her mind, her son was marking and claiming Hillary with his cum, and she was proud of him for that.

Like Hillary, she felt Hillary was making some kind of important statement doing that in front of Debra. Perhaps it was that the two of them could go the extra slutty mile to please and pleasure their man in ways Debra wouldn't be willing to do. She wished she could have made that same statement with more of Nick's cum.

Debra was upset. She honestly felt Hillary had cheated by switching to an "illegal" blowjob. She also had been really looking forward to having her next turn with Nick where, in fact, she already had been planning to "illegally" suck him off some more.

Once Nick's orgasm was all finished, she complained, "Okay, that was NOT FAIR, and everybody knows it! The rules said NO BLOWJOBS! But how did Hillary get him to cum? With a blowjob! I could have done that with my turn and had him cum already. I declare a mistrial!"

She kept on griping loudly about how she'd been cheated, but no one seemed to be paying her any attention, and what Hillary was doing cleaning Nick's boner with her tongue looked pretty interesting, so she eventually shut up.

A minute passed, and then another. The only sounds heard were everyone's heavy breathing and Hillary's licking. It was starting to become obvious that Nick's dick simply wasn't going to go flaccid!

That was surprising even to Nick, because although he usually stayed erect after his first orgasm, he almost never stayed erect after the second one. But this was an extraordinarily arousing situation, to say the least.

Debra couldn't resist asking, "Is this normal for him?! He's stayed erect twice in a row! That's totally inconceivable!"

Of course, both Maggie and Hillary were well aware of his "cums in twos" tendency. Instead of explaining that, Maggie said it in a way that sounded even more impressive. "Nick is no normal boy. Let's just say I have NEVER seen him go soft after cumming only once. It's damn hard work to get him fully sexually satisfied!"

"My GOD!" Debra exclaimed. She was getting more and more impressed by Nick by the minute. He was making her rethink sex altogether. She had thought it was mostly a tool to control boys and make them do her bidding. That included getting them to lick and/or fuck her pussy.

She'd never been so interested in anyone's penis before like she was in Nick's penis now. Just seeing it fully erect was a constant thrill for her. She felt a craving to stroke, lick, and suck it that she most definitely had never felt for any penis in her life.

She was used to getting her own way. She didn't know how she was going to do it, but she already was starting to think that she wouldn't rest until she got Nick to fuck her!

Nick was still deep in his erotic fog, but he looked down at Hillary's face, and thought, *Whoa! Check it out. She's totally doused in cum. MY cum! Plus, she's still licking my dick! Hillary, my dream girl! This is so fucking sweet. Is this really happening? It seems too good to be true. I'm just an ordinary guy. A sham. A fraud. But look: Ma and Debra are watching, and they look eager to take over if Hillary will let them. Yow!*

Maggie slowly recovered from a particularly intense orgasm. She was ecstatic that Hillary had won instead of Debra, even if she had to admit that it wasn't exactly fair. But she also wanted things to get back to normal and

have everyone put their clothes back on. She was well aware that the door was not lockable, and anyone else could walk in at any time.

However, seeing Hillary with her face and tits dripping with cum, and licking Nick's still very erect cock no less, was just too arousing for her to take. So she'd quietly begun masturbating herself yet again, wishing that Hillary's tongue was hers. She hoped her fiery lust would fade if she just climaxed enough times.

Debra was also quiet and horny, but upset too. She was quiet only because she was afraid Hillary and/or Maggie would yell at her or manhandle her again with her claims of a rigged contest. But she wasn't going to let Hillary win in that manner either, and she was biding her time to have the result overturned. Had she talked more now, she would have loudly and repeatedly yelled "Foul!"

Eventually, her irritation got the best of her, and she said in a quiet voice to Maggie about Hillary, "It's not fair, you know. She totally sucked him to make him cum. You saw it! That was against, like, rule number one. Now she's still licking his cock, and that was, like, rule number two. She's violating every rule!"

Hillary was busy with her licking, so Maggie cleverly replied, "The rules changed once he started to cum. Once that happens, the goal is to make his climax as pleasurable as possible. If you'd won, that could have been you doing that. And now she's not licking his cock, she's just cleaning it. That's all part of the procedure."

Debra bought that explanation, but it only made her more annoyed, especially the suggestion that she could have been the one licking his thick cock now. Nick didn't look that hunky in her eyes, but she was very impressed with his erection. She wanted the spoils of victory, even if that just meant licking his cock a lot.

She realized that Hillary may have started by cleaning Nick's cock, but since it had never gone down, she was cock licking him now, purely for mutual pleasure. Hillary had long since "cleaned" Nick's shaft of any stray cum, and was using her lips and tongue to deliver maximum pleasure to his stiff rod.

In fact, as Debra stood there mulling over the rules violations, she watched as Hillary's mouth opened wide and her lips somehow managed to engulf

Nick's wide and bulbous cockhead!

Hillary's eyes bugged out, because even though that wasn't the first time she'd done that, she remained surprised each time at just how difficult it was to stretch her lips wide enough to take him all the way in. But nonetheless, she persisted, mostly because she was so insanely horny. She even managed to slip her lips down another inch, allowing her to bob back and forth over his sweet spot.

She knew that Debra would have a hissy fit. But she was so hot for cock that she didn't care. She also got a kick out of knowing that Debra wanted to be doing what she was doing, and yet Debra could only watch in frustration.

Sure enough, Debra pointed in triumph. "A-ha! Maggie, what do you call THAT?! That's not cleaning; that's cocksucking, plain and simple!"

Maggie knew that Debra was right, but she didn't want to admit it. "It may look that way, sure, but what better way to make sure she's cleaned it thoroughly by sucking on the entire thing?"

"Oh, come on! You think I'm an idiot?"

Hillary heard this exchange, and she felt bad putting Maggie in an indefensible position. So she pulled her lips off and started licking down around the base.

That allowed Maggie to say, "See? She just bobbed on it a couple of times to clean the top. Now she's working on the bottom."

Debra harrumphed, and folded her arms under her ample double-D-cups. "Yeah, right." She quietly muttered, "Dammit! If I would have won, I could be cleaning him like that!"

However, Debra didn't continue to argue the point because she was getting increasingly horny watching Hillary lick and suck, and that was taking up her attention. She'd been in threesomes and orgies before, but she'd never been forced to stand there and watch another girl give someone a prolonged blowjob. It was sending powerful tingles down her spine, and straight to her pussy and nipples. She actually found it more arousing than those wild sex scenes, since she hadn't been emotionally engaged in those and she was very engaged now.

She didn't understand it on a conscious level yet, but certainly on a subconscious level it dawned on her that her own passion had been the

missing ingredient in her sex life. Her boyfriends had been plenty passionate for her, but her lack of feeling for them limited how good the sex could be.

She resumed poking two fingers in and out of her pussy, since no one was paying much attention to her. (She'd gotten away with it earlier, and she'd seen the other women masturbate too.)

But she also complained to Maggie, "You know what I think? I think you're making the rules up as you go, just to foil me. Look at them!" She pointed to Nick, still standing, and Hillary, kneeling in front of him while adoringly lapping on his sweet spot. "That is soooo not just cleaning! She's totally licking the same sensitive spots, over and over, and nothing else!"

Maggie was trying to think of some clever answer to that, but she couldn't. All she could think of was how desperately badly she wished it was her slathering her tongue all over her son's fat cock.

Debra continued, emboldened, "And look how she's pumping his long rod with her hand too. Is that supposed to be more cleaning? Harrumph!"

Maggie just bit her lip. She could easily imagine those were her fingers dancing up and down Nick's thickness. She was sure that if Debra wasn't in the room, she would have been on her knees next to Hillary, looking to lick and stroke her fair share of her son's throbbing cock.

Debra griped, "You know I'm the sexiest one here, although I'll admit it's a close call, but how can I win against a rigged game? I demand a retrial!" Her boldness was growing as the sting of how Maggie and Hillary had intimidated her earlier faded in her mind.

Maggie replied, "Sorry, no retrial. I'll admit the rules are kind of evolving, because we're playing this game for the first time. But you lost fair and square. You way overstayed your time limit each time it was your turn anyway."

"I did not! I do demand a retrial. Right now!"

Maggie said, "Come on. We have to get back to the party. People are looking for us. Don't you need to check in with your boyfriend?"

Debra realized she had been gone for a suspiciously long amount of time, and it wouldn't be good for her boyfriend to find her like this. Even though she didn't care about his feelings, she didn't want the scandal since she had

a reputation to maintain. She huffed, "Fine. Whatever. Later, or at the next party, then."

Maggie finally tore her eyes away from the sight of a kneeling Hillary happily licking and fondling her way around Nick's stiffness. She belatedly realized that Debra was playing with herself. Actually, that fact had been obvious for a long time now, but Maggie had been too absorbed watching what was happening with Nick and masturbating herself to look at Debra's body. Besides, she'd been trying hard not to look at Debra, almost as if she'd pretended Debra wasn't there, she'd go away. Clearly, that wasn't working.

Maggie also belatedly realized that Debra could just as easily see she was playing with herself too, since they were both still standing a few feet away from each other. She knew Debra must have seen her masturbating by now, since Debra wasn't trying to avoid looking at her like she had been with Debra. But still, it was embarrassing.

Maggie pulled her fingers out of her slit, even though she was extremely close to cumming once more.

Since Maggie hadn't replied to her yet, Debra added, "If you say no to having a rematch, I'm gonna tell everybody what you did, and how you were so terribly unfair at it."

Maggie looked at Debra with alarm, and said with great dismay, "You wouldn't!"

"I would, and I will!"

The conversation died out after that, because Maggie was so transfixed watching Hillary slurping and stroking Nick's hard-on. Besides, she didn't know how to respond to Debra's threat, and wanted to delay talking about the threat until Hillary was free to speak about it too.

As for Nick, he was in such a lusty fog that she didn't expect much coherence from him anytime soon.

Finally remembering that she'd brought her digital camera with her, and seeing that Maggie was distracted, Debra walked over to where her clothes were piled on the floor and picked her camera up. She was thinking that she could use some good blackmail photos, just to make sure that everything went her way, especially with a rematch.

She took a couple of quick photos of Hillary licking Nick's big boner. Luck was with her, and just as she started clicking, Hillary stuffed all of Nick's fat cockhead in her mouth yet again, and slid deeper and deeper down his throbbing pole.

For the first few pictures, Hillary's eyes were wide open and she was struggling mightily to gobble down all that massive cock meat. Her face looked alarmed, and even tortured, because it didn't get any easier the second time around. But for the next few pictures, she had her eyes closed and a very satisfied look on her face, as she made it past the difficult stage and was able to relax a bit and just slide her lips back and forth over his most sensitive spot.

Thanks to all that effort, Hillary hadn't noticed that Debra was taking pictures.

Maggie was so excited watching Hillary's impressive sword-swallowing act that she'd held her breath, longing that she was in Hillary's place.

Needless to say, Nick was so delirious with ecstasy that a herd of elephants could have tromped through the room and he wouldn't have noticed. He was extremely glad that he had the ability to stay erect after cumming. He couldn't think of a better time to be able to quickly revive like he just did.

Due to all of these factors, none of the others noticed Debra was using her camera at first. It was only after things had calmed down a bit and Hillary was repeatedly bobbing just past his cockhead that Maggie exhaled and noticed the sound of the camera clicking. She yelped.

The last picture Debra took showed Hillary's lips a good one-fourth of the way down Nick's rod, but in it, Hillary's eyes were open again and looking Debra's way in alarm.

Then Debra took a wider angle and clicked a couple of photos that included a nude, sweaty, and cummy Maggie as well as all of Hillary kneeling and sucking back and forth on Nick's shaft. She couldn't be more pleased with the pictures and how incriminating they were.

But her blackmail attempt was foiled, at least for the moment, because Maggie simply stomped over to her and snatched the camera out of her hands. Maggie was seriously pissed!

Hillary had the same idea, and was on the way over to do the same thing. She was only beaten out because it took her longer to snap out of her cocksucking lust, pull her lips all the way off Nick's thickness, and get up off her knees.

"You can't do that!" Debra protested, trying to grab her camera back from Maggie.

"I can and I will!"

The two nude women struggled a bit, which made an extremely sexy sight for Nick. To see an actual catfight in the flesh was remarkable enough, but to see two centerfold-worthy and fully nude women go at it was almost beyond belief.

Maggie's and Debra's big tits repeatedly bounced into each other as they fought for the camera, like bumper cars. Maggie held the camera up high and away though, just out of Debra's reach.

Hillary soon joined in. That quickly "settled" the dispute. Earlier, she had wrapped her arms around Debra's body and forcibly pulled her up and a few feet away from Nick, right when he had been about to cum. She got physical with Debra again, but she was even more aggressive about this time: she lifted Debra all the way up in her arms and carried her clear across the room before not-too-gently dumping her down on a far bench.

"You can't treat me like that!" Debra bitched, her sense of outrage temporarily overcoming her awe at Hillary's strength.

Debra knew she didn't stand a chance, so although she complained, she didn't physically struggle that much. Hillary was only of medium height, the same as Nick and Maggie, but she was significantly taller and all-around larger than Debra. Plus, Debra and Maggie were both firm and fit, but Hillary took it to another level. She had more muscle in her, and more of a "don't fuck with me" attitude.

Debra had no doubt that Hillary could kick her ass if she wanted to. That was indicated by the way Hillary easily lifted her up and carried her away like she weighed no more than a suitcase.

Hillary aped Maggie's earlier words. "I can and I will, because you're trying to blackmail us! And you're NOT getting that camera back! You got a problem with that?"

Debra looked at Maggie's angry face, and then at Hillary's much, much closer and even angrier face. Again, she completely caved in the face of such angry opposition. "No," she said meekly.

But, trying to win back some dignity, the bitchy blonde said more firmly, "But I don't care. I don't need a camera. I have all the evidence in my head. I'll tell everyone what you did and that you cheated, unless I get my rematch!"

To Hillary's surprise, Maggie said with a sigh, "Fine. You'll get your rematch."

Maggie looked to Hillary, and said to her, "You have to admit the way you made him cum was against the rules."

Hillary was loathe to admit that, but she didn't want to blatantly lie either. So she stayed silent to see where Maggie was going with this.

Maggie added to Debra, "Just so long as you don't tell anyone, ever, what we did here. I AM Nick's girlfriend, and a lot of people wouldn't understand our little game."

"Fine! It's a deal!" Debra looked smug and satisfied, although she was still miffed about the camera.

She looked back at Nick, who was mostly just trying to remain standing, after all he'd been through. Needless to say, he was too out of it to take part in the ongoing arguments, or even think about them deeply. He was still struggling just to get his breath back.

He was utterly floored at what had happened. It was all so crazy and improbable that he thought it was quite likely he'd wake up from dreaming at any time.

Debra pointed at his erection, which was pointing straight out as surely as if someone had been holding it that way. "Look! That's another thing. It's STILL as hard as a crowbar!"

Maggie and Hillary looked, and they both gasped. They certainly weren't surprised, since Hillary had been the one licking and sucking it for a couple of minutes now, and Maggie had been intently watching all the while. Debra was just stating the obvious. But their brains were so addled with lust that it was like they'd rediscovered his erection all over again.

Softening, Debra purred, "I'm beginning to see why you two are so hot for him. He IS a stud! And he's definitely got the biggest, thickest, best cock I've ever seen! Hey, are you sure you don't like my idea to just keep going, including take turns getting fucked? I could check in with my boyfriend and then meet you upstairs. There are lots of beds there. I want Nick to fuck me!"

"NO!" Maggie said vehemently. "However, since you're being a good sport about the somewhat flexible rules and all, I'll let you suck him for one minute before you go. But one minute only!"

"Sweet!" Debra was off the bench and kneeling in front of Nick practically in the blink of an eye. She didn't waste time, but immediately dove down his shaft, taking in his entire cockhead and more.

She was surprised at how easily she did that, despite his great thickness. When she'd sucked him a little bit earlier, it had been a struggle, even an ordeal. She knew his cock hadn't changed size in any significant way, since it still felt the same in her sliding fingers on his shaft. She concluded, rightly, that the difference was her passion.

She also was surprised at how much she was starting to enjoy doing this. She'd never sucked cock except as a means to an end, to get some boy to be in debt to her. It had been a chore. But with Nick, she loved it! She wasn't even thinking about whether she would cum or not, and she wasn't touching her privates either. The act of sucking on him was such a pleasure that she didn't need more, at least not at the moment.

In terms of skill, Debra was way behind Maggie and Hillary. Neither of them were that experienced with Nick's cock, and his size was so unusual, that practice on other cocks didn't count for much. But they both were very determined to get better fast, and it showed. By contrast, Debra just slid her lips back and forth over his sweet spot with no significant tongue action, and little to no variation in rhythm or technique.

But she had caught the passion bug, and that made all the difference in the world.

Nick was tripping out. *Once again, he could only gawk in disbelief. This is Debra! Fucking DEBRA! Motherfucking Debra is sucking my cock! With Ma's permission!*

As Debra kept on bobbing, Hillary turned to Maggie across the room, and gave her a "*What the fuck?!*" kind of look. She couldn't understand why Maggie made that concession when she didn't have to.

But Maggie grinned and held up the camera in her hand. She saw it was a digital camera. It took her some long moments to figure out how to use it, and all the while Debra happily bobbed back and forth on what was now her new favorite erection. Already, it had been over a minute.

Hillary caught on to Maggie's intentions right away. She silently walked over to help her. She'd mostly forgotten that her face was splattered all over with cum, and that there was more on her enormous tits, which were still slightly heaving due to her heavy breathing.

Luckily, all digital cameras had similar controls, so Maggie figured out what she wanted to do, and began snapping photos of Debra sucking Nick's cock. She took some that included Nick's face, then walked closer and got some zoomed in on all of Debra's face and Nick's lower body. She kept coming in, and took even more close-ups of Debra's cute yet sexy face with her lips sliding back and forth on his shaft.

Debra quickly realized what was going on from the flashing and clicking. She knew they were trying to get incriminating photos of her. But she seemed not to care in the slightest. She didn't stop or slow her sucking. She even kept her same happy expression, complete with caved-in cheeks that showed how intensely she was pleasuring him with great suction.

And that happy expression wasn't exaggerated or faked. She was having a great time. She'd had no idea blowjobs could be this enjoyable.

Maggie was annoyed all over again, and lowered the camera. "Stop that! Your minute is up! In fact, it's way over!"

Debra pulled her lips off his boner and stopped her frantic cocksucking, mostly because she didn't want to be picked up and carried away by Hillary again. But she stayed right there on her knees and kept licking her way around his cockhead instead. She also held his shaft and began stroking it too.

Several moments passed without anyone saying anything. The sound of long slurpy licks seemed to fill the room. Debra had already figured out the

entire underside of his dick was extra sensitive even compared to most men, and she was concentrating on that.

Finally, Maggie said with even more annoyance, "Stop that too! Aren't you going to ask about the picture taking? Now the shoe is on the other foot, and I can blackmail YOU!"

Between long and satisfying licks, Debra asked, "How?"

"By showing the pictures I just took to your boyfriend! That's how! And speaking of boyfriends, stop licking the cock of mine!"

But, between more nut-busting licks, Debra just asked, "And this bothers me... how? I'll just tell Devon the pictures were taken before he and I started going out." She happily stroked and stroked and licked and licked.

She glanced at Hillary, who was staring at her with a look to kill. "What are you looking at, cum-face?"

Hillary remembered all the cum on her face, and blushed.

Debra belatedly added while she kept on licking, "Besides, if he does believe you, and if it bothers him - both big ifs - I'll just break up with him and get another boyfriend. Like I care. I can have anyone I want."

Now, Maggie was feeling like the fool. She took a few more pictures, including some of Hillary, without really knowing what good that would do. But another idea came to her. "Then I'll show them to other people. In fact, I'll spread them all around! I'll even show them to your parents, and ruin your modeling career!"

But Debra didn't even bother to look Maggie's way, and just kept on with her talented and satisfying licking. "Boy, you're new here, aren't you?"

Maggie didn't like the sound of that at all. She figured there must have been a previous scandal or something like that that made her threats moot. She barked, "Hillary, pick her up and carry her off again! And don't feel the need to be gentle about it, either!"

Hillary was already thinking along those same lines. She'd been wondering why the two of them had let Debra lick Nick's erection for so long in the first place, not that the necessary picture taking was over.

Hillary was so athletic and fit that she picked up Debra and carried her around like she was an empty basket. She dumped her back on the bench.

Maggie took some pictures of that too, because she found it amusing.

However, Debra remained unfazed. She sat up on the bench and licked and smacked her lips with satisfaction. "Mmmm! That was yummy!" She made bedroom eyes at a still blissed out Nick. "I reaaaally like you, Nick. I can't wait until the rematch."

Maggie and Hillary both groaned, remembering the rematch idea. Since Maggie's counter-blackmail idea apparently didn't work, it looked like they might have to go through with that after all, unless they could come up with something to stop it in the meantime.

Maggie smacked her own forehead in frustration. Needless to say, things weren't exactly going as she'd planned. She lowered the camera because there didn't seem much point to taking more pictures.

Nick was acting like he was brain dead, which he very nearly was. This wasn't exactly his best and brightest moment, because it was like his mind had snapped from too much arousal and naked beauty. All he could think about was sex and pleasure.

For instance, when Maggie smacked her forehead, he didn't even directly notice that, because his eyes were totally focused on watching the resulting tit-quake on her chest instead. He was grinning like an idiot at everything.

Even though he'd climaxed twice in a relatively short amount of time, he was already close to shooting off again. Hillary was a very good cocksucker, and Debra was doing surprisingly well at it too, thanks to her new passion. It was probably only the extra endurance gained from those two recent climaxes that kept Nick from having climaxed for the third time already.

Hillary suggested, "I think we need to wrap this up now. It's amazing nobody else has come looking for us after all this time." She crossed her arms over her tits, feeling new concern about her nakedness, as well as all the cum on her skin.

Maggie shuddered, picturing other partiers bursting in and catching them. It was hard to imagine a more damning scene, especially with Nick's cum slowly dripping down from Hillary's face to her F-cups. The sight of three nude bombshells and one boy with his erect and saliva-coated cock pointing

straight out would create quite a stir with both high school gossip networks, no doubt.

"What about the rematch?" Debra pressed.

"We'll worry about that later," Maggie said, already trying to sweep the unpleasant thought out of her mind. She hoped they could come up with something to stop that before it happened, but at the moment she was at a loss over what that would be. She had no intention of letting Debra leave with the camera, or at least with the memory card. However, she wasn't quite sure why, but it seemed the pictures she'd taken wouldn't help at all.

Debra pointed at Nick's hard-on, which was still sticking straight out and quivering as the throbbed. "What about that? Are you just gonna leave him like that? Some girlfriend you are! I say we make a new cocksucking competition right now and see who can get him to blow first."

"NO!" Maggie shouted. "Now, get out of here, before I really get angry!"

"Okay, okay. Sheesh!" Debra stood up and started to put her clothes back on. But even now, her thoughts were on Nick and arousing him. She wanted more of him; a lot more, whether there was a rematch or not. She still wasn't really that interested in him for him, but he'd suddenly become a challenge. If she could seduce him away from Maggie and Hillary, she'd prove in her own mind that she was the sexiest of them all.

Besides, his thick cock was a great temptation for her, even without the competition. She had to admit that the way that he'd stayed erect through so much stimulation was quite impressive. She didn't know how much of it was due to Maggie and Hillary being there, but she enjoyed licking and especially sucking his cock more than anything she'd done in ages. She was of the opinion that she was the "best" in a general way due to her beauty, and she deserved the best. That meant she "deserved" more fun time with Nick and his oversized and always erect cock.

She knew that it would help a lot if she could get him more attracted to her. So she didn't just bend down and pick up her clothes, she made as big an erotic production out of it, as much as she thought she could get away with without Maggie or Hillary giving her more grief.

Then, knowing Nick was still erect and watching her, she made an even bigger production out of putting her clothes on, turning it into a reverse

striptease. She stared at him with a sultry look all the while. She even licked her lips, winked, and generally hammed it up outrageously.

Hillary did eventually give her some grief for being so slow, and that forced her to speed things up in the end.

Debra looked down at the rivulets of cum flowing down her thighs, even after she was dressed, and she tried to figure out how she would clean herself up. She'd have to deal with that elsewhere, since she clearly wasn't wanted here.

Debra finally made her way towards the door.

The others only stood and watched, while contemplating their nudity and worrying who might be standing outside.

But Debra stopped, and said, "You all need to lighten up. I was just trying to have some fun with you guys. I don't see why you have to be so mean about it. I had a great time, actually, a really great time. That was better than fucking my boyfriend! And just to prove that I can be nice if you treat me nice, I'll point out that right next door is a bathroom with a sink, toilet, and shower stalls and everything. That's where I'm gonna go right now, since I got all sweaty and cummy."

"We knew that already," Hillary said testily. That was true, although they'd forgotten about it in all the excitement, and the reminder was helpful.

Debra was unfazed. "Well, you really should use it, especially you, Hillary. Do you know how funny you look, walking around with your face like that, all dripping with Nick's cum?"

She brought a finger to her own mouth and ran it back and forth over her lower lip while staring seductively right at Nick. "Mmmm. Nick's cum. I can't wait until you do me like that, Nick. Not only do you cum as much as a horse, I noticed you taste pretty good too."

She sniffed the air. "Your cum even smells good." She meant that, too, although the smell in the air was much more due to the three very wet pussies in the room.

"That's not gonna happen!" Maggie yelled, even though she had a sneaking suspicion that it somehow would. After all, it seemed that everything that could go wrong for her usually did go wrong when it came to resisting

sexual situations with him. Plus, she didn't see how she could avoid the rematch.

"Whatever. We are on for a rematch later though, right?"

Maggie grumbled. "Maybe. First, you have to prove that you can keep what happened here a secret. A total secret. If anybody finds out about anything at all, forget it. And I AM keeping all the pictures taken here. I'll get your camera back to you later."

"Gee, thanks," Debra said sarcastically. But, remembering how Hillary had picked her up and carried her around like a light suitcase, she decided not to argue about getting her camera back right away. She figured she didn't need any blackmail pictures anyway, at least not yet. Right now, she didn't want to do anything to jeopardize having a rematch. After that, she'd see.

She said, "There WILL be a rematch, and I AM going to win it. You'll see. Don't worry, I'm not going to tell anybody anything. I'm not a snitch. See you later!"

With a friendly little wave, mostly in Nick's direction, Debra walked out.

Hillary immediately rushed to the door Debra had just closed, and opened it a crack to peek out. She watched and reported, "Looks like she is going to the showers right next to us. Other than that, the coast is clear, thank God. I'd half feared some people would start using the hot tub already." She said this because the hot tub was right out in front of the sauna.

She closed the door and put her hands on her hips. She hadn't thought how odd it would look for anyone to see her cum-soaked face peeking out.

"Oh my God!" Maggie exclaimed. "That would be terrible! Can you imagine us trapped in here, and with your face looking like that? We don't even have a towel to wipe you clean. And even if we did, your face would still look all glazed and smell cummy. We need to get you a proper shower." Her cum fetish was overtaken by her concern about getting caught before they could clean up.

Hillary was increasingly concerned, thanks to that talk. She tried to wipe away some of the more cummy areas on her cheeks, and then she flung the cum to the ground, but that approach could only get so much off. "Well, we'll just have to wait here for a little while until Debra's done. I do NOT want to shower with her! I think we'll be okay."

She and Maggie walked back to where Nick stood in the middle of the room. They had to walk around the splatterings on the floor from his first orgasm.

Nick still had a dazed and silly look on his face. He was staring at whatever body part was bouncing the most, or looked the most interesting at the moment. But his eyes were constantly shifting, because there were so many nice things to look at. His boner was as stiff and hot as ever.

The two women stood there with their hands on their hips, looking at him curiously. They had no idea how much that position, with their hips cocked, made his erection surge with pure arousal. The fact that they were still wearing high heels made their poses even more alluring.

Hillary waved a hand in front of his face, and didn't get much of a reaction. "I think his brain is fried from too much stimulation. Seriously!"

"No," Maggie said with a heavy sigh. "He'll be fine. He just needs to sit down and chill out for a while." She took his hand and led him to a bench. She pulled him down to it and sat down next to him.

Hillary sat down on the other side of him. "You sure he'll be okay?"

"He'll be fine. Don't worry. I've known him a lot longer than you, and I know exactly what he's like."

"Should we just leave him like that?" Hillary pointed at his still-hard cock. Even now, she was still so horny that she was tempted to stroke it or suck it. "I mean, that must hurt, being all... stiff like that."

Maggie felt even more tempted to help relieve him, but she pointed out, "Given that his brain is kind of overloaded from too much sexual stimulation right now, I think it's best if we just leave him alone for a while. Otherwise, we'd be adding more fuel to the fire. It'll go down on its own."

"Yeah. Probably." Hillary sighed.

Maggie brought her hands to her own face. "While you're waiting, maybe you should rub his cum into your skin, like this." She gestured with rubbing motions of her cheeks. "That'll be better than just letting it drip."

"Like this?" Hillary started rubbing the cum. "Mmmm, I like that, actually." She kept rubbing Nick's sticky seed in a sensuous manner, oblivious to how much that aroused Maggie.

"That's good!" Maggie said a bit too enthusiastically. *So good! Now, Nick's smell is gonna be in her skin forever. Just like his cum still lingers in the pores of my skin all over, down to my knees. Phew, that's hot! I noticed Spencer is at the party. He'll take a whiff, or maybe even try to kiss Hillary on her cheek, and he'll know deep down that she belongs to Nick now. The proof is in the cum!*

Nick was listening to everything, but his eyes were closed. That made it easy for the women to keep talking and acting like he wasn't there.

Hillary commented, "Boy, that Debra! I've never really had an enemy before, but I think I do now. The nerve of that bitch!"

Maggie got huffy too. "You're telling me! She has no respect whatsoever for the fact he's my boyfriend. She thinks she can get whatever she wants. With you, it's different. When I see you suck or stroke Nick, I want to cheer and join in. But when I see HER do it, I just wanna strangle her neck!" She raised her hands up and choked air.

Hillary was very glad to hear the part about Maggie wanting to cheer and join in, and she was even happier to see they felt the same way about Debra. She commiserated, "I KNOW! I feel exactly the same! Just because she's so beautiful, she thinks she owns the whole world. Well, I'm beautiful too, and so are you, and we didn't let it go to our heads."

"It's how you're raised," Maggie replied knowingly. "She's obviously been spoiled rotten."

Her inadvertent "how you're raised" comment reminded Maggie all over again that Nick was her son. She gasped in horror, and a guilt attack hit her.

"What?" Hillary asked, wondering about the gasp.

She tried to cover her mistake. "Oh, I'm just thinking about Debra's tricks. At least I still have the camera." She picked it up off the bench and held it up.

Hillary was successfully distracted by that dodge, and said, "Yeah. Maybe those pictures will help us out somehow, although it sounds like she's a hard one to blackmail. I don't know of any scandals of hers any more than you do, but it seemed like she was almost hoping we'd spread those pictures around. And she's not the brightest bulb, so I doubt that's a trick."

"Yeah, I know what you mean." Maggie sighed again and slumped her naked body lower on the bench. She pointed out, "It could be she's just a really big slut, and she doesn't care if everyone in school knows."

"True." Hillary was going to add that she certainly acted like it, but then realized it wasn't like she and Maggie had been much better. They'd all gone a little cock crazy, and they were only starting to come out of it.

Maggie asked, "Haven't there been some actresses who deliberately released sex tapes of themselves?"

"There have."

Both of them could see the logic in that, so there was no need to say more.

There was a long pause as they rested and waited.

Maggie found herself thinking, *What just happened is NOT good! Like I was just saying, I don't mind sharing with Hillary at all. In fact, I love it! But two is enough. Debra's a very different story. I have a sinking feeling that now that she knows how big and thick Nick's cock is, and how great his stamina is, she's going to keep coming back for more.*

Hillary was having very similar thoughts. Neither of them knew how to fully stop Debra.

Maggie finally said to Hillary, "I appreciate what you tried to do in coming up with that game plan, though. It was a good idea, and quick thinking, even though it kind of backfired."

"Thanks. I tried. And at least we managed to keep her thinking that you're his only girlfriend, more or less. I'm not ready to 'come out' as Nick's second girlfriend, at least not yet. I'm sure Nick had lots of fun though, no matter what happened." She laughed with some chagrin at that.

The two bedraggled but still gorgeous naked women turned their attention back to Nick, and stole frequent glances at his stiff boner.

Maggie asked, "Nick? Anybody home? Any thoughts?"

"Yeah," he replied, opening his eyes and seeming to spring back to life. His smile widened. "Woowow! That was fuckin' AWESOME!"

Hillary laughed again. "He lives! ... Any more specific thoughts than that, kid?"

"Yeah." His face was suddenly beaming with joy. "Did I say that was awesome yet? 'Cos that was seriously awesome! That whole entire experience is gonna be permanently burned in my brain, like, forever! Every last second. The three hottest girls in the universe, all fantastically nude, and taking turns rubbing all over me. And licking my dick! And sucking it sometimes, even! AWESOME!"

"Well, he's reviving, at any rate," Maggie noted, somewhat chagrined at his pure glee. She felt guilty at having allowed what had just taken place. "Nick, I'd ask you about Debra, but you're probably just gonna say she's hot and sexy."

"She IS! Soooooo sexy... And hot. Hot and sexy!" He giggled, almost deliriously.

Hillary noted, only half-kidding, "I think his brain is still partly fried. Don't mention Debra any more, or he's gonna start drooling." She was annoyed at Nick's obvious attraction to her rival.

But Maggie persisted, "Nick, honey, I want you to stay away from Debra, okay? She's bad news."

The smile that had seemed permanently drawn on his face finally vanished, and he looked over at Maggie. "Okay, I'll try, but..." His words trailed off and he closed his eyes. "Oh God, I can't do this. The damn thing's never gonna go down."

Hillary was confused. "What's going on?"

Maggie explained, "He took one look at my nude body and he got all horny all over again, so he had to close his eyes. And he was referring to his dick."

She asked, him, "It's having trouble getting soft, isn't it?" She couldn't resist, since it was pointing straight up in his lap: she reached over and flicked a finger at it, causing it to bounce back and forth.

Hillary also playfully flicked at it, setting it bouncing again. "It is a pesky thing, isn't it?"

She suddenly leaned forward and looked past Nick to make eye contact with Maggie. She asked with more than a little eagerness, "Should we? ... Help it out with our mouths, I mean? We could share it together."

"Nah," Maggie said with an even heavier sigh. "God knows I'd love to, especially since we haven't truly shared him with a proper double blowjob yet. I've been thinking about that so much lately. You and me, kneeling naked side by side between his legs, just taking turns bobbing on him over and over again! I can't wait to do that."

"Me too!" Hillary happily agreed. "I've been thinking about that a lot lately too. In fact, when I think about us, as a threesome, that's how I picture it in my mind."

"Me too to that too!" Maggie said, her face lighting up with delight. "I know people would think it's strange, but I think of myself more as a 'good slut' and less as a girlfriend. And a good slut has to love sucking cock. And since we're a threesome, it's the ideal way to share!"

"It is," Hillary happily agreed.

Maggie unexpectedly shifted mental gears, and sighed. "Unfortunately, we need to calm him down, not excite him all over again. And besides, we've got to get out of this room, pronto. Remember, Debra is out there, and she knows we're in here. She could come back any time. With reinforcements, even."

Nick moaned in agony. "Gaawwwd! It hurts so bad. The blue balls!"

Maggie frowned. "Don't listen to him. He's fine. He just thinks he can take advantage of us."

He groaned again. "No, it's true. It really hurts!" He held the base of his dick like he was holding a bruised knee.

But, in fact, Maggie was right and he was faking for the most part. At the moment, his dick was in control of his agenda.

"I dunno," Hillary said, uncertain. "I'm not a guy, but don't you think that would hurt after a while, for it to be so long and thick and hard like that?"

Maggie could feel her resistance crumbling already. But she said, "First things first. Let's get cleaned up and dressed. Then we can take care of his pesky member. It'll be less incriminating if we're clothed, at least."

"Right," Hillary agreed firmly, trying to mask her disappointment. She asked hesitantly, "I know it's a bit late to ask now, but I just want to be sure

that you're completely okay with sharing Nick. You REALLY didn't mind watching me sucking his cock?"

"Well, I can't say I didn't feel jealous at all," Maggie admitted. She kept in mind the importance of the hand-over plan. "But I'm sure those feelings will pass as I get more used to sharing. It also aroused me greatly. So I'm good. I just need time to adjust. The problem I have is sharing him with Debra, not you."

Hillary nodded. "I hear you on that!"

Maggie thought to herself, *Ain't that the truth! I'm gonna need YEARS to adjust, just to what happened here today alone! I'm doing all kinds of sexual things with my son that are just plain wrong. I could see him and myself in therapy for a long time. If I had the guts to talk to anyone about it, that is. But I know that and I can't stop. I don't want to stop! And as long as there's no incestuous fucking, it's not THAT bad.*

Hillary was suddenly all business. She wiped her face with her hands, but that only succeeded in smearing Nick's cum into her skin even more, while also leaving her hands somewhat cummy. "I'll go to the door and check again if the coast is clear. Then I'm gonna go take a shower, if Debra's still there or not. We can't wait for her forever. She might even be playing a trick on us." She stood up.

Maggie asked, "What about your face?"

Hillary made another, greater effort to wipe the cum into her skin. Then she took her hands away, and asked, "Better?"

"Somewhat, but there are still some white streaks here and there. Plus it has kind of a glazed look, overall. And look at your breasts."

Hillary looked down. "Oh yeah." A lot of the cum from her face had dripped down and joined the few streaks that were already there.

She said to Nick with more amusement than annoyance, "Geez, Nick, when you cum, you sure do cum. If I didn't know better, I'd think you came on me three times already, not just once."

"Sorry," Nick said with a forced lack of emotion in his voice. He was trying to hide how horny he got looking at all of his cum still on her.

Gaawwwd, that's so hot! Maggie thought as she especially stared at the cum still on Hillary's round and tanned boobs. *So it's not just me - Nick really does cum a lot! He's wonderfully virile. Not at all like Andy, even before the accident. Andy would have to cum on me, like, four times to make up a huge load like that. Not like he'll ever get the chance, even if he fully recovered. I'm Nick's girl now!*

That hit her like a profound epiphany. *I am! I'm his girl. His girlfriend. His slut! His lusty, busty, constantly naked and cocksucking-loving slut, even. He's my son, so there are limits in what we can do and what that means, but I can't deny we have something special going on, including a magical physical touch. It's like a thrilling electric shock whenever we touch in any way at all.*

With the new deal we've forged with Hillary, it's likely that I'm going to be one of Nick's two girlfriends for months to come, at a minimum. Months! And hopefully years instead. I can't allow him to fuck me, ever, but that just means he's going to be fucking my face and my tits a lot! I'm going to get VERY good at sucking his cock, probably with Hillary there and helping most of the time. How fucking hot is that?!

But what about Andy? He's still my husband, and I'm totally disrespecting him.

So he cheated on me. Maybe this is payback! No, I can't be mean like that. My need for revenge has faded over time. Hasn't it? But still, look what I'm doing. Oh, the wicked and completely fucked up webs we weave!

She looked up at Hillary. *Oh God! Look what she's doing now. Too hot!*

Hillary was smearing Nick's cum into the upper slopes of her tits. She kept looking at her hands on her tits and said, "I see what you mean, Maggie. But, I think my cummy hands are just making it worse. There's just so much!"

She put her hands on her facial cheeks and deliberately smeared more into her skin there. "Besides, the problem is, doing this is actually getting me all horny again."

Maggie bit her lip. It was all she could do not to volunteer to help. She even had visions of licking Nick's cum straight off Hillary's hefty globes. She tried not to think of such taboo things. She probably would have given in

and French kissed Hillary extensively, except she was trying not to do anything that would keep Nick's cock erect.

Hillary hefted her huge globes up with both hands, then craned her head down to her own cleavage and took a big whiff. "MMMM! Don't you just love that smell? It's the smell of male virility. But never mind weird me. I'll just go pop next door. It's only like five or ten feet away. Debra should be gone by now."

Nick complained, "Don't go!"

She laughed. "Don't worry, stud!" She was still holding his tits up, and she rubbed them together a bit. "This party will go on for hours and hours, until the early morning hours. I don't know about you two, but I hope we can spend a majority of that time in one of the bedrooms, just the three of us!"

She finally let go of her tits. She let her promising words sink in.

She went to see about the shower situation. First, she peeked out the door to confirm that the coast was clear. Then she left the room while merely holding her clothes over her privates, since she wanted to get the cum and sweat off herself before she dressed. She was glad that it was very dark outside, in case someone was looking in her general direction from far away.

Once Hillary was gone, Maggie thought, *"Weird me," she says. Weird her? If she only knew what I was thinking! She'd think I'm a complete freak! If I had my way, I'd aim Nick's cock at her face from inches away, let him blast out even more cummy goodness, and then rub all that yummy cum into her silky skin until she was shiny like a glazed donut! But only after the two of us took turns bobbing down on him for one solid hour, non-stop! How's THAT for weird?!*

But she stifled such thoughts, and turned her attention back to Nick.

He was still reviving, but he remained dazed, plus emotionally and physically exhausted. He leaned into his mother, closed his eyes, and rested his head on her shoulder. Soon, he began to breathe heavily, and in less than a minute he fell asleep altogether. But even after that, his dick remained stiff.

Maggie gently stroked his hair while pondering the bizarre evening's events with Debra. *I wish I could sleep right now too, and just sleep all my*

troubles away. Maybe I could wake up and discover it was all a dream and I've been in my own bed the whole time. Goddamned Debra!

All I wanted to do was come to this party dressed in normal, non-sexy clothes, and have a normal, non-sexy time talking to people. Well, okay, I wanted to do more to him, but only with Hillary there! Debra is an entirely different matter! How did I wind up taking turns with TWO other women rubbing my naked body all over my son's big cock instead? Seriously, how did I get from there to here? I don't get it. I have the worst luck in the world.

Or the best. Hmmm. I honestly can't decide. I have to admit that seeing Debra with him was pretty damn hot most of the time. Hell, it was super hot basically the whole time! If only that was all just Hillary instead! Debra is bad news. I can feel it.

She looked into her son's lap, where his erection was still as hard as ever, and still poking up. Part of my bad luck is my son. Apparently, he's some kind of natural sex maniac. For instance, why doesn't his fucking cock EVER go down?! Even now, with him sleeping, it's so tempting for me to reach over and start stroking it. I must be a terrible mother.

She tore her eyes from his turgid dick and stared straight ahead instead. Starting right now, I'm turning over a new leaf. I've made some mistakes, but it's not too late to show some backbone. I have to be a good mother and a moral person. It seems like we've been in here for ages, but really, the party's only just begun. I lost all track of time, but we couldn't have been in here more than an hour. I need to start my do-over by going out to that party crowd and having a nice normal time. No more incestuous contact tonight. Maybe a friendly hug with Nick, or a kiss on the cheek, just to show we're dating. But that's it! That's what I'm gonna do, dammit, and I'm sticking to it!

And no cocksucking! Period! No slurping my way up and down his delicious cock until he shoots a tasty load down my throat. That's right out! If Hillary wants to take him to a private bedroom and suck him for a good long while, that's her right. I'll just kind of keep watch or something. I deserve to be punished for what I let happen. I can't admit it to Hillary, but I was totally getting off on watching Debra lick and suck his cock! I didn't even feel that angry or jealous about it at times. That's fucked up!

She frowned. *And as for tomorrow and beyond, that's even trickier. I'm getting seriously addicted to being his girlfriend. I'm afraid tonight has just made my addiction that much worse. Especially my sucking addiction.*

I don't want to hand him over to Hillary ever, dammit! Share him with her? Definitely! I love that. I prefer that, even. For years and years, I hope! But even that's fraught with danger. If she ever finds out I'm his mother... God! Everything is so fucked up!

But I made a vow to help him win her, and I've got to stick with it, even if I'm shooting myself in the foot in the process. No matter how long she and I share him, I need to find ways to help them fall deeper in love with each other. That's what mothers do, they sacrifice for their children.

He'll probably break my heart down the line, when he finally decides to let me go so he can marry her, or go off to college, or who knows what. I can't stay his lover forever; that's just not possible! But it's better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all, right?

Sighing, she continued to gently stroke Nick's hair as he slept. She was glad to see his penis finally go flaccid.

Chapter 44: Cleaning Up (Saturday)

Hillary came back to the sauna a few minutes later, and she explained that she hadn't suffered any problems with the shower at all. She hadn't seen Debra, her face was clean and cum-free, and she was fully dressed in her revealing and lovely blue-green dress again.

She didn't mention it, but she'd left her panties in the trash in the other room. She'd used them to finally clean her finger off after sticking it in Nick's anus, in the exact same way Debra has used her panties to clean her finger.

Maggie felt awkward, to say the least, to still be naked, sweaty, cummy in places, and next to her equally naked son. He was leaning against her side, but she gingerly pulled herself away from him without waking him up. That wasn't too hard to do, since he was still completely dead to the world.

She stood up to take her shower and dress. She was still bashful about her newly shaved pussy, and now that she wasn't so crazed with lust, she strategically positioned a hand to make sure it wasn't completely exposed to Hillary's eyes (ignoring the fact that Hillary already had many good views of it since Debra came in).

Hillary took Maggie's exact place on the bench, allowing Nick to rest his head on her shoulder instead. She also closed her eyes and rested like he did, but she hummed a few songs to make sure she didn't fall asleep as well.

Maggie came back from a quick shower a few minutes later. She hadn't had any trouble. She felt reborn after she was freshly washed and fully dressed again. But if anything, she was even more disappointed at how conservatively cut her black dress was. In an attempt to make up for that, she'd not so accidentally left her bra behind. She hoped Nick would sometimes notice the way her big breasts bounced and jiggled underneath.

Together, the two women gently woke Nick.

He looked around in confusion. As soon as his eyes found Maggie, he began to say, "I just had the most incredible dream!" Then he felt Hillary leaning on him from the other side. He looked at her as well, and the sauna room in general.

He exclaimed, "Oh my God! It really happened! Didn't it? Tell me: was Debra in here, and did she do all kinds of crazy things to me, including sucking my dick?"

"Unfortunately, yes," Maggie said bitterly while idly staring at Nick's erection. It had gone down while he was sleeping, but it was already springing back to life, since he was awake and vividly remembering what had happened.

She thought, *Look at that thing! I've heard of morning wood, but this is getting ridiculous! He has morning wood, evening wood, noon wood, night wood, and every other part of the day wood! Why can't the damn thing stay down?! It makes me so hungry for cum all the time. Hungry to SUCK!*

She added, "But let's not talk about it now, and please spare us your thoughts on how 'awesome' it all was. Hillary and I aren't exactly too happy about what happened with Debra. We can discuss all that later. But first things first. You need to go to the shower room next door and get cleaned up."

He looked back and forth between Maggie and Hillary. In a way, they looked even more tempting with clothes on than without, because their outfits were exceptional. It was a nice change of pace from the nudity, at least. He looked down at himself and saw that he wasn't wearing anything, not even a T-shirt. But he felt surprisingly unbothered by that.

Hillary asked Maggie, "What about his boner? Shouldn't we take care of it?" She was still feeling her way regarding how to act around Maggie, but she was resolved not to be too shy discussing such things.

Maggie complained testily, "Why does everyone keep suggesting that? That damn thing keeps getting me in trouble, because it never goes down. Sport, you'll just have to grin and bear it."

Hillary grinned saucily at Maggie. "Ah, come on, you know you want it. I hate Debra, but that whole thing left me horny as fuck!"

Maggie rolled her eyes, but she smiled too. She thought, *I'm glad I'm not the only one who feels that way. "Horny as fuck" is exactly right! I'm starting to hate Debra, but she IS exceptional beautiful, and seeing her gorgeous face is a sight I won't soon forget!*

She made her mind up that she needed to suck his cock, and soon. But she said to Nick, "Please take your shower first at least, okay? Then we'll see what we can do with your cock."

He was secretly amused, because that was the exact same tone and sentence structure she used when telling him in a motherly fashion to do his homework or chores before he could go do something fun. He referring to the "grin and bear it" comment, he replied, "Awesome! I'm gonna do a whole lot of grinning, at least, through the whole shower! You're awesome!" He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her.

Soon, mother and son were necking, and Maggie had her hand sliding up and down his erection. But it was more a case of reconnecting and reaffirming that familiar pleasure, rather than starting a full-on handjob. Besides, she was mindful that Hillary was watching, so she was able to stop herself after only a minute or so.

She pulled away, and said, "That damn thing keeps turning me into a hypocrite! Enough of that already. Like I said, go take your shower already and then we'll see about fixing your blue balls. And no more insistent boners all the time, please!"

"Yes, ma'am." He saluted, but in a playful way, with a wide grin on his face. He knew he'd be having a lot more "insistent boners" around his mother from now on, and he felt pretty confident that she'd be helping out with them a lot. That made him feel so good, he felt he could fly.

Hillary joked, "Well, maybe not quite so many. You're gonna tire us out!"

Maggie laughed at that.

Nick took his clothes with him and peeked his head out the door. Seeing that the coast was clear, he looked back at his two lovers, and said, "Maggie, remember how you promised to kiss Hillary whenever I said so? Well, I want you two to keep busy with some sexy kissing until I get back. And that's an order!"

Maggie shook a fist at him. "You crazy bastard!" But she was secretly delighted by that order.

Nick peeked out into the darkness again. Then he walked the few feet to the next door while holding his clothes over his privates.

That left Maggie and Hillary. Hillary couldn't wait to start kissing, but also didn't want to push Maggie into something that she didn't really want to do. So she said, "You know, we don't have to kiss. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable. We could just tell him that we did."

Maggie nodded. She could feel her pulse quickening. "You're right, we don't have to. But I did promise him he could tell me when to do that." She was sitting right next to Maggie on the bench, and she leaned in closer towards her. But she stopped, and said, "That is... unless you don't want to..."

Hillary didn't want to appear too enthusiastic. So she replied, "Well, we wouldn't want to disappoint the horny bugger." She leaned in toward Maggie.

Maggie smiled and leaned in still closer. "That's true."

Their lips touched. However, although both of them were still in a very horny mood from all that had happened with Debra, the kiss started out quite restrained. In fact, their lips barely touched at first. This was much more of a loving and reaffirming kiss than an all-out lusty one.

Hillary unexpectedly broke the kiss to ask, "By the way, can I ask you about him giving you orders? What's that about?"

Maggie's face suddenly turned red with embarrassment. "It's complicated. Maybe we can talk about that later." She thought, She's going to think I'm his sex slave or something! How humiliating! Especially if she knew that I'm his mother!

Hillary just say, "M'kay. Later."

Then they resumed more loving and reaffirming kissing.

At least, that's how it was for the next minute or so. They stayed relatively restrained, even as their tongues started to explore. Since they were sitting side by side, their bodies weren't touching much either. But Maggie's thoughts about being given an order by her son and having to obey it, and knowing that Hillary had witnessed that, made her lust soar to "dangerous" levels.

She might have been able to contain herself with just that. But mere seconds later, she realized, *I can taste Nick's cum in Hillary's mouth! That's so HOT! And I'm sure she can taste the same in mine. It's like we're*

snowballing, except without the cum, if that makes any sense. God, I love it! Joined together by our love for my son's cock!

It wasn't a strong cummy taste at all, but it was there, and that's what mattered.

With that, Maggie couldn't restrain herself anymore. She loved the intimate and loving kissing, but she wanted something more passionate and fiery. So she channeled a lot more lusty desire into what she was doing, and Hillary eagerly responded in kind.

Suddenly, the fact that they were kissing while sitting side to side wasn't good enough. By some mysterious, non-verbal understanding, they both stood up at the same time. That allowed them to face each other directly, and kiss with even more fervor. That also put their big breasts together, a fact that both of them loved.

But after a minute or two, that wasn't good enough anymore either. Their titty fun was being seriously constrained by the fact that they were both wearing their dresses. So, again by some unspoken mutual understanding, they pulled down their dresses at the same time. They couldn't even stop their kissing for a few seconds to make things easier, because it was like their lips were locked together. They both pulled their dresses down enough to fully unleash their bare breasts. As soon as they did that, they began grinding their racks together.

Maggie was so eager that she brought her hands to her boobs to push them together and better guide them in pressing against Hillary's. Hillary still had her rule not to do anything Maggie wasn't already doing, but as soon as Maggie did that, she did the same. Somehow, and it wasn't quite clear how, in the next minute or two they both went from holding their own breasts to holding each other's!

Maggie thought, Nick told me that Hillary and I would end up kissing and rubbing our big breasts together a lot. Sometimes just for his perverse amusement. And I can't stop it because he has the right to order me to do that at any time! Gaawwwd, that's so fucking HOT! And Hillary's hot! Debra is a true beauty, but Hillary is on a whole different level, in my book. And her tits are just so much bigger!

She gave Hillary's tits an increasingly sexual caress while holding their outer sides. *HNNNG! That feels good! Damn! I can relate with my son and*

why he loves "big tits" so much! Hillary's are the biggest and best! God, they feel good! And she's such a good kisser! UNGH!

When Nick walked back into the sauna room after showering and dressing, he was already grinning and feeling good. His erotic fog had lifted, thanks to the cool shower water shocking him into full consciousness. He felt refreshed and even reborn.

Then, after closing the door behind him, he looked at Maggie and Hillary necking, and especially the way their massive racks were rubbing and sliding together. His grin turned into a smile that very nearly stretched from ear to ear.

He didn't get much chance to enjoy the view though, because the women heard him coming. Hillary didn't care if he saw, but Maggie felt embarrassed. Her black dress had come off her shoulders, just like Hillary's, but she broke the kiss and held the dress up enough to cover her nipples. Taking her cue from Maggie, Hillary reluctantly did the same.

Nick's dick was already stiff in anticipation of seeing his two lovers again, but his arousal level grew even higher. He knew that Maggie was very sensitive about her kisses with Hillary, so he decided to act as if he hadn't seen anything worth commenting about. Instead, he said, "Good news! The shower was a total success! I feel like a new man."

Maggie smiled, but rolled her eyes. She was trying to look cool and collected, but her heart was thumping so hard she worried Nick could hear it from a few feet away. She made some light chat, to cover up her embarrassment. "I've never seen anyone as happy about just taking a shower. But unfortunately, you're not a new man. You're still the same old Nick."

A worried look crossed his face. He didn't have a lot of confidence, and that sounded like the start of an insult.

But Maggie clarified her meaning by briefly pointing at the lump in his slacks. "What the hell is THAT?! It's like I said: your dick is always hard. Are you carrying a loaf of French bread in there, or are you just happy to see me? Er, us?"

Her words didn't have any sting to them, as she couldn't completely hide her true lusty feelings. And she couldn't point for long, because her dress slid

down enough to uncover a stiff nipple until she had both hands holding her dress up again.

Nick looked back and forth between his two women. He saw the eager and lusty look on her face and the equally eager and lusty look on Hillary's face. His confidence came surging back, and with a vengeance. "Actually, it IS a loaf of bread. Here, let me show you."

With that, he unzipped his fly and pulled his erection out. He also confidently stepped closer so he stood within easy reach of the other two.

With his fat boner wiggling in the air, he looked down at it with pretend surprise. "What? Oh! It's a penis after all. My bad."

Maggie looked exasperated, but she reached down and held his stiff shaft. "I suppose you're going to complain that you still have a painfully stiff erection and need our help with it."

"Yep!" he happily agreed.

Maggie still had her upset look, even as she gave his boner a friendly squeeze. Her attempt to keep her breasts covered was forgotten, and her dress fell back down to her waist.

She gave Hillary a sheepish, red-faced look, and muttered to her, "Well, we did kind of promise to help him out. I suppose there's nothing we can do but make it fast." Her fingers started to slide back and forth over his shaft.

Hillary also stopped bothering to keep her dress up. "I know what'll help." She knelt down in front of Nick and leaned forward. She began licking the part of his cockhead sticking out past where Maggie's hand was stroking.

Maggie was torn about several things. She couldn't tell if she was being sincere with her complaining or not. She was annoyed that Nick expected "help," but she also very much wanted to give him that help.

She also was conflicted about watching Hillary lick his cock. On the one hand, this was a good sign suggesting Hillary was making a commitment by getting ever more sexually intimate. It was a good sign that Hillary was on her way to being a "good slut" who helped take very good care of his cock instead of a typical "girlfriend."

But on the other hand, Maggie recently had made herself a vow not to do anything sexual with Nick during rest of the party beyond a kiss or two, yet

she very much wanted to join in. She didn't have Debra's presence as an excuse to do that anymore as part of some game she was forced to play.

She thought, Should I be good? Or... bad? My life has changed so much in such a short time. A few days ago, I was so steadfast in my "no cocksucking" rule, even if I did kinda bend it with the titfucking. And a few days before that, it was just kissing and fondling. And before that... Mary, mother of God! Whoa!

Whereas today, this morning, I sucked him for the better part of two hours. And it still isn't enough! I'm so hungry for cock, my son's cock! I'm salivating and licking my lips. Again, I want to see her and me take turns bobbing on him, and that hasn't happened yet. So frustrating! That needs to happen soon. And often!

But I'm spoiling him too much today. I sucked him for TWO HOURS and then some! I even jacked him off on the way to the party. I need to show some resolve, if only to myself. My vow is a good thing, a necessary thing. Let Hillary have her fun all by herself.

She kept on stroking near the base of Nick's shaft while Hillary licked around his cockhead. But simply stroking him didn't feel like enough at the moment.

Dammit! Hillary looks like she's really enjoying that. Just listen to her aroused moans. I think she's loving this more than he is! MMMM! She's kind of sucking him from the side, like she's trying to give his cock a hickey. Seeing her lips sliding along the side of his shaft like that is making my mouth water even more. I can't stand it! She's probably wondering why I'm not joining in. She might think I'm symbolically showing some kind of resistance to having a full girlfriend partnership with her, and I can't have that. I NEED to join in, for the good of our agreement!

No! No! That's just a pathetic justification to cover the fact that I want it so much. All the way in my mouth! So terribly much! But... just look at her go! Nick's probably not even noticing what my fingers are doing, despite the fact that my other hand is playing with his balls too. A big cock like that needs a lot of stimulation. It needs two mouths! Maybe I could just... No.

She bent forward, and then backed off. She swallowed, because saliva was starting to accumulate in her mouth. She was seriously in danger of drooling, she was so cock-hungry.

Dammit, if I don't do something fast, Hillary's gonna be offended! She might even pull off! And that's not a justification, that's a fact! So there!

Pushing her doubts aside, she dropped down to her knees. She bent her head down to Nick's erection with new, lusty desire.

Unfortunately, Hillary's head was in the way, so she couldn't quite reach where she wanted to be. But Hillary sensed Maggie's hair brushing next to hers and repositioned herself.

Hilary was bothered by the fact that her dress was still partly on, because it was blocking access to her pussy. Plus, she adored how Nick usually was very insistent that she get completely naked in situations like these. So she wiggled and pulled it the rest of the way down, letting it crumple to the floor.

She said to Maggie as she watched her start to lick, "Good! I was beginning to think you didn't want to join me."

See?! Maggie thought. I was right! It's not just a justification. This is an important, er, bonding moment for us. It really is. Besides, we haven't left the sauna yet, so the vow hasn't started yet.

She was feeling sharp stabs of guilt as she thought about breaking her vow, but lust and pleasure allowed her to push those thoughts away for the time being.

Seeing that Hillary was one step ahead of her, she also pulled her dress the rest of the way off. For some reason, it didn't seem right to her to lick his thickness unless she was completely naked. And the fact that she was still wearing her high heels made every lick and slurp that much more satisfying, somehow.

The two women shared a very lusty and knowing look as they put their tongues on Nick's hot shaft at the exact same time. There had been a lot of talk in recent days between them about sharing Nick's cock, but now they were starting to turn all that talk into action. Although their tongues began working on Nick, their eyes remained locked on each other.

Nick cried out like he'd been scalded. But it was just because he was loving life so very, very much. *Whoa! This can't be happening! If I have a number one fantasy involving both Maggie and Hillary, this is it! A double blowjob! YES!*

Hillary's smoldering and sexy look was mainly reflecting her desire for Maggie. It wasn't that she didn't also strongly desire Nick, but her current focus was on the pair of eyes just a couple of inches from her own.

Maggie, however, was still oblivious and interpreted Hillary's look as a shared lust for Nick. She repaid it with a gaze every bit as intense and lusty.

Needless to say, Nick was absolutely over the moon with these latest developments. He couldn't be happier, or more aroused. *Fuckin' A! This is just too awesome! I never could have dreamed... Okay, I'll admit I did have some masturbatory fantasies about this very thing happening, but I never really thought... I mean, just LOOK! Whoa! God DAMN!*

Several minutes passed, incredibly wonderful, highly arousing minutes for all three of them.

He couldn't get enough of watching Maggie and Hillary lick. Both of them were doing it so lovingly that it looked and felt like their tongues had simply fallen in love with his cock. Their heads kept tilting this way and that, as they approached his shaft with new angles and new techniques. Occasionally, such movements would set their big tits jiggling, temporarily taking his attention away from the two tongues.

Only two tongues were slathering Nick's cock, but it felt to him like there were at least seven or eight there. Partly that's because both women were very busy with their lips and fingers as well. Neither completely swallowed his cockhead (as they didn't want to be seen as too greedy by the other), but they kissed and nibbled and sucked with their lips all up and down his shaft. And many fingers were lightly playing and stroking with whatever inches of his shaft were otherwise untended. His balls were never neglected either. It was no wonder that he felt like an entire team of women was working on him.

The pleasure was so great that he felt giddy and nearly delirious. He was frustrated that he happened to be standing, because he truly felt weak in the knees. But he didn't want to sit either, because being treated like this with him standing and them kneeling naked was an extra thrill.

He knew he wasn't going to last long in the face of such an onslaught of ecstasy. He moaned and groaned like some kind of wounded bear.

Both women knew his frenulum, his sweet spot, was his most sensitive spot by far, and their tongues and lips soon migrated to it and generally stayed on it or near it, while their fingers stayed busy elsewhere. That meant that their tongues and even their lips sometimes accidentally touched each other.

This excited Hillary greatly. It had happened to them once before, so she didn't have to feel shy about it happening again. She soon found herself trying to repeat those "accidents" as much as possible. Before long, and just like the last time it happened, it became a bit of a game, with both women lapping against each other's tongues nearly as much as Nick's sweet spot.

His moans were so loud and urgent though that Maggie and Hillary could sense his climax coming, and then pulled off at roughly the same time, to give him a well-timed rest.

Their heads wound up a few inches above his ramrod-straight pole. Both of them were grinning at each other, flying high thanks to all the fun they were having.

Hillary said, "You have something here," and pointed at Maggie's chin.

In fact, there was nothing on Maggie's chin except for some saliva dripping from her mouth, but Hillary just wanted an excuse. She moved in and licked. Within seconds, that somehow turned into both of them French kissing each other.

Technically, this was violating Hillary's policy not to initiate something with Maggie unless Maggie did it first, but she was too damn horny to stop herself!

Maggie hadn't seen that coming, even though nearly the exact same thing happened the last time they'd licked his cock together. It took her a few seconds before she realized how carried away they were becoming. She felt embarrassed, because she knew Nick was looking down. She broke the kiss.

Quickly scrambling for an excuse to have ended the kiss, she looked up at Nick and said with a sultry purr, "Ready for more?"

He was incredulous. "Are you kidding me?! After that kiss?! Was I supposed to be recovering then?! I can barely breathe!"

Hillary laughed gaily. "I knew it! Nothing gets guys hotter than a girl-on-girl kiss!" She shot a look at Maggie so hot it nearly melted her. "Wanna do it again?"

Maggie chuckled nervously. Something had been bothering her, but she didn't consciously know what it was. But now she remembered. "No thanks. Not now. If we heat Nick up any more, he's gonna spontaneously combust. In fact, we'd better get back to the party. They must be missing us." She started to stand up.

That caused Hillary to share Nick's still incredulous look. "You're kidding me!" the busty teen complained.

"No, really," Maggie said as she finished standing. She explained what worried her: "If we keep doing this, we're gonna get caught! Think about it. Debra knows we're in here, and she knows how long it'll take us to shower and get cleaned up. The longer we stay beyond that, the more curious she'll get. What if she comes in AGAIN, and catches us, AGAIN? That would be a disaster!"

Hillary couldn't deny Maggie's reasoning. "Hmmm. Good point. Still, we can't just leave Nick like this. Another minute or two won't make a difference, and Nick's right on the verge. Right?" She looked up into his face as she took his cock in her hands and stroked its slicked up surface.

Nick nodded vigorously. "Hell, yeah! Oh God, I'm so close! That break didn't help at all!"

Maggie was distracted, and looked to the door. She suddenly felt strangely nervous about getting caught again. She had a feeling in her gut that something bad was going to happen unless they left soon. Besides, she felt it was only fair if Hillary got some more one-on-one time with Nick's cock. Plus, she was belatedly trying to maintain some semblance of her vow not to get intimate with Nick at the party.

So she said, "You go ahead, Hillary. Finish him off. And do something wild to get him to blow his load fast. I'll keep watch."

Hillary was confused, but pleasantly surprised. "Really? Okay!" But she was so eager for cock, she didn't even try to get Maggie to change her mind. She shifted positions and got between Nick's legs so she was kneeling directly in front of him.

Hillary looked up at him, and hefted her huge tits up. She said in a sultry voice, "Would you like to fuck these?"

He gasped, "Oh God! I'd love to!" Fucking Hillary's tits was one of his great dreams.

She smiled and played with her fulsome globes a bit, hefting one up and then the other.

But after only a few seconds, she winked up at him, and said, "Later. We'll do that a LOT later. I love a good titfuck! But right now, I NEEEEEED to do this!" She grasped his stiff pole, stretched her mouth open painfully wide, and lunged her head forward.

"Oh God! God! GOD! AAAAIIIIIEEE!" He screamed as Hillary's lips closed all the way around his cockhead. He started to shout, "No! No! No!" because it just felt too good. It wasn't just the physical pleasure, but the mere fact that his dream girl was sliding her lips farther and farther down his shaft shook him to his core. As soon as those lips slid past his sweet spot, he started to erupt.

Hillary was surprised at his quick reaction. That didn't fit with her impression of his impressive stamina that she'd seen lately. But she made do. She played with her clit while her other hand jacked him off furiously. She deliberately held back from cumming until Nick exploded into the back of her throat, but then she found her body still wasn't quite ready. She fingered herself faster and faster in hopes they could still achieve mutual climax before he was done.

Maggie had started to move towards the door to take a quick peek outside, but that was completely forgotten now. She was already sorely regretting her decision, because she didn't know he was going to cum that quickly. Some of that cum blast could have been hers! She drifted back towards Hillary and Nick with a desperate longing on her face. She clutched her boobs with both hands.

Hillary let a couple of Nick's shots go straight down her throat, but then she pulled back and aimed his cock so it fired onto her face from only an inch or two away. As she did so, she kept on frantically fingering herself. Feeling his cum splash on her face was the final trigger that pushed her over the edge into orgasmic nirvana.

Seeing the cum rocket onto Hillary's face was pretty much more than Maggie could take. She came closer still, her fingers aggressively twisting

her nipples, her tongue hungrily licking her lips. It was all she could do not to fall on her knees in lusty overload, just from watching the cum fly.

When Hillary aimed the last couple of Nick's ropes at her chest, Maggie actually cried out louder than Nick's loud orgasmic wail. She too touched her pussy and started fingering herself into an orgasm.

Before long, both she and Hillary were screaming in erotic triumph! Maggie was particularly loud. She was thankful that the room appeared to have thick walls and a thick door. She couldn't believe how much she liked the sight of Nick's cum splattering all over Hillary's smooth and nicely tanned skin. Just seeing that was practically better than fucking. She had a very nice climax, thanks to what she was seeing even more than what her fingers were doing to herself.

Somehow, Nick managed to stay conscious, although his orgasm was so intense that it was a very close call. Now that the orgasm was over, he staggered back against the wall behind him. Then he slumped down into the bench to recover.

This gave Maggie an unobstructed view of Hillary's cummy face and chest. She dropped to her knees nearly in front of Hillary and stared hungrily. She particularly loved the way two copious cum stripes crossed, making an X right over Hillary's nose. *God! I have SUCH a cum fetish that it's not even funny! What's with that? I used to think cum was kind of gross! Why did I miss my turn to share in all this cummy goodness? Why?! Why was I so stupid?! Some hunch that was. Dammit! I just missed out!*

Hillary remained kneeling, just recovering.

But after some long moments, she looked at Maggie with a funny face. "What's up with you? You look like you're seeing your first food after starving for years!"

When she got no reply to that beyond an embarrassed but still ravenous look, she added, "What's up, already? You want to lick this off me? That would work out nicely, because I shouldn't have made this mess in the first place."

She looked down to her chest. "In a minute, some of this is going to drip down to the floor. So... can you help?"

Maggie's mouth hung open. She had visions of burying her face deep in Hillary's cavernous cleavage and lapping up the streaks of cum there like a happy, hungry dog.

"YES!" Maggie shouted. But she quickly followed that with a "No!" Then, "Yes! I mean... No! No, really, I shouldn't!" She looked as conflicted as she sounded. She turned to the door. "There's no time!"

It was true she remained worried about getting caught, but she could have had Nick keep a lookout once he recovered in another minute or two. Her real objection was that the strength of her desire to lick Hillary clean of Nick's cum scared her. She wasn't sure how much of that was due to her love of his cum or her strange new feelings for Hillary. It was like she was standing on the edge of a very deep, dark hole, and she was afraid to fall in.

Hillary shook her head and chuckled. "Okay. Whatever. Boy, you sure are acting strange today. But that just means more for me." She started to eat some of the larger gobs off her face.

Maggie sighed and frowned. "I know. It's just... I'm too worried to feel at ease. That whole thing with Debra really rattled me. And the door's not even lockable! What if she comes back right now? We keep pushing our luck until it's like we want to get caught again. How can you feel so calm?"

Again, this was mostly a cover story, but she also was making a good point. She was so aroused that she didn't even realize she was twisting her nipples some more.

Now it was Hillary's turn to sigh. "Sorry. I keep forgetting about the possibility of Debra coming back, maybe with reinforcements. I sure don't want to take part in another game like that. We really should get cleaned up for good." She stood up.

Maggie felt a pang of disappointment seeing all that tasty cum move away. She immediately stood up too.

A wicked look crossed Hillary's face. "I was just thinking what to do with this mess. What if I smear it in, like before? It's not nearly as much cum this time, probably both because Nick shot out most of what he had left the last time, and I swallowed a good deal of it. And, his cum smells and taste a bit... different. I wouldn't really say it's a good or bad taste, just different

from the other cum I've had. I'll bet no one will notice if I wear it as a new perfume!" She grinned triumphantly.

Maggie loved that idea so much that she very nearly swooned. In fact, she'd had nearly the exact same thought earlier. She quickly exclaimed, "I can't let you take that risk! At least, not... alone. It'll seem more natural if we both do it."

That didn't make much sense, but Hillary loved the idea, and she wasn't going to argue. She looked to Nick. He was having a post-orgasmic crash, and he was doing well just to keep awake and keep listening. He wasn't going to argue about anything at all, and besides, it was only natural he would love the idea.

Hillary grinned wickedly again, and said, "Okay. Let's do it!"

Her fingers trembling with excitement, Maggie swiped up a big cum gob from Hillary's left cheek and smeared it along her neck. Then she continued to smear more cum behind her ears and in other spots she normally put her perfume.

She said, "The more that's on me, the less noticeable it'll be on you, and the less likely you'll get caught." Again, she was making up excuses after the fact.

Hillary kept smiling, and she smeared more of his cum on herself. "You're kinky. I like that. A lot." She was using the cum from her chest, since Maggie was reluctant to touch her there and was using up most of the cum off her face instead.

The two buxom babes spent the next couple of minutes smearing and rubbing cum all over their own bodies. Before long, they started smearing cum on each other too. They even smeared cum all down each other's cleavage, once Maggie got so aroused that she lost her weak reluctance to touch Hillary there.

This was so exciting for Maggie that she thought for sure she'd have a completely spontaneous climax. Sharing the cum and touching each other like this made her swoon and tremble in an exceedingly powerful manner, and she didn't know why.

Her arousal reached such a high point that she complained, "Nick just cums too much! It's crazy. It's like he's a human cum fountain. Just smearing it in

isn't enough. We might have to eat some of it as well to 'dispose of the evidence,' if you know what I mean."

That was a patently absurd thing to say. In actual fact, although he regularly shot out more cum than most men, the average cum load of a man was surprisingly small. Furthermore, most of his load had already been smeared into Maggie's or Hillary's skin already. Clearly, this was a wafer-thin excuse Maggie gave so she could enjoy eating some of his cum.

Hillary saw that as such, and she loved the idea, but she was smart enough to realize Maggie needed that excuse. So she nodded, "Definitely! Good idea! Let's both do it!"

Luckily, there were still a few cummy streaks on her face, so she swept an index finger along one and fed it into her own mouth. Then, acting quickly, she ran that finger through the same area and fed the finger into Maggie's mouth.

For Maggie, it was like a lightning bolt of erotic arousal hit her. She felt tingles and shivers all the way down to her fingers and toes. She closed her eyes and savored the cum like it was a sip of ambrosia from Heaven. Then, although the small amount of cum was quickly sucked up, she continued to suck on Hillary's finger. She wasn't sure why she did that, but it felt too good to stop.

Hillary was trying hard not to be too forward in getting sexual with Maggie, but she couldn't resist leaning in enough so her big tits made contact with Maggie's. She was encouraged because Maggie visibly shivered and moaned sensuously. Figuring it wouldn't hurt to give Maggie another fig leaf excuse, she said, "You know, if we rub our bodies together a little bit, that could double the whole cum-smearing process."

Maggie stopped sucking on Hillary's finger to say, "Good idea! That will speed things up. But we should probably still use our hands too."

"Definitely," Hillary joyously agreed. She brought her hands up, but she grabbed Maggie's breasts instead of her own.

Maggie did the same. Holding Hillary's tits felt so great that she thought the mere act of doing that would trigger her climax. It didn't, but it was a close thing.

The two of them started subtly rubbing their bare racks together, with an emphasis on directly rubbing their nipples against each other.

Then Maggie remembered to swipe more cum off Hillary's face and put it in her own mouth. She felt more shivers and goose bumps as she sucked her own finger clean. *God, this is so fucking good! I'm almost enjoying this as much as sucking Nick's cock! Well, not THAT much, but this is awesome!*

I only wish we had more cum to get rid of. There's just one big smear left on her beautiful face that needs cleaning. Fuck! We should definitely savor that.

Hillary wasn't on the verge of orgasm like Maggie was, but she was nearly as aroused just the same. She couldn't resist fondling as much as Maggie's hefty tits as she could reach, considering that their racks were pressed tightly together, under the guise of "smearing the cum in."

Maggie did the same.

Hillary was so enthused that she said, "You know, I can foresee that disposing of his cum is going to be a big problem for you and me in the future. It so happens that we don't have a towel, but even if we did, it would be a shame to use one, don't you think? It'll just get the towel dirty, and then it needs to be washed, and you can't put it in with other things because some of the cum will move to them."

"Oh, absolutely!" Maggie emphatically agreed. "I know you're a big environmentalist. If we kind of smear and eat up his cum, that's the natural, eco-friendly solution, isn't it?"

"It is!" Hillary was so overjoyed by that "logic" that she took the last cum smear on her face and fed it into Maggie's mouth with two fingers.

Maggie closed her eyes and luxuriated in the taste sensation. She sucked on Hillary's two fingers like they were a small penis. *Mmmm! Aaaah! Fuck! Pardon my French, but this is the shit! Hnnngg! So good! Who says going green can't be fun?!*

Again, she came tantalizingly close to climaxing, but she didn't. Had she touched her clit, she certainly would have, but she was afraid of having a loud and obvious orgasm with Hillary right there.

Once she sucked Hillary's fingers clean, there weren't any noticeable cum streaks left. But they were having far too much fun to quit now. In fact, the

passion between them grew and grew. Both women were almost desperate to start kissing each other, but each one was afraid to be the first to start. So they were content to focus on fondling and rubbing their great racks together.

They'd completely forgotten about Nick. They couldn't stop staring into each other's eyes with looks full of lust and even love. Their intimate feelings for each other seemed to be growing stronger by the minute.

Eventually, Maggie reached a point where her desire to kiss and fondle Hillary was almost unbearable. She knew she'd have to stop or lose all control. Somehow, she found the willpower to stop. The danger of Debra coming back, or others coming, was an important factor.

Finally, the two women put their dresses all the way back on. They attempted to fix their hair and make themselves look as publicly presentable as they could. Then they turned to Nick.

Hillary asked him, "Hey, Nick! How do we look?"

Nick had been keeping his eyes closed, because he simply couldn't handle watching what Hillary and Maggie were doing to each other, as well as his cum. He was teetering at the edge of some kind of erotic mental overload. However, he mostly physically recovered while he waited for them. So he opened his eyes, stood up, and walked towards them to take a closer look.

He examined their faces closely, and even took whiffs from just inches away. All the cum had been smeared away or eaten, so there were no visible signs left at all. But a spermy smell lingered, especially on Hillary's face. He concluded, "Hmmm. I'm sad."

"Sad?" Maggie asked in confusion. "I would think you'd love what we're doing."

She thought, *God knows I do! Even though his cum is pretty much totally undetectable now, he will know, and Hillary will know, and I'll definitely know, that I've marked myself as his slut! My son! I'm not just his girlfriend, I'm his full-fledged, shameless, busty slut! I'm proud to wear his cum anywhere on my body, at any place, any time!*

He answered, "I'm sad because of that." He pointed at their covered chests. (For Hillary, with her sexy and revealing dress, it was a stretch to call her boobs covered, but at least her nipples were.)

Maggie laughed in surprise. "You horny bastard! Forget about that; what about the cum on us? Do you see any traces left?"

He replied honestly, "Unfortunately, I can't tell just from looking. I wish there was more of a shiny sheen. True, there's a slightly funny smell, but who's gonna notice that? I love it though, because I saw it all and I'll know the truth!"

Maggie thought, *Who is gonna notice? That's the rub, so to speak. I hope there's a lot of kissy-kissy introductions at the party from this point on out, so everyone will have to kiss my cheeks and have a good smell of my son's cum! My son! MY SON! Gaawwwd, that thought always makes me weak in my knees! Come on, I've gotta keep my shit together!*

Hillary asked him, "How do we look, otherwise?"

He freely ran his hands up and down her body, as if he could only see by touching. However, he kept his hands outside her dress. "Very nice. Your hair is all back in place and perfect. You still have that 'fresh from a shower clean' sheen too."

She teased, "You sure that's not just the sheen from your sperm cream?"

He smiled, while casually but lightly squeezing one of her tits through her dress. "Maybe." *Damn. I had no idea Hillary would be such a horny nympho. I love it!*

He turned to his mother. "Ditto with you, Maggie." He ran his hands all over her as well, although in both cases he kept them over the clothes. He was still able to twist her nipples through the clothes pretty well, though.

Hillary grinned wickedly again. "In other words, there's no way to tell that I'd just been nibbling on your fat knob."

She turned to Maggie as a thought hit her. "By the way, how the HELL do you suck on that thing on a regular basis? You must have jaws of steel. It's so damn thick and big, I could barely get it in my mouth! I thought it would get easier, but it hasn't so far. That's not the longest I've ever had, but it certainly is the thickest!"

Nick immediately thought, *How many has she had?* He couldn't help feeling jealous about her previous lovers.

Maggie shrugged. Even though she'd only started sucking Nick's dick in the last week, she acted like she was an old pro at it. "You get used to it after a while. Or, maybe you don't get used to it, per se, but you learn to cope."

In truth, she didn't have as much trouble as Hillary seemed to be having. She figured she probably had a slightly bigger and wider mouth. Or perhaps she got off on the struggle more. Or both.

Hillary examined her face closely. "Hmmm. Maybe you have more of a mouth for it. It's strange: I do really well with running and sports, but I've always had trouble blowing up balloons and stuff like that. I'm no Louis Armstrong. And you definitely have lips for it. Jesus Christ, woman, those are perfect cocksucking lips, if I ever saw any!"

"They are?!" Maggie was taken aback, but also pleased. No one had ever told her something like that before. It redoubled her desire to suck off her son, and very frequently!

She shot a devastating look at Nick. "Did you hear that, Sport? If I've got cocksucking lips, then it sounds like I'm obliged to suck your cock. A lot!"

That hit him like a punch in the chest. He just about fell over.

Both women chuckled at his wide-eyed reaction.

After some more small talk, the three of them got ready to rejoin the party. Although Nick's penis was flaccid, for now, he was still feeling randy. He showed a lot more interest in Hillary's dress than in Maggie's, no doubt because it was a sexier and more revealing dress.

This only increased Maggie's frustration with her relatively conservative dress choice. But she felt there was nothing she could do. It wasn't like she could take a pair of scissors to an expensive dress. She consoled herself that at least she was going bra-less, and she had her son's cum as her perfume.

That last fact made her feel good, really good. *I'm weird, I know it, and I don't care. But I can't let him ever find out about my new cum fetish. My formerly shy son is out of control as it is. If he finds out how much I secretly love being covered in his cum, he'll go hog wild. Hell, he'll probably fuck my incestuous, son-loving cunt like it needs to be fucked!*

Whoa, girl. Calm down. Did I just think that? That's the very kind of thing I can't even let myself THINK about! Much less say out loud. Much less DO!

*I may be loving being my son's girlfriend far too much, but no matter what,
I can't even let THAT happen!*

Chapter 45: Nick Gets Lost (Saturday)

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary finally left the sauna and went to rejoin the other partiers, who were mostly still clustered in the dining room.

The same 20 or so kids were there, slowly getting drunk. Nick remembered being told that there were "about 50" at the party. Even if the main group was more like 30, that left many unaccounted for, and he wondered where they were. He surmised that many of them were at the hot tub area, which he hadn't seen on his way back.

The trio waded into the crowd and grabbed new beers, except for the teetotaling Hillary, who got some juice. They mingled and talked.

Nick felt strange. After such an intense erotic experience with three of the sexiest women anyone was ever likely to meet, he wasn't suffering from any self-confidence issues anymore. In fact, he completely forgot about that being a possible issue, and he felt free to talk to anyone about anything. But he felt detached, almost like he was floating. It was as if a part of him was still back in the sauna room.

His presence was very different from earlier, when he'd been shyly lurking around and hardly talking to anyone. Luckily, few people paid him any mind then. Now, he made a very favorable impression when meeting most of the other partiers. In fact, by pure luck, his near total lack of worry or nervousness and his sense of detachment turned out to be big virtues. It was like he was the coolest of cool, precisely because he didn't give a fuck what anyone else thought about him.

He was particularly impressed by the girls.

Not long after rejoining the main group, he had to break away from a conversation that Maggie and Hillary had just become involved in to literally step back and look at the larger picture. *Good God, man! I'm still startled by just how extremely attractive most of the girls here are. I've never seen anything like it in my life, except maybe a beauty contest on TV. Although I don't think any of them are quite on the same beauty level as Ma, Hillary, and Debra, there are a few that come very close, and that fact is a total mind blower, because nobody is even close! Well, practically nobody, anyway.*

He eyed one stunning redhead in a skimpy outfit, with particularly large breasts and a jutting ass. *Like her. Hmmm. She's really close! I wonder if I might change my mind if I got more used to some girls here, like if I saw her in a bikini. I know that I have a bias due to my love for my two dream girls, so I can't be a fair judge. Hell, even with Debra, now that she's licked and sucked my dick and I've seen and felt her naked so much, I'm hopelessly biased with her too.*

He re-engaged with talking to other people. Since half of them were female, and the conversations took place in small clusters, that meant he was talking to at least one beautiful girl nearly all the time, and usually more. But he acted completely unfazed. That wasn't surprising from his point of view: having just been pleased by three remarkable beauties, pretty much anything else seemed mundane by comparison. But nobody else knew that.

His blasé attitude set him apart, even within this elite "beautiful people" crowd. The girls were the cream of the crop from his school and the Academy as well, and they were used to guys acting shy and intimidated around them. They were used to even their boyfriends and other male friends acting daunted by their beauty, but that went doubly so to people just meeting them.

But Nick blatantly stared at their scantily dressed bodies, and most especially their breasts, like he couldn't care less if they saw him staring or not, and also if he didn't really care if they liked him or not. A couple of times, he even touched some of them. It was nothing scandalous, and just a matter of putting his hand on an arm, or on a knee if sitting down. But he did it with a kind of swaggering attitude that indicated he'd touch them anywhere he damn felt like if he wanted to, and he sometimes even did it while they were still holding hands with their boyfriends (who often were staying close to their hot girlfriends).

He left more than one girl's panties moist, even though he was just discussing ordinary things with them. There was no overt flirting on his part at all, and yet women were aroused by his overall demeanor. His budding ladies' man reputation at school was going to skyrocket after this party.

He also usually stayed close to Maggie, and quickly became known amongst the group as her boyfriend. That sent his stock soaring even higher, because she had to be at least tied as the most beautiful girl at the party, and

social status was obviously very closely tied to looks for the girls at the party especially. Since nearly all of the others at the party were seniors, they generally had never even heard of him, but many had taken note of Maggie when she'd dropped him off or picked up in front of school.

So, although Nick's mingling was going about as well as he could hope for, inwardly, he wasn't enjoying the experience. Most of the people he talked to were just as shallow as he'd feared they'd be, and they gossiped about people he didn't know, or talked about petty things that didn't interest him. There were lots of in-jokes that went over his head. He had a devil-may-care attitude because he really didn't care. He still was a naturally shy guy most of the time, and the old, shy Nick hated parties. The new Nick did too.

He longed to be back in the sauna, getting passed around between Maggie, Hillary, and Debra some more. His thoughts turned more and more to those memories, plus the memories of other great erotic experiences in recent days.

Sometimes Nick stayed in the same cluster as Maggie, or Hillary, or both, but he often was on his own. He looked around for other friendly faces and saw very few, aside from Spencer, who he didn't want to talk to. He saw Debra pass through the room more than once, but he avoided her. Just seeing her from across the room made him highly aroused, so much so that it disturbed him.

But there were people sometimes coming and going from other parts of the mansion, including guys and girls who would stroll around in their skimpy bathing suits due to either coming or going to the hot tub area. Eventually, he saw not one but two familiar faces from school, and he went to talk to them. (They were wearing fancy dresses, not bikinis.)

Their names were Megan and Melody. He knew them because they were a part of the "lunch gang," the same group of people who tended to sit at the same table he did every day. They were both blonde haired and curvy, and beautiful (of course). In fact, he guessed they were probably the two most beautiful girls who regularly ate at the table, which undoubtedly helped explain why they had been invited to the party. They seemed to sit at the lunch table mainly to be close to Hillary, and he thought of them almost like her "flunkies."

After a little bit of small talk, he asked them, "So, are you two here on your own, or together, or with others, or what?"

Megan answered for both of them, "We're here with our boyfriends."

"Oh, really?" Nick replied. "I don't remember meeting your boyfriends."

Melody said, "That's because they don't go to our school. They go to the Academy."

"Then how did you meet them, then?"

Megan said, "We go to a different school now, but we went to the same junior highs, and before. And my boyfriend lives right down the road from me. Our two schools are tied together in all sorts of ways, like the tennis club, the country club, the yacht club, and all sorts of things."

Melody added to that, "Well, at least some groups are linked, like this one."

He asked, "Where have you been hiding out? I would have recognized you, but I haven't seen either of you at all until now."

Megan said, "Oh we were in the theater room, watching a good show. Our boyfriends are in the game room. One of them, anyway. There are all sorts of fun rooms all over the place!"

Melody chimed in, "This place is, like, the perfect party palace!"

He said rather blandly, "I see. I should look around more."

Nick could read between the lines that Melody's comment about some groups being linked meant it was really just this group that was linked, only the elite "beautiful people" of both schools that lived the country club lifestyle. He had only gotten to know Megan and Melody at a surface level at lunch, so he didn't know they were a part of that crowd, although both of them definitely looked the part.

He found it all rather depressing. After some more mindless small talk, he thought, *Well, that's a bummer. Both those girls certainly look pretty hot and sexy, but it's a turn off just knowing they're a part of this group, the whole country club crowd. Maybe they do have some hidden sides, some depth to their personalities, that aren't obvious at first. Hillary seems to like them, so she must have a good reason, right? Maybe I'm being too shallow in judging them just for their generic blonde bombshell looks and for being here. Heck, I'm here too, so what does that say about me?*

What AM I even doing here, anyway?! Hillary said there would be plenty of eye candy for me. I think she said I would just get diabetes from looking around. I get that. And I can see how these are the movers and shakers, and it's good to have them with you, not against you.

But it's all so clichéd. Why is it always people like this who rule the world? I almost feel racist just being here, for one thing. There's, like, four Hispanic kids here, max, and Orange County is half Hispanic! Sigh!

Eventually, perhaps an hour later, he found he couldn't concentrate on the party any longer. Spencer ran into him and tried to be chummy with him some more, and while Nick pretended to be friendly with him, that was the final straw. He walked back to the outside pool balcony with his latest beer to collect his thoughts.

(He usually had a beer in hand, but it was more of a prop and he'd been careful not to drink much alcohol.)

Maggie didn't want him to disappear on her again, and she'd been keeping an eye on him. She took her beer and joined him there. She gently stroked his arm as he stared out into the night. "Hi, babe. How you doin'?"

"Okay, I guess."

"What are you thinking about so intently?"

"I dunno." He sighed as he stared up to the stars. "This party is weird. I feel like we're in the Land of the Shiny, Plastic People."

Maggie snickered at that. "I know what you mean. But you pretty much knew it would be like this, didn't you? And there are some interesting people to talk to. And talk about visual splendor! I've never seen so many pretty girls in one place!"

"I know. But that's not even the main thing on my mind. I'm distracted. I guess I just can't get that game we played with Hillary and Debra out of my mind. I mean, it was soooo intense that this party pales in comparison. I don't know if I'm EVER going to be the same!"

He turned to face her. "I know that sounds overly dramatic, but I mean it. I feel... different. I can't explain. I don't know how it is with women, exactly, but I imagine a female orgasm is pretty much like a male one. All I know is that when I cum, for a few seconds, there's a feeling of pleasure so intense that there's absolutely nothing like it. It's like you feel like you're gonna

pass out, or just somehow be completely overwhelmed. You know what I mean?"

She replied, "Certainly. It's like that with women too, although we have more of a variety of orgasms. Some are longer but less intense, for instance. But what's your point?"

"Well, pretty much the entire time we were playing that game, I felt like that, like those few orgasmic seconds. Except it just kept going and going and going! Can you imagine feeling such incredible pleasure for so long? That's why I was so out of it, and you kept saying my brain was fried. It kind of was. I'm still reeling."

"Wow! But Son" - she looked around and checked to make sure none heard that slip, but the balcony was otherwise empty - "how could that be? I was pretty amazingly high too, but we didn't give you **THAT** much pleasure. We could have done more. What if all three of us licked your cock together, for instance?"

He grinned from ear to ear. "Woooooow..."

She playfully slapped his shoulder. "Don't even think of that. With Debra? Yuck. No way!"

She thought to herself, *But if it's just Hillary and me... Yum! YES! I want that to be our special thing that we do for him all the time!*

He tried to explain, "Yeah, well, it wasn't so much the physical pleasure. That kind of waxed and waned. It was more just the mental pleasure of thinking about the whole thing. I mean, up until not that many days ago, I'd never even truly kissed a girl. And do you know how hot and sexy the three of you are? Each one of you is off the charts! And yet it was like you were all fighting over each other just to pleasure me. That's pretty heady stuff! Do you know how mind-blowing that is to a kid like me? I still can't think of anything else. I'm sure I'll be mentally replaying that scene in my head until the day I die. And hell, the double blowjob afterwards was pretty damn memorable too!"

She wanted to correct him that that had only been a double cock licking. She and Hillary still hadn't given him his first "proper" double blowjob, and she considered that a very different thing. But she let it slide.

He looked around to double check that they were alone. Then he continued, "I'm torn. On one hand, I'm always conscious about the fact that I'm just a fraud."

"You're not a fraud," Maggie insisted.

"Well, I feel like one. I know I've said this before, but I'll say it again: Hillary's attracted to me to some degree because of you. That's the magic that makes everything work. Sure, I have some appeal on my own, especially my penis size. But if it was just me asking her out versus Spencer asking her out? Forget it! So that's old news. But the weird thing is that after what just happened with you two and Debra, I'm almost believing my own hype! I feel like I'm king of the world!"

Maggie scrunched her face up in frustration at her son's confidence issues. "You ARE pretty great, and don't forget it."

She was going to say that she thought Nick's fake girlfriend deception was necessary at first, but now Hillary liked him so much that she'd stick with him even without that. But she realized that if she said that, she'd be admitting that she didn't have a real excuse to continue her girlfriend role.

So, instead, she said, "I think the truth is somewhere in between. If you were a total fraud, Hillary wouldn't have come this far with you, and I wouldn't have either. You have some special magic of your own."

"Really?!"

"Really. And never doubt it." She gave him an encouraging smile. "From our very first real kiss, there was something special going on. It's like you're the horniest kid in the world, and you somehow channel that into your kissing and fondling. I've told you how I think of you as the 'magic man' with the magic touch. AND the magic kiss, I would add. Your overwhelming passion makes a woman VERY aroused, VERY fast, to be that desired."

"Really?" He grinned.

"Really. And it's not just because I'm your you-know-what. I'm sure Hillary feels the magic too. And don't underestimate the power of your big cock! And I don't use the word 'power' there lightly. It's addicting. Hillary is hooked, I can tell. I know, because I'm hooked too. You really don't have

anything to worry about from Spencer. Not now, not that you've gotten Hillary so hooked on you."

He sighed. "I wish I could believe you." He remained convinced that Hillary would have great trouble lasting with him more than a month, and then Spencer would make his move.

She went on, "Now, as for what happened back there in the sauna, what's done is done. I can understand where you're at, but you just have to move on. I know there was talk of a rematch, but don't worry, Hillary and I will figure something out to stop that. We really don't like Debra, and we're not going to let her worm her way into our special thing." She shuddered in disgust.

"But Maggie. I can fully understand why you don't like her, and I know you're gonna kill me for saying this, but I can't help but root for a rematch. Something happened to me in there with her; something weird. It was like... imprinting."

She frowned. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I dunno. It's like... I shared so much total ecstasy with the three of you, that now my feelings for all three are locked in, and I can't do anything about it. I was totally lusting after and loving you and Hillary since way back, so there's not much change there, but now I kinda feel that way about Debra too."

She gave him a horrified look.

He held his hands up defensively. "Wait! Hear me out. I know she's selfish and vain and all that. I don't like her at all. In fact, I almost hate her, after what she did tonight. But in the last hour or so, when I was mingling in the crowd, every now and then I'd look around and see her talking to someone, and my heart would skip a beat, my throat would get dry, and I'd get a silly grin on my face. I'd feel a bit tingly and giddy too. All those things happen to me when I look at you or Hillary."

"Oh no!" Maggie said, aghast.

"I know! It's bad! On a rational level I know it's bad, and she's no good, but I can't help myself. Whenever I see her face, it's like I turn to goo, and I want to make love to her. What I'm hopeful about though is that this is just a temporary feeling, maybe driven by hormones or pheromones or

something, and it'll fade in a few hours, or maybe a few days. I'm totally happy with my two dream girls, and I don't want her getting in the way. But I have to be truthful about how I'm feeling so we can overcome it together."

That made Maggie feel a lot better. "Wait a minute. She's almost unbelievably beautiful. Hillary says she's a professional model and everything. Aren't you just reacting to her beauty, like any other heterosexual male?"

"I'm sure that's part of it, but not all of it. Remember, I've seen her sometimes in school. We're not really in any classes together since she's not in the gifted track, but still. I even talked to her at length during lunch a couple of times. And sure, I found her really attractive then, but I wasn't overwhelmed. I'd been warned about her personality, and that was a big turn-off. In fact, I pretty much gave her the polite blow off when she'd try to talk to me, just like I told you. I didn't even get a hard-on when I talked to her up close and personal, and she was flirting with me to boot!"

"And now?" Maggie asked, full of worry.

"Totally different! Major boner city, for one thing. Of course, it's like that whenever I look at you or Hillary, and naturally I'd be really hard right now, just 'cos you're near me."

"Are you?" she whispered huskily. For once, she hadn't noticed, because they were outside and there weren't many lights near them. "Right now?"

"Um, yeah." He blushed a little bit. "And when I think about what we did earlier, with you rubbing your sexy body all over mine, my pants are ready to rip apart. But all of a sudden, Debra makes me all giddy and horny too."

Maggie felt a sudden urge to check with a hand if he really did have a boner. With them being outside in the darkness, and his dark slacks, she couldn't visually confirm. But she worried that if she did that, she would wind up holding it and even stroking it. She didn't want to do that in the middle of a concerning discussion about Debra.

She said, "That's bad! That's really bad! Maybe it's like you say, and those feelings will fade soon, especially if you keep away from her."

"I hope so. I really don't like her as person. It's just that my body's reacting in an automatic way to her physical charms. I know I'll mess up the good thing I have, if I get involved with her in any way. I don't want to ruin our

threesome joy for all the riches in the world! That's one reason why I'm warning you about this, so you can keep me from her and stop me from doing something foolish."

Maggie nodded grimly. "I'll do what I can. But also, remember that I'm your you-know-what. True, I'm your, well, you know that too."

She didn't want to say "mother" or "fake girlfriend" for fear someone might somehow overhear, despite the fact that nobody was anywhere near them, but he knew exactly what she meant.

She added, "I probably won't be the second thing for all that long, in the greater scheme of things, but I'll be the first thing forever. So don't get too addicted to having me always take care of your erections."

She didn't want to say that, but she felt it was her duty as a good and responsible mother to give him proper warning at times like these. She was certain that their relationship was ultimately doomed, so the stronger his feelings grew, the more painful it would be in the end. It was healthy to try to limit the damage.

He nodded sadly. But he hoped against hope that she was wrong.

Trying to change the topic, he asked, "So how's your new perfume working out?"

Maggie's nipples grew hard in about two seconds and her eyes bugged out, thanks to that reminder.

He couldn't help but notice her suddenly erect nipples, given she was bra-less.

She didn't know how to respond to that. *What am I supposed to say?! Should I be honest, and tell him how much I've loved it, how it's kept me on a constant erotic buzz? It's better than getting drunk, to be honest! Every time I get bored, I just take a good whiff of my own "perfume," and it's like someone's playing with my pussy AND my nipples! Electric shocks everywhere!*

She tried to wear a poker-face, although that was a farce given her initial reaction. She began to blush too. "Um, it's been okay, I guess..."

He knew those words were a farcical understatement. He asked with heavy skepticism, "Just okay? Somehow, I don't feel like you're being entirely

honest with me. Did anyone notice?"

She blanched. In fact, nobody had noticed as far as she could tell, but just thinking about the possibility of someone commenting about it was like someone had shoved a vibrator up her pussy. Her knees nearly buckled.

She imagined a voice asking, *"Hey, Maggie. That's a real interesting perfume you're wearing. And your skin seems curiously shiny. Are you wearing your boyfriend's spermy cum? And look at the age difference between you two. Is he actually your son?"*

Her big melons started to heave up and down inside her dress. She was starting to regret not wearing a bra.

Seeing that he was getting a good reaction from her blushing and heavy breathing, he pressed, "Did any pretty girls kiss your cheeks? Did any of them try to lick my cum right off your face?"

That was too much for her to take. She threw her arms around him and kissed his lips like she was trying to kill him with pleasure.

He was taken aback, and didn't know how to react at first. He even kept his hands in the air. But then he realized there wasn't anything wrong with a little public display of affection. They were supposed to be a couple after all, and he'd already seen some couples necking in secluded spots, or even a few showing off out in the open. He brought his hands down to her ass cheeks, and opened his mouth so their tongues could dance together.

Sure, she enjoyed the kissing, but she was on an entirely different level of arousal than he was. Her head was filled with images of girl after girl walking up to her and licking her cheeks. Never mind that there was little to no cum still there (she'd rubbed more of it behind her ears and on her neck, and even dabbed some down her cleavage), but she was inspired by the kinky scenario.

Without really thinking about it, one of her hands found its way to his crotch, and she began stroking his erection through his slacks. She forgot about where she was and who might see, but with the way their bodies were pressed close together, no one would be able to notice the movement of her hand unless they were standing a few feet away.

When the kiss finally ended, Nick exclaimed, "Whoa! Wow! You really like that idea, don't you? But what if it was true? What's that girl's name with the

shiny silver gown? Vivian, I think." He picked Vivian because she was on the most gorgeous girls he'd seen at the party so far, and one of the most stacked.

"Can you just imagine Vivian licking your face with big, long slurpy licks, like an adorable puppy, and asking where you got your perfume? Your big breasts would inevitably mash into hers while she licks you face, you know."

Needless to say, Maggie loved that, especially the choice of Vivian. In fact, she was so extremely horny, that even after she realized she was standing within the view of many strangers (though distant ones who were still inside the mansion), she couldn't stop jacking her son off through his slacks. However, she repositioned herself so she was at an angle where the people inside couldn't see.

She acted like she was talking to Vivian and answering that question. "It's from my boyfriend, actually."

At that point, Maggie was so overtaken by desire that she had to French kiss Nick again. But the dialogue continued in her mind. "*Oh really?*" Vivian asked. "*I love it! What it is, exactly?*" Maggie replied, "*It's his cum!*" Far from being shocked, Vivian just smiled. "*Mmmm! What a good idea! Can I have some more?*" Then Maggie imagined Vivian licking behind her ears, where the scent was much stronger. That caused their two ample racks to rub together a lot more.

Even though that was all in her mind, it was such a powerful fantasy that she practically tackled Nick to the ground with her ardor. Somehow, she managed to unbutton and unzip his slacks, and began jacking him off flesh-on-flesh.

When they paused to gasp for breath, Maggie panted erotically, "Oh! Sport! I need you so much! Right now!"

"Wow! You two are amazing!"

Nick and Maggie froze, because neither of them had said that. They looked around frantically, and saw that it was Hillary, standing a few feet away.

"Holy Christ, woman!" Maggie complained. "You nearly scared me half to death!" She was still holding her son's hot, throbbing erection, and she wasn't about to let go.

Hillary laughed. "Sorry, but I can see you're not so scared as to stop your stroking." She nodded at Maggie's hand, which had just resumed sliding up and down Nick's slicked-up shaft, mere seconds after realizing they had only been interrupted by Hillary. There was just enough light to see, mostly due to the tell-tale motion.

Maggie sheepishly squeezed in closer, which blocked what her hand was doing from Hillary's view. Her blushing face turned even redder, and her heart raced faster.

A mirthful Hillary explained, "The reason I came out here is 'cos I was keeping an eye on you two from inside, and I worried you were getting a little too amorous. I was right to worry. If I could see you, other people could too, even if the handjob action isn't noticeable... yet. Besides, what if it was someone like Debra who came out here to say hello? Would you keep on stroking him, Maggie?"

Maggie's eyes grew as large as saucers as she imagined still secretly stroking her son's cock, even while talking to a stranger.

"Don't answer that!" Hillary laughed, guessing Maggie's thoughts. "But I must say, you two are an inspiration! Every time I think you two can't possibly be more hot for each other, you do something that blows me away even more."

Feeling embarrassed, Nick muttered, "Yeah, well, we were just kissing."

"Just kissing?" Hillary asked in disbelief. "That kissing was so hot, it's seriously warming my hands over here." She rubbed her hands and held them out next to them like she was warming them by an open fire.

Maggie's cummy fantasy was mostly ruined by the interruption, plus the warning to behave. With Nick still pressed up next to her, she managed to zip and button his slacks back up.

Once they were both presentable, she pulled away enough to show Hillary there wasn't any hanky panky going on anymore. She was still extremely aroused, but she was trying to control herself.

Then, mostly to change the topic, she said, "Hillary, we've got a big problem. It's Debra."

"What? I already knew that."

"No, it's worse than you think. Nick, explain your 'imprinting' concept please."

Nick and Maggie explained the concept to Hillary over the next couple of minutes.

Hillary fully understood, but if anything, she was even more upset about it than Maggie was.

Trying to get Hillary to understand more sympathetically, Nick asked her, "But don't you see what I mean? I can't help it! Didn't something similar happen to you too, and Maggie too? For instance, after that intense experience, haven't your feelings for me changed somehow?"

Hillary thought about that. She started to look this way and that, as if afraid to look Nick in the eyes, and her face turned flush.

Maggie grabbed her arm. "What? Spill it girl!"

Still looking away, Hillary spoke haltingly to him. "Well, I have to admit, I do feel more attracted towards you. In fact, I'm kind of in the same mood you're in, right now. I can't stop thinking about what we did. So much so, that I'm having a hard time concentrating on anything else. All I can think about is rubbing my naked body all over you, and especially the way your big cock felt when I was sliding all over it. And even more, when I was sucking it!"

Her eyes grew wide and her voice was higher pitched. "And then, when I shared licking you with Maggie... That was the hottest thing I've ever done! And then, when you blew your load on my face.. Jesus Christ! I DO feel changed! Mostly, my lust for you is even stronger than before! And that's pretty remarkable, because it already was pretty damn strong already. God! I start thinking about your cock... your big, thick cock... and I kind of lose my mind!"

Suddenly, she turned to Maggie and stared at her fiercely. "Tell me you don't feel the same way!"

Now it was Maggie's turn to blush. "Yeah. Okay, it's true. But I thought that was just me. Frankly, I've been kind of having those kinds of thoughts about Nick most all the time lately, and the game with Debra just stepped it up a notch."

"What kind of thoughts?" Hillary asked with growing arousal.

"Don't ask me that!" Maggie demanded. Her blush deepened, and she shyly stared down at her feet. But she explained, "I think about Nick's... cock. A lot! His big fat cock, so thick and hard all the time. I think about how it feels in my hand, how it throbs with heat and life! I think about how happy it makes me to stroke it and hear him grunt and moan with pleasure. Obviously, you just caught me, because I lost control of my hands again. It's just too... Mmmm! I can't put it into words. It's too much! And, especially, I think about... Don't make me say it!"

But nobody said anything, especially since they didn't even know what she meant exactly. Hillary was staring intently at Maggie, and her own big breasts were heaving up and down even more outrageously as she grew aroused hearing Maggie's confession. Hillary's nipples were poking out as much as Maggie's were.

Maggie closed her eyes and continued on her own. "I think about it... in my mouth! Licking it... sucking on it! Bobbing on it... so much! Loving it with my tongue and lips! God help me; I can't stop myself! I think about the waves of pleasure washing over me as I slide my lips up and down it, over and over and over! And, so help me God, I think about sliding it between my tits, and letting him fuck me that way too! Especially since I can suck his cockhead at the same time. He's SUCH a good titfucker! And that makes me think about the way he twists my nipples, and caresses and fondles and kneads my big tits in general, and dammit, I get so horny that I don't know if I'm coming or going!"

Now Maggie's round globes were heaving wildly up and down too, clearly showing how they were unencumbered by a bra. She brought her hands up to try to still them, but wound up sliding her hands all over them instead, in fond imitation of some of Nick's moves on her. She even twisted her nipples a little bit.

Luckily, she remembered the other parties, and positioned herself facing away from the mansion, so no one from inside would be able to see the way she was touching herself.

Nick was really hard and horny too, but tried to play it cool and silent for fear of ruining the mood. His two girlfriends were getting so worked up on their own that he didn't need to add anything.

Hillary excitedly asked Maggie, "What about what we were doing not long after Debra left?"

"You mean both of us licking him at the same time?"

Hillary nodded emphatically. She had to hold her huge tits in place because they were heaving up and down so much too.

Maggie carried on enthusiastically, "Don't get me started! It's like you said; that was the best part! And then, when I think of you and me taking turns bobbing on his cock... I want that so much!"

"Me too!" Hillary nodded vigorously. "What are we waiting for?! We need to do that later tonight!"

"I know!" Maggie sighed with longing. "But we do have to put in some face time, meeting some other people. How can I act normally though, with all these thoughts running around my head?! Especially after what we did in the sauna! I don't know how I'm supposed to just walk around and socialize, like everything is normal, after that! It's all I can do not to steal away with you two so we can lick it and love it and drown in his yummy cum all night long!"

"Sounds good to me," Nick quipped.

But the other two didn't respond to him. Their eyes were intently locked on each other.

Hillary quietly whispered to Maggie, "What about... fucking? I've noticed you hardly ever talk about that. And I know how near and dear sucking his cock is to you, but don't you think about that too?"

"Oh God! SO MUCH!" Maggie nearly screamed, overwhelmed by that idea. *To fuck my SON! I can't even go there! But what if his thick cock DID plow into me?! So deep!* She grunted lustily.

"I do too!" Hillary added, in her normal yet still highly excited voice again. "I think about that fat cock sliding in my tight slit, and as he grabs my hips and starts to-"

"STOP!" Maggie screamed. She put her hands over her ears. "I can't take it! Too horny!"

The three of them stood there, just panting.

As their breathing came back to normal, Nick said, "So you see what I mean about how one can have some profound experiences that kind of intensify your feelings? I think that happened to me on our first Tuesday together too, with both of you. And then the movie theater date was another big milestone. Those times bonded us together in a powerful way."

Maggie and Hillary nodded firmly at all that. Those events had been pivotal for them too.

He added, sadly, "But now I'm getting that kind of feeling about Debra too, and I don't know what to do about it."

Hillary grabbed his hand and started deeply into his eyes. "I know we're all still keyed up from before. Hell, I'll be the first to admit that I still feel horny as fuck! Even though I hate what happened with Debra, it was so damn arousing that it continues to affect me. I even got off on watching her lick and suck your cock, and generally rub her body against yours!"

She looked pleadingly to Maggie. "That's a hard thing for me to admit, because I really do hate her. Please tell me I'm not the only one!"

Maggie replied, "You're definitely not! I'm so glad you said that, because I don't think I'd have the guts to admit it to you. It was one of the hottest things I've ever seen! But that doesn't mean I LIKED it or wanted it to happen, if that makes any sense."

"It makes total sense!" Hillary replied emotionally. "I hated every moment! I wanted to kick her ass and throw her out the door! But that doesn't mean I wasn't panting with lust while watching the whole damn thing!"

She looked back to Nick. "That just shows how complicated and tangled our emotions can be. So I'm not mad at you, and I'm glad you've leveled with us. The key thing is where we go from here. Don't give into those feelings you have for her right now. Fight them! Avoid her! Don't even LOOK at her! You don't want the problem to get worse, right? After all, it's Maggie and me that you want, not her, isn't it?!"

He said emphatically, "Of course! I don't care about her at all. You two are all I want and care about. It's just that my body has other ideas. I'm gonna fight it as best I can. Really. I'm sure this feeling will fade with time. I don't want to ruin this special thing I have with both of you. Nothing is more important to me than that!"

The three of them stood there for nearly a minute, each of them trying to calm down some more. They were all very emotionally worked up.

The rest did help them some. Nick's erection continued to visibly tent his slacks, but they all tried hard not to notice that.

Finally, Maggie suggested, in a calmer voice, "Hillary, you know what we need to do? We need to run interference for him. If Debra tries to talk to him, or even get near him, we need to protect him and keep her away. What he's feeling for her isn't love, it's just a purely biological thing. Probably some chemicals in his brain have been released somehow, some evolution-driven procreation urge. But if he just avoids her for a while, I'm sure those feelings will quickly fade away."

Hillary smacked her fist in her hand. "You're right! And I'm gonna do that at school too. If she so much as looks at him, my claws are gonna come out." She stuck her hands out and clenched them into claws for dramatic effect.

Nick said, "I appreciate that, but come on. She's not THAT bad. You're acting like she's a mass-murdering vampire or werewolf or something."

Maggie replied, "Maybe she's not, but when you have a lover and someone else tries to steal him away from you, you do anything you can to keep him."

"Yeah!" Hillary emphatically agreed.

Maggie was suddenly struck with the realization, *Nick IS my lover! I love him just as much as before, plus a whole lot more, but in a completely different way! This is about so much more than just a great sexual connection and being his uninhibited slut. I'm in love with him! I get so jealous thinking of him with anyone else. Except for Hillary, of course. However, I'm still his mother, and life as "Margaret" is going okay when I'm in that mode. I can be both things at once. I really can!*

That was startling for her, and downright disturbing, but it also made her very happy. It actually eased her heavy guilt somewhat. It was much better than if her lusty feelings for him blocked or lessened her motherly feelings.

Nick looked back and forth between Maggie and Hillary. "I probably shouldn't be asking this, but if you're feeling very angry at Debra, then why don't you feel like that when it comes to each other?"

Maggie and Hillary stared at each other. The truth was that, far from feeling jealousy or anger, their sexual feelings for sharing him with each other were growing stronger, practically by the hour. Also, their sexual feelings directly for each other were steadily growing too.

Maggie said to Nick, "That's totally different. Hillary and I are allies, not enemies. We've come to an agreement in advance. I still don't know her that well, but I just know we're going to be the best of friends. I know Hillary's a good, kind person, and I think she's very good for you. Also... Hillary, correct me if I'm wrong, but you're so virile, frankly, I'm glad for the help taking care of your cock!"

Hillary nodded. "Definitely. What we have is just right, and that's one reason. Frankly, I prefer sharing you with Maggie than having you all on my own. It makes everything work somehow, including with Anushka. You're the one who's talked about balance. You know what I mean."

Maggie resumed talking to him, "But Debra, she's just a taker. She only cares about herself. She'll trample all over you and break your heart if she gets half a chance. The situations couldn't possibly be more different."

Hillary added, "The only thing I can say to all of that is: 'ditto.'" She looked at Maggie warmly, and held her hand. "I especially like the part about becoming best friends. I couldn't agree more."

The look that passed between the two women was so loving that Nick half-expected them to draw together and start making out. Their heads actually started to come close but then they turned away in embarrassment. They were both mindful of the fact that they could potentially be seen by other partiers inside the house.

Filling in an awkward silence, Hillary said, "I never would have even considered sharing a boyfriend before, but I couldn't be happier about our situation. And Anushka says she's okay with it, so everything's good."

Maggie stared back at Hillary with a bright smile, and looked at her almost longingly. She felt so good about her that she actually found it disturbing, so she finally broke eye contact. She looked back at the other partiers inside the mansion. "You know what? I say we go back in there, and give 'em hell! Let's knock their socks off with our charm and wit, and at the same time, keep Debra at bay."

"Sounds like a plan," Hillary agreed.

Nick whined, "Do we have to?" His shy side hated the idea of more mingling.

Sounding like the mother she secretly was, Maggie firmly said, "Yes. We do."

Hillary noted, "There is another option, something we can do first." She added more tentatively, "Um, uh, I don't mean to be too bold here, but I've noticed Nick still has his hard-on, and don't you think that maybe, uh, we could help him out? Take him to one of the many bedrooms on the upper floors, maybe, and take turns sucking his cock until he cums, like we keep talking about doing but never do? It's kind of cruel to give him a handjob and then just tuck it away."

Maggie was tempted, incredibly tempted. But she thought, *No. I'm his mother! Okay, maybe technically I'm Maggie and not Margaret right now, but still. I've had enough with these total willpower collapses already. I made a vow not to get sexual with him for the rest of the party. If I don't stop now, we'll probably end up bobbing on his cock together for most of the evening! I'm still riding a buzz from earlier that'll probably last all night.*

Good Lord, does that sound good! But not tonight. Not tonight!

If we go to a private bedroom, who knows what'll happen?! My feelings for him are even more intense and wild than usual, thanks to that sex game in the sauna. The very fact that I'm so horny and sexually needy now is why I can't allow that to happen. I could very well lose ALL control. Nick could end up taking turns fucking us!

This is a pivotal moment. Do I have self-control or not? I have to prove to myself that I can resist him. I need to turn over that new leaf, and now's the time to do it!

Seeing Maggie waver, plus knowing how hot the smearing of the cum got her, Hillary added, "If he cums, we'd have even more 'perfume' to play with."

Maggie bit her lip and groaned with frustrated need. But she was determined to be good. So she said, "No. Good idea in general, but no, now's not the time for that. Nick's right -- maybe we're still feeling the

effects of what happened earlier. We're TOO horny. At least, I am. Things are in danger of spiraling out of control."

"Would that be so bad if it did?" Hillary asked. Clearly, she was chomping at the bit.

"It would. Remember that Anushka still hasn't given him permission to go all the way with you."

"Damn!" Hillary had forgotten about that.

Maggie continued, "I know. It sucks. But we have to stop thinking about sex so we can get back to normal. He'll be fine. Besides, we have people to meet. This party is very important for the two of you, right? If you make a good impression, you'll be invited to many other parties like this and generally be accepted by all the 'beautiful people' for the whole rest of the school year."

"Well, okay..." Hillary replied, although she wasn't too happy about it. She was really looking forward to sharing Nick's dick with Maggie a whole lot more, and hopefully sharing more intimate kissing and fondling with her along the way. She had particularly exciting visions of smearing Nick's cum all over Maggie's breasts, since she'd been able to do a little bit of that earlier.

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The three of them went back to the party. They resumed mingling for the next hour or so, and they were more engaged in doing so this time around.

Debra was sticking with the main group. She tried to approach Nick a couple times, just to chat with him. But each time she did, Hillary or Maggie gave her a scary look that just about set her hair on fire. As mentioned before, she was easily intimidated, since it happened to her so rarely (although she typically didn't stay intimidated for long).

Thus, each time, Debra backed off before she had a chance to say a word to him. Now she really regretted not talking to him in the previous hour or so, before Maggie and Hillary were watching him like hawks.

Debra was lusting after Nick like she hadn't lusted after anyone in a very long time. The fact that she was being denied the chance to even talk to him increased her desire for him still more. Even though she was standing next to her boyfriend Devon most of the time, she started scheming how she'd be

able to be with Nick alone, so she'd be able to properly seduce him. She was impatient and wanted him that very evening. Plus, she knew she'd have a much better chance getting him alone in the chaos of the party than at any other time.

She knew it wouldn't be easy though, and she'd have to pry him away from Maggie and Hillary without them suspecting. She wasn't the brightest bulb, but she spent a lot of time thinking it over instead of mingling so much, and eventually a workable plan came to her. She went off to talk to Patty, a good friend, to start to put it into motion.

Then she returned to Devon and told him that she wasn't feeling that well. She made a public display out of announcing that she'd had too much to drink and was going home early. She made sure Maggie and Hillary saw her and Devon leave the party.

Hillary was so keen to make sure Debra was out of her hair that she went to a window at the front of the mansion and watched Devon and Debra get into a car and drive away.

Devon was still hoping to have sex with Debra, but she rejected all his advances. Then, once he'd dropped her off and drove away, she got in her own car and drove back to the party. She knew Shannon's mansion well, thanks to previous parties there, and she knew how to sneak into it without being seen. She went straight upstairs and waited for Patty to play her role.

Time passed. At first, Maggie and Hillary remained wary, even though Debra was gone. There was always a chance she could come back. But an hour went by, and then another, and there was still no sign of Debra, so they stopped worrying about her.

Meanwhile, everyone was getting more and more intoxicated. Hillary didn't drink alcohol, but she loved to smoke pot (or better yet, eat it, since she considered smoking of any kind very unhealthy), and there were some pot cookies at the party that she couldn't resist. Maggie did drink. She'd been feeling stressed out trying to maintain her fake girlfriend pose and also trying to keep her raging lust in check. She figured she deserved a drink or two to help chill out. Soon, that turned to three.

Nick had almost never drunk any alcohol before. He'd been carefully nursing his beer for fear of getting drunk because he'd never been drunk in his life and he was afraid to lose control. However, he had only drunk one

beer and didn't feel any effect at all, so he'd eventually tried another. Suddenly, the impact caught up with him. A big part of the problem was that he didn't realize he was drinking a heavy, dark beer with a much higher alcohol content than he'd expected. Due to his inexperience, he knew almost nothing about the differences between beers.

Eventually, Maggie and Nick were drunk, and Hillary was stoned.

The party was also steadily getting wilder. Most everyone wanted to end the night with sex, usually with the boyfriend or girlfriend they came with (though not always!). The hot tub was a key element for that. No serious hanky panky took part at the hot tub, at least not yet, but it gave people excuses to change into their bathing suits. The mansion was well heated, despite being so vast, and as the night went on, more and more partiers took a dip in the hot tub and then stayed dressed in their bathing suits. This eventually caused a jarring contrast between the girls in the house, with about half of them still mingling while in their fancy outfits and the other half mingling while in skimpy bikinis.

The sight of more and more exposed skin was raising the sexual temperature, and the consumption of alcohol and/or drugs was helping that along. Some couples started making out in very visible areas, and others snuck off to dark corners or other rooms. But that was typically just a prelude. Many of those couples went home to fuck, or went to use one of the many bedrooms or other rooms on the upstairs levels.

Debra had been carefully biding her time through all of this. She'd told her friend Patty that there was a boy she needed help in seducing, and since Patty was even more of a shameless and amoral slut than Debra was, they sometimes did favors like this for each other. Patty's job was to wait until Nick, Maggie, and Hillary were drunk, and then lure Nick upstairs without Maggie or Hillary noticing. Debra didn't know that Hillary didn't drink, and her plan was almost foiled because of that, but Patty saw Hillary getting high, and she decided that was just as good.

Nick had been very careful not to drink too much beer, or so he thought. But he'd never drank alcohol before in his life, and the beers that he'd been slowly nursing for hours finally caught up to him. He started feeling woozy and tired from the effect of the alcohol hitting him unexpectedly. He told

Hillary and Maggie that he needed to lie down and rest it off for a little while. He went to a sofa that was within sight of where his two loves stood.

Furthermore, luck helped the plot. Spencer was still trying to befriend Hillary with every chance he could get, and getting to talk with another raving beauty like Maggie at the same time was an unexpected bonus. So he occupied the attention of Hillary and Maggie with his charm and conversation as effectively as if he was one of the plotters. He even took them to the balcony, saying the fresh air would do them good. They agreed, because they saw Nick on the sofa and it looked like he was zonked out or fully asleep anyway.

Once, Hillary and Maggie moved out of sight to the balcony, Patty made her move. She shook him gently back to full consciousness.

He opened his eyes in confusion. "Who are you?"

She smiled down at him. "I'm Patty. I'm a good friend of the host, Shannon. Have you met her yet?"

"Um, no." He felt bad about that, especially since he'd forgotten all about it.

"She wants to meet you. Here, come with me."

Between the alcohol and having just woke up, Nick was so out of it that it was surprising he could even rise from the sofa. He followed Patty without thinking. Had it been Debra leading him somewhere, he would have known not to go, but he didn't suspect anything from Patty. He didn't think to talk to Maggie or Hillary first, because he thought he was only going to go a short distance to meet Shannon, maybe somewhere else in the room.

In fact, Shannon was elsewhere in the room, but Patty ignored her and took Nick towards the front of the house. Nick was none the wiser because he still didn't know what Shannon looked like, except that she was busty and beautiful, but that described most of the girls at the party.

As they walked, Patty made small talk with him, asking him questions for the purpose of keeping his mind too preoccupied to question what was happening.

However, as she started to lead him up the stairs, that was strange enough for him to ask, "Where are we going?"

Patty lied, "Oh, didn't I tell you? There's a smaller private party going on upstairs. There's a great balcony up there too. Shannon's up there. You should consider yourself really lucky that you're getting to go up here. She must be really impressed with you."

As he walked up behind Patty, he felt befuddled. "How could she? I don't remember meeting her yet. Did I?" He was so drunk that it was a challenge for him just to make it up the stairs.

Patty replied, "She hasn't met you yet, but your reputation precedes you."

"It does?!"

Patty continued to make distracting small talk with him until he reached the door to a bedroom on the top floor. Patty pushed Nick into the room. "Wait here. I'll go check on Shannon and let her know that you're coming." Smiling wolfishly, Patty closed the door behind a very confused Nick.

Debra had been lying on the bed under the sheets with her eyes closed, as if she was sleeping off being too drunk as well. The light in the room was dim, with only one lamp turned on. She acted as if the door closing woke her up, and she sat up. "Nick?! What are you doing here?!"

As she sat up, the sheets "accidentally" slid down, revealing that she was topless and probably completely nude. She rubbed her eyes, but in fact that was just an excuse to strike a sexy pose and keep her double-D-cup breasts jiggling.

Nick stared at her in drunken confusion. "Debra?! What are YOU doing here?!"

She smiled knowingly. She figured that if he didn't rush off immediately, she had him in her trap.

He suddenly felt dizzy, confused, and overwhelmed. Plus, very, very horny! He hadn't been lying when he'd told Maggie and Hillary that Debra had some special sexual grip on him after what had happened in the sauna. His reaction to seeing her lying there topless was proof of that. He nearly lost his mind!

Patty went back downstairs to where most of the other partiers were gathered. She quietly told Shannon that Nick wasn't feeling well because he'd been drinking too much, and she was going to help take him on a walk

outside so he could clear his head. Seeing as she still hadn't met him yet, she didn't care much about that. But she made a mental note of it.

Patty did that to create a false trail, if and when Maggie and Hillary went looking for Nick. Then Patty left the party altogether so she couldn't be questioned about where he'd gone.

Hillary and Maggie noticed Nick's disappearance eventually, while they were still talking to Spencer on the balcony.

Spencer didn't mind at all that Nick was gone, since that increased his hopes he could maneuver himself into an intimate moment with Hillary. But he pretended to be concerned and helpful, in order to score more points with her.

The three of them started asking around about Nick. They found out from Shannon that he was going for a walk. That made perfect sense because he'd never really gotten completely drunk before, and it seemed highly probable that he'd want to clear his head. They made a quick search of the house, but many of the bedrooms were locked, with amorous couples inside them, so they weren't able to actually check every room.

Besides, since their best information said he'd be outside, they concentrated their efforts there. But all they knew was he was going for a walk, so they were led on a time-consuming wild goose chase, aimlessly wandering around Shannon's large estate and the nearby dark neighborhood streets as well.

Chapter 46: Nick Falls (Saturday)

Debra had Nick exactly where she wanted him. It had taken her a long time of just lying in an empty bed, either watching TV or masturbating, instead of having fun at the party, but she considered it worth it. She didn't realize how lucky she was both to get him the very first time he'd ever gotten drunk and to have Maggie and Hillary lose their vigilance and leave him alone.

Pretending to act concerned, Debra rushed out of bed and ran to him. She wrapped her arms, and the rest of her fully naked body, around him. "Nick! Are you okay?!"

"Huh? Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because you're drunk! You're swaying badly. I don't want you to fall and hurt yourself!" It was true that Nick was swaying some and his head was spinning, although that was more to the lusty shock of seeing Debra than the alcohol. But it gave Debra the perfect excuse to press her naked body to him.

He didn't realize that in the confusion of starting to hug him, she managed to reach for the doorknob and lock the door. since it could only be locked from the inside.

Debra was very lucky that Nick was just the "right" amount of drunk. He was drunk enough to lower his defenses, but not so drunk as to be sick. However, an even bigger factor for him right now was that he was so horny for Debra that he wasn't really that averse to fooling around with her. He'd promised Maggie and Hillary that he'd try to resist her, and he really meant it, but once he saw her beauty and sex appeal right in front of him, and then felt her hugging him while she was completely naked, his resistance was torn apart like thin tissue paper.

Debra continued to "help" Nick by "holding him up." She stared up into his eyes with her best "come hither and fuck me" look.

He gulped again, as his traitorous penis began to rise in his slacks. However, he had a vague sense that this wasn't right and he needed to go. He asked her again, "What are you doing here?"

"I wasn't feeling well earlier, so I decided to skip the party and have a little rest."

He looked down at her naked beauty. *Oh my GOD! Holy SHIT! She's so NUDE! So sexy! DAMN! But, uh... this isn't right!*

He stammered, "Um... Why aren't you wearing any clothes?"

She giggled. "Because it's comfier that way. I always sleep in the nude. Don't you?" She purred, "But I'm soooooo glad you're here! I can't stop thinking about you, not after what you did to me."

"Uh, what did I do?" He was thinking it might be a good idea to get out of their embrace, but his thoughts didn't go beyond that.

"What didn't you do? The way you made me rub my sexy nude body all over your manly frame..." - she wiggled against him some, making a particular point to grind against his newly engorged dick - "and then forced me to lick and suck your cock!"

She stuck her tongue out and lasciviously licked her lips. "Oh my goodness! What a time we had! Why, I'd barely even met you, and yet you took full advantage of my helpless, naked, hot, and horny body!. You left me helplessly dreaming about you. You, and your amazing cock!"

As she said "cock," her hand grasped the bulge in his slacks. A second hand came up and cupped his balls through his slacks as well. "And now you're here to finish the job, aren't you? Is that what you want to do, turn me into one of your sluts?"

His brain was overdosing on intense lust. He was hot for Debra, period. Any other thoughts or worries were melting away.

Her fingers slid up and down his bulge. "You're going to make me suck your cock some more aren't you? You know I can't say 'no' to this bad boy. That's why you're here, isn't it? Are you going to enslave me with your big, thick cock?"

"Uh, n-n-n-no," he stuttered. "I don't, uh..." He was having a hard time remembering how he got there, even though it had just happened moments before. He was completely transfixed by her flawless body, not to mention the way her fingers were squeezing and stroking his erection through his slacks. His hands had somehow wound up on her bare ass cheeks, and he began caressing and even kneading her there.

She actually wasn't as hot for him as she was making it sound, and her submissive talk was just because she knew most guys loved that kind of thing. But she did really have a powerful desire to get fucked by him, and she was willing to say or do anything to make sure he gave in.

She simply wanted what Hillary and Maggie had. They had Nick, so she wanted to steal him from them. Furthermore, she was pissed at Hillary and Maggie and how they had opposed her, taken her camera, and even tried to blackmail her. (Not that they didn't have good reasons!) She loved sticking it to them by fucking with Nick as much as possible. If she could get him to fall for her so hard that he'd give up on one or both of them, that would be ideal.

She especially wanted to stick it to Hillary. Hillary had been the closest thing to a local rival she'd had for a couple of years now, despite them going to different schools, strictly because of the competition over their remarkable looks. Now that she'd seen Maggie, she considered her possibly an even greater threat. And while she'd greatly enjoyed the sex game they'd played in the sauna room earlier, she also was in it to win. At the very least, she wasn't going to stop seducing Nick until he proclaimed she was the sexiest of them all. That was important to her ego.

So she was going all out with her seduction. She knew from experience exactly what aroused guys the most, and she was confident it was just a matter of time before he'd completely fall under her spell. Once she'd had her fun with him, and gotten her revenge on Maggie and Hillary, she figured she would move on to the next guy, and the next fun challenge.

The fact that she had a serious boyfriend hardly entered into her thinking. She felt no loyalty whatsoever towards Devon, since she felt no serious emotional connection to him. (And the same was true for her other previous boyfriends.) Her only concern about that at the moment was that Devon could limit her opportunities to keep seducing Nick. She did what she wanted, and if Devon found out about her cheating, she'd just find someone new. There were always more fish in the sea for a gorgeous girl like her.

But all of that wasn't her main motivation; pure lust was. Simply put, she'd had the most arousing and exciting sexual experience of her life playing the sex game in the sauna, and she wanted more of that. She was impressed at his earlier display of stamina in the face of such intense stimulation from

three very sexy girls. She was even more impressed at the sheer thickness of his cock, and longed to find out how it would feel filling her pussy. More than that, she already was very jaded at her age, thanks to her selfish manipulations that almost always went her way. She'd never felt such a strong passion for any guy as she now felt for Nick. She'd never felt such passion and intense emotion in any sexually intimate act, and she wanted to experience a lot more of that.

She knew that guys liked to be the aggressors and think they were "forcing" her to have sex when she supposedly didn't really want to all that much, so long as it fell short of rape. It was a fantasy that aroused her too, even though she knew she was the one really pulling the strings the whole time.

She stared down at her hand stroking the bulge in his slacks. "Look what you're making me do!" she complained.

He didn't understand how he was making her do that. He looked at her quizzically.

Seeing his confusion, she added, "Because your cock is just so big and thick and tasty! How do you expect me to keep my hands off it? I want to, but I can't help it! Please! Help me! Don't make me stroke it like this!" A wet spot started to grow where the tip of his erection was pressing against his slacks.

Naturally, Nick's thoughts quickly went to Debra's high and firm double-D-cups. With her hands happily sliding up and down his covered shaft, she was also rubbing those hefty tits against his chest, almost like she was playing the game they'd played earlier. His hands went most of the way up to hold them, but before they got there, he asked, "Can I?"

"Can you what?"

"Can I... touch you... you know... there?" His hands hovered, waiting for permission.

"You mean my big TITS, and my hard NIPPLES? You want to grab them, and squeeze 'em, and knead 'em, until I cry out your name and beg you to keep going?"

"Yes!" His hands drew closer. His rational mind had mostly shut down and his libido was in charge.

"Why are you asking me? I'm sure you're just gonna take what you want, and there's not a damn thing I can do about it!"

This kind of talk was getting him even hotter than he already was, which was a feat, since he felt like his entire body was on fire. It became impossible for him to simply hold his hands right next to her breasts as they mashed their way up and down his shirt. He latched onto them, and squeezed firmly.

"OOOH! Nick! What are you doing?! See what I mean? I'm helpless and defenseless in your strong hands!" She panted with genuine lust as his fingers dug deep into her tit-flesh. Just because she was playing a role and was really the one in charge didn't mean she wasn't having a great time and loving everything he did to her.

She squealed in alarm, "Oh no! Next, you're probably going to finger my hot cunt too!"

He hadn't been planning on doing that just yet, but she put the thought in his head.

She squealed in pretend distress as he dropped one hand and immediately slid a finger into her wet slit. His recent pussy fingering lessons from Maggie were forgotten for the most part; he was just acting on instinct. At the same time, he dug even deeper into her soft and succulent tit-flesh with his other hand.

Again, she squealed with apparent real distress, even as she pumped his boner through his slacks, "Oh no! Nick! Don't! Don't do that!"

He wasn't the kind to rape a girl or do anything even remotely similar to that, so he started to take his hands off her body.

But she continued with her irresistible orgasmic gasping, "It feels too good! Oh! So hot! Ugh! Such BIG, STRONG hands! Just like your BIG, STRONG COCK!"

With her boyfriends, she'd said that sort of thing because she knew it got them worked up. But the funny thing was, with Nick, it really was getting her worked up too. She was feeling an uncommonly powerful desire for his erection, and panting about his "BIG STRONG COCK" was like throwing more fuel onto her fire.

Somehow, his impulse to take his hands off her body due to her apparent distress slipped his mind, as she distracted him with her reminder of the way her hands were sliding up and down the bulge in his slacks. His wet spot was growing, and even his balls felt great from the way her other hand was continuing to cup them and very carefully give them gentle squeezes through his slacks as well.

She decided it was time to kiss him. Maggie and Hillary were tall and about his size, so kissing them was easy, but she was shorter, and she was barefoot. She had to get up on her tip-toes while he was forced to slouch down a bit and bend his head some too in order for his lips to meet hers.

Their French kiss was brief, but full of promise. Despite all their wild fun during the sauna room sex game, they'd never kissed before.

As she kept on stroking his lewd bulge, she complained, "Nick, what are we ever gonna do with your pants? You've got me so hot and horny that you're probably going to make me take your big cock out next, aren't you? So I can stroke it directly with my hands!"

He didn't know how to answer that. *It sounds like a great idea, but if it's against her will... That would be wrong, right? But she seems so horny... God, I'm so confused!*

She panted lustily, "You naughty, naughty boy! You know that I can't deny you anything, don't you? You're going to embarrass me, humiliate me! You're going to force me to beg for it, aren't you?"

Actually, that thought had never occurred to him. He'd never made anybody beg for anything.

She could sense that he still had some resistance. She could tell he had a strong moral sense and didn't just want to fuck her on the spot like a wild, unthinking animal.

She loved that. It just made corrupting him many times more fun than usual. She loved a good challenge. She could have easily unzipped his fly at any time, and she knew he wouldn't have stopped her from doing so. But she realized she'd have to be more convincing to get him to "force" her to take out his boner. It would be even more fun for her that way.

She rose up on her tip-toes and kissed him on the lips again. This was a much more prolonged and passionate kiss.

She discovered he was a really good kisser. He certainly was a boy filled with strong lusts and desires, and he had a knack for channeling that into his kisses. Maggie even liked to think of him as having "magic lips," and with good reason, because of the way he could express his overwhelming passion through those lips.

Debra was very impressed. It further confirmed in her mind that he was very different from all other boys she'd been intimate with. His passionate kissing was making her increasingly passionate too.

They necked for a while. His hard-on was temporarily neglected, because she had to hug him tightly to maintain her slightly precarious position up on her tip-toes. However, she did her best to at least grind her body against it some.

He squeezed her tightly as the necking went on and on. At times, he nearly lifted one or both of her feet completely off the floor.

But when the kiss ended, she pretended dismay. "Nick! Why'd you do that?! We can't! Don't make me into one of your sluts or slaves! Please, I beg you!"

He was confused, as he had vague thoughts that she'd been the one to start the kiss, not him. He also was befuddled by the "sluts or slaves" talk. But she had him so frazzled and overcome with lust that he didn't know what to think.

With her heels firmly back on the ground, she complained, "Nick! I'm so frightened! Look!" She took his hand and placed it on her right bare tit, just over her heart. "Feel that? Can't you feel my heart pounding? That's because you've got me so hot and horny! I'm terribly afraid, because I know you're going to have your way with me, and there's not a damn thing I can do to stop it!"

He actually could feel her heart beat a little bit, but no thanks to her. She was taking that hand and moving it all over her round tit, sliding it down into her cleavage, over and around her nipple, and everywhere else. Then she brought his other hand to her other tit and treated it the same way, and of course there was no heart on that side.

But logic and thinking had flown out the window for him. She had him right where she wanted him, and she couldn't resist smirking with glee. She

slid down his body until her face was level with his bulge.

Again, she could have just unzipped his fly to get faster to the "action." But she prided her ability to tease boys almost to the point of torture. It was great fun for her, and it was just about her greatest talent (aside from always looking her sexy best). So, as a matter of both pride and principle, she wanted to get him to unzip his fly instead.

She dropped down to her knees in front of him. Then she rose up on her heels, thrusting her impressive rack forward while simultaneously leaning back, as if she was recoiling from him. "Oh no! Nick, don't! I can tell that you're going to make me suck your cock next, aren't you? You know that there's just no way I can resist sucking your fat sausage, don't you? You remember when I sucked it earlier, and it was soooo delicious! All I can think about is running my lips and tongue all over it! You know I need it now, and I can't get enough of slurping and sliding my lips on it! Please! Don't, don't... be too rough with me when you fuck my face!"

He was confused. She seemed to be protesting she didn't want it while showing how eager she was for it at the same time. Also in his muddled, drunk, and lust-fogged brain was a vague sense that he wasn't supposed to be doing sexual things with Debra. But he couldn't quite remember why. It all seemed so hazy and distant.

She opened her mouth wide, and ostentatiously licked her lips. In the process, she showed that she had a very skilled tongue by extending it as far as it could reach in every direction. She could practically touch the tip of her nose with it. Clearly, her tongue was significantly longer than either Maggie's or Hillary's.

He couldn't imagine how good it would feel to have a tongue like that sliding all over his erection. She seemed so eager that it was like she was ready to lick his cock even before it was pulled from his slacks. The room was still spinning slightly due to his drunkenness, making him feel even more giddy.

He gave in. He didn't say anything, but his heart raced and he panted hard as his fingers frantically fumbled with his slacks. He managed to get them unbuttoned. Then he yanked them partway down his legs, just to be sure.

"OH!" she gasped, acting like she'd never seen his erection before. "It's so BIG and SCARY! Oh no! You're gonna shove that down my throat, aren't

you? You're not going to FUCK my FACE?!" It was easy for her to act worked up, because she really was that horny now.

"Damn right I am!" he growled.

She soon discovered that she'd teased, provoked, and aroused him a little too much.

He stepped forward and slid his bulbous cockhead into her mouth. He put both hands on the sides of her head and held her head firmly in place too.

Debra was taken aback. She'd forgotten that it was one thing to rave about the thickness of his cock out loud or in her mind, and it was a very different thing to actually get her lips around it. Her eyes grew as wide as saucers as her lips stretched and stretched until all of his fat knob had passed into her. She'd forgotten about the actual physical pain and difficulty of sucking on him earlier, since the pleasure had been even more intense. Now, there was no way not to notice that pain, though luckily the pleasure was more intense once again.

She realized in a flash that the time for teasing and manipulating him was over. She had to fully concentrate on sucking his cock, almost as a matter of self-preservation. She was unused to being challenged, sexually or otherwise, so she actually relished her difficult situation.

But he only gave her a few moments to adjust, because he was so insanely horny. She'd goaded him to "fuck her face" and that was exactly what he was going to do. Holding her head with both hands, he immediately started thrusting in and out, while keeping her head relatively still. It wasn't just a blowjob; he really did start vigorously fucking her face. He normally wouldn't have been anywhere near that aggressive, but she'd provoked him into an erotic frenzy.

This wasn't what she'd wanted, even though it was exactly what she'd just told him to do. She'd hoped to tease him mercilessly with a combination of cock licking and sexy talk for maybe ten minutes or more, leaving him so horny and needy that he'd forget his own name. Nobody had ever actually fucked her face before, since she always had been in control.

However, while it wasn't her plan, it wasn't like she was upset, either. At first, she thought she was in real trouble. It was tough enough just breathing through her nose with such a large intrusion filling her mouth, if his cock

was staying still. But having him start off with a vigorous face fuck quickly brought her to the verge of wanting to pull off to breathe and recover. Tears started pouring down her face, and she made gagging and gasping noises.

She managed to hang on, if only just barely. She actually liked the very great challenge, because she was so unused to any sort of challenge at all. She felt a powerful desire well up within her to make it through his face fuck. She told herself that there was no way he could maintain his current pace for long. Either he would cum or he ease up considerably.

She was right about that, and he knew it at some level too. He didn't want to cum too soon, so he eased up instead, after a minute or two. However, he only eased up in a relative sense. He continued to steadily thrust his cock in and out of her mouth.

She was relieved, and went from more suffering than enjoyment to more enjoyment than suffering. She wished she could have conveyed to him to ease up still more, but there was no way she could talk. That frustrated her to no end, since she was used to giving orders and having them obeyed. But she also got off on it in some way she couldn't understand. She gripped his ass cheeks tightly and continued to hang on.

At first, his grip on the sides of her head was so strong and firm that she could barely move her head, but he began to relax all over as the pleasure of her sliding lips ran through his body, and so his grip on her head relaxed too.

That allowed her to go with the flow better, pulling back a bit when he thrust forward, and then sliding her lips back up his wide shaft when he pulled back. Before long, her mouth was doing just as much of the work to keep the motion and friction going as his thrusting hips were. But regardless of who was leading, the pace was hard and fast. There was no chance for her to do any fancy tongue work, or any tongue work at all.

The "old" Debra of even earlier in the day would have just passively let him use her mouth until he blew his load. But the "new" Debra was inspired by seeing the passion of Maggie and Hillary, and feeling her own considerable passion. She wanted to explore sucking Nick's cock without the time constraint of those two women glaring at her impatiently.

However, a lot of Debra's previous lovers annoyed her by popping off far too quickly. If she was going to truly enjoy and explore this strange and

thrilling experience, she didn't want Nick to just frantically fuck her face for two minutes and then cum down her throat. So the more she took over, the more she tried to slow things down. She bobbed even more vigorously back and forth on his shaft, making it increasingly unnecessary for him to thrust his hips so much, since she was getting the job done just fine.

Once she more or less stilled his hips, she continued the fast pace for a little while. She mentally crossed her fingers that he'd be able to get through the rest of this fast part without blowing his load.

It was a close thing indeed, because the pleasurable sensations she was giving him were that great. But ever so gradually, she successfully slowed the pace down. A couple more minutes passed, until she was just tenderly suckling on it.

She was very proud of herself. She felt like Nick was a raging beast that she had tamed. She had wrestled with his lusty, angry outburst, and come out ahead. She was in charge now. It was a great sense of accomplishment for her.

He didn't mind in the slightest, as long as she kept on sucking and licking. In fact, it was all great, as far as he was concerned. He loved the face fucking while it lasted, but he knew that pace couldn't be maintained for long. He liked the prospect of enjoying Debra's mouth for a more prolonged time, and in a different way.

So far, he hadn't said a word since the oral action began. But he sensed that Debra was a spoiled bitch who could use motivation. So he muttered, "Okay, girl. You're in charge for a while. This is your show. Let's see what you can do with it. Let's see if you're worthy."

That sounded cocky, and it was. But it was exactly what Debra needed to hear. As the "sex game" in the sauna showed, she was highly motivated by competition and wanting to be the best. He didn't say much, but it was enough for her to reframe the blowjob action as another competition between herself and Maggie and Hillary.

The only problem was that now that she had total control over his cock, she didn't know exactly what to do with it. She thought back to the blowjobs she gave her various boyfriends and actually felt ashamed at what a bad job she'd done. Typically, those boyfriends were so wowed by her beauty that all she had to do was let them stick their cocks in her mouth and thrust back

and forth some, and they'd blow their loads. Clearly, with Nick, it was an entirely different matter. If she was going to best her two rivals in this, she would have to practically start from scratch.

So that's what she tried to do. She began experimenting with varying her sucking intensity and/or rhythm. She also tried to get her tongue involved, pretty much for the first time. That brought a whole new set of difficulties, because just keeping his thick pole in her mouth was a constant challenge. But she realized it also brought many new opportunities, especially if she could coordinate her tongue with her lips. And instead of just holding his shaft, she had two hands to play with it and his balls.

Happily for both of them, Nick realized that she was in a tentative and experimental mood. He began grunting and moaning loudly and erotically whenever she did something he particularly liked, which was more often than not. He also continually rewarded her behavior by keeping two hands on her head, often running his fingers through her full, long blonde hair. When she did something he especially liked, he would pat her head like she was a pet.

Nobody had ever treated Debra like this, not even close. She was used to boys falling all over each other to please her. Her even parents spoiled her rotten. So she was surprised to find just how much she was responding to his encouragements. When she could elicit a particularly loud and sexy groan of him, that would get her tingly and almost giddy. Her pussy was getting wetter and wetter, and her nipples were so stiff that they ached. Soon, she was licking more for his encouragements than for the hypothetical contest between herself, Maggie, and Hillary in her head.

But she found the best was when he patted her head, since she quickly figured out he saved that as his highest praise. Whenever she got some of his rare pats, she would get giddy. She'd immediately try to figure out what she did to earn that, and then she'd do a lot more of it.

It was hard work for her though, very hard work. Her tears stopped leaking from her eyes after the pace slowed down, but it remained a constant ordeal for her just to keep his cock in her mouth. She didn't know it, but out of the three of them, Hillary had the largest and widest mouth, Maggie was in the middle, and hers was the smallest. The difference wasn't much, but with the thickness of his cock, even a fraction of an inch was very important.

She kept right at it though. She was determined. And again, although she didn't understand it, the sheer difficulty of the sucking was one of the things she loved about it the most. Her entire sex life was turned on its head, and she found that exhilarating.

Eventually, however, it reached a point where Debra could tell he'd need a break if he was at all able to keep going without cumming. Plus, she desperately needed a break herself, just to let her jaw and facial muscles recover some. She pulled her mouth off his shaft and started lightly licking his sweet spot instead. (In fact, that felt so good, it didn't give him much of a breather.)

She also took the opportunity to resume her sexy talk. "Nick! Whoa! I'm so impressed! The way you just fucked my face like you own me... WOW! You don't care what I want, do you? It doesn't matter. You're just using me for your pleasure!"

Nick didn't want to be like that to anyone, not even Debra. He protested as he panted, "No! That's not true!" He didn't get that she was getting off on being "used."

She persisted in telling him, "Oh, but it is! Don't worry though... I love it! In fact, the more you force me to do your will, the more I love it! Look at me! Look at me, Nick!"

He'd been sort of swaying slightly, drunk on alcohol and lust, while staring off into nothingness. The room was mostly dark anyway. But he looked down at her and was staggered by what he saw.

It wasn't like there was anything particularly surprising to see. She was still kneeling on her heels and lustily licking her way around the crown of his erection. But it was breathtaking how beautiful and sexy her naked body looked doing it. He realized he was missing out not taking every chance he had to look at her while she was positioned like this.

He loved the way her head was tilted so she could better get to the sensitive underside of his erection with her tongue. He loved how that made her straight, long blonde hair fall down, even if that meant her big tits were partly covered by all the hair. But there was more than enough of her luscious orbs to see, and he loved how they heaved up and down in time to her steady panting and bobbing. He wished he could reach down and hold

them, but he was still so drunk that he was having enough trouble simply standing, and he needed to hold onto her head to steady himself.

Most of all, he loved being reminded what a perfect, curvy hourglass body she had, and especially what a perfect face she had. It blew his mind that her cute little turned-up nose was occasionally bumping up against the side of his boner, or that her big, baby blue eyes were gazing adoringly either up at his face or at his saliva-covered pole. Most of all, he loved watching her tongue snaking out of her puffy red lips, searching for new parts of his cock to please. The sheer reach of her tongue was jarring. It wasn't like her tongue was all that long, but it seemed to be able to reach everywhere!

She was becoming a talented cocksucker fast.

In fact, she looked so sexy and beautiful that just looking at her made his already heavily pounding heart seem to beat twice as fast. His excitement grew to such a fever pitch that he had to concentrate on simply breathing.

She sensed his increased arousal, and cooed, "Nick! My sweet Nicky! What's making your cock throb so much all of the sudden? Is it what my tongue is doing to you?" She stopped talking to show off more of her new tongue skills. Somehow, she didn't have the same limits in moving her tongue around that nearly everyone else did. She showed off by slathering his sweet spot with a series of rapid flicks that seemed to come at the spot from every angle.

Then she said proudly, "Bet you didn't know I could do that! Is that what's making you so horny, the fact that you're forcing me to lick you so good? Or is it the fact that you know you're going to be fucking a magazine model in a few minutes?"

He gasped. *Oh Jesus! I'm gonna fuck her?! FUCK her?! Wait. Why the hell not? Yeah! I'm gonna fuck her!*

"Why are you acting all surprised? After all, you're the one in total control here," she lied. She had a hand just holding his shaft, to keep it steady, but her words were getting her increasingly aroused too, so she found herself jacking him off with that hand even as she continued to lick his pole near the tip. She'd mostly forgotten to use her fingers while she'd been sucking, but it was easier while she was just licking.

He watched her red lips slide most of the way over his cockhead, but she found it an ordeal trying to get all of him in her mouth again. So she gave up on that and went back to licking his sweet spot. "Oh yes! You're in control; that's for sure. Look at me! You've got me acting like your personal whore. Hell, I AM your personal whore now! I love how you pet my head when I do something especially sexy for you."

That shocked him. "You DO?!" He hadn't been thinking about it, because he'd been completely carried away by the passion of the moment. But now that she'd brought it to his attention, it seemed very demeaning.

She said, "Of course I do! I totally get now why Maggie and Hillary are so hot for you, why you've turned the two hottest girls who aren't me into your enthusiastic cocksucking sluts! Sucking your cock is a total blast! Especially when you give me those pats. That lets me know when I'm doing something really good. It makes me feel like your sex pet!"

He was staggered and amazed all over again. He wanted to dispute that and claim she was just putting him on. But as he watched her fervently lapping her way around his cockhead, he realized that she had to be at least partially sincere, because that sort of enthusiasm couldn't be faked.

He asked, cautiously, "And you like that?"

She easily answered, "Oh, yeah! Totally! You're way different than all my other boyfriends. It's like night and day. They're all a bunch of losers. They don't have a clue how to please a woman. But you! You're really different. I like it! You kind of force me to do your will. It's super hot!"

He wanted to ask incredulously, "It is?!" But he held back this time. It was starting to dawn on him that if she was getting hot and bothered by the idea of being forced and dominated, he should roll with that instead of continually doubting and questioning her.

She looked back up at him with her eyes sparkling with delight while her tongue lapped steadily on his sweet spot. "It's like you've TURNED ME ON! Like, literally, and not just the saying. Like you flipped a switch inside me. You're making me love licking and sucking you, and I've never even LIKED it before!"

She looked back down to his erection and spent some long moments just stroking and licking it, as if she needed to demonstrate what she meant.

Then she looked but up at him with her heartbreakingly cute yet sultry face. "And the night is young, so I know you're going to have your way with me, and do anything and everything you want before you're done! UNNGH! GAAAAWWWD! I've never felt so SEXY! I'm your BITCH! I'm your SLUT! Your sex pet, for sure! And since you have such a powerful cock, it goes without saying you're gonna fuck my pussy hard and long, and there ain't a damn thing I can do about it, but spread my legs and take it!" She squealed with glee at that prospect.

His heart practically stopped. He hadn't considered the possibility that he could actually fuck her, and the reality of that prospect was still sinking in. When it came to Maggie and/or Hillary, fucking still seemed like a distant dream due to the rules against it.

He thought, *What's gonna stop me from fucking Debra tonight? Nothing! Holy shit! Holy, holy fucking shit! I can really do it! No way!*

She added, "But for now, you're forcing me to be your cocksucker, so I'd better get back to it before you get REALLY mad!"

He was confused, since he didn't see where she'd gotten the impression that he'd been mad at all. But that worry dissolved as she swallowed his cockhead again and took him far into her mouth.

She'd gotten herself so excited with her own words and actions that she wanted his spermy load sooner rather than later. Things had gotten pretty mellow for a while, as she hadn't done much with her lips while she focused on experimenting with what her tongue could do. But she began rapidly sliding her lips back and forth over his erection in an attempt to quickly get him to bust his nut.

As a matter of fact, Nick was just a hair away from cumming already, so it only took her a few lunges down his shaft before he lost all control. With a strangled gasp, he started to shoot.

Debra didn't like to get messy, and she wasn't very fond of bodily fluids in general, so she kept him in her mouth. She definitely didn't have a facial fetish. She didn't like swallowing either. In fact, in her opinion, there was no good place for a boy's cum to go, except maybe into a handkerchief or towel. But she was in a strange room and didn't want to mess it up, and she also didn't want to be seen as squeamish in Nick's eyes, and less willing and

slutty than Maggie or Hillary. So she didn't see much choice but to swallow as his stream of cum pounded the back of her mouth.

She gulped and gulped, guzzling down his load just as fast as he shot it out. She was at least relieved that it didn't taste too bad, but as it went straight down her throat, she didn't get to taste it for very long in any case.

She'd never done that for any boy before, and even though she wasn't keen on doing it, the mere fact that she was doing it made her feel sexually uninhibited and wild that was almost entirely new to her. It felt bracing and thrilling. She immediately decided it was something she'd be willing to do again, at least with Nick.

For Nick, he'd been feeling so much pleasure for so long that his actual climax was a bit of a let-down. Sure, he felt the usual ecstatic surge of orgasmic pleasure, but it was a disappointment that he couldn't cum all over her face or chest, and that she'd rather clinically swallowed it all down instead. He was already getting used to facials and pearl necklaces, thanks to how much both Maggie and Hillary loved them. Debra was a good actress, but she couldn't completely hide her dislike for cum.

At this point, Debra was worried. She knew guys felt a post-orgasmic comedown that often involved regret. She feared that, while his lustful urges crashed and his dick grew flaccid, his sex fog would clear enough for him to remember about Maggie and/or Hillary, and he'd recall that they wouldn't be happy for him to be here with her. She planned to keep a steady patter of sexy dialogue going, so he wouldn't have the chance to really think.

But her worries were moot, because once he'd shot his load, it dawned on her that his erection wasn't fading in her mouth. She remembered that the same thing had happened during the game they'd played earlier, and Maggie and Hillary had boasted that he always stayed erection at least after his first orgasm, if not the second one too.

She already thought of him as a sexually talented guy with lots of passion and a truly impressive thick cock. She thought that was pretty great. But after seeing his cock stay stiff, she began to think of him as someone who was even above that and in a league of his own. Not surprisingly, her desire for him soared even higher as a result. She figured she was the best (meaning the most beautiful, which was pretty much synonymous in her

eyes), and she deserved the best. If he was the best guy around when it came to sex, then why should she settle for anyone else?

It was true that he did have a greater libido and stamina than most men, and his penis size was a simple, undeniable fact. But also, he'd been facing some of the most arousing situations he ever could have imagined all day long, and the Coolidge Effect was coming into play (where a man gets extra aroused due to the introduction of a new sexual partner). Many factors were converging and adding up, making him feel and act truly inspired and energized.

She repeatedly ran her tongue over his stiff boner in her mouth, trying to ensure that she wasn't mistaken that it was staying erect. For the next minute or two, she continued to lick around the cockhead while maintaining a tight lip-lock, although she was temporarily too tired to suck with her lips as well. She still felt daunted by his sheer thickness.

Once her lips recovered, another minute or two of happy cocksucking passed, leaving no doubt in her mind that he indeed his cock remained stiff, hot, and pulsing with life.

She pulled off, and exclaimed, "My GOD! What a STUD you are! Nicky, there's just no stopping you, is there?"

He wondered why he was "Nicky" all of a sudden, since that was the second time she'd used that name for him. He didn't like being called that, as he thought it sounded feminine. But one look in Debra's beautiful baby blue eyes made him completely forget about complaining.

The fact that he was still erect aroused and inspired even a jaded slut like Debra. She canceled her plans for further sexy talk and slow teasing to get him hard again, since that obviously wasn't necessary. She genuinely longed to suck him more, a lot more, but her mouth was tired out. Besides, there was something else she wanted to do even more than that.

She pulled away from him and crawled to the big bed in the middle of the room. But she was still a natural tease, and she made sure to crawl on all fours in the sexiest way possible, showing off her bare ass cheeks and her wet pussy peeking out between them.

She crawled up the bed and laid on top of the sheets. She quickly and carefully wiped the tears from her face. Then she struck a sexy pose, like

she was in a porno magazine photo shoot.

She cooed, "Nicky, what are you doing just standing there? Don't you want to bring that hard cock over here and show me how a real man fucks his sex pet? Make me one of your sluts! Make me one of your SLAVES! Fill me up all the way! Make me beg! Make me scream!"

Again, mentions of being a slut and a slave was just talk, but very effective talk. Or at least it was mostly talk. She was so insanely horny that she liked the idea of being his "sex pet" and/or "slut," at least. Before he'd entered the room, those sorts of ideas would have been laughable to her, but sheer lust was making her think and do all sorts of crazy things.

He didn't need to be told twice. However, he'd been standing in the same spot ever since he'd entered the room, and his slacks had been hanging above his knees for most of that time. So he stumbled as he stepped forward. In his drunken state, he fell to the floor. He wasn't hurt, but there was no way to look suave about it, so he just pulled his slacks the rest of the way off and kept his mouth shut.

He staggered up and stumbled onto the bed. He hadn't been thinking much, just taking everything in and having a hell of a great time. But now, as he crawled forward, he thought, *Wow, I'm actually gonna get to fuck a girl! And not just any girl, but Debra!*

But as great and lucky as that seemed, it suddenly hit him that his first real intercourse should be with Maggie or Hillary, the two women he'd been in love with for a very long time. He hadn't given either of them any thought since he'd entered the room, and now that he did, he felt tremendously guilty. He froze, and then sat at the corner of the bed, as far as he could get from Debra without actually getting off it.

Debra didn't need to be smart to see there was trouble, and she had a good idea what it was.

He removed any doubt by saying, "I can't do this! It wouldn't be fair to Maggie or Hillary!"

Chapter 47: Falling Deeper (Saturday)

Debra had already guessed that Nick was sexually intimate with both Maggie and Hillary in a serious, long-term way, and not just for a party sex game. Now she believed he'd unwittingly confirmed it.

She considered that more potentially useful blackmail material. She was thinking about how Maggie had taken her digital camera, and she was already considering getting revenge somehow. Mostly, she just wanted to have lots more sexual fun with Nick, but if she could stick it to Maggie and Hillary at the same time, that would be all the sweeter.

She tried to figure out how to use that information to help her current situation. The things she thought she was best at were looking beautiful, and seduction. So, rather than come up with some logical argument to convince him, she used her body and her naturally sexy voice. "Nick! Nicky! I think that's soooo hot that you have two girlfriends. And not just any two girls, but girls that are as beautiful as me. Well, almost."

As she spoke, she stretched out along the bed, like she was reaching out as she yawned. But there was no yawn, and no other excuse for the dramatic pose, except to keep his erection stiff. She also prided herself on just how flexible her body was. As she continued to talk in extra sultry tones, she posed this way and that, showing a surprising amount of gymnastic prowess.

She purred, "Nicky, the way I figure, if you have two girls as beautiful and sexy as they are, then you must be the biggest stud the school has ever seen! Do they love your big fat cock as much as I do? Do you fuck them every night and every day, you super hung horse-cocked stud?"

"Uh, no, not exactly." He didn't want to admit that he was still a virgin. He thought she was laying it on a little thick with the "horse-cocked" stuff, and he was going to say something about it, but he lost his concentration while staring up and down her long legs, and especially at her bald pussy.

As she pulled one of her feet up behind her head to show off her flexibility, the only thing he could think was, *Wow, I didn't know legs could do that!*

She could tell she was making some progress in getting him to forget his concerns. He still made no move to get off the bed, even though he could

have easily done so. And though he still wore his dress shirt (due to his continued shyness about his lack of a more muscular chest), she could see his erect cock poking up between his naked, crossed legs. "Nick, don't worry about them! They're not here; I am!"

She struck another impressively flexible pose, kicking a leg straight up in the air, and bending the other leg in a way that drew his eyes to her wet pussy.

But if anything, her latest comment made him more skittish. He scooted back a little bit. Any more, and he'd fall off the corner of the bed.

She realized she needed a more persuasive argument, and struggled to think. "Nicky, think about it: Maggie lets you play with Hillary, doesn't she? I could tell. And Hillary lets you play with Maggie. And both of them love it when you play with me! Let's all be friends and play with each other!"

"They do?" he asked hopefully. But then he frowned. "That's not what I remember. Weren't they kind of mad at you? I seem to remember that they-"

She cut him off before he could recall too much. "Nooooo, of COURSE not. They were playing around, pretending to be angry. Don't you remember how they loved it when I rubbed my naked, sexy body all over your cock? I remember they were playing with themselves. Don't you remember that?"

He did, and that helped. *Yeah, we were all really horny! All of us! I even remember when Hillary whispered to me that she and Ma were okay with everything!* He forgot all about the conversation he'd had with Maggie and Hillary later in the evening, where they'd made their distress at him getting sexually intimate with Debra very clear.

At the same time Debra was talking, she slowly but steadily moved towards him. From his behavior during the game, as well as his choices of the super busty Maggie and Hillary, she could tell he was a tit man. So she hefted her double D's up as she drew near, and then ran her hand around in circles all over them, like she was in a shower and giving them a very vigorous washing.

She continued, "Besides, you're obviously not a normal guy. There's something special about you, to have two girls like that. Why stop at two? The normal rules don't apply for you. You should get to fuck anyone you want!"

Her words echoed Maggie's comment earlier that there was something special about him, and they struck a chord in him. He found himself selfishly thinking, *Yeah! Why should I stop at two?!*

Nick was already feeling like his brain had stopped working, and the alcohol in his system certainly wasn't helping. But once she started rubbing her tits like that, he felt like he was struck stupid. Then she moved closer, and he lost himself in her gleaming eyes.

She saw his glassy yet horny stare aimed at her big tits, and knew she had won. "Come here, big boy. You're with me now. I think a total stud like you needs THREE girlfriends!" She pulled him in the middle of the bed.

He was so horny that that sounded like a very good idea.

Things got pretty hazy for him at that point, because he was in the grip of an uncontrollable urge to fuck. One moment he saw her lying back with her legs spread at an obscenely wide angle, and the next moment he had his erection up against her pussy lips and was pressing in.

She laid back in a great fucking position with her knees up at her chest. She wanted him to drive in deep. "Do it, Nick! DO IT!"

He did it. He felt a flicker of sadness as he pushed in. *My first time should be with Ma! Or Hillary! Stupid rules!*

But even though he knew his first time should have been much better, thoughts of fucking his mother and Hillary made him more aroused than regretful. There were just too many insanely arousing things happening to him lately, and Debra had caught him at a time when his arousal level was way off the charts, he was drunk, and his willpower was almost entirely in tatters.

But even those little regrets fled as he pushed in deeper. He thought, *That's okay, I'll fuck them all soon enough!*

Debra knew she'd never win any academic awards for her intellect. But if there were awards given for fucking, she'd do pretty damn well. Unlike her previous reluctance and half-heartedness with blowjobs, as well as many other sex acts, she loved to fuck. At least that was true if it was with someone whom she deemed "worthy" and who could make her feel really good.

The difference was that with blowjobs, titfucks, and the like, she felt she was mainly doing it to pleasure her boyfriend, and there wasn't much in it for herself. Whereas with fucking, she could definitely enjoy some great erotic feelings and big orgasms if she was fucked well.

As a result, when she fucked, she often fucked with a passion that she otherwise lacked in her life. She also had great pussy control, as she had worked extensively on Kegel exercises. She loved a challenge, and she considered his unusually thick cock a deserving challenge. The only downside to her fucking was that she tended to do it a lot less often than she otherwise normally would have, in order to use it as a tool to control her boyfriends. In her opinion, the person in a relationship who could hold out longer with no sex had most of the power in that relationship.

Therefore, although she felt way out of her league when it came to quality cocksucking, she hoped to wow Nick with her impressive fucking skills. His thickness was difficult enough when he'd fucked her face, but she'd overcome that and even enjoyed it. So that had given her confidence that she'd do just fine getting fucked by him as well. Furthermore, one reason she'd been sticking with Devon as her boyfriend was because he had a penis that was both longer and thicker than average.

But when she felt him slide into her hot, wet, and very tight cunt, she worried that she might have bitten off more than she could chew. It hurt! She wanted to scream or have him pull out right away. It turned out Devon's large penis hadn't prepared her at all. Devon's felt no bigger than two or three fingers, compared to this!

She had to say, "Whoa, there, kid! Slow down! Let me... UGH! ... Adjust! JESUS! Your pecker isn't exactly normal-sized! GOOD LORD!"

He paused all movement. He'd pushed his cockhead all the way in, plus an inch or two more, and he rested like that. He didn't realize it, but her need to stop and adjust to his size was a great help for him. He'd been so aroused at getting to fuck for the first time, plus his drunkenness had lowered his self-control to such a degree that he was liable to cum far too quickly to fully satisfy either himself or Debra. His body couldn't zoom up heedlessly to orgasm now.

Her words also gave him pause because deep down he still lacked confidence, and only his great arousal covered that over in times like this.

He asked, "Not 'normal-sized?' What do you mean?"

She couldn't believe he had to ask. Her eyes were as big as saucers while she continued to struggle with his size. "FUCK! FUUUUUUCK! You're so thick! Almost TOO thick! I thought I was used to some big ones, but this thing is a fucking MONSTER!"

He went from insulted to flattered. That gave him an extra surge of arousal that resulted in him pushing the rest of the way in without him consciously intending to.

Debra cried out, "FUUUUUUCK! UGH! STOP! STOP!"

He stopped again, but only after he was balls-deep in her. He felt bad. He thought about pulling out, but he wasn't sure if that was what she wanted, so he waited for further direction.

She laid there with her eyes tightly closed and a grimace on her face like she was suffering, because she was suffering. But there was great pleasure too. She knew from previous experience that if she just relaxed and waited, her vagina would adjust to his girth. At first, she just panted heavily, and exclaimed, "GOD DAMN! This must be a tiny taste of what it's like to give birth!"

She was sweating and trembling. The feeling of fullness inside her was alien and uncomfortable. But she also found it strangely arousing.

He was uncertain what to do, especially after that "give birth" comment of hers. He tentatively asked, "Should I start pulling back?"

"NO!" She gesticulated wildly at him, and her eyes bugged out again, just when she'd started to calm down. "Stay where you are!"

They remained in place for another minute or two.

Nick was highly, highly aroused. The feeling of having his cock fully sheathed in a woman's vagina made him think he could flap his arms and fly to the sky. His earlier tipsiness had mostly faded, due to the intense emotions and experiences going on, but that was replaced by a drunkenness from intense arousal.

Debra was slowly calming down, and her body was adjusting to his thickness. Out of the blue, she complained, more to herself than him, "I'm

so stupid! I thought this would be easy! Well, not easy, exactly, but not a constant struggle that brought tears to my eyes like sucking his cock!"

Then she looked at him with fire in her eyes and said, "I should have known! With YOUR cock, nothing is easy! Damn you for being so fucking HUGE and irresistible! UNGH!"

He couldn't quite tell if she was angry at him or not. But her use of the word "irresistible" gave him hope.

She closed her eyes and seemed to be intensely concentrating on something. In fact, she was just savoring the feeling of fullness. The more she got used to it, the more she liked it. She also began experimentally squeezing her pussy walls around him. That was an almost entirely new experience for her too.

Nick's lust soared even higher, thanks to those squeezes. They felt fantastic! Her cunt was very tight, much tighter than he'd imagined. But that powerful squeeze all over his cock kept him horny even when she wasn't trying out her squeezes.

With her eyes still closed, she said, "Okay, Nick... that wasn't ideal, but what's done is done. Just stay like that, all the way inside me."

After another half minute, she finally opened her eyes and stared at him sternly. "Don't start thrusting in and out just yet! You understand?!"

He nodded. "Sorry. It's just that you're so hot and sexy."

She couldn't help but smile at that compliment, despite her discomfort. "That's okay. While I recover, why don't you, I dunno, play with my tits or something? Judging from your other women, you seem like a tit man."

That comment was both thrilling and painful to him. He was thrilled at first, because he indeed was a tit man, and an invitation to play with her double-D tits was like letting a sweet-toothed kid loose in a candy store. But the "other women" comment reminded him of Maggie and Hillary and gave him another sharp pang of guilt. But he was so horny that he didn't think about what caused that guilt. Instead, he leaned forward and reached for her boobs.

Debra had her knees up towards her shoulders, because she knew from experience that was a pose that helped her vagina open up to cope with an unusually thick cock such as his (although she'd never had one THIS

thick!). She kept that same basic pose, but she moved each leg to the side of her torso so he could have access to her chest.

He immediately started squeezing her big breasts with the vigor he usually squeezed Maggie's. He was too drunk to remember that Hillary at least didn't like that kind of treatment at all.

Debra didn't like that, and she wasn't shy about expressing her discontent. She grunted in an obviously unhappy way.

That clued him in enough to reconsider his approach. He switched to simply holding and caressing them for a while, since he figured he couldn't go wrong with that. It was true that her breasts weren't as large as Maggie's or Hillary's. However, Debra was more than a few inches shorter than either of them, so her breasts probably were about as large as Maggie's in a relative sense.

Besides, he wasn't one to quibble. He loved big tits, and these qualified as "BIG!" in his mind, so he was in seventh heaven. Furthermore, she had a perfect fashion model body from head to toe, and that included her breasts. Everything about them was ideal in Nick's mind, from their symmetry to their firm, round shape to the placement and color of her nipples.

It wasn't long before he couldn't restrain himself. He tried not to knead her melons aggressively, but he did let his hands wander all over them, and even more of her. He actually was eager to explore every inch of her flawless figure. He kept a boob focus, but his hands often wandered to her taut tummy and most everywhere else on her upper torso. Debra truly had an impressive body as well as a fashion model face.

Happily for both Nick and Debra, Nick's tit focus kept him erect and horny, but also distracted from wanting to thrust for a while. That gave his penis a chance to come down from the cusp of orgasm, and it gave her vagina a chance to adjust to his size.

Finally, Debra started to squeeze her Kegel muscles. She'd done a little of that already, but just to test how full he really filled her. Now, she was starting to do it for their mutual pleasure. It went well, and it felt great. So she did it some more, and more aggressively.

Suddenly, Nick's attention was back on the fact that his thick cock was fully sheathed in Debra's pussy. He forgot Debra's high and firm globes and

looked to her face with a hopeful expression.

She nodded warily. She still wasn't sure if she was ready to cope with his thickness, but she doubted waiting any longer would help much. She braced herself for another possible crying spell.

He carefully and slowly pulled his cock back until he was nearly all the way out.

Debra didn't seem to react badly to that, so he slowly pushed back in.

She winced and shut her eyes tight. But she nodded for him to continue. It was painful for her, but it wasn't as bad as she feared, and she certainly didn't need to cry. Already, the pleasure greatly outweighed the pain.

He kept on pushing until he was fully sheathed in her again. He rested there for a few moments until he saw her nod again, and then he started pulling out.

And so it continued. He was very careful and slow with his thrusting at first, frequently waiting for feedback from her before continuing. But she kept nodding affirmatively, so he started thrusting with greater speed. After a couple of minutes, he was thrusting at what he would have considered a normal speed, had he ever fucked anyone before.

With each thrust, it seemed the pain she felt was lessening and the pleasure was increasing. She still felt apprehensive though, because she knew this was unlike any previous fuck she'd experienced. The orgasms she was bound to feel eventually were almost certain to be mind-blowing!

He'd been so preoccupied at making sure that Debra was okay and approving that he hadn't fully luxuriated in the sensations of what was happening. But now that he started thrusting at a steady pace with a good rhythm, he was able to close his eyes and try to enjoy the experience.

He had an epiphany. In recent days, he'd experienced many sexual pleasures, some far better than he ever could have imagined. But he realized that no pleasure could match the simple but profound joy of sliding in and out of a wonderfully tight pussy. It was like he was back playing the game from earlier, where he'd felt he was experiencing the never-ending euphoria of a constant and steady orgasm without having to actually reach an orgasmic ejaculatory climax.

Eager for another hit of that heady drug, he began thrusting in and out with a bit more power.

She'd been quiet for a while, mostly due to the fact that she was either clenching her teeth or panting for air. But she suddenly squealed with genuine joy, "Oh God, yes! Nick! Oh! Nicky! You fill me up! So FULL!"

That encouraged him. He was pumping into her with a steady, driving rhythm now. Luckily, he was in good shape, because it was much like he was doing push-ups on top of her. It was tiring, but thrilling.

The more he fucked, the better it felt. He didn't fully realize it, because he didn't have anyone to compare this to, but Debra was very experienced and talented at fucking. Furthermore, her cunt was tighter and even hotter than normal. Now that she'd adjusted to his size, she knew just what to do to maximize their mutual pleasure. It was like her pussy was sucking him in, squeezing the remaining shreds of his sanity out of him with her pussy walls, and then pulling him out so he could dive back in with another deep thrust.

The only problem was that it all felt too good for him. Having to wait five minutes or so while she adjusted to his size had helped to calm him down a lot. But the problem he'd had when he'd first entered Debra's tight slit, that he was too aroused and everything was spinning out of control, was suddenly back with a vengeance. He felt the excitement of a wild bucking bronco ride, but also the surety that he would fall off that bronco in a matter of seconds, not minutes.

And that's what happened. He started to shoot his cum into her. His climax snuck up on him so suddenly that he didn't even have time to cry out in warning.

His brain was too frazzled for him to worry about protection in advance. Even now, pregnancy and STDs didn't cross his mind.

Luckily, Debra did worry about those things. She loved to fuck, but she didn't just fuck anyone at any time. She knew getting pregnant or getting an STD could ruin all her fun, so she took precautions. She was on the pill, and she wore a diaphragm too. She also normally didn't commonly let a near stranger fuck her without a condom like she was letting Nick fuck her now, but she figured that if both Maggie and Hillary were happily and regularly fucking him, he couldn't have an STD. Besides, her desire to best those

other two women, and enjoy his unusual size and passion, was so great that she was willing to take an unusual risk this time.

In any case, Nick discovered there was a pleasure even greater than fucking a talented pussy, and that was shooting off inside one. His erotic euphoria was all the more powerful because she started cumming too, and that caused her pussy walls to spasm in incredibly stimulating ways.

It was all too much for the overwhelmed boy. He simply passed out.

Debra was a little chagrined. She'd been enjoying the fucking greatly, but she was surprised and disappointed by the abrupt conclusion. She did let go and have a nice orgasm of her own, but she would have much preferred to last a lot longer and only cum when she'd hit a truly delirious peak.

But upon reflection, she realized she couldn't really be disappointed in him. She recalled the amazingly arousing temptations he'd endured when they'd played the game earlier, and also how he'd climaxed a short time ago and yet stayed hard. She figured everyone had their limits, plus she correctly assumed he'd had other sexual experiences with Maggie and/or Hillary during the day. (In truth, it was a record setting day of sex for him by just about any measure.)

In actual fact, he'd met or exceeded all of her high expectations. Getting fucked by him was the absolute best, she easily decided. It was just that the ending was so abrupt and unexpected.

In fact, his impressive yet "interrupted" performance only whetted her appetite to have a "proper" sex session with him. She was already thinking of a next time, and she wanted to make sure she'd get him well rested, sober, and fully primed to go. She was even more convinced that he was some sort of extraordinarily talented stud.

In actual fact, his fucking lacked any kind of nuance or skill. He'd just pounded in and out at a steady pace. However, he had been very sensitive to her desires when they'd started and she had wanted him to go slowly or not at all. Plus, his sheer thickness was ideal for her, since she was already used to Devon's thickness, yet he was even more delightfully thick.

Luckily for him, she didn't mind his lack of skill. His penis size, overwhelming passion, and the overall exciting and illicit situation made up for that and then some. Plus, she mistakenly assumed that he kept it very

simple because he was drunk, when in fact he'd largely sobered up by the time they started to fuck. She also took it as a given that in the future he'd take his already impressive fucking abilities to another level when they could do it under better circumstances.

She had no interest whatsoever in loving him or being his girlfriend. The only person she really loved was herself, and boyfriends were just props to look good with and sometimes have fun with. But she most certainly wanted to keep fucking him. He was much more fun to tease and fuck than, say, Devon. She grinned as she thought how she could really stick it to both Maggie and Hillary when she deemed it time to tell them what she'd done to him.

However, Nick was dead to the world now, and she was left with the problem of what to do with him. With all the alcohol in his system, she figured he would be hard to wake. She also mistakenly assumed that the alcohol was the main reason he'd passed out in the first place. She would have loved to get him to wake up for some more fucking, but she could tell that wasn't going to happen, at least not any time soon.

She was worried that if she stayed with him in this room for too long, Maggie and/or Hillary would find her, and then she'd really be in trouble. She took it as a given that he would lie to them about what happened if he could get away with it, so it was her aim to make sure he got away with it.

Luckily, she'd been in this kind of situation before, due to secret fucking in parties like this one, and even in this very mansion before, so she came prepared. This bedroom had a bathroom attached to it, so she went there, got a wet towel, and used it to wash and clean him all over. She used another towel to do the same to herself. Then she put his slacks back on him so he was fully dressed. She smoothed out and cleaned the sheets, and moved his sprawled out body to the middle of the bed. She even carefully washed or dabbed parts of his clothes, trying to get the smell of perfume and sex out of them.

Finally, and most crucially, she took a can of air freshener out of her purse and heavily sprayed the room with it.

The one problem was that he was left wet in many places, and his clothes also had wet spots. The pre-cum soaked spot still on the front of his slacks was an especially tricky problem, because that whole area ended up even

wetter after her cleaning efforts. She rubbed the wet spots as best she could with a towel. But there was only so much she could do, especially since she was afraid she'd wake him up if she rubbed him too vigorously. She hoped time would take care of the lingering wetness before he woke up or anyone found him. It helped that he was wearing black slacks, which made the wet spot harder to see.

Satisfied, she gave him a final kiss on the nose. She whispered to him, "That was great fun! Nick, you're a blast! I'll be seeing a lot more of you, and your cock, very soon!"

She snuck back out of the mansion sight unseen, just as her friend Patty had done after handing him off to her.

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Nick slept on the bed for over an hour. He finally woke up because the urge to pee became too great, thanks to all the alcohol he drank. He rushed to the adjacent bathroom and peed for a very long time. Then he staggered back to the bed.

He was wondering where he was and what had happened to him.

It slowly came back to him. *Oh shit! I just had sex with Debra! DEBRA?! Are you kidding me?! She blew me pretty damn good after I fucked her face, and then I fucked her pussy and everything! My God! I've had sex! I'm no longer a virgin. Whoa!*

But... DEBRA?! Seriously?! Why did I do that with HER?! I have TWO awesome dream girls. Not one, but two! How many guys can say that?! And one of them is my freakin' super sexy MOTHER! And yet I fucked someone else to lose my virginity!

He fell back on the bed, feeling defeated and very disappointed in himself.

Well, I know why I did it. How could I not? She was just too hot, and I was drunk and stupid! But what a nightmare. Now I'm gonna be even MORE imprinted on her. Shit, shit, shit! And it felt soooooo good! Hell, if she walked back in this very second, I'd probably give in again. I know it's wrong, but I'm a horny teenager! I get too damn aroused. I can't help myself.

He had to fight back the urge to cry. *I'm weak. Too weak. I totally fell for her line about having as many women as I want. That's not true. All I want*

or need is Hillary and Maggie. That's one more than 99.9 percent guys ever have, not even counting their total awesomeness and beauty, and that's way more than I deserve. Especially after what I just did. Jesus! If I'm going to win them for the long-term, I have to be a much better man!

His thoughts went back to Debra and her temptations. *Phew! Debra's too hot and too sexy. Fucking her is waaaaay too much fun. I'll just have to completely avoid her from now on until my weird feelings for her fade away. And I can't tell Ma or Hillary what happened. They'd both freak out and totally hate me. Although, don't I have to tell them?!*

No. No way Especially not Hillary. Ma would forgive me because we have such a deep and loving life-long relationship, but Hillary and I are just starting out. Our new thing wouldn't survive it. Besides, Hillary really hates Debra! She's the absolute worst girl I could have fucked, from Hillary's point of view. Ugh!

I hate to be a liar, and a cheater, but the only thing I can do is pretend like this never happened. It never happened! The fucking was so quick that it shouldn't count anyway. I was never here, dammit!

He felt the urge to leave the room, which was now tainted in his mind, like the scene of a crime. He checked himself and was surprised to find no signs whatsoever that he'd had sex. The wet spots Debra had made on his clothes had dried off, and now it was like the clock had turned back to just before he entered the room.

He got up and went to the bathroom to pee again. Afterwards, he checked himself in the bathroom mirror and was surprised to see that his hair had even been combed somehow. He realized Debra must have made him presentable before she left.

It's like it never happened, and I just woke from a dream. But I know it did happen. For one thing, my penis is feeling, well, weird. It's not really painful, but it's not good either. I wonder if penises always feel like that after fucking?

Damn! Fucking! DAMN! That was just too awesome! I can still remember sliding into her hot cunt. That was the best feeling, ever! Like, ever, ever, EVER! The human body must be perfectly designed for fucking.

He sighed, as he thought of Maggie and Hillary again.

God, I betrayed them! I feel like shit. Well, there's nothing I can do now except go downstairs and face the music. Ma and Hillary probably have been waiting for me, and God only knows how late it is already. I'm sure they'll be mad at me, but I can say I got too drunk and came up here, saw a bed, and went straight to sleep. That'll be a lot better than telling the truth. Ma would be totally disappointed in me, but Hillary would probably just rip my head off!

So he went downstairs, found them, and told them lies.

They'd recently returned from wandering outside, and were starting to search the mansion more thoroughly, but it was so big that they hadn't reached his floor yet. They would have been foiled by the locked door if they'd made it that far anyway, and with various other couples fucking or sleeping in some of the rooms, they weren't going to break into or yell into locked doors.

There was a lot of frustration and gnashing of teeth. Maggie and Hillary asked him some probing questions, especially about what had happened to Patty.

He replied he didn't know -- he just had a vague memory of walking around the mansion with her.

But he had a sterling reputation of honesty with Maggie, and the idea of him getting too drunk and sleeping it off made perfect sense, especially since Maggie saw him get drunk and knew that he'd never gotten drunk before. Plus, they had no clue that Debra had come back.

They berated him for making them so worried and causing them to wander all around the neighborhood, but eventually they settled down. They ended up feeling only slightly miffed since it had turned out he was okay after all.

In truth, they were mostly annoyed because the search for him, plus his condition, meant they didn't have a chance for another threesome sex session in some locked bedroom of their own.

The three of them wound up back on the main floor near the front door while they discussed all this. Nick looked around, and asked, "By the way, where is everybody? I was wandering around a bit looking for you two just now, and I didn't see anybody."

Hillary said in a slightly peeved grumble, "If you'd looked a bit closer, you'd have noticed some of the bedroom doors are locked. I swear, it seems there are more bedrooms in here than there are rooms in my whole house! Actually, that's probably true, now that I think about it. Anyway, Maggie and I found to everyone's mutual embarrassment that some of the guests are using some of those bedrooms, and a couple of them forgot to lock the door."

"What, you mean for sex?" he asked with deliberate cluelessness.

Maggie sighed. "Let's not go into it. The really embarrassing thing is that Hillary and I felt the need to turn the lights on, just to make sure it wasn't you with someone like Debra."

"Oh." He hoped his face didn't give him away with a guilty look. "Whatever happened to her, anyway?"

"She's long gone," Maggie replied. "Thank God."

"So you mean all the other guests have left, except for us?"

"Not hardly," Hillary said. "Aside from the unknown number that paired off for some hanky panky, there are about ten or a dozen of 'em still out in the hot tub. That includes Shannon, the girl who actually lives here. You should see them. The girls are strutting around in the skinniest bikinis imaginable, if they're even wearing that much. Sometimes, they go topless at these parties."

Maggie asked Nick uncertainly, "You wanna go out there?"

He felt she was testing him, and she would be disappointed if he answered yes. So he replied, "Are you kidding me? I'm all partied out. I just wanna go to sleep. I count myself lucky that I didn't throw up all over the place. But we should probably go out there just for a minute, just to say good-bye to Shannon, our host. It would be rude not to. I never even got to meet her in the first place, so it'll be a hello and good-bye for me."

Both women were satisfied with that reasonable answer. The three of them did go to the hot tub area, but they didn't stop to change into their bathing suits to do it, since they were leaving right away.

Sure enough, there were beautiful and curvy girls "strutting around in the skinniest bikinis imaginable," and some were even topless. The hot tub area

was unlit so the starry night sky could be seen. But there was still enough moonlight to allow one to ogle at all the exposed teen flesh.

However, Nick was so emotionally and physically drained that he hardly cared.

Shannon was in the hot tub with most of the others. Nick, Maggie, and Hillary went straight to her to say thanks and good-bye.

But, surprisingly, Shannon got out of the tub and walked with them some ways away to talk to them in private. She was very beautiful and busty, and she was one of the topless ones.

But again, Nick hardly noticed. That was fairly remarkable, both given Shannon's looks and his usual lust. Furthermore, she had gorgeous wavy dark red hair that made her stand out in a crowd. But his body was crashing and it was all he could do to keep his eyes open. He wasn't the type to party late or even stay up late for other reasons, and this was way past his usual bedtime.

Shannon told them in a pouty voice, "I'm sad you're leaving already. It's not even midnight yet, and the real party's just getting started. Not only that, but I hardly got to talk to any of you. Especially you, Nick."

As she said his name, she gave him a very interested look-over. She'd heard a lot about him even before the party began, and he'd made a very good impression when he'd been socializing. The fact that he was known to be dating Maggie made him a boy of unusual interest in and of itself.

Maggie replied, "We'd love to stay, but Nick's feeling a little ill from drinking too much, and since we came together, we'll leave together. But we had a great time. If you do it again, please let me know."

Shannon took Maggie by the hand, and said, "Then you simply **MUST** come back tomorrow. I'm disappointed that I didn't get to talk to any of you at all." (She had spoken to Maggie and Hillary some, but only in the context of them asking around for Nick.) "Some people will leave tonight, and others will leave tomorrow, but the party isn't really gonna stop."

Maggie was surprised by that. "Really? You're just gonna keep going?"

"Sure! My parents are gone all weekend, so why not take advantage and party till you drop? There will still be, oh, I dunno, maybe about two dozen

sleeping night, I'll bet. Then some will leave and others show up tomorrow, giving the party a second wind."

She went on, "It would be great if you could come by in the afternoon especially, 'cos it'll be mellow then, with just close friends. We'll be able to talk. Who knows, we might play some tennis or watch some DVDs on the big screen. It's not like a party party; we'll just be hanging out and having fun. But in the evening, more and more will come over until it's kind of how it was tonight."

She had thrown lots of parties in the last year or two, so she knew how the ebb and flow of such parties went. When her parents were away for the weekend, two-day parties were the usual thing.

Maggie looked at Nick, and then at Hillary. Their faces were mostly blank.

Nick was slowly coming around to the realization that he was standing in front of a gorgeous topless woman with a very sizable rack. But he was trying hard to keep his eyes on her face. He didn't want to make a bad impression with Shannon, or get Maggie and Hillary annoyed at his boob-obsessed ways.

Maggie said to Shannon, "We'll think about it, and try our best. I'll have to check to see if I've got something else planned already and all that."

"Sure," Shannon replied. "Whatever. You don't even need to call; just show up whenever you want. The guard knows you now, and he'll buzz you in."

The three of them left a short time later, after saying all their good-byes.

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Once they were out of the mansion and in their car, Maggie asked, "So, what do you think? Should we go back?"

Nick quickly answered, "I vote 'no.'"

Hillary asked him with a bit of a tease, "Really? Why? Don't you want to see all those topless girls walking around?"

"Yeah, sure, I am a male teenager, after all. Still, would I rather see some hotties walking around, or be alone with you two?"

"Good point!" Hillary laughed. But then she added, "That said, there's a lot of hours in the day. Even you can't have sexual fun all day long."

He said, "True, but it's a moot point, because Debra might be there. And I just want to avoid her for a long, long time."

He meant that, although he was unable to tell them the full truth behind it.

"Oh shit," Maggie said. "You're right. I forgot to ask Shannon about her. If she's there, definitely, no way! But what if we call Shannon tomorrow and find out she's not there?"

Hillary sighed. "I don't know either. If she's not here, it would be kind of nice to bond with this crowd so they'll be on our good side for the rest of the year, and I don't think we've fully done that yet. And it would be a major coup to be included into Shannon's exclusive group in the afternoon. But I'm kind of partied out too. And if I were to go then, I'd have to cancel the boating trip with Spencer."

Hillary saw canceling her plans with Spencer as a negative, but Nick saw it as a big positive. He was going to say he didn't want to go even if Debra wasn't there, for a variety of reasons. He was still an introverted type at heart who didn't like the party atmosphere, or the people. But also, he wanted to punish himself and go into hiding for a while until he could figure out why he'd had sex with Debra.

However, he was still extremely worried that Spencer would steal Hillary away, or at least make progress to steal her away later. The thought that Hillary might cancel her plans with Spencer to return to the party in the afternoon changed his thinking dramatically.

He said, "If Debra's not there, I'd be game. I think it's good to meet people here at the start of the school year, since we're in a new school and all. And I have to concede joining that small afternoon group probably would be a big social coup for each of us. Plus, I don't have any homework to deal with."

Hillary said uncertainly, "Yeah, maybe." She was reluctant to cancel her plans with Spencer, especially if she had to do it at the last minute. She was very much looking forward to the yachting trip.

Nick asked Maggie, "What do you think?"

Maggie was feeling especially conflicted. The 500-pound gorilla in the room no one was talking about was what had happened during the game with Debra, when the three of them lost control over their libidos. She was

scared something like that would happen to her again, regardless of who was there besides her and Nick. Her restraint and willpower was in shreds. She worried that if things continued as they were, she would end up getting fucked before long. She wanted to put her "Maggie mode" away for a while and be "Margaret" for the rest of the weekend, to restore some balance to her life.

But on the other hand, a part of her really wanted to be in Maggie mode and do more naughty things with her son. That part had been winning a lot lately. Going back to the party would give her the excuse to be Maggie for much of tomorrow, and that was very tempting. The thrill of doing naughty things in a dangerous place like that was even more tempting.

She decided she wasn't in a good frame of mind to make that decision yet. So she just said, "I'm tired. I'm not gonna worry about it until tomorrow morning. Let's sleep on it, and talk about it on the phone then."

So that's what they agreed.

Chapter 48: Up On the Roof (Sunday)

On, Sunday morning, Maggie woke up feeling surprisingly unbothered about what had happened at the party.

She was up before anyone else in the house. She ate a small breakfast alone in the dining room, and thought, *I'm sitting here drinking my coffee, and I'm about to fall out of my chair trying to wrap my head around how totally bizarre and improbable last night was. I mean, us three quite beautiful women, all taking turns rubbing our naked bodies all over my son, trying to get him to cum? Even taking turns licking his big cock, and sucking it too?!*

Debra! That's what kills me, that Debra took part, of all people. If someone would have seriously suggested to me before the party that SHE would be naked and taking turns on his cock with us, I would have laughed them out of the room!

The more I think about it, the more incredulous I am about what happened. The party would have been basically okay except for that so-called "sex game" with Hillary and Debra, and that was totally nuts! I blame the double cock licking and everything else afterwards on that, because it made us all too horny to think.

But at least this time Nick's not to blame. It seems to me he was just as swept along by events as the rest of us. In fact, now that I think about it, he wasn't really much to blame on other occasions either. Strange situations seem to develop on their own due to this whole fake girlfriend scheme, and it becomes really hard for us to get out of them. Events have their own momentum.

The REAL one to blame for yesterday is DEBRA! She ruined everything! God, I hate that stupid bitch! I can picture that damn smug, smirky face of hers when I tried to take those pictures of her and she just kept happily licking and sucking my son's enormous cock. I should have just up and slapped that smirk right off her face! GRRR!

Actually, Maggie was engaging in some pretty heavily revisionist thinking. For instance, she conveniently forgot all that had taken place in the sauna room before Debra even arrived. She and Hillary had gotten naked already, and she had already essentially given in to her urges and decided to stroke

or suck her son's cock at the first opportunity. Undoubtedly, that would have happened in a matter of minutes had Debra not arrived when she did. But Maggie preferred not to remember how her willpower failed her again, and Debra was an easy scapegoat.

I've gotta get Debra back somehow. I don't know how, as I'm not really a mean person, but there must be something we can do. Maybe Hillary can think of something; it seems like she's got more of an angry or aggressive streak than I do, at least when it comes to Debra. But until we figure that out, we should avoid going back to Shannon's place today.

She thought about spending all day at home in Margaret mode compared to being at the party in Maggie mode, and rapidly changed her thinking.

Hmmm. Maybe if I call Shannon and confirm that Debra won't be there? Hillary did give me her number, and the party was fine except for that one sex game. Nick did get drunk and lead us on a wild goose chase, but other than that we got a couple of hours of socializing in that probably helped his standing at school a lot. It could be good for him if we go again. It's like Hillary said, he hasn't locked in his position with that elite crowd quite yet.

Again, Maggie wasn't being honest with herself. Even as she was trying to come up with rational reasons to go to the party, in the back of her mind she was picturing herself strutting back and forth in front of Nick while wearing nothing but bikini bottoms. She could practically feel her fingers caressing the stiff erection he got as a result. She even started to salivate in anticipation of fitting his thick cock in her mouth yet again. However, she tried not to think consciously about such things, as she was pretending she had her lusts for her son completely under control now.

The fact was, being "Margaret" was boring, dead boring. She longed to spend another day having fun with Nick and Hillary. Having Hillary there was half the fun, so even doing something sexual with Nick in the garage or on the sun roof or someplace like that wasn't as enticing. She thought back to how she and Hillary had kissed and rubbed their cummy, bare breasts together, and she wanted more of that. A lot more!

Nick, by contrast, felt terrible. He stayed in his room for a long while after waking up, because he was too embarrassed to face Maggie.

As he laid in bed staring at the ceiling, he thought, *I fucked up so badly. And "fucked up" is literally true. I fucked myself into trouble! The party was the*

most incredible and awesome sexual experience of my life. Not only the sex game with Debra, but then fucking Debra later. I'm no longer a virgin. I get so excited and aroused from just thinking about it that it's crazy. But at the same time, I fucked... DEBRA! Why her?! That's something I can never undo.

My first time should have been with Hillary or Ma, even if I had to wait a long time for their rules to change. They're totally worth the wait! I feel so shitty that I can't believe it. It ruined what should have been a truly glorious day. I don't even LIKE Debra! Yeah, she's super sexy, and God, she was a great fuck! But that's no excuse. I was drunk and stupid and horny. I'm such an IDIOT!

This scheme of mine has worked TOO well. I'm losing sight of my grand dream, which is to have my two dream girls as my loves for ever and ever. I've got to get back to that!

After mulling the situation over for a long time, he decided that he needed to be honest about what had happened with Maggie. He wasn't sure if it was prudent to be honest with Hillary, since he considered his relationship with her still very tenuous, but he thought that was a decision Maggie could help him with.

He dragged himself downstairs, but he didn't see Maggie or Andy anywhere. It was already eleven, which was well past breakfast time, even on a lazy Sunday.

On a hunch, he went up to the sun roof to see if she was tanning there.

She was. She was lying face up on a lounge chair, with her tanned and totally naked body oiled up and dark sunglasses on.

Curiously, she was wearing a pair of red high heels too. He didn't know it, but she'd had them nearby just in case he came up, and she quickly slipped them on her feet when she heard him coming up the stairs.

Nick stumbled a few feet towards her and then stood there with a shocked look on his face. He'd been hoping she was nude sunbathing despite his distress, because his libido didn't have an off switch. He'd already been getting excited at the possibility, but to actually see her in all her naked glory, complete with her all-over tan, was another thing altogether.

Maggie sat up and looked around with a start, acting as if she was surprised to see him there. She pulled her legs up and closed them together to protect her pussy, and she covered her immense breasts with her arms. "Oh, no you don't!" she complained.

"Don't what?" he asked.

"Don't get started! I know you. You're going to go from stunned to extremely horny."

He grinned, and admitted, "That's already happening."

She glanced at his shorts and saw a noticeable bulge there, and it was enlarging before her eyes. She grumbled, "Figures. But still, don't start. If you're not here for a good reason, then you should go back downstairs, before one of us loses control. I'm supposed to be in Margaret mode!"

He pointed out, "But you're naked."

"'Margaret' can be naked too. She was working on an all-over tan before 'Maggie' ever existed."

He held his hands up defensively. "Right. Sorry. But don't worry, I only came here to talk. I have some really important things to say to Maggie."

Still covering herself, she asked him suspiciously, "Really? You're not just saying that?"

"Really. Actually, I have an important confession to make."

She sighed with resignation. "Fine. Sit down on the chair next to me. But no hanky panky! And keep your clothes on!"

So he sat down.

However, Maggie wasn't as reluctant as she was acting. True, her conscious mind was trying to stay in "Margaret" mode, but her subconscious mind and her body had other ideas. She knew on some level that if she went up to the sun roof to sunbathe when she did, the odds were pretty good that Nick would come looking for her eventually. She told herself that she was just doing her usual sunbathing thing, but her body craved her son's touch. She'd actually held off from masturbating as she usually did at the start of her tanning sessions, in the subconscious hope that she'd have more fun with Nick soon instead.

The fact that she was wearing red high heels was the "smoking gun" that revealed her true intentions. It made no sense to wear them while she sunbathed, and normally she never wore them on the sun roof. But it made a lot of sense to wear them if she wanted to look even "more naked than naked" for her perpetually horny son. The way she'd quickly put them on when she heard his coming was another smoking gun too.

She could have easily put her clothes back on while having a serious talk with her son, but she didn't. She kept an arm over her nipples and her legs strategically positioned to hide her pussy, but she knew her fantastic nude body would keep him erect and excited just the same. She kept her dark sunglasses on too, in part so she could look at his bulge without him knowing.

She relaxed her posture. "Okay, consider me in 'Maggie mode' now. But a limited, talking mode. Before you get started, I should mention that I just got back from dropping Andy off a little while ago. It looks like he's starting to come out of his shell a little bit, probably thanks to football. Watching the college games with his friends went so well yesterday that he's gone off to do the same thing today for the NFL games."

"Oh, cool," Nick said. It certainly didn't slip his mind that that meant Andy would be gone for hours and hours, probably two football games' worth. Plus, if this was the start of a trend, it would mean he'd be out of the house for many Saturdays and Sundays to come, at least until the end of football season.

But he didn't have much time to ponder that, because Maggie asked him, "Anyway, what's on your mind?"

He sighed and dropped his head in defeat. "Oh, Jesus! This is so hard to say... I'm really ashamed... I don't know how to say this, so I'm just gonna say it. ... You know when you were looking for me late last night? Things didn't happen exactly like I said they did. The truth is..."

She sat up higher, while keeping an arm over her nipples. She had a sinking feeling.

His bowed his head even lower. "The truth is, well... I don't know how it happened, but somehow I ended up having sex with, with... with Debra."

Maggie exploded, "DEBRA?! Are you kidding me?! DEBRA?! I thought she went home early!" She sat up all the way and gesticulated wildly, forgetting to cover her privates.

"Yeah, well, I thought that too, but she didn't."

"Wait! When you say you had sex, what do you mean exactly?!"

He was still too ashamed to look up. "I mean I fucked her. I'm sorry!"

"UGH!" Maggie threw her hands up in frustration. "You FUCKED her?! You're kidding me! Tell me you didn't do that!"

He dropped his head even lower. "I did."

"But you're a virgin!"

"I was." His guilt was crushing him.

"Hillary should have been your first! She's your dream girl! And DEBRA?!"

"I know! I know! I feel awful!"

They continued on like this as Nick started to tell her the whole story. He decided it was best to tell the full truth, however upsetting it might be.

This got Maggie so agitated that she stood up and paced around, still heedless about her nudity. However, it wasn't long before she sat back down in front of him and listened carefully to a thorough account of everything that he could recall. She asked many questions.

When Nick finished talking, he breathed a big sigh of relief. He found the experience of telling the story therapeutic. It was like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Then he asked the big question he was dreading to ask, "So, what do you think? Should I tell Hillary the truth about this?"

Maggie stared at him intently. "No! Not yet! She's too pissed at Debra right now. I know this isn't a very ethical thing to say, but you've dug yourself pretty deep with your lies to her at this point. For instance, she already thinks you and I have had sex lots of times. So what's another lie?"

He replied with a sad face, "I know. But this feels different. Those other lies had good intentions and even love behind them. But this is just covering up for a major screw up."

"True," Maggie said. "But do you realize how much you were set up?"

"What do you mean?" Nick was startled.

"Oh, it was a total set-up, through and through! Do you think it was just coincidence that Debra happened to be lying in bed naked in the room Patty took you to?"

He went from startled to shocked. "I... I hadn't really thought about it."

"Well, think about it now! What happened to Patty, anyway? How did she manage to disappear at just the right time? She was supposed to take you to Shannon. Why didn't she come back to do that?"

"Um, maybe she heard what Debra and I were doing and decided to leave us alone?"

"Not likely," Maggie said bitterly. "I'll bet you anything that Shannon never was on any of the upstairs floors in the first place. I spoke to Shannon out by the hot tub right after we figured out you'd disappeared, so how did she get there so fast? She gave no hint at all of any elite upstairs party, and as far as I know, she hung out around the hot tub for most of the evening, if not all of it."

Nick started to get a sinking feeling. *I've been had!*

She went on, "I'm sure that was totally made up by Patty as an excuse to get you to the bedroom where Debra was. I'll bet we can talk to Shannon and confirm there was no smaller upstairs party going on at all. And what happened to Patty immediately afterwards, anyway? It's awfully convenient that she suddenly disappeared so she wasn't able to answer any questions. Such as why did she tell Shannon that she'd taken you on a walk outside to help you clear your head? That's an obvious lie!"

Nick stared at Maggie wide-eyed. For once, the fact that she was completely naked didn't arouse him, and in fact it barely even registered. "Oh my God! You're right! How did I not see that?!"

Maggie stated, "Because you were drunk. I'm sure that played a big role in it. And you were your usual super horny self. I'll bet that once you saw Debra lying naked in bed, your rational brain shut off and your big cock took over. Especially because of that whole 'imprinting' thing you were talking about. Let's face it, you were led like a lamb to the slaughter. That was the first time you were ever really drunk in your life, wasn't it?"

He nodded. "I didn't want to, really. I hate not being in control. I thought I'd only drunk a little bit, just two glasses over the course of a few hours, but it turned out that even that was more than my body could handle."

Maggie said, "I wouldn't be surprised in the slightest if your alcohol was doctored to be unexpectedly strong. Since you've never really drunk anything before, you wouldn't have known the difference. Clearly, we're dealing with a conspiracy here involving at least Debra and Patty. Maybe others too."

The part about his beer being doctored wasn't true. But both Maggie and Nick were inclined to believe it, because it took more responsibility away from him and put it onto Debra.

He asked, "Why would Patty help out? What's in it for her?"

"Who knows? Probably she's a close friend of Debra's and they perform dirty favors for each other from time to time. I'm sure that if you were to look closely, you'd find that all of this goes back to Debra. She had such fun with you earlier in the evening that she decided she just had to fuck you. Apparently she has no morals, so the sneaky little bitch made it happen."

He pondered that. "Wow. Boy am I glad I talked to you! I was such a fool to not suspect that, even afterwards! I thought it was kind of odd how I wound up in that bedroom with her, but I was so focused on my own guilt and responsibility that I didn't really think things through. I feel... better now! At least it's not ALL my fault."

"No, it's not," Maggie agreed. "It is still partly your fault. But you were set up so perfectly that I can't imagine many boys your age could have resisted, especially since Debra basically has a perfect face and body, and she'd been sucking your cock with serious passion not that long before. As we know, you're young, dumb, and VERY full of cum!"

She lowered her sunglasses slightly and glanced down at his shorts. His penis had gone flaccid due to the serious discussion, but thanks to her glance, it grew hard again in mere seconds. She laughed. "See what I mean?"

He grumbled, "I'm not too happy about the 'dumb' part of that expression. I consider myself a pretty smart guy. It's my one advantage over the likes of Spencer."

She said, "True, of course you're a VERY smart guy. I'm so proud of how you're kicking ass in your Advanced Studies program. But I'm thinking of what happens when you get super horny and your little head takes control from your big head. That makes you temporarily dumb."

He frowned. "Oh yeah. That's true."

"But don't feel bad. Guess who else is the dummy?" She pointed at herself, right between her glorious bare breasts. "I totally fell for Debra's ruse that she'd left the party. Hillary did too. So we let our guard down, way down. We should have known better. The thing is, I didn't think Debra was smart enough to pull off something like that."

"She's no genius," Nick said. "But I have the feeling that she was more lucky than clever. I mean, there were all kinds of things that could have gone wrong. She seems pretty reckless. For instance, what if you and Hillary figured out where we were? Given the way Hillary was carrying Debra around like she was carry-on luggage during the sex game earlier, I sure wouldn't have wanted to be in Debra's shoes if she got caught!"

Maggie nodded. "That's true. She does seem to have a kind of 'devil may care' attitude. Hell, it's more like an 'I just don't give a shit' attitude. That makes her dangerous, because who knows what she's capable of?" She pointed at him accusingly. "You need to stay away from her!"

"I know!" He sighed. "Right now, I'm 100 percent with you. But what if I was put in that exact same situation again? To be honest, I don't think I could resist! Heck, even if I was completely sober, I don't know if I could resist. Remember what I said about how I felt weirdly bonded to her after the sex game? Well, now that feeling is worse. Way worse! I hate it, but I can't turn that feeling off. And..." He cut himself off and shyly turned his head away.

"What?" Maggie asked impatiently.

"Well, it's just..."

She raised her hands in frustration. "What?!"

"It's just that... sex is so good! Full-on fucking, I mean!" He looked shyly at Maggie, but she seemed poker-faced. He couldn't help but continue, "I know I shouldn't say this because it happened with Debra, but... geez! It's so incredible! The feeling of pushing in... the tightness... UGH! So good! And

then, when I'm thrusting forward and she uses her hips to, well... you get the idea."

Maggie felt her lust skyrocketing. She was imagining Nick lying on top of Debra and pumping in and out of her, and it drove her absolutely bonkers with desire, even though it was Debra. Then Debra slowly morphed into herself, which wasn't hard to do since they both had long blonde hair, and her arousal rocketed up even more! It was all she could do to maintain a relatively neutral face and keep her hands still.

He blushed slightly, fearing that he was getting too graphic. "Anyway, I know you and I aren't allowed to do that. And I respect your concerns there, I really do. But I can't do that with Hillary either, due to Anushka's restriction. But, now that I've done it with Debra, I want to do it some more! A LOT more! God, I could fuck all day long! It's the best thing ever!"

He checked his enthusiasm, and added slightly apologetically, "So, uh, that could be kind of an additional problem."

Maggie frowned. *A problem? I'll say!* She glanced at the tenting in her son's shorts. *Just look at that. He'd been flaccid, or at least without a prominent bulge, but then he says a few words about fucking and it's like his shorts are about to rip into two! What am I going to do?! Well, there's a lot I could with THAT.*

She stared longingly at his bulge, safe behind her sunglasses. *For starters, I could give it a nice, long tongue-bath! Mmmm. I swear, I'm getting addicted to his cum. It's not that it tastes so great. Sure, it tastes good, but mainly I love it because it's his! What I wouldn't give to lick fresh cum gobs straight from Hillary's big breasts, and then snowball it back and forth into her mouth! We could jack him off together as we kiss, getting him nice and hard for a long dual sucking session! We could do that ALL DAY LONG!*

She realized with a start that she'd gotten way off track. *Shit. Wait, what was I thinking? Oh yeah. I need to deal with this situation, and merely sucking on his cock isn't going to help, no matter how much fun it would be to choke on that fat cock monster. Now that he's discovered the joy of fucking, it's like he said: he's going to want to fuck a hell of a lot! We can't put that genie back in the bottle. If Debra wants to fuck him again, his resistance is going to be near zero.*

"Ma?" Nick was getting Maggie's attention because it looked to him like she'd spaced out, even though he couldn't see her eyes due to her sunglasses.

Startled, she looked up at his face. "Oh, sorry. I was just thinking. Give me a minute, okay?"

"Sure. By the way, it's getting kind of hot and I'm in the sun. Would you mind if I put some suntan lotion on?"

"Good idea. Knock yourself out." She nodded to the bottle of suntan lotion next to her lounge chair.

He took the bottle, returned to his chair, and started putting the lotion on himself. He was wearing his usual T-shirt and shorts, so he only had to put the lotion on his legs, arms, neck, and face.

Maggie went back to her intense thinking while she watched him apply the lotion to himself. *We could easily find ourselves in a situation where Nick is fucking Debra on a regular basis! That would be a disaster. My son's cock is no ordinary cock. A lot of women wouldn't be able to handle his girth, especially girls his age. But Debra is a slut, it's pretty obvious to see, and not in Hillary's "good slut" kind of way. Girls like that get pretty loose and probably crave extra thick cocks like Nick's. That creates all sorts of dangers of STDs, pregnancy, angry boyfriends, and who knows what else.*

Plus, I'm sure she'd love to fuck him again and again, just to give Hillary a poke in the eye, and maybe me too. I noticed she seems very, very competitive about being seen as the most beautiful girl around. She seems to hate both of us because she thinks we're a threat to her imaginary title as "the fairest in the land."

So we've gotta keep him away from her! Unfortunately they're in the same school, but thankfully she isn't in any of his classes. It's not like they'd get a chance to fuck on school grounds anyway. But she could tempt him and make plans to meet up later. Hillary is going to have to be made aware of this problem and be extra vigilant, and trying to keep him from having sex with Debra again isn't exactly going to make Hillary happy. She might even break up with him over this! Shit, shit, shit!

I'm going to need to step up my game. True, there's no way I can fuck him! Sure, that would be a great solution and it would probably solve the "Debra

problem" right away. But there are limits as to what I can do. I'm his MOTHER, for crying out loud!

But there are other things I can do, including keeping his cock a lot more satisfied. The more times he cums with Hillary and/or me every day, the less sexual energy he'll have to even think about Debra. I'd already been thinking that I should take him to school every day, and this just further confirms that. And I need to do more! More sexual willingness and wildness. If I'm his perfect big-titted sexy slut, that'll keep the Debra danger at bay.

She very much loved that "logic." She wanted to spend more time adoring his cock anyway, and this gave her a valid excuse.

No more rules or restrictions! Like him not being able to touch or even lick my pussy. Except for the one rule that must remain, no matter what: no fucking! I can't do that, ever! God knows the idea turns me on, powerfully! So very powerfully! Just like the way his cock would thrust into me so deeply and powerfully. He'd have me scratching, sweating, screaming, and crying his name in total ecstasy! I can almost feel what it would be like to be skewered by his fat, fat cock monster! UGH!

That said, I can fantasize about it all I want. My cunt is throbbing and leaking now, as if it's getting ready to be filled by my own son's great thickness! That's okay. I can fantasize all I want. I can even fantasize about him fucking my hot cunt while he fucks my face! But I can't actually DO IT with him, ever!

Shit! I'm going to need to think more seriously about this Debra problem later. But right now I'm just too fucking horny!

She looked down at herself and realized that she'd unthinkingly started running her hands over her E-cup breasts. Then she looked up at Nick and saw that he was watching those hands very closely. She looked to his crotch and saw his boner tenting his shorts even more outrageously than before.

She thought, Busted! But so fucking what? Damn, I'm horny! It feels so GOOD to be completely naked for my son! And thank God I have the red high heels on. That makes it even better! I feel fucking sexy. And hungry!

She cleared her throat to get his full attention. "Son? As you can see, I've just been checking my skin and I think the suntan lotion I put on earlier is

fading." She ran her hands down to her tummy and then along her hips to make her sensual fondling seem less obvious. "Can you apply another coating?"

"Certainly!"

"Good. But you'd, uh, you'd better take your clothes off first so they don't get all sticky with, uh, the, um... suntan lotion." She'd gotten momentarily distracted, thinking about how she was bound to "get all sticky" with his cum before very long.

"Cool!" He quickly whipped his shorts and underwear off, letting his big boner spring free. Then, with the bottle of lotion in hand, he moved towards Maggie.

But she wagged a finger at him. "What about your T-shirt?"

"But Ma," he whined. As usual, he loathed to take his shirt off.

"No buts. You have nothing to be ashamed about. You may think you're a 'nerd' due to your smarts, but you really aren't, and you don't have a nerdy body. You exercise fairly regularly and you do well at sports in school. Take off your shirt and be proud!"

He complained, "But I don't have a 'six-pack.' I hardly have any muscle definition at all. And I don't have any chest hair. None! When I take my shirt off, I look like I'm twelve."

She said, "I'll have you know that the hairless chest look is very 'in.' Pick up any female fashion magazine and look at the male models in them. They're all hairless too." She cupped her huge globes from below. "If you want to get your hands on these, and slather them all over with lotion, then take your shirt off already!"

He smiled from ear to ear. "Well, if you put it that way..."

She enticingly pushed her tanned tits together and lightly rubbed them against each other. "I do! Now, take off your shirt, come here, and I'll make sure to give your big fat cock a very thorough application of sunscreen while you do me. We wouldn't want it to get burned would we?"

His heart was racing and his breathing was growing heavy. He whipped his T-shirt off with gusto. "No, we wouldn't!"

He practically threw himself onto Maggie, making her laugh. Within seconds, he had her lying all the way flat on her lounge chair, and he was lying right on top of her. She didn't get much chance to laugh, because he started French kissing her.

Her hands quickly found his boner and she started jacking him off. *Damn! He's so aggressive! I'd better start stroking this naughty cock monster, before it pokes its way into holes where it doesn't belong!*

Thinking about his erection "accidentally" slipping into her pussy got her so hot that she felt goose bumps all over, and she moaned loudly into his mouth. Now that he'd fucked Debra, the danger that he might lose control and fuck her too was much greater in her mind. That made moments like this even more thrilling to her than ever before.

The two of them kissed and fondled for several minutes. Nick's hands kneaded Maggie's breasts extensively, but he'd dropped the bottle of suntan lotion and forgotten all about lathering her up. In terms of actually protecting her skin, it didn't matter much since he was keeping her body covered with his, and she had a deep, rich, all over tan anyway.

However, her loving motherly concern made her realize that now Nick had his T-shirt and shorts off, he could get a sunburn if he wasn't carefully covered with the sunscreen. He was considerably less tanned, especially because he always kept at least his shirt and shorts on while outside. So she called a temporary time-out to their fondling and kissing. She picked up the bottle and quickly covered his ass, back, and chest with the lotion. Even then, she typically had one hand stroking his erection while her other applied the lotion elsewhere.

As she did all that, she made some sincere compliments about his physique. In truth, his body was typical for his age. He was neither fat nor skinny, neither tall nor short, and neither buff nor out of shape. He did have more muscles than most, but he was a far cry from looking like a cheesecake "hunk" like Spencer. On the surface, it defined belief that he had two girlfriends with the centerfold-quality looks of Maggie and Hillary.

But Maggie was looking at him through heavily tinted rose-colored glasses, with the combined bias of a mother and a lover. To her, he was very nearly the definition of handsome!

She quickly finished covering him in lotion. She laid back down, and let him lie on top of her nakedness again. They happily resumed kissing and fondling. Once again, Nick didn't even bother with the suntan lotion, since they both knew she didn't really need it.

Maggie had imagined that she'd just stroke Nick's cock for a long time while he applied the suntan lotion in a very sensuous and arousing manner. But she was simply too worked up to keep that relatively languid pace. Having to pause to put suntan lotion on him had only heightened her anticipation and her sexual need. And once he started pulling and twisting her nipples, she just about lost her mind, as usual!

Nick was very worried that he'd done something wrong when she started pushing forcefully against him like she was trying to get him off of her.

She was trying to get him to move, but not because she was upset. However, he didn't move quickly enough, so she somehow managed to spin the both of them around on the lounge chair so she wound up on top. With that accomplished, she kissed him deeply again, and then suddenly scooted down so her face was at his crotch.

She was embarrassed at her ravenous cock hunger, so instead of saying anything, she closed her eyes and engulfed his cockhead!

The resulting feelings of pleasure in him were so great that his entire body writhed and twisted, like he was trying to get away. But of course, he wasn't! He clutched at her head with both hands, although he didn't know what good that did. He kept on twitching and squirming in the lounge chair for a minute or more until he settled down and started to "cope" with the tremendous amount of pleasure coming from her sliding lips and her dancing tongue.

She thought, *Okay! This is more like it! This is what I need! Er, but, uh... I'm doing this to help him. To keep him away from Debra! Yeah, that's it. The more I suck his cock, and titfuck it, and generally love it and pleasure it, the more sexually satiated he'll be. Which means he'll be a lot less tempted by Debra.*

Especially if Hillary can get totally slutty with me. We'll keep his big fat cock throbbing with pleasure in our mouths for so damn long! Yes! When are we finally going to get to trade turns bobbing on him?! UNGH! I can't wait!

The initial surge of pleasure and excitement slowly faded. He started to relax, running a hand through her silky blonde hair. He figured this could go on a long, long time. Last time he'd been up on the roof, she'd sucked him on and off for over two hours! He felt like the king of the world as he petted and stroked her hair. His worries about Debra weren't forgotten exactly, but he put them aside for a while.

Then he heard the sound of a cell phone ringing.

Maggie suddenly pulled her lips off his boner and looked up at him. "Son, can you answer that? It could be Hillary. I've been thinking she'd call this morning." And she said that, she nodded her head towards where she'd left the phone.

He quickly found the phone. Luckily, it was within easy reach, since he would have had a hard time getting up with his naked mother sprawled over his legs. He got to the phone in time, but didn't say anything into it, because he thought it would sound weird for a man to answer a woman's phone.

There was a pause, and then a confused Hillary asked, "Maggie?"

Nick breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, hi, Hillary. It's me, Nick."

Maggie had merely been holding his cock until she found out who it was. When she heard Hillary's name, she smiled and resumed jacking him off.

Hillary said, "Oh. That's cool. But why are you answering Maggie's phone?"

Not thinking clearly, he repeated the question. "Why AM I answering Maggie's phone?"

Unlike last time Maggie overheard a phone call between Nick and Hillary while her face was in her son's crotch, she couldn't quite make out what Hillary was saying. Partly it was because of the ambient noise from being outside, but also Hillary was calling from a place with a lot of background outside noise too and she wasn't as loud and clear as last time.

However, Maggie figured the situation was safe enough. In the last call like this, Anushka was listening in the background and found out that she was doing something to Nick's cock, and nothing bad came of that. So she immediately dove right back down on Nick's boner and started bobbing on it with gusto.

Nick couldn't help but grunt and moan in a lusty manner as he felt a sudden and unexpected rush of sexual pleasure. His instinct was to clutch at her head with both hands, but he had to stop that, as he nearly let go of the phone.

Hillary asked suspiciously, "What's going on there?!"

Nick had to explain, "Um, I'm answering Maggie's phone because her mouth is kind of busy... at my crotch."

Hillary gasped. Then she laughed. "I can't believe it! This happened when we talked on the phone before! What is with you two?! Do you just sit around and fuck each other all day long?!"

He sighed longingly. "I wish. I would be totally up for that. No, you just had lucky timing, I guess."

"I'll say! I wish I could turn this into some hot phone sex, but unfortunately I can't talk long. I have a confession to make."

"What's that?" Nick reached down and put his hands on Maggie's head. He was trying to slow her bobbing pace some so he wouldn't completely lose his mind while talking to Hillary.

"Remember how I told you that I might go boating with Spencer today?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, that's kind of happening. I hadn't called him to cancel, but I hadn't firmed up plans with him either, so I didn't think it was happening, at least not until I talked to him first. But he just showed up at my house today, all ready to go. He was so eager that I couldn't say no. He can be very persuasive."

Nick couldn't help but sigh heavily. He was crushed. *Typical! Spencer is such a fucking sneaky sneak! Of course he "just showed up." He knows she's the prize of the century!*

Hillary hastened to add, "But I didn't want to leave you in the lurch either, since we'd kinda talked about doing something today. So I got him to agree that we'd only have a half-day on the ocean. Then you, Maggie, and I can still make it to part two of Shannon's party in the afternoon. How does that sound?"

"Okay, I guess." He couldn't help but show his disappointment in his tone of voice, despite that concession on her part.

Maggie picked up on his voice too. She stopped sucking him and lifted her head to get closer to his phone, until she could just make out what Hillary was saying. She still couldn't quite make it out though. She kept right on jacking him off without even thinking about it.

Hillary said, "I know, I know. It sucks. To be honest, I'd rather be with you and Maggie. But if it makes you feel any better, Spencer is bummed too. He had big plans to have a fancy dinner on his boat and everything."

Nick grumbled in a jealous tone, "I'll bet he did!"

Hillary responded, "Don't worry. He's persuasive, but not THAT persuasive. I'm NOT going to let him seduce me, or even touch me, so don't worry. I'm YOUR girlfriend now. If it makes you feel any better, there's gonna be several other people on the boat too, including his sister. So it's not really a seduction situation. I wouldn't walk into something like that willingly."

Nick had big doubts about the yachting trip just the same. He was mindful of the trick Debra had played on him, and he worried Spencer could pull some similar move. But he didn't want to sound whiny and jealous, so he tried to ask in a neutral tone, "Where is Spencer now?"

"We're at the marina. He's off getting the boat ready, so I'm alone. I was going to call you earlier, but Spencer just showed up at my door, and since then this is the first moment I had to call without him being near me. That's why I can't have any phone sex fun now."

Nick thought, *I'm sure he's right next to you all the time. Probably with his arm around you! Fuck!*

But he kept his feelings to himself again, and said, "Maggie's with me now. Can you hold on?"

"Sure," Hillary replied.

Then he said to Maggie, not minding if Hillary overheard, "Hillary says she's going to go boating with Spencer for the first part of the day, and then she'll join us at day two of Shannon's party for the rest of the day. How does that sound?"

Maggie was very glad Nick explained that, because now she fully understood why Nick was unhappy, since she'd missed hearing the first part of Hillary's explanation about her plan for the day.

However, this made Maggie conflicted. She was fully in Maggie mode, to the point that she still didn't stop rubbing his sweet spot. She very much looked forward to returning to the party, to give her an excuse to stay in that mode for most of the day. But she worried about Debra being there. So she simply asked, "Debra?"

Nick spoke into the phone, "Oh yeah. We like the idea of going back to the party, but only if Debra isn't there. You wouldn't want to be there either if she's there, would you?"

"No way!" Hillary's voice turned almost angry. "I've been so busy talking to Spencer that I'd almost completely forgotten about all that. Now that you reminded me, I'm pissed off all over again! If we go back and she's there, I'm sure she'll try to push us into even more sex games, using the fact that I don't want my true relationship to you to come out yet as blackmail material. ARRGH!"

Nick asked, "Is there any way we could find out for sure if she's going to be there or not?"

Hillary said, "Maybe. Let me try to call Shannon. I'm sure the party hasn't resumed yet. There are bound to be some people who spent the night, but they won't be doing anything at eleven. So Debra won't be there now. However, hopefully, Shannon can call Debra and find out in a subtle way if she'll be coming later. Then Shannon can call me back, and I'll call you. How does that sound?"

"Sure. Do that." He was still feeling hurt about Hillary's boat trip with Spencer, so he was being curt. He figured that was better than venting his feelings.

"Okay. I'll call you back as soon as I can. I'd like to get this sorted out before Spencer gets back. I already told him that it's a given I'm going back to the party."

Nick had an unpleasant thought. "Is Spencer going to go back to the party too?"

"I hadn't asked, but I assume so."

Nick had to suppress the sound of an unhappy groan.

Hillary said, "Okay, I'm gonna go now. Oh, by the way, is Maggie still doing something fun to your big dick?"

Nick looked down to his lap. "As a matter of fact, she is! As I hinted, she was sucking me off when you called. But wanting to hear you talk kind of interrupted that. She's still giving me a very nice handjob though."

Hillary laughed. "You two are awesome! I knew it!"

He cut in to accurately report, "Oops! Update! She heard me talking and just dropped her head back down. She's lapping all over my cockhead now."

Hillary laughed some more. "That is so great! Tell her I wish I was there too. And that we'd finally be taking turns bobbing on you, like we should have done many times by now already!"

He said to Maggie, "Um, Hillary says she wishes she was with us, and if she was, you and her would finally be taking turns bobbing on my cock, like you should have done many times by now."

Maggie groaned lustily, speaking loud enough for Hillary to hear, "Damn straight! Hillary, we'll do that today for sure! At the party!"

Hillary replied to Nick, "I hope we do. Now I'm getting all excited. I can't wait to see you both later! I'm going to be super pissed if Debra's there. Please don't be mad at me about this Spencer thing?"

Nick said, "I'm not mad. Just worried. I'm sure he has his sights set on you."

"I know he does, but YOU won me, not him! Remember, I'm not just your girlfriend, I'm your slut! One of your TWO sluts!" There was a pause.

Then she said, "I can't believe I just said that out loud while standing here at the marina! I just had to double check again to make sure nobody heard that. Especially Spencer! Can you imagine how frustrated he'd be? Anyway, I've gotta go to make these calls. I'll talk to you later."

"Later!" Nick heard the phone line disconnect, so he put the cell phone back down. He sighed heavily and closed his eyes.

Maggie sat up on one arm, so she had to stop her licking. But she kept on jacking him off. She asked eagerly, "So, what did I miss? I heard some of it, but not everything."

"You heard that Spencer is taking Hillary on his yacht. She was already calling from the marina, while he was off getting the yacht ready." He sighed yet again, letting Maggie know what his feelings were about that.

She asked, "But what about Debra and the party?"

He forgot what parts Maggie probably overheard, since he was highly distracted with talking on top of her stroking and licking, so he simply told her everything he thought she needed to know. "Oh yeah. Hillary doesn't want to go if Debra's there. No surprise on that. She's going to call Shannon and hopefully find out for sure if Debra's going or not. She's going to call us back shortly about that. If she's not there, then we can go."

"And if she isn't?"

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "I'm afraid to ask. But I suspect she will spend the whole day with Spencer. He already said he had plans to wine and dine her on his family's yacht. How can I compete with THAT?!"

Maggie said, "Now, now, don't you worry. If you ever feel any doubt, remember that Hillary is YOUR girlfriend. Spencer can only wish he was in your shoes. Plus, you have me too, your busty and beautiful mother! If Spencer knew that, it would literally blow his brain right off!"

To help make her point, she leaned forward and resumed licking the tip of Nick's cock.

He opened his eyes at that. Since she was still sitting up on one arm, not only did he see her hand stroking his erection and her tongue licking around his cockhead, but he could see her huge, tanned tits dangling down too.

That did make him feel a lot better, as well as more aroused. Still, he complained, "That's true, but this is all a mirage. It's all based on lies and deception! Once Hillary discovers the truth, she'll drop me like a hot potato. Spencer will sweep in, like a vulture. And the tangle of lies grows thicker with my having to keep secret what happened with Debra last night."

Maggie said as she licked in swirls around his bulbous knob, "First off, this is NOT all a mirage. I'm real, aren't I? Does this feel real or fake?" She suddenly engulfed his cockhead and bobbed down to his sweet spot, using a corkscrew slurping pattern.

He couldn't help but close his eyes to luxuriate in the joy. He smiled widely. "Oh, man! So good!"

She meant to get back to responding to his comment in a minute or so, but she enjoyed sucking his cock so much that she forgot to stop! She was still going at it a couple of minutes later when Hillary called back.

This time, she didn't have to pause in her bobbing at all.

He picked up the phone and answered it. "Hello?"

"Nick, it's Hillary. Is she still... you know?"

"As a matter of fact, she is! She's doing amaaaazing things with her tongue as we speak!"

Hillary chuckled. "Sheesh! Figures. Are her cheeks caved in as she sucks? That looks so sexy, whenever she does that to you."

He passed the message on to Maggie. "Hillary wants to know if your cheeks are caved in."

They weren't, but she switched styles immediately upon hearing that. She switched from busy tongue work to powerful suction and sliding lips.

He moaned needfully and put a hand on her head to try to get her to ease up a bit. He told Hillary, "She is now! Jesus! She's sucking me deeper with sunken cheeks, like the infinite power of a black hole!"

Hillary laughed. "Nice! That's my favorite astronomical blowjob metaphor of the day." She laughed some more. "Anyway, Spencer is still getting his yacht ready. I just finished the second of two calls with Shannon."

Nick couldn't help but interrupt with the question, "I thought you called it a 'boat' in our last call?"

Hillary said with obvious discomfort, "Yeah, well, as I've been sitting here I've seen the boat Spencer and his helpers are fussing with, and it's definitely a yacht. I don't even know what the difference between a boat and a yacht is, but this is a yacht. Anyway, Shannon says that Debra definitely isn't coming, so no worries there."

Nick asked, "How can we be sure? And wouldn't the mere fact that Debra was asked if she was coming make her suspicious, and likely to do something sneaky?"

"Nah. You're getting too paranoid. Shannon's really nice. I told her that I was having a problem with Debra, without telling her what it was, and that you, Maggie, and I would only come back if Debra wasn't there. So

Shannon cleverly told Debra that she wanted to know if she was coming so she'd know how many guests to make dinner for. Also, remember about the guard at the guard house. Shannon volunteered to have the guard make special note if Debra comes through, and then pass that on to her immediately. So there's no way she can sneak in, unless she has a team of ninjas helping her get over that huge fence around the property."

"That's a relief," he said.

"And there's one more thing. Curiously, Debra did ask her if the three of us were coming back, and Shannon told her that we weren't. So we're good."

He said, "Okay, that's even better." He said to Maggie, "Hillary says Debra definitely won't be at the party."

Maggie had paused with her cocksucking, but she gave a thumbs-up and went right back to bobbing without ever having taken her lips off his shaft.

Hillary let out a long, sexy sigh. "Time out! I can't believe I'm talking to you while Maggie is sucking your cock! That is just so arousing and amazing! She still is, isn't she?!"

"She is," he said proudly. "I'm stroking her hair as I speak. She's my sexy little naked slut!"

Maggie let out a loud, near-orgasmic moan, so loud that it was almost a yell. She let it out because she felt a jolt of pleasure race down her spine in response to his comment. But she also made it that loud to make sure Hillary could hear it.

Indeed, Hillary exclaimed, "I heard that! Damn! If I wasn't standing here at this marina... Ugh! And what about me?" Her voice turned sultry and provocative. "Nick, aren't I your 'sexy little naked slut' too?"

His head swam, because he was having a hard time fathoming his long-time dream girl would ever say things like that to him. He said, "You are! You are! So much!"

He groaned again, because Maggie was continuing with her intense sucking style, complete with caved-in cheeks. It was starting to get to him. He was forced to start squeezing his PC muscle.

Hillary laughed. "This is so much fun! I can't see, but I can hear how much you're in a kind of sexual agony, because she's sucking you so hard!"

He thought, *Man! Too much! She's right! I've gotta move this conversation along before I cum right in the middle of the call!* To that end, he asked Hillary, "Switching the subject... So when will you be done with your yachting thing then?"

"Unfortunately, I don't know. Spencer agreed we'd only go out for a few hours. But it's almost eleven-thirty already and we haven't even gotten started. I'm going to try to keep this short, but I'd guess three at best, maybe four. Actually, more like four, since we have to drive back and all that. Is that okay?"

Nick replied, "Yeah, but hurry please. I want to see you in a bikini at Shannon's hot tub."

Hillary smiled widely. Nick couldn't see the smile, but he could hear her delight in her tone of voice. She said, "Don't worry, that's definitely gonna happen! And you'll see me in even less! There's like a million bedrooms in the upper levels of Shannon's mansion, and I have some ideas what you, Maggie, and I can do in them!"

He joked, "Oh, good. We're probably thinking along the same lines. I'm a big Scrabble player too." He was proud he was able to come up with that while Maggie was still going all out in her power sucking style.

Hillary laughed. "Funny. What I don't get is how you can make a joke like that while Maggie is sucking you off. She still is, isn't she?"

"Oh, she definitely is!" He brought a hand back to the top of Maggie's blonde head and resumed stroking her hair. "Maggie is a friggin' fantastic cocksucker! If you want to see sunken cheeks, you should see what I'm seeing right now! And feeling! Good Lord!"

He said that knowing it would embarrass his mother. But he also had started to realize that getting embarrassed in a sexual way usually greatly aroused her too.

Sure enough, Maggie blushed and closed her eyes. But despite her "power sucking" style, she'd been sliding her lips and back on him fairly slowly. She didn't want to get too carried away, so she could try to keep track of the phone call conversation. Now, to get sexy revenge on him, she started sucking his erection with even more fervor and speed, like she was determined to get him to cum before the phone call ended.

Nick realized he was going to have a hell of a time just coherently finishing the call with Hillary. But what Maggie's sliding, ultra-tight lip-lock was doing to him felt so great that he was willing to ride that tiger.

Hillary said to him, "You continually amaze me. I've heard of insatiable, but you take the cake! Save some of that cock for me at the party, okay?"

"Okay!"

Looking down at Maggie's bobbing head of hair, he remembered how things had ended the last time the three of them were together in the sauna room. Maggie and Hillary had smeared his cum all over their tits and then rubbed their tits together! It was such an orgasm-inducing sight that he could only take a couple of quick peeks.

That memory inspired him to say, "If I save some of my cock for you, then I'm going to have to save some of my cum for you too. If I do, will you promise to lick it right off Maggie's bare breasts?"

"You know I will!"

Maggie couldn't hear Hillary's reply, but just hearing Nick's question practically made her heart stop. She froze with Nick's cock still filling her mouth, opened her eyes, and looked at Nick expectantly.

Nick explained to his mother, "Hillary just said 'you know I will,' so that is definitely going to happen. I'm gonna blow a big load all over both of your faces, and I fully expect you to feed it to each other, snowball it back and forth, smear it all over your skin, and lick it off each other too! Then, I want you to suck me hard again, together, so I can paint you with another layer of cum! Then we'll do it again and again until you both leave the party naked and dripping with sperm everywhere!"

That sounded so good to Maggie that she held her breath until he was done saying all that. Then she attacked his cock with an even more ravenous need than before. She sucked him with still great power and suction, and she stroked the saliva-soaked inches not in her mouth for good measure. But she left his balls alone, because she brought her other hand down to her crotch and started urgently fingering herself as well.

Nick had spoken those words mainly to arouse Maggie. But his mouth was still at the cell phone, so Hillary heard it all too.

She complained, "Damn you, Nick! That's too damn HOT! What am I going to do now?! I'm all hot and bothered, but I'm about to go on Spencer's yacht!"

"Shit!" Nick was suddenly very regretful.

Hillary laughed. "Don't worry. I'll calm down soon enough. Trust me, Spencer is no threat to you. For one thing, he could never say that... and deliver! I can't wait until I see you two later! Give Maggie this message, okay?"

"Okay!" Nick was panting hard, mostly because of Maggie's renewed oral attack.

Hillary said, "Maggie, take good care of Nick's cock until later..."

Nick repeated, "Maggie, Hillary wants me to tell you: 'Take good care of Nick's cock until later...'"

Hillary added, "But don't let him cum too much. He's gotta save that cum to blast all over our faces and boobs! And then we're going to snowball it back and forth with our hot kisses!"

Nick repeated that too, word for word.

Hearing that excited Maggie tremendously. But she already was extremely aroused, and she was fingering her slit, so a big orgasm suddenly hit her. She almost bit down on Nick's boner unthinkingly as she struggled not to scream. Instead, she managed to pull off. Then she was about to scream, but she remembered she was outside, on the roof, where neighbors might hear! That naughty fact knocked her for a loop and made her nearly deliriously aroused. She somehow held off from screaming loudly, and let out a series of frustrated stifled yelps and gasps instead.

Hillary heard those curious noises, because even though they weren't full-on screams, they were loud enough to reach the cell phone. She asked Nick breathlessly, "Is Maggie cumming?!"

"Yep!"

"Dammit! Now I'm even MORE aroused! You'd better get off the phone before you work me up to the point where I really WILL attack Spencer, just to get some relief!"

He got nearly panicky, even as he was struggling hard not to cum himself. "Don't do that, for God's sake! Don't do that!"

Hillary purred sexily, "I'll be good, but only if you baste me in cum later! Slather me in gallons of your potent seed! Fuck! I really am going to have to get off the phone before I start masturbating here. I'm going to need to take a quick walk or even a run to burn off this energy. Quickly, before I go: so the plan is to meet back at Shannon's. I'll see you there around four-ish, maybe five-ish. If there's some problem, I'll call, but otherwise we'll meet there, okay?"

"Okay!"

"Good! Now, have fun with Maggie, but not TOO much fun! Bye!"

"Bye!"

Nick was emotionally and physically exhausted all of a sudden. He surely would have cum in a minute or less, except that Maggie's long climax ended shortly before the phone call did, and she was even more tired out, since she'd been doing all the physical work. She had pulled her lips off his hard-on near the start of her orgasm, and she felt unable to do anything to his needy, pulsing cock for a while. All she could do was rest with her head on one of his thighs.

She thought, I'm SUCH a slut! How do these things keep happening to me? Yes, I'll admit that I was naked and ready for him to come here and find me. I knew deep down that his cock and my mouth were going to have some fun here together. That's why I had my high heels ready to go. But then Hillary called and just knowing she knows I'm sucking him is such a fucking HUGE turn-on! Then, on top of that, he had to say all those things about sharing his cum with her! GAAWWWD!

Does he have any clue what that does to me?! That's my secret weakness! Well, one of them. The way he twists my nipples is pretty damn devastating too. Oh Jesus! I just had a scary thought: what if he twisted my nipples and fingered my pussy while Hillary licked some cum off my breasts and snowballed it into my mouth with a sexy kiss? I think I'd just DIE! I would literally DIE of some kind of sexual overdose!

And that's without even thinking about my son fucking me, which suddenly is starting to seem not totally impossible! I might even have to do it to save

him from Debra!

Oh God! God! Dear Lord, fucking have mercy! I just had a massive climax, and I'm already getting this worked up again, just from my thoughts! I can't take it! My body can't take it! Even my pussy can't take it, and he hasn't touched it yet! What if he wants more pussy training today? And not just with fingers like last time, but with tongue?! Then I very well could die! Jesus H. Christ!

Even though she was wiped out, she managed to sit up. She looked down upon her naked son. *Wow! He's handsome! Okay, maybe not movie star handsome like Spencer, and he's never going to win any bodybuilder competitions. And maybe I'm hopelessly biased because I love him and lust after him so much. But he sure is handsome to me! When I see him like this, my heart does backflips!*

God! And that COCK! Just poking up like a flagpole, totally unattended by even my hands or his hands. I need to fix that. It belongs in my hot mouth, or deep in my cleavage!

However, she was still exhausted, so she contented herself with conversation for a while. She was too wiped out to even stroke him some more. "Son, before Hillary called that second time, we were talking about something. Do you remember what it was?"

He had been breathing hard with his eyes closed, recovering from a near orgasm. He thought back to what had been said earlier.

He opened his eyes, and said, "Oh yeah. I was complaining how none of this is really real, because I'm a fraud. It's all a mirage. But you were saying it's not a mirage, and that you're very real. Then you started to suck my dick to show how real you were, and we kind of forgot to keep talking after that, until Hillary called."

Maggie nodded. "Right. Good memory. Thanks, because there's more I wanted to say about that."

Despite her weariness, she took his erection back in hand already, since she was worried it might go flaccid due to neglect. She needn't have worried, with her fulsome E-cups on display.

Once she held it, she couldn't resist resuming pleasuring it too, even if all she had the energy to do was rub his sweet spot. "I AM real. And, as you

can tell, I've gone far beyond taking part in your fake girlfriend scheme just so you can get Hillary to date you. Can't you see that I love your cock? I love playing with it! I'm really tired right now, after you made me cum so hard. You have no idea. You meanie!" She smirked playfully at him. "But it's like I can't stop! See?"

She repositioned so she could lick and suck him some more. But she came up with the good idea of lying down between his legs in such a way so that his thick pole was trapped between her tits. Now, she could titfuck him and lick his cockhead too. She was too tired to move her big tits much, but she kept his shaft in a tight tit-squeeze while licking down to his sweet spot.

He groaned and moaned with pleasure. He closed his eyes again to better savor the erotic sensations. Plus, the sight of his boner trapped between her round melons was too arousing for him to handle.

She wasn't done talking. "A lot of women don't like giving blowjobs. I used to be one of them. But not with you! Even though I'm your mother - and yes, I'm in Maggie mode now, but I never completely stop being your mother - even though I'm your mother, I love to suck your cock! Especially right here, where you love it the most!" She tenderly kissed his sweet spot several times, and then resumed licking there.

She continued, "Frankly, it concerns me that things with Hillary might end for one reason or another, and then where will I be? Where will I get my daily fix of sweet son-cum?"

Apparently she couldn't help herself after saying that, because she engulfed his cockhead again and bobbed on it some more. That was fairly remarkable, considering she was still recovering from her massive orgasm.

Nick loved it, naturally, but he felt obliged to point out, "It's hardly a 'daily fix.' You only get to be Maggie on Tuesdays and Thursdays, plus if there's something happening with Hillary after school."

Maggie pulled her lips back off to answer that, because it was a very important topic. "Yes. True. But I'm thinking we may need to change that, at least for a while. I'm very concerned about this situation with Debra. She's going to try to get her hooks on you at school, I just know it. She'll think up some sneaky excuse or another to get you alone, and then you'll be fucking her again before you know what hit you!"

She paused to lick his cock for a while, so that point could sink in.

He thought about fucking Debra again, *That doesn't sound like a bad idea at all. Not at all! But the fact I'm reacting that way is a serious problem. Debra is a dangerous distraction. It would be crazy-stupid to get this far with my ultimate dream with Hillary AND Ma only to lose it all due to some stupid thing that might happen with Debra. I can't let my dick do all my thinking for me!*

Maggie was getting her energy back. She started to move her tits a little bit, mostly by squeezing and unsqueezing them with her hands. As she did that, and licked his boner too, she said, "Hillary and I are going to need to talk about this. We'll have to work together to keep you from even getting close to Debra. So, for the time being, I'm probably going to have to take you to school every day."

He bolted his upper body up, sitting up in the lounge chair like he'd heard a dangerous gunshot. He was careful not to take his boner out of her cleavage though. "No way! AWESOME!"

Maggie snickered. "Don't think that means I'm going to suck you off EVERY day." She paused, and then admitted, "Okay, truth be told, it probably does. Probably more than once a day, if you include titfucks in that."

"YES!" He pumped a fist in the air.

She felt goose bumps all over, because her admission just made that a lot more likely. *Yes, indeed! I'm such a shameless slut! My Maggie mode is rapidly taking over, and I can't seem to stop it. Or want to stop it! I love being his busty, nude mommy slut! Although it is for a good cause, to keep Debra away... So really, I have no choice!*

She luxuriated in the joy of licking his sweet spot some more. "Anyway, my thinking doesn't stop there. If things ever go completely astray with Hillary, you'll still have me. At least for a while. I can help you bridge the gap until you find your next girlfriend. And with the way your reputation has soared, you'd have your pick of total hotties, I'm sure. Maybe you'd even be able to find one who'd be willing to share. If you're smart, you could make that a requirement."

She looked up at him and gave him a sexy wink. "So you and I might not have to stop at all, at least not for a long time."

That was a brand new idea, even for her. She hadn't planned on saying that, and it screwed with the entire "hand-over" idea, but she was so very horny thinking about sucking his cock at least twice a day from now on that it just came out.

Nick was flabbergasted. "Jeeeesus! Holy shit! That sounds amazing! Even though no other girl could compare to Hillary... I wouldn't exactly be suffering, would I?"

She felt embarrassed at what she'd just said, but she didn't want to take it back. So she tried to downplay it by lying to herself. *I'm just saying that so he won't be so worried about losing Hillary to Spencer. It's not like that HAS to happen!*

She went on, "No, you wouldn't be suffering at all. And that's your worst-case scenario. So don't be talking about how this is all a mirage. It's not! You have TWO hot sluts at your beck and call, your two dream girls! That's the new reality. You're the new you. I'm the new me. The old Nick is dead. The new Nick is a total fuckin' STUD with a giant cock monster in his shorts that just won't quit! So get used to it! That's an ORDER, from your big-breasted, beautiful, and cum-hungry MOTHER! You got that?!"

Since he was sitting up, he looked down at her. The sight of his boner trapped between her E-cups was thrilling enough, and the way she was eagerly licking the part that stuck out through the top of her cleavage doubled his joy. But that was just the start, because he could see the rest of her body, all the way to her high heels. Her all-over tan was simply to die for, but her musculature and curves were what made the sight truly breathtaking.

He thought, *Fuck! Seriously, fuck a duck! My mother is so fucking gorgeous that I almost can't breathe! If only I could fuck her! Now that I know what fucking is truly like, and how great it is, how can I NOT fuck her?! But not today. I need to be a patient, good son. But soon! Soon! And until then... shit! Getting driven to school every day?! That means fun in the morning and after school, five days a week! God, that's such a mind-blowing prospect that I'm getting shivers down my spine!*

Ma is right. This is NOT a mirage. This is the new reality! And THAT is a major mind-fuck! WOW!

Maggie looked up from her licking and saw the awestruck expression on his face. She smirked knowingly. "It's starting to sink in, isn't it?"

"Yeah!"

"So I don't want to hear any more moaning about how you're a so-called fraud. You're not. People can change. You've just changed, because you took action to achieve your dreams. Don't let it go to your head. Live the dream!"

He nodded, in a blissed-out daze.

Maggie thought that was the end of the conversation, so she started to devote more attention to sliding her tits up and down either side of his shaft, and licking his sweet spot too. She figured they didn't have anywhere to go, and Andy was gone for most of the day, so she could take her time to truly enjoy her son's cock. It was true they would need to eat lunch at some point, but she was more hungry for Nick's cock right now.

However, he wasn't done talking. "Thanks for cheering me up. I feel so much better. But I'm still worried about stuff. For instance, this Debra situation. I'm thinking I should tell Hillary the truth about what happened last night. It's bad enough what I did, even if I was tricked into it, but wouldn't lying about it just make things worse? The fact that I was tricked makes it easier to be honest, because hopefully Hillary will direct more of her anger at Debra than at me. Right?"

Maggie's sexual energy was all the way back, and she was impatient to return to some serious cocksucking, combined with titfucking. She couldn't completely ignore Nick's serious question though, so she had to answer that first. "That's a very tricky issue. Let me think about it. Then we'll talk about it later, okay? But don't say anything about it to Hillary today. At the very least, we should wait a few days until her anger about what happened yesterday fades. It's true that time heals all wounds."

"Okay." He was relieved not to have to worry about that problem right now. More sexual fun sounded good to him too.

Finally, there were no more distractions or phone calls, and nothing else urgent to discuss. Maggie wasted no more time. She engulfed his cockhead

yet again and got busy bobbing on it. She started out trying to do that and the titfucking at the same time, but it was uncomfortable and difficult to do both in her current position. The titfucking portion quickly went by the wayside. But she didn't mind, because she was so hungry for more of his thick cock-meat.

Chapter 49: Heading to a Meeting (Sunday)

Nick was lying back on the lounge chair with his eyes closed and his hands behind his head, basking in the joy of Maggie's continued cocksucking efforts, when he heard Maggie's cell phone ring. He figured it was probably Hillary calling again, so he picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hello? Who is this?"

It was a female voice he didn't recognize. So he asked back, "Who is THIS?"

"My name is Anushka. Is this the phone number of Maggie Palmer? I'm sorry, I must have the wrong num-"

He spoke hastily before she disconnected. "No, wait! This IS Maggie's phone! This is Nick!"

"Oh, hi Nick." Her voice became warm and friendly. "Why are you answering Maggie's phone?"

He looked down at Maggie. She'd pulled her lips off his cock because she was curious about who was calling, and she figured she might be needed to answer the line. He said, "Well, Anushka, Maggie and I are hanging out right now, and I just happened to be a lot nearer to her phone." He deliberately said Anushka's name out loud so Maggie would know who he was talking to.

Maggie sat up and covered her huge breasts with both hands. For some reason, knowing that Nick was talking to Anushka was making her self-conscious about her nudity and her recent sexual activity. She longed to at least keep stroking her son's thick cock, but she felt it wouldn't be right to do that while he was talking to Anushka.

The Indian beauty asked him, "Oh. Well, can I speak to her please?"

Nick looked at Maggie's gorgeous naked body and he said to Anushka, "Sure. But before I hand the phone over, can I ask why you're calling? I figure it the odds are very good it's going to affect me."

Anushka sighed. "I'm bored. And curious."

That puzzled him. "Sorry?"

"What I mean is, I haven't seen much of Hillary this weekend. She's off on some stupid yacht right now, as you probably know. Then I hear she's going to be going back to that dumb party with you later on."

"That's right," he said cautiously.

Anushka said, "So I've been doing a lot of thinking about things. In particular, about this new arrangement that you managed to hammer through. If that holds up for any length of time, and the odds are pretty good that it will, then Maggie is going to play an important role in my life, if only indirectly. And yet I've never met her. I don't even have a picture of her. I'm bored and dying of curiosity, okay? I'd like to find out more about her. So can you hand the phone to her?" It sounded like she was getting a bit testy.

He said, "Sure, but in just a moment. Can I make a suggestion first?"

"Suggest away."

"What if the three of us meet up today? You, me, and Maggie. Wouldn't that be better than talking on the phone? I'll bet you're dying to find out what she looks like."

Maggie flashed Nick a concerned look about his suggestion. She wasn't sure if that was wise. She knew her looks were extraordinary, although she was naturally modest about them most of the time, and she worried that Anushka's jealousy would grow if Anushka saw how she actually looked.

Nick saw and understood his mother's look, but he had a gut feeling that it would be good for Maggie and Anushka to meet. He was getting frustrated at the lies and deception he was forced to maintain, and he figured this was one small thing where he could be more forthcoming without it leading to disaster. He was a lot more optimistic about the direction things were going with Anushka after the great three-hour meeting with her yesterday.

Anushka was silent as she considered Nick's suggestion.

While he waited, he started stroking his cock. It had nothing to do with the call; it was just that his boner was throbbing with pleasure and any touch felt great. But since he was thinking of Anushka, he couldn't help but picture her and her incredible G-cup breasts.

Maggie wasn't happy that he was masturbating during the call. But she couldn't admonish him for fear that Anushka would hear, and he wasn't looking her way, so she couldn't give him a sharp look either.

After a pause of about ten seconds, Anushka finally said, "Ah... sure. I suppose... that sounds... okay. If she's okay with the idea, that is?"

Nick asked, so both Maggie and Anushka could hear, "Maggie, would you like to meet Anushka today? We've got a couple of hours before the party." He finally looked back at his voluptuous mother, and did a double-take at the stunning sight. It was exactly like his vision of Anushka from the neck down, except for lighter skin and smaller boobs.

Maggie was frustrated by the idea of meeting Anushka. With Andy gone, she'd been planning on spending nearly all that time having fun with Nick's cock.

She'd already planned out their next few hours in her mind. She decided that she was going to suck and titfuck until he came. But she hoped to keep him on the orgasmic edge for a least half-hour before either he or she ran out of energy and he had to blow his load. Then, the two of them could eat lunch. He could go downstairs and get the food and drinks for them to consume on the sun roof so she wouldn't need to put on any clothes or mentally leave her Maggie mode. They could feed each other with lots of kissing and fondling along the way. Then she figured another long pussy fingering lesson was in order, with a lot of sixty-nine practice. Including cunnilingus practice for the first time. That would get both of them so worked up that it would naturally lead into another epic cocksucking session. And that was just for starters!

Needless to say, Maggie couldn't convey her thoughts and reservations about this if Nick had the phone next to his face. But she considered the idea and also had a gut reaction that it was probably for the best.

I need to put my selfish desires to the side. What's more important, getting to suck his cock for most of the day, or hopefully taking a big step forward in improving relations with Anushka? It's not even a close call. Besides, with the party later and all, I'll bet I'll end up sucking him as much as my jaw can stand before the day is over anyway.

So she said loudly, in order for Anushka to hear, "Sure. That sounds good. If that's what Anushka wants to do." While she had his attention, she tried to give him a discouraging look about his continued masturbating.

Nick pretended not to notice that look, and kept on slowly stroking himself. He was looking at Maggie's naked body while imagining what it would

look like to see Anushka standing naked next to her, and the two of them maybe even kissing each other. It was a heady thought!

After a blissful pause while he pondered that, he remembered to ask Anushka, "Did you hear that?"

"I did," Anushka replied. "I don't know if I'm ready for a face-to-face meeting though. I thought we could just start things rolling with a phone call."

"Well, you can do that too. I'll hand the phone to her in a minute. But first I want to sort this meeting idea out." He was getting more and more worked up mentally picturing Anushka naked and kissing Maggie. To see them rub their bare racks together would be incredible!

Anushka said shyly, "I don't know. Shouldn't Hillary be there too?"

He spoke confidently. "I'm sure Hillary would approve. But she's on a boat with Spencer right now, and I understand you're deliberately staying away from Shannon's party, so if we wait for Hillary, a meeting won't happen today, and maybe not for a few days or longer, with the school week starting back up tomorrow. Aren't you just dying of curiosity to see what Maggie is like?"

Anushka growled, "You know that I am, because I just told you that!" But then she sighed in resignation. "Fine. I suppose there's no harm in meeting in person today for a cup of coffee or something. But when?"

Nick asked, "Maggie and I haven't eaten lunch yet. Have you?"

"No."

"Okay, then. Let's meet for lunch. I'll hand the phone over to Maggie now so you two can get acquainted and work out the details. Sound good?"

"Geez! You pounded that into place in a hurry. When you want something, you really make it happen."

He thought, *That is true. But only when I'm horny and thus surging with confidence.*

He looked down at his still very erect cock, and his hand sliding back and forth of it. *I guess I really do have a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde kind of thing going on, in a way. Except I never wanted anything badly enough to push*

for it until this fake girlfriend scheme started to come together. And Anushka, you're key to making that work.

He told her, "That's true. I figure there's no point in beating around the bush. I think it'll be great if you two meet. Then you won't worry about her and she won't worry about you."

Anushka asked with surprise, "She worries about me?! Why?!"

"Simply because everyone worries about the unknown. But you're a nice person, and she's a nice person, so I'm sure you two will become fast friends. Now, here she is."

Maggie didn't feel she was ready, but she had no choice but to take the phone from Nick and speak. She sat on the edge of the lounge chair next to Nick with her feet on the ground. As she repositioned near him, she slapped a hand near his erection without actually hitting it, and gave him a dirty look for good measure. "Hello? Anushka?"

He got the message and let go of his hard-on.

Anushka said in a friendly voice, "Hi, Maggie. You've got a VERY persuasive boyfriend there! Geez!"

He quickly repositioned so he was sitting behind Maggie. That kept his head only a foot or two away from hers, so he could hear what Anushka was saying. It also allowed him to resume lightly stroking his boner without Maggie seeing and getting annoyed.

Maggie laughed a bit nervously. "Yeah, he can be like that at times. But really, he's not a pushy guy. Most people who know him think of him as a shy, unassuming type."

Anushka replied, "That's what Hillary said he was like last year, but I find that hard to believe from what I've seen of him. Did something cause him to change recently?"

Maggie replied carefully, "Well, kind of. I guess I'm largely to blame. When we started going out, his confidence emerged and he went from wallflower to, well, quite the lady killer. Anyway, I've heard a LOT about you. I can't wait to meet you! It'll be nice."

"Same here," Anushka said. "The more I think about it, the more I'm warming up to this meeting idea. We can surprise the heck out of Hillary

when she comes back from her boat trip and finds out we met and managed not to kill each other."

Maggie joked, "That is if we DON'T kill each other." She chuckled at her own joke, along with Anushka. "Don't worry, I'm sure it'll be fine. It's like Nick just said. We have nothing to fear from each other, it's just the fear of the unknown."

Maggie and Anushka continued to make "getting to know you" small talk. Within short order, both of them found themselves very comfortable talking to each other.

Nick was chagrined, in a way. Like Maggie, he'd been looking forward to a couple hours of uninterrupted sexual bliss, interrupted only because they needed to eat lunch at some point. Although they could have still risked having sexual fun on the sun roof if Andy was home, the fact that he was gone made them feel more relaxed and adventurous. Unless he also watched Monday Night Football with friends, he probably wouldn't be out of the house like this until the next weekend.

Furthermore, he was extremely horny at the moment, even more so than usual. He'd been having a great time getting his cock sucked by his increasingly orally talented mother. Even now, he kept on lightly stroking his hard-on. It was only a pale reflection of how good it was with Maggie, but he was so aroused that it was like he couldn't stop.

However, he was trying harder to think with his brain instead of his dick. He felt chastened from letting his libido rule him last night with Debra. Even though he would certainly be missing out on lots of great sexual pleasure with Maggie, he was certain that having Maggie and Anushka meet and start to become friends was much more important to his long-term goals.

Besides, he had an ulterior motive: he figured that the better his relationship with Anushka got, the more likely Anushka would remove the restriction on Hillary and him fucking. And now that he found out how truly great fucking was, he was more than willing to meet Anushka every single day, if necessary, until she gave permission. Plus, he genuinely liked Anushka and she certainly was easy on the eyes.

Now that Maggie was talking to Anushka on the phone, she was fully focused on that and she didn't pay Nick any mind. Even if she felt like

touching him sexually, she wouldn't have felt it was right to do that with Anushka on the line.

However, Nick was sitting behind his completely naked bombshell mother, and he couldn't simply ignore that fact. He came up with an idea to at least have some fun. He found the forgotten bottle of suntan lotion, squeezed some of the lotion into his open hand, and started applying the lotion to Maggie's bare back.

Although Maggie wanted to concentrate on the phone call, she figured a suntan lotion application was harmless enough. So she just kept on talking and let him do what he wanted.

The call went on for a while. Maggie and Anushka were both trying to make a face-to-face meeting easier by getting to know each other on the phone first.

As a result, Nick had a field day applying lotion all over Maggie's body, both front and back. He didn't get too intimate with her private parts because he knew she was busy with the important phone conversation. But he loved simply exploring every inch of her body, including some of the harder to reach places that he hadn't paid much attention to up until now. It was thrilling enough to keep his cock still and throbbing with arousal. Occasionally, he stroked his boner with his other hand to help keep his erotic buzz going strong.

Eventually, Maggie and Anushka wound down their phone call after sorting out a time and place to meet for lunch.

As soon as Maggie got off the line, she stood up. "Okay, time to go!"

Nick was surprised by that. He hadn't been paying close attention to what was being said in the call, since he'd been tuned in to exploring Maggie's fantastic body instead. He asked, "What? Go? Now?"

Maggie turned around to face him. Totally unashamed at her nudity, she put her hands on her hips in an impatient gesture. "Yes. Now. We're overdue for lunch. Anushka and I decided we're hungry, and I'm sure you're hungry too."

He was hungry, since this was past his usual lunch time. But he was very horny too. "Yeah, sure, but can't we kind of finish up first?" He looked

down bashfully at his rigid erection. "You've had a nice orgasm or two today, I noticed, but I haven't had any yet. Besides, I can't go like this!"

Maggie said, "Son, you're always stiff as a rod. Always! And your stamina! Good Lord! Do you know how long it takes to get you to cum each time? I love it, but it's a serious trial. Besides, even if I help you cum, you'll just stay hard, like you always do after the first time."

"Not always," he said.

"Almost always," she replied.

He suggested, "Wouldn't it be better if I could meet her without having a raging boner? Especially since she's lesbian."

"HA!" Maggie thought that was genuinely funny. "I understand Anushka is quite the looker, and very busty besides. Even if I got you to cum twice, you'd just get erect again within five minutes of seeing her, if not less."

He didn't have anything to say to that, because he realized it was probably true.

Maggie chuckled at his lack of reply. "A-ha! See? I'm right. Oh, to be a teenager again, for real. Your sexual energy is boundless!" She held out a hand to help pull him up. "Come on, let's go, Mr. Boner Man."

He took her hand and reluctantly stood up. In so doing, he somehow managed to pull Maggie's hand that had been helping him up to his crotch. Her fingers curled around his shaft. He kept his hand-over hers to make sure she wouldn't let go.

He put on his best needy puppy dog look. "How 'bout just one minute of cocksucking before we go? Just one minute?"

"No!" Maggie said with determination. "We have to go, now!" And yet she wasn't making any attempt to let go of his thick pole. She'd even started rhythmically squeezing it.

He still persisted, "Come on. Wouldn't you like to kneel naked and suck?"

She was weakening, and her determined voice was sounding uncertain. "You know I love that, but we just don't have time." She was blatantly stroking his cock now.

Sensing he was making progress, he went on, "I love it so much when I'm standing up and I see your naked body kneeling there, with your gorgeous

face bobbing rhythmically, and your sweet lips stretched around my shaft. It feels soooooo great! And I proudly think, 'That's my mother! My centerfold mom! She could be doing anything, but she chooses to show how much she loves me with her lips and tongue!' Don't you kind of like those same things?"

He eyes widened as she emotively answered, "So much! I love all those things so much! But..." She looked down at her fingers sliding on his thick erection, and bit her lip. She was salivating like crazy. "But... we don't want... to... uh, to be late..."

He added, "And then, seeing you wearing high heels, RED high heels, knowing that's your secret signal that you're hot to trot and ready to suck! That makes me so horny! Just seeing those makes me want to cum all over your face!"

She whined helplessly, "Why'd you have to mention the heels? And facials! No fair!" Her fingers were sliding faster, and she was repeatedly licking her lips. "If only I didn't tell Anushka that we're leaving straight away. Gaawwwd! Your cock looks so yummy! But.. I don't want to make a bad impression..."

He pleaded, "I swear, I'll count to 60 out loud so we don't go over a minute. Besides, we've already wasted a minute talking about it. Wouldn't it be faster-"

She interrupted, "Fine! But only because it'll be faster this way." She quickly dropped to her knees. "Start counting!" She swallowed his cockhead and then some, and began bobbing on it.

He grunted and groaned, and clenched the sides of his own head. "UNNNGH! Such a RUSH! Damn!"

Maggie felt a great erotic rush just like he did. At first, she was so overcome by all the joys of cocksucking that she'd come to adore that she forgot about the counting. But then, after about a minute, she calmed down enough to remember. With her mouth crammed full of cock, she muttered, "Tharrrd coundng ahhreadhaah..."

It took him a few moments, but he realized she'd said "Start counting already." He coughed. "Oh. Right. Sorry." He started counting, but extremely slowly "One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi..."

As he did that, he thought some more about Anushka. *Fuck, man! I'm psyched to see her again. She's seriously hot! There aren't a lot of women in the Ma and Hillary league, but she's right there! Even if she'd been at the party last night, she would have totally blown everyone away, if only do to her breast size. God, what fucking TITS!*

It's such a shame she's lesbian. But she said she dated some boys before she hooked up with Hillary, so maybe she's not totally lesbian. I hope not! I even get kind of a flirty vibe from her. Or is that only in my imagination?

God! Wouldn't it be fucking awesome to get it on with her too?! It almost defies belief! I know it's probably just a fantasy, but it's a totally hot one! Since Hillary's having sex with her, how could she get upset if I did too? We could go wild together! And Hillary could make it a threesome! Oh, man! So fucking HOT! And Ma is sucking my cock right now too! Everything is too fucking great!

He kept on counting, but he spoke slower and slower, with bigger pauses between each count. She occasionally tapped his leg when he stopped, only to have him remember to say one more number and then stop again. One minute passed, and then another.

Maggie knew he was counting far too slowly, and it was driving her crazy. She knew the "one minute" had stretched to at least five minutes already, if not ten. But her cock lust was driving her on, and she couldn't bear to pull off long enough to admonish him.

Instead, she played with her pussy and clit while she used every trick she could think of get him to cum right away. She knew it was probably a hopeless task since his stamina seemed to be improving by the day, and his penis had a big break while she spoke to Anushka, even if he was fondling himself sometimes. But she figured the meeting with Anushka would go better if he came once, so he wasn't out of control horny.

Eventually, Nick's count reached 50. Knowing that he was running out of numbers, he started stalling even more outrageously. Instead of just saying a number and then "Mississippi," he began babbling about Mississippi in a stream of consciousness way. He figured that was better than increasingly long silences.

A couple more minutes later, Maggie thought, *FUCK! This is getting ridiculous! We're only to 55! And he's not even close to cumming, the clever*

little shit! He knows I love sucking his cock too much! MMMM! I can't get enough!

If merely sucking his cock is this good, imagine how much better getting fucked by it would be! Frankly, I don't even think my pussy could handle it. He'd split me in two! I'd be bawling like a baby, clawing at his back, screaming my head off, and generally getting drilled deep into the ground with his jackhammer mommy-splitter! I'd have to work up to his thickness with increasingly large dildos to even have a chance!

God, that's SO HOT! Getting fucked by my son's awesome cock! It's not fair to have a son this endowed! How am I supposed to resist? Sucking on it is an ordeal, but the best ordeal in the world! Mmmm! You know what? Fuck Anushka! I'll just tell her the car broke down. Or hell, at least we can make an excuse to be late, VERY late! I want Nick to properly fuck my face, and he hasn't done that yet today, not even once!

But no, we have to be responsible. This meeting is important! UGH! If only I could get him to cum already! He's never going to reach 60. He's too fucking clever!

She continued to act as if she was helpless to pull her lips off him until he counted all the way to 60, which was bullshit. But it was a good excuse to take the decision to stop out of her hands.

She realized that she wasn't likely to get him to cum soon, but she could cum herself. She decided that if she did that, she'd probably be able to rediscover her willpower and stop. She'd already been fingering herself most of the time, but now she put more emphasis on that. She even brought the hand that had been alternating between stroking his shaft and fondling his balls down to her chest and she pulled on her nipples.

That pushed her over the edge. She had a nice climax, although not an overwhelming one. Talking to Anushka had cooled her down and she hadn't had time to rise up to her usual great peak when having sexual fun with her son.

Her plan to rediscover her willpower after cumming herself actually worked. As soon as her orgasm ended, she pulled her lips off Nick's thickness and stood up. "Okay, that's enough. Let's go."

He was surprised. "Wait! What? I'm only at 57!"

She gave him a disparaging look. "Yeah, and 50 was about five minutes ago. Your one minute turned into ten, easily, so don't complain! You've had PLENTY of fun. And if you cum, you'll just stay erect anyway. I told Anushka we'd leave right away, so we have to GO! NOW!"

"Now, for real? Do I have time for a shower?"

"Yes, I suppose we have to get the sex smell off, but make it a quick one. I'll take a shower too, in MY bathroom. We don't have any time for shower fooling around. Besides, I turn back into Margaret as soon as we leave the roof and go back into the house."

He asked, "Even if it's just to shower and change and then leave? And with Pa not at home?"

"Even then. Always. I've been too weak with these garage and sun roof exceptions, but I guess it's too late to change that. But the house itself remains inviolate. The firewall! Imagine a literal wall of fire around the whole building. Is that clear?"

He nodded reluctantly.

Maggie wasn't kidding about being in a hurry. Nick took quick showers, and it was easy for him to change into a shirt and shorts. (Since he wanted to impress Anushka, he wore a dress shirt instead of his usual T-shirt.) But Maggie finished showering and dressing just as quickly as he did. She felt guilty about giving in to his "one more minute" ploy, and she was trying hard to make up for lost time.

Ironically, given Nick's choice of a dress shirt instead of a T-shirt, Maggie wore tan shorts and a dark blue T-shirt. While still in the house, she modeled her outfit for him. "What do you think? And remember I'm Margaret now, so don't say anything lewd."

He replied, "You look great. You always do. But I'm sure you put some thought into wearing this particular combo that's beyond what my non-fashion mind can figure out. What's the logic here?"

Maggie was finding and putting on a different pair of heels. "I'm trying to look casual, like I didn't dress in any special way for Anushka. But really, I'm trying to cover up. I'm showing a lot of skin on my legs and arms, but this T-shirt is thick and it doesn't show any cleavage at all. It's also rather loose and the dark blue is almost black. The combined effect is to downplay

my breasts about as much as possible. I don't want her to get hung up on my looks and have that turn into some kind of competitive thing."

"Smart," he replied. Of course, he loved to ogle her tits at any time, but he saw the logic for this lunch to not be one of those times. He saw the dark blue heels she was putting on, and commented, "Is that why you're changing heels too?"

"Exactly. These only have three-inch heels." She didn't mention it because she was somewhat embarrassed about it, but the ones she'd been wearing on the sun roof for Nick had five-inch heels. It also was significant that the heels were dark blue, or, more specifically, any color other than red.

He asked, "You think she'll dress the same?"

"No, I think she'll have a different strategy. Remember, she's worried that Hillary and I will get intimate in some fashion. The more attractive I look, the more she's liable to worry about that. Whereas she and Hillary already are fully intimate, and there's nothing I can do about it. In fact, I wouldn't want to change that, since it's good for the overall balance of our foursome arrangement. So instead I think she'll dress to impress. Us women, we do have a tendency to want to impress and even outdo each other. But she'll also be mindful of the fact that you're there, and she knows you're a very horny and excitable kid, so she'll tone down for that. For instance, I'll bet she'll show some cleavage, but just enough for me to know she's got huge breasts and not enough for you to ogle and drool."

He considered all that, and said, "I'll bet you're right. Now, let's go find out."

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The two of them headed to the car. Maggie picked her own Prius instead of the significantly larger Explorer SUV. She figured there wouldn't be any backseat fun this time, plus she might be out of the house until she got the call from Andy to get picked up from his football watching, and it was better if he didn't realize she was using his car more often.

As Maggie drove the car into the street, Nick asked her, "By the way, where are we going?"

She replied with a smile, "I picked a place I know you love: Mama Mia's!"

He did love Mama Mia's. It was somewhat out of the way to the south, and the food wasn't so great that it merited the extra distance. It was a typical Italian restaurant with typical Italian fare. However, he loved it because the waitresses were uncommonly beautiful, and usually fairly busty too. Even the owner, who sometimes mingled with the guests around dinner time, was an Italian hottie. He'd been to the local Hooters, and he thought the waitresses at Mama Mia's looked better and more voluptuous than the ones at Hooters.

Maggie said, "The reason you like it is why I picked it. I agree with you the waitresses look pretty good, and are often endowed. I figure that if there are other beautiful women around, my own looks won't seem like such a big deal."

He tapped the left temple on his forehead. "Smart. Very smart. Plus, more eye candy for me. So it's win-win all around."

She chuckled. "That's true. But remember, don't get carried away ogling Anushka, no matter what she's wearing. She happens to be a lesbian, and we need to respect that. If you want to alienate her, the fastest way to do that is to try and hit on her. And no hanky panky with me. None! Understood?"

He replied sheepishly and obediently, "Yes, ma'am."

She looked to his lap. She wasn't surprised to see a bulge in his shorts. "And for God's sake, try to make that damn thing go down for a little while! At least when you're standing and it's particularly noticeable. I assume we'll sit in a booth, so your cock can burst right through your shorts at that point and it won't matter."

He grinned impishly. "Really? Cool! Sounds like a challenge to me."

She rolled her eyes. "You know what I mean. Behave!"

He said in resignation, "Okay, fine. You're no fun."

She spoke with a mixture of chagrin and amusement. "Says the son to his mother who just spent the last hour plus lying naked and sucking your cock!"

"Okay, good point. I stand corrected."

"You do. Although that's the last 'mother' or 'son' comment for a while. If we slip up with Anushka, it wouldn't be a total disaster, since we have the role-play cover story that Hillary believes. Plus, I have my fake driver's license with me. But still, it would be a minor disaster, at least. Instead of impressing and hopefully befriending Anushka, she'll just think we're freaky. Don't slip up!"

"Don't worry. I'll be on my best behavior. At least, I'll try. The problem is, I'm so horny! You had at least two orgasms, including one a few minutes ago, but I still haven't had any! I'm really, really, REALLY horny!"

He reached to Maggie and put a hand on her thigh.

She swatted his hand. "Behave! You're always 'really, really, REALLY horny.' Don't infect me with your horniness."

He hadn't removed his hand, despite her swat. But he was content to just caress her leg, on her exposed skin from the edge of her shorts nearly down to her knee. "I know I'm like that a lot, but this time it's at least three or four extra horny's on top of the usual! It's going to affect my behavior with Anushka, I know it."

She said, "Let it affect you, because when you're super horny, you get super confident and charming. But keep it in check." While still keeping her eyes on the road, she took his hand from her leg and brought it back to his body.

"Awww, man!"

"Don't complain. I should be totally pissed at you right now for that little 'count to 60' trick. Good grief! I should have known. You could have counted to 600, or even 6,000, you were going so damn slow."

He grinned impishly and unrepentantly. "But wasn't it fun? Come on, it was fun. It was totally worth being ten minutes late. Wasn't it?"

She didn't reply, and pretended to be distracted by the traffic. However, she thought to herself, *So worth it!*

He said, "See? You can't deny it. You're such a great cocksucker, Ma!"

"You mean 'Maggie.'"

"Right. Maggie. You really are. But I especially love it when you suck me while you're naked and on your knees. No, what's even better is when you're wearing high heels too. And you were! Red ones, no less!"

"You said that earlier," she pointed out, her face turning red.

"True, but I have to say it again because I feel so strongly about it. I know you don't wear high heels for sunbathing. You had those on just for me! I really appreciate it. You're such a great, sexy mother. I love it! And you're so fucking busty!" He reached out to fondle her nearest breast.

But she saw his hand coming, and she swatted it away before it could reach its target. "Hey! Control yourself!"

"I'm sorry. It's just that you inspire and arouse me so much. And Anushka does too. Just wait until you see her. She's like a Bollywood movie star, she really is. Except she's seriously STACKED too! I'm not sure of her exact bra size, but her breasts are definitely bigger than Hillary's. So that makes them G-cups, at least!"

Maggie rolled her eyes and puckered her lips sourly. "Oh, Good God."

"What?"

"I think I may have to bind you with rope and tape your mouth shut for this meeting. You really need to behave! Do NOT try to come on to her! That's an order!"

He sighed. "Okay. Hey, I've got an idea. Have you ever heard of Aishwarya Rai?"

"No, who's that?"

"She's a super famous Bollywood movie star. She's pretty much unknown in the US, but she routinely makes the most beautiful women in the world lists. She's a total babe! Anyway, I thought Anushka really did bear a resemblance to her, and I told her so. She flipped out! I think I got in her good books after that. Anyway, my idea is that YOU should tell her that she reminds you of her. Boom! You'll be in her good books too!"

Maggie briefly glanced over at him and gave him a doubtful look. "That wouldn't be honest. I don't even know who that is or what she looks like."

"That's easy. She looks like Anushka. You'll see. They even have the same blue eyes. But don't worry, if she calls you on it, just say I put you up to it. She'll get a good laugh out of that. You'll win points with her either way."

"Well... okay. What's her name again?"

"Aishwarya Rai."

He helped her practice saying the name several times until she had it memorized with the correct pronunciation.

Then he said, "Let's change the subject. Maybe that'll help my dick go flaccid. I've been meaning to ask you: whatever happened to Debra's camera?"

Maggie couldn't resist smiling in triumph at that reminder. "I've still got it. I took the memory card out and put it in that card reader you gave me a couple of Christmases ago."

"Oh, cool! So you downloaded the pictures?"

"Yep. This morning after breakfast."

He gesticulated wildly, he was so excited. "Don't just sit there all smug and silent! What do the pictures look like?! And why didn't you show me?!"

She smirked. "Hey, you snooze, you lose. In this case, you literally snoozed right through it."

He bounced in his seat excitedly. "You should have woken me up! Oh, man!"

She frowned. "I was tempted, but unfortunately I couldn't. If I did, the danger of a 'Margaret zone' violation would have been too great."

"If you were Margaret then, how is it you were downloading and looking at erotic photos?"

She grimaced. "Let's not look at these contradictions too deeply, okay? Just be glad that I downloaded them."

He resumed his eager bouncing. "So what are the pictures like?! Tell me everything!"

She chuckled at his enthusiasm. "Unfortunately, I only had a few minutes, because Andy called for me to take him to his football watching thing, and when I got back I went to sunbathe on the roof. But I did see them all, and there are some really good ones in there."

She smiled widely, and bubbled with enthusiasm. "Okay, I have to admit that it's pretty much the mother lode of sexy photos! Even if most of them are of Debra. She's a conniving airhead, but she looks damn good naked. Too good!"

She glanced over at Nick, and saw that he was dying to hear more. So she added, "It starts with a long series of photos of Hillary sucking your cock. Those are the ones Debra took. And damn, is Hillary one sexy babe! Just looking at them, I can practically taste your cum and feel your incredible cock monster make me choke and gag! Her face is sweaty and cummy, and there's even a few tears rolling down her cheeks, because sucking on your great thickness is such a fucking incredible, endless struggle for her, just like it is for me. But you can tell she's totally loving it!"

Maggie was keeping her eyes on the road, but she glanced over at Nick again and saw he had a hand in his shorts now. "Hey! What do you think you're doing?!"

"What does it look like?" Since he'd been found out, he unzipped his fly, whipped his cock out, and resumed jacking off.

She groaned with frustration and lust. She was having a hard time focusing on driving, because she couldn't stop staring at his hand pumping up and down his big pole. "God dammit! That fucking thick tree trunk of a cock. It's the bane of my existence. Put it away!"

"Awww, come on. How can I NOT masturbate when you're talking about this?! I'll stop if you can honestly say that you weren't masturbating too when you looked at the pictures."

She groaned lustily as she recalled what an intense masturbatory experience she'd been having with the pictures before Andy called her away. She cursed, "Fuck you! You know I did! How could I not?! I was even jilling to the ones of Debra!"

"Tell me more about those!" He had to slow his stroking because he was getting too worked up already.

Maggie kept one hand on the wheel, as always, but her other hand was pinching a nipple through her clothes. "God, how I hate that fucking bitch! And now that you've fucked her, I hate her even more! But I can't deny that she has an incredible, incredible face. Such sultry bedroom eyes! And a body too, but especially her face. It's so delicate and innocent looking, but somehow sultry and wanton at the same time, especially those beguiling eyes. And to see her jaw craned wide open and your huge cock filling her up, and then this kind of incredulous expression on her face, like she can't

believe she fit it all in, and furthermore she can't believe she's actually enjoying the jaw-breaking ordeal... priceless! Totally priceless!"

She narrowed her gaze on the road ahead and growled angrily, "It serves the bitch right to fuckin' CHOKE on all that cock! Choke and gag on it, Debra! Fuck her face GOOD, Son! Make her work for it!"

She turned to Nick and said in a surprisingly casual tone, "By the way, that reminds me, I've been looking forward to having you fuck my face again today, since it was such fun yesterday, but the time is never right. We keep getting interrupted right when I wanted to do that, for instance with Anushka's call."

The car had just come to a halt at a stop light. Nick took advantage of that to take Maggie's hand that was pinching her nipple and bring it to his boner. As he did so, he said, "Look how horny I am for you! I'm going to fuck your face with this at the first chance I get! I'm going to pound it right down your throat! And then I'm going to keep on fucking it, every fucking day!"

She would have been mad at where he'd put her hand, but she was so very worked up that she started vigorously jacking him off instead of pulling away. The light changed and she had to resume driving, but she kept right on stroking him.

She said huskily, "Is that a promise? Are you going to treat me like I'm your mother or like I'm your slut?"

"I'm going to treat you like you're my mother AND my slut! Because that's what you are! You're my personal cocksucker mother-girlfriend-slut! Now that you'll be taking me to school five days a week, I'm going to be cumming on your face so much that it'll always smell like sperm!"

She groaned lustily. "Oh Gaawwwd!" She took her hand off his boner and brought it back to steer with both hands.

That surprised and disappointed him.

She explained, "Sorry, but I'm getting TOO horny! I can't crash the car!"

He sighed. "Fair enough. But tell me more about the pictures then." He left his boner fully exposed.

"Okay! There are so many of Debra slurping and sucking and lapping all over your great thickness! I must have taken over 100! Because it's a digital

camera, I was just clicking the button constantly. You could almost put them together and make a continual action sequence movie. It looks so hot! We need to take more pictures of those sorts of times, definitely!"

Nick moaned lustily. "Yeah! Definitely!" He was jacking off since Maggie had let go. "And video!"

She groaned like she was going to cum on the spot. "Oh God! Video too! Yes!"

"What about the rest of the pictures?! Tell me more!"

Maggie forced herself to calm down some. "There are a few others. I have some full-bodied ones of Debra sucking you, with Hillary looking pissed in the background. She's got her arms crossed under her big tits and her face is drenched in cum! Your cum! She looks so sexy when she's angry! Especially when she's angry and cummy and jealously watching Debra choke on your cock! It's so sexy looking that it makes me want to scream!"

Maggie impulsively reached out and removed Nick's hand from his erection. But that was only so she could take its place! As she resumed stroking him, she sheepishly explained, "We're on a straight stretch of road, so we should be okay. Besides, I'm so fucking horny that it's worth the risk!"

He laughed with pure delight. "You're the best! So, are those all the pictures?"

By this time, she was panting hard, causing her huge tits to bounce inside her T-shirt. "No, there are some more. For instance, I took some of Hillary physically carrying Debra away from you. They're hilarious! But even while she's being carried, Debra looks so fucking fuckable that I can't stand it! Nick, Her sexy legs kicking helplessly in the air! HNNG!"

She had to take a few moments to breathe slowly and deeply and try to calm down and focus on driving.

She soon resumed without so much panting, "I can't blame you at all for fucking her. I'm not saying you should do it again, although I'm getting so hot and bothered that even that's sounding pretty good to me right now! But I'm glad that you drilled her with your relentless cock-meat! Did you spear her and skewer her, and make her scream in ecstasy?"

"I did, Ma! I did!"

"GOOD! That'll show her! I'll bet you've ruined her for all other cocks!" Her hand was practically flying up and down his boner now. she screamed, "FUCK!"

"What?" he asked.

She growled, "I think we need to make an emergency stop! Too horny!" They were on a four lane highway and there were no turn offs in the near distance. So she put her blinkers on, pulled the car to the emergency lane on the side, and turned the car off.

This talk about Nick fucking was the last straw for Maggie. She was talking about Nick fucking Debra, and that alone would have aroused her plenty, but she was mostly thinking about him fucking her instead. She felt like her entire body was on fire! As soon as the car was safely parked, she undid her seat belt, bent over towards Nick's lap, and engulfed his cock in her mouth.

At the same time she began bobbing on him, she used both hands to unbutton and then unzip her shorts, so she could get to her pussy and clit. Then she masturbated with wild abandon.

In less than a minute, she had a good climax. Mindful that she was in a public place, she made muffled moans with her mouth stuffed full of cock, but she stopped herself from uncontrolled screaming.

But that was just the start. Nick hadn't orgasmed yet, so she kept on masturbating and cocksucking, and kept on cumming.

Then he did cum, triggered by the realization that she was cumming. He was as worked up as she was, and it took a lot of willpower for him to hold off as long as he did.

She was so insatiable for his cock that she kept on bobbing and sucking right through his climax. She'd come to love facials and pearl necklaces, but now wasn't the time or place for that, since she didn't want a cummy mess when they were about to meet Anushka.

After a while, it occurred to her that his orgasm was long over, and yet her son's dick was definitely still hard. She hadn't even paused or slowed down in her cocksucking, and she still didn't stop now. She belatedly remembered his tendency to "cum in twos," which he was proving yet again.

She was in an erotic daze, because she didn't stop masturbating either, and more orgasms wracked her body, over and over again, in a seemingly never-

ending series. She was so over the moon that she barely had an idea where she was or who she was. Sucking Nick's cock as she fingered herself was her entire world.

As a result, it took her a while to realize that Nick was systematically removing all her clothes! By the time it fully dawned on her what he was doing, he had her T-shirt pulled up to her armpits and her bra off. She was so blissed out on her cocksucking joy that she only noticed this because he was trying to lift her ass off her seat to slide her shorts and panties down her legs.

Somehow, the fear of public nudity shocked her out of her deep erotic fog. She slid her lips off his fat boner and sat up. It was like all of her senses returned at once, and she was overwhelmed by the sights and sounds of other cars whizzing by on the highway. Then she was hit with the realization that her top was pulled up so high that her E-cup breasts were in full view of the other drivers. And because she was driving the Prius and not the Explorer, there were no tinted windows to protect her.

She quickly dropped back down below the window level, but she stayed slouched in her seat, because she was afraid to get her face anywhere near Nick and his throbbing boner. She knew that if she got too close, she wouldn't be able to resist cocksucking him a hell of a lot more until she coaxed another load out of him. She hastily yanked her T-shirt back down into place and then sat up straight again.

She looked over to Nick and gave him an angry glare. She was going to chastise him, but then she realized she was at least as much responsible for this situation as he was. Her facial expression softened, and she sighed heavily. "Son, what am I going to do with you?" She stared at his still stiff cock with disbelief. "Put that thing away, please!"

"Do I have to?"

"YES! We're late for Anushka already, and now we're five minutes more late, at least. Come on! This meeting is important!"

He sheepishly tucked his hard-on away and zipped up. "Oh, man! You're right. Sorry. It's just that what you were saying about the photos was too hot to handle. And to think, I sincerely changed the topic to that to help us calm down!"

They both shared a good laugh at that, since it had backfired so spectacularly.

After another weary sigh, Maggie said, "Don't worry about it. It's probably more my fault than yours. I should have known better than to get started with the vivid descriptions."

She'd zipped and buttoned her shorts by now, but she asked, "Have you seen my bra?"

"I think I tossed it in the back seat. Just a sec." He crawled between the seats, reached for the bra, and then gave it to back her.

"Thanks." She carefully put the bra on under her T-shirt without exposing herself. "Sheesh! What is it with you and taking my clothes off all the time? Or Hillary's for that matter?"

"I honestly don't know. Both of you just look so good in the nude. Some women, they look their best fully dressed in an evening gown and jewelry and all that. But you and Hillary, it's like you were meant to be naked! Especially with your rich, all-over tans. It's like... I just have to see all of you! Every last inch! Sorry. It's this weird compulsion that I have."

He'd given a similar explanation to her many days ago, so she wasn't too surprised. "That's understandable, I guess. Like I said recently, you're 'young, dumb, and full of cum.' Actually, I should change that to young, hung, and full of cum."

Nick grinned widely. "I like that better."

"Yeah, I figured you would. I do too! But seriously, look where we are! By the side of a highway! What if a police car stopped to see why we were pulled over, and the cop found me completely naked and sucking on your cock?! And then would I show him my fake driver's license and hope he didn't realize it was fake? Or show him my real one and have him possibly realize we're related?"

Nick winced. "Ouch! That would not be good."

"Duh! Think, Sport, think! I like your enthusiasm and aggression, but sometimes you go too far. Anyway, can you get me my phone? I'd better call Anushka and tell her we're running a little late."

So Maggie called Anushka. Luckily, it turned out that Anushka was being fashionably late and she hadn't made it to the restaurant yet either, although she was almost there. It was a quick call, because Maggie was eager to get back on the highway before a police car really did come by.

She gave herself a minute or two to freshen up and calm down. Then she was able to get the car back onto the highway without trouble.

Once their car was speeding along again, she breathed a big sigh of relief. "Phew! We dodged a bullet there. I probably still have that 'just fucked' post-orgasmic glow, but that can't be helped. How are you doing?"

He said, "I'm trying to think about unsexy things, but it's not working. My dick is still stiff. Between thinking about what we just did, and the pictures, and how Anushka is going to look, and simply seeing you sitting next to me... Man! It's hard to think of anything that isn't totally mind-blowing and arousing. But, in an attempt to change the subject again, where are these pictures now? And when can I see them for myself?"

Maggie smiled knowingly. "They're in a very safe place. A secret place. Along with the pictures that you took of me in my nurse outfit... and out of it. Remember that?"

"Holy... Whoa! How could I forget THAT?! Man oh man! Now that you mentioned it, I'm totally dying to see those too! The pictures from yesterday, you're not in any of them, are you?"

"No, I'm not. Debra was just taking pictures of Hillary, and then I took the rest. But trust me, the nurse photos more than make up for that. As to when you'll see them, that's tricky. I can't show them inside the house, and right now they're only saved as computer files."

"That's right!" he said with sudden realization. "The 'safe' and 'secret' place has to be a folder on your computer!"

"That's true," she conceded, "But don't start poking around my computer or you'll be in big trouble. Don't upset the goose who lays the golden blowjobs." She winked playfully at him. "Don't worry, I'll print them out on some of that glossy printer paper we have soon enough. Then I'll bring them to the sun roof and we can have a private viewing there when I'm in Maggie mode, okay?"

"Sweet!" He pumped his fist in the air.

"BUT," she carefully added, "only if you're good. We're almost to the restaurant, thank God. Can you calm down enough to behave like a semi-normal person around her?"

"I can. It would help though if we stop talking and I can just close my eyes and tune out for a few minutes. I've never actually tried to fully meditate, but I can kind of relax and clear my mind if I put my mind to it."

"Okay. Please do that. And in the future... ugh! I was going to say 'let's not get so worked up,' but that's easy to say and hard to do. We're both so hot for each other that as soon as we get close, the clothes start flying off. This is NOT how I thought the fake girlfriend scheme would go, not in a million years. And then if you add in Hillary, our raging fire turns into a towering inferno!"

He grunted. He already had his eyes closed, and he was slouched in his seat. "Please don't remind me. I'm already trying to calm down. But I'm sure we're going through an initial thrill phase, and things will calm down after a while. Think about a newlywed couple. Many couples don't even leave their hotel rooms for their entire honeymoon vacations, they're so hot for each other. But eventually the passion cools. Nothing can stay this hot forever."

She said, "That's true. Thanks for pointing that out. Frankly, I've been getting concerned that things are getting out of control, and specifically that I'm getting way too out of control."

She glanced over at his crotch and saw that his cock was still making a lewd tent in his shorts. She growled, "It would help if your cock would go flaccid and stay that way for at least five minutes, someday! One distant day!"

He chuckled. He said, while keeping his eyes shut, "Come on. It's not that bad."

"It is!" But after that she stayed quiet and let him rest and relax.

Once Nick went quiet, Maggie focused on driving. She obviously couldn't close her eyes and tune out like he did, but by simply focusing on the road she was able to clear her mind to some degree.

By the time they arrived at Mama Mia's, she was still horny, but not overwhelmingly so. She considered that a victory. She just hoped that Nick was more or less back to normal too.

Chapter 50: Lunch with Anushka (Sunday)

Nick's dick went flaccid while he relaxed and cleared his mind. He was encouraged by this, since he had the same concerns about getting too horny while meeting Anushka that Maggie did.

However, once he was out of the car and walking towards Mama Mia's restaurant, his penis engorged again, just from thinking about how Anushka would look and what she might wear. Thinking about her G-cups in particular was his downfall.

Had he not been fully aroused before seeing Anushka, he certainly would have been once he saw her, because she looked fantastic! He enjoyed looking at the unusually sexy Mama Mia's waitresses, especially since they'd switched to a much more revealing uniform early in the summer. But once he saw Anushka, sitting in a booth and waiting for them, he forgot all about the waitresses.

Maggie had been correct that Anushka had dressed to impress. But she'd underestimated just how far she'd go to impress. They'd talked about having a "casual" meeting, but Anushka stretched the bounds of "casual" to the breaking point.

She saw Nick and Maggie enter the restaurant and come close. She stood up to greet them.

That gave them a chance to see her from head to toe. She wore a short pale orange skirt. It wasn't a miniskirt, but it allowed her to show off the fact that she had very nice legs. Her four-inch high heels put her legs on even better display. But what she wore below her waist almost didn't matter, because the sight of her breasts was so breathtaking. She wore a simple, pale yellow top that matched her skirt nicely, and also contrasted dramatically with her dark skin. The top kept her shoulders bare and showed off a surprising amount of cleavage. The bottom of the V of exposed skin reached down to the same level as her nipples (which made two noticeable bumps).

She didn't wear any jewelry or have any obvious signs of make-up. However, she did wear a bindi (the Indian dot of dye on her forehead between her eyes), which was orange colored this time to match her clothes.

Nick was delighted at her appearance, but not very surprised, since he already knew how beautiful she looked.

Maggie, however, was surprised, if not downright shocked. As she walked closer to Anushka, she almost stumbled, she was so blown away. *Whoa! Wow! Nick warned me that she was busty and beautiful, but I didn't think she'd be THAT busty and THAT beautiful! Jesus fucking Christ! Those are G-cups, at the very least! But her face! Her body! Gaawwwd, her entire body looks picture perfect, but her face really takes the cake! He's right, she DOES look like some kind of Indian movie star!*

Phew! This is not good. Nick's calmed down some, but it won't take much to get him super horny again. I should have sucked him to a second orgasm, if I knew she was going to look THIS good. The poor boy is going to have a raging boner for our entire meeting, I'm sure. It IS a shame that she's lesbian!

Nick was aroused enough so that his shy side was nowhere to be seen. He walked right up to Anushka and gave her a hug. Then he kissed her on the cheek. "Hi, Anushka! Great to see you again!"

Anushka was surprised at his boldness, but since it was a friendly hug and just a simple peck, she decided to let it slide. She was particularly mindful of any contact with her breasts, but although his chest bumped into them, they were so large that it was fairly impossible not to make contact there. He made nothing of it and didn't let the contact linger, which was a relief for her.

He kept a hand on Anushka's lower back as he waved Maggie closer. "Hey, Maggie, don't be shy. Aren't you going to greet her too?"

Maggie stepped forward hesitantly. She was so awed by Anushka's beauty that she was at a loss for words. She smiled and mutely held her hand out for a handshake.

But it turned out that, if anything, Anushka was even more stunned by Maggie's looks than Maggie was by Anushka's. Although Maggie had tried to play down her looks and especially her buxom curves with her loose, dark blue T-shirt and medium length shorts, Anushka could still see that Maggie was a raving beauty with a very impressive chest of her own.

Furthermore, Anushka had come to grips with her desire for women. Plus, like Hillary, she wasn't shy to express how she felt. So she exclaimed, "Lord have mercy! Hillary said you were beautiful, but I wasn't prepared for... well, YOU! WOW!"

The two bombshells shook hands. But it seemed awkward and almost rude to merely greet like that. Anushka stepped forward, and the two of them hugged and kissed each other's cheeks.

That put their hefty racks into direct contact. Both women were so busty that it was almost impossible for them to hug and kiss without pressing their big tits together in a significant way, so they did make contact there.

And both of them felt an electric thrill run down their spines and through their bodies as a result.

Maggie tried not to let this contact affect her. However, she couldn't help but recall the similar way her breasts had rubbed against Hillary's recently, except while both of their chests were uncovered and smeared with Nick's cum. She visibly shivered as she had a brief flash of possibly doing the same with Anushka someday. But she mentally shook that naughty thought away.

Nick stepped back and to the side, just so he could take a mental picture of their busty bodies in contact. *Oh, man! What an epic meeting of world class bodies and world class racks! Phew! Lord have mercy, indeed!*

Anushka sensed he was ogling. While continuing to hug Maggie, she turned his way and gave him a discouraging frown.

He grinned impishly. "Don't stop hugging on my account! Please, do continue!" He wiggled his eyebrows in a cartoonishly encouraging fashion.

Maggie and Anushka couldn't help but laugh at that.

Anushka turned to him and lightly punched his shoulder. "You wish!" But it was clear she wasn't upset because she kept on smiling. He had defused any issue but embracing his lusty nature and making a joke out of it.

That broke up the hug though, so the three of them sat down in the booth Anushka had already been occupying. Anushka sat on one side, and Nick and Maggie sat on the other. Nick took the seat closer to the aisle.

Anushka wagged her thumb in Nick's direction as she asked Maggie, "Is he always like that?"

Maggie smiled widely. "Yeah, pretty much. He has two modes: horny and normal. At least, that's what he claims. I have yet to see him in normal mode."

Nick said happily, "That's because it's impossible for me not to be horny when I'm near you. If you want to see me in normal mode, you need to wear a heavy disguise and watch me from afar with binoculars."

The women laughed at that.

"It's true!" he insisted semi-seriously. He was well aware that he was "normal" most of the time, but those were the boring times when he wasn't near Maggie or Hillary.

Maggie said to Anushka, "By the way, sorry we're late."

Anushka said, "No worries. Thanks for calling to warn me. You never did explain what the problem was though. Did you run into traffic?"

Maggie immediately blushed, and she looked away. But that didn't hide her suddenly guilty expression.

Anushka was confused.

Nick felt obliged to explain, "The delay was kind of, uh, self-induced. We were going to put some clothes on and leave right away, but then, well, one thing led to another and, uh, we didn't." He started to blush a little bit too.

But Anushka didn't mind, and her smile returned and grew. "I see. Well, no harm done there. 'Put some clothes on,' huh? It's good to see you're both so in love."

He blurted out, "And then, on the way here, we kind of got a little too excited, and Maggie had to pull the car over, and well... We got delayed again." He fully blushed now too.

Maggie turned to him and thwacked his shoulder with her hand. "Niieeeick! Why'd you have to tell her all that?!" Her face turned redder and redder.

"Sorry. It just kind of slipped out."

Actually, he was "accidentally" revealing this information on purpose. Due to Anushka's confession during their last meeting that she'd dated boys in

the recent past, he was hopeful that she was at least partially bisexual. And it was clear from that meeting that she "clicked" with him to a pleasantly surprising degree. He was feeling proud of his growing sexual skills and successes, and he figured it would be a good idea to present himself to Anushka as sexually talented and insatiable whenever possible.

He rubbed his shoulder with exaggerated hurt. He joked, "Both of you just hit me in the same shoulder, you know. I may have to go to the hospital."

An amused Anushka asked him, "Does Maggie hit you there a lot?"

He played up his injury even more. "Oh, all the time! And not just her, but Hillary too. You should see under my shirt. There's bruises on top of bruises! And now you're starting too. It seems that only beautiful women with enormous breasts like to hit me, for some strange reason."

Anushka smirked. "Hmmm. It might have something to do with the way YOU behave around such women, don't you think?"

He played dumb. "What do you mean? I'm a total angel. I've been talking to you for a good two or three minutes now, and I haven't fondled your breasts even once!"

Maggie added in a jokey way, "That's pretty good for him."

Anushka said, "You two crack me up." She grew more serious, and looked intently at Maggie. "It's nice to finally put a face to your name. I should probably feel threatened by you. Hillary tries to play it cool, but whenever your name is mentioned, her face lights up."

Maggie said, "I'm not surprised. Hillary and I have grown very close in a short amount of time. But don't worry, not in THAT way, if you know what I mean. We're bonding closely over Nick, but as friends."

She was being sincere, but only because she was having very selective memory about some recent times when she'd been kissing and touching Hillary. She was deceiving herself more than Anushka.

Anushka didn't seem entirely mollified by that, but she decided not to push on this tricky issue at the very start of their meeting. However, she didn't know what to say instead, so the group fell silent for an awkward moment.

That gave Maggie the opening she was looking for, to make the Aishwarya Rai comparison Nick had suggestion. She said with a slight smirk, "So, Ms.

Rai, I have to commend you on going undercover like this for your next role. Has anyone been able to see through your disguise?"

Anushka was befuddled. "Ms. Rai?' What are you talking about?"

Maggie pretended confusion too. "You ARE Aishwarya Rai, aren't you? I just assumed, because you look exactly like her."

Anushka's jaw hung open in shock. She looked back and forth between Maggie and Nick. Both of them has serious expressions on their faces. She practically shouted, "SHUT UP! Shutupshutupshutup! I am SOOOO not her!"

Maggie broke into a big smile. "You're not?! You could have fooled me!"

Anushka's face beamed with delight. She practically glowed. "Shut up, already! If you're trying to win me over through flattery, it is SOOOOOO working!" She laughed joyously.

The three of them shared a great moment with lots of laughing and smiling.

Nick loved to make Anushka laugh in particular. Her yellow shirt was rather tight, and the heaving the resulted literally took his breath away.

Once Anushka calmed down, she said, but jovially, "You lie! Nick put you up to that, didn't he?!"

"He did," Maggie said. "To be honest, I didn't even know who Aishwarya Rai was until he mentioned it on the car ride here. He told me, 'If you want to know what Anushka looks like, just picture the most incredibly, extraordinarily gorgeous Bollywood film star you can think of. That's Aishwarya Rai. She's regularly on most beautiful women in the world lists. Then triple the size of her bust so she's even MORE jaw-droppingly gorgeous, and then you have Anushka!' So while I don't know how Aishwarya Rai looks like, you look pretty much exactly as I expected."

Nick hadn't said those exact words, but it was a faithful summary of his general attitude about both the Bollywood film star and Anushka.

Anushka's eyes widened and bugged out again. "NO!" She looked back and forth between Nick and Maggie. "SHUT UP! Shut up so much! I'm not all that!" She was blushing as much as Maggie was, since Maggie's face was still very red from Nick's mention of the roadside blowjob.

Nick said confidently, "You are, in my book. And you know it's not bullshit, because if you don't know you're off-the-charts stunning, then you have to be blind."

Anushka looked to Nick with a fiery gaze. "I hate you! You're lucky we're not sitting near a balcony, or I'd throw you off it right now! If you were a girl, I swear, I would kiss you so hard!" She gasped as she realized what she'd just said.

Maggie chuckled at that. "Don't worry about it. He has that effect on women. When he turns on the charm, it's kind of overwhelming."

"I'll say!" Anushka still looked and felt stunned, not to mention highly aroused. She tried to change the topic, and said to Maggie, "But enough about me. What about YOU?!"

"What about me?" Maggie asked.

"You two go on about my looks, but what about YOUR looks?! Hillary said you were 'beautiful,' but... come on! That's the understatement of the year! You're ridiculous! And I mean that in a good way. In the best way!"

What followed was a fun conversation where Maggie and Anushka tried to out-compliment each other, with both of them trying to modestly deflect all the kind words. But both of them were left flattered and very delighted. Nick occasionally chimed in with compliments too, but kept them from being too sexual.

A great time was had by all, and it definitely put Maggie in Anushka's "good book," just as Nick had predicted, and Anushka in Maggie's "good book" too.

Nick mentally patted himself on the back for coming up with the idea of having Maggie make the Aishwarya Rai comparison. It worked even better than he'd exacted.

After a few minutes of this back and forth, Anushka tried to change the topic. She said to Maggie, "So, Nick tells me that you're quite a good cook, and you're even working on a cookbook! Please do tell!"

Maggie replied bashfully, "Well, I don't know about that. It's more like an idea than an actual book at this point. I doubt it'll ever be completed, much less published."

Nick stepped in. "Hey, that's not true! She's got it all worked out. She already has tons of recipes and notes and pictures, and all kinds of things. It just needs organizing and polishing. And I'm going to help. There's no way I'll let her stop before she's done!"

Maggie scoffed, "Yeah, it needs organizing in the same way that if you want to make a dictionary, all you need to do is organize the whole English language."

He said, "Don't listen to her. She's just shy about it. She lacks confidence."

Anushka said, "Well, I think it's a GREAT idea. I especially love the focus on little known dishes and foods from around the world. I could seriously use a book like that. Heck, I'm still in high school, but already I grow tired of the same foods. Imagine someone who's thirty. Or even FORTY! There has to be a market for that."

Maggie was secretly chagrined. *Anushka makes it sound like even thirty is absolutely ancient. If she only knew I'm actually thirty-three years old! And thirty-four is coming up soon. Crap. I AM old!*

She told Anushka, "I think it is a good idea, but there are a couple of problems. One, most Americans aren't very adventurous with their eating habits. Look at all the fast food chains. People find comfort in the familiar. And secondly, even if someone is willing, it's hard to find exotic ingredients. Who is going to buy a cookbook when they can't make most of the recipes in it?"

Nick said, "Obviously, this isn't going to become the next 'Joy of Cooking' and sell millions of copies. But it's not trying to be. Only a tiny, tiny fraction of books become big best sellers. The rest need to find a niche market. And this has a great market. Who is going to be interested? Some farmer in Kansas? No. Probably worldly urban elites in places like San Francisco, Seattle, New York, and the like. And in places like that, they DO have Asian markets, Middle Eastern markets, Mexican markets, and so on, where you can buy 99 percent of the ingredients that'll be going in the book. One just has to put more effort into finding the rare stuff. But it can be done."

"I agree," Anushka said. "I mean, look at us. We live in a small town in Orange County. That's not exactly Manhattan. But Nick and I were talking about this with Hillary last time. We can buy all kinds of exotic foods. The

three of us discovered we share of love of some tropical fruit most people in the US have never heard of, and nearly all of them can be bought nearby."

The discussion about Maggie's cookbook continued for a long while, because it was something all three of them were very interested in. Maggie was discouraged and modest at first, because she knew just how much her efforts with her book had been lagging. But Nick and Anushka were so enthusiastic and supportive that she soon caught their spirit. Before long, she felt an urge to rush home just so she could work on her book some more, thanks to all the ideas they were giving her.

Furthermore, Anushka was very knowledgeable about Indian foods. Since Nick had told her in their previous meeting about Maggie's cookbook, she had been thinking about what Indian dishes she would want to put in a book like that, dishes that could have a wide appeal to Americans. She was full of good ideas, and eager to share them.

Nick came up with the idea of begging for some paper and pencil from the waitress. He gave those to Maggie, and she took detailed notes of Anushka's ideas.

Furthermore, Anushka hit it off with Maggie so well that it wasn't long before she was talking about teaching Maggie how to cook certain difficult recipes. She liked cooking a lot too, and she very much looked forward to having fun cooking with Maggie.

That meant a lot, because it assumed they were already friends and would be getting together again socially in the future. Neither of them gave that any thought, because it seemed so natural that they were friends already.

Nick was secretly delighted by this. He knew that Anushka had plenty of reason to be antagonistic about Maggie, since she knew how Maggie had extensively French kissed and fondled her girlfriend Hillary while both of them were naked. Furthermore, Maggie's great beauty could have made her feel even more threatened. But it seemed like all that happened in some other universe. The issue of intimacy between Maggie and Hillary wasn't broached at all.

Their food arrived, and the three of them ate lunch while continuing to talk about cooking and other shared interests.

As they were finishing their food, Anushka commented about her pasta, "This is a good meal, but not a great one. Maggie, since you're obviously a food connoisseur with an interest in exotic foods, I'm curious why you took us to an out of the way yet fairly standard Italian restaurant."

Maggie obviously couldn't give her the main real reason, that she'd hoped that the busty and beautiful waitresses would make her own looks seem slightly more ordinary. Besides, that wasn't having much effect since they were so absorbed talking to each other that they hardly noticed anyone else, Nick included.

So she went with the other real reason, which was closely related anyway. "Nick loves this place, and, well, I kind of spoil him."

Anushka looked to Nick for an explanation.

He turned to Maggie. "Should I tell her?"

"Go ahead."

He said, "I like this place mostly because of the waitresses. I don't know what it is about them, but they have a certain je ne c'est WHOA!" As he said "WHOA!" he clutched the air in front of him as if he was squeezing a large pair of breasts.

Anushka laughed and shook her head. "I should have figured."

Nick added with obvious genuine enthusiasm, "For instance, have you noticed our waitress Laura? I had no trouble reading her name tag, because it was about two feet closer to me than the rest of her." That was a wild exaggeration, since Laura probably had D-cup breasts, but it was an amusing one.

Anushka rolled her eyes, but she couldn't hide a grin too. "I'm going to have to watch myself around you. Hillary said you're a 'tit man,' but I had no idea just how true that was. Although, looking at your two girlfriends, I shouldn't be surprised."

She couldn't help but eye Maggie's rack in a rather lusty manner, before she caught herself.

Nick said with a touch of pride, "Guilty as charged. But that goes for you too, doesn't it? If I look at YOUR girlfriend, I must guess that you're a 'tit woman' just as much as I'm a 'tit man.' And I saw the way you were

checking out Laura and some of the other waitresses too, so you can't be too displeased at this place."

Anushka blushed in a very telling manner. She turned her head in embarrassment.

He spoke in a friendly manner. "Hey, don't be ashamed. You and Maggie are bonding over cooking and exotic foods. I like that too, but you and I can bond over our shared love of big, round, firm breasts."

She chuckled at his chutzpah. "Yeah, right."

"Come on. What's wrong with that? If you see a busty hottie, point her out to me. And if I see one, I'll point her out to you. It's win-win. Plus, if you ever need anyone to help you properly size your own breasts, I have an almost unlimited amount of time to help you with that."

He gazed wantonly at Anushka's extraordinarily large and perfectly shaped boobs.

She couldn't help but snort mirthfully. "You DO know I'm lesbian, right? Never forget that key fact!"

"How could I forget? That's totally hot! What's hotter for a guy than to see two women get it on?" He wiggled his eyebrows.

Anushka huffed to Maggie, "Turn him off! Does he have an off switch? Find it and turn him off." But she couldn't stop smiling.

Normally, Anushka never would have tolerated that kind of sexual teasing from a man, but there was something about the way Nick was bantering with her that amused and entertained her instead of annoyed her.

A key factor was that she was sexually attracted to him, although she was trying hard to deny this even to herself. She was attempting to be a "pure" lesbian for even more complicated reasons, despite having enjoyed dating boys not that long ago. She also didn't want to be seen as trying to "steal" him from either Maggie or Hillary.

It also helped that there was only the occasional burst of jokey teasing like this. Most of the time, they talked about non-sexual things.

For instance, after they'd finished eating, Anushka marveled to Maggie about Nick's knowledge of Bollywood films, although in truth he didn't know that much.

The three of them had a normal discussion about Bollywood, with Anushka educating Maggie, who knew way less than Nick.

But, as that discussion was winding down, Nick decided to take it in an unexpected direction. He could see how well the three of them were getting along, so he boldly suggested, "You know what? We should have a Bollywood film night one of these days. Just the three of us here, plus Hillary."

Anushka's face lit up. "That's a great idea! That would be totally fun!" Then she tempered her excitement, and asked Maggie, "That is, if you'd be up for it? Some people find Bollywood films kind of shallow, with all the dancing and singing and general silliness. And most of my American friends just don't like foreign films, period."

Maggie said, "It's true I've never really seen a Bollywood film, but I'm game. I know their general reputation, and I love singing, dancing, romance, adventure, and happy endings. Actually, that's not too different from your typical American 'chick flick' romantic comedy. The only difference is that musicals have gone out of style in the US for some reason. But I like musicals and foreign films and all that stuff. So, yes, I'd love to take part in a Bollywood movie night. Besides, to properly enjoy an Indian film, we should cook up a great Indian meal first, don't you think?"

Anushka beamed with delight again. "Cool! Ohmigosh! You're, like, my new best friend!"

Nick was secretly pleased with himself once more. A Bollywood movie night would help strengthen the rapidly emerging friendship between Maggie and Anushka, and give them something else to bond over. Hopefully, it would improve all the bonds in their four-person group. And it could easily become a weekly tradition. Plus, he actually enjoyed watching Bollywood films.

Anushka complained, "My girlfriends at my school are not into ANY of this stuff. They're all as American as apple pie, and they expect me to be the same way. Heck, blueberry pie would be too weird for some of them. Going to an Indian restaurant? Forget it! 'Too spicy.' Watching a Bollywood movie? Are you kidding me? No way!"

Nick pointed out, "You know, when we first met, you said you knew very little about your Indian heritage."

She was slightly abashed. "Well, okay, that's not entirely true. I mean compared to someone actually living in India. But I guess I kind of downplay it because there's this pressure to fit in. I've told you all about my troubles at the Academy."

A short conversation followed, in which Anushka explained her difficulty fitting into the elite, snobbish, and nearly all white and "white bread" Academy culture. Maggie actually knew the gist of that from Nick debriefing her about his conversations with Anushka, but she pretended that it was all new to her.

That led to some complaints about the "beautiful people" at Shannon's party last night, since half of them were from the Academy. Nick and Maggie sincerely commented that they could relate to Anushka's woes since they didn't get along with that crowd, and only socialized with them because they felt obliged to for various reasons.

Eventually, Nick asked Anushka, "What about Hillary? It's my impression that she's open to new things."

Anushka smiled brightly. "Oh, she's very open to new things! That's one reason I love her so much. But she's literally the only one I know."

Nick brought the conversation back to the movie night idea, to help make sure it would actually happen. "So you think she'd be open to a Bollywood movie night with the four of us?"

"For sure! I've pushed a few Indian movies on her, and she's enjoyed them well enough. Although, no local movie theater would show one, so our only option has been to rent a video and watch it in Hillary's bedroom. As a result, to be honest, we don't always make it through the whole movie, if you know what I mean."

Nick grinned impishly, and played dumb again. "You get tired and fall asleep."

She could see he was teasing, and shook her head. She leaned towards Nick, causing her enormous globes to swell forward. "Not exactly." She added in a provocative tone, "Although... a bed is usually involved."

He played even dumber, and pretended to be scandalized. "Wait! You two?! The two of you... you get... all kissy and stuff?!"

Anushka had a good laugh at that, and Maggie did too. Anushka played along with him. "Yes, we do get 'all kissy and stuff.' But I promise we'll behave if the four of us make a night of it."

He had a brief vision of himself sitting on Hillary's bed in the dark, making out with Maggie, while Hillary and Anushka sat further down the bed making out with each other too. He couldn't wait for that to happen!

He teased, "Don't behave TOO much, just on my account. After all, they DO say that Bollywood films are best seen while bare breasted."

She couldn't stop smiling. "Who the heck says that?!"

He waved his hands for emphasis. "Everybody! It's a well-known fact. The larger the breasts, the more true it is, so you should probably get topless if we so much as discuss Bollywood films!"

She complained, but with a big smile, "We're discussing Bollywood films right now!"

"Exactly." He looked around the restaurant. "If you take your top and bra off right now, I'm sure no one will notice. Heck, even I probably won't notice."

She laughed. "Right!" She was loathe to admit it, but this sort of talk was making her especially horny. Her nipples popped erect, a fact she hoped the other two didn't notice. She was grateful that she was wearing an extra heavy-duty bra, and a thick shirt (though also a tight one).

He further suggested with a sly grin, "And if Hillary gets tired of fondling your bare breasts, keep me in mind as a kind of a pinch hitter."

Maggie could see Anushka was having fun with this kind of playful banter, so she added, "Watch out, Anushka! He's less of a pinch hitter and more of a nipple pincher."

Nick ran with that idea, and joked in a silly voice, "I am the human crab!" He held his hands out like crab pincers and pinched them in Anushka's general direction. He pinched closer and closer until she cried "Eeek!" and covered her massive breasts with both arms.

Maggie worried he might have gone too far with that. She was truly surprised at how receptive Anushka was to his teasing.

Happily, Anushka just laughed some more. "Maggie, your boyfriend is seriously dangerous!" She looked to Nick. "As for your so-called helpful suggestion, Hillary does just fine with my breasts, thank you very much! And do you remember what I told you about my breasts when we first met?"

Nick remembered what she'd said, word for word, and how angry she'd been when she'd said it: "How 'bout these G-cup breasts?! See them and weep, because it'll be a cold day in Hell before you get to know what it feels like to touch them! If you ever try, I'm going to smack you so hard your head will land in a different state!"

But he deliberately and jokingly misquoted her. "Sure. You said, and this is an EXACT quote, because I have an excellent memory: 'How 'bout these G-cup breasts?! Feel them and weep, because on any pleasant day in Southern California you can get to know what it feels like to touch them. Although evening is good too, or night, and it could be hot or cold also.'"

Anushka couldn't help but laugh at that twisted version. "Yeah, right! That is soooo wrong!"

He pretended to remember more. "Oh yeah! And then you added, 'If you ever try, I'm going to smack your lips so hard your head will wind up in my lap, and then we'll see just how good you are at cunnilingus.'"

Maggie had heard Nick tell her the original version of the quote. She was certain he'd gone too far now.

But again, Anushka just laughed. "You WISH! Sheesh! 'Excellent memory,' my ass!"

She was feeling increasingly aroused, to the point that it was starting to concern her that her face would flush and give her feelings away. Despite her dark skin, her face still could flush very red. She didn't want to be attracted to him at all, but she couldn't help herself. She actually found him more fun and arousing than any of the boys she'd actually dated, back when she dated boys.

He said with a naughty smile, "Sorry, I'm all confused, because when you said that you had your arms pinned behind your back and your chest thrust forward provocatively. I'm kind of a visual memory guy, so I can't remember well unless you were to strike that pose again."

She complained, "That is so NOT going to happen! Argh!" She explained to Maggie, "I want to be mad at him, but he's so over the top and funny that it's hard to work up a good mad. Help me out here."

Maggie was relieved. She said in a fun way, "Well, for God's sake, don't encourage him. Or, the next thing you know, he WILL be lapping in your lap. Which is something he's surprisingly good at, by the way."

"Yeah, right!" Anushka scoffed. "He's a straight guy. Straight guys are terrible at that. I had a number of boyfriends, and they generally weren't willing to go down on me at all. A couple made half-hearted efforts, but they didn't arouse me."

Maggie lied, "Nick is different." She made a mental note that she'd better give him more pussy lessons so she wouldn't look bad if, for instance, Nick tried to go down on Hillary, did a bad job of it, and then word of that got to Anushka.

She added, "He cares about giving his partner lots of good orgasms." She was glad that at least she didn't have to lie about that. She couldn't resist adding effusively, "So many orgasms! Big ones!"

Since she was skating on thin ice praising Nick's still non-existent cunnilingus skills, she quickly switched the topic. "By the way, I know you're a lesbian, but you speak of having had these boyfriends. What's the story there? Could you be at least partly bisexual?"

Maggie was asking that question mostly for Nick's sake. She was wondering if Nick might be able to seduce Anushka eventually. She had mixed feelings about that, for sure, but she could see big advantages for their four-person arrangement if it were to happen. The chances of that arrangement falling apart would go way down if they all were intimate with each other.

Anushka frowned. Clearly, this wasn't something she wanted to talk about. She was trying her hardest to deny her lusty feelings for him, and she didn't want to make that harder to do by encouraging him. So she replied very carefully, "Maybe. But I highly doubt it. I thought I was bisexual not that long ago. But you know stories about how a guy finds a lesbian and 'fucks her straight' that's popular in pornography and such?"

Nick said with exaggerated eagerness, "Yeah? I sure do! Let's hear more about those!"

Anushka laughed, then gave him a chagrined look. "Color me surprised. Anyway, the reverse basically happened to me. I dated boys at first, but none of them made me happy. To be frank, including not sexually satisfying me. So I started dating girls too, and that was better. Much better. But I was still uncertain. Then I got intimate with Hillary, and that was all she wrote. Pardon my vulgar language, but she 'fucked me lesbian.' Now, I wouldn't even THINK about having sex with a man."

She looked pointedly at Nick. "So don't get any big ideas. Maggie, next time we all hang out together, we should keep him in a cage."

Maggie quipped, "Oooh! Kinky!"

Anushka rolled her eyes. "You're no better than him!" But she was having lots of fun, and it showed.

Nick said to Anushka, "Awww, come on. It's fun to tease you as if you would fall for my charms. We both know it's not going to happen, but it gets us talking about boobs a lot, And that's win-win! I think that's something we both enjoy, right?"

She shook her head in disbelief again. "Geez! Nick, you win the Chutzpah of the Year Award. Fine. Tease all you want. But remember my warning about touching."

He nodded soberly. "Right. Never touch your fantastic breasts, unless it's hot, cold, or warm in Southern California. Got it."

Maggie said to Anushka, "Don't worry. He'll tease you up the wazoo, but if you set firm boundaries, he's not going to violate them."

Nick suggestively said to Anushka, "I hadn't even thought about going up your wazoo. Frankly, I don't even know where that is. But it sure sounds like fun!"

Anushka laughed heartily. She said to Maggie almost apologetically, "He cracks me up too much for me to get mad."

They continued to talk all through dessert. There was more teasing than previously, and they had a lot of fun with it. Earlier, his penis had gone

flaccid sometimes, when the three of them were talking about serious things, but more and more it was staying stiff.

Nick hadn't anticipated instigating so much sexual banter. But he had been very horny from before he'd even set foot inside Mama Mia's, and his lust was driving him to say things he otherwise never would have.

More importantly, far from Anushka discouraging him, she continually encouraged him. Even though she frequently grimaced, groaned, rolled her eyes, or otherwise complained, she almost never stopped smiling, and she laughed a great deal. Clearly, she was having a great time.

But it wasn't just that. Nick was getting an interested vibe from her, a lusty vibe. Actually, he noticed that she seemed quite aroused and interested in both him and Maggie.

And he wasn't wrong to be seeing such things, because Anushka really was finding herself sexually interested in both Maggie and Nick. At times, that confused and bothered her. She was determined to stay loyal to Hillary and Hillary alone, because she truly loved her. It was understandable for her to get a little flushed and giddy around Maggie, since Maggie was such a beautiful, intelligent, and charming woman. Plus, Anushka was very much a "tit woman," and even though Maggie's T-shirt she could see that Maggie was extremely endowed.

But she was confused and even sometimes distressed by her attraction to Nick. As she'd said, until recently she had considered herself bisexual, with a marked preference for women, but in the last month she'd had such a great and loving experience being with Hillary that she thought no man could interest her again. Furthermore, normally she would have been repulsed by Nick's aggressive style, and she couldn't understand why it was working on her.

However, she figured that the three of them were doing nothing but talking and looking at each other, so that was completely harmless.

Chapter 51: Sharing Secrets (Sunday)

Anushka was having such a great time that she'd almost forgotten she was supposed to feel threatened by Maggie, particularly by Maggie's recent physical intimacy with Hillary.

But she hadn't completely forgotten, and she wanted to make sure that got addressed. Dessert had ended, and she worried that time was running out before Nick or Maggie said it was time to leave.

So, during a rare lull in the conversation, she abruptly changed topics. "By the way, I wanted to get back to a serious matter I'd only touched on earlier. Maggie, I really like you. It's weird. We've been here for, what? Going on two hours now, and yet I already am seeing you as a friend."

Maggie reached out and took Anushka's hand. "I'm glad to hear you say that, because I consider you a friend now too. Like you, I was pretty worried about this meeting. I truly feel that the arrangement Nick's worked out with you, Hillary, and me is one that's going to last a long time. So that makes this a big deal. It would be such a delight if we can be friends instead of enemies." She smiled warmly.

Anushka smiled back. "I agree completely. And we're well on the way there. But I still have this big concern. Hillary tells me everything. For instance, she told me about your little adventure with Debra last night."

Maggie let go of Anushka's hand, because she drew her hands to her face as she gasped. Her face turned red too. "Oh God! You heard about that?!"

Even Nick was shocked by that revelation, and he looked like it.

Anushka said, "Like I said, Hillary tells me everything. Well, most everything. We're trying hard to be completely honest with each other, and that's not easy. Sometimes she tries to downplay certain things, and I must admit that I do too sometimes. But if I ask the right questions, she'll fess up eventually. I was talking to her on the phone this morning about possible plans, and I asked her how the party at Shannon's place went last night. Before long, she was cursing Debra to the high heavens, and then the whole story about the 'sex game' came out. I must admit, it sounds like quite the... adventure." She said that with impish mirth.

Maggie covered her eyes with a hand. "Oh God! I'm so embarrassed. That was NOT my favorite moment!"

Anushka quipped, "No, but it sounds like it might have been Nick's." She looked to him.

He replied, "True, in terms of sheer sexual pleasure, that was pretty great. But at the same time, it was a real low point for me too. I should have been helping Maggie and Hillary out with Debra. But I got so horny that it's like my brain turned off. I just stood there like an idiot. Or, I dunno, some kind of human dildo. Let's not talk about that, please. It's embarrassing all around. Trust me, we're working hard to minimize the damage and get Debra away from us. What were you starting to say about your concern about Maggie?"

"Oh yes. Like I said, Hillary tells me everything." She looked right at Maggie. "At first, she was very, very reluctant to talk about you. But, naturally, that increased my curiosity by leaps and bounds. Eventually, I squeezed some interesting information out of her. For instance, in that same phone call to me this morning, she also told me about how you and she smeared Nick's cum all over each other's bare breasts, and how she even fed some of it into your mouth. You can see why I'm concerned, can't you?"

Maggie blushed cherry red. She'd greatly enjoyed those times with Hillary when they'd happened, but now that she wasn't out of her mind with arousal, she was ashamed. However, she also knew that if the chance to do it again were to come up, she'd do it in a heartbeat. She had no doubt that she and Hillary would be frequently sharing Nick's cum with each other in all kinds of ways from now on, so it was no good trying to lie about it.

She put her hand on her forehead like she had a painful headache. She sighed. "God. I don't know what to say. That's too embarrassing for words!"

Nick said, "Let me speak then, on your behalf."

He stared intently at Anushka. "I think I'll need to explain, because Maggie gets very embarrassed about that kind of thing. It's hard for me to talk about it too, but I'll try, and I'm not going to beat around the bush."

He looked to Maggie and Anushka. They both seemed okay with letting him talk.

So he said, "Yes, that kind of thing is going on. I talked to you about the whole cum sharing play thing at the restaurant on Friday night, remember?"

Anushka nodded. She was getting very serious and worried now.

"Well, I don't want to repeat myself too much, but that's a big part of how Maggie, Hillary, and I sexually interact. Threesomes are our favorite thing. Not surprisingly, I absolutely love it when Maggie and Hillary take turns sucking my dick or licking it together. What guy wouldn't? Then, when I'm ready to cum, I love to cum over their faces and breasts. I think it's safe to say that both of them have a powerful fetish about that. Wouldn't you agree, Maggie?"

Maggie was dying of embarrassment having to hear Nick talk about this. Her face was cherry red and her eyes were shut tight. But she nodded her head.

He continued, "Ask Hillary too. If she's as honest with you as you say she is, she'll tell you all about it. Obviously, that's something that I as a man can give her that you can't - all this cum. HAS she talked to you about it?"

Anushka said reluctantly, "A little bit. But she doesn't like to talk about it, and I don't like to ask, because it's gross and freaky to me." She made a sour face.

That wasn't acting either. Back when she dated boys, she'd been very squeamish about male ejaculate. She'd never given a blowjob or titfuck at all, and only a few reluctant handjobs, so she hadn't had to deal with male cum much anyway. She had gotten fucked several times, however, mostly just to see if she'd like it. (It hadn't exactly rocked her world.)

He said, "It's important though. It's kind of a glue that binds us together, in a very literal as well as metaphorical sense. I'm not them, and we haven't actually done it that many times yet, but I believe that the cum on the skin thing, and then the sharing of it, is like half of the whole sexual experience that we share. I can't really explain it because, again, I'm not them, but it's more than just cum, symbolically. Right?"

He gave Maggie a nudge, since her eyes were still closed.

Maggie opened her eyes and grudgingly explained while shyly staring at the table, "He's right. It IS more than just cum. I don't know how to begin to explain it, but it's very important to binding us together. Not just Nick to

Hillary and me, but between her and me too! After we've worked so hard as a team to get him to cum - and believe me, it's extremely difficult to get him to cum! He's no ordinary guy, sexually, as I'm sure you've noticed by now, and his penis is extremely thick! Both Hillary and I can barely fit it in our mouths!"

Anushka winced, and she pinched her nose between her eyes. "So I've heard. But please, let's try to minimize the penis talk, okay?"

Maggie bravely went on, despite her face burning cherry red. She kept talking to the table, afraid to make eye contact. "Sorry. Anyway, after all that, it's only natural that we want to celebrate together, and sharing his cum is the obvious way to do it. It's such a joy, basking in his cum! It's like running through a fountain when you're five years old again and you don't have a care in the world. You're totally free!" She smiled in blissfully memory.

But then she frowned, and shut her eyes tight again. "I'm sorry if that sounds crazy. I don't know how to explain it!" She fished, for Nick's sake, "Have you ever given a guy, you know, oral pleasure? And do you know what it's like to have him cum on your skin?"

Anushka said testily, "I'd rather not answer that. Let's just say that I definitely cannot relate to your cum fetish."

Nick said, "If I can help, the point is, when Maggie and Hillary kiss and rub their breasts together and the like, it's not really a lesbian thing. I'm sure Maggie feels some lust for Hillary, because we get so worked up and Hillary is so beautiful that it would be impossible not to. But Maggie doesn't naturally lean that way, like, at all. She's not about to fall in love with Hillary, except in a love-of-a-friend kind of way. It's all about the threesome relationship. It's all about sharing the dick, and sharing the cum. Maggie, am I off base here?"

Maggie still had her eyes closed, because her embarrassment was too much for her to take. "No, you're right. You're absolutely right. Anushka, believe me! I know this is an extremely bizarre thing. I FULLY understand your concern! But Nick is my BOYfriend. I don't have a girlfriend. I never have and I never will! Hillary and I wouldn't be doing any of that stuff if he wasn't there."

Deep down, Maggie wasn't as completely sure as she sounded. Some of her recent cum-sharing fun with Hillary had affected her greatly. She wouldn't consciously admit it to herself, but on some level she suspected they would go further with each other eventually, with Nick there or not. But she was trying to put a certain spin on things without completely lying, in order to put Anushka's mind at ease. She felt absolutely certain that she'd never fall in love with Hillary to the point that she'd steal her away from Anushka, and she figured that was what mattered here. She could gloss over a few minor details to get that point across.

Anushka sighed heavily. "I hear what you're saying. And I want to believe you. But I worry. This is kind of an embarrassing thing to admit to in front of Nick, but I don't believe female sexuality is all that fixed. It's definitely a different kind of beast than male sexuality, where homosexuality and heterosexuality is usually more clearly defined. I think, with most women, we're bisexual to some degree. There are some, like me, who are mostly lesbian, and some, like you, Maggie, who are mostly straight. But there's a lot of wiggle room."

She sighed heavily again. "God, I can't believe I'm admitting this in front of you, Nick. It's like I'm extending an invitation for you to seduce me. But I'm not. So please don't get any ideas!" She gave him a stern look.

He was definitely getting ideas!

She continued, "However, I'll press on, because this is an important point I have to make. With women, I think it often comes down to the person you fall in love with. I was still confused about my sexuality until I fell in love with Hillary. Maggie, you say you're straight, but what if you had a bad run of luck with men, and then you met a beautiful woman who was your perfect partner in every way, except she was a woman? Can you really say you wouldn't fall in love with her and have sex with her?"

Maggie finally opened her eyes again. "I can't say that. That's because you're talking in hypotheticals. I can't say because I can't know the future. Just about anything is possible. A five-headed alien might land in my backyard, and I could fall in love with her, or him, or it - whatever the hell it is. So I can't say anything for sure. But I can tell you what I know in my heart. And I know I love Nick with all my heart! Him and him alone!"

She reached out and took his hand on top of the table. She shared a loving look with him.

She glanced at his lap and saw a lewd bulge in his shorts. She was tempted to give it a brief, surreptitious squeeze. But then she realized that would be extremely unwise, since it might lead to more, right in front of Anushka. Furthermore, Nick had behaved himself extremely well, without any under the table touching at all, and she wanted to keep it that way.

She defiantly added, "I know he and I have only been going out since the start of summer, but we share a loving connection that's incredibly strong!" She drew on her fake backstory that she was detailing in her novella. "I dated another guy for four years. We were very serious. I thought we were going to marry. But my feelings for Nick are ten times as strong as they ever were for that guy!"

She continued, passionately, "Furthermore, the sex is incredible! I don't want to get too graphic here, but let's just say that a big reason I encouraged him to date Hillary too is that he's too much for me. Too much for any one woman!"

Anushka complained, "Are you kidding me?! A woman can have, like 40 or 50 orgasms in a day. Not very likely, but it's possible. A guy can have four, max."

Maggie laughed. "You obviously don't know Nick! Four would be a record low for him! And his size! My God!" She leaned in and whispered confidentially, "I don't want to get too graphic here, but I kind of have to. His penis is soooo thick! As you know. But when he fucks you with it... oh my Lord! Talk about seeing stars! And passing out! Then your kitty is sore for days! I definitely appreciate Hillary taking care of that monster sometimes, believe me!"

She sat back. "So when you suggest there's even a remote chance I could be interested in sex with another woman, let me just say you don't know what it's like to have sex with Nick!"

Anushka was secretly staggered by that. Her desire for Nick rose quite a lot. She'd had nothing but dissatisfying sexual experiences with boys. But she had to increasingly wonder if it would be very different with Nick. Hillary sang praises to the high heavens about sexual fun with him too.

Anushka tried her best to hide her feelings and continue on with her argument anyway. "That's nice. And you say all that now. But it sounds to me that if things do work out with Nick's long-term sharing plan, you could be getting naked and sexual with Nick AND Hillary many times, every single week! That would mean not just having fun with him and his penis, but kissing and fondling Hillary in all kinds of ways, usually when the two of you are naked! Over time, it would be natural if you and her fall in love with each other more and more. Hillary has sworn to me that she hasn't touched your vagina, and you haven't touched hers - thank God! But when you're put in that kind of super heated sexual situation day after day after day, isn't it just a matter of time before you do more with each other?"

Maggie was about to deny that, even though in her heart of hearts she suspected that it probably was inevitable she and Hillary would end up doing more to each other, much more. On a subconscious level she was trying not to make a promise that she wouldn't go further sexually with Hillary, since that was a promise that was likely to be broken.

But before she could respond, Nick said, "It IS very possible that those things could happen, Anushka. You make a good point. I know this must be hard for you to take. If the tables were turned on me, and I had to share Hillary or Maggie with another man who was kissing and fondling her naked body, I don't think I could handle it. Maybe guys have more trouble sexually sharing, I don't know."

He continued, "But we're all going to have to suffer and make sacrifices. I love Hillary. A LOT! Sure, she's beautiful and busty, but it goes much deeper than that. I adore her! I click with her on all sorts of levels. I believe I told you last time that I had a crush on her for two years before we went out, to the point that I didn't date at all during that time."

"Until Maggie came along," Anushka pointed out.

"Well, of course. But that's a whole other story. I believe a person can love two people with all their heart and soul, and I think I'm living proof of that. Hillary is too, with her love for both you and me. But my point is, there will be many times, I'm sure, when I want to be in Hillary's arms, but she'll be with you. That hurts!"

Anushka said with much anguish, "Yeah, but you can 'drown your sorrows' with Maggie. What can I do? When she's with you, or you and Maggie, I'm

all alone! You'll get to have these wild, kinky threesomes, and I'll be sitting at home twiddling my thumbs."

Nick said, "I know. And that sucks. I'm sorry. I was getting to the point where I was going to say that we're all going to suffer, but you're the one who's going to suffer the most. I want to do what I can to make this better for you, and more fair for you. Tell me what you want and we can try to make it happen, within reason."

Anushka said bitterly, "I want to have Hillary all to myself!" Then she added, with greater sadness, "Unfortunately, I know that isn't going to happen. So at least I want to share her only with you. But you told me that the threesome arrangement is the key to you keeping your relationship going with Hillary, so I can't have that either. What can I have? I'm fucked!"

Nick had a daydream vision. In it, he, Maggie, Hillary, and Anushka were together in Hillary's room, naked, getting high, and listening to good music. All four of them were sexually intimate with each other. From time to time, maybe Hillary and Maggie decided to have sex, and they did so even though the other two were there and watching. Another time, perhaps it was Hillary and him who decided to get it on. Or maybe Hillary, Anushka, and him. They would have sex in every possible combination, including all four of them at once! All four were good friends and lovers. Sometimes sex happened, sometimes they just talked and hung out.

He thought, *Wow! That's the ultimate fantasy. Life for me couldn't possibly get any better than that! But is it possible?! Who knows?! It sounds like a long shot at best. But my fake girlfriend plan was a long shot at best too, and that's worked out beyond all my expectations. You can't succeed if you don't try! There's no way that vision can come true all at once, but I can help it along, step by step.*

With that in mind, he said, "I have a wild idea here. Slap me for being a male sexist pig for even suggesting this-"

She reached across the table and slapped his shoulder before he had a chance to explain. She gave him a naughty grin.

He was encouraged that even though she was obviously feeling very sad and frustrated, she could still be playful like that. Although, he also figured that part of it was just that she wanted to slap him to release some frustration.

He grinned back at her, and said, "Touché. But I'm going to throw this crazy idea out there anyway, at the risk of further slapping. First of all, I'm NOT saying that you and I should have sex! I'm NOT saying that!"

Anushka grumbled, "Good. Because that's not going to happen! Not until Hell freezes over!" She crossed her arms under her massive breasts, inadvertently pushing them up and out in an extra sexy manner. She was sending mixed signals because her own feelings were very confused.

Nick continued, "But, that said, what if you and Maggie were to get a little bit intimate? Wouldn't that help our group bond closer together?" He sensed that Anushka was attracted to Maggie, so he was throwing that possibility out there to see how it went over.

Anushka gasped, and gripped the edge of the table with both hands. "What?!"

"I'm just saying that anything's possible. If Maggie enjoys French kissing and fondling Hillary's naked body, then maybe she'd like to do the same to yours. Women do kiss on the lips a lot, and sometimes it's more of an expression of friendship and love than a totally sexual thing."

Maggie was very curious where he was going with this. It didn't look like it was going over well at all, and she was tempted to step in and shut him up.

Anushka put her hands on her hips defiantly. "You're just suggesting that to set up a situation where YOU could have sex with ME!"

He said, "Sure, I won't lie. I'd love for that to happen. But you say you're a lesbian. I'll kid and tease you to the moon and back, but I respect your sexual choice, if that's what you want." He was careful to add the "if that's what you want" loophole.

She said with growing irritation, "Yeah, but even so, in that situation you describe, you'd get to see me naked all the time, and even see me make love to Hillary." She added with heavy sarcasm, "That sounds like a hardship to you!"

He held his hands up defensively again. "Hey. Forget it if it bothers you. Like I said, I was just throwing out a crazy idea. But I think I've got a legitimate point that you worry about Hillary and Maggie falling in love, but shouldn't I worry just as much about you and Maggie falling in love?"

Anushka's eyes bugged out. "What?! Now, that's real crazy talk!"

"Why? Think about it. You're an extraordinary, busty beauty, and so is she. The two of you are practically the best of friends after just one lunch together."

"Not even," Anushka complained.

"No, true. But think how much closer you'll be in a few weeks or months, given this great start. Anything is possible, after all. Besides, if you were to get intimate, what could I do about it? Nothing. It would be kind of fitting, actually, because it would balance things out. Everyone in our foursome group would have two lovers."

Anushka shrank back in her seat as far as she could, as if trying to get away from Maggie. "Well, it's not going to happen! Ever! Right, Maggie? I love Hillary, period! I'm not into sharing!"

Maggie was secretly finding the idea very appealing. Nick was right that Anushka was extraordinarily beautiful, and given what Maggie had been doing with Hillary recently, she couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to kiss and fondle Anushka too.

But she certainly wasn't willing to admit that, not even consciously to herself. So she said, "Right. Anushka, please, have pity on Nick. He's like a walking, talking penis. He gets all these erotic ideas in his head. I think he thinks he's living in some cheesy porno movie. Just ignore him. He's harmless."

Anushka pointed out, "Well, he IS living in a porno movie 24/7, pretty much. Having you AND Hillary as his TWO girlfriends? What guy wouldn't give his right arm for that? And that doesn't even count the sex game with Debra yesterday."

Maggie slapped her forehead. "Oh no! Please don't bring that up again! What a fiasco!"

"Sorry. But it did happen."

Nick said soberly, "Maggie's right. I AM a very lucky guy, but I do also think with my dick a lot. So please forget what I said about the four of us hanging out together in the nude. That was probably my penis doing my thinking for me again." But then he got a silly grin on his face. "Still, wouldn't that be pretty fun?"

Anushka huffed, "Sheesh! You're a case." But she smiled again. She liked his irrepressible nature.

Then she grew serious once more as she considered her situation. "Still, putting all crazy schemes from Mr. Dangerous here aside, where does that leave me? Maggie, I'm kind of blown away about how much I'm liking you and how well we're getting along. But I'm still concerned. The fact that you're so likable makes it even more probable that Hillary could fall in love with you someday! What if she cuts me out and decides to just stick with both of you? She is bisexual. She could get all she desires without me being involved at all!"

Maggie reached out and took Anushka's hand. "Anushka, I swear to you. I SWEAR to you! That is NOT going to happen! I won't let it happen! You and Hillary have a deep and loving relationship. I get all of that with Nick. I'm mainly straight. I'm NOT someone who can love two people at the same time. Nick clearly is. I am not. I can't explain how I know, but I know. I'm a thousand percent convinced of that. Furthermore, I'm way more convinced that I could never fall in love with another woman in particular!"

She continued, very passionately, "So what you fear is impossible! Hillary doesn't just want to have sex with you, she LOVES you! I know she does. There are all kinds of things she'll get from you that she can't get from me, no matter what she and I may do physically in the wildest scenario, because we won't love each other, except maybe as friends. And we never will."

She added, "The only way I could possibly imagine falling in love with her is if I fell out of love with Nick first. Because, like I said, I just don't share my heart like that! I just don't! And if I did fall out of love with Nick, then the whole arrangement between the four of us would fall apart anyway. Don't you see?! I understand your worries, but they're unfounded. We work as a four-legged chair, not a three-legged one."

Maggie meant every word of that. On some subconscious level, she could see herself getting much more sexually intimate with Hillary. But she felt there was a world of difference between that and romantic love, and she considered the idea that she'd ever fall in love with Hillary beyond unbelievable. One reason was that she truly couldn't imagine romantically loving two people at the same time.

Anushka said suspiciously, "Everything hinges on your claim that you can't love two people at once. I'm putting my heart on the line over that. And how can I know that it's true? I want to believe it's true, so much! But how can I know for sure?!"

Maggie said, "That's not the only thing this hinges on. There's also the fact that I'm basically straight. Sure, I'll admit that I enjoy kissing Hillary and even fondling her. But it's a heat of the moment thing that's all bound up with my love and lust for Nick. If it was just Hillary and me, alone, we would never get intimate! Never! It wouldn't even come up. We'd just be normal friends."

She was on shakier ground with some of those comments. But she was trying to look at things in a certain way to help Anushka, and she meant what she said as she said it.

Anushka sighed heavily. "Keep telling me that. Please! I want to believe you, so much. I feel like I'm being played for a fool. The truth is... Well, no. I can't tell you this."

She came to a complete stop, and stared off into space. Then, she continued impulsively, "Oh, fuck it! I'll tell you anyway. How much more screwed can I get?! And you're going to find out soon enough anyway."

She leaned forward dramatically, even as her face started to redden again. "The truth is... I'm kind of submissive. Hillary is the dominant one in our relationship, and I'm the submissive. She pretty much does what she wants, in and out of bed, but especially in bed, and I love her so much that I end up going along with it. So I'm kind of used to getting screwed over." She leaned back and slumped down unhappily.

Nick was secretly delighted to hear that, to say the least! But he tried not to show it. If that was true, perhaps he had a better chance to seduce her with his aggressive style than he'd previously thought possible. He couldn't imagine how great it would be to have Anushka as his submissive sex toy, if he could keep his relationships with Maggie and Hillary too!

Trying to stay calm, he couldn't resist asking, "Is that like 'butch' and 'femme?' I've heard of those terms lesbians call each other."

Anushka wearily replied, "Not exactly. I fit the 'femme' stereotype pretty well, but Hillary is harder to pin down. She can get around well in a

masculine environment, and she doesn't like 'girly' stuff, but she's not a tomboy. It's not like she constantly orders me around or gets off on dominating me either. It's just that she's the one who's in charge and we both know it, if you know what I mean."

She said with increasing despair, "Unfortunately, at least out of bed, I think it's less a sub-dom thing as it is the fact that I love her more than she loves me. Unequal love is a painful, painful thing! Nick, keep in mind that I was crushing on her in a big way for two full years before I started going out with her. Kind of like you, so I can relate to your past. When I dated other girls, or even boys, it wasn't so much that I was interested in them, but they were stand-ins for her."

She spoke from the heart, with an agonized expression. "I love her so much that it hurts! All the time! And now she has you too! So I only get half of her heart and half of her attention, but she gets all of mine." She slumped in defeat. "I guess I'm just doomed to suffer. I tell myself that it's better to love and lose than not love at all, as the famous quote goes. And that is true, so at least I have that consolation."

She said to Nick, "Now you can see why I agreed to your totally bizarre sharing plan. I knew I'd lose her before long anyway, so it's a desperate hail Mary pass, and yet it's one that might actually work. Yeah, she says she loves me, and I believe she does, but not like I love her. I wish so much I could get her to love me more, but what can I do?! If I get all needy and pushy, that'll just drive her away faster."

She hadn't planned to reveal all of this, but it came pouring out unexpectedly. She had been keeping a lot in for a long time. It felt good to unload her feelings onto someone else. Strangely, she felt she could trust Maggie and Nick, even though she was just starting to get to know them. If nothing else, it was in their interest to help strengthen her relationship with Hillary, to strengthen the overall balance and dynamic in their four-person group.

Nick said encouragingly, "Just keep being you."

Anushka was surprised he was giving her advice on this. "What?"

He boldly held her hand from across the table, and he squeezed it encouragingly. "Just keep being you. Like Maggie, I'm only starting to get to know you. But from what I've seen so far, I believe you're a truly

extraordinary person, and extraordinarily beautiful too. And that's not some come on. This is serious, no teasing here. You ARE remarkable! You have to know that deep down. I mean, G-cup breasts on your thin body frame, and with your Bollywood movie star face?! That's like a one in a million combination! I don't know much about this Academy you go to, but you must be the most beautiful girl there. Come on. Try to deny it."

"Well..." She blushed bashfully. She knew there was a general consensus that she was the most beautiful and desired girl in her grade, at least, and she felt an ego boost being reminded of that, even though she generally tried to downplay her looks to herself.

He said triumphantly, "See? I can tell it's true from your reaction. And it's not just your looks. It can't be denied that looks are important, but there's so much more to you than just beauty. From the little I've talked with you, I can tell you're quite smart. Furthermore, you've got a winning personality. I love your sense of humor. So many gorgeous girls let their beauty go to their heads and they become vain, bitchy, high maintenance, or whatever. But you're none of those things."

Anushka admitted, "I can be high maintenance at times."

"Okay, fair enough. But see? That's good, because it helps confirm to me that you're surprisingly honest too. I like that a lot. I can also tell that you're a naturally kind and good person. That's practically the most important thing of all, in my book."

Anushka's face was still red from her confession, and she was blushing even more from all the compliments. She was having trouble handling so much obviously sincere praise. "Stop, already! I'm not all that. I told you that before."

"You ARE! Hillary has a ton of reasons to think you're very special. For instance, why do you love Hillary so much? Sure, she's a raving beauty too. But it goes much deeper than that. You and she click on many levels. From what I know already, you two share so many interests and values that it's uncanny. You even like the exact same music!"

Anushka dropped her head. "Confession time here. God, I don't know why I'm baring all my secrets to you, but I am. And it feels good in a weird way. Anyway, the reason we share so many interests is because whenever I'd find out that Hillary liked something, that would make me like it too! For

instance, speaking of music, I didn't have any strong musical preferences of my own a couple of years ago. But when I'd hear that Hillary liked a certain group, I'd rush out and get that music too. And then I'd like it, just because she liked it. Weird, huh? I feel like a fraud."

Nick laughed heartily.

That upset Anushka, and she pulled her hand from his.

He quickly said, "Sorry! I'm not laughing at you, I'm laughing at ME!"

She growled with distress, "Explain!"

"I'm laughing because I feel like I'm the fraud!" He thumped his chest each time he said "I" or "I'm." "I've done the exact same thing you have! Exactly! Remember, Maggie only entered the picture recently. For the last two years plus, I had a crush on Hillary so intense that it hurt. The same time frame you did the same thing, by the way. I tried to learn everything I could about her. If I found she liked a certain group, I'd rush out and get their music too! Just like you. And I'd love it because she did, just like you!"

Anushka was amazed. She could tell he was sincere.

He continued, "And it's not just music. Oh no! It's lots of things. You know why I'm a vegetarian? Because she is! It was a super hard ordeal to give up meat. But I kind of enjoyed doing it, because it was a way I could express the intensity of my love for her, even though she'd never know. Isn't that weird?"

Anushka grinned in understanding. "It IS weird! But I TOTALLY relate, because I did the EXACT SAME THING!" She reached out and grabbed his hand again. "No way! This is amazing! It's like we're having a mind-meld!"

He nodded. He also was very gratified to find someone who could relate so well to what he'd felt and done. "It is! And I like it. So I laughed when you said you're a fraud, because I totally feel like a fraud too. For instance, yeah, I'm an environmentalist, but how big on that would I really be if it wasn't that I'm trying to impress Hillary on some level? I don't even know the answer to that."

He added, shyly, "Please don't tell her any of this, okay? I'm so glad she's not here today, so I can confess this kind of thing to you."

Anushka nodded. "Your secrets are safe with me. And don't tell her what I've told you either, okay?"

"Of course!"

Anushka smiled with relief. "I'm glad too. I feel like I'm starting to truly understand you. You really DO love her, don't you?!"

"I do. With all my heart!"

He looked to Maggie. "I say that and I mean it, but I love Maggie with all my heart too. I suppose not many people can do this, and Maggie can't, but I can love two people totally and utterly. That's the weird situation I find myself in, due to some twists of fate. Maggie, it goes so much deeper for me than just big breasts or a beautiful face. Just saying your name in my mind gives me a little joyous tingle, every time. And that's true for Hillary too, and it doesn't lessen my love for you one iota."

Maggie smiled lovingly at him. "I know." She quipped, "And don't get me started on your 'joyous tingles!' You 'tingle' all the time!"

She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. It wasn't a short kiss either. She put all the passion and love into it that she could muster, and Nick responded in kind.

When they finally pulled apart, Anushka said, "Wow! I feel kind of honored to have witnessed that. I can see you two love each other a great deal."

Nick nodded. "I feel like I'm the luckiest guy in the world. Maggie and I are in a good place right now, very good."

Anushka asked him, "Even with what happened with Debra last night?"

Maggie replied for him. "What could he do? It was a comedy of errors. We were backed into a corner. I know he had a great time, but still, I don't blame him. I blame Debra all the way."

Anushka reluctantly nodded at that.

He went on, "My great fear is losing Hillary. My romance with her has only just started, and I don't know how serious it's going to get or how long it's going to last. I'm like you in that I fear I love her a lot more than she loves me."

Hearing that affected Anushka profoundly. She reached out and gripped his hand tightly. "We have so much in common!"

Curiously, the more she bonded with him over their shared Hillary feelings, the more her sexual desire for him grew as well. She tried to keep that very well hidden though.

He responded, "We do. Now maybe you can see better why I'm willing to share her with you. I'll do just about anything I can to keep her. And I know you'll do the same. That's why we'll make a good team. I don't want to steal her from you. Far from it! If she were to break up with you, that would be a major disaster for me! Then anything can happen, and I'd probably find myself out in the cold before long. I'm happy with the status quo, and I want it to continue as long as humanly possible."

Anushka nodded. "Me too. It's true that I'm still having trouble swallowing some aspects of our deal, Nick." She looked to Maggie. "For instance, knowing that she's getting increasingly intimate with you, Maggie, and that such intimacy may just grow and grow. That's the worst!"

She looked back to Nick. "It's like if you had to share her with another man. I'm sure it would tear your heart apart day by day. But I'll just have to suck it up, because that's still a million times better than losing her. I get so emotional! I don't even know how I could go on without her!"

Out of the blue, Anushka started to tear up. She began by wiping a stray tear or two away, but only a few seconds later, she was sobbing without restraint.

Nick quickly stood up, allowing Maggie to get out of her booth seat. He figured Anushka needed some consoling, but it would seem perky if he tried to hug her right now. It was better if Maggie did it.

Maggie didn't need it spelled out for her, because she already wanted to give Anushka a loving hug too. She stood up and then sat back down on the other side of the booth next to Anushka. She put her arms around her in the least sexual way she could manage (which was hard to do given the size of Anushka's breasts), and just held her tight.

Anushka cried on Maggie's shoulder for a couple of minutes.

Maggie cooed supportively and ran a hand down her back sometimes, but mostly she just let Anushka cry herself out.

Nick waited patiently back in his previous seat. His heart went out for Anushka. He knew that she was getting the worst part of the arrangement

between the four of them, and he wished he could help ease her pain somehow. But he didn't know how. He'd offered to adjust their arrangement to make things easier for her, but she hadn't suggested any changes.

Finally, Anushka stopped her sobbing, lifted her head, and started to wipe her face.

Nick was ready for that, and handed her some napkins.

"Thanks." She was still crying some, but not much. "You two are too good to me."

Maggie said, "Pshaw! It's nothing. We're friends now. Actually, we're more than friends, we're equal partners in a weird four-way relationship. In a way, we're kind of going steady, all four of us, with everyone else in our group. It's just that some of the bonds are non-sexual. We should consider ourselves a team. We all should support each other in any way we can to make sure this works. Besides, it's easy for me to help you because I genuinely like you a lot."

Anushka sniffed, "Thanks! I like you a lot too! You too, Nick! And I agree about us being a team. I'm so glad I met you two today!" She was still in a highly emotional state.

She groaned. "Gaawwwd! I needed that cry so badly! I've been holding so much in for a long time, and it all came out at once. I'm sorry for unburdening myself on you like that."

Nick said, "Don't be sorry! I feel honored that we could help. And I'm even more honored that you opened your heart to us."

Anushka said as she kept drying her face with the napkins, "I shouldn't have, you know. That was pretty stupid. Now you know too much about me and my weaknesses. I didn't plan that or want that. But I needed to confess to somebody! There are things I can't really talk to Hillary about. For instance, I have to hide just how deeply I love her, because the more you love someone, the more they take you for granted. It's sad but true."

Maggie spoke while still hugging Anushka in a comforting way. "That is true. Do you know how Nick got Hillary to go out with him so quickly?"

"How?"

"By playing hard to get, thanks to my advice. If he'd done the opposite and told her the truth, that he'd been madly crushing on her for two years, that would have just turned her off."

Anushka said, "You see? I'm glad you agree with me, because sometimes I've been doubting my approach. She already knows I love her more than she loves me, and that's bad enough already. She's such a kind and loving person, but still, it creates a power imbalance."

Maggie said, "You know, we are all natural allies. There's nobody in the world more keen on seeing your relationship with Hillary succeed than Nick and me. If you ever need go to someone for advice, or just to vent, try one of us. Or both of us. We'll be glad to listen."

Nick said, "Especially Maggie. She's three years older than me, of course, but it's like she's twenty years wiser." He said that knowing full well the secret truth as to why she seemed to have all those extra years of wisdom. "Of course, I'd be honored to help you in any way I can. But she's the one I go to for advice. Plus, you two can relate woman to woman."

Anushka looked to Maggie with hope. "That sounds good. Can I? Can I go to you with my problems? Especially about Hillary?"

Maggie smiled brightly and gave her a friendly squeeze. "Most definitely! Let's be not just friends, not just good friends, but GREAT friends!"

Anushka positively beamed with joy upon hearing that. Clearly, she really needed a friend who wasn't Hillary, to talk about certain things.

Nick couldn't believe how well this meeting was going. In a surge of lusty confidence, he suggested, "You two should seal that with a kiss!"

To his total shock and delight, Maggie and Anushka kissed on the lips! True, it wasn't a passionate kiss, just a loving kiss. And Nick would have been disappointed to find out that they didn't actually use tongue. But still, a kiss on the lips was a significant development. And it lasted for a surprisingly long time, considering that they'd just met two hours earlier.

Anushka kept her eyes closed with a blissful smile on her face when the kiss ended. She mumbled, "Mmmm. That was nice. Thanks."

Maggie said with opened eyes, "Anytime. Thank you. You know, we've done a lot of talking about you today. But I've got problems I haven't been able to talk to anyone about as well. Nick and Hillary related problems. No

one else knows about this new and highly unorthodox relationship we have, so I can't tell anyone anything. But I could talk to you about it. Could we do that some time, when Nick isn't around?"

Anushka opened her eyes and smiled. "I'd like that. A lot. It's the same for me, you know. Anything I can do to keep this four-person relationship going, I'll do it."

He said in an obviously joking manner, "Anushka can I come to you with my problems about Hillary and Maggie too?"

Anushka crumpled up her wet napkin into a ball and threw it at him. "Yeah, right! Like you have problems!" She mocked Nick's voice, "Anushka, you have to help me. Hillary likes licking the left side of my dick, and Maggie likes licking the right side. But I'd like them to switch sides sometimes. What can I do? And lately it seems like I haven't been getting enough titty fucks. What's your advice there?"

Anushka and Maggie laughed at that, while Nick blushed. But he didn't mind being the target of a joke, because it was helping put Anushka back in a good mood.

He joked back, "Hey, those are serious problems! But the great thing is, with the titfuck problem, you could be a big friend and make up the deficit all on your own."

Anushka snorted with mirth and derision. "Dream on!" She wagged a finger at him. "Remember my vow about you touching me sexually."

He scratched his head, like he was trying to remember. "Oh yeah. That I don't do it nearly enough. Don't worry, I'm determined to improve."

She laughed. "Ugh. You're something else. I should totally smack you upside the head."

He was incorrigible. "Is that the latest slang term for 'blowjob?' Then yes, please, 'smack me' all you like. Maggie 'smacked me' by the side of the road on the way here. But I'm ready to go again anytime."

Maggie griped, "Nick! Do you have to tell her everything?!"

"Yes. Yes, I do. Especially if it's blowjob related. Besides, she knew that already."

Anushka shook her head. "Oh, please. Spare me. Nick, you're such a.... guy!" But despite sounding chastising, she wore a big smile.

The three of them continued to talk about less important matters for a while. It was like they all needed to recover and reconnect on a lighter level after talking about such weighty emotional issues.

Their waitress Laura came by a few times to see if they needed anything, but she could tell they were having a very important discussion and she generally left them alone. The lunch time crowd had left the restaurant a long time ago, so there was no need for Laura to kick them out to make way for new customers.

Eventually, after three-thirty, Anushka pointed out that Nick and Hillary had a party they were supposed to go to.

Maggie said to her, "I'm having such a nice time with you that I'd kind of like to stay here with you."

Anushka said, "Me too. But I feel like we overstayed our welcome. The only reason we ordered dessert was to drag out our meal some more, but that was over an hour ago now."

Nick suggested, "Why don't we call Hillary and see where she is? That'll help us know if we have more time or not."

The other two agreed that was a good idea. Maggie had her cell phone in a pocket, so she made the call. The phone rang, but Hillary didn't answer.

When the attempt ended, Nick pointed out, "That could be because if she's still on Spencer's yacht, she's out of cell phone range."

Anushka pointed out, "I tried calling her not long before leaving to come here, and her phone just rang and rang then too. I figured it was because she was out of range on the yacht, like you said."

Maggie commented, "True, but I also feel like we're pushing our luck here with what's ending up more like a three-hour lunch. Besides, Hillary thought she'd probably make it to Shannon's party around four o'clock. We still have to go back and change clothes and all that, so we probably won't even get there by four."

Nick said, "I suppose you're right. Too bad. This has been great." He didn't even regret missing out on more time with Maggie up on the sun roof.

There would be other times for more sexual fun, but they'd had a breakthrough with Anushka that was pivotal.

The check had already been put on their table a long time ago, so they paid it. Nick wanted to pay it all, but Anushka insisted they split the bill, so they did.

While they were waiting for the waitress to return with the change, Nick asked, "By the way, Anushka, speaking about Spencer, what do you think of him?"

Anushka replied, "I haven't met him, but Hillary sings his praises."

Nick groaned. "Ugh!"

Maggie pointed out, "Nick isn't exactly Spencer's number one fan."

"I gathered. I'm not keen on him either." Anushka said to Maggie, "When Nick and I met last time, he suggested that Spencer could be a big threat for us all. Do you agree with that?"

Maggie nodded. "He's the biggest potential threat right now. He hasn't actually done much yet, as far as I can tell, just 'making time.' But even Hillary admits that this yacht trip is part of his long-term seduction plan. She claims she likes him anyway and she won't let him get anywhere with her. We'll see."

Anushka said, "Yeah, she told me all that too. I didn't want her to go on his stupid yacht trip, and I told her that in no uncertain terms! But I don't seem to have much ability to stop her."

Nick said, "Let's not talk about Spencer and ruin such a nice time. But please do keep an eye out for him. If anyone can seduce Hillary and destroy our special arrangement, it's him. He looks like some kind of Greek god, and that matters."

Anushka nodded in understanding.

Then Nick said, "On a very different note, Anushka, I'm curious about one thing. You and Hillary go to different schools, and you didn't go to the same school the past few years either. If you did, I'm sure I would have remembered you."

She leaned forward, and planted both elbows on the table. That caused her enormous breasts to swell forward in her yellow top. "I can't imagine why,

Mr. Tit Man."

Secretly, Nick was very delighted by that. It was the first time she'd titillated him in a deliberate, physical way with her boobs. He considered that highly significant. His penis had gone flaccid for a while now, but it roared back to full hardness in seconds.

For once, he didn't know how to flirt back, or if he should. He ended up just asking, "So my question is, how is it that you and her got together in the first place?"

Anushka sat back up straight. "That's an easy one. Her parents and my parents are very close friends. So I've known her a long time because of that. And we did go to the same school for a long time, until I started up with the Academy. Then, one day, I up and fell in love with her. I'm not sure how or why, but I fell in a big way. We were close enough friends by then that we'd do some things socially with just the two of us, but I didn't want to come on too strong. So it just so happened that all of a sudden I ended up joining a lot of the same extracurricular activities that she did. It was an almost perfect match, as a matter of fact. Purely by coincidence." She winked knowingly.

He winked back. "'Purely by coincidence.' Right."

Anushka said, "Needless to say, there was nothing coincidental about it at all. So I got to see her a lot. I even repeatedly pleaded with my parents to get me to transfer schools, but already they had me on the expensive private school track, and they refused to even consider that I might go to a 'lesser' public school. But that kind of shows you how Hillary-crazy I was, and I still am."

She sighed with relief after saying that, and even looked around in surprise. "My God! That feels good! I've never told that to anyone before. Not Hillary, not my parents, nobody. It feels good to let it out."

She added with even more astonishment as she searched her feelings, "And not only that, but I feel a great relief from the other secrets I've shared today. It's like a big weight has been lifted from my shoulders!"

Maggie still sat next to Anushka, and she gave her another supportive hug. "We're here for you now. We share a lot of the same secrets, since we're part of this four-person arrangement that no one else knows about. Next time,

when just you and I meet, I'll share some of my personal secrets with you. That'll strengthen our trust bond and bring us even closer."

Anushka nodded. "I'd like that. Very much! You know, it's funny. I was totally afraid of Nick until I met him, and then it was a complete 180. Then I was totally afraid of you until I talked to you on the phone today, and then met you too, and it was another 180!"

Maggie smiled from ear to ear. "Thank God we listened to Nick and met face to face. He is a tit-crazy sex fiend, but somehow he has a brain and some good ideas from time to time too." She winked.

Anushka smirked at that. "Imagine if 90 percent of his brain wasn't thinking 'BOOBS!' all the time. He'd have cured cancer by now."

Maggie chuckled. "Probably."

He pretended to be hurt. "That's not true. Sometimes I also think, 'Boobies!' Or 'Me want big boobs!' Or even just 'Boooooooooooooobs!'" He stuck his tongue out like he was drooling, Homer Simpson-style.

Anushka and Maggie had a good laugh.

Anushka resumed her story more seriously, "Anyway, for the longest time, I was chicken. I saw Hillary date many guys and many girls, and it was painful having to watch. She'd come crying on my shoulder after painful break-ups. I didn't know how to get out of the dreaded 'friend zone.' But it helped that Hillary was a nudist. That helped, big time! Eventually, she let me into her nude world. It seemed platonic on the surface, with the two of us hanging out naked in her room, listening to music and doing homework and such, but the sexual tension started to grow. Then, one magical night, the two of us were in her hot tub together, and one thing led to another, and, well, the rest is history!" She beamed in fond memory.

Nick said, "Wow. That's cool. Thanks for sharing. Next time we meet, can you tell that story again, only in more detail and with a multimedia slide show presentation of the nude scenes?"

She smirked. She crumpled up another napkin and playfully threw it at him as her answer.

He asked, "By the way, Hillary has a hot tub?!"

"Sure. It's in her back yard. You didn't know that?"

"No. I guess I've only gone straight to her room and back. Now that I think about it, I've never been inside the rest of her house at all." (Hillary actually had told him that once, but he'd forgotten, probably because he hadn't seen any sign of it.)

"Well, you should check it out. It has a great atmosphere, and her parents are really nice. By the way, how did you and Maggie meet?"

Nick and Maggie proceeded to tell their agreed upon cover story. Namely, how Maggie supposedly was renting the bungalow behind Nick's house, and they gradually drew together because of that proximity.

Then the waitress Laura came back with their change, and they had no more excuse to stay.

Nick led the way to the front of the restaurant. (Going first helped him hide his ever-present boner.)

Once they were outside, Anushka said, "Well, I suppose this is it. I just want to say again how much I enjoyed this. What an unexpected delight that we all get along so well. And even though I basically spilled my most personal secrets to you, I have this weird gut feeling that I can trust you and it's going to be okay."

Maggie gave Anushka another hug, only they were standing, and face to face, this time. "It's going to be very okay. Believe me, we're very good, trustworthy people."

She gave Anushka a kiss on each cheek, and Anushka responded with the same. They both tried to ignore the fact that their huge bosoms were pressing together, even as they secretly delighted in that contact.

Of course, Nick was in seventh heaven watching that. But he threw his hands up as if he was truly upset. "Oh, come on! What kind of kiss is that?! A peck on the cheek? Anushka, you call yourself a lesbian? I'm taking away your lesbian card!"

Anushka chuckled, and then kissed Maggie on the lips. It was brief, and again there was no tongue, but there was definite electricity there, and both women noticed it. While still hugging Maggie, Anushka turned her head to Nick and asked him, "How was that?"

He grumbled grudgingly, "Better. Marginally. I'll give it a C minus."

Anushka added in a knowingly sultry voice, "What about the fact that our breasts are touching? Surely you noticed that."

She briefly glanced at his shorts and saw an extremely prominent bulge there. But she quickly looked away, and didn't mention it.

"I did," he replied, "and I factored that in already. But that is a passing grade, if just barely. You can keep your lesbian card, for now."

She reluctantly broke away from Maggie, and said, "There's no such thing as a 'lesbian card,' you doofus."

He joked, "You're just saying that to cover up the fact that you must have misplaced yours. Check in the sofa cracks."

She rolled her eyes. But, as usual for her around Nick, it seemed she couldn't stop smiling. Then, after a few seconds of consideration, she opened her arms in a gesture that invited a hug.

He immediately moved in and gave her a hug. He followed that with a peck on each cheek. But then, to Anushka's surprise, he pulled away.

She had been fairly certain that he would try to kiss her lips. If not that, her enormous breasts had been pressing into his chest in a noticeable way, and she thought he'd try to prolong that contact as long as possible. But he didn't. Furthermore, he'd carefully leaned in to make sure that the lewd bulge in his shorts didn't touch her.

She was so surprised by his restraint that she commented, "Well, that's kind of out of character. Given your ultra-horny reputation, I'm almost offended that you didn't try to molest me."

He said, "Hey, I take your lesbian status seriously. Joking around is one thing, but touching is a whole different thing. Remember, you made that clear, and I respect that."

"Oh. Okay." She was glad to hear that, yet she also felt strangely disappointed. In fact, she was more disappointed than relieved. But she tried not to show it.

He added with an impish grin, "But, I must say that I certainly DID notice that your boobs touched my chest. And... it was glorious! Furthermore, my head is still attached to my body, and it's still in the state of California. And I wasn't even thrown off a balcony! So, all in all, it's been a very good day."

She shook her head, but she still didn't stop smiling. "Nick, you're a weird one. But... in a good way. I guess."

He quipped, "That's the nicest thing anyone's said to me in ages! Let's do it again soon, shall we? And with more boob-contact hugging please."

Anushka laughed as she started to walk away to her car. "That's more like the Nick I expect." But after taking a couple of steps, she stopped, turned around, walked up to Nick, and slapped his face.

"Ouch!" Nick said. He rubbed his cheek, even though it hadn't been that harsh of a slap. "What did you do that for?!"

"I should have slapped you like eighty times for being so cheeky. That's like one symbolic slap to take care of all that. It was overdue!"

He would have been bothered by that, but she was grinning widely, so he could see she meant it in good fun. Still, he milked the situation. "Ouch! I'm seriously wounded here. Luckily, I happen to know a good home remedy: I've heard it said that if one rubs G-cup-sized bare breasts against a man's face, it makes him feel all better right away."

She laughed and shook her head. "You! Argh!" She stamped her foot, causing those wonderful G-cups to jiggle and shake. "I should slap you again, but it would only encourage you."

She waved and walked off again towards her car. "See you later."

"Later!" Nick replied. "I'll send you the medical bill!"

"HA!" She said, laughing again.

He and Maggie walked off in the other direction hand in hand.

Chapter 52: Going Home (Sunday)

As soon as Anushka was out of hearing range, Maggie muttered to Nick, "You cheeky, cheeky bugger!"

He chuckled as they walked away from the restaurant. "What?"

"You know what. You were so forward with her, I'm surprised you didn't just sit in her lap!"

"Hmmm. I hadn't thought of that."

She gave him an exasperated look, but remained silent until they got to her Prius.

Once they were buckled in and she started to drive, she said, "Okay, now we can talk. First thing is, how is your penis doing? How are you hanging?"

"Cool!" he replied with glee. "How cool is it to have my mother ask me how I'm hanging, and have it refer to the state of my penis? Very, very cool, if you ask me!"

"Hey, Mr. Walking, Talking Penis, seriously, are you okay? Can you make it to the party without having to cum, or should I help you out? I'm worried that you've been hard for most of the past three hours. That can't be good."

He replied, "Actually, I was doing just fine. But now that you mention it, I totally 'need' a blowjob."

She gave him another disparaging look, even though she felt butterflies in her stomach as she hoped he really meant it,

He said, "In all seriousness, I'm fine for now. It hasn't been a painful blue balls thing, but more of a constant, erotic tingle of pleasure. I did go flaccid from time to time, after all. But I'm totally psyched that you asked. Thanks. Best. Mother. Ever!"

She spoke while keeping her eyes on the road. "Remember, I'm Maggie your girlfriend now. And I'm a hot and sexy girlfriend who loves to suck your cock, so don't you forget it!"

"Yes, ma'am! By the way, did you notice the way I didn't secretly fondle you, not even once?"

"I certainly did."

"It was tempting, but I was trying to be on my best behavior, with Anushka there."

"Good for you. Now, let's talk about what just happened there with her. I have to say again that you're one cheeky, cheeky bugger! You were restrained with me, but what were you thinking, being so forward with your teasing of her?!"

He grew serious. "Ma, I mean Maggie, I told you that my last meeting with her went surprisingly well. Way beyond my best hopes, actually. We just got along like a house on fire, somehow. And then the same thing happened today, only between you and her too. Don't you think?"

She nodded.

He said, "It makes a lot more sense after what I learned today. She and I are almost mirror images of each other, like with the way we were secretly in love with Hillary for years, and kind of changed ourselves radically to be more like her. No wonder she and I get along so well! It's really cool!"

Maggie quipped, "'Mirror images?' I don't see two basketballs on your chest."

"Okay, besides that." He laughed. "I'm not totally oblivious, you know. I was watching her carefully. If my joking didn't go over well, I was ready to switch gears or cut it way down. But the total opposite happened. She was lapping it up! Or am I being totally delusional here?"

"No," Maggie said, "she was definitely enjoying your banter. You two have a kind of a strange rapport, but it's obviously something you both enjoy."

He said, "And you and her have a fun rapport too. You were getting along great! I love it! It's hard to believe that that's the first time you ever met. By the end, you really were carrying on like old friends."

Maggie smiled in fond memory. "Yeah, it was pretty neat. I must admit that I'm so tickled pink that I'm kind of giddy. That was NOT how I expected things to go at ALL. I thought she'd be very cautious and wary of me. But she opened up her heart to us, out of the blue! I feel bad for her. This arrangement does kind of screw her over. Plus, her unequal love situation with Hillary is a heart breaker too."

He nodded. "I know, and I totally agree. But if we all can become good friends and help each other out, that'll help a lot with both things, I think."

Imagine how much worse she'd feel if she felt like she was constantly at war with us. What if we ended up fighting over Hillary's time and attention like a bitterly divorced couple fighting over custody of their child? That could be brutal."

"Yeah," Maggie said. "Let's not even go there."

"Definitely. But the fact that she shared some of her most personal and painful secrets with us, and had a good cry with you and everything, that's huge. It's like, in one meeting, we developed the kind of close bond that it might normally take a 100 meetings to make!"

She said, "Well, I don't know about a 100 meetings, but I think your general point is correct. I was shocked at how quickly we bonded and how open and honest we were with each other despite the fact that we're almost total strangers. But upon reflection, it makes a lot of sense. She has a natural connection with us. Given this new four-person relationship thing, a thing that's so unique that I don't even know what to call it, you could almost divide the world into us - the four of us - and them - everyone else. Nobody else knows about our special relationship, not a single person, and it's probably best we keep it that way. So it's almost like we **MUST** become good friends!"

Nick said, "Yeah. It's kind of like if you joined some special program that sent you to some remote village in Siberia to do charity work or something, and one other American was sent there too. It wouldn't matter who that person was, you'd pretty much be guaranteed to become close because you share so much in common compared to everyone else around you. Well, either you'd become good friends or intense enemies. But you certainly couldn't stay neutral."

"Good point. But, given that you're getting along so well with her, where are you planning on taking this?"

"What do you mean?"

She glanced over at him. She was both pleased and disappointed to see the bulge in his shorts had gone down. "Come on, you know what I mean. You're planning on seducing her, aren't you?"

"What? No way!"

"Hey, don't play dumb with me. I'm not just your hot girlfriend, I'm your you-know-what too. I'm still getting used to the new, aggressive Nick, but I can tell when you're not being completely honest."

He admitted, "Okay, it's true that the idea has crossed my mind."

"HA! Understatement of the year!"

"You're right, that's kind of an understatement. It's just that it's occurred to me that if I were able to get intimate with her, that would help bind us all together. We'd all be closer and love each other even more. I understand that when people have sex, it releases some chemicals that make you care more for the other person. I think one of them is called oxytocin. Anyway, another big effect is that Hillary would be even less likely to lose interest. Imagine if Anushka and I could make love to her at the same time. She'd be over the moon! Plus then Anushka wouldn't feel like the fifth wheel in all of this. There are all kinds of positives."

Maggie said sarcastically, "Boy, you sure are a selfless hero, to suggest that course of action. You should call up the Vatican and see if you might be eligible for sainthood. I'm sure your enthusiasm has nothing to do with the fact that Anushka is a friggin' walking wet dream, with the largest, most perfect breasts on the planet!"

He grinned impishly. "Okay, that may have something to do with it. Maybe." Her turned to Maggie, caught her attention, and winked.

She gave him a chagrined look. "There's just the little problem that she's lesbian, of course."

He fired back, "Or is she?! That's the million dollar question. I honestly don't think she is. I believe she's bisexual with a strong preference for women. That's VERY different from a total lesbian! She even used the word 'maybe' to say that maybe she's bisexual. And remember her theory that all women are at least partially bisexual?! What about that? Doesn't that apply to her too?!"

"Obviously it does," Maggie replied. "But even if that's true, there's a big range there."

"Yeah, but she's admitted that she's dated guys! And she wasn't just doing it so her parents could think she's straight, although it did have that bonus benefit."

"Wait, what's this?"

"Oh, I didn't tell you that? When I saw her with Hillary, she told me that she's come out with her mother, and that's worked out fine. But she hasn't told her father, and her mother has advised her not to because he's close-minded about that kind of thing. But her dad doesn't suspect anything due to the fact that she has dated boys."

"Ah. I see. Sounds like trouble brewing there, eventually."

"Probably. Remember, her parents are from India and they're probably very conservative about this kind of thing. At least her mother is on board. But anyway, she talks a big talk about how she's 100 percent lesbian and would never think of even touching a guy, but she's been dropping clues that say otherwise. At least I think so."

"Such as?"

"Such as, do you remember her telling me today, and this is an exact quote, 'It's like I'm extending an invitation for you to seduce me.' Hello?! That sounds like an invitation to seduce her!"

Maggie responded, "Of course I heard that too, and I definitely made note of it. But I'm sure you remember what she said next: 'But I'm not.' This is not a clear-cut thing at all."

"Okay. True. Still, what do you think? Am I way off base to think there might be even a slight chance with this?"

She said sternly, "I think you're way off base in assuming that I'd be fine with it! I am your girlfriend, you know! True, I'm your 'fake girlfriend,' and I'm secretly your mother, and Hillary is your girlfriend too. But I'm still your girlfriend! Just because I'm sharing you with Hillary, do you think that gives you the right to go and have sex with any hottie you feel like? You already broke my heart by losing your virginity to Debra last night, of all people! That wasn't right! That can never be undone. You can never give your virginity to Hillary instead. And then now, mere hours later, you're already scheming to bed Anushka too?"

He suddenly felt terrible. He covered his eyes with a hand. "I'm sorry, Ma! God, I feel awful! I didn't think."

He took his hand away and stared out the window because he was too abashed to look at his mother. "I'm really sorry about the Debra situation."

You're right that can't be undone. But I'll bet that bothers me even more than it bothers you. It's my virginity that got squandered, after all."

He sighed again. "But about Anushka, in my defense, things happened so quickly that when did I have a chance to consult you? I mean, prior to this meeting today the idea had crossed my mind, but it had been a wild daydream fantasy. It was never, ever going to happen. I can dream about being emperor of the universe too, but who would take that seriously? But then, today with her, I was horny and saying all kinds of suggestive things, and she didn't mind!"

He added, "Hell, she was giving me all kinds of unexpected signs. For instance, near the end there, did you see how she leaned forward with her elbows on the table and gave me a provocative view of her boobs swaying forward?"

"I saw that," Maggie admitted. "And yeah, that was kind of flirty."

"That was totally flirty! There were all kinds of signs I noticed, including just the way she was looking at me with interest. She said a bunch of stuff that totally blew my mind. She revealed that she's sexually submissive, for crying out loud! And then let's not forget 'It's like I'm extending an invitation for you to seduce me.' Come ON! I never would have expected that in a million billion years! So I'm starting to think I at least have a chance with her, but it's all due to this meeting. When did I have a chance to talk to you?"

"Okay. Fair point. But we can discuss it now."

"I know. And that's what we're doing, and that's good. I'm sorry for not bringing it up right away. But now that it's out in the open, let me make something perfectly clear. I have two loves: you and Hillary. That's it! Yes, Anushka is super hot and super busty, but I certainly don't love her. Two wonderful women to love is one more love than 99.9999 percent of men on Earth ever have. I don't want to screw that up for anything!"

He went on, "Last night with Debra, I was drunk and tricked, but I'm not going to let that happen again. When we go back to Shannon's party today, I'm not even going to touch any alcohol. I've learned my lesson. Even though Debra won't be there, I want to stay in total control. But the point I'm trying to get to is that, whatever you want me to do with Anushka, that's

what I'll do. You and Hillary, that's what matters to me. Period, end of story!"

Maggie glanced at him and smiled lovingly. "I'm glad to hear that. Even though I'm your mother and our romance can't last, it still warms my heart to hear that."

"So, what should I do with Anushka? All we've done is some joking and teasing, so this can go in any direction. I'm a slave at your command."

There was silence in the car for a couple of minutes while Maggie seriously pondered that.

Finally, she said, "Before I answer that, I noticed that you didn't ask her for permission to fuck Hillary, even though you were getting along with her so well."

"Yeah, I thought about that briefly. But I realized if I asked her that, it would seem like my befriending her was nothing but an attempt to schmooze to get her permission on that. But that's not true. I really like her as a person, in addition to being very attracted to her. I figure that she'll give permission about that soon enough, once she feels more at ease about all these dramatic relationship changes that are happening. If I push her, it'll probably just backfire anyway."

"That's wise, Sport."

"Thanks. But what's your answer to the big question?! Should I try to get something going with her or not? For the good of the group?"

Maggie paused again. Finally, she said, "This is not an easy decision to make, but I think you should go for it. Seduce her!"

She surprised herself by saying that out loud, and with gusto. She was feeling highly conflicted, but she was going with her gut.

He could barely believe it. "Really?! Are you serious?!"

"I am. I have to admit that I'm feeling jealous. I don't want to share you with another woman. But I have to remember that I AM your mother. Our relationship is ultimately doomed to end someday. I can't think of this like a normal girlfriend would. The 'hand-over' is our all-important goal. Right?"

"Right." He didn't want to say that. He wanted to keep his mother as his lover for forever. But he felt like he couldn't tell her that because she

wouldn't approve. So he had to play along with the hand-over idea.

She was crushed to hear him say that, but she kept her feelings to herself. "Given that, we have to think about what's best for your relationship with Hillary, and the hand-over. We agree that if it's just you dating Hillary, that's probably not enough to keep her in a long-term relationship. Anushka is a vital part of the overall plan, correct?"

"Right."

"So, if that's true, if you DID seduce Anushka, that would almost certainly strengthen the stability of the entire arrangement. You're right that would be a big incentive for Hillary. The two of you teaming up on her in bed would probably be her ultimate sexual dream. So... it's worth a try. The only danger is if you try and fail, and make Anushka an enemy in the process."

He sat there staring through the windshield. "Wow!"

After a long pause, Maggie asked him, "'Wow?'"

"I'm just letting this wash over me. I mean, the odds of me actually successfully seducing her are still a long shot at best. But the fact that there's even a chance is like a major, major mind fuck! Pardon my language."

Maggie chuckled. "I think, given the fact that I can't seem to stop sucking your cock, the fact that you say 'fuck' when we're not totally horny with each other is more than okay."

He shook his head in disbelief. "Wow, man. Just think if it worked with her! That would be SO COOL! Can you imagine if our emerging double blowjob tradition with you and Hillary turned into TRIPLE blowjobs?! Can you picture me standing there with the three of you kneeling naked in front of me, each of you hefting your big tits up and your mouths wide open as I'd start firing my cum? I'd go down the line, dousing and painting you, Hillary, AND Anushka! I'd cum on your face! I'd cum on your tits! But then I'd squirt just as much on Hillary and Anushka!"

Maggie had only been mildly aroused prior to this. (Lately, it seemed she was never completely unaroused if she was with Nick.) But by the time he finished that description, she was clenching the steering wheel with both hands, as if for dear life, and panting hard. Suddenly, she was so dizzy, and her heart was thumping so loudly in her ears, that she started to worry she

wasn't fit to keep driving. Her nipples and pussy were madly tingling and burning too.

She glanced at his lap and saw a lewd tenting in his shorts. She bit her lip. It looked so tempting that she wanted to cry or scream. *Why is that vision so incredibly arousing to me?! GOD! It's so hot that I almost can't even drive!*

However, Nick wasn't finished. "Then, when I was done cumming, I'd just stand there and watch. The three of you would turn to each other. There would be no need to speak, because you'd have done this many, many times before. You'd crowd together and immediately start kissing and fondling each other! The one in the middle - let's say she's you - she'd be the lucky one! 'Cos you'd get it from both sides! You'd turn one way and Hillary would be French kissing you, and snowballing cum into your mouth. She'd be rubbing her huge, cummy tits against yours too."

His voice was growing ragged. "Then you'd turn the other way, and Anushka would be kneeling there, waiting with a tongue-full of cum to share with you! You and her would kiss and kiss with indescribable spermy passion! Meanwhile, her even HUGER tits would practically envelop yours! Your nipples and hers would slip and slide together, sped along with copious spermy lubrication! You'd clench her perfect ass cheeks and pull her closer, because you can't get enough of her!"

Maggie was thinking, *Stop! Please stop already, or we'll have an accident! But I can't say that or he'll know how much I love that!*

If she thought she could hide her arousal, she was delusional. He looked at her and saw her big tits heaving up and down in her dark blue T-shirt. Her eyes were wide and her mouth was hanging open too. She was struggling to keep driving the car, but she was weaving all over her lane.

Encouraged, he continued with the fantasy. "But what about Hillary? She taps you on the shoulder, because she'd be feeling left out. So you turn back to her. She bends down and starts licking more of my cum directly off your boobs! While she's there, she sucks on your stiff nipples some too. Anushka thinks that's a good idea, and sucks on your other nipple. But then she realizes she hasn't kissed Hillary yet, so the two of them lap up more cum from your face and then snowball it back and forth right past you! Now, you'd be feeling left out, except you plow your head right between their

great racks and bury your face in their soft, pillowy knockers, smearing and spreading even more sperm all over every inch of your cum-drenched face!"

Maggie suddenly screamed, "STOP! FUCK!" She looked around for somewhere to pull over so she could suck Nick's cock. She was too horny not to! But they were on the same highway they'd been on when that happened. She remembered what happened on the way to the restaurant and the danger of being caught by the police if she pulled into the emergency lane.

Luckily, there was a highway exit coming up, so she got off the highway and came to a stop at a stop sign where the exit road met a larger road going over the highway. Acting on impulse, she suddenly got out of the car, and yelled, "You drive!" She ran around the front of the car with the intention of getting in the passenger seat he was currently in.

Nick was very confused. He could tell she was extremely hot to trot, but he didn't understand why she'd want him to drive instead of parking the car somewhere. He managed to slide over from the passenger's seat to the driver's seat. He quickly put the driver's seat belt on.

Maggie slammed the door behind her and collapsed into the seat where Nick had just been. She closed her eyes and slumped way down. But she also pointed forward, and shouted, "Go! Go, go, go!"

The car was still running, so he held the steering wheel and prepared to drive. But he asked, "Back on the highway?"

"Yes! We have to get back home and fast! So, DRIVE!"

"Okay! I'm driving!" He carefully got back on the highway, and soon they were driving just as fast as before. His heart was thumping wildly. At least there wasn't a lot of traffic behind them and they'd done it very quickly.

Maggie waited with her eyes closed until she sensed the car was going at highway speed. Then she unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts and dug in with both hands. She started pumping two fingers into her now very wet slit, and she fiddled with her clit for good measure.

Nick asked her in shock, "What are you doing?!"

"What the fuck does it look like I'm doing?! I'm too hot and horny, and it's all your fault!"

He said, "Well, okay. But at least put your seat belt on."

"Right!" She opened her eyes, found her seat belt, and clicked it into place. She was annoyed at that minor delay, because her need to cum was so great.

She closed her eyes, plunged two fingers deep into her hot cunt, and drifted into a fantasy world. Her fantasy was exactly what Nick had just been describing. She was with Hillary and Anushka, and the three of them were covered with an improbable amount of cum! It was dripping copiously from their faces to their big racks, and from there to the floor. For some reason, she imagined the three of them in the sauna room at Shannon's mansion. Nick was there too, recovering from his orgasm, but he had Debra's camera and he was taking pictures of his three cum-hungry women.

Maggie masturbated with an almost animalistic passion as she imagined sharing Nick's cum in a variety of ways with Hillary and Anushka. No matter how much of his cum got eaten, or smeared into skin, or dripped away, there was always plenty more somehow.

She was annoyed that she couldn't easily get to her breasts, because this was a very breast-centric fantasy. She was slumped way down in her seat, until she was almost curled into a ball with her knees up above the dashboard. As a result, she was below window level, and she didn't think anyone could see her, except maybe a trucker looking down into the car. Even that didn't scare her off, because she pulled her T-shirt up to her shoulders and then frantically struggled with her bra. She was so violent in her efforts that she ripped the bra's seam in front between the underwires as she frantically pulled it up to her neck. This caused the underwire to pop through the seam.

Realizing that the bra had just been ruined, plus the fact that her window was partly rolled down, she reached up and tossed her bra out the window. She giggled with glee.

He saw that, and his eyes practically bugged out. "Maggie! You just tossed your bra out the window!"

"I know! I'm a naughty mommy, aren't I?" She was feeling wild and uninhibited, and it felt great.

He kept glancing over at her, with his mouth hanging wide open. "Ohmigod! You are! Shit! That's so fucking hot! I'm so horny!" He was

particularly surprised that she used the word "mommy," since she hardly ever did that. It was a sign that she was nearly out of her mind with arousal.

She was so incredibly aroused that she was feeling reckless and practically wicked. She spoke in a husky, sexy voice. "Excuse me. Where are my manners?" She reached out to his crotch with her closest hand and unzipped his fly. She didn't unbutton his shorts, but just fished his boner out through his fly and then started stroking it.

However, her main interest was on masturbating to her fantasy, which was a continuation of the fantasy he'd described. So she closed her eyes again and resumed playing with herself. Her only problem was that she wished she had at least three hands, because she didn't have enough hands to stroke Nick's cock, finger her pussy, and pull on her nipples too. She had to alternate between her pussy and nipples, because she certainly wasn't going to stop jacking him off!

He looked down at her fingers sliding up and down his shaft, and then over at her sitting there topless and masturbating. He thought his heart was going to pound right out of his chest. He exclaimed, "How am I supposed to drive like this?!"

She said to her very surprised son, "That's your problem. Now, please, be quiet. I'm having a very nice little daydream here, based on what you were saying."

That at least explained things somewhat for him. He stayed quiet and tried to drive. It was a struggle, but he was determined.

Luckily for him, Maggie was jacking him off in a very absent-minded manner. She wasn't using her usual bag of talented moves, but it was more like she just wanted to feel his hot and newly pre-cum soaked cock sliding in her hand.

Thankfully, he felt he could manage to drive like that without crashing the car if he was careful. He was very mindful not to look over at her, because she looked too wanton and sexy to be believed.

Maggie went back to masturbating for a few seconds, but her shorts and panties were still bothering her. She lifted up her ass and yanked them down her legs until they came all the way off and fell to the floor. Nick's idea that she needed to be completely naked during their sexual fun was starting to

be internalized. She felt much better with her shorts and panties off. She would have wanted to take her T-shirt all the way off too, but since it was out of the way at her shoulders and it would be a bother to pull it over her head, she decided to ignore that for now.

With the situation around her settled to her satisfaction, she closed her eyes again and went right back to her fantasy world. For some reason, her extreme arousal put her in a mental state where her daydream had the vividness of the most realistic sleeping dream. She could feel Anushka's giant breasts sliding against hers! She could taste Nick's cum on her tongue! She could smell wet pussy and Nick's sweet cum! It was so intense that it was almost more real than reality.

She was back in the sauna room, continually sandwiched between Anushka and Hillary. It was like the three of them were playing a game of trying to rub their three racks together at the same time, and it was just about the most fun Maggie had ever had! But then she felt something brush her nose, and she opened her eyes to see what it was. It was Nick's cock! It was fully engorged again, and ready for action!

She smiled up at him lovingly. Then she craned her jaw open as wide as possible. He naturally slid his cockhead right in between her hot lips, and she started to suck and lick with great suction. Hillary and Anushka had their faces right next to hers. They leaned in and started licking all the inches of his cock that weren't in her mouth already. His erection seemed even longer and thicker than usual, so there was plenty of cock to go around.

As Maggie vigorously finger-fucked herself, she thought, *FUCK YEAH! This is the life! If only this was happening for real! To think that a few minutes ago I was wavering about whether Nick should seduce Anushka or not. Of COURSE he should! For all the logical reasons he pointed out, plus this! Especially this! Fuck me, this is so good! The three of us need to be sisterly cum sluts, bound together by our love for his cum! MMMM! YESSSS!*

She alternated between fondling her nipples and pussy with one hand while steadily jacking Nick off with her other one. She was so far into her fantasy world that she forgot all about the fact that she was in a car speeding down

the highway. But in another sense she still remained aware of that fact and it made her even MORE horny!

He couldn't resist occasionally glancing over at his masturbating mother as much as he looked at the road ahead. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He got a particularly big jolt of shock the first time he noticed she'd stripped down to just her T-shirt rolled up to her armpits.

He shook his head in disbelief. *Holy fuck! One minute, we were having a sober and serious discussion about what to do with Anushka, and then the next minute... THIS! How the hell did that happen?! Boy, I sure as hell must have said the right thing with my little fantasy. Clearly, this cum sharing thing turns Ma on in a big, big way. I should emphasize that even more.*

Just look at her! It's like she's totally lost her mind! I'm all for seeing her fuckin' totally buck naked, but I never thought she'd do that while driving down the friggin' highway! Without me prodding her about it at all! And she's jacking me off, to boot! Damn, Ma is one seriously horny and sexy babe! She's like a sex goddess for real!

He was very defensive about not wanting other men to see his naked mother. As a result, he had to focus on driving much more than he wanted to. Whenever he saw a truck in a nearby lane, or a high car such as an SUV, he'd either have to speed up, slow down, or change lanes, so nobody would have a chance to look down into their relatively low Prius. But in a way that was a good thing because it kept him busy and focused on his vital driving task. Although Maggie was giving him a "bad" handjob by her usual high standards, the situation was so arousing that he was dangerously close to cumming anyway.

Maggie wanted to cum so badly that it nearly physically hurt. But she held back and held back, because she didn't want her vivid daydream to ever end. She'd never had any daydream even remotely this good. In her fantasy world, she was still busy freely sharing Nick's cock with Hillary and Anushka. Sometimes they'd alternate sucking down to his sweet spot, but usually the three of them would lick him at the same time. But his cum was still all over the place, and at times they'd pause to French kiss each other or just lick up a particularly tasty looking cum gob off a face or a breast and then swallow it down.

Eventually, she knew she could hold back from cumming no longer. So in her dream, she let Nick cum. His ropes of cum blasted out, seemingly splattering on the faces of Hillary, Anushka, and herself all at once. At the same time, her own orgasm raced through her body and hit her like an electric shock. She actually saw stars for a few long precious moments.

Despite the fact that she knew they were driving down the highway, she screamed out loud. Very loud.

Nick looked nervously at a couple of the adjacent cars. Maggie's scream had been so piercing that a couple of passengers were looking around, trying to figure out where the noise was coming from. He slowed the car to get away from those cars.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he looked over at Maggie a minute or so later and saw that her fingers were out of her slit and she was just breathing hard with her eyes closed.

The sight of her E-cup breasts rising and falling was mesmerizing, but he forced himself to look to the road. Most of the time, anyway.

Yet, somehow, even though Maggie was practically passed out from the intensity of her orgasm, she still managed to hold his cock. She was too out of it to actually stroke it, but she held it and felt a lot of comfort from that.

A couple of minutes passed. Nick was finally able to get off the highway, and that was a big relief. They were still a ways away from home, but he knew a route that mostly went through residential, single lane streets. It took longer to get home that way, but he figured that was prudent because he doubted Maggie was going to put her clothes back on before they got home. She didn't even have a bra to put back on anymore.

It seemed that she had fallen asleep, or at least she was close to it. But, out of the blue, she opened her eyes and said, "Okay, you win."

He glanced over at her. "What? Excuse me?"

"You win. You're right. I'm totally sold now on the idea that you should seduce Anushka. I know I already agreed to that a little while ago, but I was still feeling highly conflicted and uncertain about it. No more!"

As she rejoined the world, she looked around and saw that her knees were up above the window level. she brought them back down below the dashboard, but there wasn't much room for her long legs if she stayed

slumped way down. So she tilted her seat all the way back, allowing her to nearly lie flat.

"Ah, that's better," she said as the seat came into position. "Boy, this reminds me of something. I wonder what." She looked to her son and shared a knowing smile with him as they both fondly recalled the times he'd laid on her naked body in that exact seat position in the garage.

He said happily, "Good times! But you're forgetting something." He brought a hand to his shoulders to indicate what he was referring to on her.

She felt at her shoulders and realized that her T-shirt was still bunched up above her breasts. She flashed a naughty grin. "You're so right again. What kind of blowjob-loving big-titted slut would I be with my shoulders covered up?" She laughed. "I raised a smart kid."

She managed to pull the T-shirt off while staying below window level. She considered tossing it out the window too, but some vestige of being a responsible adult stopped her from doing so. Besides, she liked that shirt. She tossed it into the back seat behind Nick's seat instead. "Aaaah. That's better. Much better."

She needed to use two hands to get her shirt all the way off. When she was done, she remembered to bring a hand back to Nick's boner. But that also reminded her that she hadn't been stroking it for a while, so she resumed jacking him off. Now that she wasn't masturbating herself silly, she was able to focus more on giving him a great handjob.

She let out a long, blissful sigh. *Aaaaaah! This is the life! I feel so free! So naked! So ALIVE! Yeah, it's kind of humiliating finding myself more and more dedicated to pleasuring my son's big fat cock, but it's SO MUCH FUN! I have no regrets! None!*

He glanced over at her repeatedly.

As a result, he was watching when she brought her other hand to her face and examined it curiously. He didn't understand what she was doing, and he was even more puzzled when she stuck her index finger out like she was going to point at something, but instead she sucked it into her mouth! She closed her eyes and sucked on her finger with a blissful and happy look on her face.

Then he looked at her other fingers on that hand and saw something shiny glistening in the sun. It dawned on him, *That's cum! HER cum! Her pussy juices! She's cleaning her fingers by sucking her juices right off them!*

Oh, man! If I didn't have a raging boner already with Ma jacking me off like this, I'd get one in two seconds flat seeing that! How smoking hot is my mother?! Fuck me, man! Fucking UNREAL!

He continued to watch her suck her fingers clean, with only occasional glances at the road ahead. *It's too bad I'm driving, or I'd literally be all over her right now. I'd climb up her tanned, naked body, sit up at her face, and give her something better and thicker to suck on!*

He almost accidentally drove the car off the road due to looking at her too long, but jerked it back just in time. After that, he forced himself to look ahead more often and less at his centerfold worthy mother.

She knew what she was doing, and she was deliberately driving him wild. Simply jacking him off wasn't enough, since she was in such a reckless mood. Her orgasm had drained her of energy for the time being, but she was just as horny as before, and she was biding her time until they got home. While flashing him a sexy, sultry look, she switched from sucking on her index finger to sucking on her middle finger.

At first, she mainly wanted to clean off her cum-soaked fingers in a sexy manner. Then she started to get off on teasing him with a pretend-blowjob sucking motion. But by accident, the more she did it, the more she realized she was enjoying the taste of her own juices. She was glad when she finished her middle finger and moved to her ring finger to consume the wetness there. Then she sucked her pinky clean, and finally, her thumb.

Now that she was running out of juices to suck clean, she considered switching hands. But she was cuddled up against her door as much as possible to lessen the chance of being seen from her side (although she was still exposed if someone looked down from above while passing in the other direction, and the Prius was not a high car). She could reach his cock easily enough with her left hand, but it would be much more difficult to reach it and stroke it with her right hand.

But then she had a better idea. She brought her just-cleaned right hand back to her pussy, and plunged four bunched up fingers into her slit! She groaned lustily. *UGH! So good! That's Nick's cock! Fuck me, Son! Except his cock is*

even thicker. It would be more like getting fisted! Oh God, he's gonna fuck my CUNT with his cock monster one of these days, isn't he? So hot! So wrong, but so hot! He'll DESTROY me! He'll ruin my cunt for all other cocks!

Feeling even more worked up, as well as increasingly breathless, she pulled her four bunched up fingers out of her slit, brought them up to her face, and crammed them into her mouth! Now, she wasn't just kind of simulating a blowjob; she was sucking on her fingers exactly like it was his cock!

He saw that and groaned lustily and loudly. He seriously considered pulling the car to the side of the road so he could vigorously fuck her face, but they were so close to home by now that he resolved to stick it out until they could have fun in the safety of their garage. He was determined to give her something hot and throbbing to suck on as soon as they got there, though.

She thought, My son has turned me into a total slut! And I'm loving it! Just look at me: I'm stark naked and sucking my pussy juices off my fingers while fucking my own face in the Prius, and I've never been happier! He broke my brain, he really did! The only thing is, four fingers isn't enough to get the full Nick "cock monster" experience!

She pulled her fingers out of her mouth, but only to bunch her thumb together with her other fingers and then cram all five into her mouth. *Aaaah! That's better! But it's STILL not enough! Sure, if I went down to my knuckles, but I'm kind of chicken to do that.*

He continued to look over at her, totally amazed to see that much of her hand in her mouth. His cock was throbbing with so much arousal that he figured the odds were good he would cum into her sliding hand before they got home even though they were almost there. He exclaimed, "Ma, you're so fucking sexy and gorgeous! It's unbelievable! I'm the luckiest son in town!"

She pulled her hand out of her mouth to reply, "That's true. Unless there's some lucky guy near here who's working on building his own harem of busty beauties, including his mother. But what are the chances of that? Sheesh! You may wind up with a mini-harem if you can win Anushka too. As you very much should!"

"Wow. So cool! What brought about your big change of heart?"

She licked her fingers one by one instead of using all five fingers at once, since she figured she'd probably have to talk for a while. She exclaimed, "It was your goddamned cummy fantasy! I don't know what you said, but something there practically broke my brain. So fucking hot! It's like molten lava! Can you imagine if the three of us DID end up naked and kneeling, begging for your cum? That would be the ultimate!"

He laughed. "You're telling ME that?! Geez, Ma, that's supposed to be MY fantasy." He chuckled some more.

"Well, make it your reality! Soon! I don't think it's as unlikely as you think. I'm willing to help you seduce her. Just let me know what to do."

He shook his head in disbelief as he watched her suck another finger clean while giving him her best *"Your cock is going to get sucked next!"* look. He enthused, "Okay! Sweet! What about Hillary? Should we tell her too?"

She stopped her finger sucking into order to give more attention to the way she was jacking him off. "Hmmm. Maybe not. At least not right away. The truth is, we don't know Hillary or Anushka that well yet. We don't know how possessive she is of Anushka, for instance, if she is at all, in this sort of case. I think you should joke and flirt with Anushka like you did today, but with Hillary there, and see how that goes over with her. If she's receptive, then we can bring her in on our plan. If she's not, then we'll regroup and rethink."

"Sounds like a plan." He looked down at his boner poking through his fly, and Maggie's hand sliding up and down it. He shook his head in disbelief at that too. He hoped they'd make it home soon, because he was getting much closer to cumming, now that Maggie was focusing on the handjob. She was using a corkscrew motion right now that was making him wonder where the cum would go if he unexpectedly lost control.

After a pause, Maggie said, "Of course, it could very well be that Anushka really is a lesbian. Actually, I highly doubt that. But maybe she's mostly lesbian. I strongly suspect that. That could be a big problem. You'll probably be fighting a very uphill battle because of that. And even if you're successful, victory might not be so sweet for you as you think. For instance, what if she's okay with kissing and touching you, but she doesn't want to have anything to do with your penis? It's very thick and daunting, believe me."

Nick shrugged. "If that's how it is, that's how it is. This isn't about my possible pleasure with her. That's a secondary concern. The main thing is bringing our foursome tighter together and keeping it going long-term. If I only end up kissing her, that'll help with the overall goal, and that's what matters."

Maggie said with a wicked smirk, "That's a very mature perspective to take. Especially considering your naked, big-titted mother is jacking you off while you drive us home. Where are we exactly anyway?"

He told her what street they were on, since she was crouched down too low to look out the windows herself.

That information gave her a thrill, as she thought about some of the people who lived nearby that she knew. *If only they could see me now! Actually, one of them might be looking at me through a second story window at this very moment! True, they'd only see a flash of flesh for a second or two, and the odds are like a billion to one. but still, it's kind of hot to think it COULD happen. I guess I'm turning into a shameless exhibitionist. My son has turned me into a wanton slut in one week! And I LOVE it!*

Despite the exquisite on-going handjob, she kept on thinking intensely. She focused on the problem of Anushka. *You know, it's a pretty scary thought, but not only would it be good if he were to seduce Anushka, it might be good if I seduced her too!*

She quickly clarified in her mind, *Well, I don't mean a FULL seduction. I'm not about to take part in a sixty-nine with Hillary, much less Anushka. But if I were to get kind of kissy and touchy with her, that would help things a lot.*

After all, in this daydream I just had, the three of us were kneeling naked, kissing, and rubbing our tits together. How are we supposed to get from here to there? At some point, I'll probably have to start kissing and touching her in a very intimate way. Actually, that could be more important in bonding our group together than if he can do that with her. She is mostly lesbian, as best as we can tell, and that means she's going to be much more receptive to me than to him. And it would take away her worry about me, which is her main worry now.

But can I do it? It can't be denied that she's VERY beautiful. And I can see why Sport gets so ga-ga over her breasts. Good Lord, they're impressive! It's pretty hard for me to deny that I felt a sexual spark with her. But I can't

just start French kissing a stranger, especially another woman! I need to get to know her better, for starters. And what does she think about me?!

He could see that she was thinking intently about something, due to her furrowed brow. He asked, "A penny for your thoughts?"

"Oh, it's nothing." She looked abashed.

"It's not nothing. Come on."

"Fine. I'm just kind of thinking about Anushka. This is kind of an 'out there' question, but do you think she finds me physically attractive?"

"Are you kidding me?! Did you see the way she was looking at you?"

Maggie had seen that, but she wanted confirmation. "How was she looking at me?"

"She was totally checking you out! I saw her gazing at your chest more than once. And you were wearing that baggy, dark T-shirt. Just imagine if you were wearing something sexy and revealing. She wouldn't have been able to stop ogling you!"

Maggie smiled, and gave his cock a happy, tight squeeze, then went right back to stroking it. "Well, I don't know about that."

"I do," he said firmly. "But what about you? Do you find her attractive?"

"Well, I don't know..."

"Come on! You have to know."

Maggie said honestly, "I love the cum sharing vision, but that's all I really want. I'm not lesbian, you know. I'm not even bisexual. At least not much."

To even admit the "not much" was a significant change for her.

He couldn't believe he was having this conversation while his mother was buck naked and jacking him off as he drove down a suburban street! Hearing her say that "not much" admission made him even more giddy. But he forced himself to stay calm and mostly look at the road.

He prodded, "Maybe so. But still, do you find her attractive?"

'Of course! If you ask anyone with eyes that question, male or female, straight or gay, they'll say she's attractive. She's a total knockout! But that doesn't say anything about me; that just says how very gorgeous she is."

"Okay, let's put it this way. Do you feel some kind of sexual spark when you look at her?"

"I just told you I'm not lesbian."

"I think you're dodging the question."

She searched her feelings. How can I lie to my son? Especially now that I'm his devoted slut. She's one of the most sexually attractive people she'd ever seen, male or female. There's no shame in admitting she turns me on. Plus, I can't deny the intense arousal my daydream gave me, and Anushka's role in it obviously played a part in that.

Finally, she said to Nick, "Let's put it this way. Kissing Anushka? Fine. Taking turns kissing you and her while we're all naked? Yes, please. Sucking your cock while kneeling naked next to her? Great, if she's into that! Rubbing my tits against hers in that situation? That sounds very hot! Sharing your cum with her in all kinds of naughty ways? Even hotter! Taking turns bobbing on your cock with her, with her face and mine already splattered with your sweet cum?! YES! SO MUCH YES!"

She was getting herself more worked up, and channeled that into rubbing his cock faster and with more pressure.

He winced and was forced to start squeezing his PC muscle.

She pulled herself together and slowed her cock stroking a little bit. She went on in a calmer tone, "But I don't want to, you know, actually have sex with her. Like with a strap-on, or going down on each other or something like that. Yuck! That doesn't appeal to be at all. Ditto with Hillary. But if she's mostly lesbian, she'll want to do that with me."

He asked excitedly, "But you would be open to doing something with her? Like what you've done with Hillary? Kissing and fondling each other?"

"I suppose. If it helps our group." That sounded modest, and almost reluctant, but her head was spinning with the sexy possibilities.

He was over the moon to hear that. In truth, he'd been thinking how good it would be if Maggie and Anushka got it on with each other, but he was afraid to bring it up with her. He could scarcely believe that she'd mentioned it on her own.

He enthused, "COOL! Oh, man! I wish I wasn't driving! That makes me soooo horny!"

She chuckled. "Everything makes you 'soooo horny.'"

He glanced at her with a grin. "Everything about YOU makes me soooo horny."

She rubbed his cock a little faster and pressed in a little harder to help him enjoy his horny surge. But she also said, "Don't get carried away though, Sport. I would definitely want there to be limits on what she and I might do with each other."

He pointed out, "You can just set your limit. I'm sure she'll respect that. She did say she's sexually submissive, so it's not like she'll be ordering you around like a dominatrix."

"I'll think about it," Maggie said uncertainly. "Things are moving faster than the speed of light. I'm having a hard time mentally adjusting to a weird idea like doing ANYTHING sexual with her. I literally just met her today!"

He teased, "So says the woman who's jacking her son off while crouched down naked in a car driving through her own neighborhood."

She giggled. "Okay, you got me there. I feel so wanton and naughty and free!" She told him a husky, lusty voice, "Party or no party later, you do realize that as soon as we get home and in the garage, I'm going to be sucking your cock, right?"

He chuckled. "I don't know if I approve... sounds kind of scary."

She snorted mirthfully. "Shut up! You love it! And this time, you ARE going to fuck my face! Nothing will stop us now. And I'm so fucking hot that I need a good face fucking! There's just one thing that I ask."

"What's that?" He glanced over at her, even as he hit the garage door button. They were home.

"That you stop with more seductions after Anushka, if you manage to seduce her. You're the big stud now. Success breeds success. All the girls in school are going to want you, if they don't already. If you're serious about being in love with just Hillary and me, then you're not going to jump in bed with just any girl, right?"

"Just a sec." He waited to answer until he parked the car and closed the garage door.

Then Maggie had to let go of his hard-on while he took his shoes, shorts, and underwear off.

With nothing but his T-shirt on, he twisted in his seat to Maggie, and she sat up so they could talk face to face. He held her hand.

To his pleasant surprise, her hand went back to rubbing his sweet spot, even though she could tell more earnest discussion would follow. It was like she couldn't stop. It kept him high on lusty pleasure all the time.

He said, "I'm going to be completely 100 percent honest with you, I'd be tempted to sleep around, but I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to let my success go to my head. I really am the luckiest guy in the world. All I want is you and Hillary. If something were to develop with Anushka, that would be an awesome, awesome cherry on top. But I could easily live without it. I'm not in love with her and I don't think I ever will be. You I can't live without. Hillary I can't live without."

He went on, "As for those other girls? Like all the hotties at the party last night? Forget it. They don't even show up on my radar screen."

Maggie was very gratified to hear that. But she asked, "What about Debra?"

"What about her? I don't even like her. Right now, she has a small hold on us, because Hillary doesn't want her to publicly reveal that she's my second girlfriend. But if Debra starts to cause trouble, I hope and I even assume that Hillary will have to bite the bullet and publicly reveal that herself to take away her leverage. Then we'll be done with her. So she's not a problem."

Maggie nodded. "What about her strange hold over you though?"

"Oh yeah, that. You and Hillary just need to keep me occupied so I'm not tempted, until her weird sexual hold on me fades away. I imagine that'll take a week or less. Remember what I was saying how fucking releases bonding chemicals like oxytocin? I think I've got Debra-linked chemicals flowing all through me right now, making me have some kind of puppy love feeling for her. But those will flush out of my system in a few days, and then we'll be good."

Maggie gave him her best "come hither" look. She reached out for his thick pole and resumed fondling it. "I wonder how Hillary and I will occupy you until then. Whatever will we do to keep you distracted?" She smirked. Then she started to lean over and down towards his crotch.

But he said, "Not here." He opened the car door, extricated himself, and stood up.

She was momentarily miffed, but then she realized there were much better places than the car. She got out and stood up too. "Quick! I need you to slam your cock monster in my face, and I need it now! Where to?" She walked around to where he stood, in a narrow aisle between the Prius and the Explorer.

He said, "No, not here. The sun roof! It's much nicer up there than in this dark cave."

"True. But we can't go up there. I can't run through the house naked."

"Andy's not home. Come on!" He took her hand.

"Shit. I'm going to have to pick him up soon. But it's not just that. As soon as I go through that door to the laundry room, I go into Margaret mode. Margaret can't run through the house naked to get her face fucked on the roof by her son!"

Nick let go of her hand and clenched his hands in the air in frustration. "Fine! Whatever. Then you say where?"

She thought about that for a moment. They had a typical garage, with junk and tools piled up along the walls, and not much free space. She opened the back door of the Prius, reached in, and grabbed her T-shirt. She closed the door again and put her free hand back in his grip. "Over here."

She walked him deeper into the garage, where there was more room once they were past the two cars. Then she tossed the T-shirt to the floor and put her knees on it so she wouldn't be kneeling on the cold concrete.

He walked around to stand right in front of her.

She struck a sexy pose with both of her hands behind her head and her back arched slightly. "Here! It's good to face fuck your naughty busty mother while standing up. And they say mothers are best face-fucked when they're naked, kneeling, and wearing heels."

She looked back to her feet, frustrated that she only had three inch heels on. "Even if they're not exactly high heels, they're still heels. I'll do better next time, I promise."

He very much liked her idea. He was already standing in the right place, so he held his throbbing hard-on and brought it towards her face.

She took control of it from him with her hand, and opened her mouth very wide.

But before she could start, he said, "Wait! I just want to warn you. You've brought me close to the edge with your non-stop handjob most of the way here, plus just seeing you naked and playing with yourself in the passenger seat was a total mind-fuck! And thinking about face fucking you again is a huge thrill. I remember how super intense it was yesterday. Once we start, I don't think I'm going to last very long at all. In fact, I might just blow my load right away!"

She shrugged, and started rubbing his sweet spot already. "So be it. Son, my mouth belongs to you now. It's here for your pleasure! You can fuck my face whenever you feel like it! Whenever I'm in Maggie mode, that is."

She briefly let go of his hard-on to stretch her arms out dramatically. "Look at me! This is who I am now! I'm so far gone from the old Margaret you knew. I AM your naked, blowjob-loving, big-titted slut, so please think of me as such! And treat me as such!"

His heart skipped a beat, and he forgot to breathe. She was a true vision, a nude goddess.

"So use my mouth as you like, whenever you like! If not a face fuck, maybe you'd prefer a nice long cocksuck that lasts an hour or more. And my tits too, for a nice, long, squeezey titfuck! Or a blowjob-titfuck combo. I particularly enjoy those. You really make me work and suffer to coax the cum out of your balls that way!"

She lowered her arms and resumed jacking him off. "We'll do it all, for hours and hours! Usually with Hillary there too, I hope! I'm your girlfriend and your mother and your busty slut and your personal cocksucker now, and I love it! So if you don't last long before you cum, who cares? My lips will be stretched wide around your thickness before long again anyway! You'll

probably stay erect, like you usually do. ! If it involves you and your cock, I'll love it, I promise!"

She thought she was done, but then another thought came to her. "And if you stay hard and we're very late to the party because I'm bobbing on your ridiculously thick knob for an hour or more, so much the better! Which would you rather do, talk to those preppie, stuck-up losers, or bask in the joy of your very own mother loving your cock a whole lot more?!"

Nick loved that question. He didn't feel the need to answer, because the answer was so obvious. And he loved that he didn't even have to close the short distance to her mouth, because she opened wide again and lunged forward until she had his fat pole as deep in her mouth as she could manage.

As she started to suck and bob, she thought in her own mind, *Let me reiterate: I'm your horny, naked, kneeling, busty, cocksucking slut-mother! God, I love doing this! I don't think there's anything I enjoy more than taking your cock in my mouth or between my tits, unless it's when you cum on me! I'm yours to play with, Son! You've turned me into your willing and wanton sex toy!*

She felt too embarrassed to say all of that out loud, since she was even more extreme to herself with her "sex toy" type language. Plus, she wasn't about to take his boner out of her mouth now.

He wasn't sure what the face fucking protocol was supposed to be. His penis wasn't moving now, and how did he go to moving it quickly and aggressively into the face of a woman he dearly loved? Even though it ran totally contrary to the face fucking idea, he stayed still and let Maggie take the lead.

She reached up and fondled his balls while stroking the lower half of her shaft for good measure. At the same time, she lovingly sucked tightly back and forth over his sweet spot while also lapping at every sensitive spot she could reach.

With each new blowjob she gave him, far from being bored, she was loving it more and more. She'd realized that she'd held back sexually with Andy. She'd been good, but not great. Only now was she learning to let her sexual spirit fly free. She was learning to release her passion and her joy by the use of her tongue, lips, and fingers on her son's cock, and she absolutely adored

doing it. The more she loved it, the more he loved it, and that inspired her to suck him with even more love and passion, creating a positive feedback loop. This was turning her into a truly great cocksucker.

She decided the face fucking could wait a little while. Especially since he'd said he was close to orgasm already, she wanted to prolong the joy some first. Part of her improving talent was that she was learning how to drive him absolutely wild while keeping him just shy of actually climaxing. Since he was already close, she set a challenge to keep him at the very cusp for at least five minutes. Then she'd see about the face fucking.

She decided that she didn't really need both hands on his cock and balls, so she brought one down to her pussy and started finger-fucking herself.

As she twisted her head this way and that, she thought, *I love my son! I love his cock! Son, I love sucking you so very much! Normally, I find sex talk names like 'slut' or 'bitch' degrading, but I get a thrill thinking of myself as your personal cocksucking mother-slut! Does that turn you on? Because it turns me on!*

Debra has despoiled this wonderful cock of yours with her filthy, slutty cunt! And I mean that in the "bad slut" way, like a shameless skank, not in the "good slut" way, like a cock-hungry, busty, and beautiful mother who uses her mouth to express all of her endless love for you! She's dirtied this absurdly thick jaw-breaker, but I'm cleaning it with my loving, tightly sucking lips! And it needs a hell of a lot of cleaning and loving!

I can't wait until the party! Sure, we'll do some mingling with the other guests, but mainly I'm looking forward to stealing away with you and Hillary to some remote upstairs bedroom and then showing you just what your two big-titted loves can do once we finally start taking turns bobbing for cock for the first time! We're gonna blow your mind with just how long we can do it! It's going to be an epic suck-fest! Then you're going to blow your load all over our faces and chests like you're a one-man gangbang!

Then Hillary and I are going to kiss and clean each other. We're going to get so fucking clean! I'm going to clean your cock so long and so good, and then I'll clean her face and her wondrous round tits - everything will be so fucking shiny and clean that we'll sparkle! Then we'll get you to cum again with still more epic sucking, licking, and titfucking, and that'll give us even more kissing and cleaning to do!

Son, I wish I could tell all of this to your face, but it's embarrassing saying some of this out loud. Plus, I don't want you to get too big of a head. What if you DO seduce Anushka? Oh, sweet Jesus! I love it! Don't just kiss her and fondle her incredible gigantic tits - fuck her too! Fuck Hillary! Fuck me! Especially fuck ME! Yes! I need a good long fucking with your huge cock monster! Daily! Fuck us all, every fucking day! Just don't fuck Debra. Fuck the sluts you love! Be a literal motherfucker! That'll be fucking perfect!

She didn't actually change her mind about not letting Nick fuck her, she was just reveling in forbidden fantasy as her arousal spiraled to dizzying heights. But the temptation was growing the more she let herself fantasize like this.

All the while, she kept on vigorously bobbing on his thickness while fingering her slit. Somehow, she'd managed to keep him from cumming - just barely - while bobbing on him faster and deeper.

Eventually, she even let herself gag and choke on him a little bit. She loved the feeling, and the idea of it, as well as the sounds that made. She wanted to explore that a lot more in the future.

The way she was getting increasingly energized and excited was energizing and exciting him too. He didn't consciously plan it, but he started to move his hips a little bit back and forth at first, and then more and more. Before long, he realized that he was doing more of the in-and-out movement than she was.

He sensed this was the time to begin the face fucking in earnest. He started thrusting his hips ever more vigorously. He also put his hands on her head. He entwined his fingers in her blonde hair and slipped his hands back down towards the back of her head in anticipation of even more intense and arousing motion.

Sure enough, as the moments passed, he continued to thrust more and more vigorously with his hips.

It wasn't long before she completely stopped with her bobbing. She still kept a tight seal around his shaft as best she could, given the situation, but she hoped her lack of movement would encourage him to get still more aggressive.

And he did. He desperately needed to cum by now, but he realized that he was truly face fucking, and it was such a great thrill that he was determined to hold on a little longer so he could fully experience the joy. *Whoa! I'm fucking Maggie's face again! No, I'm fucking my mother's face! My unbelievably beautiful and extremely sexy mother! This is a dream come true! Sure, I did it once to her yesterday, but it's even better the second time, because now I know what I'm doing.*

Plus, I can compare it to real fucking! It's just like the way I was thrusting into Debra last night, except shorter and faster strokes of course, but it's so much better because it's with Ma! In a way, I really am fucking my mother! God, I love it, but too much! Now that I'm in this rapid rhythm, it's like I can't stop! Gonna cum, for sure!

He'd already been on the verge of cumming before the face fucking motion began. By some miracle, he held on for one full minute of truly all-out, no-holds-barred, glorious face fucking. He was gripping the back of her head tightly.

She could sense from his extremely labored gasps that he was going to cum at any second.

She quickly pulled her two fingers out of her pussy and stuck just her index finger into the air. She brought it up to her face to double check that it was thoroughly lubed up with her juices. Her plan was to then probe deep enough into his anus to stimulate his prostate. She'd never done it to Andy, but she'd heard it could be incredibly amazing for the man. In addition, she'd seen Debra do it to him last night, and how he'd had a powerful reaction to it.

However, she slid her finger up through his ass crack on the way to his anus, and just that unexpected sensation was the final straw for him.

He cried, "CUMMING!" and started to do just that.

He thrust forward hard and pulled at her hair as he began to cum. He was having a hard time being as forceful as necessary for a "true" face fuck, but at that moment of climax he was so out of control that he didn't think and just acted.

She gagged and choked as his cockhead pushed in deep and threatened to enter the back of her throat. His first rope shot straight down her throat and

into her stomach, creating a powerful tingle in her clit. Then she started to pull back, causing his second rope to streak her tongue.

While this was happening, she still wanted to get to his anus, but she couldn't because she had to bring that hand around and use both hands in an attempt to still his thrusting motions enough to safely get his rapidly moving erection out of her mouth. She enjoyed when he shot his load right into her mouth, but she much, much preferred it when he splooged on her face and/or tits instead.

As his orgasm washed over his entire body in the most remarkably pleasurable way, his legs grew weak and wobbly. He was doing well just to remain standing.

By the time his third rope blasted out, Maggie had taken full control of his hot cock as it slipped all the way out of her mouth. She held it like a hose, blasting cum onto her face. But she didn't know how much cum he had left to give, so after a couple of seconds she redirected the aim to her round tits. As it so happened, she didn't get back to her face, and let more of his cum paint her great bust.

Unfortunately, she didn't get a chance to simultaneously cum with him, for once. At first, she was fully fascinated by the task of aiming his cum on her skin. Then, as his climax finally came to an end, she could sense his legs started to shake as his body seemingly turned to jelly and he rapidly lost the ability to keep standing. She had to move quickly to grab him with both hands and guide him safely to the ground. By the time he was resting on his ass, the opportunity to share a mutual orgasm had passed.

She was still so very aroused that she could have continued to touch herself and have a very nice climax. But she was getting used to mutual climaxes with her son, and she wanted to make a habit of not settling for any less than that. However, she didn't mind much either way, because the sensation of feeling his cum splatter on her face and breasts was an intense mental orgasm just the same.

It seemed that her cum fetish was growing stronger each time he gave her another facial and/or pearl necklace. Her only regret - and it was a big one - was that Hillary wasn't here to help clean up all the cum. She licked up a lot of it herself while Nick was resting, mostly by directly licking it off her tits. She rubbed and smeared the rest into her skin. That was a lot of fun, yet she

knew it paled in comparison to having Hillary there doing it with her. That frustration only increased her desire for a double blowjob with Hillary later at Shannon's party.

It so happened that Nick's dick didn't stay hard after that. In fact, it quickly became clear that he wasn't going to get erect again anytime soon. The intensity of the experience had totally drained him.

Maggie couldn't decide if this was in keeping with his "cums in twos" tendency or not. This was his second orgasm of the day, but the first one took place hours before, with the Anushka meeting in between. Yet he'd stayed erect more often than not through that meeting.

It was a moot point though, because he was so clearly wiped out. Had there been a bed nearby, he would have flopped onto it and gone straight to sleep.

Since they were in the middle of a somewhat dirty garage, he didn't have anywhere to lie down. He rested while sitting for about five minutes, with his mother hugging him for their mutual comfort and to help keep him upright. They were silent, since they were both so overcome by what they'd just done together.

Eventually, he had no choice but to stand up and stagger back into the house. He wanted to rest in his bed, but he wanted to go to the party more. So he managed to get into his upstairs shower and use the cool water splashing on him to help revive him.

Maggie had a much easier time getting up and going inside. But, once he was gone, she collected his and her clothes scattered in and out of the car first.

Then she looked around the garage.

Hmmm. I'm going to be sucking a lot of cock around here, that's for sure. And more face fucks! That was even better than the one yesterday, which means it was pretty damn great! Short, but great. True, he was rather timid this time, but that's kind of cute because it shows he loves me so much that he's reluctant to get aggressive. But I'll set him straight on that for next time. Plus, I'm sure that next time he'll start out fully "cocked and loaded," so he'll fuck my face into sweet oblivion!

God! We're going to have so much fun! If things keep going between him and Hillary like they are, and like I expect them to be, I'm going to be his

naked daily cocksucker for many months or even years! Please, Lord, let it be years! Which means this garage could be the sight of hundreds or even THOUSANDS of blowjobs! Holy FUCK! That's an incredible thought! Totally hot!

She put her hands on her hips and looked all around the garage. *There's really only two places we can use most of the time, here and the sun roof. So I need to fix this place up a little bit, and clean it up.*

She looked all around some more, thinking about how she could rearrange things. *Maybe I should make a little cocksucking corner where I can kneel and suck and titfuck in comfort. Wearing nothing but high heels, of course! I could make it my own little blowjob palace!*

What a naughty yet wonderful thought that is! I've come so far in such a short time. His fake girlfriend scheme has got to be the best thing that's ever happened to me. To us! It's turned me into his unabashed personal cocksucker. I know that's totally unfair. It's like I've become his sexual servant or even his sex toy. But so what? He loves it, and I love it, so why the hell can't we do a lot of it?! I've never been so happy! Bobbing on his thick cock is always the highlight of my day!

And you know what? I AM going to make a comfy cocksucking corner here, though obviously in a way so Andy won't suspect. So there!

She went inside to shower and dress for the party. Since Nick wasn't with her and Andy was out, she walked through the house naked and with cum on her face and breasts. It was a violation of her rule never to be in Maggie mode inside the house, but she figured it was silly to try to get clean and dress up in the garage when she was going straight to take a shower anyway.

Their latest garage blowjob hadn't actually taken that much time. She was pretty sure that she and Nick would still be able to get to Shannon's before Hillary did, even though she'd have to pick up Andy and take him home first.

Chapter 53: To the Party (Sunday)

Maggie was annoyed at having to pick up Andy from watching football with his friends. She and Nick were already going to get to Shannon's party later than expected, and doing that would delay her even more.

She wasn't a big football fan, but she knew the game well enough since both Nick and especially Andy were big fans. She was aware that on Sundays there usually was a game or two on TV that started a little after one in the afternoon, West Coast time, and those games generally ended around four-thirty, unless there was overtime. After showering and dressing, she went downstairs to the living room and turned on the TV to see how the games were faring. There was just one game being shown, and it was a blowout that was nearly finished.

She went upstairs and found Nick. He was still in the shower, since he was taking an extra long one to try to revive himself. She spoke loudly through the bathroom door. "Nick?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm going to go pick up Andy now. I'll be back shortly."

"Okay. What should I do while you're gone?"

She was merely wearing ordinary clothes now, because she didn't want to be seen in something special by Andy when she picked him up. She realized she still needed to pick out something to wear to the party, plus they'd been told to bring bathing suits. That problem inspired her to suggest, "Why don't you pick out something for me to wear to the party? Actually, pick out several outfits and lay them out on my bed so I can choose. And pick me a bathing suit too, okay? And get dressed with a bathing suit for yourself too. Then we'll be able to leave quickly once I get back. Okay?"

"Cool! That sounds like fun. By the way, are you in Margaret or Maggie mode now?"

She quietly sighed to herself, because that pointed to an increasingly vexing problem. "I'm mostly in Margaret mode, but we're bending the rules slightly to get to the party. Try not to ask me that sort of question in the house

though, okay? Because you wouldn't ask Margaret that, since she doesn't know anything. Just use your common sense."

"Okay. Sorry."

Maggie left to pick Andy up while the televised game was still going on. She figured that by the time she got there, the game would be over or nearly over, and if she just showed up, Andy would be obliged to leave rather than dawdling around and drinking more beer before finally calling to get picked up. So that's what she did.

Things worked as she'd hoped, and she made good time getting Andy back home. She and Andy even had a nice discussion about football during the ride.

With that thankfully sorted out, she went to her bedroom and found Nick there all dressed up for the party. He was wearing a fancy red and blue dress shirt and dark brown slacks, and he had a sweater picked out too in case it got cold later. He explained that he was already wearing his bathing suit instead of regular underwear.

She told him he looked good. She didn't say anything about it to him, but she was secretly pleased that he chose dark brown slacks, because the dark color could help hide whatever pre-cum or cum stains that developed. And she was certain there would be stains. That gave her a secret thrill and a tingle in her pussy.

Then she inspected the three outfits and the one bathing suit he'd selected for her. He'd also left a pair of red high heels with the other items.

She put her hands on her hips and looked at him sharply. "I see you managed to pick out the three most revealing dresses I own. And the very most revealing bikini I own!"

She would have said more, but she felt she couldn't while in Margaret mode. She picked up the bikini top. "I can't wear this! It's borderline pornographic. The only reason I have this is for tanning purposes. I wore this for a while before going au naturel."

He just shrugged with a slight smirk. "Hey, you told me to pick out what I liked. This is what I like."

She rolled her eyes with chagrin. "Then you should wear it." She walked towards her dresser. "I'm going to get a normal bikini, like the one I brought

to the party yesterday. In fact, I can bring that one again, since I didn't get a chance to wear it."

But he said, "Hold on. Remember last night when we said good-bye to Shannon, just before we left? Remember how some girls were topless in the hot tub, or wearing microscopic bikinis? The sexy bikini you say is too revealing is actually on the conservative side for a party like this. Do you want to see as the fuddy duddy?"

Maggie stopped and thought, *Not my sexy yellow bikini! It's positively obscene! I've never worn it in front of anybody, not even my son! It'll actually be WORSE than going topless, because it's the kind of thing that only a shameless slut would wear. It's true I AM his shameless slut, but I certainly don't want anyone else to know that, besides Hillary!*

But then she thought, *However... if Nick's gonna be seen as cool by the school's elite, he's gotta have a cool and sexy girlfriend. I remember I thought my dress last night would be seen as fairly sexy but I ended up feeling like the "fuddy duddy" then. I don't want that to happen again. I am his secret slut, one of them, that is, and while I don't want to look TOO slutty in public, it's good for his reputation if everyone thinks he's banging a total hottie!*

Plus, he will love it if I show off my figure! His cock will get stiff and thick and full of tasty cum, crying out for sweet release into my mouth. We'll be able to sneak off to some upstairs bedroom, with Hillary as well, and she and I can finally show him just how good we can be at sucking and licking his cock together without any time limit or restraint! Hopefully, Hillary will wear something super sexy too, and we'll be able to keep him stiff and throbbing most of the evening. Hell, I hope the three of us spend more time in private upstairs than actually mingling with the other guests!

Well, that and school politics. So I guess I should wear it.

She turned back to face him, and growled. "Okay, fine. I'll wear that damn bikini. But I'm warning you!"

She narrowed her eyes and pointed at him. "If I wear that around you, I'm liable to get all horny, and then I'll start tingling and even salivating. The only cure to such a condition it seems is to give your cock a nice long sucking, so I hope you can handle sneaking off to some private room!" She wagged her finger at him aggressively.

He chuckled. "I'm just going to have to suffer with that, then. By the way, aren't you supposed to be Margaret now?"

She blanched. "SHIT!" She waved her hands at him to shoo him away. "Okay, that's it! Out of my room, now! I'll pick one of these outfits out and put it on. You chill out and act like Margaret's son until we get to the garage, so there won't be any more Margaret mode violations."

"Yes, Ma."

She looked back to the items she'd selected for him, and focused on the five-inch high red high heels he'd put there. She complained, "And what's with those high heels? We're going to a hot tub. Is that really necessary?"

He replied, "I know, but is that all we're going to do, hang around the hot tub? This is hard for me to discuss while you're in Margaret mode, but won't there be times when we're in a private room and you're, uh, doing very nice things to me with your mouth?"

Her arousal level went up a notch or two as she had vivid thoughts of sucking him off while wearing nothing but those red high heels. But she teased him, "What do you mean? Kissing you?"

He said abashedly, "Um, not exactly."

She was having fun teasing him, despite supposedly not being in right mode for it. She asked the leading question, "Why those heels only? I've bought a few sexy pairs lately that I want to try out. Why don't you give me a choice?"

He shuffled his feet shyly and looked down. "Uh, ah... they have special meaning to me. The red color, for sure, since you know what that means. That you're hot for more oral action with me, and I don't mean kissing my lips! And, uh, those particular heels have a special history for me. When I see those, I think of you naked and kneeling, wearing them and nothing else while your lips slide back and forth on my, uh, you-know-what, and your tongue does all sorts of amazing things to me!"

She realized that her teasing boomeranged on her, because she was getting extremely hot and bothered. She said, "Okay, I'll wear them. No, go!" She pushed him out the door before she lost her self-control, which she couldn't allow to happen while in Margaret mode, especially in the house.

Once the door was safely closed, she leaned against it and started playing with her nipples and pussy through her clothes. *God damn! Here I go again! Too hot! If he thinks I wear red high heels whenever I think about sucking his cock, then I should wear them 24 hours a day, because I can't stop thinking about it! And doing it! HNNNG! GAAAAWWWD!*

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A short time later (and after Maggie secretly masturbated herself to climax), the two of them were fully dressed and in the car. Maggie's dress was so revealing that she couldn't wear a bikini top or bra underneath it. So she'd put her bikini in her purse. She chose to wear thong-styled panties so she wouldn't have any visible panty lines on her ass. She had her red high heels on her feet already, a fact that definitely made Nick happy.

As they drove away, she said, "By the way, please keep your hands to yourself until we get to Shannon's. This hanky panky business while the car is driving can't go on. It's far, far too dangerous! We almost got killed driving home earlier, as you know."

He said slightly glumly, "Don't worry, I'm not even erect right now."

"Be still my beating heart! I never thought I'd hear those words!" She chuckled.

"Hey, it happens." He asked her, "By the way, what excuse did you give Andy for the two of us being gone together until late?"

"I didn't. Well, I gave him an excuse, but I didn't explicitly mention the going together part. I told him that you had plans with your new girlfriend Hillary. And I told him I had plans with friends. Technically, all that is true, it's just that my friends are you and Hillary." She smiled at her cleverness with that.

"Did he ask any follow-up questions?"

"Only about dinner, just like I thought he would. I told him he'd have to fend for himself and I suggested he order some take out. I'm sorry to be brutally honest, but he's totally checked out of this family. He doesn't give a shit. It makes it easy for us since we don't have to try hard to cover our tracks, but it makes me sad."

Nick nodded. "It bums me out too. That's gotta be the first he's heard about me dating Hillary, since I haven't been keeping him in the loop about

anything lately. Did he ask any questions about that?"

"No, and that really upset me. No matter what happened between him and me, he's still your father. It shows he's been checked out for a long time now. If he'd been paying any attention to what you've been talking about at meals, he'd remember that you've been raving about Hillary for ages. He'd remember that you haven't dated anybody yet, so this should be a huge, huge deal. But all he cared about was who was making him dinner."

She suddenly got angry. "Fuck him! Fuck his dinner! I'm tired of being his free maid and his free cook! This situation needs to change. I'm sure he was secretly delighted to find out he was going to be alone all evening for a change. He'll probably use it to watch porn on the big screen TV."

Nick was shocked. "Porn?! Why the heck would he watch porn?!" He thought about that, and asked, "Do you think he still gets some mental arousal from that, despite not being able to get it up?"

She glanced over at her son as she drove. "Maybe. But I'm guessing that he actually CAN get an erection, and he's been able to for some time now."

"WHAT?! Are you serious?! What makes you think that?!"

"He's been very careful to cover his tracks, I'll admit. You know he doesn't like for me to go into his office, so I don't. But still, I have to go in there once in a blue moon for one reason or another, like to empty the trash. And for months now, there's been a slow build-up of a funky smell. It's a very subtle thing. You wouldn't recognize it. But since he and I used to be sexually active, it finally grew strong enough for me to tell that it was the smell of his cum."

Nick was blown away.

She went on, "Mind you, I haven't seen any wet spots or soiled towels or anything like that. He must have a good disposal system. Maybe he cums into some tissues and flushes them down the toilet. And of course I haven't SEEN any direct signs of his erection. But how else could he be making that smell? His body must be healing by itself to some degree, despite his near total failure to do any physical therapy. They say time heals all wounds, after all. So I'll bet he masturbates to porn on the Internet a lot. He's probably delighted we're gone, so he won't have to be sneaky and quiet about it, for once."

Nick asked, "If that's true, and it sounds like it is, why would he go to great lengths to keep it a secret?"

"That's obvious. He's milking his injuries as much as possible so he doesn't have to do jack shit! It's probably not just his penis function that's getting better; I wouldn't be surprised if he can walk better too. For instance, why can't he drive a car? I'll bet he can. His legs aren't non-functional, it's just that he hobbles around on a cane. Supposedly, that is! He could be faking that too."

"What?! Why?!"

"He's got a sweet deal. I get to be his maid, cook, and chauffeur. If it became clear to me that he could function on his own, maybe I'd tell him it's time we separate and then divorce. Either he moves out or I do. He doesn't want to stay here for the love of me or you. Like I said, he mentally checked out of being part of the family a long time ago. But think what a hassle it would be for him having to live on his own. He doesn't know the first thing about how to cook for himself, for starters, or even how to do his own laundry. He'd have to get his ass in gear and start living a real life again, which he obviously shows no sign of doing. Or, he'd have to hire someone to do all that, and that's not cheap. It's much easier to hype up his injuries and have me do it all for free."

Nick griped, "Oh, man! That sucks! I'm really pissed off at him right now. How long have you known this?"

"Well, I don't know anything for sure. All I have to go on is that smell, and a few other clues. Maybe his cum is leaking out in some dysfunctional way or something. Maybe his penis is working again but the rest of his injuries are still totally legit. There are lots of possibilities. But I'm pretty sure he's faking his injuries to some extent, due to something I just found out a very short while ago. That's why I'm telling you these things now."

"What did you find out?"

"When I picked him up at his friend's house, I just dropped in without him calling to be picked up first. There were a handful of guys standing around, talking, and drinking beer. They weren't even paying attention to the game on the TV because it was the end of a blowout. That's nice that he's getting more social, finally. Good for him. But he was standing and walking just fine without his cane! Then he saw me, and this 'Oh shit!' expression

crossed his face. He went and got his cane, and then he walked with me to the car as if he needed the cane for help." She narrowed her eyes angrily. "Bullshit!"

Nick was silent for some long moments as he absorbed all that. Finally, he said, "Wow. So what are you going to do about it?"

"Like I said, things need to change. What's been happening sexually between you and me lately has been making me wonder why I've been putting up with this charade anyway. Supposedly, the plan has been to keep the family together until you graduate from high school, but what's the point when he's totally neglecting being a father? Tell me truthfully: would you be traumatized or upset if our family split before then?"

"No way. Far from it. It would be much better if he's gone! And I'm not just saying that because of our new sexual relationship. He's just a roommate, not a dad. He doesn't do any fatherly stuff with me at all, and it's been that way since well before his injury. The fact that he didn't react when you told him I was dating Hillary says it all, and makes me both sad and mad at him. Maybe even worse than hating him, most of the time I just don't feel much emotion for him, period. Like you said, he checked out of the family a long time ago."

She glanced at Nick again to read his expression. "That's how I feel too. I think the only reason I've stuck with our current sucky living arrangement is because I feel guilty somehow about his injuries. It's not my fault whatsoever. He's the one who cheated! Repeatedly! But I let him drive off when he was dangerously emotionally upset."

Nick spoke emphatically, "You can't blame yourself for that! It's not like you could have stopped him anyway. He was in a mad rage, even though the anger was directed at himself."

"I know that. But, like I said, I felt some guilt about it anyway, even though I knew it was illogical. Plus, I have a kind of a Florence Nightingale urge to nurse him back to health. I think that's something that's biologically programmed into women, to be nurturing types. We make great nurses. I did love him once, you know, and even though he cheated on me, I wanted to see him get better. But if he's faking the extent of his injuries, then fuck that! I'm washing my hands of him. What do you think of that?"

"Good for you! Go, Ma! But what does that mean, exactly?"

She explained, "Well, first I'll need to gather some evidence to see if I'm right. When he was with his friends today, maybe he was in pain trying to hide that he needed the cane so they wouldn't think of him as a cripple. I could still be wrong. But my gut feeling tells me I'm not. So first, evidence. He may be faking for me, but I don't think he can fake for his doctor. I'll need to see how he's really been doing on his regular check-ups. By the way, he doesn't let me attend his doctor visits or even see the paperwork, and now I can see why."

"Wow! I had no clue."

She sighed. "Yeah, well, that's a sign of how little interaction you have with him, which is another sad thing. That's on him, not you."

Nick sat forward as he had a sudden realization. "Hey! It just occurred to me: you must have known about this cum smell thing well BEFORE the whole fake girlfriend plan got rolling, right?"

"That's true. I've been fairly certain a couple of months now, but scared to take the necessary next steps. Being with you has inspired me to get my act together. Why do you ask?"

"Because had I known that he had a working penis, I might never have proposed the fake girlfriend idea in the first place. The fact that he was completely impotent and unable to sexually satisfy you was a big reason I was morally okay with going ahead with it."

She replied, "Interesting. But it's a moot point, because he and I are never going to have sex again anyway. We don't even kiss anymore. So what difference does it make?"

"I don't know. Somehow, it matters in my mind. Of course, that was then and this is now. I have no regrets!"

"Good. Neither do I. Anyway, if the evidence shows what I think it will, then I'll confront him about it and tell him that I'm initiating the divorce now instead of later. That doesn't mean he's going to suddenly move out. I'm not cruel. He'll need time to make new living arrangements and get his ass in gear. The process could take months. I'll bet he's gonna drag his feet every step of the way. But eventually, he'll be gone."

Nick took a heavy breath. "Whoa! Do you know what that means?!" There was a new sparkle of excitement in his eyes. "No more Margaret! You could

be Maggie 24-7! Right?!"

To his surprise, she frowned. "Well, I don't know about that. I'm not sure how healthy that is, for either of us. I told you that I've been getting concerned that things between you and me are spinning out of control. The passion is great, but it's almost TOO intense! I'm starting to lose all perspective. All I want to do is have fun with you in Maggie mode, all day long. I think forcing myself to be Margaret for most of the time is a very healthy and necessary thing, because I have such trouble having any restraint whatsoever when I'm Maggie."

He thought about that. He was disappointed, naturally, but he could see where she was coming from. He hoped she would change her mind as she grew more accustomed to her new sexually uninhibited lifestyle.

She went on, "In a way, I'm glad Andy is living with us and prevents us from getting it on at home all the time. Just think if he wasn't there. Would you ever want to leave the bed?"

Nick chuckled. "No! Definitely not!" After a pause, he said, "Okay, I can kind of see what you mean. I need to stay focused on my homework and other school stuff, and when you're in Margaret mode I don't feel like I'm missing out when I'm doing that. Still, I can't help but root for living with just you, as Maggie, full time! That would be waaaay beyond awesome!"

She couldn't help but suppress her smile. "Yeah, it would be. But don't get too excited just yet. Andy probably won't be out for months. The divorce progress can take a long time. And a lot could change between now and then. What if, for instance, you and Hillary get so serious that she doesn't want to share you with me anymore? That would be your dream come true, no?"

He slumped down in his seat and frowned. "Um, yeah." After a long pause, he asked, "Ma, can I be totally honest?"

"Of course, Sport. You should never have to ask me that."

"My ultimate dream come true would be to have Hillary AND you forever! I don't want to 'break up' with you, ever! The truth is, I love you and want you just as much as her. I've always had two dream girls all along, as you've suspected already. You're my TWO loves!"

"Really?!" Maggie beamed with delight. Her heart soared. She knew this was a very big deal. It meant she didn't have to fear the "hand-over" any more! Not unless Hillary forced him to choose between them, that is.

She was frustrated that she was driving the car, because otherwise she certainly would have given him a big kiss, just for starters. She would have much preferred to celebrate with a passionate, long cocksucking.

"Yeah. Most definitely. So if Hillary were ever to say to me she wants me exclusively, that would be a total dream come true, but a nightmare too. I don't know what I'd do!"

Maggie turned sad again, because she forced herself to say, "If you ever have to choose between her and me, the choice is clear. You have to choose her! Our relationship is ultimately doomed. Never forget that. In the end, I AM your mother, and that fact can never change, no matter how convincing our cover story is. It's a biological fact. What we're doing, I really shouldn't be allowing this, but I'm weak. At the very least, we can never go all the way. You can't marry your own mother or live with her forever. Society would never allow that."

She dropped her voice to a shameful whisper. "And we could never think about having children! That's impossible!" She shuddered just to think about that possibility.

She resumed her usual voice. "Enjoy this special time we're having while it lasts, because all good things have to end eventually."

He huffed, "But why does it have to end?! Why?! So what if 'society' doesn't allow it? 'Society' doesn't have to know!"

"Don't try to talk me out of this. My mind is made up. I hope we can be together like this a long time. I'd love for it to last until you graduate. But then you have to grow up and move on. You'll go to college in some distant town and start a life of your own. To stay with your own mother beyond that point would be unhealthy. For you to end up with Hillary, that's very healthy and good. We need to keep the 'hand-over' in mind. Sure, it can be a very, very slow hand-over, but it has to happen just the same."

She didn't completely believe that. In fact, she was hoping most of that would turn out to be wrong. But she was hedging her bets. She didn't want to raise her hopes too high, or get his hope up too much either.

She added, "I could insist on kicking Andy out right away, at least once our divorce process begins. But, to be honest, I'd be afraid to do that, and I'd be afraid to be Maggie all the time. It could completely consume me. Having Andy there forces me to calm down and be relatively normal most of the time. I need that."

He pouted, "Oh God. That sucks! I don't agree with any of that. I think you and I should be together all the time! But I'm not going to argue with you. For one thing, we're out of time."

He didn't have to explain what he meant by that, because it was obvious that they'd just arrived at Shannon's mansion. In fact, just a few seconds later, Maggie had to briefly stop the car and get approval from the security guard to drive onto the spacious property.

As they drove up the long private road that led to the mansion, Nick said, "Shifting gears before we're totally out of time, I must say that I'm feeling kind of nervous right now."

"Nervous? Why?"

"Maybe this seems preposterous to you, given all the great sexual success I've been having, but I still feel like a fraud. At times, I feel totally confident and on top of the world. That's how I feel most of the time when I'm horny. But at times like right now, when I'm not aroused at all, I still feel like a fraud. In fact, the more success I have while I'm horny, the more of a fraud I feel when I'm not. It's like I'm building a taller and taller house of cards. The higher it gets, the more inevitable the fall, and the more dramatic the fall will be."

She'd reached the end of the driveway. She parked the car in a line of a few other cars that undoubtedly belonged to the other party guests. She turned off the engine and turned to him. "'Fall?' What do you mean by a fall? What fall?"

He gesticulated to express his frustration. "I don't know! I'm not saying this is totally logical. I feel like I've been wearing a mask, and someone is going to come along and rip the mask off. I worry about Hillary the most. When I'm actually with her I'm always at least somewhat horny, and thus my shy and worried side goes into hiding. But at times when I'm alone, I get scared that she's going to rip my mask off. And that's not counting the danger of

her finding out about the incest. I'm just talking about her discovering the real me."

Maggie said tenderly, "This IS the real you! The real you is great. We love the real you, her and me! How many girls get so totally dedicated to pleasuring your cock so fast as she and I have? Yes, part of that is because your huge, thick cock is so much fun to suck and play with. But more, it's because of your personality and your charm. It's fun for us in large part because we like making you feel good because you mean so much to us! Her AND me!"

That threw him for a loop. "Really?! Wow!" He was flattered, but he still didn't feel worthy.

She smirk-smiled. "Really! Besides, remember what I told you? No matter what happens with her, I'll still be there for you. Remember how I promised that I wasn't going to stop having sexual fun with you if Hillary were to break up with you?"

"Of course! I love that. And it eases my worries a lot that I won't suddenly go back to how I used to be. It's kind of like Cinderella going from an overworked maid to a magical princess for one night, only to go back to being a maid. Except instead of a princess, I got magically turned into some kind of irresistible sex stud. But I don't deserve it at all! I don't just worry about Hillary, I worry about you too!"

"Me? Why me? I'll always be there for you."

"I know. And I love you so much that it hurts. But what if you wake up one day and think, 'Hey! Why on Earth am I intimate with Nick?'"

He looked around to double check that the coast was clear, and it was. "He's my son, and that's wrong. Furthermore, he's not handsome, or tall, or rich, or charismatic, or anything else! He's Joe Average! And he's only half my age. I can do better, a lot better! Look at me. I'm a goddess of beauty. I should be with Richard Branson or someone like that."

She chuckled. "Richard Branson? The jet-setting, charismatic billionaire? With ME?"

"That's the one. Or whoever. You could have anyone you want. Anyone! You're that beautiful and sexy and loving and all-around amazing. What the hell are you doing with me?! I'm so unworthy that it's ridiculous! Then,

once you stop, Hillary will wake up and stop too. Suddenly the dream will be over and I'll have to go back to being the old me."

Instead of answering him right away, she said, "Let's get out of the car."

Nick was crushed. He thought she didn't want to reply because she basically agreed with him.

But she just wanted to speak to him up close, face to face. She walked around the car to where he stood and wrapped her arms around him. She purred, "Sport, listen to me. You couldn't be more wrong! Let's say by some freakish twist of fate you lose both Hillary and me. If that's the case, the hotties will be lining up around the block to be with you! Everything's changed, thanks to what you set in motion with your scheme. Look what great lengths Debra went to get you last night, and she probably wants you even more now. Heck, even Anushka, who's almost certainly much more lesbian than straight, is intrigued by you after only meeting you three times."

He said, "Yeah, but all of that is just more of the fake girlfriend effect. They're only interested in me because you and Hillary are!"

"Maybe that's a part of it, but that effect will linger and grow. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Because you live up to the hype! You're not just a shy nerd pretending to be a sex stud, it turns out you're a natural! You've got an ideally sized cock, and stamina and recuperative powers that are truly amazing! In fact, I can't even say you have recuperative powers, because your cock simply never goes soft!"

With her body pressed tightly against his, she squeezed an arm between their torsos and cupped his balls through his slacks. She stared lustily in his eyes while she ran her fingers up the shape of his penis. It was only half-hard at best, but she rubbed her big globes against his chest and leaned in for a kiss.

She continued to stroke him through his slacks as a lot of tongue-dueling went on. She only broke the kiss when he was fully erect about a minute later.

She triumphantly stroked his sweet spot through the fabric. "See? It's so easy to get you stiff at any time. And such fun! You make me so hot for your cock all the time that I've had a drastic personality change. That's all due to you!"

He looked around nervously to see if anyone could see. There was nobody else in sight, plus his mother was pressed up so closely to him that it would be tough to see what she was doing anyway. He said to her, "That's not me, that's YOU! I get this horny this easily because you're too hot and sexy to be believed!"

She replied, "No, it's me AND you. Believe me, you're in the top one percent with your ability to cum four, five, or six times a day. Maybe you can cum even more once Hillary and I really start working on you, who knows? And your stamina? Good God! And your penis thickness is in the top one percent, at least! Probably a tiny fraction of that!"

She went on, "You're no Joe Average, that's for sure! You've got all kinds of great non-sexual qualities and skills too. The fake girlfriend scheme got Hillary to go out with you for starters, but it's your qualities that keeps her coming back for more and inspired her to commit to you. That's remarkable! Yeah, I'm still part of the appeal, but if she genuinely didn't really like you and find you sexy, all this wouldn't be happening."

Seeing that they were alone and their tightly pressed bodies were hiding what she was doing anyway, she reached a hand inside his slacks and bathing suit and resumed stroking him, but directly skin on skin.

She looked around carefully as she kept talking. "If you were a fraud, your fake girlfriend scheme would be over. But what's happened? I've totally fallen for you! My own..."

She stopped and triple checked if the coast was clear. Even though it was, she carefully said, "My own you-know-what! I'm so hot for you that it's not even funny. Even when I'm in Margaret mode, it seems that all I can do is think about you and your cock, and what I'd like to do to it next!"

She looked down towards his crotch. She couldn't see her hand disappearing into his slacks because of her huge globes pressing into his chest, but they both knew what she meant when she said, "See what I'm doing to you now. This is not normal! But you make me so hot and horny that I can't help myself!"

He gulped. Her sultry face was up close to his. He was overwhelmed by the passion in her sparkling brown eyes.

She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial yet sexy whisper. "Confession time: I even think about how it would feel to get fucked by you! It can't happen, I know, but I think about it a LOT!" She kept on rubbing his sweet spot with different rhythms. "I think about what it would feel like to be deeply penetrated by THIS! To be skewered and drilled by you! But we can't! It would feel so great that it would probably break my mind and turn me into your helpless slut forever! What do you think about that?"

He groaned lustily, "Oh, Maggie!" He was unable to help himself even though they were standing in the sun a short distance from the front of Shannon's mansion. He reached up with one hand to fondle Maggie's rack through her dress, and he blatantly kneaded her ass cheeks through her dress as well.

She snickered with delight, because this was the kind of "hug" with her son that she loved best. In addition to rubbing his boner inside his slacks, she fondled his balls, but she had to do that part through his slacks. "Look at me! Look at my hands! See how I can't stop playing with your cock and balls? That's the effect you have on me. YOU! Nobody else but you! If I had to choose between you or Richard Branson, I'd tell Mr. Branson to go take a hike. Maybe I could win a handsome millionaire playboy if I wanted, but that doesn't appeal to me at all. You and I have a special love nearly two decades in the making that no one else can match! I'm afraid you're stuck with me!"

She whispered quietly in his ear, "You're just going to have to put up with your mother naked and kneeling and sucking and titfucking your cock every chance she gets! That is, when Hillary isn't doing the same to you, and more! And we're going to help you get Anushka addicted to pleasuring this cock too! Do you think you can handle all that? Or are you going to still whine and complain about being a fraud?"

He gulped again. He was so horny that he was dizzy. "I... I can... handle it!"

"Good!" She gave him another kiss on the lips. It was so passionate and loving that it even felt better to him than fucking Debra did! And that wasn't even counting the way she was fondling his cock and balls too. He was

convinced he could feel her love flowing into him through her mouth and her hands, like it was some invisible physical force.

He was so incredibly aroused that he lost all restraint. He'd been fondling a boob through her dress, but he pulled a shoulder strap down and clutched at her nipple directly. That felt so good that he brought his other hand from her ass, pulled her other strap down, and pulled on that exposed nipple too.

Maggie had to break the kiss. Chuckling to herself, she pushed his hands away from her fantastic rack and managed to pull her straps back up.

She took a step back. "Phew! I had to break away, and it's all your fault!"

"My fault? Why?"

"Because I know you! If I didn't stop you, you would have had me buck naked in another minute or two! You get so very aroused that you lose all track of where you are and what the danger might be. As it was, I came close to having my dress fall right down my body!"

He groaned lustily at that, because he knew she was right. He stepped towards her with an unquenchable fire in his eyes.

But she nimbly stepped further back. "Oh no you don't! We have a party to go to, remember?" She looked up at Shannon's great mansion. "Don't forget where we are!"

"Oh yeah," he said with obvious disappointment, because he had completely forgotten.

He looked down at his crotch. Although his slacks were still all zipped up, there was a ridiculously lewd bulge sticking way out. Even though he was wearing slacks and a bathing suit underneath, the crown of his cockhead could be clearly seen poking up above his belt line. There was a small wet spot there too.

He adjusted his boner just enough to keep all of it hidden inside his slacks. But he was so very hot and bothered that that didn't help him much. "How am I supposed to go to the party like this?!"

"That's the best way, going in like you're ready to fuck any girl with a pulse," she pointed out. "That'll give you a horny confidence surge to end all horny confidence surges. You're going to charm the pants off of everyone there."

She stepped forward and loosely hugged him again. "Just remember, don't be literally charming the dresses off any of the girls. Well, at least not until Hillary arrives. Then, you're expected to charm her clothes right off! And mine too!" She winked at him.

"Oh, man!" He closed his eyes and tried to calm down for the party, but it was tough with Maggie holding him. She wasn't pressing tightly into him, but he could still feel her erect nipples against his chest.

He fought with his libido. It was tough, but he managed not to hold her ass cheeks or otherwise get started with her again. He broke her embrace and stepped away because he didn't think he'd be able to resist for long.

With the hug broken, she reached back into the car and got her purse. She decided at the last minute to keep her purse in the car so she wouldn't have to worry about it. Her dress didn't have any pockets at all, so she gave the smart key to Nick, since his slacks had good pockets. She found a small, disposable plastic bag, and put her bikini in that.

She contemplated giving him her cell phone, since she didn't have a way to carry that either. But then she asked him, "Do you have your phone? And does Hillary have your number?"

"Yes, and yes." He patted his pocket with his cell phone in it.

"Good. Are you good to go?"

He put his dark sunglasses on. Then he spoke with confidence and dramatic flair. "I'm here to chew bubblegum and charm pants right off, and I'm all out of bubblegum."

She chuckled at that. "Good! Let's go." She took his hand and they started to walk to the mansion. Her high heels click-clacked as she walked on the concrete path.

He looked down at her red high heels and felt shivers race up and down his spine. *Sweet! My dick is gonna get so sucked! Between her and Hillary, they might just suck the damn thing off tonight!*

She said, "By the way, if you're ever in a 'I'm feeling like a fraud' mood, just let me know. I think I'll be able to stroke and suck that feeling right out of you. And if that doesn't do it, the sight of your cum dripping down my face and breasts will cheer both of us up, I'm sure."

He asked eagerly, "Really? You'd do that for me, at any time?"

She frowned. "Well, not just any time. Almost any time. I can't do that when I'm in Margaret mode, of course."

He griped, "But you're in that mode literally 95 percent of the time!"

"Not that much. But yes, a lot. And I'm sorry about that. I'll tell you what. If we're at home and you have a severe crisis, let me know in a subtle way. Maybe I'll be able to be Maggie on the roof or in the garage for a little while. Maybe. I'm not making any promises. We'll see how it goes."

"COOL! You're the best! I love you so much!" He made it to the door of the mansion with a spring in his step, a rampant erection in his slacks, and a great big smile on his face.

Chapter 54: Hot Tub Party (Sunday)

Nick knocked on the big front door to Shannon's mansion. No one answered, but he noticed the door was opened a crack. He pushed it all the way open and looked around. No one could be seen, so he decided that he and Maggie should just let themselves in, like they did last time.

They walked deeper into the house and found four guys playing an interactive video game together on a giant-screen TV in the living room. They were so into their game that they barely did more than glance up, wave hello, and briefly gawk at Maggie's curvy body in her revealing dress.

So Nick and Maggie walked on. The house looked fairly trashed -- it was clear no maid had been let in yet to clean up the beer cans, plates of food, and other items strewn about here and there from last night. There was even a mirror on a table next to the video gamers with white lines of powder on it.

Neither Nick nor Maggie needed to be explained that it was a very valuable amount of cocaine. They had no interest in hard drugs like that.

There were a couple of people getting food in the kitchen, but Nick and Maggie didn't really know them. Maggie had seen five other cars parked near the front entrance to the mansion. Since nearly everyone at the party last night had been couples who had arrived together, she calculated that meant there were roughly only about ten other guests there.

So they kept walking until they came to where most everyone else was: in and around the hot tub. As it was late in the afternoon, some shadows fell on the hot tub, leaving it only partly in the sun. But all five people there were sitting on lawn chairs or the wooden floor right next to the tub.

Four of the five were girls, with one lucky guy right in the middle of the group, but there was no sign of Hillary yet.

Nick checked out the girls in their bikinis - or not in their bikinis. Three of the four were topless, including the party host Shannon. He was able to ogle all four of them at length because they were engaged in conversation and not looking his way.

He'd seen Shannon topless last night, right before level, but he'd been so tired and out of it that he hadn't paid much attention. Now he could get a much better view of the group, and his interest focused almost entirely on her. *Wow! Talk about a lot of lovely feminine eye candy. They all look sexy, but Shannon looks the best. Not counting Maggie or Hillary, of course. But still, she's close to even their level. She's a babe! A seriously stacked babe!*

There seems to be a direct relation between who the elite of the elite girls are and who the most beautiful girls in school are. Is that because the rich can afford more plastic surgery, boob jobs, and things like that? Or do the rich have more beautiful genes from having trophy wife mothers? Or are all of them really rich, or is it just Shannon who's super wealthy? I'll bet most of them are beautiful AND really rich. Life isn't fair. Maggie and I are probably the only non-rich ones here, and even we aren't exactly poor.

I wish I was more clued in about this whole 'beautiful people' crowd, but I'm not too worried or intimidated; I'm a clever guy and I can roll with the punches. And I'm horny! Besides, yesterday, I basically had sex standing up with Maggie, Hillary, AND Debra, almost at this very spot! That does wonders for a guy's confidence.

That happy memory reminded him of the sauna room, while the door to that room could be seen not far away. He glanced at it, and then glanced at Maggie. To his surprise, she appeared to be staring at the door longingly.

Maggie's gaze at the sauna door was so overt that Shannon asked her, "Thinking about using the sauna? Go right ahead. Whatever you want to use in the house or outside, please feel free. Within reason, of course."

Maggie blushed slightly and looked away as she sat down at the edge of the hot tub and stuck a foot in the water. "Maybe later. That does sound nice."

She glanced at Nick and blushed a little more before quickly turning away. She felt saliva building up in her mouth in anticipation of sucking his cock. She had to stifle those urges and deny her desire to go back into the sauna room with him immediately. She was determined to just be a normal girlfriend, doing normal party things. Plus, she was aware the door to that room couldn't be locked.

She said to Shannon, "Although... I do need somewhere to change into my bikini. Can I do that there?"

"Sure, whatever you want," Shannon replied. She seemed completely comfortable in her topless state, and didn't attempt to cover up at all.

Maggie asked, "Where should I put my dress afterwards?"

Shannon nodded to a little pile of belongings on the deck a few feet away from the hot tub. You can put in it there with the other stuff. Don't worry, it's safe. We've never had anything stolen here yet."

Then Shannon looked down at Nick's crotch and stared long enough for him to notice.

He looked down at himself and saw that his bulge was tenting outrageously. He's totally forgotten about strategically covering up. He did so belatedly.

Shannon didn't say anything, but she smirked knowingly.

Maggie thought, *Shit! He's showing that much, and he's not even wearing his swimsuit yet. All the girls are going to be on him like a pack of wild hyenas! At least Debra clearly isn't here.*

Maggie went to the sauna room and changed into her bikini. She felt a great thrill getting totally naked while changing, especially there. Despite the fact that she still hated Debra and her scheming ways, she recalled what happened in the sauna with both fondness and great arousal. Had Nick been in the room with her, they wouldn't have come out for a long time.

Nick had been hanging back slightly so he could check out the scene - and all four of the beautiful girls in their bikinis or only their bikini bottoms. At the same time Maggie left for the sauna, he turned around and stepped away from Shannon so he could strip down to his swimsuit. He tried to slowly take his shoes, socks, and slacks off so he wouldn't have much alone time with the others before Maggie came back. He kept his T-shirt on since he was still embarrassed about his chest.

His bathing suit was fairly typical in terms of what it covered and how loosely it hung on him. But he still had the problem of his raging erection. He knew that it would take some time for Maggie to walk to the sauna, change, and then walk back, so he had no choice but to turn back around. He strategically kept a hand draped over his bulge to make it less obvious though.

He worried about having to make small talk with Shannon and/or the others without Maggie there. He wasn't that intimidated by their near naked

beauty, but after what happened with Debra last night, he didn't want to put himself into any tempting situations whatsoever. He hoped to stick by Maggie's side or Hillary's side the whole party if he could help it.

Luckily for him, while he was stripping down, Shannon had turned back to the other girls in the hot tub and had resumed talking to them. He didn't want to just stand there, so he went back into the mansion to get a glass of water. He quickly downed it, even though that was just an excuse to have something to do.

Maggie had a very emotional moment just returning to the sauna again. Being there brought back memories good and bad, but mostly it just made her very, very horny. She had to close her eyes and change clothes quickly, because merely being in that room was making her entire body burn up like she was standing too close to a fire.

Once she was back outside, she had to take some long moments to calm down and gather her wits. It didn't help that the bikini she'd just put on was so very revealing. Had Nick walked up to her just then, she certainly would have dragged him back to the sauna and let her lips and tongue go wild over his cock.

She slowly walked back to the hot tub. She put her dress in the pile of clothes and belongings that Shannon had indicated. She took her red high heels off and put them there too, since she was going to get into the hot tub soon. Then she stood there checking out who was there and which ones she'd met yesterday.

Nick returned to the hot tub area a few moments later, now that it was "safe" to do so with Maggie back. But before he got all the way there, he positioned himself so he could gawk at a side profile of Maggie while she in turn took a closer look at the girls in and around the hot tub.

He held his breath in awe as he looked Maggie over. He eagerly ogled her from head to toe, and then focused mostly on her sizable rack. *Oh yeah! Bright yellow string bikini! That's what I'm talkin' about! Heck, I didn't even know she owned something like that until I found it today. And look at the rest of her. What legs! What a shapely tummy! What a face! Such a hardbody, like a professional athlete.*

She's the most beautiful AND the most stacked girl here, and everybody knows it. AND, she's my frickin' Mother! She's at least fifteen years older

than everyone else here, but no one suspects because she's just so fucking sexy, and she really does look to be about twenty. How sweet is that?

He felt a great surge of lust seeing her in that bikini. He was already feeling lusty due to what Maggie had done to him after parking the car, so seeing his mother like that was almost too much for him to take. She was much more arousing to him than the other four beautiful girls combined, even including the stunning Shannon.

He was slightly afraid to talk to her, for fear that he or she would say something to make him feel even more aroused. Instead, he just walked over to her and put his arm around her possessively.

The only person out of the five others around the hot tub that either Nick or Maggie knew from last night was Shannon. And even the contact with her had been very brief, either Maggie asking her where Nick was or both of them saying good-bye right before going home.

Shannon also felt she'd hardly gotten to speak to either Nick or Maggie last night, and yet she was intrigued by what she'd heard of them. She wanted to spend some time getting to genuinely know them beyond the usual small talk, which is why she'd invited them back for this relative downtime before the party got crowded again in the evening.

She walked over to where they stood. She announced for everyone in the hot tub area to hear, "Now that you're both dressed for the occasion, welcome back to day two of Partypalooza 2002: Behind the Orange Curtain!" She held her arms out for a hug.

Maggie was surprised at that gesture, but she stepped forward and embraced Shannon in a hug. They kissed on each cheek and then pulled away.

Shannon had a very ample and impressive pair of breasts, at least as large as Debra's, if not larger. Plus, she was topless. So Nick was very interested in watching the way Shannon's and Maggie's racks pressed together during their brief hug and cheek kisses.

Again, he was so horny that it was almost more than he could stand to watch, but he couldn't resist not watching. It was just as sexy as he'd hoped.

Then he was surprised to find it was his turn for a hug. Shannon turned to him and opened her arms in invitation. He didn't know what to do, due to

her being topless, not to mention very sexy and sultry all over. Plus, he was way too horny, almost to the point he worried he might not be able to fully control his hands.

However, Shannon showed no shyness or hesitation, so he didn't have much choice but to get hugged. He opened his arms, but otherwise let her hug him. He was very determined to be on his best behavior after the Debra "fiasco" last night. Shannon pressed her bare breasts into his T-shirt-covered chest.

The hug lasted longer than the one with Maggie, and a lot longer than he expected. He could feel her nipples harden as the hug went on. She briefly kissed each of his cheeks, and then pecked his lips for a second too. He carefully did the same, in exact imitation of her.

As the hug continued, she pulled back somewhat to make eye contact while staying in a loose embrace. She said, "So! I finally get to meet the famous Nick. I know we met last night, but it was so brief and you were so out of it that that didn't really count."

He just said, "Yeah." He was feeling more than a little "out of it" again, due to his high arousal level that was getting higher by the second the longer he remained in a hug with Shannon, even a loose one. She was gorgeous, and had a sexy, sultry way about her that was hard to define.

He also was tongue-tied due to an embarrassing problem. Since he hadn't been expecting the kissing and hugging, it didn't occur to him to lean into the hug to prevent the bulge in his swimsuit from coming into contact with her. There's no way she couldn't have noticed the seven-inch long phallic shape trapped between their bodies, but she showed no reluctance to pressing up against it and even slightly rubbing it by subtly moving her hips.

She asked him, "Cat got your tongue?"

His brain rallied, causing him to say, "Sorry. Meeting extraordinarily beautiful girls sometimes leaves me speechless."

She laughed and finally broke the hug. She looked to Maggie and said, "I can see why you're dating him. He's a keeper!"

Just then, Nick had a realization. When he'd first arrived at the party last night, he'd looked over the main crowd of about twenty partiers and had

been stunned to see just how beautiful all the girls there were. But even amongst that exceptional group, one stood out: a stunning redhead in a skimpy outfit, with particularly large breasts and a jutting ass. He hadn't tried to speak to her at the time, because back at that time he was lacking confidence and felt especially intimidated by her.

Now thought, That was Shannon! We were looking for her then and couldn't find her until much later, yet she had been standing nearby. But never mind that. What's this about her being such a babe?! A seriously stacked and topless babe, too! I'm going to stick to Ma's side like glue, that's for sure! The last thing I want is to be tempted and have a repeat of the whole Debra fiasco again.

I mean, yeah, it would be totally hot and arousing and fun, at the time. But I would totally regret it later! My mind is all muddled because I'm way too horny. It's best if I just stay quiet, stick to Ma, and calm the hell down!

Just when he thought the Shannon temptation was over, she gave him a head to toe look over and laughed. But it was a mild and friendly laugh. She asked him, "What are you wearing a T-shirt for?"

"Um..." He almost blushed. He was very abashed. He didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything.

She goaded him, "Take it off already! Look around. You're way overdressed." She put her hands on her hips, striking a sexy pose while drawing more attention to her toplessness.

He looked to Maggie uncertainly.

She nodded at him encouragingly. She didn't like the way Shannon had been hugging him, not to mention looking at him with obvious interest. But she was trying hard to get him out of the habit of wearing his T-shirt all the time.

So he took his T-shirt off.

As soon as he did so, Shannon moved in close and hugged him again. She purred in a naturally sexy voice, "That's much better." She added in an even more sultry voice, "I've heard a lot about you lately, Nick. All good things."

Nick very gingerly placed his hands at the middle of Shannon's bare back, just below the bottom of her wavy, dark red hair. There was no way he

could avoid feeling and enjoying her bare breasts pressing into his equally bare chest. He could clearly feel her erect nipples poking into him.

He looked past Shannon to Maggie and gave her an apologetic look while thinking to her, *Don't be mad at me! I don't want this!*

Maggie's eyes narrowed in anger, but she was staring at the back of Shannon's head, not to his face. *Fucking bitch! Get your hands - and your tits - off my man!*

Although Shannon wasn't facing Maggie, it was like she'd heard that command, because she pulled away from him a second or two later. Then she said to both of them with a friendly smile, "I'm glad you both could come back. Especially at this hour, when it's not all crazy. We're going to have a lot of fun today. But where's Hillary? Do you know if she's coming too?"

Maggie was secretly peeved at Shannon, both for looking so sexy and for acting so forward with Nick. But she pushed those feelings to the side and said with a forced smile, "She's off doing something else right now. But she should be here later. Probably within the hour."

"Ah. Cool." Shannon took Nick's hand in hers. "Here, you two, come on. I'll introduce you to everyone else." She smiled at Maggie.

Maggie was peeved at even the hand holding, but she forced herself to smile back.

Shannon brought Nick and Maggie closer to the hot tub, and introduced them to the others sitting around it. Nick and Maggie recognized a couple of the faces from last night, but they hadn't spoken to any of them. All the others had been out of the hot tub, but now they sat back in it.

Out of the four others in the hot tub area, the only guy there was named Brian, and he was introduced as Shannon's boyfriend. He shook hands with both Maggie and Nick.

Most of Maggie's animosity towards Shannon disappeared as soon as she realized that Shannon both had a boyfriend and that he'd been right there all along. That made Shannon much less of a flirty threat in Maggie's eyes. Maggie also liked that Brian was a handsome and hunky guy, nearly as much as Spencer was, with short blond hair and a medium tan. That made it less likely that Shannon would have a wandering eye, or wandering hands.

The other three girls just stayed where they were sitting during the introductions, mostly covered by the bubbling hot tub water, rather than standing up to shake hands or even hug or kiss. Maggie was secretly glad because she didn't want Nick to take part in any more hugs, especially with the two other topless beauties.

Nick sat down in the hot tub water next to Brian, with nobody on the other side. He could sense that Maggie was a little miffed after Shannon's hug with him, and he figured sitting with a guy was the safest thing he could do. Maggie also got in the tub along with Shannon. End ended up sitting next to Shannon because Shannon was being very friendly to her and sticking to her side.

Both Nick and Maggie sank into the hot water almost to their necks. Nick was glad that the water was very hot, and hoped that would help his erection go away. Maggie also enjoyed the hot water, but wanted to cover her breasts because she was embarrassed to be wearing such a skimpy bikini.

Brian wagged his eyebrows at Nick, and said, "Lucky us, eh? I don't know about you, but if I have to choose between playing video games or sitting with some lovely ladies, I'll choose the ladies every time."

Nick replied with an easy smile, "I certainly wouldn't disagree with that." He was trying to keep his eyes only on Brian. Hopefully that would help make his erection go flaccid faster.

Brian then said in a friendly voice, "So, Nick, what's this I hear about you being 'famous?'" Clearly, he'd heard Shannon make that comment just before she'd hugged Nick.

Nick said, "I'm not famous. I think the only reason Shannon said that is because I'm going out with Maggie. I get to be famous by association."

Shannon was listening, and said, "And let's not forget that you've become known as Hillary's new best friend. That makes you intriguing. You're snatching up all the very most lovely ladies around here!" She chuckled good-naturedly at that.

Nick wanted to protest that he didn't "snatch up" Hillary. He wanted to make sure everyone thought he and Hillary were just friends, even though that wasn't true.

But he didn't get a chance, because Brian turned his focus to Maggie, and said to him, "Speaking of lovely ladies... wow! Nick, where have you been hiding Maggie? I don't remember seeing her at school, and I would remember a stunner like her."

Maggie was sitting in the tub between Nick and Shannon. She scooted over to Nick and she put an arm around him. While she did that, Shannon repositioned, squeezing in between Brian and another girl sitting on the other side of him. That allowed her to put an arm around her boyfriend too.

Brian asked Maggie and Nick, "I take it neither of you go to the Academy?"

Maggie said to Brian, "We don't. But it's a moot point in my case. You wouldn't know me anyway because I'm in college."

"College?! Wow!" Clearly, Brian was very impressed. He looked to Nick again. It seemed he was even more impressed that Nick was dating a college girl.

Shannon said to Brian and the others, "Not only that, but Nick here is only a junior."

Brian looked to Nick in surprise. "Wow! Nick, you sly dog! A junior? Dating a college girl? And one who looks like Maggie?! That's pretty unusual."

Nick said to Shannon with chagrin, "You've been reading my mail."

Shannon smiled as she replied, "Nah. Just talking to Hillary mostly. Although we got to different schools, I met her at a party last week and we really hit it off. She sings your praises."

Maggie felt the need to claim possession of "her man" a little more. She said, "Well, I'm his girlfriend, so if you want to hear someone singing his praises, come to me." She pulled him in closer with the arm around his back and cuddled into him.

She made a point of pressing her nearest breast against him. It was underwater so the others couldn't see, but she knew he'd like that.

"So tell me all about you two," Shannon said to Maggie and Nick. "I want to hear all about this romance that spans different schools and a three-year age gap."

That began a long, casual chat as Maggie and Nick trotted out their made-up cover story detailing their fake history. They were the center of attention for a while, and the others in the tub generally stayed quiet or asked an occasional question.

But Maggie didn't like the attention since they were telling a false history, so she made a point to ask about all the others in the tub. There were no particularly interesting stories, but it was a pleasant conversation in any case.

Nick mostly stayed silent. It took a while, but eventually his lusty mood settled down to something more manageable, and his dick even went flaccid. The hot water certainly helped with that.

In the course of all the friendly chatting, Nick and Maggie learned some basic details about the others at the party. They learned that there were six couples currently in or around the house, and Maggie and Nick were considered the seventh couple. No one there was unattached.

Nick figured it was almost a requirement for the "beautiful people" to always be dating someone, as being single was a sign that you weren't desired or popular. He figured that if any of these girls around him broke up with their boyfriends on a Friday, they'd have a new boyfriend by Monday. He was pretty much correct with that guess.

The mood at the hot tub was relaxed and even languid. It soon became clear to Nick and Maggie that most of the others had been up very late and were having a late siesta time energy crash.

It was nearly five o'clock, but the sun didn't set until seven at this time of year. The entire hot tub area was directly in the sun and the shadows weren't going to overtake the area until about sunset time. As a result, it was very pleasant wearing just a bathing suit or bikini - or less.

The four girls with Maggie, including Shannon, seemed a bit intimidated by Maggie's great beauty, not to mention her impressive breast size. Only one girl kept a bikini top on, and it seemed probable that was because her breasts were smaller than most and she didn't like to draw attention to them.

The others generally sat with their boobs out of the water, while Maggie sat deeper down so her boobs stayed covered by the water. She was shy because of her skimpy bikini, and also didn't want to be a show off.

However, the group continued to have a nice time chatting, and the water was too hot to stay submerged for very long. More often than not, they sat all the way just out of the water, or with only their lower legs in it. As a result, Maggie couldn't use the water as cover to hide her body and especially her huge melons.

Shannon clearly had an interest in getting to know Nick and Maggie better, just as she said she did. She made sure to ask them lots of questions and keep them fully engaged in the conversation. The others, including Brian, had more of a take-it-or-leave-it attitude.

Thanks to Shannon's obviously friendly attitude, Maggie's irritation at Shannon's overly friendly hug with Nick was gradually forgotten. Maggie and Nick were feeling welcome and included, and were having a good time. There was a lot of joking and playful teasing and the like, but no overt flirting.

After maybe twenty minutes, as part of that playful teasing attitude, Shannon said to Maggie, "I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you're beginning to make me uncomfortable."

That threw Maggie for a loop. "I am? Why?"

"You're still wearing your bikini top. Does it bother you that the rest of us aren't?"

"Of course not," Maggie replied. She looked to Davena, the rather flat-chested girl who still had her bikini top on. "What about Davena?"

Davena said, "I'll take my top off if you take your off."

Maggie felt peer pressure from the entire group. She didn't want to be seen as "uncool," and she felt comfortable with Nick right next to her. But she also didn't like going topless in front of any other male except for Nick, and Brian was right there.

She decided to simply admit the truth. "I would take it off, but... Brian, no offense, but I feel a little shy with you right here."

Brian looked to her, and then to Shannon. Some sort of non-verbal communication passed between him and Shannon, because his facial expression changed. Then he said, "Ah. Well, don't be shy on my account. I've been in the hot tub for so long that I'm about to shrivel into a prune. I'm going to go to the game room for a while, so don't you worry about me."

After some good-bye small talk, he got up and went back into the house.

Nick and Maggie both strongly suspected that Shannon gave her boyfriend some unseen signal to make himself scarce. But they didn't mind, because they both felt more comfortable without him there.

With Brian gone, Maggie had no excuse to keep her bikini on, so she took it off. (Davena did too.)

Maggie wasn't exactly thrilled to do that, but a sense of competition with Shannon gave her motivation to be bold. Although Shannon made no further attempt to touch Nick in any way, and didn't show any more flirty behavior with him, Maggie felt challenged by Shannon's unusual beauty.

Shannon was about her same height, yet had breasts that were about the same size as hers, or maybe only a little bit smaller. Shannon also had her naturally sultry face framed by her gorgeous, voluminous and wavy dark red hair. She looked to have an Irish background, as her name suggested, with shining green eyes and rosy but very fair and light skin.

Nick tried not to look at Shannon much, but he was a young horny guy, and he didn't do too well with that. She was sitting across from him while Maggie sat right next to him, so it was a lot easier to be facing her most of the time. Plus, she was stacked and topless! The three other girls (Davena, Margo, and Joni) were plenty beautiful, but Shannon was in another league.

As a result, Maggie felt like she had to take her top off in order to make sure she kept most or all of Nick's interest. Plus, her yellow bikini top was so skimpy that it wasn't hiding much more than her nipples anyway.

Having Maggie go topless more or less forced Nick to take another dip in the hot tub. He sank down just enough to hide his newly engorged erection under the bubbly water.

A few minutes after Brian left, Shannon said to Nick, "So, stud. How are you enjoying your new topless harem?"

He didn't want to encourage that sort of teasing, since he was determined not to get into trouble like yesterday, nor did he want to make Maggie upset at him. So he replied, "It's nice to feel like king for the day, I'll admit. But let's not even joke about that, since each of you have a boyfriend."

It seemed as if Shannon had been planning to tease him some more, but that answer stopped her short.

Other than that, nothing really sexual or flirty took place for a while. Maggie had been secretly hoping that she and Nick might be "forced" to kiss each other on the lips to help show they were really dating, but that hadn't come up. With no other boys there, she didn't have to match what other girls were doing to their boyfriends.

The conversation continued to flow easily and pleasantly. Nick found that he was enjoying himself much more than in his conversations yesterday. The difference was that Shannon was a great hostess. She kept an eye on all of her guests, and made sure that everyone stayed involved and interested. If someone started to look bored, she would find a way to draw them back in.

That said, if any of them wanted to just chill out and not talk, that was okay too. Most of the conversation centered on Nick, Maggie, Shannon, and Joni, while the other two girls were mostly content to listen and bask in the sun,

Nobody overtly said anything about it, but it slowly became clear just how much the other girls were intimidated by Maggie's beauty and her bust. She was obviously both the most beautiful and endowed, which was saying a lot, since these girls were most of the cream of the crop at school. The others continually stared at Maggie from across the hot tub. Sometimes, the envy and jealousy could be seen on their faces as plain as day.

Shannon had quite extraordinary beauty too, but even she seemed a little in awe of Maggie. Certainly, she stared at Maggie a lot, even sometimes when someone else was speaking.

The group continued to periodically move in and out of the hot tub. The water wasn't scalding hot, but it was hot enough that they generally spent more time out of the water than in it.

Nick had a problem. Maggie was wearing nothing but her yellow bikini bottoms, which were about halfway between normal bikini bottoms and a G-string. The triangular patch of fabric in front was just big enough to cover her pussy lips, and the triangle in back was even smaller than that! Furthermore, although she didn't dare touch his crotch, she was continually touching him here and there in a possessive way. Then, everywhere else he looked, he saw four topless beauties.

As a result, his dick stayed continually erect. His condition wasn't an obvious problem when he was all the way in the tub, especially when the

jets were turned on and the water bubbled and churned. But his swimsuit didn't hide much when he was out of the tub. He had to be very careful in how he sat, with his legs strategically positioned to hide his continual bulge. He was dying to sneak off to an upstairs bedroom and have some private time with Maggie.

Maggie was thinking the same thing. However, Hillary hadn't arrived yet, and Maggie felt that as Nick's mother, she was obliged to do the responsible thing and make sure he made social connections with the other partiers. She figured this was the best time to do it, because she much preferred threesome fun. Once Hillary showed up, the three of them could sneak off to one of the many upper floor bedrooms and have some double blowjob, facial, and pearl necklace fun. But time passed and Hillary still was nowhere to be seen.

There was wine, and Maggie drank a little from time to time. But Nick, true to his word, completely abstained.

About an hour later, three of the girls left, leaving just Maggie, Nick, and Shannon. But at the same time they left, Shannon's boyfriend Brian returned, along with another beautiful girl named Alice. Since their numbers had decreased to just five, they clustered together on one side of the hot tub, just outside of the water.

Maggie was very chagrined about Brian returning, because she was topless now. She considered putting her top back on, but she had gotten used to being topless in front of the others and was actually enjoying it. Besides, she figured her bikini top was so skimpy that it didn't make much of a difference anyway.

She also felt she had to compete with Shannon and her toplessness. Shannon wasn't quite as beautiful as Debra, Hillary, or herself, but she was very close. Furthermore, Debra was rather dim and overtly selfish and had other personality issues, but Shannon came across as very nice and fun to be with, as well as smart. So Maggie felt more threatened that Shannon could be the exact type of girl Nick would be interested in, if he didn't have herself and Hillary already.

After some introductory small talk focused on Alice, the newest one of their group, Maggie asked Alice, "So where is your boyfriend?"

Alice snorted and replied, "Playing that stupid video game."

Maggie, with her arm still around Nick, then asked her, "Wouldn't your boyfriend mind if he knew you were sitting within easy arm's reach of another boy?" Alice was sitting right next to Brian, with Shannon on Brian's other side.

"He might," she replied with obvious irritation at her unnamed beau. "But only if he ripped his head out of his ass long enough to notice. I swear, he does that every time we come here. Give those guys a big screen TV, PlayStation 2, and a line of coke, and forget it. You won't see them again until the party's over."

"Or until there's food," Shannon commented, more as a statement of fact than a joke.

"Yeah, that's true," Alice replied with another contemptuous snort. "If only they knew what they were missing, they'd all come running, I'm sure." She stared overtly at Maggie's bare chest as she said that, making her meaning clear.

"What, these things?" Maggie asked modestly. But at the same time she brought her hands underneath them and proudly hefted them up just a little bit. She was a bit tipsy, and that was loosening her normal behavior slightly.

Now that the elephant in the room, Maggie's enormous breasts, had been directly mentioned for the first time, follow up questions inevitably ensued.

"Geez!" Alice complained. "If you don't mind asking, how big are they? I'm only a B-cup."

"They're E-cups," Maggie replied, with more than a little touch of pride.

"Is that all?" Alice asked. "I'd swear they look even bigger than that! A lot bigger! Like, I dunno, H- or I-cups, if that's even possible!"

Shannon noted, "That's because she's so fit and trim overall, and has a narrow waist. So they do look bigger on her."

Nick couldn't resist asking about Shannon's, since it seemed nobody else was going to. "Shannon, if you don't mind me saying, yours seem to be just as large."

"Oh, not even!" Shannon replied with a mirthful chuckle. "Mine are double-D's." She held and even slightly caressed her bare breasts from below.

"That's not so different, but Alice is right, Maggie's seem a lot bigger. Those cup sizes are a very crude measure. They differ greatly by brand, for one thing. And I've heard something like 80 percent of women wear the wrong sized bra. Maggie, I'll bet you wear the wrong size too and you're an F-cup, at least. You should be professionally fitted. Have you ever tried that?"

"No," Maggie sheepishly admitted. "My bras do feel uncomfortable and tight sometimes."

"A-ha!" Shannon said. "I'll help you out with that. I know a good fitter. What's your band size?"

"Thirty-eight."

"There we go again. I'm only a 34. You've got a wider torso in general, so yeah, when it comes to volume, yours are significantly larger than even mine."

Maggie's face was slowly reddening due to all the focus on her breasts. She sat with her knees to her chest to at least cover her nipples by pressing her knees into them.

Nick was having a hard time trying not to look at Shannon's big boobs. But with the way she kept holding them and even subtly moving her hands over them, he couldn't resist. His erection throbbed with frustration inside his swimsuit.

"Are they all real?" Alice asked Maggie about her breasts, with real interest. Nick had been silent, but he replied, "Definitely! Believe me, they're all real." He smiled widely.

Brian suddenly reached across Shannon and gave Nick a high-five. "Woo-hoo! You da man! You lucky bastard."

But then Brian remembered his girlfriend, and he blatantly cupped Shannon's bare tits in front of everybody, causing her to let go. He said proudly, "But these are all real too, and they say more than a handful is a waste." He showed exactly how he could hold both of them in his hands.

Shannon was obviously annoyed at his interest in Maggie, but she tolerated his comments and his groping. She asked Nick and Maggie (especially Maggie), in reference to the way Brian was openly fondling her, "You don't mind, do you? You know, this kind of touchy-feely thing. That's one reason

why we invited you back today, because Debra said you're totally understanding and cool about stuff."

Maggie bristled at the mention of Debra, but tried hard not to show it. "She did, did she? And how would she know that?!"

Shannon explained, "She said she accidentally stumbled onto you and Nick getting it on in the sauna room."

Maggie grimaced, then glared at Shannon. She was upset at Debra, not Shannon, but Debra wasn't there for her to vent her feelings to.

Shannon saw that look and quickly added, "Don't sweat it! You're hardly the first guests to find that room useful for that. Anyway, we do get a bit touchy-feely around here when there aren't many people around. You are cool with that, aren't you?"

Maggie was really struggling to hide her anger at Debra, and Nick noticed, but the other three didn't. She was relieved that at least it seemed Debra hadn't made any mention of Hillary being there too, or actually taking part herself!

She forced herself to stop scowling, and said, "Oh, definitely cool. Do what you like, as long as we remember who came with who. Is that all she told you, by the way?"

"Pretty much," Shannon replied innocently, completely clueless about any animosity between Debra and Maggie. "Oh, she did mention how you let her stay and watch, and that you and Nick were really sexy together."

"She did, huh?" Maggie clenched her teeth together. She was disturbed at Debra's claim that she had been allowed to stay and watch. That made Nick and Maggie seem like slutty exhibitionists.

Nick decided to try to tweak Debra's account, and also draw attention away from Maggie's increasingly angry face before the others noticed. "That's not exactly how it happened. We were so into what we were doing to each other that we didn't know she was there. Once we noticed her, it was hard to get her to leave."

Shannon asked huskily, with obvious sexual interest, "What were you doing that was so... absorbing?"

Nick replied, "I'm not the kind to kiss and tell. But let's just say that I love Maggie in every possible way!" He leaned to her and kissed her on the lips, while also boldly yet gently fondling the side of her nearest bare tit.

To his surprise, Maggie wasn't a passionate kisser, as usual. She was too inhibited by the others sitting nearby. But at least his kissing distraction blunted her anger towards Debra for a while. (Although, had Debra told Shannon about Hillary being there in the sauna room too, she would have completely lost it!)

Even though the kiss wasn't that great by Maggie's or Nick's usual standards, it was still very steamy for the others to watch. And Nick continued to hold and caress more and more of one of Maggie's great globes.

Alice joked, "Hey, you two REALLY need to get a room!"

That made Maggie remember where she was and who she was with. She was especially nervous about Nick's hand holding her breast. *No, not again! I have to stop this! Technically, it's okay, because it's what Brian has been doing to Shannon, and if Nick really was my boyfriend, that's what he'd do too, to show his feelings for me. But can't he let go already? Okay, we get the point! You love my body, and especially my breasts!*

Yet the more Maggie thought about the other three people watching the kiss, the hotter she got. Soon, the mostly posed kiss was turning into something very intense and steamy.

Maggie in particular was quite a sight to see. Her upper torso began twisting and writhing with obvious arousal. Her hands ran up and down his back like she couldn't get enough.

She thought, *Oh no! I'm too horny! Way too horny! He's broken me, broken my willpower! When he gets going with his magic touch, I just HAVE to suck his cock! I just have to! I need to get completely naked, get on my knees, and show him what a great slut mom I can be! But not here! Not now! Sport, please! Have mercy!*

Although Nick couldn't read her mind, he decided to have mercy on her. He was having a hard time reading her emotions and body signals (and in fact, Maggie herself was wildly flip-flopping on the inside). He was scared of going too far in front of others, and he worried that he might get a prudish

backlash from her later. So he broke the kiss, removed his hand from her boob, and went back to just holding her tightly.

Despite Nick and Maggie being quite restrained compared to their usual standards, the effect on the others from just that much passion between them was electric. Shannon and Brian started making out in much the same way as what they'd just seen, with Brian making no effort to hide how he played with her breasts too. Alice was left frustrated, but she secretly masturbated under the bubbly waters.

Nick wasn't quite done with Maggie. He was tired of waiting for Hillary. For all he knew, Spencer had talked her into staying on the yacht for dinner, and she wouldn't be here for hours, if at all. There was no telling. But he was dying to go upstairs with Maggie for some private sexual fun. He decided to try to get her hot and bothered enough to get her to do so, without doing anything too sexually overt.

Every now and then, he'd still play with her nipples some, or cup the underside of her nearest boob, or maybe lick the side of her neck, or whisper something sweet in her ear and then lick that ear too. He felt like he was cooking a meal, and he had to be careful to keep the oven temperature just right. He couldn't let her get too cold, but it was also dangerous to let her get too hot in front of others. He wanted to keep her on a constant but low lusty simmer until she finally gave in.

So things more or less went back to normal chatting with the group, but it wasn't the same. For one thing, everyone was more alert and engaged now. And there was an erotic feeling in the air that hadn't been there before, even though all the girls were already practically naked in just their skimpy bikini bottoms.

After a while, everyone in the group moved back into the bubbly hot tub, up to their midribs. That made it easy to pretend that everyone was completely nude. Even when another couple came and joined them, they quickly picked up on the erotic vibe.

Although Nick refrained from getting too crazy with his topless mother in a public place, he used the situation to do many less sexual, but still intimate, things with her that he'd always wanted to do. They constantly cuddled, and shared little loving gestures, like rubbing their noses together, kissing the other all over the face, licking ears, tickling, caressing, and much more.

They were in constant contact, and soon Maggie was as much of an initiator in these kinds of fun and loving touches as he was.

Had anyone been in doubt that they were a real couple, their behavior in the hot tub would have wiped that doubt completely away. They acted like they were madly in love with each other, and were simply completely unable to keep their hands off each other. And in truth, that wasn't an act for either of them, at least when Maggie let her hair down and fully embraced her "Maggie mode."

The other three were impressed, because that kind of joyfully expressed deep love was very rare within the jaded "beautiful people" crowd. Far too often, partners were chosen for petty and cynical reasons, and then easily dropped when someone with better prospects and status came along.

Mainly thanks to the loving and sexy vibe Nick and Maggie were giving off (not to mention the novelty of Maggie's huge, bare breasts), the hot tub grew more popular as time went on. Over the next hour, all the others joined them except for the four guys addicted to the video game. That meant there were eventually two other guys and six other women in the tub with Nick and Maggie.

Maggie was chomping at the bit to sneak a hand under the bubbly water and stroke Nick's boner inside his swimsuit. She figured the odds of her getting caught were very low, if she was careful. But she held back, as difficult as that was, because she feared that once she started doing that much, she would slip more and more out of control, and in front of eight other people!

Just like Nick hoped, she began longing more and more to take him somewhere private and have her way with him. It was reaching the point where she felt she might not even have a choice, unless she wanted to make a public spectacle of herself.

Nick and Maggie started to feel increasingly self-conscious with so many others around and often staring at them, especially since most of the others were near strangers. So their intimate touches petered out, and they wound up just cuddling closely to each other. Maggie was increasingly uncomfortable about the fact that she was topless. She found it fun to be a little exhibitionist in front of three others, but it wasn't fun with eight. She was careful to keep her nipples covered with either her hands or her arms, or by bringing her knees to her chest.

She was beyond frustrated that Hillary still hadn't appeared. She was dying to go upstairs and give Nick a blowjob or a titfuck, at the very least. She wished they would have done that half an hour ago. She didn't realize that he felt the exact same way already, and she was trying to think up an excuse that would get him to leave with her without making the others suspicious.

Finally, she decided a simple excuse was best. She said, "You know, Nick, I think I'm all hot tubbed out. Plus, it's starting to get a bit cold. Why don't we go inside for a while?"

"Sounds good to me!" He had a hard time hiding his enthusiasm.

Maggie was secretly thrilled too. She picked up her bikini top from the pile of clothes and put it back on while saying her good-byes for now. He also picked up his T-shirt from the pile and put it back on, since he was so self-conscious about his chest.

Then the two of them hurried inside. They both hoped nobody tried to follow them or speculate out loud where they were going.

Chapter 55: Look Who's Here (Sunday)

Shannon's mansion had three stories, but it seemed more like six, because it was a split level house on the side of a hill, so it was split roughly down the middle of the house and the three floors on one side didn't match those on the other side. Thus, there were a lot of floors to choose from, and many rooms in each one.

Nick had gathered that Shannon didn't have a big family. In fact, as far as he could tell, only Shannon and her parents lived here. He didn't understand what they needed such a big house for. In truth, it was a status symbol and most of the rooms were essentially unused, except if there was an event with a large number of overnight guests.

As soon as Nick and Maggie made it to the stairs leading up from the main floor, they felt they were able to talk to each other privately, if they were quiet. While they went up the stairs, Maggie muttered, "I'm sorry for taking you away from your important socializing, but I just... I can't take it anymore!" She looked all around, and then whispered quietly, "I need your cock! In my mouth!"

He quietly replied, "Are you kidding that you're apologizing? I've been treating to kiss and fondle you into leaving for the last half hour, at least!"

Maggie laughed. "Really?! If only I knew! But what about Hillary? I feel bad for her. What if she shows up and tries to find us?!"

"We've been waiting a long time. What if she doesn't show up for hours, or at all? We both need to take the edge off! Besides, Shannon was paying attention and I'm sure she knows we're heading to one of the bedrooms. Hillary will go to her first thing, especially since there are so few people here, and then hopefully head upstairs and find us. Besides, we can go back downstairs in a while and check."

There was an intense fire in Maggie's eyes. She growled in a husky, quiet voice, "I won't take MY 'edge off' until my jaw is sore and my face is soaked in your cum!"

"Oh man!" He gulped and looked around. Can we be there already?! Let's run!"

She laughed. "Hold your horses! I can't run in my high heels!"

They soon picked out a bedroom on the higher half of the second floor. It seemed nondescript, about midway between the furthest room they could have chosen on the floor and the closest one.

Nick's attempt to "bring Maggie to a boil" with his constant intimate touches had paid off. Both of them were so hot for each other that as soon as they closed and locked the door behind them, they started to make out. They began undressing right away too. That wasn't difficult to do, since Nick was only wearing his T-shirt and swimsuit and Maggie her bikini bottoms. Within seconds, they had those off. Maggie kicked her high heels off as well, since she didn't want to poke him with her stiletto heels.

The room had a big bed, which was one of the reasons why they chose it. But for now, they just stood in the middle of the room and kissed and fondled each other. Although they'd been out of the hot tub for a while, their bodies were still slightly wet and they thought it better not to be bad guests and sit down or lie down on the bed until they were dry.

Now that they had privacy, Maggie couldn't get enough of Nick's cock. She tightly held one of his ass cheeks while the fingers on her other hand slid up and down his shaft.

She loved doing it so much that she was downright giddy. She had to suppress the need to giggle out loud. *Oh my God! I need this soooo badly! I'm so addicted to his cock, and I don't care! Damn! It needs to go in my mouth! NOW! I'm salivating like a panting dog!*

Despite those thoughts, she wanted to tease him and bring him to a boil before she started in on the oral loving. She asked with smirky delight, "So, now that we're alone, whatever shall we do with ourselves?"

He laughed. "I don't know. I'm sure we'll think of something!"

She ostentatiously ran her fingers all the way down to the bottom of his ball sack, and then back up to the top of his cockhead. "I suppose you probably could use some... relief... after getting all horny looking at those other girls..."

She got even hotter thinking about how long she planned on giving him "relief." She pictured him sitting on her chest and shooting a thick and

creamy load onto her face after a nice long titfuck, or blowjob, or titfuck/blowjob combo. Better yet, all three!

He was busy fondling and kneading her firm ass cheeks with both hands. "No, Maggie. I couldn't care less about them. It's you! It's YOU!"

She spoke as she steadily jacked him off. "Oh, come on. I saw how you were looking at Shannon especially. She's HOT! She's really hot! With her wavy red hair, her double-Ds, her sexy, sultry eyes, and her ass... She's got an amazing ass!"

He was secretly frustrated that he hadn't noticed Shannon's ass, since he'd never gotten a good view of her backside yet. But he knew it had to be fantastic since she had a fit hardbody all over. But he put that out of his mind.

He told her as he continued to play with her ass cheeks, "Yeah, she's all that, but so what? I don't care. She's not you. I want YOU! Why can't you accept that? I love you 'cos you're a great, well, you-know-what at home, and you're just a great and loving person all around. But I also lust for you 'cos you're built like a brick shithouse! Jesus Christ, I can't get enough of these goddamn GIGANTIC tits!"

He brought his hands back up from her ass, and cupped her melons from below. He grunted, "UGH! So hot!" He squeezed them tightly together. "Holy fuck, look at that cleavage! That's like, deeper than the Grand Canyon!"

Maggie tingled with arousal all over. She'd never been so happy that she was so unusually endowed. Having to carry such large breasts on her hourglass frame was a pain, literally, especially in the back. Together, they were even wider than her upper torso, which created additional annoyances (and made them look even bigger than they actually were). She didn't enjoy all the extra attention from strangers either. But now all the hassle seemed worth it, and then some. She looked down at the long line of cleavage he'd created, and she felt dizzy as she imagined her son's thickness nearly entirely enveloped in her soft tit-flesh.

He exclaimed, "And then there's the rest of you!"

He looked down her body, even though he couldn't see much below her huge globes pressing into his chest. He ran his hands over the body parts he

started to mention. "Your firm tummy. ... Your cute belly button. ... Your graceful neck. ... Your face!"

He caressed her cheek with one hand while caressing the underside of one giant breast with his other hand. "Oh my God, how I love your face. Such sexy eyes, with your narrow, knowing gaze and everything. You're just... I'm... Arrgh! It's all too much! I feel like I'm gonna cum already!"

She laughed gleefully, proud of her figure after that passionate outburst. As her hands steadily pumped, she said, "Okay, okay! I get it! So you kinda like your big-titted... you-know what." She hotly whispered right in his ear, "Your seriously stacked MOTHER!"

That sent a jolt of electricity right down his spine.

She giggled some more, as she knew that "kinda like" was a vast understatement. "And I'm sure it doesn't hurt that she's so hot for your big cock." She gave his boner a nearly painful tight squeeze, and then resumed stroking and fondling it, but with both of her hands.

She took a big whiff near his neck, but imagined she was smelling his cum drooling down his throbbing pole. "Mmmm! I even love the smell of it when it's leaking. And I especially love the taste! But keep your voice down, okay? We are in a strange house, after all."

He had resumed clutching her fantastic ass cheeks with both hands. But since she was so hot and bothered, and lavishing his erection with talented finger work, he didn't see any reason why he couldn't reciprocate by fingering her pussy, now that she'd given him pussy fingering lessons. So he rubbed his fingers against her labia.

She was so wet there already that he quickly plunged two fingers in, and started pumping.

She asked, trying to be stern and reluctant, "What do you think you're doing, Sport?"

"I'm practicing my lessons." He brought his other hand up to her big breasts.

"Okay, smart ass, but what about all the slow build-up I taught you about? That was half the lesson!"

"I know, but there's a time for that, and there's a time for this." He kept on pumping, and despite the way her tits were pressing into his bare chest, he managed to reach a nipple and pull on it. "I can tell when you're totally fuckin' hot to trot! Because you're not just my loving mother, you're my naughty hot slut!"

She groaned lustily. "UNGH!" Already, she was panting hard. "Son, watch your language!"

He kept fingering her aggressively. "Are you my naughty hot slut of a girlfriend, or what?"

Her eyes narrowed with anger. She let go of his boner and slapped his cheek. "I said, watch your language!"

He thought he'd seriously offended her, and he felt bad. "I'm sorry! I didn't realize! I thought that sounded sexy."

She let go of his ass cheek too, and quickly dropped to her knees. She grabbed his boner and squeezed it tightly.

Then she engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing. *Aaaaaah! Finally! I've been waiting HOURS for this! Mmmm! Just feeling the pain in my jaw and the stretching of my lips is starting to arouse me each time!*

She liked the way he'd been fingering her, so she used the same rhythm on her pussy with one hand while stroking the rest of his shaft with her other.

He was confused, even as he felt the great surge of pleasure that washed over him whenever she started to suck him. *What the heck?! If she's mad at me, why the hell is she doing THIS?! But... whatever. Gaawwwd, it feels great!*

She was flying high as she got into a good bobbing rhythm. *Oh yes! Yes, oh yes, oh yes! I need this! What torture it's been for the past hour plus, having to sit there topless with my sexy son while he was touching and kissing me and driving me crazy, and I wasn't allowed to touch his big fat cock AT ALL! Well, I could have underwater, but it was too risky.*

But now it's time for my REVENGE! I'm gonna suck him so long and so good that he won't believe it! The only respite he'll get is when my mouth gets tired and I titfuck him for a while instead! And that's no respite at all! She chuckled to herself. *He's gonna cum and cum and cum all over me until my face and tits are DRENCHED!*

After about a minute, she pulled off and switched to licking his sweet spot, so she could talk a little more. "You call me your 'naughty hot slut,' but if I'm your naughty hot slut, would I be doing this? Would I be so eager to suck and lick your cock that I just can't get enough of it?"

Confused, and unbelievably turned on, he said, "Well, uh... To be honest, yes! I, uh, I think?"

"Huh!" She pulled her wet fingers out of her pussy and brought them to his perineum (his "taint"), and started tickling and fingering her way from there up his ass crack. "Would I be so naughty and nasty that I'd play with your ass crack too?"

He wasn't sure what he was supposed to say. He decided to stick with being honest. "Um... yeah! That sound exactly like what a naughty hot slut would do."

"Maybe," she conceded. She was trying to sound stern and reluctant when in fact she was having the time of her life teasing him. "But if I'm a really naughty, big-titted, cock-hungry slut, would I plunge my finger in your asshole while sucking your balls into my mouth?!"

She already had her lubed-up index finger probing around the starfish of his anus, and once she finished saying that, she dramatically pushed it in. She kept on steadily pushing until she was fingering his prostate.

His eyes just about popped out of his head! His heart thumped out of control and he forgot to breathe. He couldn't believe how good that felt.

Maggie wasn't keen on this kind of anal play. The thought of putting her finger in her son's asshole made her a bit squeamish. However, she remembered how effective it had been for Debra when she'd done it to him yesterday during the sex game. Furthermore, with all this arousing talk of her being his "naughty hot slut," she wanted to do something outrageously naughty without breaking her rule against fucking. This fit the bill, and she gloried in the taboo of her anal play.

It was such a huge rush for her that it took her some long moments before she remembered to suck on his balls for a while, since she'd promised to do that too. She fit one of his balls in her mouth and started sucking on it. She'd never done this for him, or anyone else for that matter. Nick's balls were extra large, which seemed fitting given his extra thick and long penis

and his unusually copious cum production, but compared to getting all of his stiff cock in her mouth, this was easy.

That left a hand of hers free, and she used it to jack him off too. She slid her fingers from base to tip and back again repeatedly. It wasn't as effective in arousing him as if she'd been focusing on rubbing his sweet spot, but it made her feel extra naughty to be caressing and loving so many inches of thick cock.

Nick's eyes rolled into his head. Then he closed his eyes and clenched his teeth. His heart was racing and his chest was heaving for air. *God fucking LORD! Ma is such a SLUT! But in the best way! She's just going all out to arouse me and tease me and please me! No limits. She even stuck a finger up my ass! FUUUUUUUCK! It's so fucking incredible!*

He leaned forward slightly and tightly held the tops of her shoulders. He didn't know how long he could hold out. What she was doing to his cock and balls felt incredible, but he was used to the incredible from her, and his body was becoming increasingly capable of "enduring" such great arousal for long periods of time.

However, what she was doing with her anal fingering was another thing altogether. It felt beyond amazing, like a non-stop orgasmic peak, but he seemed to have no resistance to it whatsoever. Clenching his PC muscle didn't seem to help stave off his orgasm at all when she did that to him. So he panted, "If... if you keep that up, I'm gonna cum!"

She had mercy on him and stopped fingering his prostate - for now. But she kept her finger in his asshole and pumped it in and out a little bit. She kept on sucking his balls and stroking his cock too.

He groaned. "UGH! OH GOD! HAVE MERCY! HAVE MERCY, PLEASE!"

He sounded so desperate, and close to the edge, that she decided to ease up some more. She didn't want him to blow his load this fast. She took her finger all the way out of his ass, and just lightly probed at his anus.

She also took his ball sack out of her mouth. But that latter move wasn't a respite at all, because she went back to licking at his sweet spot while still stroking his shaft too.

She purred sexily, "Does that feel better, Sport?"

"UNNH! HNRRG! You have no idea!"

She giggled. "Goody! Anyway, do these seem like the actions of a woman who is a 'naughty hot slut?'"

"Yes! Yes, they do!"

She laughed with even more glee. "Maybe you're right!"

She added in a pouty purr, "But I'm your mother! Isn't it wrong to turn your mother into your naughty hot slut? Don't you feel bad for making me totally addicted to sucking on your cock every day and every night?" The "every day and every night" part was clearly untrue, at least so far, but it sounded highly arousing to her at the moment.

He just grunted and groaned lustily. *Fuuuuck ! Fuck me! Lord have mercy! In my wildest dreams about Ma, I never knew it would be like this!*

"Well?!" She kept on lapping at his sweet spot while playfully running her fingers up and down his shaft as if he was ticklish there. "I'm going to probe your prostate more AND bob on your cock all the way down to your balls until you give me an answer!"

She'd never even tried to deep throat him and she didn't have much desire to, because she thought it was probably impossible, or at least nearly so, due to his unusual thickness. But it made for more good sexy talk.

He grunted and moaned some more. It was next to impossible for him to seriously think, given what she was doing to him. Her index finger was pushing in slightly against his anus. It felt divine, but knew he wouldn't last more than a few seconds if she probed his prostate some more.

So, thinking that he was about to blow his load regardless, he wanted to go out on a dramatic note. He exclaimed, "Hnnnrgh! Maybe it is... UH! Maybe... maybe it is wrong! But I don't fucking care! YOU'RE MINE!"

She felt shivers all over, and goose bumps too. *That's right! I'm yours, Son! You told me today that we're going to be together no matter what happens with Hillary, so that means I truly belong to you! Gaaaawwwwd, that's such a rush, to think that!*

Despite practically swooning with delight on the inside, she kept her poise on the outside. She stared up into his face with her sparking brown eyes and smirked with delight as she lapped around his cockhead. "Oh I am, am I? I

suppose you're right! Son, you've made me your SLUT! Not your girlfriend. There's a big difference! A girlfriend wants some kind of balanced relationship. A slut, a good slut, just wants to serve your cock!"

She moaned erotically, because she brought a hand to her pussy and started fingering it. "Unnnnggh! HNNNNG!" She pulled herself together somewhat, and asked, "But what about Hillary?"

He growled, "She's mine too!"

"Good answer! She's just going to have to accept that as a FACT!" She licked up to his piss hole, and rubbed his sweet spot with two fingers. At the same time, she pushed her index finger about half an inch back into his anus.

He grunted so loudly in response that it was almost a scream. The pleasure was so intense that it seemed his head was spinning, or maybe it was the entire room that was spinning.

He didn't know how it was possible he wasn't blasting his load all over her face already, because he wasn't even trying to squeeze his PC muscle. The pleasure was so intense that he was almost delirious.

She spoke while fervently licking all around his cockhead, drenching it in pre-cum and saliva. She teased him, pretending to be doubtful, "It sounds like you're right again, even though you have to share her with Anushka. But do you think it's fair? Is it fair to take the two most busty and beautiful girls and make them your personal sluts who love to worship and adore your big fat cock monster?! What gives you that right? Is it just because you have such an unstoppable and deliciously suckable fat cock? Does that give you the right to hook the very most desirable girls in town on your cock? Even if one of them is your very own mother?"

He was riding so high on lust that he doubted he be able to stay standing much longer. He put his hands on her head in part to provide support for his wobbly legs. He growled triumphantly, "Especially if one of them is my mother!"

She chuckled. "You naughty, naughty boy! Good answer! But still, I think you need to be punished for such a cheeky answer. I'm gonna give you a lashing! A good tongue lashing!"

She stopped talking for some long moments and just lapped against his sweet spot while jacking off his lower shaft. Her finger was inexorably pushing deeper into his asshole too.

He thought, *FUCK! Fuuuuuck! Mercy! That finger in my ass is too much! UGH! Mercy, please!* He was discovering that getting his anus fingered was unusually pleasurable for him. But, strangely, it didn't seem to trigger him to ejaculate.

She said as she kept right on lapping, "I'm going to have to lash this super sensitive spot on your cock at least a thousand times tonight! And that's just for starters. I'm gonna bob on it a couple thousand times too! I further sentence you to fuck my tits with at least a thousand thrusts!"

Thanks to that comment about titfucking, she suddenly sat up higher and enveloped his entire shaft with her big melons and squeezed him tight. She jiggled up and down on either side of him while also craning her mouth down and licking the top of his cockhead.

Not surprisingly, that felt so arousing that it just about blew his head off. But in a way it was actually a relief, because she needed to pull her finger out of his anus to hold and move her tits with both hands. She'd been getting dangerously close to his prostate again, so this felt like an orgasmic crisis that had been narrowly averted.

Still, he was relentlessly building up to a great climax just the same. He clutched at her head with both hands and rhythmically clenched his PC muscle too. But he knew he'd be blowing his load soon no matter what he did unless she eased up.

She sensed the same thing at the same time, and she did ease up. She kept on doing exactly what she was doing, but slower and with less vigor.

She said, "I hope you like this room, because we're going to be here a long while! We made our face time at the hot tub, and I suppose we should go back down for dinner at some point. But otherwise, you're going to serve your sentence right here. A very long and cocksucky sentence! I'm going to make you cum over and over again until your balls are literally drained completely dry! What do you think about THAT?!"

He thought, *I can't believe how fucking wanton and sexy my Ma is! She's so into this that she's blowing my mind! I love her so much, and now I'm in*

total lust too!

He opened his eyes and looked down at her perfectly tanned tits sliding up and down on either side of his shaft. Now that she'd made that big statement, it seemed she'd finished talking, because she had most of his cockhead in her mouth, and she was licking around his piss hole for good measure.

Oh, man! Fuckin' unreal! She's so STACKED! And fit! And that look on her face! Good Lord! It's like staring into pure lust, and love too! Her eyes! There's so much fucking passion in those eyes! The only way this could get any better was if Hillary was here too!

That last thought reminded him that Hillary should have been here by now. He had a brief vision of Hillary on a yacht with Spencer. She imagined him in a bikini and Spencer in Speedos, with his arm around her back. The bile of jealousy ran up into his throat.

However, that unpleasant thought passed out of his head after a while, at least for the most part. Maggie kept him blissfully distracted with her titfucking motions.

For a while, she just gently slid her tits up and down his thick shaft, with one going up while the other went down, and vice versa. She knew he was still dangerously close to the edge of climax, and she had to bring him back to a "safe" level. As a result, she didn't use her mouth on him at all.

But then, after about five minutes, she figured she'd used enough restraint, and he wasn't even panting anymore. So she not only got her mouth involved again, she craned her neck down and swallowed her entire cockhead!

Then she spent the next ten minutes, at least, on a titfuck/blowjob combo. She'd gotten pretty good at that, thanks to doing it on him more than once already. She managed to go about two or three minutes before she'd have to pull all the way off, because keeping her head craned down got increasingly painful until she could have a break to shake it off.

Nick was on cloud nine. His mother was keeping him at just the right level of erotic bliss, a smidgen below where he'd need to continually squeeze his PC muscle not to cum. His legs stabilized. He wished he was sitting down

on the edge of the bed a few feet away, but not enough to disengage to go there.

His kept his hands on her head, but just so he could tenderly stroke her long blonde hair and pat the top of her head.

She loved his hair stroking and patting. Sometimes, she would feel shivers when she did some particularly difficult combined lip and tongue technique on his boner and got rewarded by a pat, or maybe a particularly loud erotic groan.

She was blissed out just as much as he was. She was perfectly happy to do this sort of thing all evening long, so long as she could take periodic rests when all or parts of her body got too tired. She sorely wished that Hillary was there too though, because if they worked together they could keep him on or near the break even longer and more effectively. Plus, it was way more fun sharing the experience.

After a while, she got a little overexcited with the vigor of her titfucking and sucking. She had to take a longer break, because he'd gotten overexcited too.

She pulled her lips off him and stared up at him with adoring eyes. She kept his hard-on enveloped in between her E-cups, but she didn't move them at all. "Sport, how do you like that?"

"Oh, man! You're the greatest! The best of the best! I'm so unworthy!" He was still panting heavily.

She teased him, "'The best of the best?' I don't know about that. What about Hillary? If she was here and heard that, she might be offended."

Since Maggie wasn't doing anything to him at that moment, he was already starting to breathe a little easier. He words caused him to say, "Hey, that reminds me: what happened to Hillary?! We've been here, like, what? Twenty minutes already? And still no sign of her."

Maggie was startled by that. Time was flying by since they were having so much fun. She took her hand off her breasts. "You're right! Here, take over."

He bent down some and held on to the sides of her great boobs, right where she'd been holding them. He enjoyed that a lot, and he started fondling and even kneading them more than using them to titfuck his own boner. But his

aggressive fondling style caused them to move and squeeze tighter together, which meant he'd resumed the titfuck and was ably keeping it going too.

She wanted him to take over because she needed the use of her hands. She was so worked up that she felt like her cunt was on fire! But she hadn't been able to play with herself for the last fifteen minutes, due to needing to use both hands to keep the titfuck going.

She resumed licking his sweet spot, but she brought both hands down to her crotch and she fingered her clit with one hand while lightly tugging on her clit with her other hand. She knew it wouldn't be long until she came now that she was doing that, but she was trying to hold out until they finished discussing this Hillary situation.

She complained, "She should be here by now!"

"I know!"

"She should be sucking on your cock with me at this very moment! I have such big dreams of her and me taking turns bobbing on your cock, and we haven't even done it a single time yet. That really bums me out."

"Me too!"

She complained while slurping on his sweet spot, "I've been dreaming of this party all day long. Fuck the people downstairs! I'm not talking about being with them. I mean I've been dreaming about spending most of the evening in a room like this with you and Hillary, so that she and me can lick and suck your cock together until we drop! Where is she?!"

"I don't know!" He was panting hard again already. Ironically, he was doing most of the work getting himself too excited, because it was like he couldn't stop the titfuck motion. It felt too good!

Their talking came to a stop for a while as Maggie fingered herself with a quickening pace. She also couldn't resist Nick's cock, and she crammed about the top two inches into her mouth yet again. That wasn't even all of his cockhead, but that was the best she could do given the way he was using her tits to fondle her and keep the titfucking going.

Finally, he asked, "Should we call her?"

"Mmmm!" she replied. She didn't want to pull off, but she realized that she couldn't give a coherent answer unless she did. So she went back to just

licking around his cockhead, and said, "Good idea. Why didn't I think of that before?"

He laughed. "Because you're too cock-hungry!"

She laughed too. Then she asked, "Your cell phone is in your slacks, right?"
"Right."

"You left those by the hot tub though. Damn. And I'm about to cum! Let me cum and then I'll go get it!"

"Okay!" Then, thinking a little more, he asked, "Can I cum too?"

She spoke between breathless gasps. She was still licking him a little from time to time, but she was too far gone to make any talented moves. "If you must. But I'd rather you don't. We've got all evening. I want you to stay stiff for hours and hours! If you can hold out for just a little longer, you can take a rest while I get the phone!"

"Okay, I'll try." He was getting dangerously close to the edge again. "When I do cum, can I... Can I cum all over your face?!"

She looked up at him and laughed. She was amused at how earnest, eager, yet shy he was, since she could hardly wait for that to happen too.

She resumed lapping against his cockhead while she said, "Gaawwwd! You really love doing that, don't you? What's the fascination? Do you love to see your thick and sticky cum dripping down my forehead? My cheeks? My chin? Even covering my nose? Do you like getting it in my hair? Does that make you HOT, seeing every inch of my face dripping wet with your manly seed? Which PROVES what a hot slut I am for you and your sperm, and how long I'll choke and gag on your cock to get it?!"

He groaned loudly. It was a deadly struggle, trying not to cum after hearing her talk like that. Even though he knew he was courting danger, he kept on steadily titfucking his shaft by moving her big knockers up and down.

She belatedly realized that her words were more for herself than him, and that her voice was so excited that she was giving away how much she loved facials. But then again, he pretty much knew that already. She knew he was on the verge, and she didn't want to encourage him too much. So she teased, as she licked, "We'll see."

He was incredulous. "'We'll see?!'"

She exclaimed, "Okay! YES! You know you can, anytime you want! You know how much I love it! Whenever I'm not in Margaret mode, that is. You know how much I love it when you cum all over me and leave me drenched in your pearly seed! But I don't want you to cum just yet! Should I slow down?"

"De-de-definitely!" He shuddered as the urge to climax very nearly overtook him.

She stopped her frequent licking of his cockhead. But she realized with amusement that that didn't help much, since the main problem right now was the aggressive way he was continuing the titfuck. He was so far gone that he genuinely seemed unable to stop himself. So she took her hands from her crotch and brought them up to his hands. She kept her hands there and more or less forced him to slow down and then stop his titfucking motions altogether.

"There," she said. "Better?"

He nodded. He closed his eyes and took some deep breaths.

Figuring he was good for now, she allowed him to continue to hold her increasingly sweaty and thus well-lubricated E-cups from their sides. That allowed her to resume playing with her pussy and clit with both hands. She also got back to licking the tip of his cock.

As soon as her hands moved away, he resumed the titfuck motion, but less vigorously than before. He worried that he was on a hair trigger. He exclaimed, "Stop licking, please!"

She did. She was fine with that, because she was getting totally absorbed fingering herself.

He grunted and clenched his teeth. Sweat was dripping down his forehead. "I don't know if I can make it!"

"You can! I'm gonna cum right now! Then I'll go downstairs, so just hold out a little longer!" She'd been on the cusp for a while now, and all she needed to do was mentally let go. So that's what she did. She yanked on her clit slightly painfully, and dug into her pussy, trying to find her G-spot. She did, but that was just icing on the cake, because she was cumming already.

She reared her head back, away from his cockhead, and screamed. "AAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!"

Nick very probably would have cum too, because just hearing, seeing, and feeling her cum was a huge turn-on for him. However, she'd stopped her occasional licking to scream, and he felt obliged to simply hold her tits in place around his hot pole, since her entire body was trembling and there was no telling what she might do next.

But then he noticed something very strange. About halfway through her screaming orgasm, he heard what sounded like not just one but two voices! And the second voice wasn't his, yet it was obviously coming from somewhere very near, inside the room!

He quickly looked all around, but he didn't see anything. Then he realized that the door to the room was directly behind him, and he hadn't looked that way since just after entering the room. Maggie hadn't either, since her face had been up against his crotch the whole time.

With great trepidation, he twisted his upper body around and turned his head too to see what was right behind him. What he saw was a totally unexpected shock: Debra was there!

She didn't see him, because her eyes were closed. She was leaning against the wall a few feet from the closed bedroom door, wearing nothing but a pair of silver bikini bottoms.

The reason her eyes were closed was because those bikini bottoms had been pushed to the side and she was finger-fucking herself with three fingers while caressing one of her double-D-cup tits with her other hand. Her head was tilted back and her blonde hair was up against the wall. Clearly, she was trying hard not to scream, but she was in the middle of an orgasm and the onslaught of pleasure was too much for her to stay quiet.

Her screaming wasn't actually that noticeable at first, because she was managing to at least somewhat restrain herself, while Maggie was screaming in total ecstasy and with utter abandon. However, it appeared that Maggie's orgasm started first. It went on for a minute or more, but her screaming lessened as it started to peter out. By contrast, Debra kept right on screaming a little longer.

Debra suddenly realized that she was the only one making any significant noise, and she opened her eyes in alarm. The first thing she saw was Nick staring angrily right at her. She cried out, "OH SHIT!"

Maggie still hadn't realized Debra was there. Furthermore, her orgasm had completely wiped her out. Luckily, she was kneeling already, but she was about to collapse to the floor so she could rest for a few minutes before going to get Nick's cell phone.

However, Maggie heard the "OH SHIT!" and the clarity of it made her realize it had to be coming from within the room, and directly behind Nick. Even though she had no energy left whatsoever, she somehow managed to move to the side of him to see who was there. As she did so, her boobs disengaged from Nick's boner, and she stumbled down to all fours, with her tits nearly dangling to the carpet.

She looked up and saw Debra. She yelled the same thing she's just heard: "OH SHIT!"

With that, she collapsed the rest of the way to the floor.

Chapter : 56 Danger and Games (Sunday)

Maggie was feeling half-dead, thanks to her big climax that had just ended.

Debra wasn't doing much better, thanks to her big climax too.

Nick was the only one of the three in relatively good shape. He'd been about as close to cumming as he could get without actually going over the edge. However, seeing Debra there triggered some kind of automatic flight-or-fight response within him, and he was in more of an aggressive fighting mood. He stayed erect because his body remained so very aroused, but his urge to cum rapidly passed as he focused his attention on the Debra problem.

With Maggie lying on the floor, he took a couple of steps towards Debra. His fists were clenched and his eyes were narrowed with anger. He was heedless of his nudity or the way his boner poked straight forward. "What are YOU doing here?!"

Debra wasn't in any shape for a big discussion. Now that she'd been found out, she slid her ass down the wall and plopped it on the carpet. She rested with her back against the wall while she panted hard. "Long... story!"

"Let's hear it!" He stepped menacingly towards her.

But Debra just waved a hand. "In a... in a minute!"

Seeing that Debra wasn't going anywhere or saying much soon, he pivoted in place and dropped to his knees to take care of his mother. He brought a hand to her face, which was flattened against the carpet. He tenderly ran a finger along her jaw line. "Are you okay?"

Maggie was breathing so hard that her entire upper body was rising and falling with each breath. She growled, "Fine! Now... Get. Rid. Of. Debra!"

"Right!" He stood back up and turned his attention back to Debra. He wondered how long she'd been there. It occurred to him that they could be in very, very deep shit. They'd been careless about their language, because they were too aroused to think straight. He remembered that at the start Maggie had said "you-know-what" instead of "mother" a couple of times, but he suspected that after that they probably lost all restraint.

It looked like Debra had been in the room for a while without being noticed, if she'd worked herself up to a big climax. If she hadn't heard any overt incest talk, it was a matter of pure luck. But he had little hope of that, because they'd been so careless.

He was very, very scared. *If Debra knows our great secret, we're totally fucked! Shit! We really screwed up. And why Debra, of all people?! She's the most amoral, shallow, and conniving person I know. She'll use this to her advantage, I'm sure. FUCK!*

He said to her aggressively, "Okay, how long have you been here?! Talk!" With his anger in control, he hardly paid any mind to her near naked beauty.

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Debra still wasn't in any condition to talk. As she struggled to regain her breath, she thought back to how she'd gotten here.

The phone call Shannon made to Debra in the morning had made Debra suspicious. In the past couple of years, Debra had been to other parties at Shannon's. Shannon was near the top of the pecking order of the high school's "beautiful people" elite, due to her extraordinary beauty plus her extraordinary wealth, and a nice personality to boot.

Shannon boosted her popularity even more by holding parties at her mansion on weekends when her parents weren't home, which was often. In fact, her mansion was "party central" for the social elites of both nearby high schools. Oftentimes, the party started one day and went well into the next day or even the next night. In all those parties, Debra had only gotten calls about when the party was starting and/or ending.

Yet Shannon had called her that morning to ask her if she was coming, supposedly so she could know how many people would stay for dinner. That made Debra suspicious, because there was always plenty of food to eat. If there wasn't, they would just order out for pizza or the like.

Although Debra wasn't that smart, she had realized there was almost certainly going to be some fallout from her successful scheme to have sex with Nick last night. She had been planning to go to the second day of Shannon's party because she was a party girl and didn't have anything better to do. But she'd given Shannon the impression that she wasn't going to be there. Then she had called another friend, Alice, who was going to be there,

and she told her to keep an eye out for Nick, Maggie, and/or Hillary returning.

Alice was a sexy, slutty girl, just like Debra (although less gorgeous), and so they helped each other out from time to time, in the same way that Debra had gotten help with Nick's seduction from her friend Patty last night.

Debra didn't think that she'd be able to fuck Nick at the party again. At least, the odds of that were pretty low. But she had gotten some kind of vague promise from Maggie and Hillary that the four of them could have a sex game rematch, since the last one had ended unfairly in her mind. Actually, neither Maggie nor Hillary had really made such a promise, but they hadn't refuted the idea of a rematch either. They simply hadn't known how to deal with Debra at the time, and they'd pushed the issue off to be dealt with later.

But in Debra's highly biased view of things, she had been promised a rematch, after victory had been stolen from her. She figured that if Nick was back at the party with Maggie and/or Hillary, she would be able to manipulate them into having a rematch. She knew that Hillary was sexually involved with Nick but that Hillary didn't want that to become public knowledge, at least not yet.

Debra planned to use that leverage to get what she wanted. She was very keen to win a sex game rematch, so Nick would proclaim her the sexiest of the three women. Since Debra, Maggie, and Hillary were in an entirely different league of beauty than anyone else associated with the high school, that would mean to Debra that she was the very sexiest out of thousands.

Debra was egotistical, and already felt that she was sexier and more beautiful than anyone else. But she wanted "proof."

But much more than that, she just wanted to have lots of sexual fun! She particularly loved their spirited sex game. The danger and competition made it a greater challenge than anything else in her life in a long time. Nick had exceeded all her expectations, and couldn't wait for him to fuck her again. She adored his thick cock. She found sucking it surprisingly enjoyable, much more than any blowjob she'd ever given. (Once again the sheer difficulty created by his extreme thickness triggered her sense of competition.)

Plus, Debra was mainly straight, but partly bisexual. She'd had sex with other girls, but she'd kept it a secret since she thought that would harm her reputation in the highly conservative Orange County social atmosphere. Seeing Maggie and Hillary nude had been a great delight for her in and of itself. But seeing them totally horny and yet steaming mad had doubled the arousal of the entire sex game, and then some.

So she was keen just to play another round of their sex game, even if she didn't win. She'd figured rightly that the others would try to avoid her, so she needed to surprise them at Shannon's party, or some other event like that, in order to make the rematch happen.

Alice was her eyes and ears. When Nick and Maggie showed up and were introduced to the others around the hot tub, including Alice, Alice made an excuse to go to the bathroom a few minutes later. But, in fact, she'd gone into the house and used the land line there to call Debra and let her know they had arrived. She'd also conveyed the important information Maggie had told Shannon that Hillary wasn't there but was expected to show up within an hour or so.

Knowing that, Debra got ready for the party. She had to check in with the guard at the guard post, who had been told to alert Shannon that Debra was coming. Unfortunately for that plan, Shannon was hanging out by the hot tub non-stop, with no phone anywhere nearby, so she missed that the guard tried called her several times.

Debra had snuck back into Shannon's house, using the same little known alternate entrance she'd used as part of her scheme to get Nick to fuck her last night. And, just as in that scheme, she had snuck up to one of the bedrooms on the top floor and waited there for further information from Alice.

She'd changed into a skimpy bikini and kept her cell phone near her. Then she'd read a fashion magazine while waiting for Alice. She wanted to wait until Hillary showed up too before making her appearance known.

Eventually, Alice had given Debra another call. But instead of reporting that Hillary had arrived, as expected, she'd passed on the news that Nick and Maggie had left the group and gone upstairs. Alice hadn't followed them, because she thought it was too risky that she'd be seen. But she'd told Debra that Nick and Maggie had been very horny and amorous with each other,

they'd returned to the mansion hand in hand, and she'd opined that they almost certainly were going to find a private room to have sex.

This had been an unexpected bonus for Debra. She hadn't figured out how she would get her targets alone so she could blackmail them, if necessary. Although she wasn't smart, she was very bold and self-confident. Just like last night's scheme with Nick, her scheme relied on luck, plus her belief that she could roll with the punches and make things go her way.

So, although Hillary hadn't arrived yet, Debra had figured this was too good of an opportunity to pass up. Besides, she'd been bored reading her fashion magazine. Having a sex game with just Nick and Maggie would be plenty fun, if yesterday's game was anything to go by. Plus, Hillary could join in later.

With that in mind, Debra had waited a few minutes until she assumed Nick and Maggie had selected a room to have sex in. Then, wearing just her skimpy bikini, she'd gone from room to room trying to find which one they were in. She'd brought a bobby pin with her. She'd had a lot of sexual adventures in Shannon's mansion during previous parties, and she knew from experience that even if the doors were locked, it was easy to unlock them with a bobby pin.

Debra had quickly and stealthily gone through all the rooms on the upper floors. She would put her ear to the door and kept it there until she believed the room was empty. Then she would open the door, or even unlock it and open it, just to make sure. Using this method, she'd found Nick and Maggie in about five minutes. Although it was a huge mansion, there were only about a dozen rooms that were likely candidates.

Since Debra had talked on the phone to Alice only about a minute after Nick and Maggie had left to go upstairs, and then she'd started her search a few minutes later, she hadn't missed much. She'd started listening in around the time Maggie stopped massaging Nick's prostate. She'd put her ear to the door, which allowed her to hear nearly everything they were saying to each other. Very shortly after she started eavesdropping, Nick shouted, "UGH! OH GOD! HAVE MERCY! HAVE MERCY, PLEASE!"

Not long after that, she heard Maggie say to Nick, "But I'm your mother! Isn't it wrong to turn your mother into your naughty hot slut? Don't you feel bad for making me totally addicted to sucking on your cock every day and

every night??" They'd locked the door, and it seemed to be a solidly built house with thick walls and doors, so they had been under the assumption that there was no way anyone could hear them, unless maybe one of them was shouting. Even then, they'd figured the entire floor they were on was empty and no one would hear anything at all.

Furthermore, they'd been extremely aroused. Although they'd talked about being careful not to use any telling incestuous words like "mother," "Ma," or "Son," the truth was the taboo of such words turned them both on greatly. As a result, those wasn't the only incriminating words Debra had heard. For instance, the word "mother" in particular was overheard twice more, and "son" was used once as well.

Debra had been shocked to hear that Maggie and Nick were mother and son. She found that very hard to believe, because Maggie really did look to be college-aged. However, while Debra would have considered the idea of having sex with either of her own parents too unappealing to even contemplate, she didn't have a problem with Nick and Maggie doing it. She could tell from the sex game that they clearly loved each other and were very hot for each other. Debra quickly went from being shocked to finding it extremely kinky and arousing.

But she'd also been highly excited because she knew this would give her ideal blackmail material, if it really was incest. She knew that what she had on Hillary was weak. If she revealed to everyone at school that Nick was having sex with Maggie and Hillary, that would knock Maggie's and Hillary's reputations some, but it would blow over eventually. It would actually boost Nick's reputation in a big way. So it was very possible they would simply refuse to be blackmailed. However, the incest secret would put them in her total power. She'd be able to have as many sex games with them as she wanted! The possibilities seemed endless.

Because she was so confident in her position, she hadn't been worried much about being discovered. After she'd heard Maggie's "But I'm your mother!" outburst, she'd used the bobby pin on the doorknob. She'd wanted to peek in on them as well as listen in.

She'd gotten lucky, because Nick happened to be facing away from the door, and Maggie had her face in his crotch, so she hadn't been able to see anything. As a result, Debra had kept the door open a crack and spied better

that way. What she'd heard and saw was highly arousing, especially since she now was almost certain that Maggie and Nick were mother and son. (She'd had to admit there was a tiny chance they were playing a role-play or something like that.)

At first, she'd pulled her bikini bottoms to the side and started fingering her pussy while she'd peeked through the door. But she'd soon realized that Nick and Maggie were so into each other that they weren't likely to notice if a herd of elephants came charging by. She'd found herself opening the door more and more. She'd wanted more of a side angle so she could see what Maggie was doing with her mouth and hands instead of mostly just seeing Nick's bare ass.

She'd been trying to stay quiet in case she might learn more valuable secrets. Plus, she hadn't wanted to interrupt the sexy scene she was getting off on watching. But since she'd thought she knew the incest secret, she hadn't cared much if she got caught. In fact, it was just a matter of time before she revealed herself, if they still failed to notice her. So she'd eventually opened the door all the way and then closed and locked it behind her. She'd moved a few feet from the door and rested against the wall there. She'd resumed masturbating. Mostly, she'd fingered her slit while trying not to make any noise. But also, her bikini top had fallen to the floor when it got in the way of her playing with her breasts and especially her erect nipples.

So that's how she had come to be where she was when she finally got so extremely horny that she couldn't help but scream in orgasmic ecstasy. Now that she'd been caught, she wasn't worried, because of what she'd overheard. It's just that she needed to catch her breath first.

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After Nick asked her, "Okay, how long have you been here?! Talk!" she spent the next minute just panting hard while she recalled how she'd gotten here. She was mentally patting herself on her back for her cleverness, because she was sure her plan was coming together even better than she'd hoped. The only fly in the ointment for her so far was that Hillary wasn't here yet. She wasn't sure if Hillary knew the incest secret, but she was winging it and she figured that one way or another she'd get blackmail control over all three of them, because the secret was that good.

Finally, she was ready to talk. "Hi, Nick. Glad to see me?"

"NO! What the hell are you doing here?" He was glad that at least his penis had gone fully flaccid while he waited. His body was still surging with arousal, but even more anger and worry, which made it too difficult to stay erect.

She stood up. "It's a long story." Her bikini bottoms were askew, and as she got up, she pulled them off altogether. She tossed them aside.

Nick saw that, and he was incredulous. "What the hell are you doing that for?!"

She struck a sexy pose, with a leg cocked and a hand on her hip. "Because I figure we're going to have a lot of fun. Aren't we? This looks like a good time for our promised sex game rematch, don't you think?"

Maggie was listening. She managed to sit up out of sheer determination to get rid of Debra, despite her orgasmic exhaustion. "NO WAY!" she practically screamed. "GET LOST, YOU FUCKING BITCH!"

Debra wasn't perturbed by that in the slightest. In fact, she smiled. Then she brought a finger to her lips. "Ssssh! You need to be quiet. There's no telling who might overhear what you said. For instance, the way I've heard what you two have been saying for a while now."

Maggie blanched. The color actually drained from her tanned face as she realized what that meant, especially considering Debra's insinuating tone. *OH NO! OH NO! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO! TOTAL DISASTER!*

If Nick had any hope that Debra had only recently arrived and hadn't heard any incestuous talk, that hope was crushed. He dropped to his knees next to where Maggie was sitting on the floor, and he squeezed her hand for support. Clearly, this was the worst case scenario for both of them. Their entire lives were in Debra's hands.

But then Nick had the thought, *We're totally screwed! Unless... Unless! Oh God! Maybe there's hope! Maybe we can convince her that we were just role-playing all along! We have the fake driver's license, after all! True, it's downstairs, but we can get that. Debra's not smart. We can pull the wool over her eyes! Deny, deny, deny! Deny everything! It's all a role-play only. It's our only hope. The alternative is too scary to contemplate!*

He bent over and whispered very, very quietly into Maggie's ear. "We're role-playing. Mother-son role-playing. Stick to that story! She's got nothing on us, not really. Remember your fake ID. We can pull this out of the fire!"

Maggie breathed a huge sigh of relief. Her entire body had been tensed up, but she visibly relaxed. She turned to Nick after he pulled away and she nodded in understanding and smiled.

Debra was pretty oblivious in general, but she couldn't help but notice some kind of important secret communication had just taken place between Nick and Maggie. She asked, "Hey! What?! What did you whisper to her?!"

He decided the best defense was a good offense. "I was just reassuring her that we don't have to worry about you misunderstanding us. Clearly, you've been here for a while. I don't know how you got in here, since I know we locked the door, and I don't know how we didn't notice you, but it is what it is. So you must have overheard our role-play."

Debra looked at him in confusion. "Role-play?"

"Sure. Our role-play. Maggie's almost four years older than me, you know. We teased each other about the age difference thing. It started out with me jokingly calling her 'mother' or 'Ma' when she was kind of treating me like a child and telling me what to do. Then she started joking around with calling me 'Son.' One thing led to another, and we both found it was a big turn-on. So sometimes we role-play that we really ARE mother and son. It's totally hot! We really get off on it. As you probably saw."

Debra furrowed her brow, and put her hands on her hips. "Wait a minute. So you're saying you're NOT actually mother and son?!"

Nick laughed. "Of course! You didn't think for a second that we really ARE, did you? That would be utterly ridiculous! I mean, look at Maggie. Does she LOOK like my mother?"

Debra walked closer to Maggie and gave her a skeptical look over. Finally, she said, "Well, there is a kind of a resemblance..."

Maggie was feeling a lot better, after she thought her world had ended. She had high hopes that Nick's approach would work, and she was warming to playing along. She said with confidence, "Resemblance? Really? I'm blonde and he's got dark brown hair, for starters."

Debra asked, "But are you a natural blonde? I mean, you have a pretty nice tan." She was very confused now.

Maggie didn't want to answer that. She was afraid her darker roots might be showing. She thanked her lucky stars that she'd shaved her brown bush off recently.

Luckily, Nick quickly said, "Don't just look at the hair. Look at her age. Maggie is twenty-one years old! Are you seriously suggesting she looks like she's forty?!"

Debra said with clear disappointment, "Well, no..." She looked Maggie over some more.

Maggie still felt totally wiped out from her recent orgasm. But the threat from Debra had energized her, almost as if she was being physically attacked and needed to rally her defenses. So she managed to stand up. She stood straight and tall with her arms at her sides, showing off her fantastic physique.

She faked a smile and thought, *Come on, Debra! Buy it! Buy it! All these years of working out and eating right, please tell me they're going to pay off right now! Please, please, please! Dear Lord, please!*

Debra examined Maggie from up close, one buck naked woman to another. She found Maggie extremely beautiful and sexy, so she was tempted to examine her with her hands. But she held back from doing that because she was so confused. Finally, she said, "Yeah, there's no way you could be forty, or even close to forty. Thirty maybe, though?"

Nick laughed. "Then she would have had to have been twelve when she gave birth to me. Come on!" He was fudging the numbers there a little bit, figuring correctly that Debra didn't like to think too hard about a math problem.

Debra frowned. "But I don't get it. You were totally calling each other 'mother' and 'son' when nobody was listening. I mean, you were going on like you really mean it. What's up with that?!"

He said, "But of course. We wouldn't talk like this when someone is around. Duh! Sexy role-plays are a private thing. If you dress up as a sexy doctor or policewoman or something like that for your boyfriend Devon, would you

do that in public? No! You'd do it in the privacy of a bedroom. We thought we have privacy here. By the way, where is Devon anyway?"

She waved her hand dismissively. "Oh, I came here alone. Don't worry about him."

Nick asked, "How did you find us here anyway? And how did you get in?"

Debra lied, "I'd just arrived to the party, and I was walking to the top floor because I left something there last night. On the way there, I heard some screaming coming from this room. I put my ear to the door and I realized it was you two. I thought you might be hurt or something, so I opened the door. It sure wasn't locked for me. But I saw that far from being hurt, you were having a lot of fun. I know I shouldn't have, but once I started watching, I couldn't stop."

Neither Nick nor Maggie believed that for a second. It was far too coincidental that Debra, of all people, would find them when there hadn't been any sign of her at the party. They knew she'd done some clever scheming to get Nick alone in a bedroom last night, so it was probable she was doing more of the same. But they both also realized that was her cover story and she wasn't likely to admit that it was false.

Debra said, "But enough about me. I still don't get this whole role-play thing." She narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "I heard you say a lot of dodgy stuff."

Maggie defiantly asked, "Such as?"

Debra waved her hands with frustration. "Such as the whole thing!" She gave Maggie an especially suspicious look. "What about the way your face practically went white when I told you I'd overheard the incest talk?"

Nick swiftly answered that before Maggie could, because he had a clever response. "Imagine YOU were taking part in an incest role-play and some stranger came along and told you they'd overheard everything. Wouldn't your face turn white from the embarrassing misunderstanding?"

"Well, yeah, I guess..." Debra was feeling increasingly disappointed. "But... but... it totally sounded like you really were mother and son!"

Nick scoffed, "Well, duh! That's the whole point of a mother-son role-play. The point is to arouse, and that's like a hugely arousing taboo. You must know that like half the erotic stories on the Internet have an incest theme."

Debra said, "Well, yeah. 'Duh' back at you. I read those kinds of stories too. And they are super hot."

"You see?" Maggie said. "We're just acting that out. And it works. We do a lot of role-plays, but that one is our favorite."

Debra was extremely disappointed. She'd thought for sure that Maggie and Nick really were mother and son. She'd considered that great news because it gave her the perfect blackmail material. She'd thought they would be her sex pets forever. But if it was all just a role-play, that was only mildly scandalous at best.

She tried to think carefully about all that she'd heard, hoping to find something incriminating. It was a lucky thing she wasn't that smart or perceptive.

She asked, "If it's all a role-play, then what was this comment Maggie made about 'Margaret mode?'" She pointed at her. "You said something about how you'd give him all the blowjobs you want except when you're in 'Margaret mode.'"

Maggie replied, "That's my real name, of course. By the way, my full name is Margaret Palmer. Nick's full name is Nicolas Stevens. See how the last names are different? We're NOT related! I don't have my purse with me, but it's in my car parked out front. In there, you can see my driver's license. Check out Nick's in his slacks downstairs too. Not only will that show our last names are different, it'll also show that I'm only four years older than him. Feel free to take a look."

Debra said, "I'd like to do that. I'm mostly convinced, but it would be good to be totally convinced. I mean, Maggie, what if you're just a super-young-looking stepmother or something?"

Maggie thought, *Drat! Stepmothers! Why did she have to think of that?! That would explain everything, including the last name difference, and it would still be very scandalous. Especially if she finds out I'm still married!*

Nick was frustrated by that idea too. But he didn't show it. He said, "Fine. Let's go downstairs right now and check it out."

Debra quickly said, "No!"

She was very against going downstairs. She remembered overhearing that Nick and Maggie were planning on going downstairs after Maggie's orgasm

in order to find Nick's cell phone so they could call Hillary. Debra didn't want that to happen just yet. She felt her leverage slipping away, but she still had hopes that she could have some sexual fun with Maggie and Nick, at least. It was better to try that out now.

She could sense that they were still trying to hide something, and were attempting to appease her. Hillary might arrive and join in the fun later, but her arrival might also ruin everything. A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

As a result of that reasoning, Debra said, "We'll do that later. First, what's this about 'Margaret mode?' It seems like you're dodging the question."

Maggie replied, "We're not dodging anything. Like I was starting to say, my full name is Margaret, but I'm usually called 'Maggie.' So I basically have two names. Nick and I play the mother-son role-play a lot. It never stops being arousing, so we have sex like that a lot. We don't need any special costumes or anything either. All we need to do is start calling each other 'mother' and 'son' and it gets totally hot. So, when we do that, we call it 'Maggie mode' and when we don't we call it 'Margaret mode.'"

Maggie was proud of herself. She thought that was a pretty believable explanation to explain that away.

"I see," Debra said. She was frustrated, but that did sound believable to her. She couldn't find any way to poke holes in their role-play explanation, and she was very nearly totally convinced now. The biggest factor was that she imagined a mother to Nick would have to be forty years old, or close to it, and Maggie looked far too young for that.

She didn't put much stock into the idea of Maggie being Nick's stepmother, because it was so unlikely for Nick to have a father who'd married someone only about 20 years old, and she'd decided Maggie had to be about that age. Plus, if the stepmother idea was true, it wouldn't be nearly as scandalous as "real" incest.

However, she wasn't about to entirely give up on having some leverage over them. She narrowed her eyes and looked at them both suspiciously as they stood there side by side, totally nude from head to toe. She said, "I guess you're not really mother and son. But still, something weird is going on here. I don't know what, but something is. And what's up with you two and Hillary, anyway?"

Nick thought, *Uh-oh!* But he asked in a clueless tone, "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. The three of you have a lot of fun together. Sexy fun! Like the game you were playing yesterday when I found you."

"That was just a one-time thing," Maggie said.

Debra shook her head, as if disappointed. "Maggie, why lie to me? I'm really not out to get you. I might not be some Einstein, but I know body language, and it's obvious that Nick and Hillary's bodies are already very familiar with each other. Furthermore, not only did I hear all your incest role-play talk, but Nick I heard you say to Maggie, 'You're mine!' Then, Maggie, asked him about Hillary, and he said, 'She's mine too.' Remember that?"

Both Maggie and Nick deflated a little in response to that. They knew Hillary didn't want it publicly known that she was Nick's second girlfriend, at least not now. And she especially didn't want Debra to be the one to release and color that information.

Debra noticed their body language, as well as the lack of an immediate response, and that gave her hope that she still had some good blackmail on them. She tilted her head, and asked quizzically, "What's up with that? Nick, are they BOTH your girlfriends? Or your 'sluts?'" That's what I heard, that they're your sluts! That sounds VERY kinky!"

Maggie replied testily, "It's complicated! It's none of your concern anyway. But I'd appreciate it if you don't tell anyone about that. Or about anything else you might have overheard here today."

"Why should I do that?" Debra asked. "What's in it for me? Who would I tell? What would I get in return? Nah, I don't wanna be like that. I'd rather be friends with the both of you. In fact, the four of us should be close bosom buddies. Get it?"

She giggled, because between her double D-cups, Maggie's E-cups, and Hillary's F-cups, the words "bosom buddies" had a clear double meaning.

Maggie and Nick both knew that even though Debra claimed she had no plans to blackmail them, the threat that she could was hanging in the air. She didn't need to state it overtly for them to know that she had them over a barrel, and there was absolutely nothing they could do about it.

Had it just been what she knew about Nick's secret sexual relationship with Hillary, they would have been okay. Hillary wouldn't have been happy, but she could handle the problems at school that would cause. But Debra knew more.

For one thing, she hadn't mentioned this yet, but she thought that Nick would be very eager for her not to tell Hillary or Maggie that he'd fucked her last night. In fact, Nick had already told Maggie about that, so that wasn't a problem, but Hillary didn't know yet, and he thought it would be a total disaster if she did find out. She might well break up with Nick.

Additionally, the mere idea that Nick and Maggie frequently engaged in incestuous role-plays was scandalous. It wasn't as scandalous as if she thought they really were mother and son, but it could still cause trouble. If Debra started telling other people about that, some people would find that disgusting. But worse, it could start some to question what the exact nature of their relationship was. And if anyone did any digging, there were all kinds of public records that could show they really were mother and son. Nick and Maggie didn't need to confer with each other to decide that they didn't want Debra to tell anyone even their "role-play" secret. It was too close to the truth.

Then there was the talk about Maggie and Hillary not just being Nick's girlfriends, but his "sluts." That would cause the gossip grapevine to go wild. And such things would get back to the Academy and cause trouble for and with Anushka there.

Debra could tell from body language that she had good leverage over them. She still wasn't sure which information was the most valuable, or if it was just the combination, but she could sense she had them where she wanted them for now. She decided she didn't even need to drop a heavy hint to Nick about their fucking last night. Besides, she was reluctant to do that with Maggie there, because she assumed Maggie didn't know the truth about that.

Nick and Maggie could tell that Debra knew she had them.

Maggie narrowed her eyes and asked her in a peeved voice, "What do you want?"

But Debra was still playing nice. "It's not what I want; it's the fun we can all share. Remember the sex game yesterday? That was a blast! But you

cheated at the end to deny me my victory. You promised we'd have a rematch. I'm ready!"

Maggie crossed her arms under her impressive bare rack. She asked skeptically, "So you want to have a sex game rematch? Right now?"

Debra nodded eagerly.

Nick certainly would have loved that idea from a physical pleasure point of view. But his feelings for Maggie and Hillary were far more important to him. Even though he continued to feel a curiously powerful sexual desire for Debra, and she was standing fully nude right in front of him, he was determined to ignore that. Besides, he was getting all the sexual pleasure he could handle lately anyway.

So he said, "That sounds like a fun idea, but we can't. A rematch would need Hillary here, and she's not here. We'll have to do that some other time."

He figured the best he could do was play for time. He remembered that when the sex game ended yesterday, Hillary and Maggie had tried to imply the rematch should be next weekend. If they could postpone the sex game rematch until then, that would give them a week to make other plans that could hopefully put the rematch off forever.

However, Debra was undeterred. "Good point. It won't be a true victory if I don't defeat both you and Hillary, Maggie. But I overheard you saying she'll be coming here later, so we can do it then. In the meantime, why don't the three of us play some other kind of sex game?"

Maggie felt like screaming, or maybe punching Debra in the face. But she knew she was helpless. She asked with narrowed, angry eyes, "What kind of game?"

"I don't know. You tell me. Something fun. Like what we did yesterday. That was a total blast! I don't think I had that much fun since... well, since forever!"

Maggie couldn't entirely hide her anger. She spoke through clenched teeth. "And as part of this 'game,' you expect to get sexual with Nick again?"

"Of course! That's what makes it fun! Nick, you have a great cock!" She took a step closer to him and ran a finger up and down his penis. It had been flaccid for a while now, but Debra was extraordinarily gorgeous, and she

was standing buck naked in front of him, after all. Plus, she had some weird hold on him due to both the sex game and the fucking yesterday.

So he blushed with embarrassment as his penis started to quickly engorge in her hand.

Before long, she was firmly holding his full thickness. She giggled with delight. "This is so cool!"

Maggie looked at Nick's fully erect cock and silently sighed to herself. She wasn't mad at Nick, since she knew how easy it was to get him stiff. She blamed Debra. She really wanted to punch her in anger, but she knew that if she did that would make their predicament ten times worse. She couldn't even tell her off.

She said in clipped tones, "I don't want to share my boyfriend with you."

Debra asked, "Not even for one teeny weeny sex game?"

"Not even for that!"

Debra pointed out, while still holding his erection, "But you're already sharing him with Hillary as co-girlfriends or co-sluts or something. You can explain that to me later when you're not all freaked out. If you're doing that, what's the big deal with sharing him with me just for a sex game or two? I'm not all that interested in him, actually. I don't want him to be my boyfriend or anything like that. I've got one already, and to be frank, Nick's a nice guy and all, but dating him in a public way wouldn't be good for my image. Besides, it looks like he has two girlfriends already. All I want to do is just have more fun from time to time, just like the sex game yesterday. I want to do something that fun right now!"

She started to blatantly stroke his hard-on as she talked. She leaned forward and down towards his crotch, both to get a better look at his remarkably thick boner, but also because she knew that would make her big tits dangle forward in an enticing manner.

Nick was extremely upset at himself, as well as at Debra. He felt like his body was betraying him - just like what happened with Debra yesterday, twice! But he couldn't help it. After all, she was truly breathtakingly beautiful, and she was standing naked in front of him staring hungrily at his cock while she stroked it. He also had the secret knowledge that she was a

really good fuck, and no matter how angry he was at her, a part of him was eager to get his cock back inside her hot cunt.

Maggie clenched her fists as she saw Debra stroking Nick's erection from base to tip and back, over and over again. This was very different than sharing him with Hillary. Had it been Hillary playing with Nick's cock, Maggie would have actually rejoiced at that fact, and cheered her on. But she felt utterly helpless and humiliated seeing Debra do it. Strangely though, that helpless and humiliated feeling aroused her greatly, but in a painful and bittersweet way.

She had to force herself to keep her fists at her side and not say something nasty to Debra.

Debra could tell that Maggie was steaming mad at seeing her fondle and stroke Nick's cock, and yet Maggie wasn't going to do or say anything about it. That made Debra feel powerful and very aroused. Already, this was the kind of fun she'd had yesterday that she'd been looking to repeat. She brought a second hand to Nick's balls, and said to him, "Wow! Your balls are, like, big! There must be so much cum in them."

Maggie raised a fist and took a step towards Debra, but then she stopped herself. Her teeth were still clenched.

Debra continued to act like nothing was wrong. She pressed Maggie, "You wouldn't be opposed to that, that I have some fun with him? Maybe sometimes just him and me, and maybe sometimes we could all play together. Wouldn't that be great? I don't have to ask him, since he's obviously a red-blooded male, and I look like I do."

She smiled and winked his way. Then she looked down at her stroking hand and ostentatiously licked her lips.

Maggie wanted to tell her, *"Fuck off and die! Over my dead body!"* But instead she said, "We'll see." She figured she at least had to try to negotiate, despite her position of extreme weakness.

Debra nodded. "We can talk about it later. But for now, why don't we play a game? You were saying that you like doing all kinds of role-plays. Why don't we try one of those?"

Nick didn't know how to stop that. It looked like Maggie didn't either, since she stayed silent. But it occurred to him that maybe they could put their

heads together and come up with something. He asked Debra, "Can I talk to Maggie in private for a minute?"

"Sure thing." Debra let go of his cock and balls. "But have her keep that warm for you with both hands. I can't wait to get my mouth on it again. Can you believe that? I've never been into giving blowjobs, like, AT ALL. Devon certainly doesn't get to enjoy my oral talents very much. But your cock, I don't know why, I really get off on licking it and even sucking it! Weird, huh?"

Maggie certainly could relate to that, since she felt the same way. But hearing Debra say that gave her a sinking feeling about what was coming.

Nick and Maggie walked to a corner of the room, as far from Debra as they could get. They hugged each other for support. Maggie whispered, "We're fucked! We're so fucked!"

He replied in an even quieter whisper, "We are. But at least we seem to have convinced her that the mother and son talk is just a role-play. That's huge! Everything else pales in comparison to that!"

Maggie said just as quietly, "I know! Believe me, I know! My heart is still recovering from that. Thank God you thought fast and acted fast instead of admitting it. You saved our asses. You're my hero!"

She kissed his lips. It was a loving kiss, but a sexual kiss too. It certainly didn't help his erection go flaccid. His hands wound up on her ass and her hands wound up on his. Plus, they both enjoyed the way her big globes and especially her hard nipples pressed into his bare chest, and the way his hot cock practically branded her pubic mound. Despite the situation, they aroused each other so easily that they both had to mentally remind themselves not to get carried away with lust.

When the kiss ended, Nick said, "I just did what had to be done. But what can we do now?! Do you see any way out of this game?"

She grimaced. "Not really. She knows too much! For instance, she hasn't even hinted at it yet, but what about the fact that you fucked her last night? I'll bet she thinks you'll do most anything to keep that a secret, and she's right! Sure, you told me already, and thank God for that. But Hillary's the real problem. We need to buy time. For instance, we need to break that

gently to Hillary over the next few days. That'll be difficult enough, but it'll be much, much worse if she hears it first from a smirking Debra!"

Nick's heart sank upon hearing that. He pointed out, "But if we play some sex game with her now, won't that just be something more to keep from Hillary, and something else she'll have over us?"

"Well, maybe. But this is very small potatoes compared to fucking. At least, if we can limit what you and her do. Hopefully, we can just keep it to blowjobs, titfucks, and handjobs, so that'll be no worse than what happened yesterday."

Nick's cock twitched against Maggie's mound as he realized he probably was going to get sexual with Debra in some way today, probably very, very soon.

Maggie felt that, and smirked. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

He said earnestly, "Actually, no. My dick likes it. He has no loyalty or morals. But my brain doesn't. I'll admit that I'm conflicted. I have that whole weird bonding thing with Debra that makes me all mixed up too. But if I had my way, I really wouldn't do this. Especially when the alternative is the thousand lashes."

She looked at him quizzically, and then she remembered that she promised to "punish" him tonight by tongue-lashing his cock a thousand times, as well as other such "punishments." She chuckled. "Yeah, well, maybe we can still do that later. It probably hasn't even gotten dark yet." She thought about the time of day, and realized she'd lost track. "Or maybe it has. But in any case, if we can get rid of Debra, we still have a lot of time tonight. Maybe we can even find Hillary and turn this whole thing around."

He sighed. "I'd like that."

"Me too! But first we've gotta get through this."

Debra asked from across the room, "Hey, what's taking you guys already? And Maggie, why aren't you keeping his cock and balls warm for me?"

Maggie rolled her eyes. She loudly told Debra, "Just a minute. We're almost done." She took his cock and balls in her hands and started reluctantly stroking and fondling them.

Then she quietly said to him, "You know, it's not nearly as much fun doing this when Debra tells me to."

He said, "I'm really sorry. I wish there was some way we could get out of this. I feel like we're missing something. Maybe we could fake an emergency?"

Maggie pondered that, but then shook her head. "No. That's not remotely plausible. She knows we have no plans to go anywhere. Maybe if we stall for time, Hillary will find us and save us. But I'm not holding my breath. It seems Spencer somehow hoodwinked her into staying for dinner."

Nick slapped his hand against his forehead in frustration. "UGH! As if we're not having enough problems with Debra, you had to mention him!"

"Sorry." She was starting to get into stroking his cock, and she was pumping her fist up and down with a steady rhythm. Even though she'd been forced to do it, she loved doing it too much to be reluctant for long.

She said, "On the plus side, I'm kind of surprised that things aren't worse with Debra. She could be a total bitch about this, but she hasn't been, at least so far. I know she's no Mother Theresa, but if we play along and act friendly, maybe we'll get off relatively lightly."

He nodded. "I noticed that too. She hasn't even directly mentioned blackmail, at least not yet. She's just heavily hinted at it. That's surprisingly sophisticated for her."

Maggie nodded back. "Here's an idea. Debra says she wants to be our friend, right? What if we take her at her word, and really try our best to be friends with her? The more she likes us, and gets along with us, the less likely she'll turn on us and expose our secret, don't you think?"

He said, "You mean for now, right? Even though a part of me is dying to fuck her again, I have no interest in being friends with her at all."

"Of course for now only. We have to stall for time, until you can let Hillary know in a delicate way that you fucked Debra, and until Hillary can reveal that she's your second girlfriend at school in the least damaging way possible. She's not that smart; maybe we can get her to forget the whole 'two sluts' thing too. We can accomplish all that by next weekend for sure. Then she'll only have the incest role-play on us, and that's not much. She may even forget about it. I get the impression she's not a strategic thinker.

In fact, it seems like we're dealing with a little kid. Right now, she wants to play with us, and that's as far as she's thinking."

He nodded. "Totally. She does have a kind of childish mentality. Except she has a very adult body and her idea of play involves a lot of orgasms."

Debra called at them from across the room, "Hey, come on you guys! I'm getting bored." She was looking visibly annoyed, with her hands on her hips. She looked stunning in that pose.

Maggie called back, "Just one more minute. We're thinking of a really fun game to play with you, and what the rules should be."

Debra brightened at that. "Oh. Cool. But hurry, okay? I'm losing my mood."

Maggie nodded. Then she resumed whispering to Nick. "Let's go ahead and do some stupid game. I know that YOU will enjoy it."

She looked down at her fingers sliding up and down his cock. "This damn cock monster is in charge most of the time. Don't worry, I won't be upset with you. And frankly, I think I'll kind of enjoy it too."

"Really?! But you're totally pissed at her."

"I know, but it seems there's a fine line between anger and lust. I have to admit that even though the sex game with Debra yesterday was infuriating, it was about the most arousing thing that ever happened to me! Getting angry at her somehow makes me even MORE turned on. So let's try to get into it. If we act like we're having fun and want to do it again, I think she'll let us go soon. But if we act like this is going to be the last time, she'll try to keep us here as long as she can, in case it is the last time."

"Good point." He briefly kissed her lips. Then he said, "I do have one hopeful thought though."

They pulled apart slightly, but she continued to stroke his cock, and they kept whispering.

He said, "You know I'm pretty clever, right? And you are too. I'll bet that before long, we'll be able to find some dirt on her. And you KNOW she's got dirt. I can just tell. And since she apparently wants to become a professional actress or model, a little bit of dirt could ruin her career before it really gets off the ground. In fact, the more I think about this, the less worried I am. I truly feel it'll just be a matter of time before we learn some

kind of secret that'll turn this into a Mutually Assured Destruction kind of thing. You know, we'd both have the power to destroy each other, so we both have to stand pat. Then we'll be able to breathe easy."

"That is something to be hopeful about. Let's do this!" Maggie let go of his boner, finally, and turned to Debra. "Okay. We're ready."

Chapter 57: Another Game (Sunday)

Debra exhaled with exasperation. "Finally!" She walked to where Nick and Maggie were standing. "Maggie, seeing you stroke his fat cock was kinda arousing, but I've gone cold. Can I play with him while you tell me the rules?"

"Um, sure." Maggie balled her hands into fists again as she thought of Debra "playing" with Nick and his stiff hard-on. But she forced herself to smile. She decided not to think about that. Besides, she had the big problem that they'd supposedly been discussing which sex game to play, when they had done no such thing.

Nick's cock throbbed with need as he looked back and forth between the two stacked, hot, and gloriously naked women. They truly were fantasy women that really could be Playboy centerfolds. He gave his mother a guilty and apologetic look.

Maggie responded with an understanding slight nod. She couldn't blame him, because she doubted any heterosexual male could resist being helplessly aroused if put in this situation.

She looked around the room and noticed a closet. To buy some time, she said, "I'm going to check that closet for clothes. With this next game, it would help if we have some sexy outfits."

Debra seemed mollified by that, at least for now. She nodded. Then she walked up to Nick, wrapped her arms around him, and kissed him on the lips.

Nick was feeling very confused. He thought, *Talk about being stuck between a rock and a hard place! Yes, it's distressing to feel powerless, but if I have to have someone lording over me, I could do a hell of a lot worse than Debra! God, she's such a fox!*

He couldn't think straight though, because in addition to kissing him quite fervently, Debra wrapped a leg around one of his and slid her hard body up and down against him. True, that meant her big tits were sliding against his chest some, but her main goal was to slide against his stiff cock as it poked up towards his belly button.

While Nick and Debra continued to make out, Maggie walked to the closet and found that it was full of women's clothes. They also looked like "mothballed" clothes that hadn't been used in a long, long time. She didn't pay much attention to the clothes, but she stood there until she came up with an idea for a role-play sex game that could appease Debra while hopefully not letting things get too carried away.

When she turned back, she was relieved to see that Nick and Debra had parted and Nick was sitting in a chair. Leaving the closet door open, she went back to where Nick was sitting. She pulled up another chair and sat next to him.

Debra was all smiles as she brought over a third chair next to Nick and Maggie, but she remained standing. "I can see you two are looking and feeling more excited about playing some games. That's good. I want to repeat that I'm not out to get you guys. I just want to have some more fun, like what we did yesterday. And Maggie, I really want to be your friend too. Girls like us, we need to stick together."

"What do you mean, 'Girls like us?'" Maggie asked warily.

Debra struck a proud and sexy pose. She waved a hand down her nude body like she was trying to sell herself. "You know. Our bodies. Our faces. We're in an elite class. There's so much we have in common, just from that. It's kind of a drag for me to never have anyone to talk to who's my equal."

"Physically, you mean," Maggie noted.

"Well, YEAH! Of course." Debra obviously considered looks to be extremely important, and the main basis for friendships.

Maggie strongly disagreed, and couldn't believe how shallow Debra was if she thought that. She wanted to say something like, *"So we girls are nothing but our bodies? What about brains? Personality? Heart? Humor? So much more!"* But she realized that antagonizing her wasn't going to help. She just smiled, hoping it would look at least somewhat convincing.

Debra said excitedly, "Anyway, we can talk later, but right now I'm totally keen to play some more games!"

Debra had told Maggie she was going to "play with" Nick for a while to "warm up" again. Maggie had thought the kissing and fondling she'd done with Nick had been the warming up. But now Debra sat down on Nick's lap

instead of choosing the empty seat. She directly faced him and scooted up close. His cock poked straight up instead of sliding underneath her.

She briefly kissed Nick's lips, and then took his hands and brought them up to her double-D-cup breasts. She cooed at him, "What do you think, Nicky? Do you want to play a game?"

Maggie thought, *"Nicky?" Make me vomit! Now she's making up cutesy nicknames for him. GRRR!*

Nick didn't reply to Debra. He was wide-eyed and his heart was pounding hard. He was in danger of slipping back into the same heavy erotic fog that enveloped him during the sex game yesterday. He could feel a sense of déjà vu, since this was so similar to what happened yesterday, except for Hillary not being there.

Debra then turned her head towards Maggie, but Maggie was being deliberately poker-faced in order to hide her irritation. Due to the blank looks, Debra felt she needed to explain, "You know, like what we did yesterday. It would be great if Hillary was here too, but Maggie, you, and I can compete. I was thinking we could have, like, a fucking contest! Let's take turns getting fucked by him! Won't that be a trip?" She bounced up and down in Nick's lap excitedly.

All that bouncing and jiggling of such a gorgeous and naked girl on Nick's lap made him moan lustily. He was glad that at least Debra was leaving his erection alone for the moment, because he was giddy with excitement and he doubted he could handle much more. Not much was actually happening yet, compared to recent events, but he was thrilled at the idea of another sex game.

He was having a hard time figuring Debra out. *She certainly looks sophisticated, and her voice sounds fairly sophisticated, but she's acting in an almost child-like manner. It's like she has some new toys and she's excited to have someone to play them with. But the problem is, we're both the playmates and the toys. Childlike? Maybe. But perhaps emotionally immature is more like it.*

Despite being stunned, he certainly had heard Debra's suggestion to have a fucking contest. He realized that he might be able to use this situation to fuck his mother. He might not have another chance this good for a long time, if at all, if she was really sincere about maintaining her limits. But he

didn't want his first time with her to be like this, done under duress with someone she hated present. He was sentimental, and wanted it to be a glorious and loving experience they would treasure forever.

However, he certainly was up to having some sexual fun with the both of them. After all, he was a very horny male teen, and both their bodies practically drove him crazy with lust. But there were things he felt he needed to sort out with Debra first. So he asked her, "Could I speak to you in private for a moment?"

Debra sighed theatrically. "Do I really have to move? I'm comfy here!" She smiled and bounced a little bit on his lap.

He insisted, "I'll just take a minute. I need to talk to you in private. It's important."

She rolled her eyes, but she reluctantly got up, allowing him to get up too. She walked with him to a corner of the room. She was impatient to get the fun started already, and it showed in her demeanor.

This wasn't an ideal private situation, but he whispered very quietly. He didn't want to confess that he'd never had intercourse with his mother and that Debra was in fact his first time, as that would only give Debra more power over them. But he did have to address the issue somehow, so he said, "A fucking contest sounds like a great idea, and maybe we can do that another time. But instead, why don't we start with another game that Maggie, Hillary, and I play sometimes? A contest to see which one of you can get me the most aroused. The winner gets bragging rights to say she's the most beautiful, at least until next time."

Debra liked that, especially the bragging rights part. "Okay!" She smiled happily. "That's just like what we did yesterday, and that was way fun."

"Right. But you've got to let me run it completely, alright?"

"I guess... But no cheating this time!" She playfully poked him in the chest.

"Of course not."

She asked, "But why are we whispering?"

"Oh yeah. I have a favor to ask. Can you please not tell Maggie that you and I fucked last night? Please keep that a total secret from everybody,

okay? She's had a hard enough shock today, and you don't want her to get all angry at you, do you?"

Debra was secretly delighted, because that gave her confidence that she had good blackmail of them. But she played it cool for now, and merely asked, "Why would she get angry?"

He said with slight exasperation, "She's my girlfriend!"

"Oh. Right. I get it. But there's a problem: I told a couple of my friends already." That was true. Both Patty and Alice knew.

His heart sank. "Shit! Well, try your best to get them to keep it a secret, okay? At least for now. Promise?"

She smiled in her usual radiant, stunning way. "Promise. Seeing how we're all sex friends now."

He bristled at that "sex friends" hint, but decided to let it slide. "And please don't mention it to Hillary either. She would get VERY jealous and angry about that. If she finds out, she'll probably come after you. Remember how she picked you up and carried you around yesterday?"

Debra nodded with growing fear in her eyes. She felt very intimidated by Hillary at times. She'd been feeling that way even prior to the events of yesterday.

He said, "Imagine her doing that to you, repeatedly, except throwing you into things each time instead of gently letting you down. Trust me, you do NOT want to piss her off!"

Debra was scared now. "Oh shit! What do I do?!"

"Like I said, don't tell anyone else what happened last night. And if you told a couple of friends, make double sure they don't spread the word. Plus, don't piss her off in the future with more stunts like that."

Debra nodded obediently.

He was surprised how intimidated Debra seemed to be. It occurred to him that he might be able to use her fear of Hillary getting violent to keep Debra in line in the future. He highly doubted that Hillary would actually hurt her in any circumstance, since violence ran contrary to her hippie ideals, but she didn't realize that. Curiously, it seemed that Debra could be quite conniving, but also gullible, since she wasn't very smart.

Debra smiled him, and asked, "Promise kiss?" She closed her eyes and leaned forward.

He certainly wasn't going to turn down a chance to kiss Debra. She was a naked bombshell, he was erect and horny, and she had some strange power over him, due to the way they'd bonded yesterday. He briefly looked over at Maggie and gave her an apologetic look. Then he leaned in and French kissed Debra for a while.

It was nice for him, but not incredibly intense and passionate like kissing Maggie or Hillary always seemed to be, because his feelings for Debra were very different and very conflicted. His hand roamed Debra's fantastically fit body. But even holding and caressing her bare breasts and then exploring her bare bubble butt wasn't nearly as fun for him as doing that to Maggie or Hillary, because of the lack of love between them.

However, the way she repeatedly rubbed her pussy mound against his erection certainly felt great! It got increasingly wet with his pre-cum and her pussy juices. His cock got so very stimulated that it knew no loyalty.

But he didn't want to get carried away with Debra there and then, because he figured Maggie was liable to get very upset unless she was involved the sex game and then so very aroused that it swamped her other feelings.

He didn't realize that was happening to Maggie already. Although she was steaming mad, watching her son run his hands all over Debra's perfect naked body while making out with her aroused her so much that it left her confused, and upset at herself.

He managed to disengage from Debra, then led her back to where Maggie still sat. He had Debra sit back down, but he remained standing in front of them with his erection pointing straight forward. "Okay. Maggie, I was just telling Debra that this isn't the time to play a game involving fucking. Instead, we should do something like what we did yesterday, since that worked so well. The two of you will compete to get me the most aroused."

He'd told Debra that a minute ago, but she hadn't fully gotten it. She asked, "Wait. Isn't the game supposed to be to get you to cum first?"

He replied, "That's what we did yesterday, but that's not really fair, is it? I mean, what if you work me up to an incredible degree, but then you run out

of time, and then Maggie gets me to cum shortly after she starts to touch me? That doesn't seem right, does it?"

"Well, no..." Debra admitted with a frown.

"So, instead, we'll have different rounds. Maybe I'll cum a lot, or none at all. Hopefully, you two will cum many times either way. But cumming isn't what matters for winning. I'll judge after each round who aroused me better, or if it was a tie. The winner of the most rounds will win the game."

Debra said, "But aren't you going to be biased?"

He shrugged, and went to his seat. "Yeah, that's probably true. I can't entirely help that, since my feelings for her are so strong." He turned to Maggie and smiled warmly. "However, I'll try my honest best. If you ask people who know me, I'll bet they say I'm a pretty honest and decent guy."

Debra reluctantly admitted, "Yeah, that seems true."

"Besides, I know you think you're pretty hot stuff. If that's true. You should win anyway."

"Yeah!" Debra suddenly brightened. "Tell her what I'll win," she added. "Er, I mean, what the winner will win."

He said, "The winner gets to be called the 'most beautiful' until the next time we play."

Debra asked excitedly, "Like, are you gonna make a big announcement at school or something?"

"No, of course not. Most people don't know Maggie at school anyway. It'll just be something between the three of us. This is a PRIVATE game!"

He gave Debra a stern look until she nodded. He was puzzled how she could be so demanding at some times and acquiescent at other times.

He went on, "Now, I'm thinking we should start with a dress-up round. For that, we're gonna need some clothes." He'd gotten the idea for that suggestion because he'd seen Maggie looking in the closet full of clothes, and he figured Maggie would feel more comfortable around Debra if she could wear at least something.

Debra stood up excitedly, showing off her nude hourglass figure. "Oh, I know! We're actually in Shannon's mother's room right now, and she's got lots of clothes in here."

Nick was surprised by that, because even though there was a big bed and lots of closets, the room looked more like a guest room than a master bedroom.

Debra asked, "Maggie, did you see any sexy stuff in there?"

Maggie said, "I was looking, but not very closely, because I figured we probably don't have the right to use someone else's clothes."

Debra started walking to the closet. "Oh, pshaw. This isn't her actual, active bedroom. That's one level up. She's got more stuff than she knows what to do with. This is more like one of her extra bedrooms, to store her older stuff she never threw out. But clothes are clothes, right?"

She reached the closet and looked inside. "Wow! See what I mean?"

It was a deep walk-in closet, and crammed full of clothes, and yet it was only one of the closets or cabinets in the room. The only problem with the closet was a faint smell of mothballs.

Maggie reluctantly got up and went to look at the clothes. She wasn't happy, but she was at least appreciative that Nick found a way so she wouldn't have to stay completely naked. She realized that Shannon's mother had so much old clothing that it was practically criminal. No doubt, nearly everything in the closet would never get used again, so she didn't feel that bad using a couple of items for some kind of role-play.

She and Debra began going through the clothes and talking about them. They were the typical clothes of a wealthy housewife. The problem was, this wasn't her best stuff. In fact these were the very items she'd given up on, and they were all at least a decade old or older, so it was a challenge finding anything particularly sexy or stylish.

Nick stayed in his chair. He figured he could use the time to calm down. However, he wasn't having much luck with that. He sat in an ideal location to see into the whole closet, and his cock stayed very hard as he watched the two beauties standing naked and turning or bending this way and that to check out the clothes.

Damn! I'm one lucky bastard! In the long term, we've gotta figure out how to get Debra out of our lives. But in the short term, I can't resist the lure of some great sexy fun with her. She's just too fucking hot! And I have that weird bonding thing with her. I feel all giddy when I look at her in a way

that goes beyond just her great beauty. I didn't have that feeling at all before yesterday. The bottom line is, it's hard for me to feel upset when I'm too busy thinking about all the things I'll probably be doing with the both of them soon!

But I need to keep things as light and basic as I can, since I know Ma doesn't want to do all that heavy stuff. I need to get us all to cum and finish this game long before it gets close to any real fucking. I made a bad mistake last night, and sure, I was drunk and tricked and all that, but things have a way of getting out of control fast. The last thing I want to do is make the same mistake here.

Suddenly, Debra cried out, "Oooh! Check this out!" She pulled out an outfit and held it up.

It was dark in the back of the closet, and Maggie couldn't see what it was at first.

So Debra explained, "It's a flight attendant outfit. If I remember correctly, Belle -- that's Shannon's mother -- used to be an attendant before she got married. In fact, that's how she met her husband, when she was working on a plane flight. These must go waaaay back, twenty years or more. I wonder if we can fit in them."

"These?" Maggie asked, running her hand over some clothes.

"See here? There's a whole bunch. I hope Nicky has a flight attendant fetish, 'cos we hit the mother lode!"

Maggie found herself getting a bit excited by the dress-up and role-play possibilities, even though she detested Debra with a passion. The truth was she was too horny to resist playing a sex game, even with Debra there. She focused on how happy and horny she could make her son with the flight attendant outfits. She smiled a bit as she pictured herself stroking and even bobbing on her son's cock while wearing the outfit she now held in her hands.

Debra and Maggie quickly put their matching dark blue outfits on. There were some accessories for each outfit too, including a small, brimless hat, and a handkerchief. However, Debra was upset at the outfit itself. The skirt was tight and short, and it fit her well enough, but the top was way too snug

to fit over her big tits, and even if she could, it went all the way up to her neck in the front and didn't show any cleavage whatsoever.

"This sucks!" she complained. Walking around the room in just her blue short skirt, red scarf, and matching blue hat, she began rifling through drawers, looking for something. "A-ha!" she proclaimed, once she found what she wanted. She held up a pair of scissors and gave a wicked grin.

Maggie complained, "You're not gonna cut the clothes up, are you? These aren't ours!"

Debra replied, "Of course I am, and so what? I don't see you concerned about wearing clothes that aren't yours without any permission. Besides, she's retired! I'm sure these clothes haven't been worn in twenty years and won't be worn again. She's just being a pack rat in keeping these. I'll just take mine home, so Belle will never know. And she's got some other ones too just like these, so what's the difference?"

Seeing Maggie still looking skeptical, she added with a haughty flip of her long blonde hair, "Do what you want. I'M gonna do what it takes to win."

Maggie found herself filled with an irrationally powerful desire to win. She knew the "contest," such as it was, was completely meaningless, but she didn't want to see Debra outdo her in anything, and especially not when it came to sexually satisfying her son. So she found herself helping cut up Debra's outfit while Debra helped cut up hers. They followed the seam lines carefully, so the end result didn't look cut up at all.

She found it strange that she wasn't more pissed at Debra. It helped that once Debra got her way, she was a very happy camper, and thus she was easy to deal with. True, Debra maintained a competitive attitude, but it was very much in the spirit of having fun while playing a game. Plus, Maggie was distracted because she was still quite aroused despite everything, or maybe because of everything, including Debra's nude presence.

Nick had been tempted to jack off while watching them work, but he knew he'd be experiencing much greater pleasures soon, and it was wasteful to use up his energies now. He turned away and closed his eyes instead, so he could be surprised by the result when they were all done. This also gave him more of a chance to give his dick a genuine rest.

It took about five minutes, while he heard nothing but inaudible whispering between the two women. But finally Debra said to Nick, "Okay, I think we're just about done. I've just gotta wiggle into my... okay! I made it! Phew. What now, Nicky? We want to show off! Should we come to you one at a time, or together, or what?"

Still turned away, he replied, "Um, together at first, I think. Why don't you both pretend you really are flight attendants, and I'm your special customer you have to team up to please? Then we'll get around to the individual competitions after that."

They liked that, so he picked up his T-shirt and put it on. Since he was supposed to be a passenger, he figured it was better to wear at least some clothes, but he didn't bother to put his swimsuit back on since wanted his boner easily accessible. He took his time with the shirt to help build up the suspense, and stood at a side angle while making sure to keep his stiff boner bouncing around.

By the time he was done, both Maggie and Debra were breathing hard. He heard Debra whisper to Maggie, "Your boyfriend has a really thick cock!"

There was obvious pride in Maggie's voice as she replied, "I know."

He finally turned and looked at the two busty beauties. His dick was already as stiff and long as it could get, but it seemed to lengthen a little more under his T-shirt as the reality of what he saw outdid even his vivid imagination.

Both Maggie and Debra had cut open the front of their tops all the way down past their belly buttons. In fact, it wouldn't have taken much more to have opened the fronts altogether, but the two parts were precariously hanging together just above where their belt lines would have been. This meant that nearly all of their big breasts were exposed. In both of their cases, their tits were pressed tightly together, creating a long line of deep cleavage, with just a hint of nipple showing.

They also hadn't spared their skirts from the cutting, even though the skirts had been fairly short to begin with. Both of them had adjusted their skirts until they were just above their shaved pussies. (Debra had cut hers a little more, exposing almost half of her pussy.) They'd cut slits up both sides, but it was almost a useless gesture, since there was so little of the skirts left. It almost looked like they were wearing very wide, low slung belts.

Their hats and red scarves completed their very sexy looks.

He wanted to rub his hands together with glee. *I'll deal with the Debra problem later. This is going to be so much FUN!*

Chapter 58: Playing the Game (Sunday)

As Maggie stood with Debra while the two of them struck sexy poses for Nick, she noted with some embarrassment, "We got a little carried away, especially with the skirts. I feel kind of silly. No real flight attendant would wear this."

But she nonetheless struck an outrageous pose, bending over and exposing acres of tit-flesh without actually showing more than a hint of her nipples.

"No, you look great," Nick said encouragingly. "In fact, both of you look fantastic! And remember, you're not ordinary flight attendants, you're on a very special flight for VIPs. But don't just stand there; come here and tell me who you are."

Debra walked up first. She stood in front of where Nick sat and took his hand to shake it. "Hi! I'm, uh, Bunny! It's nice to meet you, sir." She bent over low, even lower than Maggie's pose. This caused her big orbs to spill completely out of her top and her hat to fall off. "I'm here to serve you."

Her voice grew sultry. "I'm really good at doing that, serving hunky men like you. Just tell me what I can do to make your flight more... pleasurable..." - she said that word nearly orgasmically - "and I'll do it. Anything!" To complete her seductive pose, she brought his hand she'd been holding up to her chest and made sure he firmly gripped one of her exposed tits.

Maggie realized that her competition would be tough, very tough indeed. Debra's little act even aroused her a lot, despite her antipathy towards the ditsy blonde. But she wasn't going to be outdone. As Nick continued to sit there, his erection poking up from under his T-shirt and with his hand on one of Debra's double D tits, she walked right next to Debra and held her hand out to her son.

"Hi! And I'm Candy! Do you know why they call me Candy? It's because I taste so sweet. Especially my pussy!" She giggled like a slutty airhead. "I'm also here to serve you."

She pulled her blouse open, popping a button in the process, causing her huge tits to pop all the way up and out. She added in an extra-sexy voice, "I

just loooove to serve big... men... like you, sir!" She stared hungrily at his erection, making clear the word she was thinking of wasn't "men."

Then, out of the blue, she asked, "Would you like some peanuts?"

He laughed when he remembered the airline tradition of handing out tiny packets of peanuts.

She continued in her sexy airhead style, "They're salted too! I just love sucking salty things down my throat!" She licked her lips lasciviously, and then closed her eyes and made some gulping sounds, as if she was swallowing a big load of his salty cum.

Then she took his free hand and placed it on her bare breasts. "So, sir, do you like them? The peanuts, I mean?"

He was so excited that he felt sweat start to trickle down his forehead, even though he was doing nothing more than sitting in a chair and fondling one of Debra's tits and one of his mother's. Perhaps it was his wildly pounding heart that was making him sweat. He nodded eagerly in response to his mother's "peanuts" question.

Debra was highly annoyed that Maggie's come on was so obviously effective. To make matters worse for her, Nick took his hand off her boob so he could knead his mother's larger rack with both hands, and that really pissed her off.

She cut in, "And sir, would you like something to drink? Maybe some ginger ale or orange juice? The point is, my entire purpose on this flight is to do nothing but serve you. So whatever you want, I'll give it to you!" She licked her lips erotically, and then realized to her dismay that Maggie had just made that same licking tease.

"Why thank you, er, Bunny," Nick replied. "I have to say this service is first class so far." He was having a great time, and he was really getting into his pampered VIP passenger role. Getting to play with the bare breasts of two stacked women was a total blast!

Maggie tried to one-up Debra. "MY entire purpose on this flight is to do nothing but serve you as well! Even if that means I have to spend the whole flight on my knees! I'll do it, gladly!" She suddenly dropped to her knees. She also licked her lips even more ostentatiously, showing just what she wanted to do while kneeling.

Debra was miffed that Nick seemed much more interested in his mother's massive mammaries than anything else. She abruptly turned around and bent over lewdly again. "Sir! I'm Bunny, come fly me! And when I say that, what I really mean is, stick that fuckin' huge cock of yours in my tight little pussy! Slide it in all the way, and make me scream!"

Maggie sighed in frustration at Debra's lack of subtlety. She thought about providing her some advice on how to be more suggestive, but she decided to keep quiet for now.

Debra bent lower, causing her handkerchief to slide way down. Her skirt slid down, fully exposing her ass and pussy from behind. With her legs spread the skirt tightened around her upper thighs, nicely framing her jutting ass and pussy. She exclaimed, "Touch it, sir! Touch my ass, for starters!"

He took a hand off Maggie's tits to touch Debra's ass. It was impressively firm at any time, but extra firm now, thanks to the way she was bending over and stretching her muscles with her straight legs spread wide. He brought a second hand-over and ran both hands over her butt cheeks. He looked closely at her pussy in between and was surprised to see just how soaked it was already. Obviously, Debra was really getting into this little role-play.

Maggie was steaming with jealousy. She thought, *Okay, I've got some tough competition. I've got a lot of things going for me, including a knack at verbal seduction, but Debra obviously is an expert in body language and facial expressions. And that makes perfect sense, since I hear she's got some kind of part-time job as a fashion model. She probably spends hours in front of the mirror perfecting certain stances and looks.*

She angrily directed her thoughts at Debra. *But Nick's my fucking son, you slutty bitch! When it comes to him, nobody is going to out-seduce me, not even you! I'm just going to have to step up my game, including out nice-ing you.*

As Nick fondled Debra's butt, he said, "This is a fine ass. Why, I dare say it's even nicer than the ass of that Swiss Air flight attendant I fucked last week. And she had a great ass! I fucked it most of the way to Zürich, as I recall."

Now it was Maggie's turn to be miffed, especially since Nick had stopped playing with her tits entirely to explore Debra's ass instead. Maggie knew she had a firm and shapely ass, but it couldn't compete with Debra's outrageously jutting one. So she snapped her fingers at her. "Don't just stand there. Get him some peanuts already."

This rankled Debra even more, as she didn't want to become second fiddle to Maggie. Furthermore, there obviously were no packets of peanuts, so she didn't understand what she meant. She stood up and turned back around, causing her skirt to slide back up into place, more or less. "What peanuts?" she finally asked in exasperation.

"Oh, that's right, we're all out," Maggie replied, looking completely sincere. She deftly brought Nick's hands back to her breasts, since he'd just had to take them off Debra when she moved. "We'll just have to give him something else he can put in his mouth instead, then. Bunny, what about your fingers?"

"My fingers?!" Debra was really confused. Despite her considerable sexual experience, she'd never had anyone suck on her fingers before. But the idea sounded like it had some potential, and at least it was better than just standing there watching Nick play with Maggie's bigger tits.

She brought a hand to his mouth and let him suck in one extended index finger. She immediately discovered it could be very erotic and arousing if done right, and Nick was doing it right. Her nipples were already hard, but now her pussy started to get more than a little moist as well.

Then Maggie said to her son, "Deb-, er, Bunny says that she'll serve you until the flight is over, but I like you so much that I want to serve you even after that! Tell me your hotel and room number, so I can continue to give you VERY special service there. Heck, I think we should even give you TWO packets of peanuts! And not just salted peanuts, but the really fancy honey nut roasted kind!"

He laughed again, very amused by his mother's joking about the peanuts. He was glad to see that she was in a good mood now, and even cooperating with Debra somewhat by giving her the finger licking suggestion.

Debra couldn't think of anywhere to go with the peanuts idea, since she wasn't smart enough to be very witty. So instead she said, "In our eagerness to continually serve you, and keep your big... uh, smile, uh, up..." -- she

stared wantonly at his slightly swaying erection - "maybe you should order what you want to eat for dinner."

Maggie happily added, "Yes, sir! Orders! Order us around. Give us orders! Tell us what to do! Make us work hard to keep you... satisfied!" She ran a hand up his leg, nearly reaching his bouncy boner, but she pulled her hand away at the last second.

In a way, it was more pleasurable than if she'd touched it. He felt a shiver of anticipation run down his spine.

She added, "I love being ordered what to do by a big, strong hunk. Don't you, Bunny?"

Debra was somewhat confused. Sometimes, Maggie seemed to be stealing all of Nick's attention, but other times she seemed to freely direct him to her. She wasn't a deep thinker, especially when she was horny, and decided not to worry about it right now and just focus on the seduction instead. She figured that she was having a lot of arousing fun, and that was the important thing.

"Yes!" Debra replied in a breathy, eager voice. "For instance, if you were to order me to touch my toes, then I'd have to do it! Whatever you say, because we're a full service airline!"

Even though he hadn't asked her too, she bent over to touch her toes anyway. She had to pull her finger out of his mouth to do so, but she made up for that by giving him a great show of her ass and pussy when bending over. Naturally, her skirt slid down her thighs, only coming to a stop above her knees because her legs were spread wide.

Since he didn't see any reason not to, he reached out and fondled her ass. After a few moments, he ran a finger along her wet pussy lips.

Debra stayed in that position longer, while grasping her ankles. She actually did a 180 while bending over, so he could admire and even caress her dangling tits too. She was getting annoyed at her skirt getting in the way, so she took a few seconds to bring her legs together, causing the skirt to fall to the floor. She stepped out of them. Then she literally draped her boobs in his face when she pulled back most of the way up.

She cupped her big tits, making sure his nose was buried in her cleavage. She said, "Getting back to your meal, sir, we have a selection of prime cuts

of chicken. I was wondering... do you like breasts? Big breasts?" She giggled. She was having a lot of fun, and getting into the word play, and she also liked the competitive aspect.

Nick could hardly reply, because she was rubbing her soft and pliant tits all over his face. It wasn't so much that his mouth was covered as it was that he was enjoying the experience so much that he couldn't think of anything else. But he forced himself to say, "Uh, yeah!"

"Goody!" Debra giggled some more. "But that's not all we have, sir. We also have legs." She kept her tits in his face, but came closer and let her silky smooth legs run against his. "And we also have asses! Er, I mean, uh, rump roasts." She took his hands and brought them down to her luscious ass again.

He'd been a bit intimidated to run his fingers down Maggie's ass crack in the past, since she was his mother after all. But he didn't feel any such hesitancy with Debra. She shivered and moaned as he explored her most sensitive areas there, including fingering the ring of her extra sensitive anus a little bit.

Now, Maggie was feeling left out. She was almost convinced it was game, set, and match, because Nick was groping Debra all over while she wasn't being touched at all.

But she wasn't about to give up. "Sir, what about dessert? We have a nice selection of hot buns. Would you like to try mine?"

Hearing that, his hands went from Debra's ass to Maggie's. She'd just pulled her skirt all the way off in the same way Debra did, giving him free rein.

That was better for Maggie, but Debra was still the one between Nick's legs now, with her hefty tits actually resting on his face. So Maggie upped the ante some more by adding, "And we also have some juicy pudding. Would you like that, sir? Would you like to feel my juicy pudding?"

"Oh yeah! I'd love that!" He opened his legs wider as he sat in his chair, allowing Maggie to scoot in right next to Debra, with her head up near Nick's, just like Debra's. The two of them couldn't be any closer to each other, or to him.

So far in this role-play, his cock hadn't been touched at all, except incidentally. Even now, with Debra sprawled all over him, it was sticking

out, untouched.

But that gave Maggie an idea. She whispered into Debra's ear, which wasn't hard to do, since Debra's head was mere inches from hers already. "Hey! Bunny! Reach down for his cock and just hold it there for a while, okay?"

Debra liked that, and immediately made the move. She'd been wondering why something like this hadn't happened already. She didn't just hold his cock, but she subtly rubbed his sweet spot with two fingers as well.

He sighed with profound happiness. His erection had been neglected for too long, and any contact with it felt great. Then he remembered his mother's "juicy pudding" comment. He couldn't see, due to the way he was now licking his way around one of Debra's nipples, but he quickly felt his way up one of his mother's legs until he reached her pussy.

She didn't even flinch, so he ran his fingers along her slit.

He held his breath with renewed excitement. *Oh my God! She's letting me touch her pussy again! This is totally awesome! It's soooo wet! I'm just rubbing her pussy lips a little bit, but they're as wet as a water slide! I wish I could see it all too, but I gotta admit it's pretty awesome licking the sweat off Debra's tits at the same time!*

Maggie was very horny, and she wanted to reciprocate. Nick's cock was poking out between Debra's thighs, so she held as much of it as she could, and started rubbing his sweet spot. She asked, "Sir, are you giving some more thought on what you'd like to eat for dessert?"

He grunted lustily, and then exclaimed, "It's all so sweet!" He meant that in more ways than one.

Debra craned her head around and saw where his hand was going, and she could feel what Maggie was doing to his cock through her thighs, while she subtly squeezed his shaft with her thighs as well. She asked, "Okay, this is a lot of fun. I've never really done this role-playing stuff before, and it's a total blast! But who's winning already?"

He thought about that as he fingered his mother's pussy lips, and generally explored that area without pressing into her slit (since he was trying to remember at least some of her "training" to have some build-up). He would have easily chosen his mother as the winner so far, just because he loved her so much, but he realized he was biased and that wouldn't be fair. He had

to objectively admit they'd both been outstanding teasers, so he said, "I know you'll probably both kill me for this... It seems like a cop-out, but I have to say that it's a tie so far. Honestly! Both of you have been awesome, totally awesome, and it's just too tough to choose."

He thought for sure they'd groan in frustration, but they were both genuinely pleased.

They pulled back and smiled at each other. Debra even held up a hand to be high-fived, and Maggie high-fived it. Somehow, they were feeling cooperative and competitive towards each other at the same time.

"All right!" Debra said, surprised at how pumped up and aroused she was feeling. "I can buy that. We both did pretty good, didn't we, Maggie?"

"We did! Although I think you should have won 'cos you came up with the idea for the outfit."

But then Maggie thought, *Wait! What am I doing here? I'm getting all psyched and even complimenting Debra, of all people! She's the enemy, and not just in this game. I've gotta get a hold of myself. I'm acting like a total slut again. I'm getting WAY too excited by all this!*

And this role-play with Nick as the VIP and submissively serving him... how did that happen?! It's far too arousing! I think I got more worked up telling him how eager I was to serve him than he was! What's up with that?! It looks like I'm not just his big-titted slut, I'm his submissive big-titted slut! I'm totally getting off on this!

Debra moved her body up and forward, pressing her ample globes tighter against Nick's chest. That caused his cock, and Maggie's hand on it, to slide up so close to her pussy that he could feel the extra heat coming from it.

Maggie nearly freaked out, because although her hand wasn't directly touching Debra's pussy, it ended up less than an inch from it. She could feel its heat too. She'd never touched another woman's pussy before, and she certainly didn't want her first contact to be with Debra's. She carefully repositioned her fingers around her son's hard-on to give her some more distance from it.

As Debra slid her stiff nipples against his skin, she asked, "So... Nicky! What's next?"

"Next?" He had been enjoying himself too much to be thinking of a next. But the obvious next step came to him, "Uh, I think we should try a handjob contest. And then, uh, a blowjob contest. But since you're both still wearing those outfits, well, kind of wearing parts of them, anyway, I think we should continue with this flight attendant role-play theme we've got going on."

"Cool!" Debra said happily. "Great idea! I swear, this is, like, ten times more fun than having sex with my boyfriend."

That startled Nick, arousing and disturbing him in equal measure. He remembered her boyfriend Devon from yesterday. Devon looked like the kind of big guy who could easily beat him up. "Uh, your, uh, boyfriend?"

"That's right," Debra answered, showing not even the smallest trace of guilt. "You've met him. He's soooo boring. He just sticks it in and starts thrusting. I don't think he even knows what 'foreplay' means."

She turned to Maggie and said to her, "I love these games, 'cos if it were up to me, Nick would have totally blown a big load of splooge on my face or in my hot cunt already, but this forces me to go slow."

Actually, she hated the idea of Nick's cum on her face, but she said that because she thought it would titillate both Nick and Maggie. She was right.

Maggie didn't know how to respond to that, so she just nodded. Her heart raced faster and faster as her imagination ran wild with facial fantasies. She actually wanted to see Debra's face splattered with Nick's cum even more than her own.

Debra suggested, "Since I'm already in position between his legs and everything, I'll go next, okay?"

Maggie nodded in agreement.

Debra took his erection in her hand, taking over from Maggie's control. She moved it from between her thighs, then knelt down on her knees and lower legs. As she started to stroke his thickness, she asked, "So Nicky, what are the rules?"

It rankled him to be called "Nicky" yet again, but the way her fingers were dancing up and down his shaft did a lot to take that annoyance off his mind. He was aware of the fact that he'd have to be extra careful not to cum too soon, thanks to all this non-stop visual, mental, and physical stimulation. So he explained, "The goal this time is NOT to get me to cum. If I cum while

in your hands, then you automatically lose that round. Instead, you need to keep me as aroused as possible, but just short of climaxing."

"So how do we know who wins?" Debra asked. As usual, she was very keen on winning. She was doing a very good job of rubbing his sweet spot while occasionally stimulating the rest of his boner too.

He answered, "Like the game yesterday, I'm the judge and jury. But don't worry. I'll admit that was a bit unfair yesterday, but I'll be totally fair this time."

"Okay," Debra replied while still expertly stroking his most sensitive spot. "I know it'll be tough competing against your 'mom,'" - she winked at that - "but that'll just make the victory all the sweeter! Seriously, Maggie, just look at you, with your big tanned breasts busting through your outfit. You're way more beautiful than most of the professional models I've come across, even the famous ones!" She surprised herself by admitting that.

Then she spoke with spirit and determination. "But I'm more than just a pretty face, I'm really good at sex too, and I'm going to beat you. So let the handjob begin!"

Nick laughed at that last comment, since she'd been doing such a good job on his boner already.

Debra's fingers didn't stop stroking, but her demeanor suddenly changed. She became a slutty flight attendant again. "Sir, how are you enjoying Sexy Sluts Airlines? Is our service to your satisfaction?"

"Yes! It's awesome!" He was all grins as he added, "I've gotta say, you're even better than those Swiss Air sluts, which is saying a lot. They kept my cock hard and warm in a variety of holes all the way across the Atlantic last time."

Debra frowned. "Is that so? Then why haven't you splooged on my face even once? To me, the flight hasn't really begun until my face is dripping with cum. YOUR cum!" Again, she hated facials, but she sensed that sort of talk was getting to him.

He joked, "It's funny you say that, because that's like the Swiss Air slut motto. You should have seen how cummy all their faces were when they waved me good-bye."

Debra cursed with genuine frustration, "Damn those Swiss Air sluts!" Funnily enough, she was feeling competitive with them, even though she knew they were entirely imaginary.

Maggie groaned lustily. In trying to arouse Nick still further, Debra had unwittingly triggered Maggie's facials fetish even more. Maggie had been trying to remain detached from the proceedings, pretending it was all just an acting job, even though her body was already fully into it. But those facial comments smashed and destroyed the last of her resistance.

She thought, Dammit, this game is so demeaning! And Debra! DEBRA, of all people! Fucking evil blackmailer! Nick needs to put her in her place with a face full of sperm! That'll show her! Son, I want you to fucking drown her slutty ass in your cum! Then fuck her face so hard that she'll forget everything she heard today. And shoot your sticky seed all over those perfect tits of hers! And me and mine! Don't forget me! Cum everywhere, on everyone! Just like you did with those Swiss Air sluts!

Maggie was still kneeling between Nick's legs, pressed up tightly against Debra. She repositioned herself so she had an ideal view of the on-going handjob. She was so close that she could have easily reached out to help with the stroking. She held back from that, for the moment, but she said, "Excuse me, Sir. I'm Candy's supervisor. As you know, she's your very personal attendant for the duration of this flight. The other passengers are miffed, but extra studly passengers like you call for extra special service. Anyway, is her service to your satisfaction?"

Debra complained, "Hey! Don't butt in. This is MY turn!" She possessively brought a second hand to his crotch, and used it to fondle his balls.

Nick said, "It's not a matter of turns. I'll make sure you both get equal time in the end. Just roll with the scenario, okay? Cooperation is a big part of your score."

"Okay," Debra reluctantly agreed. She still was flip-flopping in her attitude sometimes.

Turning to Maggie, Nick groped her huge tits, since they were practically in his face. "Well, uh, Bunny, is it?"

"Wait a second!" Debra suddenly realized. "I think I'm Candy, and she's Bunny!"

Maggie laughed. She looked at Debra with a very ditsy expression. "Is that right?"

Debra played right along, realizing how silly it was that she supposedly couldn't even remember her own name. "Um, I think so. I forget."

Nick laughed too. "Whatever. In any case, her service is excellent."

"Is it?" Maggie asked. "Are you sure?" She put a hand on her son's hard-on, around the base and between Debra's hands.

Not wanting to be seen as uncooperative, Debra reluctantly pulled both of her hands away.

Maggie said, "She's new. She's not used to handling a big and powerful cock like yours, so I need to check on quality control. Has she been using a corkscrew move, like this?" She slid both her hands all over his shaft in a corkscrew motion.

"Uh, yeah," he agreed. He suddenly felt much closer to climaxing, especially when his mother started alternating that with a reverse corkscrew.

She brought a hand down to his balls. "And has she been playing with your balls? Like this? We believe no real man should fly Sexy Sluts Airlines without having his balls tugged and juggled and caressed for half of the flight, at the very least!"

"Uh, yeah!" He was panting harder all the time.

Actually Debra hadn't even touched his balls yet, but Maggie let go of his balls to concentrate on his cock, so she tried to make up for that now by using both hands to play with his balls while Maggie continued to jack him off.

Nick looked down in total disbelief. Maggie was jacking him off with both of her hands, and Debra was playing with his balls with both of her hands. *Holy shit! FOUR hands! Four hands at once! And not just any hands, but Ma's and Debra's! Gaawwwd, just look at them, with their big tits jiggling in time to all their stroking!*

Maggie asked him, "And peanuts? Has she offered you a packet of peanuts yet?"

He laughed hard at that. "Yes!"

"Were they the honey-roasted kind? All our women passengers and most of our male ones just get the regular salted kind. But our big-cocked studs get the honey-roasted packets!"

Trying not to be left out, Debra added, "I gave him TWO packets!"

All three of them laughed at that.

Maggie added, "Wow, she must really like you. Oh, and has she been concentrating on your special spot?"

Annoyed, Debra took control of Nick's boner, forcing Maggie's fingers to retreat to his balls for a while. "Look, Bunny, how can you even ask that?"

Maggie said, "Um, I think you're Bunny."

Debra grinned. She was loving this. "Oh yeah. But my point is, it's an insult. Any flight attendant at this airline knows our service begins and ends with stimulating that spot! Why, I've even got my own special thumb move."

She started showing off her move, over and over again. "See how I can keep my thumb working that spot while I can do all this with my other fingers? And that's just with one hand!"

Maggie whistled appreciatively. "Impressive." She looked up to Nick. "But sir, has she been blowing on your cock as well?"

"Um, no," he admitted, mostly to see what would happen.

Maggie shook her head sadly while making a "tsk-tsk" noise. "That's too bad. Let us make it up for you. How long are you staying in town?"

He made up an answer. "A week."

"Good. During that week, we'll keep Bunny naked in your hotel room, ready at all times to practice her sex skills on you. She needs to learn. Free of charge for you, of course."

"I think you're Bunny, actually," Debra pointed out. She spoke between puffs of breath, because she was trying to make up for her "failings" by blowing air all over his cockhead, while keeping her ten fingers busy up and down his shaft. She loved the naked in the hotel room scenario.

Maggie laughed. "Am I? My bad. We're not trained to remember names, we're trained to serve big cocks! Since I messed up, I guess you'll have the

both of us for the week. Because at Sexy Sluts Airlines, the customer cums first! And he cums a lot!" She chuckled some more.

Everyone was having a very good time, even Maggie.

This continued for another five minutes, with plenty of joking and playing around, as well as plenty of fondling and stroking of his cock and balls.

Eventually, Maggie added, "Since she's still in training, let me take over and show you how a real professional flight attendant does it." She put her hands over Debra's, ready to take over.

But Debra held Nick's boner tightly with both hands, covering up almost every inch of it. "Oh no you don't! That's just an excuse for you to get more time than me. It's still MY turn!"

Maggie grimaced, and hissed in Debra's ear, "Don't blow it! You've had it for well over five minutes. Let me have a turn. Don't ruin the mood with your selfishness."

"Selfishness?! I'm not the one trying to-"

Nick cut them off. He didn't want to see them argue. Besides, he was on teetering the verge of cumming, and had been for the last five minutes or more, and he realized he couldn't hang on any longer. Even while guarding his cock from Maggie, Debra was still unthinkingly sliding both her hands up and down it. So he shouted, "Gonna cum! Get your faces together!"

Maggie happily moved into position. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and pressed her tits together.

But Debra moved away. "Ewww! Gross! No thanks!" Earlier, she had encouraged him to cum all over her face, but now she was revealing that she had only been teasing. In truth, she thought all bodily fluids were disgusting, including cum.

Maggie took a quick peek at Debra. "Fine! More for me! Looks like I'm the winner!" She was still talking when her son's cum started to fire onto her forehead.

Debra hated cum, but she hated to lose even more. With her mouth and eyes shut tight, she moved her head next to Maggie's and braced herself.

Nick saw that, and happily directed his next cum ropes in Debra's direction.

Debra had a look like she was being forced to eat a most hated vegetable. In a matter of a few seconds, she decided she didn't need to win that badly, and pulled her head back out of range. As she did so, she cried out, "Ewww!"

But Nick had been focusing his aim on her, so by that time, her face was as covered with as much pearly cum as he'd splattered onto Maggie.

Additionally, Debra's mouth was wide open, so some of his cum flew into her mouth before she moved her head away. She found this even more disgusting and demeaning.

But she was puzzled too, because she couldn't help but taste his cum some, and it tasted pretty good. It definitely wasn't bitter like Devon's. Without thinking about it, she ended up swallowing the cum on her tongue. That disgusted her even more, yet a part of her wouldn't have minded tasting some more of it.

As Nick's last shots petered out, Maggie moved in until his still stiff cock was resting on her cheek. Within seconds, she'd swallowed his cockhead, and was nursing on it to coax out every last spermazoid he could muster.

Meanwhile, Debra was groping the air like she was blind, since she wanted to find out what was happening, but she was afraid of the cum dripping into her eyes. She bluffed, "I won, right? Did you see how I stuck my face in the torrent, even though I hated it? That means I won!"

Nick found himself thinking, *No, I won! God, that was so fucking awesome! Ma and Debra! Jacking me off together! How could it get any better?!*

Oh yeah! The blowjob round comes next!

Chapter 59: The Game Continues (Sunday)

Nick was staggered with emotional and physical exhaustion. It had been like a life and death struggle for him to hold out that long, in the face of such overwhelming stimulation. He wanted to close his eyes and sleep a little while.

But he figured he needed to sort out this contest situation first. Besides, his dick had never gone soft, due to his usual "cums in twos" tendency. Not only had Maggie engulfed his cockhead as his orgasm was coming to an end, she'd immediately started sucking and bobbing on him at a good pace. It felt so arousing, and strangely energizing, that there was no way he could rest.

Once he got his breath back, he said, "Sorry, Debra. You lost."

Debra was pissed. "What?! Another rip off! Another rigged contest! This is bullshit!" She finally wiped her eye sockets clean of his cum and opened her eyes so she could glare angrily at Nick.

But he persisted, "No, you lost fair and square. It was a close call most of the way, neck and neck. But then you got all grabby and wouldn't share with Maggie. That was strike one."

Debra started to complain, "But that was because SHE-"

He held up a hand and cut her off. "Don't argue. Your turn lasted for well over five minutes, just like she said, and you STILL wouldn't share."

She frowned, realizing her behavior had been obviously greedy. Still, she protested, "You never set just how long a turn should last."

He waved a hand dismissively. "That's weak, and you know it. Then, when I shouted to get your faces together, you cried, 'Ewww! Gross! No thanks!' So that was strike two. I've gotta give you props for at least trying a couple of seconds later, but the sour look on your face ruined it. You would have won a point if you'd hung in there, because I know that wasn't easy for you. But you pulled away and complained some more only a couple of seconds later. That was strike three. You looked like you were sucking lemons. You did pretty well with everything else. But you gotta admit you lost that fair and square, due to those three things."

She could see he had some good points. She grumbled, "Well, maybe... But I can't help that I hate having cum all over me." She was feeling grossed out by all the cum of her face, and she didn't know what to do about it.

He responded, "Maybe so. But do you think those Swiss Air sluts hate cum? Or do they eagerly open their mouths when it flies toward their faces?"

"Damn fuckin' Swiss sluts!" she cursed. She actually scowled and shook a fist.

He chuckled, because Debra was acting like his imaginary Swiss Air flight attendants were real, and practically in the room. It was clear that she wasn't just acting, and "they" were really bugging her.

She frowned with disgust as she saw Maggie's cummy face happily bobbing up and down on Nick's shaft. "And look at her. She loves it! She's basking in it, as if having her face all grossed out like that is the greatest thing since sliced bread. It's not fair!"

She realized with a start, "Hey! And she's cheating too! She's already getting a head start on the next contest!"

Nick scrambled to come up with an answer. "No, she's just, um... making up for the missed turn. That's only fair, right?"

Debra grumbled, "I suppose. How is it you're hard again, anyway?" She quickly went from annoyance to amazement. "And that's not the first time I saw you do that. You really are some kind of stud!"

He explained, "I have this weird thing where I tend to cum twice. Once I cum, I rebound really fast. But it hardly ever works for a third time."

"But still, that's really incredible! I'd heard yesterday that you always stayed hard after cumming the first time, but I didn't believe it. But maybe it's true! My boyfriend Devon, he's got a pretty big dick, and he's very fit, but he never does that."

Nick shrugged. "I don't know. That's just how it is with me."

Debra pondered that. "Weird. But cool, I guess. Very cool."

She put a hand on her cheek, since she was feeling acutely aware of the cum there. "Yuck! I really need to clean up. Do you know where... Hey! While we're talking, Maggie's going to town all over your cock!"

That was true. Now that Maggie was completely consumed by lust, no one had to talk her into sucking Nick's cock, even with Debra there. At first, she'd started out trying to be subtle about what she was doing, since she wasn't "supposed" to be doing it. But since he had given the excuse that she was making up for a lost turn, she was having a grand time licking and sucking him for all she was worth.

She loved sucking Nick's cock at almost any time, but she actually was getting an extra thrill doing it in front of Debra. She thought, *Debra, you dumb slut! You think you're sexy? God knows you look sexy enough; I'll give you that. But can you suck his cock the way I can? No way! I'm his fucking mother! That's right! I'm not just pretending; I'm his mother for real! As such, I know him and his moods better than you ever will. I love him with all my heart! Just look at how much love and effort I'm putting into this! Yes, it's thick - look at me straining to merely keep my lips wrapped around it! But I don't love it just because it's such a great, thick cock; I love it because it's my SON'S cock!*

Nick was still in a relatively sedate post-orgasmic mood, even though his arousal level was rapidly rising, thanks to his mother's oral talents. He spoke calmly to Debra, "Don't worry. We can say this is the start of her turn. You'll get your equal chance in a minute."

She looked at Maggie with worry. She doubted that she could match her skills or enthusiasm. She'd been such a selfish lover that she'd hardly ever given a man a blowjob before prior to yesterday, and she remembered how difficult it had been then to deal with his thickness. But she was determined to win, and she also remembered how horny she'd gotten sucking him.

She asked him, "Are we only going to get one turn each?"

"Oh no," he said happily, as he considered the possibilities. "You'll get lots of turns. And you'll share too. Sharing well is worth lots of points. This could take a looooong time to sort out."

"Cool." Debra could see that Maggie was extremely passionate about sucking Nick's cock, and while she couldn't see inside her mouth, the way she was tilting her head different ways and varying her rhythm suggested that she had a lot of technical skill too. She figured the longer it took, the more chance she would have to catch up to her. However, she was daunted at the prospect of sucking on something so thick for very long. It looked

like a lot of difficult work, and Maggie's great passion might give her more determination to keep going at a high level.

He saw Debra frowning with doubt, and told her encouragingly, "I have to say you were doing a great job right until the end there. You came really close to winning that round. I loved the role play, down to the two packets of peanuts joke you made."

Debra laughed and smiled, pleased to hear that she'd almost won. "That was good, wasn't it? But the role play isn't over."

She plastered herself against him, but she sat up on one of his legs and tilted her body in towards him from there, so Maggie still had room to suck. She rubbed her double-D-cups against his chest and brought her face right up to his. She breathed, with their noses nearly touching, "Here at Sexy Sluts Airlines, the customer is always right. And if the customer insists on having TWO beautiful stewardesses blow him for the next hour or two, who are we to argue?"

He thought in wonder and amazement, *"The next hour or two?!" With these two?! Pinch me, I AM dreaming!*

She gave him a sexy wink, and kissed his lips briefly. Then she pulled back slightly and smiled.

He felt his heart pound wildly. Whenever Debra smiled, it was like the whole room was filled with joy. He wanted to dance and sing like Fred Astaire in some cheesy yet classic musical. Her wink and kiss on top of that turned him to a puddle of goo. His feelings for Maggie and Hillary were many times stronger, but their smiles didn't affect him like Debra's did. There was a reason she was an up and coming professional model.

He was so taken with her smile that he almost forgot her suggestion. It was like he'd been struck stupid. But he remembered to play his role. "Um, can you help, uh, her?"

"I thought you'd never ask!" Debra said brightly. She started to slide down his body. But then she remembered the cum on her face. "UGH! I keep forgetting I'm all cummy. That's so disgusting that I can't even believe it. Quick, Nicky, get me a towel or something." She grimaced and closed her eyes.

He decided, *Hey! Debra's acting like she's a queen, giving me orders, but I'm in charge here. Or at least I will be if I act like it. I need to put my foot down. I'm too nice. Ma keeps telling me that she's my "slut." I need to treat both of them as my sluts, as much as I can. Based on some sex talk from both of them, I think they actually get off on that. Debra was talking about being my slut last night. I need to rise into my role!*

With that new resolve, he said to Debra, "First off, my name is 'Nick.'"

She pouted, "Awww?! Can I call you 'Nicky?' Pleeeaaase?!" She fluttered her baby blue eyes at him. She knew the exact right expression to get a guy's heart to melt, and Nick was far from immune.

He stammered, "Uh, um, er... we'll talk about that later." He found himself unable to tell her no, so that was the best he could do. He tried to regain his footing. "Secondly, I'm not your servant. If anything, you and Maggie are MY servants! That is, if you want to win the game. There are no towels around here that I know of. But you were cutting up the flight attendant uniforms. Why not use some of the scraps instead?"

Debra considered that. She recoiled at the idea of being anybody's "servant" at any time. But she did have a strong desire to win the game, so she figured she could play the role for a little while. However, she didn't want to admit that.

So she merely said, "I really should clean myself up properly in the bathroom..." She looked at Maggie happily slurping and bobbing away. "But I don't want to miss out. Isn't it time for my turn to start already?"

"It is."

She bit her lip as she considered what to do. She looked at Maggie bobbing some more. Not only did she want to win the sex game, but Maggie looked to be having so much fun that she was very much looking forward to taking her turn too. She'd never been into blowjobs before, but she found herself salivating and licking her lips.

Finally, she said, "Dammit! I guess I'll just have to use the scraps. Hold on." She pulled away and went to the scraps to clean her face.

The scraps didn't clean her face nearly as well as if she'd used soap and water in the bathroom, but she got most of the cum off. She still felt "icky,"

but she didn't know where the nearest bathroom was, and she was craving to get her lips around Nick's fat pole.

She was surprised at the strength of her desire to suck cock, but she had felt something very different about sucking Nick's cock last night, alone or during the sex game. She couldn't put her finger on what it was, but her heart was racing just from the thought of bobbing on him. So seeing Maggie enjoying it so much was another big motivator.

Debra came back, sashaying her bare hips all the way. She rested a hand on Maggie's back to let her know she was ready.

Maggie obligingly stopped her bobbing and let Debra have a turn. She moved slightly to the side so that both she and Debra were tightly squeezed together between Nick's legs.

Debra wasted no time. She engulfed his cockhead straight away, before she lost her resolve.

Her eyes went wide at the great difficulty of simply getting the entire thing in her mouth. Even though she'd done it before, just yesterday, she still felt fairly amazed at how thick it was. She felt chagrined, because she vividly remembered the pleasure of it and not the pain, but now that she had her jaw craned open and her lips stretched wide, pretty much all she could think about was the pain.

But she recovered quickly. She remembered that it got better and better the more she stuck with it. She didn't realize it, but on a deeper level she actually preferred the great difficulty. It was similar to going on a roller coaster ride: she was the kind of person who would want to go on the biggest and scariest one. Even though she feared she was on the verge of shedding tears from the struggle, she started bobbing on his throbbing pole right away.

Nick felt a great surge of pleasure that almost made him swoon. It wasn't the physical sensation that made him heady, since Maggie's lips had felt much the same on him mere seconds earlier. It was the psychological realization that his cock was being passed from Maggie's mouth to Debra's that blew his mind.

Just the sight of them shoulder to shoulder and hip to hip between his spread out legs was nearly orgasm-inducing all by itself. Seeing traces of

his cum still on Debra's face here and there was an extra kick.

Maggie lifted her head up and wiped her chin free of cum and saliva. She said to Debra, "It's a damn monster, isn't it? I'll bet even those Swiss Air sluts don't get to choke on a cock that fat!"

Debra found that funny and laughed, which caused a problem, since she already had to be very careful about breathing. She had to pull off all his cockhead for a moment. She gave Maggie a quick look, as if saying to her, *"No more funny jokes when I'm cocksucking."*

But then she took a huge breath and engulfed it all over again.

Nick put a hand on Debra's head and another one on Maggie's. He felt shivers race up and down his spine from that simple gesture. *Fuck me! Seriously, fuck me and then shoot me in the head! This CAN'T be happening! I can stroke two blonde heads of stunning beauty while they take turns bobbing on my cock! I feel like a fucking lord! Or even a GOD! Sweet Jesus, this is great!*

And Debra made some comment about doing this for an hour or two. Was that just sex talk on her part? Maybe. Probably. But it could happen. Ma would be all for it, I'll bet! She's seriously into this game, Debra or no Debra!

He saw that Debra was struggling mightily, to the point that a few tears were leaking from her eyes. He asked Maggie, "I have no idea what it's like. Is it really that hard to swallow?"

Maggie gave him a sour look. "You have no idea! You want to try? Here, try this. Find a really big flashlight. Not some tiny one, but one of those you could use to club someone over the head with. Then stuff the damn thing in your mouth, and KEEP IT THERE, for five minutes non-stop, at least! But don't stop there. Slide it in and out, and use your tongue on it too!"

He was secretly impressed at how difficult that sounded. But he didn't want to show it, especially in front of Debra. He replied with a gentle tease, "Wow. When I think about how long those Swiss Air sluts took turns blowing me on my last trans-Atlantic flight... maybe next time I'll give them a tip or something."

Maggie gently thwacked him on his head with an open hand. "You and your Swiss Air sluts." Wanting to get in on the action, she cradled his balls while

she watched Debra in action from inches away.

While it was true that Debra had blown him twice yesterday, he was drunk on extreme lust each time that he hadn't really appreciated it as much as he should have. It had been just one more thing in a series of events that kept him as high as a kite on pure lust. Now he paid close attention and tried to figure out just what she was doing to him.

What she was doing felt great, for sure. But it was obvious that she wasn't very good at cocksucking, relatively speaking. It felt great mostly because there was no such thing as a bad blowjob, especially because it was obvious she was trying hard and not just going through the motions.

The tears leaking down her face was a sign of how determined she was. Maggie, by contrast, hadn't shed any tears at all. Maggie's greater experience was a big reason for that, as well as the fact that her mouth was just a little bit larger than Debra's.

Actually, Maggie hadn't been particularly good at blowjobs either until very recently. But in the just the past week, she'd made tremendous strides, particularly in being able to cope with Nick's unusual width. She had mastered it to the point that she could bob on him almost indefinitely, so long as she took short breaks when necessary. (Luckily, the times she needed a break usually were similar to when he got overexcited and needed a break too.)

Debra, by contrast, was clearly struggling just to keep Nick's cock in her mouth. She was managing to slide her lips back and forth on it, but any tongue movement or other special technique was too difficult for her to even contemplate at this point.

Maggie could see Debra's trouble, and she felt obliged to help out. That surprised her. She'd been sorely tempted to punch Debra in the face not that many minutes ago. But when she got near Nick's cock, a kind of lusty fever overtook her. She wanted to pleasure her son's cock more than anything, and in her current mindset, Debra was a tool to help with that, almost as if Maggie had been able to clone herself.

With one hand still fondling Nick's balls, she ran a hand down Debra's long blonde hair just below where Nick's hand rested on Debra's head. She told Debra, "There, there. It's really tough, I know. But trust me, the bigger the cock and the more difficult your struggle, the bigger your pleasure will be

in the end! The key thing is to not give up. I know you must be feeling tempted to give up, but don't! Hang in there! It WILL get better!"

Debra was encouraged by Maggie's advice. She was tempted to pull off to ask her questions on how she managed cocksucking so well, but she feared that if she did she wouldn't be able to engulf his cockhead back into her mouth. So instead she steeled her nerves and kept at it.

Maggie continued to be supportive and offer helpful advice, while just watching and fondling Nick's balls. She said things like, "That's it! You're doing it! If you keep this up, you just might win the second round. Don't stop now, when you're so close to victory. But you have to use some tongue too. More tongue! And suction! I want to see your cheeks cave in to show how hard your sucking him!"

Maggie was confused why she was being so helpful, almost like she was watching someone else. After another minute or two of saying encouraging things and running her hand through Debra's hair, she took some time to contemplate the situation. *This is strange. Why AM I helping her out? This is Debra, not Hillary, after all. I don't understand it. I guess a part of it is that I'm so very, very horny, and I've come to have a general love for sharing Nick's cock, thanks to all the great times I've shared with Hillary already.*

But also, it's kind of fun to be magnanimous, knowing that she'll never be half as good as I am! She's trying, bless her heart, but she clearly doesn't have the love, talent, OR experience that I do. I can afford to be nice, because I'm going to wipe the floor with her in this competition, and there's no way she'll be able to cry "Unfair!" this time when I did everything to help and to share, and she still comes up short! Ha!

After about four minutes, Debra pulled off on her own. She sensed her turn was up, and she didn't think she could last much longer anyway. She gasped for air. Streaks of tears rolled down her cheeks, making her eyes red. Her face felt sore, especially her jaw.

She complained, "Holy FUCK, that's hard! I thought it would be easier than yesterday, but it's twice as hard instead. I don't get it! Maggie, how are you able to do it like it's no big deal?!"

Maggie said, "First off, it's harder today because you were even more aroused yesterday than you are now. The hotter you are, the less difficult it

gets, because your passion to pleasure his cock drives you on. But it never gets easy. It IS a big deal, every single time." She just lightly fondled Nick's boner as she talked, to give him a little respite.

Debra noticed Maggie's tear-free face. "Why am I all teary, and you aren't?!"

Maggie replied, "It never gets easy, but it does get EASIER. There's a difference. I suck him a couple of times a day, every day, if not more! That doesn't make his cock any less thick, obviously, but it does help." That was true, although Maggie was oblivious that Debra's mouth was smaller enough to make a significant difference.

Nick thought, *Whoa! Ma's talking about the future! She doesn't regularly suck me two or more times a day yet, but she will! She will! She knows it and she wants it! WOW!*

Debra complained, "If it's that hard, then why do it all the time? Jesus! I could barely last five minutes!"

Maggie replied, "That's what love is all about. Besides, just because it's hard doesn't mean I don't like it. Au contraire! I love it! And somehow, the fact that it's so difficult is a big reason I love it so much. It would get boring fast if it was easy. I get plenty of pleasure out of it, especially if I touch myself at the same time. Here, let me show you, since it's my turn next anyway."

With that, Maggie lowered her head and engulfed his thickness again. She immediately got busy sliding her lips up and down her son's shaft. She also made a point of fingering her slit. But she was playing to her audience of one, Debra, with most of her oral actions. For instance, at times, she sucked him so hard that her cheeks hollowed in, and at other times she made sure his thick knob made her cheek bulge out.

Debra was amazed. "Wow! I'm totally jealous. I like sex. A lot. But you LOVE it, obviously. I wish I could feel that kind of passion. I guess I'm too jaded." She sighed. "Man! There's no way I'm going to win this round, is there?"

Maggie didn't reply, since her mouth was stuffed to the brim with cock. But she didn't need to, since the answer was obvious. She bobbed on him in silence for another couple of minutes.

Nick did reply though. He stroked Debra's gorgeous blonde hair with one hand, and said, "It's going to be tough for you to win. But I'm going to try to give you a bonus for inexperience. What matters most to me is effort. If you can show as much passion as she is, you'll win due to your inexperience bonus."

That gave Debra some hope, just as Nick hoped it would. "Okay!" she said excitedly. "This is cool!" But then she flip-flopped back to being doubtful. "But how do I even come close to matching her?! Look at her. She loves it! She totally loves sucking your cock!"

He said as he kept petting her hair, "That's easy. Just love it too! I suggest turning your mind off. Forget all your selfish thoughts, like 'when am I going to cum next,' and just totally focus on the task at hand. Surrender to the moment! Surrender to your lust!"

Debra's hope and excitement returned. "I can do that! I can totally do that!" All of a sudden, she couldn't wait for her next turn.

Debra was in such a jubilant mood that she actually helped out by fondling Nick's balls all throughout Maggie's turn. She knew that she wasn't going to win, at least this time, because she could see that Maggie was just that good. Maggie was in her element, like she was born to suck Nick's cock. But Debra was trying to become more involved to keep her own arousal level high while also hoping that Maggie's enthusiasm would be infectious.

Even though Debra was merely fondling Nick's balls and watching, she was extremely aroused and getting more so all the time. It helped a lot that she played with her pussy with her other hand. But she would have been nearly that horny anyway. She was right that she'd become very jaded in regards to sex, as well as relationships as a whole. She realized that she wanted the passion that Maggie had. Just watching Maggie's sliding lips greatly increased her already strong desire for Nick, since she figured there had to be something special in him that made Maggie love him so much. She redoubled her resolve to try to match Maggie's cocksucking efforts as part of her goal to reach Maggie's sexual passion too.

After about five minutes of Maggie's turn, she pulled off and handed Nick's cock over.

Before Debra could start though, Maggie said, "I was listening to what Nick was saying to you, and I completely agree. Surrender to the moment! I

know it runs counter to all your instincts, but the more you give, the more you will receive. If you haven't enjoyed sucking cock before Nick, and I'll bet you haven't, it's because you haven't had the right attitude."

Debra said sadly, "I haven't enjoyed it, like, at all. But even with my last turn, it was way better. I don't get it! Why is that?!"

Maggie explained, "It's all about YOUR attitude. Think about, say, a pillow fight with some girl friends. If you were just six years old, that would be totally fun, right?"

"Right." Debra looked down at her hand. She was stroking Nick's boner to keep it "warm" for when her next turn started.

Maggie said, "But at your age, a pillow fight probably wouldn't work anymore. You and all your friends would feel weird and awkward, because they're supposed to be too mature and too cool for that. But maybe if they get drunk or high, they could get past those hang-ups and enjoy it just like they were little kids again."

"Totally!" Debra smiled widely, because that rang true for her. She'd had experiences exactly like that, including taking part in lame sober pillow fights and fun drunken pillow fights.

Maggie said, "Sucking Nick's cock is exactly like that. Except you don't need to get drunk every time to do it right. You just need to get super horny and get totally carried away in the moment. It's all about YOUR attitude. Surrender to the moment and selflessly pleasure his cock with everything you've got! The more passion you put into it, the more you'll love it!"

"Okay!" Still stroking Nick's cock, Debra craned her mouth open wide and engulfed it in one fell swoop. She began bobbling on it with even more passion and determination than her last turn.

Nick felt the difference immediately. He groaned loudly and approvingly, while also patting Debra's head while running his fingers through Maggie's hair.

Those positive signs encouraged Debra even more. She especially liked the head pats. She recalled last night, and how she'd gotten so insanely horny sucking him off that every time he patted her head practically gave her an orgasm. She'd even openly called herself his "sex pet," mostly due to feeling like a sex pet from all his patting.

She hadn't been thinking of those things up until now, mostly because he hadn't patted her head until now. She wouldn't have been horny enough to be receptive, even during her last turn. But suddenly, she relished the whole "sex pet" concept.

Since it was Debra's turn, Maggie had think to watch and think. As she watched Debra's lips vigorously sliding up and down her son's cock, she thought, *Damn! She's doing better, a lot better! Not as good as me, but still, I'm surprised. I'm almost regretting giving her that pep talk. It clearly pushed her to another level.*

I should be pissed. This immature girl could give us a lot of grief, and the better she gets at sex with Nick, the more difficult things could get. I'm sure I'll be pissed at this entire event later, but right now I'm so high on lust that I don't care much. Right now, I'm just loving that she's making my son's cock throb and tingle with joy! I see him patting Debra's head, and the way he's stroking my head, and it makes me totally HOT!

It's like we ARE his sexy, naked, big-titted sluts! As one sexy big-titted slut to another, how can I get mad at Debra about anything?! This is where we belong. We're the sexiest sluts in town, along with Hillary, of course. He has the thickest, biggest, best, most superior cock. It's only right that we worship it with our mouths!

Oh Gaaaawwwwd! Did I really just use the word "worship?" I can't believe that. Sacrilegious. I need to remind myself to NEVER say that. But when I see Debra's lips slipping and sliding, and hear her slurping, and see her cheeks caved in... UNGH! HNNNG! I get soooo horny! Too horny!

She tried to calm herself down some, but to only limited effect. She sighed. *It's hopeless. I'm hopeless! Maybe this is what it's like to be addicted to hard drugs. All I care about is having sexy fun with my son! I love sucking his cock so much that even watching Debra do it sets my entire body on fire! Every inch of my body is tingling with excitement and pleasure. Never mind my throbbing nipples and pussy, I can even feel it down in my toes!*

After a few minutes, Debra pulled her lips off again. She exclaimed, "Sheesh! That's really tough!"

Maggie teased gently, "You said that already." She took control of her son's boner and rubbed his sweet spot, causing him to gasp with pleasure.

Debra looked to Maggie hopefully. "I did a lot better that time, didn't I?!"

Maggie chuckled. "It looks that way to me. But don't ask me, ask him!" She nodded up towards Nick's face. "As long as the game is going on, we're HIS sluts. His wanton, willing sluts! The only thing that matters is HIS pleasure."

Debra looked to Nick with just as much hope. "Well?! Well?!" She was bursting at the seams, dying for some validation.

He smiled widely and patted the top her head. "Very good. Much better, in fact. Much better!"

Between his words and his head pat, Debra shivered all over and nearly spontaneously orgasmed. She'd never had fun trying to make someone else feel good, much less this much fun. She didn't understand it at all, but she was definitely getting a thrill out of it.

Maggie exclaimed, "Congrats!" She stroked Debra's hair down the back of her head and onto her back. "See? The more you put into it, the more you get out of it. And you didn't even cry this time."

"Really?!" Debra checked her cheeks and realized there were no fresh tears. She wiped away the tears from earlier. "You're right! COOL!"

Then she looked down at Nick's pulsing erection still in her hands. "The only problem is THIS dang thing! Nicky, when are you going to cum?! Aren't you ready to cum yet? Come on! After all I did for you, aren't you even close?"

Nick started to say, "Well..." He didn't know how to respond though. The truth was that he still wasn't close, but he wanted to be modest. Although Debra was getting better, she wasn't near Maggie's level yet. He was having a hell of a great time no matter who sucked him, but it was only during Maggie's turns when he started to get closer to cumming.

Maggie spoke for him. "He's too polite to say, but he's not close yet."

Debra sighed heavily. "Oh, man! That sucks! My jaw, it's like, sore."

Maggie said, "His impressive stamina is a double-edged sword. You have been fingering your pussy most of the time, haven't you?"

"Yeah," Debra admitted.

"And you've been feeling pretty good, haven't you? Aren't you close to cumming yourself?"

"Definitely! This is a lot of fun. Sharing doubles the fun, somehow, especially since you let me play with his balls and the rest of him when it's your turn. But I want him to CUM! I'm not used to this. I never suck off Devon, ever. Well, almost never. He wouldn't even last ONE round of this. And we're on the third round!"

Maggie said proudly, "Nick isn't Devon. My son is a class by himself!"

Debra frowned at the reminder of that earlier incest controversy. "My son?"

Maggie was secretly upset at herself for making that slip-up, but she realized she could just shrug it off. "Hey, I say what turns me on and what turns him on, and I feel like saying that. Nick is incredible! Can you imagine taking turns sucking him off like this for a full hour?"

Debra's face actually brightened. "Oh my God! That would be rad!"

Nick couldn't resist smirking as he continued to stroke Debra's hair. He didn't know anybody said "rad" anymore.

But then Debra reconsidered and frowned. She looked at Nick's cock, which she was still holding and stroking. "That would be cool, except there's no way I could last even close to that! I'm falling behind in this round, and I'm gonna run out of energy altogether." She groaned in frustration. "That's just embarrassing. Can't we do something else for a while?"

"That's not a bad idea," Maggie responded. In truth, she was getting tired and sore too, especially considering she'd done a lot of cocksucking before Debra showed up. "But let me take my next turn, and then the three of us will talk about it, okay?"

"Okay."

"Meanwhile, during my turn, why don't you relax by kissing him?"

"Okay!" Debra liked that suggestion a lot. But she said, "Um, by the way... I don't mean to be rude, but do you realize that your face is still all cummy?"

Maggie replied, "I do realize that. And I don't have a problem with it." She thought, *In fact, I love it!*

Debra rolled her eyes and made a disgusted face, but she was too eager to kiss Nick to dwell on that issue. She immediately scooted up his body and started making out with him.

Mere seconds later, Maggie slid her lips around his cockhead and got busy sucking him. But unlike Debra, who had used lots of suction and motion in her last turn, Maggie kept her head mostly still so she could focus on her tongue work. It wasn't as visually impressive, but she knew it could be even more arousing for him.

Nick brought his hands to Debra's double-D-cup breasts and played with her erect nipples while he kissed her. He was careful not to get as aggressive with the tit play as he usually was with Maggie though.

He thought, *Hot damn! This is so great! True, Debra is immature and I wouldn't trust her further than I could throw her. We have no future. But come on! She has an awesome body and an absolutely incredible face! How can I resist?! How can I not totally love this? This might be my last chance to be with her, especially with Ma here too, so I should take full advantage. Plus, she wasn't half bad that time. She needs to be rewarded for being a sexy little cocksucker!*

He briefly brought one of his hands from Debra's rack to the top of Maggie's head, just to confirm her blowjob really was happening to him. Of course he knew it was, but he was almost incredulous just the same. *I mean, I'm making out with Debra, and playing with her firm tits, and Ma is sucking my cock at the same time! How great is that?! Nobody could possibly believe my luck!*

Plus... Hillary! Heck, she might even come here and join us later tonight. She's overdue. I wonder what's taking her. Fuck Spencer. He's up to no good, I'm sure. But I'm not going to worry about that right now. Hell, I can't, not with the way Ma is blowing my mind as she blows my cock!

He was flying so high on lust that he didn't stop to think what might happen if Hillary found Debra in a situation such as this.

After a couple of minutes, he realized that he could easily reach Debra's pussy, since she was sitting up while they necked. Since she wasn't fingering herself at the moment, he took it upon himself to do that for her.

He didn't realize that she'd been riding close to the edge of orgasm for a long time now. His unexpected finger-fucking quickly pushed he over the edge. She actually screamed into his mouth until her climax ended a minute or two later.

Nick loved that he'd made her have such a big orgasm. Since Maggie kept on cocksucking non-stop, it was a close call that he didn't lose his load at the same time. But Maggie wanted him to last a very long time, so she eased up on him just enough to allow him to "endure" the tremendous pleasure.

He didn't realize it, but helping to give Debra big orgasms like that was only making her even more convinced that sex with him was much better than sex with anyone else. If he wanted to avoid her sexually in the future, he was doing the exact wrong thing.

While Maggie continued to bob contentedly on Nick's cock and fingered her own pussy, she thought, *Mmmm! This is so tasty! I just can't possibly get any more aroused than when I'm like this. Whenever my jaw gets tired or my energy flags, all I have to do is think about the cum slowly oozing down my face, and it's like a shot of adrenalin. Not like I ever forget how he has so thoroughly splooped me. It makes me feel wonderfully slutty all the time!*

Plus, I have to admit the fact that having Debra here is kind of humiliating, but it's turning me on, big time! I love that he made her cum, and that she's lying propped up on top of him so he can use his magic lips and magic hands on her.

Debra, you thought that all your many previous sexual encounters had prepared you for Nick, right? HA! No way! Last night he fucked you good, and that was when he was drunk and out of it. He's blowing your mind tonight, isn't he? You get to borrow him a little tonight, but he's mine every single fucking day!

Maggie was so turned-on with her continued cocksucking that she didn't think things through and realize that the more Nick blew Debra's mind, the more eager Debra would be for more sexual experiences with him. Like Nick, she was letting her libido do all her thinking.

Maggie took an extra long turn while Debra recovered from her big climax.

Eventually though, Maggie's tongue-centric style got Nick too worked up and she sensed it was time. She pulled her lips off and sat back some.

Debra slid back down so she was kneeling next to Maggie again. Since Maggie was still stroking Nick's cock, Debra looked at Maggie's stroking fingers, and asked, "Okay, can we try something else now? I say it's fuck time!"

As much as he would have loved it, Nick knew that "fuck time" was out of the question. Instead, he piped up to say, "I'd love a titfuck!"

Maggie looked up at him and smirked. "Why am I not surprised to hear you say that?"

Debra said, "Actually, that sounds like a really good idea. I'm not too into titfucks either, but I'm pretty sure that with Nick it's going to be a totally different thing too. Plus, at least that would give my jaw a break." She playfully ran a finger up and down Nick's shaft without getting in the way of Maggie's busy fingers. "This thing is so thick that it's scary!"

Maggie was holding Nick's hard-on straight up, since it was less than half a foot from her face and Debra's face. "You're not that into blowjobs OR titfucks. What ARE you into?"

Debra responded, "Straight up fucking. That's the best! The other stuff is just warm-up as far as I'm concerned. Why is it we can't take turns getting fucked again? Right now!"

Maggie knew Debra would keep pestering about this unless she got a good answer. Luckily, one came to her. "Remember, he's MY boyfriend. I'm not about to let his dick touch your pussy unless and until you get tested and show me PROOF that you don't have any sexually transmitted diseases."

"Oh." Debra frowned, because she didn't have any good answer to that.

"Furthermore, there's the whole pregnancy issue."

Debra hastened to answer, "Oh, that's no problem. I'm using TWO kinds of birth control at once. Plus, he can use a condom."

Maggie thought, *Was he wearing a condom last night?* She felt a sudden surge of jealousy as she recalled all over again that Debra got to take Nick's virginity last night. It was as if all the joyous joint cocksucking fun they'd just shared had never happened. Her fingers curled into fists and she

clenched her teeth. She had to use all of her self-control not to get angry and reveal that she knew Nick and Debra had fucked.

She managed to say in clipped tones, "Even so, you can't be too careful. Are you ready to get pregnant?"

Debra didn't reply. Clearly, she was not.

Maggie, continued, "I didn't think so. So let's not have any more talk about fucking tonight. And I don't know about you, but I plan on being here a good long time. Plus, Nick's cock isn't going to go down anytime soon. If it does, it bounces right back up again, like you noticed earlier. Can you handle lots of titfucking and cocksucking, or are you going to wimp out and give up?"

Debra wasn't about to back down from a challenge. "I can handle it. Definitely!" She boldly took hold of Nick's boner near the base of his shaft and started jacking him off there, below Maggie's fingers working on his sweet spot.

Maggie kept talking like she didn't hear that. "If you don't have what it takes to be a real slut, what I call a 'good slut,' then-"

Debra interrupted, "Wait. What's a 'good slut?'"

Maggie explained, "A 'bad slut' is a girl with no self-respect, who gets so hot for cock that she'll have sex with just about anybody. She cheats and lies and maybe even whores herself out because she has no honor. Whereas a 'good slut' loves sex, but just with her special guy!" She looked up into Nick's eyes with love. "She knows the sex is a thousand times better because of the emotional connection. She can go completely wild because she trusts him and he trusts her. She feels safe and loved, and that gives her the freedom to be, well, a raging slut!"

Debra laughed gaily. "Awesome! That sounds great!" She gave her best stern and serious expression. "I have what it takes!"

Maggie's surge of anger at Debra had almost entirely passed already. She looked at her skeptically. "Do you? I doubt it. Nick's cock isn't like normal cocks. I doubt you've got the backbone and the passion. Maybe you should go back downstairs to be with all the normal people who will never enjoy the extreme joys of sex done right!"

Debra had generally been looking at Nick's boner, which was practically poking up into her face. But she stared at Maggie with even more determination while doing her best to ignore the cum on Maggie's face. "No, please! I don't want to leave. I'm having a really fun time, despite the hard work. That orgasm I had a little while ago was one of the best ever!"

Maggie said, "The more you put in, the more you get out of it."

Debra considered that, and nodded. She looked back at her fingers sliding up and down Nick's lower shaft. "I guess so. Totally true, even. And I don't care about the rest of the party. I'm pretty sure I won't be able to last as long as you, and I know I'm gonna lose this game unless I'm saved by a miracle, but I'll keep going as long as I can so at least I'll have a better chance next time. The only thing is, I do want to have dinner at some point."

"Fair enough," Maggie said grudgingly. Like Nick, she wasn't thinking strategically whatsoever, because she was so very horny that she wasn't thinking clearly, period. Even Debra's mention of wanting to do better for "next time" didn't really register. The truth was, there was little Nick and Maggie could have said or done to more encourage Debra to want a "next time," when they were supposed to be discouraging her.

It was always like they were in a cult and trying to recruit her into it, except they did it entirely unwittingly. Mostly, they were influencing Debra by the sheer amount of fun and sexual pleasure they were all feeling and sharing. Even as they were talking, Maggie and Debra were having a grand time jacking him off together.

Maggie searched her feelings, and commented, "To be honest, I'm getting hungry too."

"Me too," Nick said.

Maggie suggested to Debra, "Let's wait, though, until Nick cums again. I'm figuring it'll take him a while to recover, since he doesn't stay hard straight through twice in a row. We can go downstairs and scrounge up something to eat. We should put in an appearance so people don't look for any of us. Then, by the time we come back up here, he'll be stiff and throbbing again."

Debra smiled widely, and licked her lips at the prospect of lots more thick cock to slurp and suck after dinner. "Good plan!" She thought about her boyfriend Devon, but she didn't give a shit about him. Their relationship

seemed fine on the surface, but she'd been thinking of dumping him already anyway.

Nick looked at his mother idly fondling his sweet spot while Debra stroked his shaft further down, and he thought, *Ma, you're the greatest! God, tonight has been beyond belief already, and it's only going to get better! Great ideas. But I need to do more than just be on the receiving end. I don't want to come across as sexually greedy.*

So he suggested, "By the way, let's not forget about sixty-nines and cunnilingus. I don't want to be selfish. Maybe we could have a contest about that too. We could do that right now."

In truth, he was getting close to cumming but he didn't want to lessen his growing reputation by admitting it. So part of his motivation was thinking a round or two of that would give his boner a more prolonged chance to recover. Dinner could wait, since this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Debra's eyes lit up. "GREAT idea! You and Maggie can take turns licking my cunt, and then you and I can do the same to her!"

In Debra's girl-on-girl encounters, she didn't like licking pussies, but she definitely liked having hers licked. She hoped they'd finish before it was her turn to do any licking. That was in keeping with her usual selfish attitude towards sex, as well as her squeamishness towards bodily fluids.

Maggie cut in, "Wait! What?! Sorry, I don't swing that way." She asked Debra incredulously, "Do you?!"

Debra replied a bit bashfully, "Well, yeah. Kinda. I mean, I mainly like guys, but a talented tongue is a talented tongue. You know what I mean?"

Maggie thought, *Oh great. I've had enough of a bisexual problem with Hillary, and I really like her. Hell, I practically love her. She's the best. But now it seems Debra's bisexual too, and I don't like her at all!*

She said harshly, "No, I don't. Let's have Nick go down on us later. Maybe we can make that a reward round."

"Awww," Debra pouted.

Maggie gave Nick a curious look. She couldn't speak to him with Debra there, which was frustrating. But she thought, as if she was talking to him, *Son, what are you thinking?! You're not ready for that. You've only*

practiced pussy fingering with me so far. You really want to have your cunnilingus trial by fire with Debra here?! She's a spoiled princess AND she'll be comparing you to girls, who I'm sure can lick circles around you. She'll judge you harshly.

To quickly divert attention from the cunt licking issue, Maggie said, "We've been talking so long that Nick's cock is in danger of going flaccid."

That was far from accurate, since both Maggie and Debra had been stroking it through the entire discussion, but Nick wasn't about to complain. She asked, "Why don't we just lick him together for a while?"

Debra smiled. "Okay! Sounds fun. But how will that count in terms of the competition?"

Maggie replied, "Let's not worry about that for a while and just have fun licking. If you must, consider it practice for future competitions."

"Okay!" Debra eagerly agreed. She was so horny that even the contest wasn't on her mind much anymore. She immediately started licking in a swirly pattern around Nick's cockhead.

Maggie was temporarily relegated to the less sensitive areas down Nick's shaft. As she licked there, she thought, *"Future competitions?!" Did I really just say that? I must be out of my mind. There will be NO future competitions with Debra, period. I can't tell her that point blank right now, since she knows too many secrets about us. But we're going to fix that soon enough. In the meantime, I certainly shouldn't be encouraging her with talk of future games.*

Personally, I'm kind of enjoying sharing Nick's cock with her. Okay, hell, I'm having a great time. But I think I'm being blinded by her great beauty and her friendly and fun attitude today. I guess I just really love sharing his cock in general. Doing it with someone else is a million times better. I feel even more wonderfully slutty knowing there's a buck naked bombshell pressing on my side from my shoulders down to my hips. So hot! And tongues can do a lot more than one. Everything is just... BETTER!

Even so, I can't forget this is DEBRA next to me. I can't forget that she's the same girl who tried to blackmail us yesterday, and used an elaborate scheme to trick him into fucking her with implied blackmail from her again! Good God! What am I thinking, being so chummy with her?!

UGH! But lapping our tongues on his huge cock like this... it's magic! Pure magic! I love it so much! But... I can't forget that she has the emotional maturity of a twelve year old, if that. We should be moving quickly away from her. I can get all my cock sharing joy with Hillary's help, thank you very much. But, instead, I somehow find myself here, lapping around the base of my son's hot cock while letting her lick the more sensitive part. How did that happen?!

The two busty beauties continued to cooperate with licking Nick's stiff cock. Both of them were continuously playing with themselves, fingering their pussies or playing with their nipples or just generally fondling their own bodies. As a result, they were about as hot and bothered as could be, and they channeled much of that lust into lapping all over his throbbing pole with gusto.

In sharp contrast to the sex game yesterday, the only sense of competition between them now was a friendly one. They both strived to outdo or at least match the efforts of the other one, but without being pushy or greedy about it. In fact, the tips of their tongues often touched, since they both wanted to lick his sweet spot so much.

Maggie thought as she licked, I'm getting kind of annoyed at myself. The more I share Nick's cock with Debra, the more I'm kind of actually... bonding with her! That's right, bonding! I'm feeling this strange sense of camaraderie. She's still just as dangerous and annoying to us as ever; I can't ever forget that. But look at how she's lapping like a hungry cat at a water bowl. She's really into it now! I'm happy that she's starting to be less of a selfish lover. She's damn horny, I can tell! All she cares about is licking that cock, and making him moan and groan with endless pleasure! How can I not bond with her over that? Those are my very favorite things too!

And she's so fucking beautiful! Every time I catch a glimpse of her face, I practically forget to breathe. I'm not attracted to her in the way I am with Hillary and Anushka... Shit, did I just say that? Anyway, I'm not. Really. But I can't help but appreciate that a girl this beautiful is really getting into sucking my son's cock. I feel this weird sense of pride that he somehow helped make this happen, when he was a total virgin just a short time ago.

After this much stimulation, Nick was thinking that he desperately needed a break to prevent himself from cumming and ending the fun. But before he

could put a plan into action, his dick gave up the fight and he started to shoot his load. The combination of what Maggie and Debra were doing to him was simply too much.

As it so happened, Debra happened to be the with her face over the tip of his cock when he started to blow. His orgasm come upon him so unexpectedly that he didn't have any time to warn her.

She opened her eyes wide with alarm when she felt his shaft spasming and spurting. Then, a second later, she remembered the danger of getting cum in her eyes and shut her eyes tight. She didn't have time to think, and made the instinctive decision to engulf his cockhead so no more cum would splat on her face.

Normally, she would never let any boy cum in her mouth, but she was so horny that she forgot all about that. In fact, she immediately sucked and bobbed on his boner as his ropes splattered against the back of her mouth, just because it turned her on to do so. Despite her great arousal, a lingering disgust about cum caused her to plan to store his cum in her mouth so she could spit it out after he was done. But there was so much cum, and his thick cock filled so much of her oral cavity, that she had no choice but to swallow it just as fast as it came in. Even then, some of it spilled out and dribbled down her chin.

However, there was too much going on for her to mind that much. She'd been fingering her slit all through the dual cock licking, and she'd been building up to a very big orgasm indeed.

Now that Nick was cumming, she mentally let go and started to cum too. At her absolute height of ecstasy, guzzling down his copious amounts of cum only added to her peak experience instead of detracting from it.

Precious seconds passed, and even as her own climax practically shattered her brain with an overwhelmingly arousing and intense experience, she still had to deal with Nick's cum flooding into her mouth. And it truly felt like a flood to her. She had no choice but to gulp and gulp, desperately attempting to swallowing it all fast enough.

Her eyes watered again from the intense effort, and yet, she found herself greatly enjoying it! Somehow, the ordeal raised her climax to an even higher peak. Even though she doubted she could keep up with his "flood,"

she hoped he would keep on cumming and cumming, causing her orgasm to go on and on forever too.

Maggie wanted to be a part of Nick's climax, but Debra was passionately and rapidly bobbing on him, as well as stroking the rest of his shaft for good measure in an attempt to coax even more of his cum out. So there didn't seem to be any room for Maggie, especially considering the startling speed of Debra's frantic bobbing. However, Maggie wouldn't be entirely denied. She tilted her head and managed to suck all of one of Nick's balls into her mouth, and sucked tightly on it.

That effort of hers came just as his orgasm was petering out. It made Nick feel so shockingly good that he was inspired to squirt out a couple more ropes before dwindling down again.

Maggie was in the exact same situation as Debra in that she'd been masturbating for a while and she was more than ready to cum. So, just like Debra, she let go and came too, except that she came slightly after Debra and Nick started. She had a nice orgasm, but it wasn't as intense or as prolonged as Debra's, especially since she'd been denied nearly all of her son's cum.

When Nick's climax finally ended, Debra felt a great sense of accomplishment, since she'd managed to "survive the flood." It helped a lot that his cum didn't taste that bad. In fact, she decided (again) that she even kind of liked the taste, although she wasn't about to admit that out loud or even to herself. She had such a strong anti-cum stance that she was slow to change her mind. It helped that there was a warm and satisfying feeling in her tummy, which was something she'd never experienced after a blowjob before.

As Maggie's climax faded too, she looked to Debra with a curious kind of triumphant satisfaction. She pulled back from Nick's crotch just to watch Debra.

She thought to her as if she was speaking out loud, *How'd you like THAT, you skanky slut? You think you're the most beautiful girl in the world, don't you? You want everyone to wait on you hand and foot. But my son just turned you into his personal cum dump! You just got SPERMED! You had no choice but to guzzle down his copious, creamy load. And he cums a LOT,*

doesn't he? He sure does! Believe me, I know. A good mother isn't supposed to know that from personal experience, but I do!

You really piss me off, you know that? You took my son's virginity, and I will NEVER forgive you for that! It's only fitting that he punishes you with a cum flood, straight down your throat! Look at you, with your lips still lewdly stretched around his fat pole and tears sliding down your cheeks. You want more, don't you? Well, beg for it, Cockbreath! Beg! Maybe if you're lucky, we'll let him fuck your face!

Maggie knew her thoughts weren't logical, especially since she wanted Debra to stop all sexual involvement with Nick. But they were strangely emotionally satisfying. She noticed some of Nick's cum had dribbled all the way down his balls, so she leaned back in to lick it up.

Debra's own orgasm kept on going and going, for at least another minute after Nick's was finished. Time passed, and she kept on bobbing up and down his shaft. Even to her own surprise, she simply couldn't get enough.

Eventually, Maggie pulled her lips off Nick's balls and asked her, "What are you doing?"

Debra spoke with his great thickness still filling her mouth. "Aaah dunnh naahhh." She tried to make a puzzled, shrugging gesture.

Maggie asked uncertainly, "You don't know?"

Debra nodded, and kept on slurping and lapping.

Maggie chuckled at that. She thought, *Welcome to the club! It's addictive! I don't know what it is. Maybe it's the sheer thickness, or the smell, or the taste, or some kind of pheromone thing, or the very difficult challenge of getting him to cum. Probably it's some combination. But God, it's fucking fun!*

She ruefully realized, *This is almost certainly a bad thing, that Debra is discovering just how very enjoyable sucking Nick's cock can be. Definitely. But I plead temporary insanity. I'm too damn horny too!*

She looked up at Nick. His eyes were closed and he was slumped down in his chair. He seemed thoroughly out of it, if not actually asleep. However, she could see the lower half of his erection between Debra's slowly sliding fingers, and it looked just as stiff as ever. That genuinely puzzled her, because it didn't fit with his "cums in twos" tendency.

She asked, "But... isn't he going flaccid?"

Debra raised her hands and held them out with open palms in a kind of "I don't know" gesture. She also shrugged to help convey that she didn't have any answers.

Maggie persisted, "But is he still hard? Is his cock long and stiff and throbbing with life?!"

Debra grinned around his shaft, and nodded. She ran a finger up and down it to show off just how long it was. Then she went back to her bobbing, and she resumed stroking it too.

Maggie asked her with some eagerness, "Are you loving it? Are you totally loving it?!"

Debra was keeping her eyes closed most of the time, but she opened them to glance at Maggie, and there was a clear twinkle of delight in her visible eye. And even though her lips were stretched about as wide as they could physically be, she somehow managed to smile enthusiastically. She gave Maggie a thumbs up for good measure.

Maggie huffed with more than a little envy, "Okay, then. I guess I can't complain that you didn't stop. That's a good thing to do. After all, tonight you get to be one of his sluts, and a good slut puts serving his cock first! But can I take over for a while? You got a mouthful of cum, so I should get an extra long turn!"

Suddenly, Nick sat up in his chair, withdrawing his erection all the way from Debra's mouth. He protested, "Stop! Stop! Hold on. Give me a chance to rest here."

Debra lurched forward, trying to cram his cock back into her mouth again.

But he held his hand-over his cockhead, making that impossible.

She asked him impatiently, "What's the problem? You're still hard, so the game can go on, right? Or am I the winner already?"

He sighed with exhaustion. "No, it's still going on. But give me a break! Even though I'm still hard, my dick was getting all super sensitive just now, until I just couldn't handle any contact anymore. Don't worry, I'm sure I'll be okay again in a couple of minutes."

Actually, he wasn't sure about that, since none of this had ever happened to him before, except very rarely. But he was being hopeful.

In truth, he didn't understand how it could be that he was still erect. Even now, as he sat there with his eyes closed, his cock still poked up insistently in his grip, as firm as ever. He thought, *Staying hard through one climax is no big deal for me. But TWO?! That's never happened, that I can remember. Never! Well, at least not until all the craziness with my two dream girls began. But even then, it's been super rare. I'm facing some extraordinary stimulation here, to say the least! I guess maybe I should throw all I know out the window.*

The two nude bombshells eagerly waited for him to recover. They were still wearing one last remnant of their flight attendant outfits: the handkerchiefs around their necks. The only reason they still had those on was because they didn't get in the way and had been forgotten. They quickly undid those and tossed the last vestiges of their outfits on the floor.

With that accomplished, Maggie looked to Debra's face and saw some cum on one of her cheeks where Nick had first blasted her before she took him in her mouth. There was more dribbling down her chin. She pointed out, "You have some cum on you."

Debra felt her face carefully, and said, "Ewww. I guess I should clean that off." She got up and found more scraps from their earlier flight attendant outfit alterations. She came back with one for herself, and she handed another one to Maggie. "Here. I know you like the cum on you, with is SO WEIRD! But it's been there a while and it must be getting gross, even for you."

Maggie felt her face and realized that the cum was starting to dry out and get crusty. So she took the scrap and cleaned her face while Debra cleaned her own.

As they did that, Nick was so tired that he moved to the bed and laid back on it with his eyes closed.

Maggie said to Debra, "You seem to be a lot more enthusiastic than earlier. Are you having fun?"

Debra snorted. "Are you kidding me?! This is totally great! I'm having so much fun that it's downright BIZARRE! I mean, cocksucking isn't supposed

to be actually enjoyable. When I do it with Devon or anyone else, it's just something I have to put up with for a minute or two to get him fully erect so he can fuck me some more. But with Nick, it's, like, it's as fun as fucking. I still don't get it."

Maggie shrugged. "I don't quite get it either, but I completely agree with you. Do you want to do it some more?"

"Oh yeah! Definitely!" Debra ostentatiously licked her lips and smiled one of her glowing smiles.

Maggie thought with a curious viciousness, *I'll bet you do, Cockbreath! I can't undo the fact that you took my son's virginity, but maybe I can knock your sneaky ass down to size by getting your hooked on being his cum-guzzling personal cocksucker! That would serve you right!*

She dismissed that thought as being illogical and counterproductive. *Wait. Wait. We're trying to get her LESS interested in doing that. Ungh! I must be losing my mind!*

Maggie tried a different tack. She asked Debra slightly teasingly, "But weren't you getting too tired?"

"That's true," Debra admitted. "That is a problem. But maybe if we alternate with titfucking and him doing some cunnilingus, plus taking turns, we could go a long time. Pretty much for hours, so long as his cock holds out!"

That sounded good to Maggie too. But she tried to remember who she was dealing with, and the problems of sharing with Debra. She asked, "What about Devon though?"

Debra shrugged. "He's not downstairs, so who cares?"

"Don't you feel guilty cheating on him?"

Debra replied in a blasé fashion. "Nah. We don't have a lovey-dovey relationship. That's not what we're about at all. He cheats on me and I cheat on him, and we both know it, and we're cool with that. He's just a guy I'm going out with until someone better comes along, and he knows it. Speaking of which..." She looked at Nick curiously.

Maggie's friendly demeanor suddenly changed. She pointed a finger aggressively at Debra's face. "Don't even THINK it! He's taken! Doubly so!

That's right, he's going out with me AND Hillary. And no, there's no room for a third."

Debra held up her hands defensively. "Okay, already! Sheesh! I didn't even say anything."

"No, but you were thinking it, weren't you?"

"I'll admit the idea crossed my mind. But I'll also admit that it probably wouldn't work out. Nick and I don't seem to click, except sexually."

"GOOD!" Maggie said emphatically. "You two are very different kinds of people. Anyone can see that. So don't even try to befriend him. What's happening here is a special sort of exception."

She thought about how to explain that. The truth was that she was playing for time until she and Hillary could figure out how to take away the power of the secrets that Debra knew. But she couldn't say that to Debra, obviously.

Instead, she said, "We did kind of promise you a rematch yesterday, so consider this the rematch. I'm soft hearted. But Hillary, she's not at all. I'd be afraid to even propose the rematch idea with her, unless you liked how she picked you up and carried you around."

Debra blanched. "No! Definitely not!"

"Then enjoy having fun with Nick and me while you can, because this is it. Luckily for you, Hillary was supposed to come to the party but she didn't show up. You'd be a fool to let her or anyone else know this even happened."

Debra had no intention whatsoever of stopping with Nick after tonight. She was having way too much fun! But she figured this wasn't the time or place to make her true intentions known. She ran a finger across her lips as if zipping them up. "My lips are sealed."

"Good!"

The two women were tense after that, and they both chose to close their eyes and rest by leaning against Nick's legs and/or the side of the bed rather than continuing to talk.

After a few minutes, Nick sat back up and looked down at them. But he immediately had to close his eyes again, because seeing them both naked

and on their knees between his legs wasn't helping his cock recover.

His penis had gone half flaccid while he was resting, but looking at their stunning beauty made it as stiff as can be in very quick order.

They had their eyes closed and seemed to be resting contentedly. He almost hated to interrupt them, but he was raring to go again.

He cleared his throat to get their attention, causing them to open their eyes and look up at him.

He was staggered by their naked voluptuous beauty yet again. But it was the cock-hungry looks in their eyes that was the real killer. He had to suppress the urge to groan loudly.

Maggie smiled at him and asked, "How are you doing, Sport?"

"Pretty damn great, I must say," he replied with an even bigger smile. "And how are you, fine ladies?"

Debra said excitedly, "We're raring to go!" She looked to Maggie for confirmation. "Right?"

Maggie nodded and grinned at her.

He said, "Okay, let's keep going with the game. But first, we should kind of take stock of how things are going so far. Now, mind you, the blowjob round isn't over yet, but at this point, I'd have to say that Maggie is in the lead. However, her lead is a fairly narrow one."

That last comment didn't really reflect his opinion, but he wanted to encourage Debra. If nothing else, he didn't want her complaining again about being cheated.

"YES!" Debra triumphantly pumped a fist in the air.

He was surprised. "Hold your horses. Didn't you hear me say that Maggie is the one in the lead?"

"I did. But to even be close is a pretty big victory for me. I can tell that she's, like, a super good cocksucker."

He smiled, and reached down towards Maggie. To his surprise, she took his hand and brought it to her face. She bunched two of his fingers together and started sucking on them.

That blew his mind all over again, especially considering the sultry look she was giving him. Her eyes were telling him how much she wanted to suck his cock some more even more than the sexy way she was sucking his fingers.

"See?!" Debra pointed out. "This is what I have to contend with. I never would have thought of that. And I can't match that look in her eyes. You two are really into each other."

"That's true," he said proudly. "But, that said, I've been impressed with your enthusiasm too. So that's one point in your favor. The other is that you've been really cooperative. And yet you've got a competitive spirit too. For instance, you're obviously eager to win, but you helped fondle my balls during Maggie's turns. That's pretty cool. I'm really impressed with your overall attitude."

Debra beamed so much that she was practically glowing. She admitted, "Yeah, I know, it's weird. To be brutally honest, I'm not normally like this. Partly, I was doing that because you said cooperating would help us win. But also, I'm just really getting into having fun with your cock and your balls! I mean, when it's Maggie's turn, I don't want to stop, but I don't want to get in her way, so that seems like the thing to do."

He nodded approvingly. "It is." He looked to Maggie, who was looking disappointed, even as she kept sucking his fingers. "Now, Maggie, I have to say that you're doing really well too. You're beating Debra with your talent AND your sheer enthusiasm. Plus, you're good at sharing too. But I've come to expect a sky high standard from you, whereas I have to reward Debra for such obvious improvement in a short time. She even swallowed my load when I know she's kind of grossed out about that kind of thing. So I'd have to say that it's close at this point. Maggie, it's true that you're currently winning, but anything still can happen."

Debra's competitive instincts were fired up after hearing she was that close to winning. "Well, fuck! Let's keep going then! It's my turn next, right?" She ostentatiously licked her long tongue all the way around her lips, twice.

But Maggie protested, "I think it's my turn. Isn't it?"

In fact, both women had lost track of whose turn it was, especially since they'd licked his shaft together last time. But Nick's talk and seeing his

raging hard-on had them focused on winning again, so they quickly worked it out.

Debra took her turn next. Her enthusiasm was barely dimmed because of the break. She engulfed him without too much trouble and managed to bob on him without shedding any tears. She considered that significant progress. But Nick's dick had a good break while he was resting, so she had a long ways to go to get him as worked up as he'd been just prior to his last orgasm. Furthermore, he decided to keep the turns shorter than before. She was downright disappointed when he called time after only two minutes and said it was Maggie's turn.

Maggie was determined not to be bested. She didn't realize that he was only saying that the competition was close for diplomatic reasons. She'd licked his balls during Debra's turn so she could win points for being cooperative. Then, when her turn started, she engulfed her son's cockhead and got to bobbing with great suction while also using her tongue. She did her best to go above and beyond anything she'd done to him before.

Debra too wanted to be seen as fully cooperative, so she licked his balls during Maggie's turn. This set a pattern that the two of them would assist during the other woman's turn, usually by doing something pleasurable to his balls or his lower shaft.

After Debra started bobbing with her next turn, while Maggie still licked and fondled his balls, Nick thought, *Holy crap, this is great! This competition idea is awesome. It makes them both so eager. Man, I can't believe this is really happening to me! For some reason, I keep thinking of those guys downstairs, playing video games and snorting lines of coke. I've never used that drug and I'm not gonna start, but I'll bet anything this feels way better than that drug, or any other drug! Shit! I'm on such a winning streak lately that I can't believe it.*

Even bad things are turning out good. Yeah, it kind of sucks that Debra pressured us into this, but for the long term. In the short term, it totally rocks! She's such a sexy fox, and she's getting better at cocksucking literally by the minute! I never would have imagined that the whole fake girlfriend thing would work out THIS well!

Each woman took another turn on his shaft. Nick figured he wasn't anywhere near having to cum yet, and nobody had anywhere else to be. His

plan was to keep alternating relatively short cocksucking turns until either Maggie or Debra started to show signs of getting tired, and then they'd switch to something else, such as titfucks or cunnilingus. He was truly looking forward to going down on the two women, but he thought he'd need to get Maggie extremely worked up first before she'd agree to it.

Debra had just started her next turn when the three of them heard the distant sound of Hillary calling out from somewhere not far away. "Maggie? Nick? Hello? Are you there?"

Nick and Maggie immediately looked to Debra with alarm.

Debra pulled her lips off Nick's boner. She whispered, "Oh shit! What should I do!"

Nick looked around frantically. He didn't want Hillary to find them like this. She would go ballistic first and only ask questions later. He saw the wide open closet door where they'd gotten the flight attendant uniforms. He whispered to Debra, "Quick! Into the closet! Hide there for as long as it takes!"

"Okay!" Debra was petrified. She had visions of Hillary picking her up and tossing her across the room like a strong farmer tossing bales of hay. She quickly got up. Then she remembered her uniform scattered on the floor, and picked it up.

Maggie was very nearly as worried as Debra was. She belatedly realized she'd been enjoying pleasuring Nick's cock with Debra way too much, instead of figuring out a way to get rid of her before long. She helped gather up Debra's uniform. As she did so, she whispered, "Hurry! Hurry!"

Debra nodded. Her eyes were bugged out and her heart was racing wildly. She quietly but quickly scurried to the closet after taking some of the uniform from Maggie's hands. She quietly closed the door behind her.

Just as she did that, Hillary called out again, from much closer this time. "Nick? Maggie?"

Nick looked to Maggie for confirmation. When she nodded at him, he braced himself, and then shouted, "Hillary? We're in here. Let me unlock the door."

He stood up to open the door. His heart was racing wildly, just like Maggie's and Debra's. As he walked to the door, he thought, *Damn! I totally*

forgot about Hillary. I thought for sure that she wasn't coming. We need to get her away from here, and quick, before Debra blows her cover!

Chapter 60: Threesome Fun (Sunday)

Nick went to the door. His heart was beating fast, and for once it was more from fear than arousal. But he told himself, Everything will be fine. Debra's safe inside the closet. There's no way Hillary can figure that out, nor would she want to go in there. We can tell Hillary we're hungry and want to go get dinner, and then Debra can sneak out undetected. No problem.

We'll have to tell her something about our "troubles" with Debra today, but later. Break it to her gently.

He was suddenly very conscious of the fact that he was wearing nothing but a T-shirt, but as long as it was Hillary at the door, and she was alone, he didn't see the need to put on any more clothes. He asked through the door, "is that you, Hillary?"

Hillary replied, "Of course it's me! Hurry up and open the door. I can wait to see you and Maggie. She's there too, right?"

"She is. Are you alone?"

"Yes, I'm alone. Now, open the door already!"

Nick had wanted answers to his questions, but he also was stalling for time, so Maggie could get ready. While he was talking through the door, Maggie hastily picked up her own flight attendant uniform and the left over scraps they'd made.

Although it wasn't strictly necessary, she hid all of those things in a cabinet drawer just so there wouldn't be any questions about the uniform that could lead to more difficult to answer questions. It had independently occurred to both Nick and Maggie that if Hillary saw the sexy flight attendant outfit, she might want to dress up in one of her own. That would logically lead her to look for another one in the closet, and she would almost certainly find Debra hiding in there.

Plus, she also picked up Debra's bikini as well as her own. Although Hillary would have had been very unlikely to know one of them was Debra's, it was still best not to have her see them and wonder why two bikinis had been left on the floor. She had to hide Debra's too.

Nick waited a couple more seconds while Maggie finished cleaning up. To further stall for time, he said, "Just a sec. As you may well imagine, we aren't exactly decent."

Hillary said mirthfully, "I was hoping you'd say that. But don't you dare get decent for me!"

He chuckled. "Don't worry about that." He glanced behind him and saw Maggie standing there naked. She smiled at him and gave him the thumbs up sign. She looked so good standing there with her all-over tan and voluptuous curves, that he actually gasped out loud, and his erection twitched like it was a living creature.

He could never get over just how hot and sexy his mother was. He particularly loved the sight of cum trickling down her inner thighs, plus some cum and/or drool still on her face that had leaked down her chin. He loved that she was proud of showing herself to Hillary like this. Certainly, she at least was aware of the streaks down her chin, and she deliberately failed to wipe herself clean.

He double checked to make sure his T-shirt was pulled down over his boner, just to be extra careful.

Finally, he unlocked and opened the door.

Hillary came rushing in, straight into his arms. "Oh, Nick! I'm so sorry it took me so long." She bumped into his erection right away, and laughed. Within seconds, she had one arm wrapped around his back and a hand on his boner.

She glanced at Maggie standing a few feet behind, long enough to notice that she was completely naked. "Hi, Maggie!"

But nothing more was said, because Nick and Hillary started French kissing. Mere seconds later, Hillary had his T-shirt up above his privates so she could jack him off without any hindrance.

Maggie looked on with amusement. Hillary was fully dressed in "normal" clothing, probably the same clothes that she'd worn on Spencer's yacht. But only a second or two after Nick locked lips with her, both of his hands got busy taking Hillary's clothes off. Maggie chuckled at his strange need to have his women completely naked as much as possible.

She also snickered at the way Hillary was already energetically stroking his erection. She was amused, but also very satisfied. *Aaaah! Now, THAT'S a sight that warms my heart. Hillary knows she doesn't have a normal girlfriend relationship with him and she never will. She's his slut! And she's behaving like a good slut should!*

After a few more moments of staring, Maggie noticed that Hillary had been in such a rush that she didn't completely close the door behind her. So she walked around them, closed the door the rest of the way, and made sure to lock it.

She thought, *That's good I caught that. But now that's not only locking us in, it's locking Debra in! We're going to need to do something about that soon. What if she coughs, or gets all horny and moans or screams? Talk about creating an awkward situation! I shudder to even think about it! I think Hillary would forgive us eventually, if only because she'd direct most of her ire towards Debra, but it would not be pretty.*

After a minute or so of very satisfying kissing with Nick, Hillary had to stop the necking and briefly disengage because Nick was struggling to successfully pull her shirt over her head. While she assisted him with that, she said, "I'm SO sorry for being so very late! And I'm sorry for not calling too."

Nick asked her, "What happened? And by the way, Maggie, can you help me get Hillary the way nature intended her?"

Maggie chuckled. "Sure." Nick already had Hillary bare from the waist up, but Hillary's skirt and panties were stuck part way down her legs, and she had her shoes and socks on too. Maggie got down on her knees and started by taking Hillary's shoes off.

Hillary sighed about her delay. "It's a long story. I'd rather kiss and stroke and suck than talk, so can I just give you the short version now?"

"Sure," he replied. Figuring that Hillary would be doing most of the talking for a while, he hunched over and started sucking on one of her erect nipples. He also held both of her enormous and newly bared F-cups, and lightly caressed them too.

Hillary squealed with delight in response to his attentions. "Oooh! This is the kind of thing I've been waiting all day for! Well, that, plus this." She

squeezed his cock to show what she meant, and then she went back to stroking it. "Gaawwwd, I've missed this so much!"

She looked down as if talking to his cock, although she couldn't actually see any of it due to the way her huge melons were sticking out, with his head and hands all over them. She directly asked his hard-on, instead of him, as she lovingly stroked it with both hands, "Has Maggie been taking good care of you?"

He laughed. "She's been taking VERY good care of him, and me too. We've been having our own party in this room for the last hour or so."

Hillary asked in a teasing voice, like a chiding parent asking if their child broke a curfew, "Has there been cocksucking?"

Maggie joyfully replied before he could. "You damn well better believe it! So much sucking! Can you see it on my chin?"

Hillary looked to Maggie's chin and saw the cum and drool there. She laughed some more. "All right! I love it! But I'm so late that I'm disappointed that I don't see multiple loads splattered all over your face and chest!"

Maggie said, "That's because you know how long it takes him to cum. He's only cum twice. You should have been here just a little while ago. I had to wipe my face clean because the cum was drying up."

"Awwww!" Hillary pouted.

He went back to licking around one of her nipples while continuing to caress her globes with both hands. *Oh, man! How do I let myself get distracted with Debra at all? Debra's a perfect ten, but Hillary is off the scale. And she's smart and fun and has a heart of gold. I can't risk this by having Debra hiding in a closet, but what am I supposed to do? These weird things with Debra keep happening to me!*

He happened to be positioned so he could turn his head just enough to glance at the closet door. He was distressed to see that it was closed nearly all the way. Last he'd checked, seconds before opening the door to the hallway to let Hillary in, it had been completely closed. *Damn! What the hell is Debra thinking?! Does she want to get caught?! I'll bet she has a sneaky side to her and she wants to listen in. Hell, I don't have to bet, I know from what she's done to me yesterday and today!*

He made a mental note to make sure nothing incriminating was said. (However, he wasn't sure what that might be, since Debra knew so much already, and what she didn't know he generally couldn't tell Hillary either.)

He'd meant to prod Hillary to explain what happened with Spencer, but he was so carried away having fun with her nipples and her round tits that he forgot.

Luckily, Hillary was keen to explain herself, so she didn't need prodding, so long as their mutual fondling kept going. She said, "Anyway, the yacht had some engine trouble. We were stuck in open water for far too long. And we were out of cell phone range. Once we finally did get back into range, it turned out my cell phone had gone dead anyway, and Spencer's had too. It was like the perfect storm of problems. I'm REALLY sorry. But at least I'm here now, right? We can still have lots of fun, can't we?"

Nick pulled his lips off Hillary's stiff nipple long enough to say, "Sure we can. But I find the engine trouble highly suspicious."

"You don't trust me?"

"I don't trust HIM! Did you end up having dinner with him on his yacht?"

"It's his parents' yacht, but yeah, I did. People still need to eat, you know." She sighed contentedly as she stroked his cock in a counter-clockwise direction with one hand while tickling his sweet spot with her other one. His shaft was getting slippery with pre-cum already, and she loved when that happened.

"We haven't eaten dinner yet," Nick pointed out. "It's not THAT late. You must have had an early dinner. And I'll bet you ate with just Spencer, in candlelight, with a gorgeous view of the ocean and the stars."

Hillary looked abashed as she realized all of that had happened. "Yeah, I have to admit that's all true. How did you know that?"

He stood all the way back up, since he was being forced to talk too much to keep sucking or licking Hillary's nipples consistently. "Because he's trying to seduce you, of course! Did he kiss you on the lips at some point, or make any other kind of move on you?"

He brought his hands to her fantastic bare ass, since her tits pressed tightly against his T-shirt after he stood up straight, making it hard to fondle much there.

Hillary looked down in embarrassment. "He did, actually, when it came time to say good-bye. At least, he was aiming for my lips. But I turned my head and made him kiss my cheek instead. And that's ALL that happened! I swear! I didn't even let him hug me!"

Nick possessively kneaded and squeezed Hillary's bare ass cheeks some more. "Good. But mark my words, he's trouble! He's out to get you and seduce you. This is just the start of his charm campaign, I'm sure."

Hillary continued to stroke Nick's cock with one hand. She had her other arm around his back at the moment, to pull him in closer. Maggie had just finished taking the rest of her clothes off, so Hillary wrapped a leg around one of Nick's in a sexy manner.

She stated emphatically, "He can try all he wants, but I swear to you that he's not going to get anywhere with me. I belong to YOU! I'm YOUR girlfriend! One of your girlfriends, I mean. And a gloriously naked one, I'm happy to say. Thank you, Maggie." She smiled widely at Maggie for helping to get the rest of her clothes off.

Maggie, who was standing within arm's reach, smiled back. "No sweat. I figure I'd better help take them off before he tears them into shreds."

The two hotties chuckled knowingly at that.

Nick thought, *It's ironic and hypocritical that I get so upset about Hillary possibly kissing Spencer, when I've just spent the last hour getting my cock sucked by Maggie AND Debra! Shit! Okay, it's way worse than hypocritical, if there's an even stronger word for it. I could and will argue that it's a very different kind of thing since we were basically blackmailed into it, but still, it's bad. This stuff with Debra has GOT to stop!*

He forced himself not to glance at the closet. Too much looking in that direction could make Hillary suspicious. He silently sighed to himself. *At the very least, I need to give Hillary more slack about a kiss on the cheek or a hug, given what I've been doing with Debra! Sheesh! And at the same time, I've gotta deal with Spencer in some other way, before matters get worse.*

Ironically, Debra and I have done everything, but she's no real threat because she's not even close to girlfriend material. Whereas Spencer and

Hillary have done nothing, but he IS a real threat because he's ideal boyfriend material!

Hillary looked from Maggie back to Nick, and leaned in to kiss him some more.

However, Nick tilted his head out of range. As he did that, he said, "No offense. I'm dying to kiss you some more. But I think Maggie needs a big kiss too, for her help just now. And because I'm sure she missed you."

Hillary's face lit up. "Oh! Great idea!" Nick completely disengaged, allowing Hillary to turn to Maggie and wrap her arms around her back.

Hillary directed all her attention at Maggie and said, "I hope you did miss me, because I sure missed you!"

Maggie was flustered, since she wasn't expecting any of this. But she didn't have time to protest, because Hillary locked lips with her.

From that moment on, the two raving beauties were transported to another world. Maggie was worried to show too much "lesbian" affection for Hillary, since she was fairly certain that Debra would be peeking on them from the closet. But within seconds, she forgot all about that and let her passions run wild with Hillary.

With her hands freed from Nick, Hillary pulled Maggie in so close that it was like she was trying to squeeze the air out of her. Soon, her hands went down to Maggie's ass cheeks, just as Maggie's hands went to her ass cheeks.

The two of them didn't even try to maintain a pretense that they were "just" kissing, because it wasn't long before they were concentrating as much on rubbing their huge racks together as locking lips and tongue dueling.

Nick stood back and lightly stroked his boner as he watched. *WOW! That's the ultimate vision of two tanned and naked perfect bodies. Seriously, it doesn't get any better than this. How can their lips even meet with that much boob in between them?! I'm so blessed!*

I don't know which one is more beautiful. Heck, that's a stupid question in the first place, because they're both beyond beautiful. I swear, they almost make Debra look ordinary. God, just look at their flawless all-over tans, and the way their hands are sliding all over their silky skin!

I suppose that some other people might say Debra is as beautiful as they are. But not to me, because I love them so very much, and I don't even like her. True, I lust for her in a weird way, but even that is a couple of notches below how much I lust after my two dream girls! Gaawwwd! I'm so fucking horny right now! I'm going to have to stop stroking myself or I'm going to cum!

He was so overwhelmed by lust and love that he couldn't stand by and watch. He stepped forward and wrapped his arms around both of them at once. It was meant as more of a loving hug than an attempt to get sexual with them. He simply couldn't keep away from them.

Hillary and Maggie could feel the love coming from him, and so they very much appreciated his joining in. Hillary was pleasantly surprised, because she was only starting to truly understand how strong his feelings for her were. She loved kissing Maggie, but she was so moved by his gesture that she broke that kiss and kissed him instead.

However, Maggie didn't feel left out. She still had Hillary's awesome body to play with, including their continued tit rubbing, and she started stroking Nick's cock too. That was a combination that put her on cloud nine.

Then it was her turn to kiss Nick, so she did. But that didn't last long, because the kiss between Nick and Hillary ended and she found herself kissing Hillary some more.

The three of them continued like this for several minutes. They traded kisses randomly, as their passions dictated. It was the same with their hands and bodies. Hillary and Maggie made sure that at least one of them had a hand stroking Nick's cock at all times, and often they were both stroking him, or at least playing with his balls, at the same time.

But that was just one attraction in a bounty of delightful sexual temptations. The two busty beauties were just as attracted to each other, and of course Nick's hands explored everywhere as well.

So far, in all the intimate interactions between Maggie and Hillary, Maggie was being very careful not to touch Hillary's pussy, and Hillary was trying to respect that and maintain the same policy in return. That effort continued.

But Nick no longer felt such a limitation with either of them. In fact, he was especially interested in playing with their pussies since he'd been denied the

chance to do that until recently. At times, he had fingers in their slits at the same time.

The three of them grew so passionate that it was truly as if they were all but fucking while standing up. Nick's three-way hug started out mostly loving, but it became very lusty too. This was so true that the three of them tended to forget who was doing what and what the rules were. As a result, there were times when Maggie played with Hillary's clit or pussy lips a little bit, or when Hillary did the same to her.

Maggie didn't even realize what she was doing until she mentally woke up as if from a deep sleep and realized that she somehow had just pushed two fingers into Hillary's slit! Furthermore, she felt Nick pulling on one of her nipples, and that was very okay, and he was stroking her wet pussy lips with a couple of fingers, and that was perfectly fine with her too. But there were fingers from a third hand lightly tugging on her clitoris, which meant that had to be Hillary's hand.

She thought, SHIT! That's not supposed to be happening! What's going on here?! She belatedly pulled her fingers out of Hillary's cunt. I've never even TOUCHED another woman's pussy before, and look what I'm doing now. This is so wrong! Anushka would be pissed.

However, as distraught as Maggie was, she knew that she was so very aroused that she was likely to go back to playing with Hillary's clit if the three-way fun continued. Plus, she didn't know how to get Hillary to stop playing with her clit without having to ruin the great mood the three of them were sharing.

So, instead of talking, which would include admitting the pussy touching violations, she decided to force any such touching to stop by dropping to her knees in front of her son. That was certainly no hardship, because she loved sucking his cock, especially when she shared the experience with Hillary. She started licking his cockhead right away.

But as she did so, she said to Hillary up above, "Nick's cock monster misses your sweet lips. Do you miss him? Here, let me warm him up for you." She engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing on it.

Hillary had been loving the three-way kissing and fondling, especially since she'd been able to touch Maggie's clit and pussy lips for the first time. (As before, her attitude was that if Maggie was doing it to her, she could do it

back.) But when she looked down and saw Maggie's lips sliding back and forth on Nick's thickness, as well as her cheeks sunken in with great suction, she had a new craving. She was suddenly so hungry for cock that she started salivating like mad.

She dropped down to her knees next to Maggie, wrapping one arm around her back. She reached out and fondly slid her fingers on the soaked inches that were out of reach of Maggie's talented mouth.

She purred, "Oh, Nick! I missed this SO much! You may think Spencer is handsome, and he is, but I swear, most of the time I was with him today, I was thinking about THIS! Kneeling naked next to Maggie and taking turns bobbing on your cock monster!"

She giggled at the "cock monster" nickname, which she thought was both silly and accurate. She'd heard Maggie use it from time to time, and she decided she wanted to use it more too.

Maggie suddenly pulled off. She continued to hold and stroke his fat pole, but she turned to look at Hillary. She couldn't resist licking his fat knob some more, but after a few seconds she pointed it towards Hillary's lips. "Here! I've been thinking about this moment much of the day too. Even though I've been bobbing on it a lot today, I've just been keeping it warm for this. It's five times as much fun with the two of us!"

Hillary nodded. "Ten times!" Her head drew in closer, as if she was mesmerized. She stuck her tongue out and closed her eyes in sweet bliss.

But before she could start licking, Nick suddenly staggered backwards.

During the three-way hug, he'd completely forgotten about the fact that Debra was hiding in the closet nearby. But now that he was the only one still standing, he happened to look towards the closet and saw Debra's face peeking out. Although it had probably grown dark outside (he couldn't tell, since the room didn't have any windows), the room was well-lit from the overhead light, and he was surprised at how easily he could see Debra's face. Clearly, she had been both watching and listening with fascination, and in the process of doing so she'd carelessly let the closet door open wider. He could even see some of her naked body, enough to notice that her visible arm seemed to be angled down towards her pussy.

Seeing Debra had freaked him out and got his excited heart racing even faster. He had been relieved that Debra noticed him, because as a result she withdrew deeper into the darkness of the closet so he couldn't any sign of her anymore. She also had closed the door back to how it had been before, with a crack of just an inch or two.

However, he had realized, *Yeah, the door is mostly closed for now, but how long will that last?! Debra isn't likely to be careful for long. She's got nothing better to do in the closet than watch us and play with herself. It'll be a lucky thing if she manages not to make enough noise to get discovered by Hillary! Plus, with the way the three of us are situated in the middle of the room, it will be pure luck if Hillary doesn't look to the closet eventually. I've got to relocate this whole thing before a double blowjob gets started!*

This had all taken place within the span of only a few moments, and that was the reason he'd disengaged.

As he staggered backwards, he said to Hillary and Maggie, "Wait! Before you do that, let me at least sit down on the bed and get comfortable."

His kneeling bombshells smiled at that idea, because him getting comfortable suggested a prolonged sucking session.

Hillary said, "Okay, but hurry! It sounds like I have a LOT of cocksucking to catch up on. I won't feel right until I have a face and chest full of cum!" Then she seductively sucked on two of her fingers while giving him her best "come hither" look.

Nick quickly moved to the bed, even as he gawked at that look and her enormous bare, tanned tits. *Hot damn! Hillary! So fucking sexy!*

He paused before sitting on the bed, because he had an important choice to make about what side of the bed to sit on. The easiest and nearest choice would be to sit on the side facing the door leading to the hallway. But that wouldn't be a strategic improvement from where they'd been standing. If he chose the side of the bed facing away from the closet, his back would be to the closet, and Maggie and Hillary would be facing it. That was bad for a variety of reasons, including the likelihood that Debra wouldn't be able to see much, and might dare to move into the room for a better view.

So instead he chose the side of the bed facing towards the closet. This brought him closer to the closet, so he sat looking right at it from only about

five or six feet away. Getting that close was bad, due to the danger of Debra masturbating and/or panting too loudly, but he figured that was more than made up by the fact that Maggie and Hillary would be facing away from Debra. Plus, because he'd be looking right at the closet, he could keep an eye on Debra and hopefully somehow signal her if she got too loud or otherwise obvious.

Interestingly, his original plan to quickly get out of the room with the excuse to go get dinner was totally forgotten. It would have been the safe thing to do, and he even was quite hungry, but there was a sexual momentum that couldn't be stopped. Hillary, in particular, was ravenous to suck Nick's cock after being away from it all day. Clearly, there was no way she was going to let him leave before she had a chance to suck on it for a long while.

As soon as he sat down on the bed, Hillary and Maggie knelt in front of him, squeezing together between his legs.

Maggie put an arm around Hillary's bare back, and said, "Good idea, Sport. This is MUCH better." She turned to Hillary, and said to her. "I think this is just about my favorite thing to do, ever! Being with you, and slurping and gagging on his fat cock!"

"Definitely!" Hillary leaned in and French kissed Maggie again. Their bodies were still facing Nick with their heads turned for the kiss, so they couldn't do their usual tit rubbing. But within seconds, they each were caressing the other's hefty tits.

Maggie had thought briefly about Debra in the closet while Nick was making his move to the bed. She understood why he chose to sit on this side of the bed, and she was ready to play her part in distracting Hillary from Debra, if need be.

But then she started kissing and fondling Hillary, and she was transported back to a magical nirvana. That drove all thought of Debra out of her mind, at least for now.

Nick watched Maggie and Hillary kiss and fondle each other. *WOW! I don't even need to take part or direct them to do that. If I lived for a thousand years, I don't think I'd ever stop feeling totally thrilled seeing my two great loves loving each other like this.* He chuckled, because Maggie reached out

without looking, found his stiff cock, and started stroking it. But her main attention was still on Hillary.

He sighed in satisfaction from the stimulation of Maggie's renewed handjob. *Aaaah! This is even better! It's true I don't even need to take part, but this does feel much better. All right! Furthermore, I find it adorable that Ma pretty much can't keep her hands off my dick. She's not really doing much to it right now with her attention on Hillary, but it's like she just finds it comforting just to feel it slipping and sliding through her fingers.*

He snickered out loud, because Hillary suddenly reached towards his crotch in exactly the same way Maggie had just done. And just like Maggie, she didn't open her eyes, but blindly fumbled around until she found his shaft. She felt Maggie's hand already there, but that didn't bother her in the slightest, and soon the two of them were stroking him together. However, that remained a side attraction to their main interest in kissing and fondling each other.

Nick felt his stomach grumble, and that took his thoughts in a new direction, even while he was flying high from erotic euphoria. *What time is it? I've lost all track of time, but it has to be seven o'clock by now. It's definitely past dinner time. What happened to my idea to go to dinner to get Debra safely out of here? I know my two lovely dream girls are cock hungry, but I should at least give it a shot.*

With that in mind, he cleared his throat to get attention. "Um, excuse me, ladies..."

They stopped kissing and looked up at him.

"It just occurred to me that I'm getting pretty hungry. I think I just heard my stomach grumble."

"Poor you," Hillary teased. Now that the kissing had been broken, her attention seemed to return to his cock, and in full force. She leaned forward and started licking his cockhead, even as she and Maggie continued to stroke his shaft. "Here, does this make you feel better?"

"Much. Thanks! But we really should go downstairs and eat something. Don't you agree, Maggie?"

Now that Hillary had her attention on his boner, and she even closed her eyes to concentrate on licking it, he wanted to nod knowingly towards the

closet as a secret reminder to Maggie why going downstairs would be a good idea.

But before he could even finish saying "Don't you agree, Maggie," his mother already tilted her head forward too, and got busy licking his hard-on as well. In fact, she moved her hand from his shaft to his balls so there would be more room for both her and Hillary to lick. Clearly, she didn't catch on to his intention in wanting to leave the room now for strategic reasons.

As she licked his sweet spot, she said, "Son, er, Nick, I'm hungry too. But I'm MORE hungry for your cock than food. Don't you agree, Hillary?"

Nick noticed the "Son" mention. *Fuuuuuck! I'm sure Debra heard that and took note. As if we don't have enough trouble convincing her that we're just role-playing the incest. Sheesh! And now she knows that Hillary knows. I'm not sure if that's a good thing or a bad thing, but that's how it is now.*

Hillary replied to Maggie, "Definitely! Can I?" She didn't need to spell out that she was eager to bob on Nick's cock.

"Please do," Maggie replied. She still had a hand on Hillary's nearest boob, and she gave Hillary's nipple a playful pinch.

Then Hillary chuckled. "'Son.' I can't get over how you two play those incest games. You're such freaks, but I mean that in the best possible way!" She laughed some more.

Nick thought, *YES! Thank God! Hillary, I could kiss you! That was the perfect thing to say! And totally unscripted. What a lucky break! Debra will have noticed that, and it'll reinforce that we're only pretending, big time! YES!*

Maggie noticed that too, and was also very glad. She didn't have much in the way of coherent thoughts about it though, because she was so cock-hungry.

Hillary still had a hand on Maggie's nearest boob, ever since their latest French kissing. She leaned in towards Maggie and licked her way around Maggie's erect nipple. She pulled back, and said with a naughty grin, "That's a hint of what I'm going to do to you later. But right now... I've been waiting far too many hours to do this!"

She craned her mouth open wide, and engulfed Nick's cockhead.

He groaned loudly and lustily. Not only did her lips feel fantastic, but she started sucking and sliding with great passion from the get-go, as if trying to make up for lost time. He closed his eyes and clenched his teeth, and tried his best to "endure" the tremendous pleasure.

Maggie sat back to watch. She took her hand off Hillary's boob, but kept a hand around the base of Nick's cock to help hold it in place - and stroke it some. She exclaimed to Hillary, "You go, girl!"

Maggie felt chills and thrills running up and down her spine just from watching Hillary's bobbing head. *Incredible! I love this so much! I really meant it when I said this is five times as great as sucking him by myself, but it IS more like ten. It was fun sharing with Debra, but doing it with Hillary is an entirely different thing. Look at the love and the passion she's showing! Look at those sunken cheeks. That means she's got a tight seal and she's practically sucking his cock right off!*

Debra's never done that, I'm sure. She can barely even lick and suck at the same time. Amateur!

Maggie reached out and ran her hand over Hillary's firm tummy. She slid her hand down, dangerously close to Hillary's clit, right over where Hillary's bush would have been. But she pulled her hand back at the last second, remembering that she wasn't supposed to touch her there.

Then she ran her hand up Hillary's tummy some more, exploring her hips and sides as well. *This is incredible too! My son sure knows how to pick 'em! I'm not bisexual, but if there ever was a woman who could tempt me, it would be Hillary! So fit and flawless! AND she's sucking his cock like her life depends on it! God, look at her go!*

Maggie's attention went from Hillary's body back to Hillary's bobbing head. But her hand continued to roam up to the underside of Hillary's great globes. *Mmmm... I love the feel of these hefty puppies. Hillary is turning me into a tit lover. There's going to be a lot of titfucking tonight, that's for sure! Of my rack AND hers!*

She let go of Nick's boner because she needed two hands to push Hillary's tanned tits together. *Aaaah, yes! So fuckin' HUGE! Look at that. Debra has a nice rack, but Hillary's are TWICE as large! Nick's fat cock monster is going to plow right through all that titty bounty, while I lean in from the*

side, swallow his fat knob, and bob on it until he covers the both of us with a sticky, pearly cum bath!

Despite being coherent enough to occasionally think about Debra's sexual skills, Maggie was too horny to carefully think through Nick's suggestion about going to dinner now, and thus hopefully getting rid of the Debra-in-the-closet problem. Maggie remained vaguely aware that Debra was in the closet only about five feet behind her and almost certainly watching and masturbating, but she figured that was something they'd just have to put up with for a while.

Besides, she kind of got off on the thought of Debra watching. She hoped that Debra would be awed and daunted seeing how a "real" double blowjob was done. In her current extremely horny mindset, she thought it would be a fitting punishment if Debra's desire for Nick grew and grew, but all Debra could do was watch and want without ever actually being allowed to play with Nick and his exceptionally thick cock again. She was too hot and bothered to think through how that approach could just make the problem with Debra even worse.

However, Nick still had the Debra problem very much on his mind. He'd had his eyes closed and his teeth clenched as he frantically squeezed his PC muscle, because the erotic pleasure he was experiencing was beyond intense. But after he somehow survived the initial surge of Hillary's cocksucking without shooting his load, he opened his eyes and took a peek at the closet door right in front of him.

Just as he'd feared, he could see Debra's head peeking through the slightly opened door. To make matters worse, she'd opened the door a few inches wider, like she'd done before, so she could easily see all the action instead of just peeking with one eye through a crack an inch or two wide.

He couldn't believe the absurdity of the situation when she noticed he was looking at her and they made eye contact. Instead of expressing alarm or shame, she smiled widely with her extremely winning smile. That was the smile that would probably put her on the cover of fashion magazines before long. She even waved at him, and accidentally (or not so accidentally) opened the closet door a little wider in the process.

Nick didn't know what to say or do. *This is nuts! Debra is, like, RIGHT there! Hillary's so absorbed with sucking my cock that I could probably*

wave Debra to come closer so I could hold her hand right above Hillary's head if I wanted to. It would be totally insane, but I could do it.

Luckily, Hillary is slurping so loudly, plus the three of us are moaning and breathing heavily in general, that it would take a lot of noise for her to notice Debra is there. Still, people have a strange sixth sense about being stared at from behind. What if Hillary senses something and abruptly turns around?! How the hell would I explain THAT?!

Man, as much as I am LOVING this awesome double blowjob action, I have GOT to get out of here! I need to be more insistent about my dinner plan. Ma and I need to eat anyway, and that'll safely get rid of Debra. Even if she stubbornly stays in the closet for some stupid reason, I could come back ahead and make sure she leaves. Or, hell, we could go to a different room and lock and friggin' barricade the door. Anything is possible, once we manage to leave for dinner!

With that in mind, he cleared his throat again. "Um, ladies?" He looked down at Hillary's head and tried hard to pretend Debra wasn't there, also in his line of sight. "Hillary, I love what you're doing. Love, love, love it! But what if we have dinner and then come back and do this to our heart's content? We can sixty-nine and do all kinds of fun stuff. But we should probably eat first."

Neither Maggie nor Hillary replied at first. Hillary kept on steadily bobbing, while Maggie seemed perfectly content just to watch while idly playing with Hillary's boobs from the side.

But then, after a minute or more, Maggie finally looked up at him and said, "Good idea. But only AFTER we get you to cum. We're not in any big rush, right? I say fuck the party! This is where the real party is. Fuck hunger! Hillary NEEDS your cock, trust me. I know exactly how she feels."

Hillary couldn't speak, but she moaned in loud approval. That actually was precisely how she was feeling. She was grateful to Maggie for making the argument on her behalf.

Maggie added, "By the way, Hillary, did you know that Nick came twice since we got to the room, and he didn't go flaccid at all after EITHER time!"

Nick was disappointed because Maggie had totally shot down his argument. She had no idea about his plan to go downstairs in order to get rid of Debra, and he didn't know how to convey that to her. He thought about using hand gestures if she was looking up while Hillary was sucking with her eyes closed, but he couldn't figure out what gestures would successfully convey his message. To be honest, he was so very aroused from Hillary's cocksucking that it was remarkable he could think or talk at all.

Still, he made one more try. He asked, "I agree. Fuck the party. But why not eat now, to get it out of the way? I could use a long break now anyway, or I'm gonna cum!"

That was definitely true. He was squeezing his PC muscle constantly now, and he knew that if he let up at all, he'd cum right away.

Hillary pulled off his cock in order to respond coherently. She looked up at him while still licking his cockhead. "I totally agree with Maggie. I need this cock in my mouth! I've missed it! But do you really need to take a break?"

He looked at her incredulously. "Yeah?!" There was a questioning tone in his response, as if he was asking, *"How could you doubt that after all your fantastic blowjob work?!"*

She snickered. "Good!" She went back to licking right on his sweet spot. "I'd hate to think my work isn't being appreciated. Here, Maggie, help me out." She put an arm around Maggie's back and pulled her in close.

Maggie happily got busy licking on one side of his erection while Hillary licked on the other. Both of them were playing with their pussies too, so they were riding right on the edge of climax.

He was even more incredulous. *FUUUUUCK! Too intense! I really am going to cum, Debra or no Debra!* He spoke with increased urgency. "Did you not hear me?! I really need to cum! How is this helping?!"

Hillary replied, "I don't know. But it's fun! MMMM! Maggie, I don't know about you, but I want to do this every day from now on. Every day! The two of us together, kneeling naked side by side!"

Maggie replied as she licked, "Agreed! And we will! Maybe not every single day, but most days. This is heaven!"

Hillary moaned erotically. "Mmmm! It is!" She'd been monopolizing Nick's sweet spot, but Maggie was trying to move in to that very favorite spot of hers. Hillary let her, but then she licked up to and all over Maggie's tongue. The two of them had a brief open-mouthed tongue duel of sorts before they started jointly licking his sweet spot.

Nick's eyes bugged out, both from seeing their tongues dance together over his cock, and then from their combined licking effort on his very most sensitive spot. He groaned desperately, and his eyes rolled back into his head. He was sure he'd be cumming in seconds, since they weren't heeding his warning.

But Maggie was getting very attuned to his different moans and other noises, and she could tell from his latest sounds that he was very close to the edge indeed.

So she suddenly pulled off and French kissed Hillary instead. She turned towards Hillary and wrapped both of her arms around her, forcing Hillary to move her head well away from Nick's crotch.

Hillary had been holding the base of his shaft, and she continued to hold it and stroke it some. But nearly all of her attention and lust was diverted to kissing Maggie for the moment.

Nick closed his eyes and concentrated on breathing. He tried hard to completely clear his mind of sexy thoughts and images. After a minute or two of that, his orgasmic crisis more or less passed. Hillary was still giving him a pretty good handjob, but that was practically nothing compared to the double-tongued attack he'd been enjoying before.

Chapter 61: More Threesome Fun (Sunday)

Nick slowly counted to ten, just to be on the safe side, and then opened his eyes. That was a big mistake! The first thing he noticed was the way Hillary and Maggie were kissing. Although they were still kneeling in front of him, they'd turned their upper torsos so they could rub their tits together in the way they loved to do so very much. Each naked bombshell beauty had her hands on the other one's rack, pushing the big tits together for more titty rubbing fun, as well as delighting in the fondling and caressing as well.

The urge to cum came surging back with a vengeance. He had to quickly look away before it was too much to bear. He actually felt dizzy in the head, almost entirely due to what he saw, with Hillary's distracted handjob a lovely afterthought.

But looking away from that titillating sight turned out to be another dangerous disaster because some part of him was curious about what Debra was doing, and he looked towards the closet door.

Not surprisingly, Debra was still watching and masturbating. She was being careful about not making any noise, because Nick hadn't heard anything suspicious from her direction at all. But she was being reckless about keeping the closet door mostly closed. It was open wider than ever before, so much so that he could see a good portion of her body as well as her face. At least the lighting meant Debra was hard to see due to the darkness of the closet.

Then their eyes locked. Debra's face was flushed, and she smiled with a "come hither and fuck me" look when she saw that Nick was looking at her. Then she pushed the door all the way open!

Nick held his breath, because the closet was so close that the door very nearly bumped into Hillary's foot as it swung wide. True, there was about half a foot of clearance, but that was far too close a call for him. He nearly had a heart attack!

What the hell is she thinking?! Does she WANT to get caught?! Isn't she scared of Hillary?! Jesus H. Christ! Thank God Hillary is totally distracted making out with Ma and jacking me off.

He was forced to close his eyes again, because everything was too arousing. But curiosity about Debra got the best of him and he opened his eyes about a minute later. This time, he could see Debra's gloriously naked body from head to toe, and with much better lighting than before. She had a hand at her pussy, and three fingers digging deep into her slit. Her other hand was on her left breast, and she was giving her nipple there a good work-out. He was stunned all over again at how beautiful she was. He had to admit that she was definitely in the same elite league as both Maggie and Hillary, which was the highest compliment he could imagine.

When his eyes finally made it up to her face, her gaze locked on his and she gave him an even more passionate and sultry look. She even ostentatiously licked her lips for good measure. Then, as if that wasn't arousing enough, she looked down at his boner, which was "only" being jacked off by one of Hillary's hands. She brought her hand from her breast up to her face, and mimed as if she was sucking him off. She even pushed her tongue into the inner side of her cheek repeatedly, making it look as if his cockhead was causing her cheek to bulge out.

He had to close his eyes. *Oh God! Fuck me! I'm so fucked! How is it possible that my two dream girls are in love with me now, and then Debra totally wants me on top of that?! If it was just a physical thing, I'd be all over her in a heartbeat, literally! But I have to remember her personality. She's an amoral airhead! She has no loyalty to her boyfriend, or anyone else. Sure, she's a great fuck, and she'd be an even better one if I fucked her when I was energetic and fully sober. And she's really getting into sucking my dick, and getting better at it all the time.*

But, fuck me, man! Why would I ever need anyone more than Ma and Hillary?! They're my future - I hope! I have to keep my eyes on the prize: my two dream girls, forever! Debra's just a sexy flash in the pan that could ruin everything. I need to get her sexy ass out of my life!

Oh God. This is so crazy. I want her so bad! I want to fuck her so bad! But I want Ma and Hillary way, way more. I HAVE to find a way to get out of this.

He had an epiphany. *Hey! If I just cum, that'll solve everything! Then we can go to dinner and get rid of Debra. Why didn't I think of that before? I should have cum five minutes ago, at least.*

However, he considered his situation. Hillary still had a hand around his cock, but it was barely moving. It wouldn't make any sense for him to cum now, when he'd endured such great pleasures earlier. He didn't even feel a great cum-need at the moment. He would just have to wait until Maggie and/or Hillary directed their attention to his erection again.

He decided that in the meantime, he needed to reduce the danger of Debra being discovered. He opened his eyes and smiled at her.

That caused her to smile back, and with an even more wanton and lusty look. She was very, very good at those.

But he ignored that as best he could, even though it gave him butterflies in his stomach. He waved his hand in the air, trying to gesture for her to close her door.

Debra either didn't know what he wanted or pretended that she didn't. She kept on masturbating while giving him sexy stares and suggestively licking her lips.

With Hillary and Maggie passionately kissing each other with their eyes closed, he didn't have to worry much about them noticing, at least for a while. So he mimed closing a door, a couple of times. Even that didn't work. So he pointed at Hillary's head. Then he silently punched a fist into his open hand.

That message got through. Debra's eyes opened wide in alarm. No doubt, she was thinking about Hillary discovering her and then beating her up in an angry rage. She carefully and quietly closed the closet door until the gap was only as wide as her face.

Nick figured that was about the best he could possibly expect. If he tried to get her to close the door more, she'd probably just open it again that much before long, because she couldn't resist the temptation of watching.

He rued that her lack of intelligence was both a blessing and a curse. For instance, she wasn't smart enough to pick up on the clues that Maggie and Nick weren't just role-playing about being mother and son, and then doggedly pursue that until she found out the truth. But her failure to think things through meant that she often acted without considering the danger, as she was doing right now.

He was so frustrated at this that he sighed heavily. *Man! What a clusterfuck. I'll be very lucky indeed if we can get out of her without Debra cumming loudly and thus revealing herself to Hillary. Or doing some other totally stupid thing. Ugh!*

He hadn't meant to, but that sigh made Hillary and Maggie turn their attention back to him. They broke their kissing.

Hillary smiled up at him, and said, "It looks like someone has had enough of a break."

To everyone's surprise, including her own, Maggie said to Hillary, "Excuse me, but I really need this!" Then she lurched forward and engulfed Nick's cock in her mouth.

Hillary chuckled. "That's okay. I can relate." She continued to hold and stroke the lower part of Nick's boner with one hand. She put her free hand on Maggie's back, and lovingly stroked Maggie's medium-length blonde hair.

Once Maggie had a good cocksucking rhythm going, Hillary cooed close to her ear, "That's it! Suck that fat motherfucker! Gag on that fat cock monster!"

Maggie loved that kind of language. She went deeper on her next bobs, enough to audibly gag a little bit.

Hillary was delighted. "That's it! Normally, I'm not for demeaning talk. Nick, if you ever call me your 'sex pet' or something like that, I'll strangle you. I had a boyfriend who tried to call me his 'pet' once, and let's just say he didn't stay my boyfriend long after that. But, that said, I'm getting off on the idea that Maggie and I are your 'sluts,' your cock-hungry, cocksucking sluts!"

Nick didn't say anything, but he thought back to last night when he'd been alone with Debra and Debra had seemingly reveled in "sex pet" talk.

Maggie moaned in agreement with Hillary as she continued to flirt with gagging and choking with each pass. She muttered around his fat pole, "Gooh sluhth."

Hillary made an intelligent guess, "You said 'good sluts,' right?"

Maggie moaned affirmatively.

Hillary beamed, as she kept on stroking Nick's shaft and Maggie's hair with different hands. "That's right! I told you that there's a big difference between being a 'good slut' and a 'bad slut,' and that's as true as ever. I fully and proudly embrace my good slut side. I'm feeling totally slutty right now sharing his cock with you, not to mention the fact that I'm co-girlfriends with you. That's just so very, very slutty! But in a GOOD way! In the BEST way! I love it!"

She looked up at Nick, and gave him a sultry look to rival or surpass any of Debra's recent sultry looks. "Nick, do you mind if I want to be your slut? One of your cocksucking sluts?"

He was too blown away to answer that. In truth, he could barely breathe. Between Hillary's words and Maggie's near deep throat bobbing, this was an ideal time for him to cum. But still, he held out due to some instinct to make the joy last as long as possible.

She loved the look on his face her words had caused. So she continued, "Oh, we'll FUCK. We'll fuck a LOT! You're gonna fuck Maggie and me constantly! But I think double blowjobs are going to be our special thing for our threesome, and we'll do that even MORE! 'Cos we're your personal cocksucking SLUTS! I'm not offended if you call me that. In fact, I want you to!" She licked her lips sensually.

Nick had the thought, *Fucking incredible! But... probably not good that Debra is hearing all this!*

Then Hillary looked at Maggie and said impatiently, "Dammit, Maggie, I'm sorry, but I really need to choke on that cock monster! Right now!"

Maggie pulled off his bulbous knob, and wiped her chin with satisfaction. "Please do! And, oh my God! I so completely agree with everything you just said!"

Nick only had a few seconds to recover from Maggie's fantastic oral talents before Hillary engulfed all of his cockhead and then some.

It turned out that Hillary wasn't just talking about choking on his thickness either - she wanted action! She immediately took him as deeply as she could. Hillary had never deep throated anyone before, and she'd never had any interest in doing so, because she'd heard that it was very difficult, dangerous, and mostly pleasurable just for the man. Furthermore, Nick's

cock was so thick that she was fairly certain it wouldn't fit down her throat anyway.

But although she wasn't willing to fully deep throat him, she took him as deep as she could, just to see what would happen. Her gag reflex was triggered as she literally started choking and gagging on him. Tears came to her eyes as she struggled with his thickness and fought off the urge to throw up.

She'd talked about choking and gagging, but she'd loved the idea and never really done it except to tease with it a little bit. As a result, she was surprised at how very arousing it was to have his great thickness completely fill her oral cavity and make her truly choke and gag.

She had to pull back after just a few seconds, because it was too much to take. But then she went right back at it with even more passion. At the same time, she brought her hand that had been stroking his shaft down to her pussy and started frantically fingering herself.

Maggie was nearly delirious with desire as she heard the sounds of Hillary choking and gagging. Even the sight of tears streaking down Hillary's face gave her a powerful jolt of arousal. She exclaimed, "Oh my God! Hillary, you're doing it! You ARE a slut! Choke on all that fat cock, you shameless SLUT! Gag on it, you sexy bitch!"

Hillary was being honest when she said she didn't like being called demeaning names, and she'd made that clear to Maggie and Nick in recent days. She was very sensitive to any name calling that could be perceived as being demeaning to women. Normally, Maggie would have remembered that and refrained from calling her a "bitch," except she was so carried away that she forgot.

However, although Hillary was reluctant to admit it, her attitude on this tended to change and even flip when she got very aroused. Currently, she was so out of her mind horny that not only did she not mind, she totally loved it. It helped a lot that Maggie said "sexy bitch" instead of just "bitch" and clearly meant it in a positive, "good slut" kind of way.

Hillary still had one arm around Maggie's back, but now she was clutching at her in extreme arousal rather than lovingly stroking her hair. The tables were turned now, and Maggie put her hand on Hillary's back too. She meant to stroke Hillary's long, brunette hair in the same way that Hillary had been

stroking hers, but instead her hand quickly wound up on the back of Hillary's head, and she ended up more holding Hillary in place than anything else.

Maggie masturbated with her other hand as she cooed in Hillary's ear. "Don't stop! Keep on choking on it! Surrender to the power of his thick cock! You're his sexy slut! His big-titted bitch! Just like me! We're his personal cocksuckers! So choke and gag until you drown in his cum!"

Again, normally, Hillary would have been offended by that language. Even Maggie would have been offended, and she tried not to say such things in her own mind, much less out loud. But Hillary's loud choking and gagging aroused both lusty women almost to the point of temporary madness.

Nobody else was paying her any attention at the moment, but Debra was having a strong reaction to what she was seeing and hearing too. Had Devon said any of those things to her, she would have slapped his face. But hearing all this "good slut" talk made her long to be one of Nick's sluts too. Clearly, Hillary had a great sexual passion, just like Maggie, the sort of passion sorely missing in Debra's life. Nick's cock seemed to be like a key that unlocked a door for both Maggie and Hillary and allowed their uninhibited spirits to run wild. Debra longed for that too.

Debra was careful to stay quiet, so she was trying her damndest not to cum. But that was a losing battle, because she was getting so very worked up masturbating to the sight of the back side of Hillary's bobbing head. She couldn't directly see much of the action, but she knew what was happening, and that was plenty hot. By chance, the choking and gagging made for one of the most arousing auditory experiences she'd ever had, so seeing wasn't that crucial for her anyway.

Nick was excited to the brink of some kind of horny insanity too. He started thrusting forward without really planning to. He couldn't really thrust much since he was sitting on the bed, and he only managed to move forward and back about an inch or so. But since Hillary already had his cockhead to her gag reflex, that one inch was a very big deal. She felt like she was being vigorously face fucked - and she loved it!

On the fly, Hillary was figuring out how to choke and gag on his cock with each pass without having to vomit or eject him from her mouth. She'd never done anything like this before with any of her previous boyfriends. It was a

crazy, desperate challenge, but it took her pleasure of cocksucking to a whole new level. She was frantically fingerfucking herself at the same time, and she was ready for a big orgasm. But she held back, because she figured, correctly, that it wouldn't be long until he came too if she kept at it like this.

She also was figuring out on the fly how to choke and gag louder and louder with every pass. She loved just how debauched and wanton it sounded.

But Maggie loved those sounds even more. She was practically delirious just from hearing Hillary's struggles. Yet she kept watching Hillary's face closely as well, and seeing still more tears stream down Hillary's cheeks and the desperate struggle in her facial expression took her to an entirely new level of arousal.

She rapidly finger-banged herself as she screamed, "Nick, fuck her face! Fuck it! And Hillary, you sexy slut, choke on it! Choke until you die! Suck and choke and drain him dry, you big-titted BITCH!"

Nick had forgotten all about his plan to cum on purpose as soon as possible in order to go to dinner. He was struggling not to cum as if his life depended on it, because this was the most arousing thing to happen to him yet. But his overstimulated hard-on could only handle so much, and he could feel his control slipping away.

As if he wasn't aroused enough, just as he felt his balls tightening up and he knew he'd passed the point of no return, he looked up to Debra. She wasn't there! At least, that was his first reaction. But then he saw that she'd fallen to her knees. She was masturbating herself with total abandon, with one hand on a breast and one on her pussy. Her eyes were wide open, like she simply couldn't believe what she was seeing and hearing. He realized that when she'd dropped to her knees she must have accidentally bumped the door, because it was wide open again.

He also worried that if her pussy was leaking copiously, as it almost certainly was, would Hillary detect the musky smell? Debra was so very physically close that it was crazy!

He closed his eyes and screamed out loud. Cum fired out of his cock straight down Hillary's throat. He was truly insane with arousal. He actually saw stars, and he came close to passing out in the middle of his climax.

Thanks to the fact that he'd just looked at Debra, she was still on his mind, despite everything.

Normally, he tried not to make much noise during his climaxes, as he considered it "unmanly" for some reason. But he yelled without restraint. It felt damn good, but he was also hoping that would drown out any sounds of Debra cumming if she came at the same time.

And it was a good thing that he did, because she did cum too. It would have been nearly impossible for her not to. She'd been masturbating more or less non-stop since she'd gone in the closet, but she'd hadn't climaxed a single time for fear of making too much noise. She was way, way overdue. Furthermore, Hillary and Maggie started cumming too, and the urge to do so was infectious and irresistible. Happily, Hillary and Maggie seemed to be trying to outdo Nick in a contest to see who could scream the loudest. As a result, nobody paid any attention to Debra, even when she screamed some too.

Hillary could scream because she pulled away from Nick's cock just as soon as he started to cum. His first rope of cum did go into her mouth, because she could only move so fast. But she considered taking his cum down her throat a waste since she couldn't even taste it. And while cumming on her tongue was better, she much preferred taking it on the face or tits.

Even better for her was sharing that experience with Maggie. So as soon as she pulled his bulbous cockhead out of her mouth, she aimed the tip of it in Maggie's general direction. It all happened so fast that she didn't even know where Maggie's head was at first. But Maggie had been thinking and wanting the exact same thing, and she pinned the side of her head against Hillary's so they each had an ear pressed against the other's.

This enabled Hillary to correctly estimate where Maggie was. She let some cum fly towards Maggie's face, but she quickly redirected the aim towards Maggie's breasts. This was even more important for Hillary, because while she very much enjoyed the earlier tit rubbing with Maggie, she'd sorely missed having Nick's cum as sexy lubrication. She already was anticipating more tit rubbing after all their orgasms were done.

Unfortunately, Nick didn't have as much cum to squirt out as usual. This wasn't so surprising, given that this was his third orgasm in a relatively short time period. As a result, by the time Hillary was done "painting"

Maggie's face and especially her tits, there was hardly any left for herself. She had to make do with the last weak spurts. But she didn't mind, because she knew that the cum on Maggie would be freely shared between them.

Once Nick was all done, Hillary lurched forward and bobbed and sucked on his cock some more. She was hoping against hope that he'd simply stay erect yet again. If so, the three of them could postpone dinner some more and keep on having spermy fun.

But that was not to be. It was nearly unprecedented that Nick had stayed erect through two orgasms, and there was no way he could top that. In fact, his penis went flaccid with unusual speed, even with Hillary doing all she could with talented tongue and lip work to keep him going.

However, Hillary didn't mind much. She was finally sexually satiated, after going without his cock all day long. Plus, if Nick's cock was done, she still had all the cum on Maggie to enjoy.

Nick flopped all the way back on the bed and laid there like a dead man.

Maggie and Hillary both had great orgasms of their own. In fact, they continued to be hit by significant orgasmic "after shocks." But although their bodies were exhausted and liable to shut down for a while, their sheer desire for each other, and Nick's cum, overrode that. They began kissing and fondling each other within seconds of Nick collapsing on the bed.

But Hillary didn't simply make out with Maggie. She carefully licked up a couple of big gobs of cum off Maggie's left cheek first. That allowed the two of them to snowball the cum back and forth as they kissed.

At the same time, they luxuriated in rubbing tits together.

In fact, now that Nick was done for a while, they reoriented their entire bodies towards each other. They remained kneeling, and their knees touched while they kissed and fondled. At first, they clutched each other's ass cheeks for support, but their attention was on the necking and the tit rubbing. It wasn't long because his cum was equally smeared between them.

As time passed, their initial fervor mellowed out. But they remained extremely aroused, even though the pace slowed. From time to time, Hillary swiped another cum gob from Maggie's face and fed it into her mouth. Sometimes, Maggie would suck on Hillary's fingers, or even a few bunched up fingers.

Maggie also ran her fingers through the cummy upper slopes of her tits, above where their tits were rubbing and smearing the cum into each other's skin. Then she would take the cum on her fingers and smear them across Hillary's cheeks, chin, and so on. She even rubbed some of the cum elsewhere, such as on Hillary's ass cheeks and thighs.

In actual fact, there wasn't that much cum to go around, since Nick didn't have much cum left in him at the time. But the two of them made a little go a long way.

Debra, meanwhile, remained on her knees in the closet. She'd had a great orgasm too. It had left her so wiped out that she wouldn't have been able to stand even if she wanted to. But at least she managed to close the door most of the way. Now that she'd come down from her erotic high, she was much more mindful about the danger of being discovered by Hillary. As a result, she kept the door closed enough so there was only a couple of inches for her to peek out.

She was extremely curious about the way Maggie and Hillary were sharing Nick's cum. Her initial reaction was to dismiss it as extremely disgusting. However, many of her attitudes about sex had been overturned in her relatively short time interacting with or watching Maggie, Hillary, and/or Nick. Despite not being that smart, some part of her surmised this could be something else that she'd probably very much enjoy if she could get past her hang-up about cum being gross.

However, it was difficult for her to get past that. She struggled and flip-flopped between being aroused, intrigued, and disgusted by what she was seeing. But one constant was that she was too fascinated to turn away. Besides, there wasn't anything else for her to do but watch. She tried to focus on the parts that she enjoyed as someone who was mainly straight but enjoyed having sex with women sometimes. She liked seeing Maggie and Hillary kiss, fondle, and rub their tits together. She tried to ignore the cummy aspect, but that was next to impossible, because the cum was getting smeared everywhere.

She had a similar attitude about some of the other things she'd witnessed. For instance, it couldn't be denied that watching and especially hearing Hillary choke and gag on Nick's fat cock was one of the hottest things she'd ever seen or heard. But at the same time, she'd hated the few times that her

gag reflex had been accidentally triggered. She knew that she was nowhere near ready to choke and gag on any cock, much less one as thick as Nick's.

Yet she couldn't help but feel very envious about the experience Hillary just had. Strangely, she found herself both hating and loving the idea of trying it as well. And although Nick's cock was significantly thicker than Devon's, she was only interested in doing it to Nick, even though she figured it would be extra difficult and painful with his size.

After a while, the kissing between Maggie and Hillary lessened, giving them a chance to talk between the occasional lingering kiss. Even without the kissing, they couldn't get enough of rubbing their cummy tits together. In fact, they had mostly recovered from their great orgasms, and they were getting worked up again.

Maggie looked over to Nick and saw that he was still wiped out. She guessed that he was still either sleeping or otherwise totally out of it. She said to Hillary, "Good job! Look what you did to him. I think you killed him."

Hillary chuckled at that. "Better him than me. After all, you told me to choke and gag on his cock monster until I drowned in cum."

Maggie blushed profusely. "Ohmigod! I'm SO sorry about that! I'm so very, very sorry!" Her blush deepened as she suddenly recalled some of her other colorful language.

Hillary teased her, "I believe you told me to 'Choke until you die.'"

Maggie wailed in distress, "Oh no! I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!"

Hillary chuckled some more at Maggie's embarrassed response. "Don't worry about it. I just had about the biggest orgasm of my entire life, so I can't exactly complain. It was totally hot in the heat of the moment. Those sorts of comments made me feel even more wanton and slutty, which in turn gave me even more hunger for his cock. So it's all good. And obviously you didn't literally mean that I should die." She rolled her eyes at the absurdity of that.

Maggie breathed a sigh of relief to hear that. However, she was still concerned she'd gone too far with her language. "But all the other things I said too! I'm so ashamed!"

She had both of her hands on Hillary's great F-cups, and she was feeling her up as much as holding those tits together for the tit rubbing. She simply couldn't get enough of Hillary's tits, even in the middle of being profoundly embarrassed.

Hillary was doing the exact same thing to Maggie's tits. There actually was a lot more fondling than tit rubbing going on at the moment, although their nipples were frequently rubbing against each other. She said, "Don't be. There's nothing to be ashamed about. I know I said to Nick that I got offended about being called names, but what happened was very different somehow. In fact, it's making me rethink the whole crude name thing. I really got off on it!"

Maggie breathed another big sigh of relief.

Hillary added, "Mind you, I still don't want to be called anyone's 'pet' or 'cum dump' or something like that. I'm not into that submissive kind of stuff. I'd rather chew off my own leg than call Nick or anyone else my 'master,' even though he is kind of, well... taking charge of both of us. How do you feel about that sort of thing?"

"Oh, I definitely agree with you." In truth, Maggie could tell that she had less of an aversion to that sort of thing than Hillary did. Lately, and more and more, she'd been having some submissive thoughts, and she found them powerfully arousing. But she tried hard not to think along those lines, and tried even harder not to say them out loud, although she didn't always succeed.

Still, she had no interest at all in calling Nick something like 'sir' or 'master.' She was his mother, after all, and she couldn't imagine thinking of him as her boss in that way, even though he was increasingly taking charge, as Hillary had just pointed out.

Hillary said, "That's good to hear. But hearing those things you said, it hit me in a very different way. I think the main thing is that YOU were saying them. You called me a 'sexy bitch.' Remember?"

Maggie's face was red. "Please don't remind me. I don't know what came over me!"

"It's okay!" Hillary caressed one of Maggie's cheeks, where Nick's cum was mostly smeared into her skin already. "If Nick were to call me a 'sexy bitch,'

that would smack of him trying to be smug and superior in a male chauvinist pig sort of way. But, coming from you, it sounds like one 'good slut' giving a compliment to another 'good slut.'"

Maggie brightened. "Exactly! That's exactly how I meant it. It's not a 'let's bow down to Nick' kind of thing, it's a 'let's revel in how totally slutty and wanton we're behaving' kind of thing. Gaawwwd! The way you choked and gagged on his cock? That was literally the sweetest music I've ever heard! That was like a symphony of sex! I was so hot that I'm surprised I didn't melt a hole all the way down to the bedrock!"

Hillary laughed at that. She leaned in and French kissed Maggie in approval. The kiss was loving, intimate, and very arousing. She was so turned-on that she couldn't resist fingering her pussy some more, even though that meant she had to let go of squeezing Maggie's tits together.

After the kiss, Hillary swept up one of the few remaining cum gobs on Maggie's face and fed it into Maggie's mouth. She was going to say more, but Maggie leaned forward, eager to snowball the cum back and forth.

They did that for a while, getting hotter and hotter by the moment.

Debra was slowly recovering. She was paying close attention to everything. She could see how much fun the other three were having. She longed to be a part of it (minus all the cum smearing and snowballing). But her fear of Hillary in particular was just enough to keep herself in the closet. Had she thought she would have been welcomed with open arms, she would have joined them in a heartbeat.

Hillary said to Maggie, "Just between you, me, and Nick, I like being a 'sexy bitch' and 'big-titted slut,' and a 'personal cocksucker,' and all those other things you said. Let's not take it any further than that, at least not for now, but you struck just the right tone. It's not really demeaning... Well, maybe a little bit, but in a good way, if you know what I mean."

Maggie nodded. Again, she was very relieved that Hillary wasn't offended. Plus, she was secretly delighted that she could "let go" and use that kind of language in the future. In her opinion, it had definitely taken the already great erotic peak to an even higher level.

Hillary turned back to Nick lying on the bed (although his feet were still on the floor). She asked, "Nick? Are you awake?"

He grunted.

"Good. Have you been listening to what we've been saying about name calling?"

He grunted again. He really did feel half-dead, and he still couldn't do much more than grunt. But he'd been listening carefully.

Hillary said, "I don't know about YOU saying any of this kind of stuff. If I get all worked up and call myself your 'sexy bitch' or Maggie calls me that, or I call her that, and so on, that's one thing. But if you do, it has a whole different connotation. I don't think I'm ready for that, at least not yet. Is that okay with you?"

He realized that it would be good for him to give a coherent answer. He tried sitting up, but he only made it up a few inches before flopping back to the bed. He didn't open his eyes either, since he knew he wouldn't be able to see much more than ceiling in his current position. But he managed to say, "Understood. Is it okay if I think that kind of stuff though?"

Hillary snickered at that. "Fair enough. You can THINK of me using the kind of language Maggie used. Even now, I'm still so horny that the idea of being one of your two personal, big-titted, cocksucking sluts sounds pretty good. But don't go any further than that in your thoughts though, okay?"

"Okay," he grunted in exhaustion.

Hillary brought her face close to Maggie's so they could kiss some more. But before they resumed, Maggie said, "Wait. As long as we're talking about names, can we address the whole 'girlfriend' issue?"

"Sure," Hillary said.

"We're so NOT his girlfriends, not in the traditional sense. Plus, there's two of us, which blows all those traditions away. It's not like Nick is going to show up at one of our doors with a suit and some flowers and take us to a fancy dinner and then lover's lane for a little necking. No. It's not to say there won't be fancy dates sometimes, but the vast majority of the time, I'm picturing you and me naked together and having fun with his cock. Am I way off with that?"

"Not at all," Hillary replied. "I've never been super orally focused, but when I think of our threesome, the first image that pops into my mind is you and me naked and kneeling between his legs and taking turns bobbing on his fat

cock monster. I hope there's going to be a hell of a lot of that, because it's the best way to share him."

"Exactly!" Maggie said brightly. "That's exactly what pops into my head too. And I hope we can do that every single damn time we meet!"

Maggie and Hillary giggled at that, and playfully rubbed their cummy noses together. Clearly, they were on the same page.

Maggie went on, "So, getting back to 'girlfriend,' of course we can use that sort of term in public. But in private, I think we're more like 'co-sluts.' Is it okay if we call ourselves that, just with each other?"

Hillary thought that over. After a pause, she said, "I can't believe I'm saying this, but... okay!"

Maggie was so happy to hear that that she put a hand behind Hillary's head and pulled her in for another long, scorching hot French kiss. The passion they shared showed how that sort of language helped turn them on.

But after about a minute, Hillary broke the kiss and looked to Nick. There wasn't much to see, since he was still flopped back on the bed with his eyes closed. She said to him, "Hey, Nick. You listening?"

"Uh-huh," he mumbled.

"You heard what we said about being your 'co-sluts.' But I've been thinking about it, and again, I'm much more comfortable imagining me say that or hearing Maggie say it. I'm not saying you can't say it, but please be careful and respectful. If you say, 'Hey, slut, come here,' that's going to piss me off. But if you say in a provocative way, 'Hey, you sexy slut you, give me a great big kiss,' I'll probably really like that."

He was still resting and recovering. He was afraid to lift his head and open his eyes for fear of getting hit without overwhelmingly sexy sights. He wasn't ready for that. But he forced himself to be more lucid and sound more lucid. "Okay. I definitely hear you. It's a fine line, isn't it? I'll probably make some mistakes, but I'll try my best. I'm guessing that what is okay will vary wildly by our shared mood, right? Just like there was a very small window in which Maggie could tell you 'choke until you die' and have you love it instead of smacking her face."

Hillary laughed at that. "Good point! And good example. Yeah, it's tricky, because it obviously will change big time depending on mood. I'll try to cut

you a lot of slack. The key thing though is your attitude, that you don't show any disdain or disrespect, like you're better than us just because you're pretty much in charge of this threesome now. So far, your attitude has been great, which is a big reason why I'm falling for you so fast. Keep it up and good things will happen."

"I think good things are already happening!" He chuckled. "But I get what you mean. And I totally do respect you. I'm 100 percent behind the whole 'good slut' concept. I think it's a beautiful thing to see your or Maggie completely lose yourself in the moment and let your sexual passions run wild. Why the hell would I ever have disdain for that? It should be celebrated!"

Hillary said to Maggie in a playful manner, "Maggie, you've gotta watch out for that 'son' of yours. He's a smoooooth talker. A real silver tongue. With those sort of comments, he's going to make me want to choke and gag on his cock until he showers a rain of cum all over my face!"

Maggie laughed. "I hate to break it to you, but that's exactly what just happened!"

"Oh yeah!" Of course, Hillary knew that and was just jokingly pretending otherwise.

More laughter ensued.

With that resolved, Maggie and Hillary French kissed some more. Both of them were masturbating too, and they were working up to another orgasmic peak. They still rubbed tits together, but not as effectively as before, since they only had one free hand each. The focus turned more to the kissing.

Maggie found herself thinking, *I'm turning into such a slut! It's even official now. If it was just me and Nick, I'd feel bad. But Hillary makes me feel positively thrilled about being a 'good slut.'* That 'good' in front makes all the difference. *There's nothing wrong in letting one's sexual urges run completely wild! It's the most liberating and exhilarating feeling in the world! And without Hillary, I'd be worried about letting my sexual side run out of control. But with her here and sharing the experience, I know everything is going to be okay. She'll catch me if I go astray, and I'll do the same for her.*

Hillary broke the kiss and looked at Maggie with a curious expression.

Maggie asked her, "What?"

Hillary said, "Even during the kiss, I could somehow totally tell you were smiling in a big way. And sure enough, you are. What put that big smile on your face?"

Maggie explained, "I'm just thinking how good it is that we're co-sluts now. I love sharing Nick's cock and his cum with you, but it goes so much further than that. These threesomes make me so happy that I don't know how I could EVER go back to a normal one-on-one relationship! What we have is so magical!"

Hillary raised a curious eyebrow at that. She French kissed Maggie again while she pondered that. Then she ended the kiss, and said, "I know what you mean. I'm getting pretty hooked on all of this too. And yet, Anushka remains very important to me as well."

"Oh, Anushka is great," Maggie started to say.

Nick sat up and opened his eyes. He was mindful of the fact that Debra had to still be hiding in the closet, and still listening to every word. He didn't want Anushka to be discussed with Debra listening in. He was pretty confident that Debra didn't have a clue who Anushka was, and he wanted to keep it that way.

So, to cut the conversation off, as well as to finally solve the Debra-in-the-closet problem, he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh my God, I am SO hungry! This is way past dinner time for me. Let's eat!"

Hillary looked at the streaks of cum on Maggie's face. She ran a finger through a streak and sucked her finger clean. She teased to Maggie, "I think he means eating something other than his cum."

"Awww. Darn." Maggie was all smiles.

Hillary said with impish delight, "HE needs to eat real food and drink, so he can make more cum for us."

"Good point." Maggie turned her head to Nick. "On second thought, Sport, you need to eat. A LOT! Have a BIG dinner!"

Hillary giggled at that. She leaned forward and licked her way along Maggie's jaw line. "He needs to have a big, fat, THICK dinner."

Maggie moaned with arousal. She tugged a little on one of Hillary's nipples with her free hand. "Mmmm! Yes! He needs a big, fat, thick, hot, and throbbing dinner!"

Nick's energy was reviving. The fact that he was sitting up was helping to take him out of his sleepy stupor. He joked, "Um... I'd rather not eat any dinner that's throbbing. How 'bout something normal and non-throbbing, like a pizza?"

Maggie and Hillary were still very much into each other, and still masturbating themselves closer to climax.

Maggie moaned, "Mmmm... Suit yourself. As for me, I definitely want something that's throbbing! Hot and throbbing, and FAT! And about seven inches long."

Hillary moaned erotically in sexy agreement. "Mmmm! Yes! Something that we can suck on for the next few hours!" She glanced at Nick's crotch to see if his penis had engorged again. It hadn't, so she French kissed Maggie again.

This time, Nick could only watch, because their lust for each other spiraled higher and higher. The conversation was forgotten, and the women returned much of their attention back to their tit rubbing.

He thought, *Dear God! This is way too hot! They're such SLUTS! Total sluts! I might get in trouble saying that out loud, but I truly mean it in the best "good slut" way. They're so naked! So tanned! So cummy! So curvy! It's like they're both sex goddesses, not human! And they're both mine! You've gotta be fucking kidding me!*

It soon became clear that Maggie and Hillary were frustrated, because they both wanted to hold each other's huge melons so they could stay in place for some firm tit rubbing, but they also couldn't stop fingering themselves towards climax. They both wanted three hands (at least!) when they only had two.

Nick roused himself a bit more in order to help out. They were still kneeling between his legs, since nobody had really moved since the blowjob action, except for Maggie and Hillary turning in place to face each other. He leaned forward and held the side of the nearest boob for each of them.

They quickly caught on to what he was doing, and they appreciated it. It was clear he wouldn't have to hold them like that for long in any case though, because they were spiraling up to orgasm.

He considered saying something to help push them over the edge. He longed to say something like, "*Cum for me, you sexy bitches!*" But he remembered Hillary's warning that it wasn't the same if he said it. So instead, he said the much more diplomatic, "Cum for me, my beautiful ladies!"

His timing was excellent, because they both started to cum just a few seconds after that (which they would have done anyway). It wasn't as powerful or intense as when the three of them (and Debra!) came together, but it was still very satisfying. Because Maggie and Hillary didn't feel the need to scream this time, they more or less managed to keep on necking through the entire peak experience. They did moan and even yell into each other's mouths some, which only served to thrill them still more.

When the orgasmic kissing ended, they turned around and sat with their backs against the bed to rest. This was dangerous, because it meant Hillary was facing the closet with Debra in it.

Luckily, Debra had enough sense to hide deeper in the closet, and away from the open crack, before Hillary and Maggie finished repositioning. She'd been deeply impressed by the latest kissing. Her desire was growing ever higher all the time, and not just for Nick, but increasingly for Maggie and Hillary too.

Maggie had forgotten all about Debra even being in the room, but seeing the closet door brought a lot of recent history back into her mind. She breathed a secret sigh of relief that there was no sign of Debra. Yet knowing that Debra had to still be there gave her a secret thrill.

She glanced to Hillary beside her and was relieved to see that Hillary was showing no interest in the closet at all. She said to Nick, "Hold on, Sport. Give us a minute to recover, okay?"

Nick grunted affirmatively. He repositioned too, just to get more comfortable. He scooted up the bed so he was leaning on some pillows against the headboard.

He was as sexually satiated and as happy as he could be. *Man! Wow! What an evening! The whole thing with Debra has been scary. There was a close call with her when my dream girls repositioned. But we've made it this far. We're almost out of the wood. I feel positive we'll be able to make it out of the room without Hillary discovering Debra. Thank God for that!*

Boy. If we can make it out of here without disaster, *I'm going to have to believe in God, because there must be a supernatural power looking over me. Fuck, man! Debra! Ma! AND Hillary! This CAN'T be happening. But it IS!*

Maggie and Hillary held hands while they rested with their eyes closed.

Maggie found herself thinking, *This is nice. So nice! I have to admit... God, this is so hard to say! But I have to admit that my feelings for Hillary are growing. She's rapidly becoming my very best friend. I still don't know her that well, but times like this are a bigger bond than many hours of conversation. I really LIKE her. She's so nice and smart and funny and... everything. Boy, does my son have great taste!*

But the scary part is that my feelings are much more than that of a friend. I'm really enjoying kissing and fondling her, and it's not just because of Nick's cum! True, that's a lubricant, in more ways than one, but I'm perfectly delighted kissing and fondling her even without his cum, like we were doing when she first came in this room. To be honest, just thinking about her starts my heart racing! She's so HOT! There's no way to get around that. I still think I'm totally straight, but she's so very sexy that she turns even someone like me temporarily bisexual.

Her body is so curvy and flawless! And her breasts! Dammit, I could spend hours just playing with her squeezable, bouncy breasts. Not to mention the rest of her! Heck, I even touched her pussy and clitoris for the first time, and she touched mine, and I liked it! Hell, who am I trying to kid? There was a lot more than just some incidental touching. Somehow, my fingers actually wound up INSIDE her! And in the heat of the moment I liked that too!

This is bad. I shouldn't be feeling this way. Anushka would be pissed. I feel like I lied to her when I insisted I didn't have any feelings for Hillary. I don't know what to do about that, but I'll need to think of something. And to make

matters worse, my feelings for Hillary seem to be growing by the day. No, by the hour!

Not that I'm loving Nick any less. In fact, I'm loving him more and more too. Dammit! All I want to do is lie around naked all day, sucking Nick's cock and then licking his cum off Hillary's tits and snowballing it back and forth with her! It's going to be so hard to try to go back to normal tomorrow when they go back to school.

Shit! That reminds me that they're both high schoolers. I could probably go to prison for this. It's fucked up. But I can't stop. No way!

A few minutes later, Maggie and Hillary roused themselves. They stood up and started looking for their clothes scattered on the floor so they could go downstairs with Nick. (Even though Hillary had eaten dinner with Spencer earlier, she wanted to accompany them.)

Now that Maggie had admitted her lust for Hillary to herself, she was even more intimate and touchy-feely with her. They helped each other dress, with a lot of kissing and caressing along the way. In fact, had it not been for Maggie's growing hunger, it was doubtful she would have had the willpower to actually put any clothes back on.

Nick would have felt jealous, except that he knew how much they lusted for and loved him too. (Although he and Hillary hadn't used the "love" word with each other yet, he knew he loved her dearly and he could see her feelings for him were growing stronger all the time. Maggie was right that experiences like this were more bonding than many hours of conversation.)

Maggie faced the problem that she only had her bikini to put on, which she'd put in a cabinet drawer along with Debra's bikini and the cut-up flight attendant uniforms. Night had certainly fallen by now, and she didn't like the idea of going downstairs in just her bikini, especially when Hillary was fully dressed. So she suggested out loud that she check the closet to see if she could borrow some clothes there that might fit her.

Hillary certainly didn't have any objection to that. But she said, "Okay, you can do that. But you need to pay the price for borrowing the clothes of a complete stranger."

Maggie asked, "What's the price?"

Hillary replied with a sexy smile, "Borrowing without asking is a very naughty thing to, and that makes you a naughty girl, so you need to dress as such. Borrow what you like, but no underwear or bikini underneath. AND, you still have a lot of Nick's cum smeared into you. You even have some visible streaks on your boobs. You're not allowed to clean that up either!"

Maggie felt a jolt of arousal shoot down her spine. She smiled from ear to ear. "I wouldn't have it any other way. After all, we're a couple of sexy sluts. But the same rules apply to you. I know I have more cum on me, but I managed to smear a lot on you. Keep it that way. I want you to smell like Nick's cum from head to toe. And no undies or bikini for you either."

Hillary bowed politely towards Maggie. "But of course, my slutty lady." Standing up straight again, she wagged a finger. "But I warn you: you're gonna smell like Nick's cock from head to toe too. Which means I don't know how I'll be able to keep my hands or my lips off you, even in public."

Maggie beamed. "What a horrible fate!" But then she frowned, and said more seriously, "Unfortunately, you need to try. We don't want the people downstairs to get the wrong idea."

Hillary had to frown too. "Yeah. I know. Especially because half that crowd are from the Academy. We have to be extra careful not to do anything in public that Anushka's girlfriend wouldn't do."

With that agreed, Maggie went to the closet. In addition to finding some clothes, she also wanted to find out what had happened to Debra and at least confirm that she was still there.

Nick knew that Maggie would have to have some kind of contact with Debra when she went to the closet. He also knew that it was vital that Hillary didn't go to the closet to help Maggie find something to wear, or even just to look at her over there.

So he immediately went to Hillary and put his arms around her. He said, "Hey, please don't forget about me. Can I have a nice kiss from you too?"

Hillary smiled brightly at that. "Certainly!"

The two of them started to neck in the middle of the room. Nick was careful to angle their bodies so Hillary wouldn't be able to look over his shoulder towards the closet. And Hillary wasn't wearing any clothes yet while Nick

just had his T-shirt on, so the kiss turned serious fast. There was a lot of fun being had by wandering hands.

Maggie looked back to see Nick and Hillary going at each other hot and heavy before she got to the closet. That gave her confidence that she could deal with Debra discreetly, if she was very quiet about it. She was careful to open the closet door as little as possible, and then close it nearly all the way behind her once she was inside. She left a slight crack though, to allow enough light in to see where Debra was.

It was a big walk-in closet, and it got dark fast with the door closed nearly all the way. Furthermore, it was clear that Debra was hiding. So she didn't see Debra at first. She whispered very quietly, "Debra, it's me, Maggie. I know you're in here. We can talk if we're very, very quiet. Where are you?"

Debra whispered back, very, very quietly, "Over here."

Maggie followed the sound of her voice and found Debra behind some racks of clothes. She still couldn't really see her in the darkness since her eyes were only starting to adjust, but she could sense she was there. She started looking for some clothes to wear to dinner, since she couldn't stay in the closet for long.

She whispered, "We're going to go have dinner now. You DON'T want Hillary to find you here! You know how mad she'll get. So you need to be gone by the time we get back. Clear?"

"Clear." After a pause, Debra shyly added, "By the way, what you all did... that was so very, very hot! I can't even believe it!"

Maggie was secretly pleased to hear that. But she whispered with warning, "You'd better not tell anyone about any of it, or Hillary will find out one way or another, and then she'll kick your ass!"

Upon consideration, Maggie figured that Debra would be greatly tempted to tell someone about what she'd seen, since Debra didn't seem to have a lot of self-control or common sense. So she added, "If you must talk to someone about it, talk to me. Okay?"

Debra whispered back with pleasant surprise, "Okay. I'd like that."

Maggie replied, "Okay, enough talking. It's too risky. I'll see you later. Leave a couple of minutes after we've gone. Oh, and I left your bikini in a cabinet drawer near the front door."

"Okay. Later."

Maggie felt awkward leaving things with her like that.

Apparently, Debra did too, because she silently pushed her way through the clothes until she was standing right in front of Maggie. She stood there looking down, seemingly bashful about the situation, not to mention her total nudity. She cupped her pussy at first, but then dropped her arms to her sides.

Reacting on impulse, Maggie stepped forward and gave Debra a hug.

Debra firmly hugged her back and briefly kissed her lips. She whispered with new energy, "Thanks!" Then she withdrew back into her dark hiding place behind the clothes.

Maggie felt curiously heartened by that hug. She wanted to still hate Debra, and she told herself that she did, but she also knew that she'd bonded with her in some strange sort of way. She understood much better what Nick meant when he talked about his bonding with Debra. She was gladdened to end things with her on a positive note.

Maggie kept quiet after that, and tried to act like Debra wasn't there. She opened the door some more to better see the clothes, and then picked out something to wear. She chose several different outfits to try on. She didn't select them by how sexy they were. She figured Nick had been plenty aroused lately, and he could stand to cool down during dinner. Instead, she looked for baggy or loose clothes that stood a better chance of fitting her voluptuous body.

A few minutes later, Maggie stood back in the main room in some clothes she'd picked out. She wasn't going to win any fashion award with them, but luckily Belle had been roughly her size with a surprisingly voluptuous figure, and they more or less fit. She figured it was close enough to get through one dinner, in any case. She hadn't ever seen even a picture of Belle, but given how curvy Belle's daughter Shannon was, it wasn't a surprise they had similar figures.

Nick and Hillary reluctantly disengaged and put their own clothes on. Nick pulled his swimsuit back on, leaving him in just that and his T-shirt. There wasn't anything he could do about his lack of more clothes at the moment, since all the other clothes in the room were for women.

Neither Maggie nor Hillary wore particularly sexy outfits. However, they felt very sexy in their minds, because they went without underwear and they "wore" Nick's cum as well. The underwear factor wasn't that big, but the cum factor was a great secret thrill.

Finally, the three of them left the room together. They walked hand in hand down the hall. Maggie had put her red high heels back on. She relished merely walking in them, because even that helped make her feel sexy and slutty.

Both Maggie and Nick secretly breathed big sighs of relief that the crisis of Debra hiding in the closet appeared to be over. They thought that with Debra gone, they could come back upstairs and have even more fun with Hillary without worries about Debra getting in the way.

Chapter 62: Catching Up with Hillary (Sunday)

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary headed down the hall to the stairs on their way to dinner. When they got to the ground floor, they found the same group of four guys playing video games. But other than that, no one seemed to be around.

However, they kept moving through the house and they found a small crowd in and around the hot tub. More new people had arrived, so there are about a dozen in that crowd, most of them girls.

Maggie was displeased to see this. Most of the girls were topless, or at least wearing sexy bikinis. It was a reasonably warm night for September in Southern California, plus the hot tub was heating the air. Also, Maggie didn't realize it, but Shannon's family was so rich that they had outdoor heaters subtly built into the surroundings around the hot tub, which could be adjusted as part of the hot tub controls. As a result, the girls were far more interested in showing off their sexy bodies than worrying about any cold.

Maggie would have fit in nicely with her bikini, but she'd left it upstairs. Her only current option was wearing some of Belle's unfashionable clothes that didn't really fit her. Furthermore, she could see Shannon's mane of dark red hair at the hot tub. Since Shannon was Belle's daughter, she might recognize that the clothes Maggie was wearing belonged to Belle.

Maggie stopped in the empty kitchen before the hot tub group noticed the three of them. She asked Nick, "Can you do me a favor?"

"Sure. Anything for you."

She smiled at that. "I don't want to go out there like this, in clothes that aren't even mine. But I left my dress near the hot tub, just as you left your slacks and other things there too. Could you discreetly get my dress and bring it back here? And maybe you should retrieve your clothes too."

He nodded. "Good idea." He looked through the kitchen window to the hot tub group. The hot tub was well to the left side of kitchen, but it could still be seen through the window. He was feeling suddenly shy about mingling with that group of "beautiful people." His penis was flaccid and he was feeling totally sexually satiated, so he didn't have his horny courage that he'd often had in these situations lately.

He looked to Maggie and Hillary, and asked hesitantly, "Um... Should I go there alone?" He asked Hillary, "Maybe you could come with me?"

Hillary said cryptically, "My lips are cold."

Both Maggie and Nick just looked at her in confusion.

She let them be confused for a few moments, and then gave Maggie a very sultry look. She purred huskily, "I was hoping you'd keep them warm with me."

Maggie blushed and looked around. She was relieved to confirm that no one could overhear that. She pushed Hillary, but gently. "Behave, you! Remember, we're in a public place, where anyone might wander by. We're not supposed to be like that."

Hillary sighed sadly. "You're right. Sorry. It's just that you look so yummy."

Maggie's blush deepened, and she turned her head bashfully. But she muttered quietly, "You do too."

Hillary heard that, just barely. But still, she asked, "What was that?"

Maggie turned to resume eye contact with her, and growled with irritation, "You heard me. You do too. I would LOVE to kiss you until the cows come home! But not here. Not now." She looked around suspiciously again.

Hillary beamed. She commented gleefully, "I don't know when the cows come home. Nick, are there any cows around here?"

"None at all that I know of." He was smiling, because he loved that his two great loves were getting so intimate and sensual towards each other.

Hillary triumphantly concluded to Maggie, "Thus, they can't come home. So if we start kissing, we might have to never stop!" She pretended to be distressed by that, although she couldn't stop smiling. "It's too dangerous."

She turned to Nick. "I'd better go with you, because I don't know if I can control myself around your other sexy girlfriend. At least not until we get some intel on which cows live around here and when they're coming home." She smirked. "Besides, I suppose I at least need to be in SOME face time, so at least it's known that I came back to the party."

So Hillary and Nick started to head to the back patio while Maggie lingered in the kitchen. But before they went outside, Maggie said to Nick, "By the way, Sport, please talk to Shannon and ask her what we can do about

dinner. I'll bet the others have eaten, but maybe there's still something we can have."

Nick wanted to just grab the clothes, ask about the food, and go, but it wasn't that easy. Once he and Hillary got to the hot tub bunch, they had to linger and make small talk. Hillary switched into a socializing mode and tried to work her way through the group so she could make some "face time" small talk with all of them.

Nick was still feeling shy. Even though the girls were generally beautiful, and usually topless, he wasn't interested. They seemed like nuns compared to what he'd just experienced upstairs.

He stuck near Shannon and talked just to her, both because she was one of the few people there he knew and also because he needed to ask her about dinner. She was topless and her breasts were spectacular, but he felt a level of comfort with her. He got the impression that most of the "beautiful people" would smile to your face and then stab you in your back, but Shannon was genuinely nice.

He got the clothes that he and Maggie had left behind, and he asked about dinner right away.

However, Shannon wanted to make some small talk before she got around to answering that. He was squatting next to the hot tub in his swimsuit and T-shirt, while she was sitting in it. She came all the way out, proudly showing off her sopping wet double-D-cups. She patted a spot on the deck. "Here, sit down for a minute. Dangle your feet in the tub. What's your hurry?"

He sat down, and said, "Maggie's waiting inside, in the kitchen. We're both really hungry."

"Ah. Then I'll be fast. I just wanted to ask you something. I noticed that you and her disappeared for at least an hour, and now you're back. I'm just wondering what happened."

He considered lying, but he couldn't think of any plausible one. So he bashfully admitted, "Um, ah... we might have been upstairs."

She smirk-smiled at that. "You 'might have been,' huh? But it's a mystery. Nobody knows for sure, not even you?"

He looked away shyly. "Well..." He knew there was no good reason to spend that much time upstairs unless something sexual was happening.

Shannon said, "You know, pretty recently, we heard some pretty weird and loud shouting. Prolonged screaming, actually. It sounded a lot like it came from the upper floors. And everyone else was accounted for, either here or on the ground floor, except for you and Maggie. Hmmm..."

His face was turning red, and he couldn't make eye contact. "Well..." He was totally stumped about what to say, but his lack of a coherent response said volumes.

She chuckled, and put a hand on his nearest knee.

That touch surprised him. He looked around for Shannon's boyfriend Devon, but didn't see him.

She said, "Sorry for giving you a hard time. Don't worry, it's totally cool. If you and Maggie want to have a little fun upstairs, feel free. God knows everybody else does."

"Thanks." He felt a little better hearing that, but he was still dying of embarrassment.

She added, "That said, you two are uniquely vocal. I suspect you were in a room without windows because your screams sounded muffled, but we could hear them just the same. That's impressive. You two make a great couple. I love that kind of passion."

He was still being silent, so she looked him over. "And you're an interesting one. Sometimes, like at the party last night, you come on like mysterious Joe Cool. But other times, like right now, you're the cute and bashful shy guy. Yep, definitely interesting."

He looked up and got a brief and tantalizing glimpse of Shannon's impressive and water-soaked bare chest. But he quickly looked past her to the others around the hot tub. "Well, it's just that I'm not used to this kind of scene. I haven't been to a lot of parties like this before." In truth, he hadn't been to any.

She still had a hand on his knee, but was merely keeping it still there. "Don't worry, you're definitely welcome here. As for your dinner question, the rest of us ate a little while ago. You missed out on a good meal. Unfortunately, I don't have a whole lot to offer. However, there are a couple

of gourmet pizzas in the freezer. Help yourself to that and whatever else you can scrounge up. My kitchen is your kitchen."

"Thanks." He started to get up.

She reached out and touched his arm. "Oh, and Nick?"

"Yeah?"

"Sorry for kind of teasing you about the whole upstairs thing. I couldn't resist. It's just that when you're acting all bashful and shy, you're irresistibly teasing."

He stood up and forced a smile. "No worries. We're going to go inside and see about one of those pizzas. Maybe we'll see you in there."

"Maybe."

He breathed a sigh of relief when he was able to get away from the hot tub crowd without having to do any more talking. He noticed though that Hillary stayed behind. She was sitting in a cluster of several people and engaged in conversation.

He came back to the kitchen, found Maggie, and gave her her dress.

Maggie went to a nearby bathroom to change into it.

Meanwhile, Nick found the frozen pizzas. He discovered one was just a cheese pizza, which was key since he was vegetarian. He remembered that Hillary was vegan, which would have been a problem, but he also was aware that she'd already eaten dinner with Spencer. So he started getting the pizza ready. Just cheese pizza seemed boring, but he found green peppers, onions, and other things to add to it in the refrigerator, so he started working on spicing it up.

Maggie came back in her gorgeous dress, looking even better because she wasn't wearing any underwear. She took over working on the pizza while Nick went off to change into his slacks.

He didn't need to, since pretty much everyone else was in a bathing suit, if not partially naked. However, he worried about getting obvious erections, and his slacks would at least provide some cover. He was particularly concerned about popping a boner due to Shannon. After everything that had happened with Debra, he didn't want to get into any more trouble.

When Nick came back, Maggie gave him a discouraging frown. "Awww! What did you go and do that for? Now I can't see any bulge at all."

"You don't know the half of it," he replied. "I'm wearing my swimsuit under this for double layer protection."

She pouted. "Now, you're just trying to make me sad."

He drew up to her and whispered in her ear. "Sorry, but it's better if I don't get ill-timed erections, especially with Hillary around. What if I do get a big bulge in my pants, and she sees it and overtly licks her lips or something?"

"That's true," Maggie grumbled. "I suppose."

He whispered, "Look on the bright side. I'm flaccid now anyway. And soon the three of us will be back upstairs, sans Debra, and you and Hillary can have a cocky, cummy feast!"

Maggie licked her lips ostentatiously. "Mmmm! Now we're talking!"

He stepped away from her. "All we have to do is behave until then."

She nodded, but thought, *That's easy for YOU to say, Son! You don't have this craving to suck that I do. To strip naked and suck your big fat cock like the total slut that I really am! Tonight, there shall be much rejoicing, and sharing, and throbbing hot cock, and sliding lips, and busy tongues, and cum-soaked faces! I can't wait! Oh, and I want some serious titfucking action too. Maybe even face fucking. That's my favorite!*

Maggie and Nick were both working on the pizza a couple of minutes later when Debra came into the kitchen area. Debra had put on her bikini at first, but then she'd gone to the top floor and found the clothes she'd originally arrived in and wore those over the bikini. So she was wearing a sexy and revealing dress much like Maggie's. She'd also freshened up in the bathroom, and she looked great.

She pretended like she'd just arrived at the party and greeted Maggie and Nick like long-lost friends, even though the three of them knew very well that wasn't true.

She even had the chutzpah to give Nick and Maggie hugs and pecks on the cheek. She could smell the faint residue of Nick's cum there, and that gave her a thrill, but she didn't mention it.

Maggie just rolled her eyes after the hug and said to Debra, "Save your act for Hillary. She's outside by the hot tub right now, you know. When she sees that you're here, she's going to be pissed!"

Debra went to the kitchen window and looked to the hot tub, where she saw Hillary still with the others and making small talk. Since no one else was in the kitchen, she felt she could talk fairly freely. She asked, "Why would she be mad at me? She doesn't know that I was upstairs too, right?"

Maggie said, "SSSSH! If you're going to talk about that, can you at least whisper?!"

"Sorry," Debra said in a whisper, not sounding that sorry.

Maggie moved closer to Debra so she could quietly whisper to her. "As to your question, no, she doesn't know, and you should be damn thankful about that. But she's still upset over what happened yesterday, with you trying to take pictures of us and all that. If I were you, I'd skedaddle before she sees you."

Debra didn't seem alarmed. She quietly asked, "Hey, speaking of taking pictures, what happened to my camera?! Do you still have it?"

Maggie replied, "I do. And I promise I'll give it back to you soon. But just the camera. I'm keeping the pictures!"

"Fair enough." After a pause, curiosity got to her, and she asked, "How did the pictures turn out?"

Maggie gave her an exasperated look. "I can't tell you that!"

"Why not? Come on. Can't you just give me a vague idea? I'll bet they were super smoking hot!"

Maggie couldn't help but grin a little as she recalled the pictures. "Yeah, they were that."

"Even the ones of me? I know there have to be a lot of pictures of me trying to slip and slide my lips over Nick's incredibly thick dick."

Maggie was growing flustered and aroused, thanks to thoughts of the photos. Thinking about Debra bobbing on Nick's shaft aroused her nearly as much as thoughts of her doing that to him. "Stop asking so many questions already!"

"Okay. But just answer that one, please? Did the ones of me with Nick's bone crammed in my mouth look hot?"

"Yes, they did. Okay? Enough of that topic!"

Instead of leaving, Debra continued to linger and chat. It was suddenly like she was best pals with both Maggie and Nick, which the two of them found strange.

Yet what was even stranger was they managed to chit chat just fine, despite practically a whole herd of metaphorical elephants in the room.

After Nick put the pizza in the oven, he began worrying how Hillary would react when she came back and saw Debra. He decided it would be better if he cut her off at the pass and alerted her that Debra was here, to help her deal with that fact. Besides, he had some other things he'd been wanting to say to her in private.

So, with Debra and Maggie talking to each other and keeping an eye on the pizza, he explained that he was going to go back outside to talk to Hillary.

He found Hillary still chatting with some of the hot tub group, but he managed to take her away from that to a private spot elsewhere on the back balcony. It was a big balcony that wrapped around the entire backside of the big mansion, so he was able to take her far from both the hot tub and kitchen areas, around a bend so they couldn't be seen from afar.

However, there was still a chance of some strangers coming around the bend and seeing them up close, so it was dangerous for them to intimately hug or kiss, given that he was supposed to only be dating Maggie

Hillary gave him a hug just the same, but she kept it short. "What's up?"

"There are some things I wanted to talk to you about."

"Okay, cool. Lay it on me."

"Things have been moving fast, very fast. Both between me and you, Maggie and me, Maggie and you, and so on. Including Anushka too. Did you know Maggie and I had lunch with her today?"

"I got a message on my phone from Anushka that that was a plan. But then my phone died, and I couldn't get a signal to call her back, so that's all I know. But I must say that I'm very glad to hear that happened, especially if it went well. Did it go well?"

His face lit up with fond memories. "Are you kidding me?! It was GREAT! I couldn't believe it. The three of us were like best friends by the end. Seriously. It was a super long lunch, and we really bonded. Like, three hours long long! I was already getting along well with Anushka from the last time we met, and we got along even better. But what really surprised me was Maggie and Anushka. They connected on many levels."

He hesitated. "I don't know if I should say this..."

Hillary said, "Trust me, Anushka and I talk about EVERYTHING. If it happened at the lunch, I'm gonna hear about it from her, and in great detail."

"Well, even so, I don't want to say much, because it's up to Anushka to decide what she wants to reveal to you. But I can say that Anushka really opened up emotionally to us. She told us some secrets and generally treated us like we were already great friends."

Hillary asked with great interest, "What kind of secrets?!"

"Again, that's up to her to share with you. I wouldn't want to say the wrong thing and get her mad at me." He strongly suspected there were secrets Anushka wasn't going to tell to Hillary since they concerned Hillary, so he definitely didn't want to say too much. "But my point is, it really was like instant good friends. And that's such a relief, because I thought they could become enemies of a sort."

Hillary smiled widely. "That IS very good news! I've been worried about the same thing. Tell me more!"

"Later. I need to keep this short because I have other stuff I want to discuss, and we've got a pizza in the oven that'll be ready in about ten minutes. By the way, I hope you don't mind, but it's a cheese pizza. I figured you've eaten already."

She waved that off. "Don't worry about it. I did eat, so I'm good. Besides, pretty much all pizza is cheese pizza. Have you ever tried vegan pizza, with fake cheese? I hate to admit it, but it's not very good. One of the biggest problems with being vegan is the lack of good pizza."

He was impatient. "Let's not worry about that right now. There's stuff I've been dying to talk to you about one-on-one. For instance, the way you and Maggie are getting along."

"What about us?" Hillary asked guardedly. She worried that he might want her to scale back her physical intimacy with Maggie.

He pointed out, "In a very short time, things have gotten VERY physical and intimate with you. Remember how I 'forced' you two to kiss on the lips? That seems like years ago to me because so much has happened since, but it was just a couple of days ago!"

Hillary smiled as she thought back to that time. "Thanks for doing that. That was great."

He said, quietly and confidentially, "Look. You're bisexual. You're very open about it, and I think that's very cool. But it's also obvious that you're extremely attracted to Maggie. That would be a big problem if she was completely straight, like she claims to be, but after what's happened between you two in the last day or two, I think it's safe to say that she's not, and she's in denial about it. She's very attracted to you too."

Hillary stared dreamily up into the starry night sky, obviously thinking about Maggie. "You think?"

"Do I think?! I know! Good God! Do you not remember the way you two were kissing and fondling upstairs?! Geez, even in the kitchen a few minutes ago, the two of you were talking about kissing until the 'cows come home.' I don't know who's more happy about that idea, you or her."

Hillary looked at Nick with renewed worry. "Is that bad? Are you worried that she and I might fall in love?"

"No! I'm not! In fact, I'm hoping that's what's happening. I want you two to fall in love and in lust, big time!"

"Really?! That's surprisingly understanding. You're not worried that I might steal her away from you, or something like that?"

"No way. I'm VERY confident about my relationship with her. I know she loves me, and I love her. And I've discovered through my strong feelings for you and her that it's very possible to, uh, feel strongly for two people at the same time."

She smiled widely. "Nick, when you say you 'feel strongly' for me, is that just a roundabout way to say 'love?'"

He blushed a little. "Maybe. But I'm not ready to say the 'L' word to you yet, at least not until I'm sure you're ready to 'L' me back. We've only been going out two weeks, so I think we need to give it a little more time to see if these feelings can last. But make no mistake about it: my feelings for you ARE very strong. And I'm sure they're going to last."

Her heart swelled with powerful emotion. "Nick!" She suddenly wrapped her arms around him and kissed him on the lips.

It was a good thing that he'd chosen the farthest part of the balcony, and a spot that was out of the line of sight to the hot tub area, because their French kiss was a long and very heartfelt one. The facts that they were wearing clothes, for once, and they were outside in a spot where others might come along, stopped them from getting too touchy-feely.

He was still feeling time pressure to talk about all the things he wanted to talk about before he was called away for dinner. So he broke the kiss after a minute or two, and said to her, "I'm psyched that we're connecting like this, but I didn't come here to talk about us. I'm confident that our feelings for each other are going to grow and blossom, and all kinds of good things are going to happen. I think it's almost inevitable, because we fit together so well."

She smiled, and rubbed her nose against his, since they were still in an embrace. "That we do. I can't wait until we fit together well down below as well, if you know what I mean."

She pressed her lower body closer against his, and was surprised that she didn't feel a bulge there. She asked with concern, "Is something wrong?"

He chuckled. "Nothing at all. You two drained me dry upstairs. I don't have an erection twenty-four hours a day, you know."

Her frown turned back into a sexy smile, and she continued to rub against him in a sensual manner. "Well, you could of fooled me. Maybe twenty-THREE hours a day."

He forced himself to disengage for her comforting hug. "We'd better not hug like this. Remember that Maggie is supposed to be my one official girlfriend at this point."

"Oh, you party pooper. But I guess you have a good point." She crossed her arms under her massive breasts because otherwise she wasn't sure if she

could stop her hands. Plus, she loved tempting him to look at her F-cups.

He pointed out, "Anyway, don't be offended. Remember that I just had THREE orgasms upstairs, and that's not even counting the fun I had with Maggie this morning. I'm trying to move this conversation along because I've got a lot to say and this could be our only private time to talk tonight. Let's talk more about you and Maggie."

"Yes, let's do that."

"Like I said, I would love it if you two get even more intimate. I think that will only strengthen the bonds of our bizarre four-way relationship, if you include Anushka. I do worry about you breaking up with me eventually, even as great as things are going, because you have a track record of short relationships."

Hillary said, "That's true. But what's been happening lately is like several quantum leaps above any other kind of relationship I've had before."

She drew closer to him and put a hand on his chest. "You're a very special guy, Nick. I can't stop thinking about you. You make me so HOT! What we did upstairs tonight, and pretty much every other time with you, that also is quantum leaps better than any other sex I've ever had. I would be a fool to break up with you for that alone. But it's much more than that. We DO fit together very well. It just seems so RIGHT, you know? Like we've been going out for months already, instead of days."

She lovingly ran her hand over his chest. "I don't want to say too much right now, because things are moving fast, like you said. Just tonight, I'm having to get used to being one of your official SLUTS instead of your girlfriend!"

She emphasized 'sluts' more by whispering in than saying it loudly. A lusty fire flashed in her eyes, showing that she was actually relishing her "slut" status.

She went on, "Do you realize how strange it is to have to share you as 'co-slut?' That should be a killer blow to our relationship right there. But it's just the opposite. Being part of a threesome makes me love everything ten times more, as I was saying earlier. That said, it still mostly comes down to you. I can definitively state that my feelings for you are stronger than any

I've ever had for any previous boyfriend. This is a whole new experience for me, and I'm loving it!"

They shared another French kiss and a hug, because they simply couldn't contain their feelings for each other.

But he still was feeling the time pressure, as well as the danger of being "caught" in an intimate position. So he broke the kiss before he otherwise would have, and disengaged from the hug too.

He said, "I love to hear you say that. That's really great! I feel that way too, not counting my strong feelings for Maggie too. But that's the funny thing. I don't feel like my feelings for Maggie lessen my feelings for you in any way, and vice versa. In fact, it's the opposite. The more I long for you, the more I long for her too, and again it works both ways. The three of us make a great team, don't you think?"

Hillary was energized to reply, "Definitely! Sexually, no question! I think threesomes are where it's at! I never thought I'd say that. I considered myself monogamous and loyal, and I still do. But I want to have sex with both of you at the same time every single fucking day! I really mean it! Double blowjobs, yes! Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

Her eyes widened with excitement. "But that's just the tip of the iceberg. For instance, just wait until Anushka gives you permission to fuck me! Can you imagine the all-day fuck and suck sessions the three of us could have?! I'm already starting to worry how this is going to affect my grades, because I'm having too much fun with you two to do my homework!"

He chuckled. "Me too. Believe me. But can you see why I'm not concerned about what you and Maggie do together, even if you two fall in love to some degree? I think it'll just strengthen the bonds between all of us. Which is why I think you and I should conspire together."

She grinned impishly. "Go on. I have a good feeling that I'm going to love what you say, but say it!"

"We need to conspire to get you two to go all the way with each other. Total lesbian lovemaking."

Hillary pumped a fist in the air right in front of her chest. "YES! I'm so there! Sign me up already!"

He chuckled at that. "Obviously, we're on the same page here. But there's a snag: Anushka."

Hillary frowned. "That's true. Look. I need to be honest with you. My feelings for her are very strong too. I'm in love with her like I've never felt for anyone else before. Everything has changed for me with you, but also with her. Just because I'm falling for Maggie, that doesn't mean I want to give Anushka up."

He gripped both of her upper arms, because he was feeling so emphatic. "And I don't want you to! Far from it. I'm committed to this four-way relationship thing that seems to lack a name. Whatever you call it, I think it works, and it's the best way to keep us all together for the long term. And a key part of that is Anushka. I've gotten to know Maggie really well these past few months since we started going out."

That last comment was part of his cover story, of course. Obviously, he knew his own mother much, much better than that!

He continued, "She's in denial when she claims that she's totally straight, but she still is mostly straight. I don't think you could have the same relationship with her that you have with Anushka right now. No matter what may happen physically between you and Maggie, you can go much deeper with Anushka emotionally and romantically. And that's important to keep this four-way thing going."

He let go of her arms and continued, "So I don't want you to break up with Anushka, ever. No, no, no! No way! I've made promises to her to make this thing work for her as well as the rest of us, and I mean to keep my promises. Instead, we need to fix things so Anushka won't be threatened no matter what happens sexually and even emotionally between you and Maggie. I have another crazy conspiratorial plan to do just that."

She laughed. "Let's hear it!"

"Hold your horses for this one: we need to get Maggie and Anushka sexually intimate too!"

Hillary silently pondered that. She raised a curious eyebrow and put a hand on her chin as she continued to mull it over. "Hmmm..."

He couldn't handle the suspense. He'd been hoping that she would immediately cheer the idea, and he was concerned that she hadn't. She

seemed torn, at best. He asked, "What are you thinking?!"

She said, "Well, I feel jealousy. The idea of Anushka getting intimate with anyone else makes me angry. But then again, I think about the three of us together, and that opens up so many possibilities. Hell, even the four of us together!"

He asked with rising excitement, "'The four of us?!'"

She still had her hand on her chin. "Yes, the four of us. Anushka isn't as much of a lesbian as she thinks she is. I have high hopes you could wow her with your big fat cock. But let's not get ahead of ourselves. I'm still thinking about your 'Maggie and Anushka' plan. I'm not sure if I want to punch you or kiss you."

He grinned impishly. "What if you punch me and then kiss me? Just as long as if it's a great kiss."

She laughed at that silly suggestion. "You're a real case. But let me tell you how I feel, okay? This has been a very pivotal and exciting time in my life, these past weeks. Not only have I discovered you and Maggie, but my relationship with Anushka has been growing deeper and deeper in the most wonderful way. I'm in totally new territory with you AND with her. I'm loving life! Anushka is a stunning beauty, as I'm sure you've noticed, and she's got a heart of gold too. She really loves me a lot. I think she and I have a great future together, and I don't want to endanger that."

"Understood," he said earnestly. "And I wouldn't want you to."

She nodded. "That said, I'm also very open to sexual possibilities. I truly pride myself on being a 'good slut.' The threesome fun I've been having with you and Maggie is something that's way more than just the sum of its parts. The idea of me getting to be in bed together with Anushka AND Maggie pretty much blows my mind!"

She leaned in close, and whispered in his ear. "It's making me totally cream myself right now!" She took his hand and brought it towards her crotch.

But he forced himself not to touch her privates. He still worried about their lack of true privacy, as well as a lack of time. They wound up just holding hands.

She wasn't dissuaded by that, and kept on, "What you're suggesting is scary, for a variety of reasons. What if it wouldn't work? Or what if it works TOO

well, and they get too into each other? But I think this is a case where the reward is definitely worth the risk. Let's do it!"

"Are you sure?"

She considered everything again, and then nodded.

"Okay!" He gave her a tight hug, and they necked a little while. His intention for them not to show any intimate affection here wasn't exactly working well. He figured that sometimes others wanted to retreat to this spot for some privacy, and that made him anxious. But kissing her simply felt too good to stop.

This time, she broke the kiss first. They remained in a loose embrace.

She said, "I must admit, I'm scared. I'm going to have to cope with my feelings of jealousy, for starters. I'm very protective and possessive of Anushka. I think of her as 'mine.' I kind of have, I guess you'd call it, well... a kind of dominant relationship with her. I don't want to reveal too much about our intimate times together, but to give you a sense of how things are, I call her my 'Little Bitch,' and I kind of call the shots in bed. We both like it that way. So it's going to be painful seeing her with Maggie."

He pointed out, "But it's worth it overall, right?"

"Right. I think so, at least. I'm as keen on making this four-way thing work for the long term as you are, and this would certainly help stabilize things. I love that they got along so great when they met today, but they still are kind of natural rivals for my attention, unless they can get intimate with each other too. But do you think they'd go for it? Do you think they'd be sexually attracted to each other?"

He exclaimed, "Oh, man! How could they not?! For starters, they have so much in common and click as friends so naturally that that's a huge first step. Of course, sexual attraction doesn't always develop from a good friendship, but luckily they're both so hot and sexy that it isn't even funny! Maggie is... well, I don't have to tell you how sexy and desirable she is. And Anushka's got a face and a body that really **SHOULD** make her a Bollywood movie star. Hell, a Hollywood star, for that matter. And she's got breasts the size of, well, small moons!"

Hillary chuckled at that. She took both his hands in hers and brought them to her own breasts. She teased him, "Is that the kind of thing that you like?"

He was getting increasingly aroused, although his penis still was struggling to get erect. He couldn't resist caressing her great F-cups with both hands through her clothes, despite his intention to behave in this location. "You know I do!"

She bit her lip uncertainly as she felt her arousal spike from getting fondled like this, especially in a potentially dangerous plan. Still, she asked, "But more importantly, would Maggie be attracted to that? And to Anushka in general?"

He lightly rolled Hillary's erect nipples between his fingers, despite her clothes being in the way. "Oh, sure! They didn't overtly flirt with each other at lunch today, but I'm sure that's because they didn't consider that something they were at liberty to do, due to all of the complexities of this four-way thing. But still, I could tell that they were checking each other out and liking what they saw. A lot! I'm sure the physical attraction is a big reason why they were getting along so well. There was a real spark there."

"Hmmm." Hillary frowned. She was having jealousy issues, even as she found that very encouraging.

Nick saw that, and hastened to say, "Keep in mind what I said, about Maggie being mostly straight. I'm very confident about that. I'm pretty confident she could come to enjoy getting more physical with both you and Anushka. After all, you can see how things were developing upstairs. But she's in love with ME."

He switched to cupping Hillary's enormous knockers from below, despite the incongruous timing. "That's her main emotional connection, just like you're Anushka's main emotional connection. Maggie's totally happy with that. She doesn't need to be in love with anyone else. She's not going to want to step on anyone's toes either. There's just no way she's going to madly fall in love with Anushka, nor is Anushka going to madly fall in love with her. Anushka loves YOU! She told us all about it. I don't want to say too much without her permission, but her feelings for you are very **STRONG**, and unique."

Hillary gave him a tight hug. "Thanks for saying that. You know just what to say to make me feel better." Indeed, hearing that was a big relief for her.

He still had his hands on her breasts, and now he couldn't really move them because they were pressed together so tightly. He said, "I'm just telling you

the truth. I wouldn't lie, because if this wasn't true, things would get all screwed up if we tried to act on these ideas. And think about Maggie and me. I'm feeling some jealousy too, thinking of her getting intimate with both you AND Anushka. But, just like you, I believe it's worth the risk."

Hillary loosened the hug a bit, and slid a hand down to his crotch. She could feel through his slacks that his penis was half-hard, and that encouraged her. She started to stroke it through the fabric. "Come on. The idea of seeing us busty ladies get all hot and heavy with each other has to turn you on, big time. And you'd get to watch, up close and personal, I'm sure. Wouldn't you like to see Maggie, me, AND Anushka all naked in bed and kissing and fondling each other? Can you imagine a three-way titty war?"

He asked with increasingly labored breaths, "What's that?"

"I don't know exactly, but it sure as hell sounds like fun to find out! Imagine the three of us all kneeling up in bed, holding our lubed-up tits and rubbing them against each other at the same time! That's one war where everyone is a winner!"

He laughed loudly at that. He could feel his penis starting to stiffen some more, thanks mostly to her "titty war" idea.

She could feel that too, and that encouraged her to stroke his bulge some more. She slipped a hand inside his slacks so she could be more effective, skin-on-skin. She was annoyed to discover he was wearing his swimsuit too, but she just slipped her hand inside that as well.

She added, "That, naturally, brings up the question of you and Anushka. Here's a REALLY crazy thought we hinted at already: what if you two got it on as well?"

He squeaked in excited disbelief. Even though it had been hinted at already, it was almost too amazing for him to imagine. "Me? And her?!"

She chuckled, because his dick suddenly engorged to a very stiff full size. "I can tell that one part of you definitely loves the idea." She began aggressively rubbing his sweet spot, while he still caressed the undersides of her breasts through her clothes. "I don't know if it's possible, given that Anushka IS mostly lesbian. We'll have to worry about that later. But I wouldn't be entirely opposed to the idea. If it did happen, then our four-way relationship would become truly four-way, and it would become as stable as

a table, with each 'leg' firmly connected to all the others. I'd have big jealousy issues with that too, but there would be potential big rewards as well. Can you imagine ALL FOUR of us naked and in bed together?! I can!"

Nick was so excited by this that he could barely breathe. He simply panted hard as his reply.

She chuckled at his obvious arousal. "Yeah, there's no way you'd turn down THAT idea. And I don't even need to ask if you're attracted to her, Mr. Tit Man."

"I am!" Then he added, "But, uh, I'd never do anything about it, unless I got approval from you and Maggie."

"Good! Don't!" She just stroked his boner for some long moments as she thought things through. "Let's see how things develop between Maggie and me first. Maybe Maggie and Anushka too. If that doesn't work out, then you and Anushka would be a non-starter. But if it does... who knows? You know what I'd like to see?"

"What's that?!" He was panting even harder.

"I'd love to see Maggie, Anushka, and I all licking your cock at the same time! The three of us kneeling naked side by side while you stand there! And then, when you cum, you'd shoot gallons of your hot and sticky seed all over the three of us! Then it would be just like when Maggie and I rub our sperm-covered tits together and snowball your cum back and forth, except Anushka would be doing that too! God, that would be so hot!"

Nick gave his reply by aggressively kissing Hillary's mouth. He took a hand off her breasts and brought it to the back of her head to better support her as his tongue dueled with hers. Meanwhile, her hand jacked him off frantically inside his slacks, and his other hand pinched her nipple between her clothes.

They were still going at it like that, with visions of a foursome in both of their heads, when a cough interrupted them a couple of minutes later. They both froze, and then disengaged like moving from hot coals.

"Well, well, well. I should have expected this."

They turned to the sound of that voice, and felt great relief to discover that it was only Maggie after all. She stood there with her arms crossed under her great melons. She had an amused yet chagrined look on her face. Seeing

that she had their full attention, she said, "Aren't you worried at all that someone else could see? Hillary, I thought you aren't ready for your relationship with Nick to be public knowledge?"

Hillary took another step back from Nick in embarrassment. "I'm not. I'm not against the idea, but things are moving so fast that I think we shouldn't rush into that. But you know how it is with him." Her heart was pounding wildly from lust and the danger of almost getting caught, but she managed a sly smile. "He's such a fucking stud!"

She looked to the lewd bulge in his dark brown slacks, which was easily visible even in the darkness now they were standing apart. "He claims that there are times when his dick goes flaccid, but I don't believe it."

Maggie snickered. "I don't believe it either."

"Hey!" he protested to both of them. "It's not me, it's you! You're the sexy ones. I was as sexually satiated as a guy could be. But you should hear what Hillary was talking about, and how she was looking at me and touching me. She could wake me from a coma!"

Maggie grinned. "I'm sorry I missed out on all that. I just came by to say that the pizza's almost ready. Plus, I pretty much figured something like this would happen, so I thought I'd better cool you two down before things got REALLY out of hand. To be frank, Hillary, I'm semi-surprised that I didn't find you kneeling naked and sucking cock."

Hillary chuckled and rolled her eyes. "That was coming next. I think you WOULD have seen that if you came five minutes later." She realized that was almost certainly true.

She looked over the balcony she was standing next to, into the darkness below. "Knowing him, he would have stripped me of my clothes and tossed them over the edge."

Nick's face lit up. "Hey! Nice idea!" He was mostly joking.

She gave him an exasperated yet amused look.

Maggie said, "Yeah, well, remember where you are, and who's around. That bunch at the hot tub are right over there, just out of sight." She pointed back towards the hot tub. "And Nick, did you tell her about... you-know-who?"

Nick blanched. "Not yet."

"Please do. I'll see you inside in a few minutes okay?"

Nick and Hillary nodded at that, as Maggie walked away.

Maggie made one parting shot. "And BEHAVE! And remember that dinner's almost ready."

Once Maggie was gone, Hillary put her hands on her hips and asked suspiciously, "What's this 'you-know-who' stuff?"

Nick sighed heavily as he recalled the Debra problem. "Promise me you won't get upset, okay?"

She folded her arms under her huge tits, pushing them up and out. She narrowed her eyes. "No promises."

He said reluctantly, "It's Debra. She's here."

Hillary slapped the middle of her face and kept her hand there. "Oh, great! That's just fucking great. Dammit! What the fuck is SHE doing here?!"

He made a spur of the moment decision, and decided to come clean about what had been happening with Debra. Mostly clean, that is. He didn't think the time was right to mention that he'd fucked Debra last night. He wanted to confess that too, but he knew he'd be asking for trouble if he mentioned it all at once.

He said, "It's worse than you think. Much worse."

She stared at him with laser eyes. Her voice dropped ominously. "What do you mean?"

He held his hands up. His boner was rapidly fading. "Promise me you'll hear me out before you go ballistic!"

She growled, "No promises!" But then, upon reflection, she sighed. "Okay, fine. I'll try. Hit me with it."

"The truth is, she's pretending to have just arrived, but she's been here for a while. And Maggie and I got ourselves in a compromised situation where we were kind of forced to take part in another sex game with her, just like yesterday."

"ARRGH!" Hillary clenched her fists and raised them to the sky. "FUUUUCK! I knew you were going to say something like that! What the FUCK?!"

"My thoughts exactly! We really didn't want this to happen, believe me! We're in a real fix. Maybe you can help us get out of it." His penis had gone flaccid in record time, because he hated to see her upset.

Hillary looked around with daggers in her eyes. "Where is she?! I'll fucking KILL HER!" She shook her fists, as if she was about to sock Debra in the face.

He raised his hands defensively. "Hold on! Hold on! Before you do something rash, hear me out so you know just what's going on!"

She sighed very heavily and reluctantly lowered her fists. "Right. Dammit! I don't even want to know. But I guess I have to know. What happened?!"

"Maggie and I got here and spent about an hour socializing around the hot tub. There was no sign of Debra, and we were sure she wasn't here. We mostly talked with Shannon, and you remember she was supposed to alert us if the guard noticed Debra coming in. But nothing. No warning."

Hillary muttered, "I'm going to have to have a talk with Shannon about that. Grrr!"

"Then we snuck upstairs to have a little private fun in the room where you found us later. And we did, and it was great. We locked the door, and everything. Maggie sucked my dick for a long while, and that was totally great, of course. But then, at one point, we were loudly cumming together, and we heard someone else cumming too! We looked around and saw Debra in the room! She'd taken her bikini off and she was openly masturbating while watching us!"

Hillary smacked her own face again. "Fuck! You're kidding me! Wasn't she concerned AT ALL about being caught?"

"It turns out no. I don't know how she got there in the first place. She was very elusive about that, so there's probably some sneaky scheme behind it."

"I'm sure!" So far, Hillary was directing all her ire at Debra.

Nick was secretly relieved about that. He continued, "She'd started out listening to us through the door, and she'd heard me call Maggie 'Ma' and Maggie call me 'Son.' We were just doing some mother-son role-playing, like we've told you about before, but Debra thought it was REAL, so she figured she'd had the blackmail to top all blackmails, so who cares if she gets caught?! Even though we'd locked the door, she picked the lock and

snuck in to watch as well as listen. Once she was discovered, she wasn't even fazed, and pretty much implied that we'd better play another sex game with her or she'd tell people what she'd heard."

Hillary looked at him with less anger and more concern. "But you WERE just role-playing, right? And I assume you told her that?"

"Of course! Unfortunately, we'd gone upstairs in just our bathing suits, plus my T-shirt, so we couldn't show her our IDs to prove how close our ages are to each other. We have them in the car, and I want to make a point of letting her see those before the evening is' over, just so she's sure and won't spread any nasty rumors. Luckily, it's blatantly obvious that Maggie is only twenty-one, so she believed us."

Of course that wasn't true, Maggie only looked that young, but Nick was careful to maintain the crucial lie with Hillary too.

He went on, "But that means she still knows that we role-play about being mother and son, and that's pretty bad. We don't want to be on her bad side and have her telling everyone that in school. I've got this feeling that somehow people will think it's not just a false rumor. Like, someone will tease me about it and I'll get way too embarrassed for it to be seen as just a lie. Because of course I'm gonna get embarrassed from the role-play alone. These things have a way of causing trouble."

Hillary put her hands on her hips. "Is that all she's got? That's not such a big deal."

"No, by itself it wouldn't be. But she knows other stuff too. Maggie and I were talking for a while about all kinds of things, and Debra was listening with her ear through the door, or she was actually in the room with us unnoticed, the whole time."

"How did you not notice her?!"

"By that point, we weren't saying much. We were so sexually into each other that we wouldn't have noticed a herd of buffalo stampeding by. But still, some of our sex talk might have been embarrassing. I don't even recall what we said, to be honest."

"Shit!"

"Anyway, remember, she already knew that you were sexually involved with me. Now she figured out that you're my second official girlfriend. And

that's just for starters. I can't even remember all the stuff we accidentally told her. For instance, Maggie talked openly about being my 'slut' instead of just my girlfriend. Debra could get a lot of mileage out of that, because it's true and Maggie will blush in a telling way if she's confronted with that."

He added, "Oh, and we also mentioned Anushka's name a couple of times, kind of in the context of her being your girlfriend."

"SHIT!" Hillary exclaimed much louder.

"I know. To be honest, she even knows a secret we haven't told you yet."

Hillary growled, "Which is what?!"

He flopped his hands helplessly. "I can't tell you, because we haven't told you yet!"

Ironically, he was referring to the fact that he'd fucked Debra last night. It was definitely true that Debra knew that secret, although not because it was something she'd overheard. The bigger secret, that the incest was true, was so dangerous that he didn't even want to hint about it.

He said, "Don't worry; it's not some deal-breaker kind of thing. But we haven't known you that long, and it takes time for people to grow close enough to reveal all their secrets. Note for instance how you just told me a few minutes ago that you call Anushka 'Little Bitch' and you hinted at some kinky dominance and submission stuff going on with her. I'll bet there's more you're not ready to tell us."

She didn't try to deny that, because it was true. Her silence was telling.

He said, "That's very understandable. But Maggie and I still have secrets too. Don't worry, you'll learn about them all by and by. But the point is, now Debra knows way more than we want her to."

Hillary sighed with frustration and dropped her arms to her sides. "That sucks!"

"You're telling me! The one silver lining is that she's not the sharpest knife in the drawer. I don't think she's realized the importance of some of this stuff. For instance, she might not have even picked up on our brief mention of Anushka. But it's hard to tell. We can't exactly question her about it, or that'll tip her off. If I remember, it was kind of vague anyway, like, 'When it

comes to Hillary, we can't forget about Anushka.' I don't remember exactly. It was something like that that didn't directly reveal your relationship."

Hillary sighed heavily. "Well, at least that's something. I hope! I want to come out as bisexual soon, but not via Debra spreading gossip about me!"

"Exactly. That's what we figured. So we didn't know what to do. We decided to just placate her, at least until we could talk to you and figure out a strategy on how to deal with this."

Hillary smacked her forehead this time. "Let me guess: that meant doing sexual stuff with her. And let me further guess that it involved her sucking your cock a lot."

He winced. "Yes. To both of those things. I'm sorry! She had so much fun with the 'sex game' yesterday that she wanted to do that again. In fact, she wanted to stage a fuck contest where I'd fuck both Maggie and her and then declare a winner. We talked her out of that, and had a handjob contest instead. And then a blowjob contest of sorts. We mostly did that, in fact, with her and Maggie taking turns bobbing on me."

Hillary still had her hand on her forehead. She winced with her eyes tightly shut. "UGGGH! Don't tell me that!"

"Sorry, but I've gotta tell you that. Maggie and Debra found some old flight attendant uniforms that I guess belonged to Shannon's mother, and they kind of made a role-play about it. And I have to admit that I'm a horny heterosexual guy, and I enjoyed it. A lot! I hate to admit that, but it's true. I'm sure Debra enjoyed it a lot too. Hell, I think even Maggie enjoyed it."

"I did."

That startled both Nick and Hillary, because it was Maggie speaking to them from close up.

She stepped out of the shadows. She was grim and frowning.

Hillary asked her, "How long have you been there?!"

"A minute or two. But I don't think I missed anything, since I just lived all these events. I came by to say the pizza is ready. I turned off the oven and left it in there though, so we're not in a hurry. And Debra finally went off to hang out with the hot tub crowd, so hopefully we don't have to deal with her right away. But I figured I'd let you finish this important conversation."

Hillary put her hands back on her hips and asked Maggie in an accusing voice, "Did you really enjoy it?"

Maggie's expression soured. "I did. And don't be so surprised. Think back to the sex game with Debra yesterday. You can't tell me you didn't enjoy the hell out of that. Just like me, you were totally pissed off at Debra. But at the same time, the body responds to the sexual stuff going on. Today with Debra, I was REALLY angry, and yet REALLY horny as well. I had to play nice and bury my anger, and somehow that seemed to make me even more aroused. For instance, Debra and I gave Nick a very prolonged double blowjob until he came in her mouth."

Maggie gesticulated emphatically as she added, "How could I NOT respond to that?! It wasn't nearly as good as it is sharing him with you, but it was still a double blowjob with Nick's great, thick cock. We licked his cock together too. You know how I get when my mouth gets anywhere near his cock. My body responds, pretty much uncontrollably!"

She asked pleadingly, "Can you forgive me?!" She even folded her hands over her huge rack in the classic begging gesture.

There was a long pause as a frowning Hillary looked back and forth between Maggie and Nick. Finally, she said to Maggie. "Yeah. Give me a hug, dammit!"

Maggie rushed to Hillary and threw her arms around her. The two busty women threw caution to the wind and French kissed for a minute or two.

Nick carefully kept a look out to see if anyone was coming. There wasn't much he could do if someone did show up, though. He thought, *I'm glad that they're patching things up. But it's weird that Hillary only seems to be mad at Ma in the first place. What about me?! I don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I was the one who was kissing Debra, and playing with her naked body, and kicking back and loving it while she sucked me off.*

Maybe this is the calm before the storm, and she's going to lay into me when she's done with Ma?!

After the kissing ended, Maggie smiled in Hillary's arms. "Thanks for being so understanding. You're the best!"

Hillary smiled back. "How can I stay mad at you? Or at Nick?" She looked at him with hunger in her eyes. "I'm not going to hug you again, though. We know what happens when those start. And Maggie, I think you're right that there's a fine line between the passion of anger and the passion of lust. One can fuel the other in a weird sort of way. In fact, let's break this hug before I get too horny with you."

Maggie reluctantly pulled away.

Nick shyly asked Hillary, "So you're not really mad at us?"

"Well, I am, but I also understand. I don't see how you had much choice. I try to put myself in your shoes, and I don't know what else I could have done. Plus, I'm glad that you at least confessed it all to me right away."

Nick looked away bashfully. "Well... That's not all of it. For instance, we haven't gotten to what happened when you showed up."

"Oh shit! What DID happen then?!"

He pointed out, "You called out our names from down the hall. We didn't want you to just burst in on us with Debra, because we didn't know how you'd react. You might assume the worst and all kinds of bad things could have happened before we got the story cleared up. So we told Debra to hide in the closet, and she did."

"Waaaait a minute!" Hillary said. She stepped to Nick and poked an accusing finger at his chest. "Are you telling me that Debra was in the closet the WHOLE TIME I WAS THERE?!"

He nodded fearfully.

"SHIT!" Hillary threw her hands up high and then slapped them on the top of her head. "This just gets worse and worse!" She paced around in a circle with great agitation.

He nodded some more. "I know! Remember how I kept suggesting that we should go downstairs and have dinner right away? That would have gotten us away from Debra so we could explain. But you were super eager to have some sexual fun, and there was no talking you into delaying it."

Hillary dropped her hands and ruefully admitted, "I'd been waiting ALL DAY to have fun with you two. There was no way I was going to be denied with a delay. Damn!"

Maggie pointed out, "And remember that Nick and I were super horny too. So the inevitable happened, and the three of us got so carried away with a double blowjob that we kind of forgot all about Debra hiding in the closet and watching."

Hillary growled, "And watching?!" Upon consideration, she said, "But of course she watched. And I'm sure she masturbated too. ARGH!"

Nick nodded. "She did. Remember that I was sitting facing the closet door. I picked that spot on purpose so you wouldn't accidentally find her there. That would have been awkward."

Hillary couldn't resist laughing loudly. "Yeah, that would have been VERY strange!"

The three of them shared a laugh that relieved the tension considerably.

Maggie and Hillary hugged again, but more for support than lust.

When they all calmed down a little more, Nick pointed out, "I saw her peeking out from time to time and making eye contact with me. Which was very weird, believe me, since I couldn't say or do anything about it!"

Hillary asked, "So, wait a minute. While Maggie and I were taking turns slobbering all over your cock, and even choking and gagging on it, you sometimes looked up to see a completely naked Debra playing with herself and making googly eyes with you?!"

He sheepishly admitted, "Um... yeah." He braced himself for a blast of anger.

Hillary did curse, but not at him. "Dammit! That BITCH! What a fucking... aaaaggh! I could strangle her!" She shook her fists in the general direction of the hot tub, since that's where Debra currently was.

Nick was puzzled again that Hillary seemed to direct none of her ire at him. But he was grateful. He resumed, "There's a bit more. At the end when the three of us climaxed together, she did too! She even screamed. But we were so loud and out of our minds with our own orgasms that it was easy to miss."

Hillary shook her head in disbelief. "No way! I didn't have a clue! Wow! That's crazy! She was, like, right behind me! That's super creepy too."

Maggie said, "I know! It was like a comedy of errors and unfortunate timing. Total bad luck, piled on top of what happened with her yesterday. And now we don't know how to get rid of her. As if everything you heard isn't bad enough, to make matters worse, I think she had the best sexual experience of her life with us, both yesterday and today."

Hillary briefly raised her hands in dismay again, like she was a referee signaling a touchdown. "Oh, great! What next?!"

Maggie continued, "Luckily, she doesn't want to be Nick's girlfriend. She's clearly said as much. I suppose she realizes that she and him aren't compatible personally, emotionally, or intellectually, whatsoever. But she very much expects to play more sex games with us, including with you."

Nick added, "The weird thing is she didn't even really try to blackmail us, at least not after she realized we're not actually mother and son. For her, it seems like it's just playing a fun game of Monopoly or Twister or something, except with sex. She's more child-like than evil, I think. But if we tell her to get lost, then she might get angry like a kid who had its favorite toy snatched away. Then she could use all these secrets she knows about us."

Maggie asked Hillary plaintively, "So what should we do?!"

Hillary asked suspiciously, "Are we caught up to the present? Or are there more unpleasant surprises?"

Maggie replied, "I think that covers it. Except that in the last fifteen minutes while you two were talking, Debra was hanging out in the kitchen with me and acting like my new best friend. I didn't know how to act, and we didn't have much in common to talk about. It was really awkward."

Hillary sighed heavily. "This is really fucked up. And it's so crazy that I want to laugh."

She opened her arms wide for a three-way hug. "But I'm way more mad at her than at you two. Don't worry, we'll get through this."

Nick and Maggie moved to Hillary, and the three of them shared a reaffirming hug. This time, it was a hug between friends needing support instead of a sexual thing. All three sighed and purred contentedly, because it felt so good, and it drained away more of the tension.

With the three of them still holding each other, Hillary looked to Nick's face from mere inches away, and said, "You! It must suck to be you now, don't you think? Poor guy. You just had to suffer through a double blowjob between Debra and Maggie, and then another one between Maggie and me." She smirked. "You must be traumatized for life!"

Then she pulled back and realized with a start, "No wonder your cock stayed hard straight through two orgasms!"

He carefully replied, "It's true that I enjoyed it a lot. But at the same time, I swear that I would much rather have wanted to be with you and Maggie the whole time, with NO Debra! Think back to the fun we three were having upstairs. What's better than that? Nothing! I've decided that Debra isn't really mean or evil, she's just immature. But that's dangerous. There's no telling what she may do. She could have some kind of temper tantrum because she doesn't get her way, and then cause us all kinds of grief. Whatever you want to do to try to get her off our backs, I'm on board. All the way."

Hillary nodded grimly.

He added tantalizingly, "However, there is one bit of good news I discovered in all this."

Hillary asked, "What's that?"

"I know of one tool we can use to control her: she's really scared of you! Remember how you picked her up and effortlessly carried her around yesterday?"

Hillary smiled maliciously. "That was fun!"

He chuckled at that reaction. "Yeah, well, we've kind of been hyping that up, as if you have this side where you'd turn into the Incredible Hulk without the green skin and toss her around the room like she was a paper airplane. For instance, you should have seen the look on her face when we heard your voice in the hall and I whispered that you'd go postal on her ass if you found out she was there. I think we should continue to hype that up to help keep her in line."

Hilary said, "Hype it up? There's nothing to hype up. I WILL throw her around like a paper airplane! FUCK! She totally pisses me off!"

Maggie asked, "You don't really mean that, do you?"

Hillary sighed. "Well, no. At least not yet. I haven't been in an actual fight since kindergarten. But she fucking tempts me!"

She shook a fist, and growled, "Let's put it this way: I won't have to do ANY acting to 'pretend' to be mad at her! I'll totally relish intimidating the shit out of her. Hopefully literally! Let her piss in her pants in fear."

She looked back and forth between Maggie and Nick. "Maggie, I don't mind sharing Nick with you. On the contrary! I love it! With the three of us, the whole really is greater than the sum of its parts. And I guess that dulls my anger here, because I've come to think of sharing Nick's cock with you as just about the hottest thing I can imagine. It's not that different imagining Debra in your place. I kind of even get a little bit aroused imagining her crying tears from struggling with his cock monster in her mouth." She asked Maggie, "Did she cry at all?"

Maggie replied, "Did she ever! Her cheeks were soaked! I didn't cry because I'm used to it, but she was suffering and struggling, big time. To her credit, she never gave up."

Hillary stared off into the dark night. She didn't want to admit it, but imagining how Debra looked then was making her nipples and pussy tingle. She bit her lip and forced the sexy images out of her head.

She resumed, "You see? That's the problem. That sounds super hot. But I have to remember this is Debra we're talking about. With her, it's a totally different situation. She's a threat that could ruin everything for all of us!"

Maggie and Nick grimly nodded in agreement.

Hillary asked, "Do you think my going all 'Incredible Hulk' intimidating would be enough to keep her away from any more sex games with us?"

Maggie responded, "You saw how that worked with her yesterday. One minute she'd be all intimidated, and then a few minutes later it was like she was unfazed. I gather she's very much a 'live for the moment' kind of person, so threats don't stick in her mind."

Hillary grumbled, "Damn. I might have to get violent with her for real. That would stick in her mind for a while." She didn't mean it about the violence though, and the others could see that.

Maggie said, "There has to be a better way. We don't want to actually make an enemy of her, do we? Right now, she's all pals-y with us. You'd think we

could use that to our advantage."

Nick chimed in. "Yeah. She's not that smart. And all false modesty aside, we are. I mean, Hillary, you and I are both in the Advanced Studies program that's even a notch above the gifted track. We should be able to run circles around her with our smarts if we put our heads together and come up with a good plan."

Hillary nodded. "You're right. I'm still riding some kind of surge of anger from hearing all this bad news. But violence never solves anything. She has a LOT of pull at school. She's one of the queen bees because of her beauty and her professional model status, plus she plays the popularity game way more than I do."

She ominously told Nick, "She could make life VERY difficult for you and me if she becomes our enemy. I don't know if you know how girls can be. When guys get angry, they just beat each other up and call each other names and then move on. But girls, they can be backstabbing and vicious in ways that make a fist fight seem like a walk in the park in comparison. That's one reason why I try to be friendly with everyone and not make waves. I can't wait until I'm done with all the high school immaturity bullshit!"

He nodded. "Me too. But we've got a long time being in the same school as Debra until we graduate."

Hillary sighed again. "Tell me about it. Anyway, I say we go inside so you two can eat that pizza. Let's steer clear of Debra if we can until we're done eating. Meanwhile, we can all put our thinking caps on and figure out how to outsmart her."

The other two thought that was a very good idea, so the three of them went back to the kitchen.

Chapter 63: A Scary New Plan (Sunday)

Nick and Maggie ate their pizza at the dining room table while Hillary just sipped on a drink. The room was big and no one else was near, so they felt like they could talk freely without being overheard. It was actually a bonus that they were in a large, open room, because no one could get near enough to hear their words without them being able to see them.

However, Nick, Maggie, and Hillary were mostly silent during dinner, because each of them had a lot to think about.

Nick thought, *Phew! That was a good decision to be honest with Hillary. She was upset, but a lot less upset than I'd feared. Plus, she didn't seem that upset at me, but more at Debra. In fact, almost entirely at Debra! Bizarre. I would totally lose my mind if I found out that she was having sex with, say, Spencer. So thank God that she's so understanding!*

But then again, the context is key. Ma and I were stuck without other options. We were blackmailed! The same thing even happened when Hillary was there with us yesterday, so she must be able to relate to that. It's totally different than if I just up and decided to have sex with someone else. I'd NEVER do that! I'm no fool. This is the greatest arrangement ever!

Of course, I still haven't told Hillary that I actually fucked Debra last night too. I have a totally good excuse for that as well, but it would be foolhardy to hit her with that at the same time. I can tell her in the next day or two, hopefully, when this situation blows over. We need to figure out how to put this whole Debra thing in the rear view mirror. Then I think Hillary will be able to be more forgiving about the fucking incident.

I've gotta remember that Debra is nothing to me. Nothing! Maggie and Hillary are all. What's happened with them has completely turned my life around. I'm living a dream come true! As much as I still lust for Debra and have enjoyed her sexy body, I'll be just as glad as they are when she's out of our lives. She's a threat to all our four-way relationship, and I'm not going to let her mess that up for anything!

However, he admitted, Of course, I still have that damn bonding thing with her. I can't simply will that away. In fact, after what's happened tonight, I'll bet it's twice as strong as before. The key will be to spend the whole school

week avoiding her. With Hillary sticking by my side, I can do that. We need time for passions to cool and things to get back to normal.

Maggie and Hillary were mostly trying to brainstorm on what to do about Debra. Nick joined in too. However, none of them had any really great ideas.

After a while, Hillary said, quietly, "I think one thing we need to do is take away the power of the secrets Debra knows about. For instance, Nick, the fact that I'm your second girlfriend now. Well, second slut, actually, but at times like this, that sounds weird."

He nodded. "Understood."

She went on, "I've been planning on 'coming out' at school about that eventually. It's just that I haven't felt ready to do it yet. Geez, we've only been officially together for a day or so, so I haven't even had a chance. As I've said, I want my classmates to get to know as me, instead of 'Hillary the bisexual.' Then, once we're friends, they'll hear that and think it's no big deal. That was the plan, anyway. If I have to move faster on going public about that, then so be it."

She added, "Ditto with my relationship with Anushka, since Debra may know about that too, and I was planning on revealing that eventually too. People are going to think I'm pretty weird knowing I'm with both you AND Anushka, but I can handle the fallout. I don't care that much about what kids at school think anyway. It's just kind of a pain in the ass when people are mean."

Maggie said, "That's admirable that you're willing to do that. However, I've been thinking, and I'm wondering if that's wise. If you look further down the road, I'm sure the four of us will do a lot of things together, now that we're all getting along so well."

Hillary smiled, and said, "Speaking of which, Nick told me about the lunch with Anushka today, and how much the three of you hit it off. I'm so psyched to hear that! That's literally the best news I've heard all day!"

Maggie smiled too. "Yeah, it is. This problem with Debra will blow over one way or another soon enough, I'm sure. But what started today with Anushka hopefully will grow and grow. We already made plans to get together, just her and me, to talk about cooking and maybe actually cook a

meal together. We only need to set a time and place to do it. I'm already excited about it."

"That's great!" Hillary said excitedly.

Then she frowned. "I'd love to hear more about all that, and we should talk later. But unfortunately, we should stay focused on the Debra problem right now. You were saying?"

Maggie said, "Oh, yes. I'm wondering if it's wise for you to come out in public about your relationship with Nick. The four of us will be doing lots of things together in public, I'm assuming. If Nick is openly dating both of us, that could cause trouble. It could even get back to some of our parents. Would your parents be cool about it?"

"They would be," Hillary said. "They don't know about this arrangement just yet, but I doubt they'll blink an eye about it. They've done a lot of unorthodox and even wild stuff, especially in their younger days, so they can hardly be judgmental about me."

Maggie said, "That's good, but what about the rest of us and our parents and friends and such? Especially Anushka's dad. I hear he's kind of a hard ass about this."

Hillary grimaced. "More like he's a total asshole! He lives back in the Middle Ages."

Maggie pointed out, "Imagine if he found out his 'precious daughter' is going steady with another girl. That would be bad enough. Then imagine if he finds out that girl is simultaneously going out with another guy! And if he learns about me, on top of that?! And the whole 'four-legged table' relationship we have?!"

Hillary stared off into space with a grim expression. "He'd totally flip out! He'd probably say something like, 'We're moving back to India to get out of this den of debauchery.'"

Maggie continued, "Whereas it would be the perfect cover if we double date with you and Anushka as one couple and Nick and me as the other. We could go to a nice restaurant like that, or a movie or a party or whatever, and no one would suspect a thing."

Hillary said, "Yeah, but what about the P.D.A.? You know, public display of affection. I want to have a lot of P.D.A. with Nick! I'm already getting way

frustrated, seeing you two make out in front of the school, and I can't even kiss him where anyone can see."

She looked to Nick. "What do you think?"

He replied, "I don't know if I should get a say in this. I love the 'having two girlfriends in public' idea. But what guy in my shoes wouldn't? It's a huge ego boost. Of course, Hillary, I'd love to kiss you anywhere and everywhere, and tell everyone how great you are! I'm not sure if that's the wise thing to do though. I'm so hopefully biased about this in a lusty way that I can't look at it objectively at all."

He continued, "I think we need to think about this carefully and not just rush into it right now due to Debra. At the very least, let's take a few days and really sort it out. Surely we won't have any trouble with Debra during the school week, right? Hillary, I can just stick to you like glue between classes."

"Which I'd love to do anyway," Hillary pointed out.

"So we have some time before next weekend, when she'll probably want to get together for another sex game."

He went on, "A key thing is we have to consult with Anushka. This will affect her almost as much as the rest of us. For instance, I know her mother knows about you and her and she's okay with it. But would she be more or less upset to find out you're dating me too? She might see it as a positive, as a sign you two aren't so serious."

"But we are!" Hillary hotly complained.

"I know. I'm just trying to put myself in her shoes. And what about her dad again? I guess the plan is that he shouldn't know anything at all. But if things do last in a serious, long-term way with all four of us, what's the Plan B, in case he finds out at least some of it?"

There was a long silence in response to that.

Maggie said, "I think I'd need to know more about him and the whole situation before I could give any good advice."

"Same here," Nick said.

Hillary commented, "For sure, We'll have to get together soon, all four of us, so you can hear directly from Anushka. Would that be okay with you?"

"Of course!" Nick and Maggie said simultaneously.

There was a long pause. Hillary was deep in thought. She finally said, "Nick, we should save this whole issue for another day, but I'm just kind of thinking out of the box. Do you think you'd be willing, in theory, to pretend to be her boyfriend, just for her father's sake? He's been getting increasingly suspicious why a total fox like her isn't dating at all. That would put all of his suspicions to rest."

He looked to Maggie and they shared a non-verbal communication. The gist of it was, "Here we go again!" because they were both thinking of the fake girlfriend scheme and how that worked out.

He said, "Of course I'd be willing to consider that, but talking about that now would be putting the cart before the horse, don't you think?"

Hillary just nodded.

He concluded, "I like the idea of the four of us getting together and sorting things out, and not just the problem with her dad. Hillary, you and Anushka share everything with each other anyway, so she'll know all about the Debra situation soon, right?"

"Right."

"Once she does, the four of us can discuss how to best deal with the secrets problem. We've been kind of thrown together by circumstance, but we're a team now, so we should start acting like one. That will help us work through other problems in the future."

Hillary said, "Wow. Great idea. I really like the sound of that, and your general attitude. That's a very mature approach. And I'm glad you're open to the 'beard' idea. The more I think about it, the more intrigued I get."

Maggie asked, "The 'beard' idea?"

Hillary explained, "That's the name for a guy who pretends to be the boyfriend or husband for a closeted lesbian, but you can also use it to for a woman who pretends to be the girlfriend or wife of a gay man. Like wearing a fake beard to hide your identity. That kind of thing used to happen all the time in Hollywood, since the big stars are under a lot of pressure to be seen as straight, and it probably still does. You hear a lot of rumors that are hard to prove. But in one proven example, the famous actor

Tab Hunter, who was completely gay, dated the famous actresses Debbie Reynolds and Natalie Wood at different times. But it was totally pretend."

"Ah," Maggie said. "I did not know that."

Hillary said, "So Nick might make one or two appearances at Anushka's house and pretend to be Anushka's boyfriend for a few hours. Just for her clueless dad. Her mom would be in on it, of course. I'm sure Anushka would really appreciate that. But while that's an interesting idea, it doesn't help us at all with Debra."

Switching gears, Hillary asked, "By the way, what would your parents think of this situation, Nick? Or yours for that matter, Maggie?"

Nick and Maggie both felt panicky on the inside, but tried not to show it. These were questions they were dreading, since there were no good answers. Nick didn't even want to talk about his father, since it was highly dangerous for Hillary to ever meet and talk to him. Maggie's parents were both alive, but there was no way she wanted Hillary to ever meet them either, since facts like her true age and relationship with Nick, their grandson, would almost certainly be exposed.

Nick had discussed this with Maggie, and they'd decided that if push came to shove, he should claim that his mother was dead. However, that was only as a last resort. He wanted to see if he could bluff it out by being vague, at least for a while. He made a slightly anguished face. "I don't like talking about my parents because there are some painful things going on. You know how it is; nobody can hurt you worse than family."

Hillary gave him a sympathetic look. She reached out and put a hand on his. "Oh my. I'm sorry to hear that."

Nick tried to act pained yet stoic. "It is what it is. I can't do anything about it. I'd like to open up to you sometime, but not here, not now. Let's just say that revealing that I had two girlfriends at once would not be good."

He was very careful with his language so he wouldn't even have to reveal how many parents he had by using a word like "they." That left his future options open, in case they decided to change the cover story.

Maggie chimed in with her own lie. "As for my parents, they're nice, but far away. Out of state. So we don't have to worry about them learning anything. Not unless I choose to tell them, that is, and the less they know, the better."

Luckily, it was true that Maggie's parents did live out of state, in Illinois. But she was trying to be as vague as possible, to cut down on follow-up questions.

Hillary easily believed that, since she thought Maggie was going to college and it was common to go to college far from home. "Well, that's something that they're far away, I guess. But I suppose we have to be careful about what Nick's parents think, since they live right here. Plus, there's Anushka's dad. Even Anushka's mom might balk at her being part of a four-way relationship, if she knew the full truth. In fact, even a relatively cool parent like her is going to freak out about that."

Hoping to change the subject away from the difficult parent topic, Maggie said, "I think time will help us out. As I mentioned to you a little while ago, I get the impression that Debra is a 'live in the moment' kind of person. In a week or two, she's probably going to forget half or more of the stuff she heard, so long as we don't draw attention to it and tip her off about what we really want to keep secret. I think we should play along and pretend to be nice, tell her not to say anything to anyone about anything, and hold out some carrot for something a couple weeks down the road as a reward if she's good."

Hillary nodded. "That sounds smart. I especially like the part about not cluing her in on what the real secrets are. And I agree with you about how she 'lives in the moment.' She and I went to different schools until recently, but I heard a lot about her through mutual friends. Everyone keeps treating us like we're supposed to be rivals because we're said to be the two most beautiful girls in the area for our age. And ironically, now we are rivals, although in a VERY weird way. But anyway, everything I've heard suggests that she does have a short attention span. Mainly, we have to wait for her interest in Nick to blow over."

Maggie responded, "Agreed. But that's the problem. You weren't there earlier when she was having sexual fun with us. It's hard to convey in words just how much she enjoyed it. She didn't really say anything, but I could tell. Hillary, you're starting to find out just how great sex with Nick can be, I'm sure. I have totally mind-blowing orgasms, again and again, and I'll bet you do too."

'Definitely,' Hillary nodded. She looked at Nick and smiled.

Maggie said, "Well, unfortunately, I think that's what's been happening to Debra, and it's a brand new thing for her. I gather that she's had a lot of sex with different partners in a 'bad slut' kind of way. But quantity is different than quality, even if you're beautiful and you're having sex with other beautiful people."

She went on, "Take her relationship with Devon. Now, I'm just completely speculating, but I'd suspect they have good sex with each other, maybe even athletic sex with some big orgasms for them both. But there's no love between them at all, no genuine passion, and probably not even much affection. So the whole experience is hollow and emotionally empty. I think that sort of thing has been a pattern for her. She seems very jaded."

Hillary nodded. That sounded very plausible.

Maggie continued, "Then she had seen how Nick and I interact. And that includes you some too, yesterday. We have sex, but with a ton of fun and love. Tons and tons of passion! She saw that close up, and she started to get into that spirit. For instance, she said that she'd pretty much never gave blowjobs to anyone, ever. She only reluctantly did it for a minute or two if she really wanted to get a guy erect for more fucking. But that was it. I don't think she even knew cocksucking could be a pleasurable act for a woman. Then she saw me do it, and she started imitating me during our double blowjob. Before long, she was really getting into it, and sucking Nick with real intensity and effort!"

Nick chimed in, "Plus, she kept on going and going, which surprised the heck out of me. Even with her face wet with tears from all the struggling."

Maggie nodded. "Yeah, she did. She complained about getting tired, but she was determined. In fact, she was loving how challenging it was!"

"I can relate to that," Hillary admitted. "Nick, there's something about your cock. Its thickness is just perfect. Any thicker, and it would be physically impossible or too painful to suck. Any thinner, and it wouldn't be enough of a challenge to keep one's full attention."

Maggie said, "Exactly. Now, she's kind of hooked on that. I could tell that it was like a whole new experience for her. She's going to want to have more of that. A lot more! And where's she going to find another cock like Nick's? You know how wildly improbable that is."

Hillary groaned unhappily. "Oh, Maggie! How could you let that happen?! That's a total disaster. That makes this problem twice as bad!"

Maggie dropped her head. "I know. I wasn't thinking. The thing is, I just get so very passionate about sucking Nick's cock! Once I get going, I can't deliberately do a bad job of it. I just love it! I love everything about it. I get totally transported, and it becomes my whole world!"

Hillary groaned again. "You see?! That's the problem right there, the way you get totally transported. I'll bet Debra saw that, and how fulfilling and arousing it is for you, and now she's going to want a lot more of that for herself. And she certainly won't get that from Devon. He's as jaded as she is. Ditto with the rest of that crowd. What they're all missing is passion, real, heart-pounding passion. And that's what you two have in spades."

She pointed in the vague direction of the hot tub as she said "that crowd." She concluded with dismay, "She going to want to have a lot more sex with Nick!"

Nick said, "If I can add my two cents here... I agree with everything that's been said. But I also want to point out that it's not just the passion that she likes, but the fun too. Debra is basically like a big kid, in terms of emotional maturity. She loves to play. But she also has an adult body, and she loves sex. We came up with the 'sex game' idea as an excuse to explain what we're doing with each other, but now it's taken on a life of its own. For instance, Hillary, as I mentioned to you, Maggie and Debra got into this whole flight attendant role-play thing, and I think Debra had more fun with that than anything she's done in years! She loves the whole competitive game aspect."

Hillary shook her head sadly at Nick. "This just goes from bad to worse. Between the passion and the fun, not to mention the sheer size of your cock, she must think sex with you is the greatest thing since sliced bread. Which it pretty much is, by the way. It's looking like she's not just going to forget about it in a week or two, after all."

Nick noted, "Now that I think about it, I remember that in the middle of the role-play, Debra said to us, 'I swear, this is ten times more fun than having sex with my boyfriend.' That's an exact quote. Don't you remember that, Maggie?"

"I do," Maggie said gravely. "And I'm sure she means it, which is bad. But what can we do about it?!"

Hillary said grimly, "It's VERY bad! I don't think we're going to be able to get out of having more sexual contact with her. Especially you, Nick."

She said sarcastically, "I know that's not exactly a hardship for you." Yet she still didn't seem mad at him.

He was genuinely upset about this. He clutched his head with both hands. "Ugh! I'm really torn. A part of me is excited to hear that. I'm sure I'd enjoy it, physically. But I also know it's a REALLY bad thing overall! I mean, if that happens, won't she just like the idea even more, and want to do it still more?! I honestly don't want that!"

Maggie suggested to him, "What if you have really bad sex with her? Take out the fun and the passion."

However, before she could elaborate on that idea, something caught her eye. She looked up and cursed, "SHIT! Speak of the devil, she's coming this way!"

Sure enough, Debra was walking towards the back patio door that led into the kitchen and dining room area. Clearly, she was looking for Nick, Maggie, and/or Hillary, and when she saw them she waved and gave them a big smile.

Hillary muttered under her breath, "Fuck! She certainly has a lot of chutzpah coming to us with a smile like that. Nick, I thought you said she's scared of me?"

He responded, "She is, but it's weird. She doesn't seem to stay scared for long."

With Debra opening the patio glass door, Hillary muttered, "Shit! What should I do?! Should I be angry at her or pretend to be nice?! And should I let on that I know she was in the closet?!"

Time was running out. Because the mansion was so big, there was a lot of space between the door and the table. But Debra would be with them in a matter of seconds.

Nick quickly and quietly muttered back to Hillary, "Play up the anger!" But that's all he had time to say before he feared Debra would be in range to

hear, or at least before she'd wonder about all the quiet muttering.

"Hi, guys!" Debra said with a friendly wave and winning smile.

Hillary stood up and slammed a hand down on the table. "YOU! You have some NERVE showing up here!"

Debra faltered in confusion and then stopped. She defensively clutched a hand to her chest. "What? What did I do?!"

Hillary stared daggers at her. She came around the table towards Debra in a menacing way. "You know what you did! They told me the whole story, about how you hid in the closet, and the rest of it!"

Debra stepped back, her eyes full of fear. "What?! What's wrong with that?! They told me to!"

Hillary stepped into Debra's personal space, moving forward faster than Debra could backpedal. "Sure, try to act like you didn't do anything wrong! Need I remind you that Nick is MY boyfriend?!"

Debra stammered, "B-b-but... They said it was okay!"

Hillary poked towards Debra's chest, nearly touching her just above her breasts. "Only because they felt like you'd put them in a bind!"

"A bind? About what?!"

Hillary didn't know what to say to that. She remembered that it wouldn't be wise to clue her in on which secrets they considered important.

Luckily, Maggie saw that problem, and she rescued Hillary from having to answer. She'd already stood up too, and now she rushed to Debra. "Here, Debra, come with me. Remember, you asked to see my driver's license?"

She walked right past Debra and acted like Debra should follow.

Debra was more than glad to get away from a glowering Hillary. She muttered, "Oh yeah. Um, sure." Then she turned and hastily followed Maggie.

Hillary stayed where she was, but she yelled at Debra's backside, "Hey! Don't think you can run from me! I'm not done with you!"

Debra waited until she and Maggie were out of the dining room. They moved towards the front of the house, past the four guys still playing video

games in the main living room. She muttered to Maggie, "What's she so angry about?"

Maggie spoke as she walked briskly towards the mansion's front door. "She told you: she's Nick's girlfriend. She doesn't like sharing, not for any reason."

"But she shares him with you," Debra pointed out. "You're his girlfriend too!"

"That's totally different. We have a mutual agreement about that. It's complicated and based on a long series of events. As for you, you'll be lucky if she doesn't kick your ass!"

Debra protested, "But I didn't do anything wrong! I had permission! Even with her, we talked about having a sex game rematch. Do you remember that from yesterday?!"

"I do. That's why I gave permission to what happened earlier. But try explaining that to Hillary. If you do, you'll only make her even MORE angry!"

They reached the front door. They went outside, but Maggie left the front door partially open in anticipation of coming back shortly. She headed towards her car.

Debra asked with great worry, "What am I supposed to do?! I don't want to make her angry. She's way bigger and stronger than I am."

In fact, Hillary was only of medium height, the same as Maggie, and that made her only a few inches taller than Debra. But Maggie thought it would be good to hype up the supposed Hillary danger some more. "She is! Plus, she's a trained fighter. Did you know that? She can beat up big men, no problem. She'd snap you in two, like a twig!"

Debra could be conniving at times, but also gullible at other times. She completely bought that. "Oh no! I don't want to be snapped like a twig! What do I do?!"

"Do whatever she tells you to do, for starters. Trust me, you do NOT want to make her mad. This is nothing. She acts all nice at school, but when she gets angry, it's scary!"

Debra said with wide eyes, "I know! It's WAY scary already!"

Maggie was secretly pleased at how frightened Debra was. She figured that could only help keep her in line about what she knew. But now she'd reached her car. She'd needed an excuse to get Debra away from Hillary, but she also wanted to show Debra her driver's license, just to completely (and falsely) convince her there was no real incest going on.

Maggie was wearing the dress she had come in, and it had a secret pocket with her car fob. She took it out and beeped the car open.

Debra asked her, "Where are we going?!"

"We're not going anywhere. I wanted to show you my driver's license, and I left it in my car."

"Oh yeah."

Maggie quickly found her purse. She furtively checked inside it to make sure she would give Debra her fake driver's license and not her real one. Then she handed the fake to her. "Here. Check this out. Look at my birth date, and then do some math."

Debra stared at the driver's license, but she frowned. "I'm not good at math."

Maggie rolled her eyes. "Look at the year I was born, and add twenty to it. Then add one more year, and you'll get 2002. That shows that I'm twenty-one years old."

"Oh yeah."

Maggie pointed out, "That means that if I was Nick's mother, I gave birth to him when I was four years old! Obviously, that's impossible! And check out my last name. It's different from his too. He's Nick Stevens and I'm Maggie Palmer."

Debra handed the driver's license back. "Yeah, whatever. I don't care about that. I totally believe you already. The only thing I'm worried about now is Hillary! She's totally scary! I'm just glad you took me away from her. But what do I do now?!"

Maggie thought, *That's a very good question. What DO we do now?!*

She was somewhat chagrined that Debra didn't even seem to care about the driver's license after all the effort to show her the "proof," but she realized

that was probably a very good thing. The less suspicious she was, the better. Maybe she'd forget about the incestuous role-play too.

After some consideration, Maggie said, "I don't know. But it's like she said, you can't run from her. Even if you skip the party now, she'll find you at school tomorrow, or sometime later. I think you should go back there and find out what she wants you to do. And then do it! Be nice and apologetic."

Debra thought that over. Then she said with an even more worried face. "Okay. I guess. I really don't have much choice, do I?"

"No. No, you don't."

Maggie came back to the dining room a couple of minutes later, with Debra sheepishly following her.

Nick and Hillary had been chatting about what to do about Debra. They stopped talking and stood up. Hillary put on her angry face and glared at Debra. "What now?!"

Maggie pushed her closer towards Hillary. She'd just prepped Debra on what to say.

With a bowed head, Debra said, "Um... I just wanted to say... I'm sorry... for whatever I did."

Hillary spoke loudly, still acting angry. "'Whatever you did?!' You don't even know what you did?!"

Debra added, "For, uh... for doing things with your boyfriend. Even though I didn't really know he was your boyfriend before I started. But I'm still sorry." She meekly looked up.

Hillary just glowered at her. She figured that would seem more intimidating than if she acknowledged the apology.

Maggie said to Hillary and Nick, "I'm thinking the three of us should talk and figure out Debra's punishment while she waits in the living room."

"Good idea," Hillary said. "An apology is hardly enough. She needs to be punished in a big way." She pointed accusingly at Debra. "Go! Now!"

Debra quickly fled to the next room.

Maggie walked up to Nick and Maggie, who were both standing. She gave each of them a hug.

Hillary quietly asked her, "How did I do? Nick and I have been talking about how we should be hyping up the 'good cop, bad cop' routine."

Maggie said, "Brilliant! Seriously brilliant. I'm about ready to pee in my pants just from being a bystander to your rage. And I like how we think the same. I've been playing the 'good cop' as best I can."

Nick put an arm around Hillary, and said to Maggie, "She's fucking scary! I love it!"

Hillary said a bit sheepishly, "I'm really not a mean person. I never yell at anyone, ever, much less physically threaten someone. That was really weird for me to do. She's the closest thing I've had to an enemy in years."

Nick impatiently asked Maggie, "But what did she say to you? Is she shaking in her boots?"

Maggie replied, "Oh, definitely. She's scared shitless. And she's totally buying my 'good cop' act too. But where do we go from here? We haven't had any time to discuss it."

Hillary put a hand on her chin. "Yeah. We've got to come up with a plan, and fast."

Nick asked her, "By the way, didn't you have some fun acting all mean?"

She grinned wickedly. "I did. It was weird, but fun too! I was able to vent some of my frustration about her. To be honest, I get a kick out of being the Incredible Hulk!"

He joked, "The Hulkstress, that is. You're scary good at it!"

Hillary pointed at him with narrowed eyes. "Just remember that if you ever think of cheating on me. On us!" She grabbed Maggie's hand to show they were a team.

Nick was secretly relieved that Hillary didn't seem to consider what he'd already done with Debra cheating. But he wasn't about to push his luck and say something about that.

Instead, he said, "Believe me, I wouldn't think of it." He squirmed uneasily on the inside, thinking about how he'd fucked Debra last night. He told himself that she'd tricked him in a way that made it impossible for him to resist.

Maggie suggested to the other two, "I think we should let Debra twist in the wind. Warn her to stay quiet about everything, but otherwise leave her be. Meanwhile, let's not allow her to ruin the rest of our evening. We should go ahead with our plans."

Hillary's face lit up at that idea. "Which, if I recall correctly, involved a hell of a lot of cocksucking! And let's not forget titfucking! At least, that's what I've been looking forward to."

With titfucking on her mind, she gave Nick a look filled with animalistic hunger. She looked down at her hefty F-cups and then at his crotch, and then back and forth, in a very knowing manner.

Nick gulped as he thought of titfucking her for the first time. It was one of his favorite masturbatory fantasies.

Maggie smiled from ear to ear, "It's like you're reading my mind. Even while I was eating my pizza and trying to brainstorm about how to handle Debra, I couldn't stop thinking about our titfucking plan. I'd like to figure out some ways we could both titfuck him at the same time. I've got some ideas I want to try out!"

Hillary spoke with growing excitement. "Oh, definitely! Let's make double titfucks the new double blowjob! Then we'll have a whole new way the three of us can have fun together!"

Nick couldn't believe his good luck with their titfucking ideas. However, he remained worried. "If I can cut in here, needless to say, I love that idea too. But what about Debra? She's in the next room waiting to hear something from us. What'll we tell her?"

Having been reminded of Debra, he was suddenly filled with concern that she might be eavesdropping. He thought they were talking quietly and couldn't be heard by anyone, but he wanted to be sure. He stood up, and held up a hand to indicate they should ignore him for the moment. He quietly hurried across the room.

Hillary said, "I like the idea of letting her twist in the wind. Let her wait a while."

Maggie said, "Yes, indeed. That's a good idea. We should let her twist in the wind." But she was just blabbering to stall for time. She and Hillary

watched as Nick peered his head around the wall and into the gap between the dining room and living room.

He hurried right back to Hillary and Maggie and sat back down. He told them, "Don't worry. You know those guys playing video games? She's sitting with them, looking bored. She didn't even notice me pop my head in."

It was true. Debra actually had tried eavesdropping, but she'd been unable to hear anything but unintelligible mutterings from her distance, so she'd quickly given up.

Hillary said, "Good. Thanks for checking." Then a strange expression crossed her face. "You know what though?"

"What?" Maggie asked.

"While we were waiting for Nick just now, I had the craziest idea. It's so crazy that I don't even know if I should mention it."

"Go ahead. It's just words," Maggie suggested.

Hillary paused, and looked at both Nick and Maggie. Then she said, "The way I see it, half our problem is that Debra has such a positive idea of what sex with Nick is like. That's not something I can change just by getting her really scared of me. In fact, if we make sex with Nick more of a dangerous proposition, that'll just increase the taboo excitement of doing it. So, what I'm thinking is we should let her have some sexual fun with him again to completely destroy her idea of how good it is."

A startled Maggie asked, "What, do you mean TONIGHT?!"

"Yes, tonight. I know it's upsetting, but given what already happened, to have it happen some more isn't so bad. And it's important to act fast before her opinion firms up. We don't want her to spend an entire week thinking about how great sex with Nick is."

Maggie said uncertainly, "I can see that. I think. But how do we change her mind? Do you like my idea of Nick acting like she's just really bad at sex?"

Hillary replied, "I've been considering that, but I don't think it'll work. Even if he just sits there and does absolutely nothing, she's already all psyched up about sucking his cock. He can just sit there and literally do nothing and she'll have a great time if she has the right attitude about it, which she

probably will, due to her earlier experience. Plus, there's something about sucking his extremely thick cock that's a lot of fun in a difficult challenge kind of way. as we've discussed. And it would be really hard to plausibly pull off, given that she already knows he's NOT bad at sex. So, no. I'm thinking of a totally different approach."

He was trying to stay quiet for the most part, since he was wary of being seen as pushing for more sex with Debra. But he couldn't help but ask, "Such as?"

She explained, "I think we should emphasize the aggressive aspect, and act like that's the standard way of doing things. Debra is spoiled rotten, like most girls with her great beauty are."

"You're not," Maggie pointed out.

"And neither are you," Hillary replied. "But I'm lucky that I have VERY excellent parents who worked hard to make sure I wouldn't get spoiled. I assume the same happened to you, since you're pretty cool." She smiled at Maggie, which turned in a smoldering look of desire.

Maggie was startled at first, but she responded with her own sultry stare. She felt a tingle all the way down to her pussy.

However, Hillary quickly recovered and looked away, because she was trying to stay focused on Debra. "Anyway, I gather she's pretty lazy about sex too, such as how she's almost never given anyone a blowjob before. I'm sure she's never let anyone actually fuck her face. Just imagine how freaked out she'd be if Nick really vigorously fucked her face! It would totally shock and destroy her! Nick, you can do that pretty well, can't you?"

He nodded. "Yeah. I've done it with Maggie. Not a lot, but I've done it."

That was technically true. He didn't want to mention the fact that he'd only done it twice, and he'd been fairly tentative about it, especially the second time. However, he figured he'd been tentative because he loved his mother so much that it was hard to treat her roughly. Whereas he felt he'd have no trouble doing that to Debra. In fact, he'd relish the chance to let out his considerable frustrations on her.

Hillary asked Maggie with a wicked grin, "What do you think? Can you imagine Nick giving Debra a vigorous face fucking? Don't you think that would give her second thoughts about having fun with Nick?"

Maggie replied, also with a wicked look, "I have to admit... that's a very emotionally satisfying idea! I'd LOVE to see Nick fuck her face! And then cum all over it! And on her tits too! She really hates cum, you know. She finds it utterly disgusting."

Hillary said, "I was about to get to that. I figured as much. She's the exact type who would. Let her be completely disgusted as he drowns her face in sticky cum! He can force her to choke and gag on his thickness too!" She was feeling a curious sexual thrill thinking about Nick fucking Debra's face.

Maggie's eyes lit up. "Yeah! Definitely! Actually, he was kind of doing that to her when he came in her mouth earlier. She didn't actually choke or gag, but he flooded her mouth with so much cum so fast that she couldn't handle it! Tears actually streamed down her cheeks, and some cum dribbled down her chin! You should have seen it! It was great!"

Hillary said with growing excitement, "Exactly! That's exactly the kind of thing he should do to her tonight! Have him act in a totally aggressive and dominant way and treat her like his sex slave! Actually, he should cum on her face and breasts first. Leave her totally sticky and unable to clean up. Because his cock will simply stay fully engorged like it often does, and he'll cram it right back in her mouth! Then he'll just keep on fucking her face, deeper and deeper, until she'd forced to choke and gag!"

She was starting to breathe heavily. "She'll be totally desperate and panicky. Finally, he'll treat her as his personal cum-dump and blast a load straight down her throat! That'll show her! That'll make her think twice about ever messing with my man! With OUR man!"

"Yeah!" Maggie agreed, making a short jab with her fist. "That'll show her for sure! She won't think sex with Nick is all fun and games, not after that!"

Nick's penis had been flaccid for a while, but it started to twitch to life as he envisioned himself fucking Debra's face.

He looked from Hillary to Maggie, and back again. It looked like they were both excited, and he wasn't sure if all of that was from thoughts of giving Debra her comeuppance, or sexual arousal, or both.

Then Maggie said, "That sounds like a plan. The only problem is, he can't just dominate her alone. That would seem too suspicious. He'd need to dominate you and me too, to make it plausible."

Hillary said, "Fine! Then so be it!"

He thought, *Hmmm. So bizarre! I'm getting a hunch that they ARE getting aroused by this. And while one part of me loves that, another part says: danger! But I can't tell that my suspicion 'cos they'll deny it.*

He decided to play devil's advocate to that idea. "Hold on. I have to admit that sounds appealing, but I have to give this idea a reality check. For one thing, I don't think my dick would be up for that. Firstly, we've been talking about doing a lot of titfucking with just the three of us, and I don't want to miss out on that for anything. My dick has had a great and VERY busy day. But the downside of that is I don't know how many more times I can cum. I know I can get hard again. In fact, I'm starting to feel it right now, thanks to this kind of talk. But I might be done after one more orgasm. Yet you seem to think I'd be up for the titfucking and then one or two more times with Debra on top of that!"

There was silence as Maggie and Hillary had their bubbles popped with that comment. Finally, Hillary said a bit sheepishly, "I guess I've been assuming that you really can pretty much get erect at any time, over and over again. But I suppose that isn't true."

"No, it's not!" he complained. "That's not even close. You're getting that impression because both of you inspire me so very, very much. But even that has limits."

Maggie said, "Wait a minute. I've been with you and I've been keeping track. You've only cum five times so far. That's nothing, by your standards. That would be average for you back in your masturbation days."

He cut in to ask, "'Back in my masturbation days?'"

Maggie smiled sexily and knowingly. "Of course. I speak of that as a finished chapter in your life, because that's exactly what it is. You have TWO hot sluts now. If you masturbate at all, we're going to be upset! All your cum belongs on us or in us!"

"Yeah!" Hillary said with a grin.

He grinned widely and held his hands up defensively. "Okay. I stand corrected."

Maggie smirked. "You do. Getting back to the rest of tonight, with the kind of inspiration you have now, I would hope we could coax another three or

four orgasms out of you. That's how it was yesterday. I think you had nine or ten orgasms!"

He thought back. He hadn't kept track, but that sounded about right. He said, "Well, okay. Good point. I guess it's only been five today. It feels like a lot more, because the sexual pleasure has been so prolonged and intense. But yesterday was an outlier, I'm sure. Maybe I could cum three or four more times, but there's no telling. We can give it a try, so long as you're mindful I may run out of gas at any time. I'm really not an endless cum machine."

Maggie and Hillary nodded eagerly at that. They were so delighted that it looked like they were on the verge of clapping their hands in glee.

He added, "And one more thing. Yesterday was an unusually busy day for me all around. I ended up stayed way past my bedtime. I hate to sound like a parent, but tomorrow is a school day. I don't want to stay up too late because then I'll be miserable all day long at school tomorrow."

Hillary said, "But of course. I go to school too. Shannon's parents are supposed to come back late tonight and everyone else has school, so this place will clear out by ten, for sure. That still gives us, like, two and a half hours, if we go all the way to ten. That's a lot of sexy fun time! I don't mind 'giving' one of your cum loads to Debra, if it'll help us scare her off for good."

"True." He looked around. "By the way, isn't Shannon cutting it close with her parents coming home?"

Hillary replied, "No. For one thing, the parents know the parties happen. They just don't want to be here when they do. But also, the Blaines have a full time, live-in maid. She's out of sight, out of mind, most of the time, but she cleans things up in a jiffy. In fact, do you see any mess?"

He looked around more carefully. "Now that you mention it, no."

"That's because the guests are very well behaved. The elites may be stuck-up and selfish and so on, but they always know their manners. And the maid is like a ghost. She cleans up a room as soon as the last guest leaves it."

He shook his head in mild wonder. "Weird. It's like I'm in a different world. But anyway, getting back to the 'aggression with Debra' idea, I can't believe

I'm the one to say this, but I feel obliged to say that it could backfire. What if we do all that with Debra later tonight and she actually likes it? Wouldn't that just make things worse?"

More awkward silence followed. Maggie and Hillary didn't want to admit it, but their libidos were doing a lot of their thinking on this. While they both detested the idea of Nick having normal sexual fun with Debra, the idea of him putting her in her place with a face fucking was thrilling.

He added, "I fear you both might be letting your emotions get the best of you. Heck, I'd be doing the exact same, because it does sound VERY appealing. The only reason I'm not is because I've already fucked up so much with Debra lately, and I don't want anything to mess up the great thing the four of us share, including Anushka. God knows I would LOVE to fuck Debra's face and really put her in her place! But I worry that I love the idea too much!"

He couldn't admit it, but his guilt over having fucked Debra was driving him to be extra careful with her.

Hillary sighed. "You have a point. My gut tells me she would hate this kind of sex, or at least it would give her pause. I mean, she's such a stuck-up priss! She would have a cow if she saw someone so much as pick their nose. Seeing all that cum on her face and hopefully her chest too? That would seriously traumatize her! I think we could change her mind about you just on the 'gross cum' factor alone. I'll admit that I could be wrong though."

Maggie said, "Nick, I appreciate you trying to play the devil's advocate, but I think we DO need to get her to rethink how much she'd like to have sex with you TONIGHT, before a certain opinion gets fixed in her head. If we're worried that she might enjoy it, to me, that means that we're probably not going far enough in doing some extreme things to her."

Hillary had a fiery look in her eyes as she said, "Good idea! I like that! Let's get MORE extreme! Do you have any more ideas?"

Maggie chimed in, "Oooh! I've got another idea! Nick, you should yank on her long blonde hair while you're fucking her face. Pull on it until it hurts! She'll have a hissy fit about that, only she would be able to, due to all those cock monster inches sliding deeper and deeper down her throat!"

Hillary responded so eagerly she actually briefly rose a few inches off her chair, like she was about to leap up and give Maggie a hug. "YES! That'll show her!" She wasn't about to admit it, but these ideas were getting her pussy wet.

Maggie was getting horny and wet too. She crossed her arms under her hefty boobs in an attempt to hide the way she was breathing heavily.

Hillary forced herself to calm down a bit, and said, "What do you think, Nick? Would all THAT be enough?"

He groaned lustily. If anything, he was even more turned-on than they were. "Come on, you can't ask me that! That sounds fucking awesome... for ME! But is it a smart plan for dealing with Debra? I have no fucking idea. I'm way too biased here. And I'm getting horny too."

He admitted, "I've got a full-blown hard-on now, just from talking about this stuff."

Maggie and Hillary were getting even more aroused and excited after hearing that. But Maggie managed to say, "I think Nick has a very good point that we need to be careful. We could be thinking irrationally here. So I have a suggestion. We tell Debra to sit tight and hang around. Maybe we'll include her in a 'sex game rematch' later tonight, and maybe we won't. Let her twist in the wind. Meanwhile, the three of us will go find a room upstairs and have our titfucking fun. Then, once we're done, we'll see if Nick's cock is up for some revenge sex with Debra or not. If it is, then we can do some more strategizing to make sure we do this in a way so Debra couldn't possibly come out of it wanting Nick more than before. How does that sound?"

Hillary said, "That sounds VERY good to me! I especially love the 'titfucking now' part of it!" She chuckled at that. Then she turned serious. "But what about the danger of Debra spying on us again? She'll have a good idea what we're going to do and where we'll do it. She can figure out what room we're in easily enough and then put her ear to the door, just like she did before."

Maggie thought out loud, "Hmmm... We could just go back to your place, Hillary, and then come back here..."

Nick said, "I think if we do that, the odds are pretty good that we're not going to come back tonight. And we'll lose sexual momentum, including maybe the hard-on I have right now."

Maggie responded, "Good point. Instead, we could just warn her against spying. And we'd use the 'Hillary, the Incredible Hulkstress' threat." She looked to Hillary and grinned impishly. "Plus, we'll tell her that we'll make a periodic surprise check into the hallway just to make sure. Which we should do anyway. I don't think she'll want to lose out on a chance at another sex game later if we frame it like that."

Hillary nodded. "That sounds reasonable. Although I want to say for the record that I don't like how butch this 'Incredible Hulkstress' thing is making me sound. I'm not some kind of female gorilla!"

Nick said, "Don't worry. I know that, and Maggie knows that. You certainly look and act all woman to me. But perception is everything. You're somewhat taller than Debra, and a little bit stronger. That's it. But if she thinks you're some kind of unstoppable 'Hulkstress' fighting machine, that's all that matters. Let her be deceived."

That made Hillary feel better. But Nick got up and gave Hillary a hug anyway, not because she absolutely needed it, but because he knew it would be something they'd both emotionally enjoy. However, they had to restrain themselves because they were in an even more exposed spot than when they'd been talking on the balcony. Anyone could wander inside from the hot tub at any time, and it was a lucky thing that hadn't happened yet.

They were just about to go back inside the mansion when Hillary said, "Wait! I have one more idea. Shannon can kind of be Debra's babysitter. She owes us."

"She does?" Nick asked.

"Sure. She told me there was no way Debra could come here without the guard in his guard post noticing. But clearly, that didn't work. All we'd have to do is tell Debra to stick with wherever Shannon is at, which is usually the center of the party action anyway. Then ask Shannon to keep an eye on her to make sure she doesn't leave, until we come get her. That's no sweat for her at all."

Nick and Maggie agreed that was a good idea.

Maggie went to the living room and found Debra still looking bored, watching the video game the four guys were playing.

Maggie took her aside to a private spot and quietly explained to her what the plan was. She was careful to use a "carrot and stick" approach, and emphasize that a sex game later was only a possibility. That would allow them to keep all their options open.

She further advised Debra to hang out with Shannon and the rest of the hot tub crowd, and not tell anyone about the potential plan. If she got called on, they'd look to find her there.

Debra agreed to everything, including going to the hot tub. After all, she didn't have anything else to do, and she liked to socialize.

At the same time, Hillary went to the hot tub and asked Shannon to keep an eye on Debra. Shannon readily agreed, since it didn't require her to do anything or go anywhere.

Hillary decided that Shannon shouldn't let Debra know she was monitoring her, because if Debra did know that and had sneaky plans, she would try to find some way to distract Shannon first. This way, Debra would be taken by surprise if she tried something.

Then Maggie hurried to catch up with Nick and Hillary, because her conversation with Debra took significantly longer than Hillary's conversation with Shannon.

Maggie knew they'd already headed upstairs, as planned. She found them going down the second floor hallway and systematically opening every door they could. They were looking for a room where it would be harder to be spied upon. Unfortunately, so far, it seemed that none of the rooms were any better than the one they'd used earlier.

The three of them continued the search together. As they did so, Maggie said, "So, my talk with Debra went okay. She's going to hang out with the hot tub crowd until we go get her. I really doubt she's going to try to spy on us this time. I put the fear of God into her, thanks to the menace of the Incredible Hulkstress!"

Hillary rolled her eyes. "That was kind of funny at first, but I'm starting to dislike that name."

Nick said, "I think it's cool. You're incredibly fit, and you should be proud of that fact. It's like you have the body of an Olympic athlete, but one of the super sexy ones who'd get a photo spread in Maxim's."

Hillary groused, "Oh, please!" But she was secretly delighted by the compliment. She did work out religiously, and she was glad that it showed.

She said, "By the way, my talk with Shannon went as expected. She'll keep a secret eye on Debra, no problem."

As Maggie opened another door further down the hallway, she said, "Good. By the way, although Debra isn't likely to spy, she certainly will be tempted. How's this room?"

"No better than the others," Hillary replied. She glanced at Nick's crotch, and she was pleased to confirm that he still had his hard-on.

The three of them moved on down the hall.

Maggie continued to explain, "She knows we're going to have some sexual fun, and she asked me if she could watch. When I told her no, she pretty much pleaded and begged, but I still said no."

Hillary said, "Good. But you see? That's the problem right there. She's too into the idea of having sexy fun with us. She literally thinks it's ten times better than sex with Devon. We have to change that, tonight!"

Maggie snickered, "I could believe that it actually is ten times better, or more. We even were talking how great threesomes are earlier and we literally used the 'ten times' number. It's not just about being handsome and having a big dick, which Devon apparently does. Attitude and emotion matter way more. And passion!"

"Not to mention sexual skill," Hillary said, as she opened the door to the next room and peeked her head in to check it out. She quickly determined it was no better than the last one.

She turned to tell that to Maggie and Nick still standing in the hall, only to discover that they were necking and Maggie had a hand down Nick's slacks! Maggie's hand was clearly sliding up and down.

Hillary asked with chagrin, "What do you two think you're doing?"

Maggie broke the kiss, but kept on obviously stroking Nick's boner in his slacks. "I'm making sure his big cock stays nice and stiff. What if he goes

flaccid by the time we find a good room?"

Hillary realized that was a good point. She said, "Fine. But I call dibs on doing it next, a couple minutes from now."

"Agreed!" Maggie went back to French kissing Nick and jacking him off, while he fondled her boobs through her dress.

Hillary tried to ignore that and maintain a normal conversation. "Anyway, I was saying that most big-dicked guys think they can coast on size alone. It's rare to find a guy like Nick who actually cares that his woman gets as much or more pleasure than he does." She looked at him and smiled.

Nick was glad to hear that, but he wasn't sure if she was right that he was so skilled and giving. As he continued to make out with his mother, he thought, *I do try, and I do have the passion in spades. How could I not, with Ma and Hillary?!*

He reached inside Maggie's dress with both hands and gleefully pulled on her hard nipples. *Gaawwwd! Ma is fucking HOT! And Hillary's just as scorching. But I am kinda coasting on my size too. Especially my thickness. I need to be more proactive. I'm getting so much oral loving lately that it's crazy, and I should be giving as much oral tongue work back. Maybe I can start with that tonight. I'm actually really excited to try that out!*

Hillary said with some chagrin, "Okay, you two, stop now or get a room."

Nick disengaged from Maggie, but pointed out with amusement, "That's exactly what we're trying to do. How was that one, by the way?"

"The same as the others." Hillary took his hand rather possessively and led the way down the hall.

The three of them ended up going all the way to the last room on the third floor (the top floor), since it only took a few minutes to check all the doors. They found one room on that floor that had a narrow hallway before it opened up into a bedroom, due to an attached bathroom. Plus, it had a balcony that looked out over the expansive front grounds. They decided to use that room, because the hallway would make it more difficult to eavesdrop.

Chapter 64: Pleasure Before Punishment (Sunday)

As soon as the three of them were all in the room they'd selected, Hillary said, "Nick, please, secure the door. Not just lock it, but put a chair under the doorknob, just to be sure. There's no telling, with Debra nearby."

"Good idea." He went to go do that.

Hillary added, "Meanwhile, I can't wait to get out of these stupid clothes!" She started to strip.

"Me too," Maggie said. "I think Nick has brainwashed me about the 'need' to get nude. Now, as soon as my clothes start to come off, I get so damn horny! I even start to salivate, because of what always seems to come next!"

"Seems?" Hillary laughed.

"Okay, what always comes next!" Maggie laughed too as she shimmied out of her clothes. "I'm salivating like crazy already!"

Hillary spoke as she practically tore her clothes off, "Me too! I'm practically drooling right now! Ugh! Too damn many clothes!"

Nick rushed to get the chair under the doorknob. He thought he was fast, but by the time he finished and went back down the short hallway into the proper bedroom, he was greeted with a stunning sight: Maggie and Hillary were both completely naked and kneeling side by side! They were in identical poses, with their knees together, their arms pinned behind their backs, and their big racks thrust forward. Even more astounding to him was the way their upper bodies were leaning forward, making their immense boobs even more noticeable.

Seeing that he was looking, they even lolled their tongues around their lips lasciviously.

"WHOA!" He had never seen such an incredible sight in his life! He very nearly fell to his knees, he was so overcome. It was the visual realization of his great sexual fantasies involving his two dream girls. There they were naked and kneeling, and eagerly waiting to pleasure his cock! It was hard for him to even breathe. He felt more drunk on lust than how he'd felt drunk on alcohol the night before. He doubted he'd be able to do something as simple as walk in a straight line.

The only thing that could have made the sight a little better was that, while he could just barely see that Maggie was still wearing her red high heels, Hillary's feet were bare. But that hardly mattered, especially for a full-frontal view.

Maggie and Hillary snickered and giggled with delight at his reaction. It was exactly what they'd been hoping for. Hillary was mildly concerned about acting this submissively; she didn't want to give him the impression that she was submissive in the way her own lover Anushka was towards her. But just seeing the rapturous look on his face made it worthwhile. She figured she'd explain to him about her submission limits at some later time.

He realized he was far behind in getting undressed, and he kicked his shoes off. Then he started to yank his slacks down. *Oh, fuck me! This is so exciting! Hot damn! They're just so beautiful and busty. And they're here to have fun with ME! I can't even believe it! This literally can't be happening! I didn't even know one could actually live out a perfect wet dream like this! My heart is suddenly beating so fast that it's not even funny!*

Maggie muttered to Hillary, "I know we said this would be a titfuck-fest, but can we start with a little bit of cocksucking? I can't wait to feel his thickness completely filling my mouth!" Knowing that Nick was watching, she licked her lips ostentatiously.

His heart thumped wildly. *Ma is hot for my cock! My MA! I still can't get over that. But she's a woman as well as a mother, with sexual needs.*

"I'm with you there!" Hillary replied. "Gaawwwd, I'm fucking slobbering right now!" She craned her jaw open wide several times, in practice for what was about to come.

Maggie also opened her jaw wide repeatedly. Like Hillary, she was trying to limber up her facial muscles so she could handle Nick's great width.

Nick was even more emotionally overcome. They looked just like two baby chicks waiting to be fed food from their mother, except they were waiting for his cock instead. It practically brought tears of joy to his eyes.

Maggie saw him step closer after he took his slacks off. She was eager, but she complained to him, "Wait! Just what do you think you're doing? Not a step closer until you take your shirt off too!"

Hillary remembered that she and Maggie had agreed to work together to help Nick get over his habit of keeping his shirt on. So she chimed in, "Yeah! Why is it you insist we take all our clothes off and yet you keep your shirt on? I say that's unfair."

Nick said with sudden bashfulness, "I'm sorry. It's just that I get kind of self-conscious about my looks, especially my chest. I'm not all buff and muscular." He was tempted to add "like Spencer is," but he resisted.

Hillary brought her hands from behind her back and waved at herself and Maggie kneeling in their naked and seductive poses. "Look at us! Does it look like we mind?! Now, would you rather stand there whining about your chest or do you wanna get your cock double-sucked?"

He broke into a wide grin. "If you put it that way, I'm taking my shirt off!" He immediately started doing so. As he finished pulling it off, he said eagerly, "However, before we start, I want to see the two of you kiss some more!"

Normally, both women would have loved that idea, especially Hillary. But they were in mutual agreement that now wasn't the time, due to their shared urgent cocksucking need. Hillary barked, "Later! Just stand in range to us already!"

He was trying to establish a tradition that they should always French kiss each other whenever possible, to help with the "conspiracy" he and Hillary had just agreed upon to get Maggie to get more physical with her. But seeing their eager and hungry faces, he decided that could wait. He stepped forward.

Maggie and Hillary immediately reached out towards his crotch. It seemed all four of their hands tried to hold his cock at once, which didn't work.

But within seconds, Hillary gave way, and let Maggie both hold his shaft and gobble her way down his cockhead.

Nick's sexy mother sighed contentedly. *YEEEESSSS! Pure bliss! It hasn't even been an hour since I did this last, and that feels too long. I'm totally fucking hooked on sucking this magnificent cock! I love the way my mouth has to stretch open almost painfully, and the way his overly large knob completely fills my mouth. My son is so damn fucking well-hung!*

However, Maggie only bobbed on his boner a couple of times before she pulled off and tilted it towards Hillary. She didn't want to be greedy, especially since Hillary had graciously let her go first.

Hillary did the same, only bobbing on him a few times before handing him back to Maggie.

They passed his cock back and forth several times in this fashion.

Interestingly, a tension that none of the three of them realized had built up was released. They all felt much better, and not simply due to the sheer physical pleasure.

Curiously, Nick actually relaxed, despite being buffeted by so many great waves of pleasure that few boys would be able to handle without cumming or even falling to the floor. He felt like he was back in his happy place and all was well with the world again.

He put a hand on each of their heads and ran his fingers through their hair. It was a simple gesture, but it comforted him still more, while arousing both of them tremendously.

Maggie exhaled contentedly while Hillary took a longer bobbing turn. "Aaaaaah! That hits the spot! I really needed that. I'm such a slut for my son's cock!"

Hillary pulled off, and looked at Maggie with curiosity and amusement. "Son?"

Maggie hadn't meant to say that with Hillary there; she was just thinking out loud. But she quickly recovered, since she had the role-play excuse to fall back on. "Sure. You know about our little mother-son role-play. I was just thinking about it some more, since it got us into such trouble with Debra today. You should try it. Hey, I have an idea! I've already got the mother role covered, so why don't you play the role of his sister?"

Hillary snorted with amusement at that. She thought it was ridiculous. But then she reconsidered, and said, "Why not?" She was so extremely horny at the moment that a "crazy" and kinky idea like that had a lot of appeal to her.

She looked up at Nick standing tall above her, and flashed him a sultry smile. "What do you think, Brother? Do you mind if your sister sucks your cock together with your mom?"

He gulped and his eyes bugged out. Even in his countless threesome masturbatory fantasies starring his two dream girls, he'd never thought of Hillary as his sister. He thought that was completely brilliant.

Maggie happened to be holding and stroking Nick's erection, so Hillary pressed her awesome, tanned F-cups together with both hands. She gave Nick her best "come hither" look while she sensuously rubbed her great globes together. "What do you think? I know our mom is really sexy, but couldn't you have it in your heart to fuck your sister from time to time too? Don't you have enough cum in your fuckin' fat cock monster to keep my breath spermy and my tits pearly and shiny, just like hers?"

He loved the sound of that. He was too aroused to coherently reply. But the look on his face said volumes, especially the way his jaw hung open in amazement.

Maggie and Hillary shared some knowing snickers as they watched his flabbergasted reaction. Hillary was loving this role-play idea already.

Maggie said with glee, "You know, speaking of shiny tits, mine are still smelly and glistening from before dinner. How cool is THAT?!"

Nick thought, *Fuck me! Seriously, fuck me! Ma is so damn HOT! She totally loves every aspect of cocksucking; even the "gross" cummy part. Hell, especially that!*

He looked back and forth between the two nude bombshells kneeling in front of him. *And Hillary! UNGH! Too much! I'm gonna cum before long, even if they don't touch me!*

Maggie got back into role-play mode. "Daughter, I sure hope you love cocksucking, because your brother's pole is stiff, hot, throbbing, and needy all day long! If you want to be one of his sluts, it's mainly about sucking his cock a hell of a lot" She leaned forward and lovingly kissed around the top of his cockhead, especially licking and kissing his piss hole.

He was still too blown away to say anything. His heart seemed to be racing out of control. The idea of Hillary being his cock-loving sister was almost too much for him to take.

As Hillary waited for Maggie to finish her affectionate kissing, she said, "Then I guess I'm just going to have to get used to slobbering all over my

brother's cock, every single day! I know it's wrong, so very, very wrong, but after seeing you do it, I can't help myself!"

He was triply blown away. Seeing and feeling what they were doing to him was awesome to begin with. Then the incestuous role-play added another layer of excitement. But on top of that, when Maggie said "If you want to be one of his sluts, it's mainly about sucking his cock a hell of a lot," it was clear she really meant it. And Hillary accepted that without question.

That was possibly the most thrilling aspect of all, that both of them didn't just wanted to be his "girlfriends," they wanted to be his blowjob-loving sluts!

Hillary followed up her comments by licking his sweet spot before he even had a chance to get his panting breath back under control. He felt powerful chills and thrills race up and down his spine. His body visibly trembled.

Maggie saw his body's reaction, and she chuckled. "Look! I think he likes the idea!" She'd had enough bobbing to satiate her need for now, so she joined Hillary in licking near his cockhead.

Despite licking and stroking his pole, Hillary was running with the verbal teasing. "Sorry, Brother. I can't help myself! Since my bedroom is next to yours, I constantly hear Mom sneaking into your room at night. And then I hear the screaming! Oh, the screaming... such screaming! She screams your name into the wee hours until her voice is hoarse! And the thumping and pounding, and the bed springs squeaking! Thump, thump, thump, thump! You fuck your sinful mother to your heart's content in your own bed, don't you? I couldn't take it anymore. I decided I had to get myself a taste of that!"

Hillary had no idea what she was really doing when she said that. She thought she was just playing along with a fun but meaningless role-play. But in fact, her words hit both Maggie and Nick like punches to the gut. For instance, her comment "You fuck your mother to your heart's content in your own bed" startled and aroused both of them so much that they nearly forgot to breathe. Their heads swam and spun.

Nick had to close his eyes and steadily squeeze his PC muscle. He felt like his entire body was on a hair trigger, because he could feel the most enjoyable tingling all the way down to his toes. He had to consciously work

on breathing in and out, because Hillary's incestuous words on top of everything else nearly had him on the verge of hyperventilating.

Maggie was greatly delighted that Hillary was getting into the spirit of the role-play. It was especially impressive since Hillary was expertly licking Nick's throbbing pole at the same time. Maggie tried to keep her arousal to manageable levels. She worried that if she showed just how much the fantasy was getting to her, Hillary might get suspicious.

After some long moments, Maggie managed to add to the fantasy, even as her tongue brushed against Hillary's, since they were both so keen on licking Nick's sweet spot. "Sorry about the racket, Daughter. It's a wonder your father sleeps through it every night."

She found herself thinking malicious thoughts about Andy as she said that, and that took her to an even higher erotic high. Her head was dizzy as she lapped on her side of Nick's thickness.

Hillary chuckled, while lapping happily on her side. "Oh yeah, poor Dad. Good thing he's so oblivious, Mom. It seems that every time I turn around, you're sucking my brother's cock somewhere in the house. Like those hour-long showers you two take together all the time. I always hear a lot of thumping and screaming, or loud slurping and moaning, over the sound of the water running. Heck, you were even blowing Brother under the table all through breakfast yesterday while Dad just sat there reading the paper. How he could miss your loud, slurpy noises is beyond me!"

Maggie was secretly amazed, because disrespecting Andy through breakfast was something she'd fantasied and dreamed about from time to time. She felt that Hillary had to be reading her mind. But she reminded herself that there were only a limited number of fun home ideas to play around with, and mealtime was an obvious one.

Maggie didn't want to play with herself, because she worried that she was too worked up already. This was just about perfection for her, getting to lap on her son's thick cock while feeling Hillary's naked body up against her side, even as they freely shared a hot incestuous fantasy. But she started diddling her clit while she talked and licked, because she was so very horny that she couldn't stop herself.

She breathlessly continued the shared fantasy. "He knows, Daughter. Your father knows! He just pretends not to. It's embarrassing for him to admit

that his son has taken over as the true head of the house in every way. And now that's going to include keeping YOU well fucked, with your belly full of sperm, just like mine always is!"

Nick thought, *Fuck me! This is so fucking HOT! I hate that I'm having to keep my eyes closed, because the two of them look too sexy to be believed! That's been happening a lot lately. But then, you add this incestuous talk on top of it?! Seriously, kill me now, and let me die the happiest guy ever! I can't take this much arousal and joy at once!*

Hillary was really getting off on the fantasy too, and she started masturbating at well. "Dad knows?! Wow! That explains a lot of things, like the way he's never said anything about how you've been preparing breakfast in just an apron, while Brother sometimes strokes your bare butt, or how he's silent when Nick kisses you good-bye in the morning for five minutes or more!"

Maggie snickered. "We do a lot more than kiss good-bye, you know. I usually end up 'kissing' him on my knees." She loved that they were having this discussion while they both licked on or near Nick's sweet spot. That allowed her to add, "Special kisses! Kind of like this." She planted some slurpy kisses all over her favorite spot to show exactly what she meant.

Hillary snickered right back; she was loving the role-play as much as the cock sharing. "I know! I've seen your bobbing head at work, believe me. That 'I dropped my contact lens in my son's shorts yet again and I need to spend the next ten minutes sucking and licking it out' excuse has definitely gotten old!"

Maggie and Hillary shared a hearty laugh at that.

Nick was too horny to even think of laughing. He was clenching his teeth, clenching their hair in each fist, and fervently clenching his PC muscle too. He groaned lustily with such vigor that it was practically a roar. He was loving this storytelling even more than they were, because they were jointly licking him all the while. The pleasure was so intense that he wondered if he'd manage to remain standing before he gave up and shot his load.

Maggie teased, "Has that grown old? Darn it. How 'bout when I'm topless and I say I dropped my contact lens in my cleavage, then ask Nick to get it out with his cock?"

Hillary laughed at the growing absurdity of their story. "Yeah, that one got old fast too. But it's not as bad as the way you keep asking him to check the back of your vagina with his cock. You didn't even give a reason for him to check!"

Maggie was laughing so much that she had to temporarily stop licking. "Why should he need one? He 'checks' it whenever he wants!" She laughed yet more at that.

She realized she was getting carried away with her lust, so much so that she could hardly keep licking. She was masturbating herself into a frenzy, but she didn't want to cum just yet (since she'd gotten hooked on mutual orgasms lately), so she forced her fingers to go slow and easy.

Then she managed to get more straight-faced, and said, "I'm just trying to show my husband his proper place. Maybe once you and your brother start fucking and sucking all over the house, he'll finally get the hint and permanently switch beds with Nick."

Hillary dropped out of her role to say, "Maggie, time out! This is so friggin' hilarious, but it's totally hot too! I love it!" Her eyes bugged out with amazement, because she was having such a blast that she was almost incredulous about it. Once again, this far surpassed anything she'd done with her previous boyfriends, and Maggie was the special factor even more than his tasty, thick cock.

Maggie said proudly, "Now maybe you can start to see why we do the mother-son role-play so often." Her entire body seemed to be on fire, but most especially her pussy.

She thought, *What if Nick DID sleep with me in bed every night?! Jeeesus! My voice probably WOULD be constantly sore from always screaming late into the night. To be honest, I don't think I'd be able to take it. It would be TOO good! I'd literally cum to death!* She giggled inwardly at that prospect.

She thought more seriously while still slobbering on her son's sweet spot, with Hillary's tongue less than an inch away. *Hillary thinks I'm a "good slut." If she only knew the truth, that I really AM his mother! I'm soooooo baaaaaad! So wicked! She'd probably totally hate me. And I've lost all my moral bearings. Isn't it just a matter of time before my own son fucks me for real?! I'm dreaming to think it won't happen eventually, given how much*

I've fallen in love with him and all this. How can I resist him?! Look at me, hopelessly hooked on sharing his cock!

She was trying to feel guilty about that, but she was enjoying it too much to be very bothered. *Mmmm! I can't stop licking and loving this cock monster for anything! MMMM! Soooo delicious!*

There was silence for a minute or two while Maggie and Hillary just licked and licked, and played with their pussies. They were trying hard not to cum yet, but they were so worked up that it was a prideful struggle not to be the one who would give in and cum first.

It was truly remarkable that Nick was still holding out. But he was having to resort to increasingly desperate measures to do so. He was panting so loud and so hard that it was impossible for the others to ignore.

Maggie looked up at Nick and snickered. "Look at your brother. Look at the poor guy!"

Hillary looked up. Both she and Maggie finally stopped their licking, to have some mercy on him. He had his eyes closed, his teeth clenched, and he was huffing and puffing like he was in the middle of running a race. He'd let go of their heads because he thought it was rude to pull on their hair. He was flailing his fists in the air instead.

Hillary noted, "Uh-oh! It looks like that role-play was a little TOO effective! We'd better back off. Remember, he said could be done for the day at any time."

"Good point." Maggie didn't believe he was close to being "done for the day," but the fewer times he came, the better. She still had a hand on his erection, but she let go. With both hands free, she pulled hard on one of her nipples while still fingering her pussy.

She took a deep whiff. *Aaaah! The smell of Nick's cum, and two soaking wet pussies! The smell alone would send any normal woman into a desperate, cock-hungry heat. And then she'd look up and see Nick's cock monster towering above, like an impossibly tall and thick redwood tree. This is the life! It's so depraved, but so good! No wonder Debra wants in on this.*

That thought made her say out loud, mostly for Hillary's sake, "But you see? This is the problem with Debra. This is the kind of fun we were having

with her earlier, using a different sort of role-play. She had a blast. I'm sure she'd be totally psyched just to watch us right now."

Hillary replied while also playing with her pussy and nipples. "Well, she's not here, and we are. Sucks to be her! I'm not even jealous about her getting intimate with you two earlier. Okay, I am, but more than that, I pity her."

Maggie nodded. Even though she was on the brink of climaxing, she was still managing to be thoughtful about Debra's situation. She commented, between increasingly heavy breaths, "It's like... it's like, she has a big hole in her life. No real love or joy."

"Yeah, it's kind of sad," Hillary agreed.

She also was having to fight the urge to cum. She couldn't stop staring at Nick's cock. Although it was untouched at the moment, it was so stiff and stimulated that it was sticking nearly straight out in a very tantalizing way. She loved seeing all the saliva and cum covering it and threatening to drip to the carpet.

Maggie's face lit up as an idea came to her. She took her slippery fingers from her pussy and put them on Hillary's shoulder. "Hey! Since we have to pass the time anyway, remember how 'your brother' said you and I should kiss?"

"Say no more!" Hillary pretty much leaped on Maggie and tackled her to the floor. Within seconds, she was lying on top of her, fiercely kissing her lips and rubbing her clit.

She was acting with newfound aggressiveness, now that she and Nick were in secret agreement about where her relationship with Maggie should lead. She still didn't want to go much ahead of what Maggie was already doing to her, but her lusty enthusiasm made her a little reckless. The clit rubbing was unprecedented, since she'd only done a little bit of that before, and supposedly accidentally, after Maggie accidentally did it to her in the heat of the moment.

Maggie had expected that she and Hillary would both stand up and then kiss and fondle in a relatively "normal" manner. She was literally left both breathless and bowled over. She wanted to verbally protest that Hillary was going too far with the way she was touching her clit, but she couldn't say even a single word because of the delightful tongue duel going on.

It was too much for her to take. She had a great big trembling orgasm, and Hillary's clit diddling was the final straw that pushed her over. She screamed into Hillary's mouth as she came and came for well over a minute.

Hillary was also worked up to a fever pitch. She figured this was a great time to share an orgasm, so she switched to fingering her own clit a little bit. Soon, she was screaming into Maggie's mouth too. Or at least she did for a few seconds. Neither of them were getting enough oxygen, so they wound up screaming out loud.

Nick stood there panting hard. He heard the sounds of Maggie and Hillary smooching and moaning, and it was so arousing to him that he actually covered his ears with his hands. That didn't actually help any, though. He was right on the verge of cumming, and he didn't know if he could hold off, even without any stimulation to his dick whatsoever. Of course, his eyes were already closed as part of his desperate attempt to ignore the extreme sexiness in front of him, but that didn't help much because he could imagine them so very clearly and easily.

He squeezed his PC muscle over and over as he attempted to clear his mind. It felt like a losing battle though, because the sounds from Maggie and Hillary just a couple of feet in front of him were growing louder and more erotic all the time, until there was no doubt they were both screaming their lungs out in mutual orgasm.

His imagination ran wild as he vividly pictured their flawless bodies entwined together. He particularly got off on imagining them rubbing their massive breasts together, which they actually were doing.

Despite the total lack of any stimulation on his erection, his lust continued to rise, due to him tripping out on rapturous euphoria over his entire situation. He sensed he'd crossed the orgasmic point of no return, which was awful timing since his two dream girls weren't even paying him any attention. He didn't even know where they were due to the way he was keeping his eyes tightly shut.

Luckily, he knew of a trick to stop ejaculation by squeezing his shaft painfully tight right at the base. He'd used it once and it had worked, so he tried it again. It felt painful, strange, and unnatural, but it worked! The seconds passed, and he was incredulous that no cum rocketed out the tip of his boner. Yet he stayed just as aroused and erect as before.

A minute passed, and then another. Thankfully for him, the erotic female screaming stopped, replaced by very labored breathing.

He could tell that he'd narrowly come down from the edge, but he was still dangerously close. He was afraid to even put his hand on his hot and throbbing erection, because that alone might be enough to trigger him off.

He thought, *Wow! That worked! I'm going to have to use that a lot more, because it looks like I'm going to be in a lot more of these situations and I can only cum so many times in a day. Fuck! The possibilities simply stagger the imagination!*

And it's still so fucking horny! It's not even the incestuous role-play that's driving me wild. Okay, that was pretty great. Hell, it was more than great; it was totally awesome! But now it's the sound of Ma and Hillary getting it on that's keeping me in the danger zone. I swear, if I so much as open my eyes, I'm gonna cum all over them like a fire hose! And God knows I'd love it and they'd love it. I'll bet they'd roll in it and smear it in and lick it up in the most motherfucking sexy manner imaginable! But then I'd miss out on all this titfucking stuff they're been hinting at all evening. No way am I going to miss out on that!

The problem is they're so damn beautiful, and I love them so damn much! Yeah, I love Hillary with all my heart. I wish I could tell her that. It's not just her perfect beauty; she's the ideal girlfriend for me in every way. She's beautiful on the inside too! She's soooo out of my league by almost every measure, and yet she's totally into me. And she's really into sharing me with Ma. I can't fuck this up for anything. Debra needs to go take a hike!

His thoughts turned to worries about keeping Hillary interested in him, and that unwittingly helped him reduce his still great urge to cum. By the time he started to worry more about Spencer, he was practically back to being merely "normally" extremely aroused.

But then he heard more loud sexual noises, and he opened his eyes.

It turned out that Maggie and Hillary had only been temporarily winded by their mutual orgasms. As soon as they regained their breaths a minute or two later, they'd continued right where they'd left off.

Now it was another minute or two after that, and they were going after each other with wild abandon again. Hillary was relentless about fingering

Maggie's clit and slit, and Maggie "retaliated" by doing the same to her.

Maggie's intention to tell Hillary to stop playing with her clit had been shattered and forgotten by her epic orgasm, largely triggered by Hillary's clit play. Since then, she was so out of her mind that she even plunged two fingers into Hillary's slit without really realizing what she was doing. Hillary was on top of her, and Maggie felt like she was being relentlessly molested, but in the best possible way. She figured anything was fair game as she tried to "fight back" and stimulate Hillary as much as Hillary was stimulating her.

So, given that intense activity, plus the fact that they were both worked up from the incestuous role-play and licking with Nick, it was inevitable that they reached another orgasmic peak.

Maggie was set off first, like firecrackers shooting to the sky. She screamed and yelled like a howling hyena, and tried to roll over on top of Hillary to at least gain some control over the situation. She wasn't successful with that last effort though, because Hillary was unusually strong after all (although not "Incredible Hulkstress" strong!), and she loved having Maggie pinned naked underneath her.

But even though Maggie was in the middle of another great climax, she didn't ease up on her efforts to get Hillary to cum too. One of her hands frantically switched between Hillary's clit and pussy lips, and she hit paydirt about halfway through her own screaming peak. Hillary fought to fend off her orgasm a little longer, but she started really screaming and wailing around the time Maggie's orgasm was winding down.

Suddenly, Hillary's strength drained away, and she was weak as a kitten. Her body trembled while she shrieked without restraint.

Maggie took full advantage. She managed to roll over on top (bumping into Nick's feet in the process). She cried out triumphantly, "A-ha! Who's on top now, bitch? You sexy, sexy bitch!"

Hillary was gasping for air right as her screaming came to an end, but Maggie planted her lips on Hillary's and gave her a supernova kiss that left both of them truly breathless some more.

By the time that kiss ended, the two bombshells were weak, sweaty, and sexually satiated. They found themselves in more of a cuddly and tender

mood.

Maggie was still on top, and she purred as she kissed Hillary's nose, "Who's the sexy bitch? YOU'RE the sexy bitch!"

Hillary beamed with delight. She kissed back, aiming for Maggie's lips. "No, you're the sexy bitch! You slutty goddess! You're so fucking HOT!"

Maggie replied between more kisses, "No, you're fucking hot! Don't deny it!"

That was the last they said for a while, because they seriously got into kissing and fondling some more, despite maintaining more of a cuddly energy level. Nick's stiff cock was forgotten, at least for a while.

The horny mother found herself thinking, *My son has the best choice in girlfriends EVER! I remember I used to kind of feel sorry for how strongly he felt about Hillary. She would never, ever, ever want him back, right? But look at us now! She and I are gloriously naked and sweaty and cummy. There must be a God-damned LAKE of cum underneath her!*

She ran a hand down to one of Hillary's bare hips. *Aaaah! I love the way she feels! Such silky skin. And her enormous breasts really are like comfy pillows! She's even more "stacked" than I am! Hillary, I'm in danger of falling in love with you. Physically, emotionally, spiritually... in every way! But not as much as I love my son. God, I love him twice as much as before!*

Nick witnessed most of their kissing and cuddling, since he'd opened his eyes before the start of the second round of orgasms. He was so inspired that he stroked his boner a little bit, just to take his enjoyment to another level, now that he felt it was safe to touch it without cumming on the spot.

He loved how passionate they were for each other. Nothing could have made him happier than to see them get it on like this, because he knew this meant very good things for the long-term future for all three of them.

As he watched their voluptuous, tanned, nude bodies while they went back to more cuddly kissing, he started to worry about Debra. He had a niggling fear that she was outside listening in, since she'd done something sneaky to him three times in the last 24 hours.

Since he was just standing there anyway, he went down the short hallway to the door and quietly removed the chair under the doorknob. Then he

dramatically opened the door and looked down the hall, even though he was buck naked.

There was no one there. He was slightly disappointed, but more relieved. *Good! It looks like Debra has at least some self-control, after all.* He closed the door, locked it again, and repositioned the chair under the doorknob, just to be sure.

The reason there was a short hallway in the room was because of the bathroom attached to it. He went into the bathroom to pee and splash some water on his face.

After he did those things, he looked himself in the mirror. *Man, I've won the lottery of life! Look at me. I'm not a handsome hunk by any means. What do I really have going for me, other than my smarts and my unusually thick dick? And yet, here I am, with those two in the next room. THOSE TWO! My dream girls! Seeing their tanned, flawless bodies entwined together makes me so happy that I truly want to cry tears of joy.*

Until the day I die, I'll never forget the sight of walking into the other room and seeing them kneeling naked side by side, with their hands behind their backs and their huge tits thrust out! And their faces! Such passionate, hungry looks on their sultry faces! Gaawwwd! I don't know which is more surprising, that Ma is THIS into sucking my dick, or that Hillary is!

He stared at his reflection with determination. *I swear, I am NOT going to screw this up for anything! Especially not because of Debra. I don't care how much my body has this weirdly powerful attraction to her, I'm not going to let my lusts rule me. Ma and Hillary are my future; Debra's just trouble. Very sexy trouble, true, but trouble just the same.*

Feeling refreshed, he walked back into the bedroom.

Maggie and Hillary weren't moving at all. It seemed as if Maggie was sleeping on top of Hillary. But then they heard the sound of footsteps, and they both roused themselves enough to open their eyes and see who it was.

It was like they'd completely forgotten about Nick, and they were rediscovering him all over again.

Maggie sat up slightly, and said with genuine surprise, "Nick!" Then she calmed down, and smiled blissfully. "Mmmm. Hi, Son."

She nudged Hillary, "Hey, Daughter, check out your brother."

She reached up towards his stiff cock, because he'd walked right up to her, but she was too tired to stretch her body high enough to touch it.

Hillary managed to slide out from under Maggie. She sat up on her bare ass and looked up at Nick and his impressive boner. "Mmmm. So, Mom, is it our duty to take care of that thing?"

Maggie sat behind Hillary. She put her hand on her shoulders, and her big tits pressed into her back. "It is. I hope you know what you're getting into, because it needs a LOT of tender loving care. Jaw-breaking, lip-stretching care!"

Hillary slumped back against Maggie, reveling in their new intimacy. "That sounds yummy, but I'm going to need to take a little break first. You wiped me out!"

Maggie looked up at Nick and asked him, "Sport, you're not mad that we kind of ignored you for a while?"

He replied, "Are you kidding me? That was well timed. If you'd so much as breathed near me, I was going to shoot my load. And I don't know how much gas I have left in the tank. It's not just my dick either. I'm pretty much mentally and physically exhausted in general. So many totally intense and amazing things keep happening to me, which is great, but it feels like two days ago was two years ago!"

Hillary said with a sexy, knowing smile, "That's a shame, because we need you to fuck some sense into Debra's face."

Chapter 65: Planning Payback (Sunday)

Nick walked around them to the bed and sat down on it near them.

That forced Maggie and Hillary to turn around in their sitting poses to face him.

He asked, "Let's talk about that while we're all resting. Do you think that's really going to happen? Is that wise?"

Maggie said, "I'm surprised you seem reluctant about it. She's not going to enjoy it; but I would think you'd have a great time."

"Yeah, I'm sure I will," he admitted. "I feel guilty that I'd have too good of a time. I don't want to risk losing either one of you. You mean way too much to me. I'm totally invested in our threesome future. If there's even a one percent of a one percent chance that Debra could screw that up, then I shouldn't enjoy any contact with her at all. But I have to be honest: it felt really great with her earlier!"

Maggie chuckled. "Of course it did, you goofball! You had two hotties sucking your cock like it was a life or death thing. They'd be something wrong with you if you didn't enjoy that."

Hillary sat up between his legs. In a swift move, she trapped his boner between her great F-cups. She flashed him a wicked smile as she showed she'd regained enough energy to at least get into position for a titfuck.

Still making eye contact up at him, she said, "Maggie's right. You shouldn't feel bad. As for that 'one percent of a one percent chance' idea, I think the odds are much better that she'll screw things up if we DON'T take drastic action tonight. Remember that our purpose is to make Debra lose interest in you. If, along the way, you happen to enjoy it, that's not a big deal. I won't be mad at you."

"You won't?!" He was very surprised to hear that, not to mention relieved.

"Well, not more than I already am." She noticed that he must have just cleaned his dick off (which he did, in the bathroom), because it was totally dry. Her own tits were somewhat sweaty, but she worried that wasn't enough for good titfucking lubrication.

Luckily, her pussy was quite wet from her fun with Maggie. So she swiped up her juices, and drooled some saliva down for good measure, until she had it as she liked it. Then she winked at him and tilted her head down. She started licking around the top of his cockhead and began moving her firm yet soft tits around his shaft at the same time.

She teased, "Clearly, you can see I'm very mad at you right now."

Nick was so overcome by joy that his head swam and he nearly fainted! Getting to titfuck Hillary had been one of his greatest masturbatory fantasies for the last couple of years, even more than titfucking Maggie's rack since Hillary's was slightly larger. *This is happening! It CAN'T be happening! But it IS! Good motherfucking GOD! This is even better than losing my virginity, because it's with one of my dream girls!*

The sight of the titfuck starting energized Maggie to scoot up right next to Hillary, even though she was still recovering from her most recent powerful orgasm. She leaned in with interest, right over Hillary's protruding knockers. She certainly noticed that Hillary had lubricated Nick's erection with her own pussy juices.

She thought, *If I titfuck, lick, and suck my son's great fat cock monster shortly, which of course I'm going to do, I'll be licking and sucking Hillary's pussy juices off it too! I'll even be smearing them all over my breasts! That's so debauched and outrageous. But just thinking about it is making my kitty hum and vibrate like it's possessed!*

I've fallen so far, so fast. Last week, I was an ordinary suburban housewife, more or less. Now, I'm about to lick another woman's cum off my son's cock! I should think that it's wrong, so very, very wrong. But dear God, I fuckin' love it!

Maggie's head was so close that she deliberately puffed air onto Nick's cockhead. She said to Hillary, "Oooh! That looks like fun. Can I be mad at him too?"

Hillary giggled at that. "Sure thing! Give me a minute or two to build up a good 'mad' at him, and then we can trade a couple of turns to warm up."

Nick was already flying high. He asked incredulously, "'Warm up?'"

"Sure," Hillary said confidently while she licked. "Remember, this isn't just an ordinary titfuck time. We're going to find all kinds of fun ways to share

you." Her tits were sliding up and down at greater speed, now that his boner was well lubricated.

Despite being greatly enjoying the licking and titfucking, his pep talk to himself in the bathroom had left him concerned that he could blow his future with his two dream girls by letting lust do all his thinking about Debra. So he said, "I know the timing is weird, but can we talk some more about this Debra situation?"

Hillary replied, "Sure. I'm all for that so you won't feel guilty about what's going to happen." She kept the titfucking action on hold, since this was serious.

He said, "I just really, really don't want to screw this threesome up in any way. What if the worst case happens and I try face fucking her and she ends up being even MORE into me?!"

Hillary thought about that, then shrugged. "Then we'll deal with it. Together. But I would never break up with you over that. Now, if you snuck off with some other girl and fucked her, then yeah, I would be really hurt and that probably would be a deal breaker. But Debra's a different case. Given what's happened to you and her yesterday and today, it's something that just happened to you, like if you got kidnapped."

She paused, and looked down at the tip of his cockhead poking up through her tight cleavage. She could feel lusty desire washing through her body so intensely that it was hard for her to talk coherently. Then she looked back into his eyes. "To be perfectly honest, I found it kind of hot watching her suck you off last night! She's just so gorgeous! I want to see tears stream down her face as she sucks you off! So maybe that's affecting my thinking here a little bit, I don't know."

She frowned, puzzled at her own feelings.

Nick thought, *Well, duh! Of course that's affecting your thinking! We're all too horny to think straight! This is probably not the right time to be talking about this, right when a glorious titfuck is about to start!*

Maggie put a hand on Hilary's back and told her, "Don't feel bad. I feel the same way. It IS super hot watching her do that! You should have seen her struggle and cry today! And yeah, it's almost certainly affecting our thinking, but so what? We have the fun and sexy face fucking option, and

the boring and safe 'tell her to get' lost option. I think the face fucking option is actually the better one! Because if we send her home now, she's going to be all moony for you, for sure."

Hillary said, "I agree! We can have our cake and eat it too. To be on the safe side, maybe we need to be more extreme. For instance, Nick, what if you wail on her ass too? Give her a harsh spanking that she'll never forget!"

Her thinking was highly influenced by her own sexually dominant relationship with Anushka and the way she often gave her sexy spankings. She was so very aroused that she wasn't thinking straight and mostly just wanted to see Debra spanked as well as face-fucked.

Maggie said, "That's a great idea! Let's do that!" She also was thinking mostly just about how much she would love to see Debra thoroughly spanked. Her great arousal meant she wasn't thinking strategically or logically.

Nick similarly felt such a surge of lust from imagining himself smacking Debra's bare butt on his lap that it short-circuited his thinking. But he still had to ask, "So doing stuff like that with Debra going to happen? For sure? For real? Have we made that decision, that it's going to happen, and tonight, even?!"

Hillary was about to say yes to that, but she realized she was jumping the gun with that assumption. She lifted her head up to look to Maggie to confirm they were on the same page first.

Maggie was pressed right up to Hillary, with an arm around her back. Hillary didn't realize just how close she was, and when she turned towards her, their noses practically touched. They were so hot for each other that their faces couldn't get that close without kissing some more, and that's what they did.

Nick's cock was relatively neglected for the next minute or two while Maggie and Hillary French kissed. Hillary tried to move her boobs up and down around his boner some, but it was a token effort because she was so transported and preoccupied by Maggie's sweet and talented lips.

Finally, the two busty babes broke their lip-lock, and then searched each other's eyes.

Maggie subtly nodded her head to show that she was okay with whatever Hillary was okay with regarding Debra tonight.

So Hillary turned back to Nick and looked up at him. "It's going to happen. Unless you veto the idea, that is. Somehow, I don't think you're going to do that, though. Trust me, you're not going to lose me no matter what happens with Debra tonight!" She winked, and then slid her lips over most of his cockhead. She didn't fully engulf him, but she sucked tightly on the top half of his cockhead while looking up at him knowingly.

He didn't have anything to say in response. She was right that he wasn't going to turn down this arousing opportunity, but he was kind of embarrassed to admit it.

Maggie wanted to get his attention, but every last inch of his hard cock was covered by Hillary's huge tits or her hungry mouth. So she reached behind him and caressed his nearest bare ass cheek.

As she did that, she said, "And Sport, you know I'm your slut no matter what! So whatever happens tonight won't change that. Besides, the more I think about it, the more I see she's just a pushover. She's so scared about Hillary that we don't have to worry, regardless."

Once again, her thinking was being dominated by her powerful lust.

Hillary pulled her lips off his cockhead so she could tilt her head back up for better eye contact with him. "Exactly. I'm sure it'll be okay. Between the face fucking, and the hair pulling, and the choking and gagging, and having you cum all over her, she won't know what hit her! She'll be way too freaked out, grossed out, and intimidated to ever want to ask for another sex game from us again."

With that said, she tilted her head back down and resumed her licking, as well as her tit sliding.

Nick very much wanted to believe that, because it sounded like so much fun for him. He asked, "You think?"

Hillary just grunted affirmatively, because she was really getting into the cock licking and titfuck combo now, and didn't want to get distracted with much talking.

Maggie said, "It'll be fine, Nick, I'm sure." Her hand that had been on the middle of Hillary's ass slid down to her butt cheeks. She slipped a finger

into the ass crack, making Hillary squeal with surprise and delight.

Maggie told her son, "Consider this your VERY lucky day. You'll get to treat Debra as your personal plaything, and do whatever you want with her while Hillary and I not only watch but help out! Normally, we'd never let you cheat with anyone else, but consider this to be your one free pass. Right?"

She looked to Hillary for confirmation.

Hillary said while licking, "Well, he can't do just anything to her. It has to be with a strategic purpose to kind of shock her into having a big rethink."

"True," Maggie agreed. "Still, I'm sure this guy is going to have a LOT of fun." As she said "this guy," she took her hand that had been on his ass and raised it over Hillary's nearest boob until she touched his throbbing cock. Most of it was buried between Hillary's great globes, and Hillary's lapping tongue was slurping over much of the rest. But there was about an inch between that tongue and her sliding boobs that was relatively untouched. Maggie brought the fingertips of two fingers to that part and started rubbing.

Nick couldn't believe how pampered his cock was being treated. He felt a thrill race down his spine just from what he was seeing, never mind how intensely pleasurable it felt on top of that!

Maggie could see what a good reaction her touching was having. His sweet spot was just below where her fingertips were rubbing. That spot was in the "danger zone" where Hillary's boobs were sliding, but she reached down anyway and started rubbing right on the bulls eye of his most sensitive spin. That meant her fingertips were enveloped by tit-flesh from time to time, but she didn't mind. In fact, it felt nice.

She said, "If you enjoy what happens with Debra, that's good! You're not the one being punished; she is. The more you enjoy it, the more humiliated she will be! You need to fuck her face for a long time, with a lot of passion and aggression, for it to really work. She should completely give up and surrender to the power of your cock! You've seen how much she loves trying to win our sex games. Well, let's see her suffer a total defeat!"

Hillary suddenly pulled her head up from her licking and looked to Maggie with wild eyes. "I LOVE the sound of that! I can't agree more!"

She narrowed her gaze as she turned up to Nick. "She's such a stuck-up bitch who always gets her way. I can't wait to see that look of abject surrender on her face as her body goes limp and she stops trying to fight your cock from completely dominating her slutty face!"

Maggie added, "And then the spankings! My Lord! If she has any resistance left, he'll spank it right out of her!"

"For sure!" Hillary agreed. "Just between the three of us, I've spanked Anushka more than a few times, and let me tell you, it works!"

Nick thrilled to those ideas too. And hearing Hillary mention that she spanked Anushka was such a total mind-fuck that he couldn't even let himself think about it. In fact, he was so turned-on that he was already very worried about cumming. But he had a sinking feeling that Debra might end up really liking being treated like that.

Hillary started to tilt her head back down, but then she had a change of heart. She said to Maggie, "Here, you take over. If I don't stop my turn now, I never will."

Maggie and Hillary made some quick adjustments so that Nick's boner was engulfed by Maggie's big tits instead of Hillary's even bigger ones. They were both so well-endowed that the difference wasn't really noticeable to Nick's happy shaft.

As they did that, Maggie asked Hillary, "Did I hear you right?! Did you say you spank Anushka?!"

Hillary responded, "Oh, shoot. Did I really say that out loud?! Pretend I didn't, okay? She'd be really mad at me. But believe me, I know all about spankings!"

All three of them felt a sudden rush of arousal as their thoughts went to sexy spankings. The three of them alternately imagined Debra getting spanked and Anushka getting spanked. Hillary's feelings were the most powerful, since she had lots of vivid experiences spanking Anushka to draw from.

Maggie was acutely aware of the fact that Nick's boner was still well lubricated mostly from Hillary's cum and her saliva. Just knowing that fact nearly made her dizzy. Then she decided that his shaft wasn't lubricated

enough, so she quickly brought her hand down to her sopping wet pussy and smeared her pussy juices in with Hillary's.

Hillary saw that and she loved it. She unthinkingly licked her lips repeatedly, because the thought of sucking or licking Nick's cock with Maggie's juices on it was such a tantalizing two-for-one bonus.

Maggie tilted her head down and licked around Nick's cockhead. But she was tentative, as if she'd never done it before, because of the knowledge that Hillary's pussy juices were lingering there. In actual fact, there wasn't much of Hillary's cum left on the cockhead area, since it had been thoroughly licked and sucked by the way Hillary had lubed it up. But still, the idea thrilled Maggie so much that she could hardly think straight.

In fact, Maggie decided that slurping on Hillary's juices was more than she could take at the moment. Her heart was pounding so hard that it truly bothered her. So, in order to give herself a chance to adjust, she said to Hillary, "Instead of taking turns back and forth, let's start the sharing! Titfuck sharing!"

Hillary asked, "Okay! But how would that work?!"

Maggie said, "I'm thinking there are two ways to do this. One would be to trap his cock right between our breasts. For instance, we could pin it between my right boob and your left one. But that sounds more advanced and tricky. For starters, we can be like this, but instead of me craning my head down to lick and suck as much as I can reach, YOU should!"

Hillary smiled from ear to ear. Clearly, she loved the idea, especially since Maggie had freshly lubed Nick's boner with Maggie's pussy juices. "All right! I've never done that before, but it sounds great!"

Maggie tightly squeezed Nick's pulsing pole with her globes, and then began sliding them up and down. She purred lustily, because she loved the slippery sensation so much. She also loved how very hot it felt against her skin.

Then she told Hillary, "I'll give you enough room to cram all of his fat cockhead in your mouth. Make sure to slide your lips back and forth over his special spot a lot too! You'll be bumping into my breasts a lot, I'm sure, but so what? I'll be more squeezing intently than going fast, so it'll be fine."

Hillary started to lean over, and she lightly blew air onto Nick's cockhead. "Great plan! I can already tell this is going to be a regular thing that we'll all love. Maggie, I'll leave it up to you to say when to switch. Okay?"

"Okay."

With that, Hillary engulfed Nick's cock and immediately bobbed her way down to his sweet spot. She felt tingles up and down her spine, because she could clearly taste Maggie's pussy juices. She loved the taste, and could hardly wait to lap up even more directly from the source.

Nick was largely oblivious to how much Maggie and Hillary were secretly obsessing about the mixed cum on his hard-on. But what Hillary was doing with her mouth was so extremely stimulating just the same that he growled like a wounded animal. "Arrraaiiiiieerrrgh! So good! So good! UGH! Gonna cum already!"

Maggie and Hillary immediately froze. They didn't want that to happen.

Hillary pulled her lips off his cockhead and looked up at him with obvious disappointment.

He wasn't actually cumming yet, since he was frantically squeezing his PC muscle. Some long moments passed and the lack of any spermy shower became clear.

He sheepishly said, "Sorry! Almost cumming, that is. Too close! It's just that it's too arousing! Plus, all this talk about overwhelming Debra with the 'power' of my cock! Jesus! I need a breather here!"

Maggie and Hillary looked at each other and laughed, but in a friendly way. They realized his "distress" was a complimentary sign of their effectiveness.

Hillary said, "Okay, take a breather, stud! But hurry up about it, please. You've got me really hot for your cock!" She started to bend down towards it, where it was still encased in Maggie's pillowy orbs, but she caught herself just before she reached it. She sat back and bounced on her heels in an antsy way.

He watched her doing all that titty bouncing, and nearly came anyway. *Aaaargh! Too fucking much! How can I calm down?! First, I get to titfuck Hillary for the first time in my life! Now they'd got this dual titfucking thing in the works that's motherfucking INSANE! It's all so great that how can I*

ever be normal again?! School tomorrow is going to be torture, except that I get to sit next to one of my dream girls most of the time.

Maggie suggested to the others, "While we're waiting, what if we talk some more about the Debra situation? Nick, are you still having doubts about the wisdom of this?"

He said, while carefully taking heavy breaths, "I am, kinda. It just seems to be that if we're enjoying it so much merely thinking about it, how it is that she won't enjoy it some too?"

Hillary said, "Oh, she will, I'm sure. She's going to cum, big time. How could she not, if she's bobbing on your fat cock? But she can cum bucket-loads and still be grossed out and intimidated. Especially if you go hard core in spanking the hell out of her! You know the expression 'If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen?' That's what we're going to do to her. It'll be arousing, but so freaky, wild, and 'gross' that she won't be able to keep up."

Seeing that he was still doubtful, she added, "Let me give you an example. Imagine you get involved with a very, very sexy woman who lights your fire in a big way. You start having sex with her, but it turns out she likes to dominate her men. The sex is great, but she starts doing things that are way out of your comfort zone, including wanting to drill your ass with a strap-on. What would you do?"

Nick blanched. "I'd get the hell out of there! I don't care how sexy she is; nobody is going to fuck my ass!"

Hillary smiled triumphantly. "Exactly. Get it now? It's not a matter of arousing or not. It's pushing her so far out of her comfort zone that she decides she'd better hook up with someone else. As for Devon, I'm sure she'll be done with him, after she's found how good sex with you can be. But there are PLENTY of other guys who'd love to satisfy a total hottie like her and who don't insist on fucking her face until she chokes and gags, and then cums all over it for good measure. Get it?"

Maggie said, "I do. I'm convinced! We'll have our cake and eat it too. And a nice thing about it is that even though we're technically punishing her, we don't actually have to be mean. We can make it look like it's a mismatch of different sexual styles. Tough luck, but no hard feelings. See you around."

"True," Hillary said. "But we are going to be mean to her too. At least I am. I've got a lot of anger issues I need to work out, after all the sneaky things she's done to us."

Nick was calming down from his close orgasmic call. He thought, *Geez! If only Hillary knew that I fucked Debra last night. She'd go postal, and maybe on Debra AND me. Shit. How am I ever going to tell her about that?! But I don't want to lie. I certainly can't mention it right now, though!*

Pushing that thorny issue aside in his mind, he said, "I get it now. I feel much better about the whole thing, now that you put it that way. Still, I want to be sure that we do go 'too far.' I think I should be really dominating and aggressive with her. I've heard a lot of spanking talk in the past few minutes, and I'm thinking that's a good idea. We can have a thorough spanking as our ace in the hole. If she isn't freaked out enough, that'll be the final straw, for sure."

Hillary said brightly, "Oooh! I'm so glad to hear you say that! Have you done that kind of thing before though?"

Since Nick was taking a break, her hands were starting to wander over Maggie's nude body. She'd noticed the rough way Nick treated Maggie's nipples, so she experimentally twisted the nearest nipple in a similar style.

Maggie's eyes went wide. She turned to Hillary in very pleasant surprise. "Do that! A lot more of that!"

"Okay!" Hillary laughed with glee. She twisted that nipple in the other direction.

Nick finally got to get a word in edgewise to answer Hillary's question. "I've never spanked anyone before, no. Maggie and I aren't into that kind of thing. But it's not rocket science. I'm sure I'll do fine."

Hillary said, "I'm not into it either, at least when it comes to getting spanked. I wouldn't let anyone do that to me, not even you. On the other hand, when I made Anushka lie naked across my lap-" She cut herself off.

She was about to reveal more about the spanking ritual she gave Anushka. It was a big part of their sex play. But she belatedly realized she might be revealing something Anushka would want to stay secret.

She'd said enough to fire Nick's imagination some more. His cock, still buried between Maggie's tits, throbbed ever more energetically. He vividly

imagined a nude Anushka lying across Hillary's lap and getting a harsh spanking.

Maggie couldn't help but react to the throbbing. Without thinking, she said, "Oooh! Someone here seems to find that idea exciting!"

"What idea?" Hillary asked Nick suspiciously.

"Um..." He looked away in embarrassment.

Hillary said, "Shit! I said too much, didn't I? Please don't tell Anushka about any of that! Please? It's just a fun game we play from time to time, when I give her a sexy pretend punishment."

Nick gulped, because his arousing vision was confirmed. *That has to happen for real, in this world! Not in some kind of sex heaven, but right here! Man, I'd kill to be a fly on the wall for THAT!*

He forced himself to say, "My lips are sealed. But in a way that's good, because you can be my spanking advisor with Debra."

Hillary considered that, and then nodded. She continued to idly twist Maggie's nipple. "I can try. I've only given sexy spankings, not real punishment ones, but if I can give you any helpful advice, I will."

"Thanks!"

His head spun dizzily as he tried to imagine what giving Anushka a "sexy spanking" would be like. He pictured himself groping at her dangling G-cups while she lay naked across his lap. He was more interested in that than the spanking part.

Hillary added to him, "The main thing is to go all out. Be really harsh. The danger is that she could end up finding the spanking VERY enjoyable. You should see how Anushka gets sometimes when I wail on her ass. I swear, the harder I hit her, the more it seems she just screams and cums! But don't worry, I'll guide you to make sure you do it right."

"Thanks again." The sweat was rolling down his forehead. His cock wasn't getting much of a break, due to the talk about spanking Anushka.

As arousing as a vision of Hillary spanking Anushka was, he was more focused on an image of Anushka lying across HIS lap instead, her bare butt squirming as she begged for mercy. Then he realized, *That's just a pie in the sky fantasy with Anushka, at least at this point. But something very much*

like that is almost certainly going to happen with Debra in a short while! WOW! Fucking... DOUBLE wow! And with Ma and Hillary looking on and APPROVING!

Needless to say, that didn't help him calm down at all.

Furthermore, his boner was still trapped deep in Maggie's cleavage. Although she wasn't actively sliding her big tits around, she'd started rhythmically squeezing his shaft.

He thought she just didn't consciously realize what she was doing.

In fact, she was so hot to trot that she couldn't help herself, so she was "cheating" on the break time in a way that she hoped Hillary wouldn't notice.

He also noticed that not only was Hillary aggressively playing with Maggie's nearest nipple, her other hand seemed to be angled down to Maggie's ass instead of just resting against her back. He figured, correctly, that that hand was having fun down there.

He was sure that Maggie would have wanted to do something similar to Hillary, but Maggie's hands were occupied holding her tits in place around his pulsing hard-on. He realized his own hands weren't doing anything, so he took over the holding task with both hands. Despite feeling dangerously close to orgasm, he couldn't bear to withdraw his boner from the warmth and comfort of his mother's pillowy breasts.

Maggie gave him a grateful smile, and then immediately brought a hand around Hillary's backside and down to her ass. Then her other hand started "wandering" around Hillary's front side, roaming from Hillary's great globes nearly down to her clitoris.

Because of so many arousing things on his mind at once, Nick realized that although the "titfuck-fest" they'd planned to do for a long time had barely begun, he might not be able to delay his climax for long.

This was such a problem that he said, "Ladies, my sexy sluts, I love the titfucking plan we've been talking about, but it's all so arousing that I could blow my load at any moment! And what if I'm done for the night after that?!"

He breathed a secret sigh of relief that neither of them batted an eye at his use of the phrase "sexy sluts." As he'd correctly guessed, they were so hot

and bothered that they enjoyed that language. He also figured the "sexy" part helped a lot, and made a note to use that more often.

Maggie said to him, "I'm not worried. You've only cum five times today, so far. That's not much by your standards. You might be running low on cum, true. But I'm fully confident that Hillary and I can get your cock nice and stiff again. When you do cum, where is that cum going to go? On the two of us! We'll have to kiss and lick it up off each other. Just picture that. How does that make you feel?"

He groaned lustily. "Oh God! So horny! I'm already erect, but my boner is getting a boner!"

Maggie and Hillary had a good laugh at that. Maggie said, "See? And if that isn't enough, once we bring Debra in and you have her spectacular naked body writhing on your lap, tell me you're not going to have a hard-on for that!"

He groaned some more, because that was such an arousing thought too. He said, "Okay, you got me there. But still, I have my limits. This is all so intense! At some point, I'm going to collapse from sheer exhaustion!"

Hillary looked to Maggie with concern. "Maybe we should save the full-on 'titfuck-fest' for later. I think he should cum on Debra at least TWICE! Don't you agree?! Let her get doubly grossed out, until she's swimming in cum!"

Maggie smiled wickedly. "Yes! So much yes! A thousand yesses to that!"

Hillary laughed at the intensity of Maggie's agreement. "Let's just give him a taste of titfucking heaven, and then bring her up here. If he's still got the energy and a fully loaded gun after all that, we can do the titfucking once Debra is gone. Besides, I have to admit that I can hardly wait to see him put her through the wringer!"

Maggie said, "Okay. That sounds pretty good to me too."

Nick warned, "I don't know if I could make it through ALL of that!"

Maggie commented, "Don't worry about it. If you're up for all of it, then great. If not, we can save the first full-on titfuck-fest for after school tomorrow. We're your sluts, not your girlfriends. We're all about pleasuring your cock! You're going to get titfucked so much in the weeks to come that you'll look back to your pre-titfucking days in fond memory."

He snorted with laughter. "Yeah, right! If I ever do that, shoot me for being the world's biggest idiot!"

The titfuck talk was making Maggie antsy, as well as super horny, so she replaced Nick's hands with her own again, so she could up the action level. She resumed maintaining the tight squeeze around his boner. Almost immediately, she also resumed secretly squeezing him.

With their break time supposedly continuing (not counting the secret titfuck squeezing), Hillary said to Maggie, "So you know I get really pissed off at Debra. Hell, I wouldn't mind smacking her ass a few times myself. But what about you? Aren't you going to be steaming with jealousy too, when she comes up here?"

Maggie shrugged. "Maybe. Almost certainly, in fact. But I'm looking forward to it anyway, for some weird reason. After all, she's done so much with him already. What's a little more?"

"Good point."

Had Maggie been more honest in examining her feelings based on what had happened with Debra's sexual situations already, she would have realized that her anger heightened her lust, and vice versa. But she couldn't truly be that angry with Debra when she got insanely horny. Lust had a way of taking over.

Hillary leaned in towards Nick's cockhead again. It was so enveloped by Maggie's E-cups that only the top half of it was poking out. She breathed on that, and said, "I'm super horny! Can I at least suck for a few minutes before we go get Debra?"

He was trying some more to calm himself with steady, deep breaths, so he couldn't answer at first.

While Hillary was waiting, she brought a hand to the top of Maggie's closest breast and held it there as it rose and fell. She said, "Besides, I deserve a turn because somebody here hasn't exactly been honoring the break we're supposed to be having." She looked Maggie in the eye with a mischievous twinkle. "You've been giving him a sexy squeeze or two, right?"

Maggie looked down in embarrassment. She blushed. "Shit! You caught me. I was, until his hands took over."

Hillary chuckled. "'Was?' You're still doing it now!"

Maggie looked down at her hands and saw how obvious her "secret" squeezings looked, after all. She chuckled too, but then complained, "YOU try keeping your tits still with his hot and throbbing cock monster buried in YOUR cleavage!"

Hillary chuckled some more. "Good point." Her mouth was drawing closer and closer to the tip of his bulbous knob. She glanced up towards his face. "Can I?"

"Almost," he panted. He worried that he was still too aroused. Now that Maggie had been "caught," she'd given up all restraint and was rhythmically squeezing his boner even more vigorously. That wasn't exactly helping him get a real break.

Hillary groaned in frustration, and started licking the tip of his cockhead anyway. She'd been planning on swallowing his cockhead to bob and suck on it, so she figured mere licking was relatively restrained. She was fingering her pussy and sometimes fondling Maggie's beasts. She was horny as hell!

He said, between increasingly heavy breaths, "I'm just thinking about cumming. Although I'm dying to do it now, and with the way you're licking me, I probably will... too soon! And... fuck! Maggie, what you're doing to me! Good God! But maybe we should wait until Debra gets here. Please? Ugh! We, we... can finish the dual titfuck then, and let her see me cum, cum... UH! Cum all over both of you! That'll start things out on a disgusting note for her, for sure!"

Hillary said, "I like! But I need this right now, so don't cum! Please!"

She couldn't restrain herself any longer, and swallowed all of his cockhead. That meant she "took" some of his pole from Maggie and her sliding boobs.

Maggie was okay with that. It was all good to her at this point. She was masturbating and fondling Hillary too, and she was just as eager to cum as Hillary was. She figured that although it was better Nick didn't cum until Debra was here, there was no reason why she had to wait that long too. In fact, she was almost certain he'd be able to have a big cum now and then another big one or two then, if not more.

So, not long after Hillary started her bobbing, Maggie let go and started her climax. She tried to be subtle about it, but she couldn't entirely stop herself from yelling out loud.

Hillary heard Maggie's erotic yelling, and knew what it meant. She didn't want to give in just yet, but hearing Maggie climax sent her over the edge. She actually screamed into Nick's hard-on for a few seconds before she had to pull off in order to get enough air to breathe.

Nick could smell a new burst of wet pussy in the air. He closed his eyes, but he could still hear both of his women screaming in orgasmic ecstasy.

Somehow, on top of all that, he found himself thinking of spanking both Debra and Anushka. In fact, in his brief fantasy, he imagined Debra's bare ass writhing on his lap while a totally nude Anushka stood to the side, clutching her massive G-cups with one hand and fingering her pussy with her other hand while she wiggled and writhed in place, eagerly waiting for her turn to get spanked on his lap.

It was too much for him to take. He wanted very much to wait until Debra was in the room before he came, or at least keep the titfucking fun going longer. But he was tired from a long day of incredible sexual fun, and everything was simply too arousing to be believed. He managed to cry out, "Gonna cum!"

His orgasm came upon him so suddenly that his cum began to shoot out only a second or two after that. Since his cock was pointed straight up due to the positioning of Maggie's titfuck, his first rope at least would have flown high up and then landed who knows where. He couldn't control where the cum would go because he was still holding Maggie's massive knockers with both hands.

But even though Hillary had pulled off his cockhead, her face was still only a couple of inches directly above it. And it was a lucky thing she was screaming, because that meant her eyes were closed and her mouth was opened very wide.

Hillary felt a jet of hot cum smack her left cheek. Without thinking, she started to dive down to bob on him. But a split second later, she decided she wanted the cum on her face instead. So her head jerked down and then right back up. Meanwhile, the cum kept on flying.

Maggie wanted in on the cum bath, naturally. But she wasn't going to be selfish about it and push Hillary away. Still, she tilted her head forward until it touched Hillary's, so Hillary would know she was waiting and ready.

Hillary did remember to share. Unfortunately, Nick's cum load wasn't as copious as usual, after being drained so many times relatively recently. Just when she thought he was about halfway done and she was going to pull her head out of the way so Maggie could move in, she realized that he was nearly all the way done. There were only a couple final weak spurts that didn't even fly up high enough to hit her face, but landed on the top of Maggie's breasts instead.

Hillary was sorry about that, but she was still incredibly horny and cock-hungry. Her own orgasm, as wonderful as it was, barely put a dent in her lusty energy level. She dove back down on his thick cock, determined to try to suck him vigorously enough so he'd simply stay erect, as he'd shown the capability of doing surprisingly often in recent days.

She bobbed on him for a couple of minutes.

Maggie had the same idea, and did her best to help by resuming fucking his shaft with her tits.

But even their combined efforts weren't enough. His boner went flaccid to such a degree that Hillary had no choice but to stop sucking, as it disappeared down into Maggie's cleavage like a frightened eel sliding back into a hiding hole.

Hillary exhaled with exhaustion and regret. "I'm sorry, Maggie! I didn't know. I thought he was going to cum a lot more."

Maggie shrugged. "That's okay. It's the thought that counts."

Hillary nudged Nick to get his attention, and asked him, "What happened to you always cumming in twos? Shouldn't this be the second one?"

He was feeling thoroughly wasted, practically half-dead. But he managed to reply, "Dunno. Cumming so much... It's all screwed up."

Maggie explained to Hillary, "The poor guy. I'm not sure how it works, but when he stayed erect through two orgasms in a row, that probably did screw things up."

Hillary sighed. "Now I feel bad. I was assuming he'd stay erect for Debra."

Maggie responded, "I've been thinking, and it's actually better this way. One of us needs to go downstairs to get Debra. You're cummy. And looking at Nick now, he's getting the post-orgasmic sleepies. So that leaves it up to me. It's better I'm at least semi-presentable."

"Oh," Hillary said, as she considered that. "Good idea. Go, now! And get back in a hurry. Then we'll have some cum to share, and Debra can still get all grossed out over it."

Maggie felt weak after her recent big orgasm too, but she was determined to get Debra quickly, so the fun could go on. She said, "Good idea. I'll go now. And Nick, have a good rest so you'll be ready to face fuck Debra into oblivion!"

Since Nick had been sitting on the edge of the bed this whole time, he'd already flopped back on it. He was practically in sleep mode already. All he could do was grunt to let her know he'd heard. He had no idea how he was going to rebound in time for Debra's arrival.

Maggie was about to get up.

But Hillary put a hand on her shoulder, and said, "Wait! I just realized you can't go like that." She stared obviously at Maggie's tanned boobs.

That forced Maggie to look down at herself. She saw that she still had a good deal of cum dripping down her cleavage, since Nick had squirted a couple of last weak blasts that had landed on her tits.

Hillary asked her shyly, "Can I help lick it up a little?"

Maggie practically squealed with glee, she found Hillary so adorable at that moment. She said, "Sure!"

Hillary leaned over and started to lick. But as she did so, she said, "I'm not actually going to lick it all up; I'm just going to smear it in a bit, and push it down deeper into your cleavage. I want you to absolutely REEK of Nick's cum for Debra! And we can have her give you a kiss or two right there. That'll give her a spermy surprise!"

Maggie laughed. "You're so evil!"

Hillary cackled theatrically. "I try. Debra inspires me."

Maggie was so aroused by that spermy cleavage surprise idea that she felt tempted to push Hillary to the floor, kiss her hard, and have her way with

her. But she was still too tired to do much. She just closed her eyes and tingled with delight as Hillary licked her sensitive tit-slopes.

After a couple of minutes of happy licking and fondling, Hillary pulled her head back, and declared, "Good enough. Like I said, I don't want you to get too clean."

Maggie managed to pull away and stand up. She looked down at Hillary and smiled. "You're so naughty. Maybe Debra isn't the only one who should get spanked tonight!"

Hillary chuckled with glee. "Yeah, maybe YOU should! You sexy bitch!"

Maggie shot back, "You wanton slut!"

Hillary responded, "Big-titted cum-lover!"

Maggie retorted, "Cocksucking cum-GUZZLER!"

Hillary laughed. "Ooooh! You got me with that one!" She clutched her right breast, pretending she'd been shot. Then she playfully squeezed the huge orb, since she was holding it already.

Maggie loved it. Had she not been standing already, she would have given Hillary a big kiss on the lips, or two, or three.

Maggie staggered a couple of steps and then dropped to her knees near where her clothes had been tossed aside. As she tried to pick them up and put them on, she said, "By the way, Hillary, keep in mind that things got pretty cummy when Debra was here earlier. She got spermed herself, and Nick was firing a big load at that point. So she won't be totally shocked and surprised by your face. But still, it'll help gross her out."

Hillary grunted to acknowledge that she'd heard that. Now that she didn't need to be active for anything, she simply laid down on the floor. She was careful to keep her face pointed up, so the cum there wouldn't get messy. She closed her eyes to take a quick rest too.

Maggie managed to put her clothes on (sans underwear) and silently left the room a couple of minutes later.

She was a bedraggled mess, and she knew it. While Hillary's licking job was great fun for both of them, she still had a scandalous amount of cum on her visible cleavage, since her dress was low-cut.

She was frustrated that she didn't have a way to call Debra and tell her to come up. She still felt dangerously horny. Just walking down the hall in her red high heels kept her heart beating hard, because those heels were a vivid reminder to her of sucking her son's cock. She was half-tempted to stop in the hall and finger herself to another orgasm.

However, she highly doubted Debra had her cell phone on her at this point, and she didn't know Debra's number anyway.

She had no choice but to go downstairs and get her. Her plan was to call to her from afar so none of the others could get a close look at her "just fucked" appearance.

Chapter 66: Anger-Filled Lust (Sunday)

Maggie moved with a purpose to find Debra. She was so eager to return to where Nick and Hillary were that she would have run through the mansion had it not been for the high heels on her feet.

Maggie made it just far enough to peek into the living room from partially up the stairs before going any further. Considering that she still had some of Nick's cum showing on her face, she was pleasantly surprised to see the video gamers gone and Debra all alone.

Debra was wearing nothing but bright red bikini bottoms. She was anxiously pacing around the room, like she was fit to burst from anticipation. This was surprising, because she was supposed to be in the hot tub area, with Shannon secretly keeping a watch over her.

But Maggie didn't mind at all, because she didn't relish getting anywhere near the hot tub crowd in her current condition.

Maggie didn't know it, but Debra was in the living room because she was feeling so very anxious to take part in more sex games with Nick and his two "sluts." She'd been so distracted by thoughts about what would happen if and when she was called upstairs that she couldn't socialize with the hot tub crowd, so she'd come up with one reason after another to go to the bathroom or kitchen and so on, just to get away. Mere minutes ago, she'd given up all pretense and decided to just wait in the living room. But at the same, she'd been afraid of going upstairs and getting in trouble for trying to sneak up on them.

Maggie cupped her hands to her face and hissed, "Hey! Debra! Up here!"

Debra turned around and looked up at Maggie on the stairs with tremendous relief.

Maggie added, "Let's go!" She shook her head in amazement at Debra's topless beauty, even from a distance. Then she ducked back out of sight.

Debra skipped up the stairs with a wide smile on her face, her big bare double-D-cups bouncing freely. She wanted to give Maggie a hug, but she couldn't, because Maggie moved even faster than she did. So she sped up

until she was taking the stairs two or three at a time. She had to clutch at her boobs finally, because there were swinging so wildly.

When Maggie finally reached the top floor where her other loved ones were, she slowed enough for Debra to catch up.

Debra was panting and still practically jogging as she finally spoke. "What's the rush?"

The truth was, Maggie was having a hell of a great time with Nick and Hillary, and she knew they were feeling the same. She wanted to get back fast, before the mood might be lost, and especially before they came down from their erotic highs. She would have moved even faster had it not been for her high heels. She strongly suspected that Hillary's attitude towards Debra's presence would be very different if Hillary wasn't so horny, and the same went for herself.

After thinking things over for a long moment, she decided to be mostly honest. "I'm trying to help you out. Hillary is in a horny mood, and as long as she is, she might not be quite so pissed off at you."

She slowed down some more, because they were nearing the room already and she had more to say. "Now, if you really are willing to go through your punishment, you've gotta listen to me."

Debra nodded. She was eager to behave so she could make a good impression. It would be a lot easier for her to take part in more sex games with them if she was openly invited instead of having to be conniving and scheming.

Maggie wagged a finger at her. "Do EVERYTHING we tell you do to. Don't talk back. Don't speak out of turn. Don't ask questions. Just be completely obedient."

She suddenly stopped to look Debra right in the eyes. "And this is the most important part: try not to show that you're enjoying yourself!"

Debra furrowed her brow. "Huh?"

Maggie said impatiently, "Look, this IS a punishment, but it's inevitable that there's going to be a good amount of sexual pleasure too. Maybe not at first, but eventually. Hillary especially will want to see that you suffer. If you start to enjoy yourself and say things like 'This is great,' then she's going to think that you haven't been punished enough, and do a lot more of the

things you dislike the most. I just want to get this over with and not turn it into a torture session. So just... don't be enthusiastic, okay?"

Debra nodded. "Okay. Sure."

Maggie wasn't thinking clearly when she gave Debra that advice. Her arousal was driving her, blotting out nearly all of her jealousy and desire for revenge. She did want Debra out of Nick's sex life in the long run, but right now she was more interested in seeing him spank Debra's ass and fuck her face. She thought that would be extremely hot to watch, and she wasn't giving much consideration as to how well that actually furthered her long-term goals.

She also didn't want to see things get truly nasty and vindictive, because her personality was the exact opposite of that. She hoped they could do the minimum to cause Debra to lose interest in Nick, while still having great sex.

Maggie resumed strutting briskly along in her clicking high heels, forcing the bare-footed Debra to follow. "So remember: take your punishment. Don't complain, and don't be enthusiastic either. Be obedient. Then, before you know it, we'll be through this."

She couldn't resist looking at Debra's bouncing breasts as she added, "In fact, it's probably best if you try not to say much at all."

Debra frowned with worry, but she said, "Got it." Then, after a pause, she stared at the pearly white smears on Maggie's face and asked, "Uh, by the way, is that...?"

Maggie stopped completely, put her hand on her hips, and stared Debra down. "Yes, that's Nick's cum. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Um, no!" Although Debra was grossed out by the cum, she thought it was very hot that Maggie dared walk around like that outside a private room. Plus, it got her thinking more about Nick's thick cock and all the great sexual fun she must have missed.

Maggie resumed walking. "Good! And don't be surprised if you've got a pearly sheen on YOUR face before long, and you have to keep it there. Do you have a problem with THAT?!"

"No." Actually, Debra did mind, but she was feeling cowed. She was determined to be obedient, even if it meant doing things like that. Plus, she

figured Nick wasn't likely to cum on her face unless she got to have a lot of sexual fun with his cock first, and she was willing to put up with a lot to have that happen with him. Her desire for more sex with him was off the charts.

Maggie knocked on the door a few seconds later. "Nick? Hillary? I'm here with Debra." Then she remembered that the door almost certainly wasn't locked or propped shut since she'd left just a couple of minutes ago. So she turned the knob and let herself in.

She still wasn't in view of Nick or Hillary, but she told them, "Don't worry, I got it."

Then, once Debra was in, Maggie didn't think to prop the door closed with the chair, or even just lock it. She didn't think about security at all because she was so very horny and eager to resume the fun times. Their concern had been keeping Debra out, and that was a moot point because Debra was invited in with them now.

Nick had been about to get up to open the door, but he went back to what he was doing, which was sharing a very pleasurable cuddle with Hillary. She sat in his lap on the bed, and they were keeping each other on a low boil of arousal while they waited for the others.

Debra shyly stepped forward into the main room. She stared wide-eyed at Nick lounging there naked with an equally naked Hillary sprawled all over him. She was starting to get the impression that he was no ordinary guy, but some kind of sexual superman. Just being in the same room as him set her heart thumping hard.

She was experiencing feelings for a boy that she'd never felt for anyone else before, and it felt very strange to her. It wasn't exactly love, but it definitely included lots of intense lust!

Maggie got out of her clothes in a flash. She quickly got up on the bed and cuddled in to Nick from the other side. Nick's penis was untouched by Hillary at the moment because it was still flaccid from his recent climax.

But Maggie took it in hand (once Hillary obligingly slid off his lap so Maggie could have easy access to that area), and started trying to stroke it to full size. As she did so, she said, "Sport, look what I brought for you."

Debra shyly came closer. She was feeling extremely vulnerable in just her red bikini bottoms, which was how she was dressed because that's how most of the girls at the hot tub had been dressed. It was one thing showing off her fantastic, topless body in such a crowd; she was used to that from other similar parties. But it was another thing to expose herself to Nick while he had two nude goddesses cuddling into his sides. For once in her life, she felt a little bit inadequate.

Taking a closer look at Maggie, she saw more of Nick's cum on her enormous tits, especially deep in her sexy cleavage. Then she saw plenty of his cum on Hillary too. Although she thought cum was gross, she was impressed at the way the two of them brazenly kept his cum on their bodies.

Actually, the fact that she thought cum was gross made it seem even more of an impressive "sacrifice" for them to do that. The only logical conclusion she could come up with was that they'd do just about anything to please their man. That was a breathtaking concept for her.

Hillary barked at her, "YOU again?! UGH! Well, I suppose it's about time for you to get properly punished anyway. What are you just standing there for? STRIP!"

Maggie eagerly added, "And don't just take your clothes off. Do it like a professional striptease would. Put your heart into it! Remember, we're all mad at you, but Nick is in charge of your punishment. So if you want him to have at least some mercy on you, you'd better make him happy!"

Debra looked around nervously, as if searching for hidden cameras. She looked down at her gorgeous body. "Um, but... I'm only wearing my bikini bottoms already!"

Hillary waved a hand dismissively. "We've noticed, believe me. Take those off, obviously. Then I guess it will technically be less of a striptease and more of just showing off your naked body. Be creative! As you can see, Nick's cock is flaccid at the moment, and we want you to help inspire him back to full hardness."

"Um, okay." But she just stood there with her face turning redder and redder with embarrassment. She'd never done a striptease for anyone before, much less danced completely naked. Her boyfriends had always bent over backwards to please her. She was tempted to say no, but then she thought

about how badly she longed to feel Nick's fat cock in her hands and even in her mouth, and she forced herself to give it a try.

After a pause, she asked, "Here? Like, now?"

Hillary barked some more, "Of course! You have to get naked so Nick can give you a proper spanking. Don't you know anything?"

"Uh, ah, sorry!" Debra felt like she was dying of embarrassment already, and she sensed things were going to get worse. Even though technically she was the most clothed of anyone in the room, given the bikini bottoms she had on, she felt the most exposed.

She was so frazzled about the demand for her to perform that she almost didn't catch Hillary's mention that she was going to get a "proper spanking." Then, a few seconds later, that finally hit home. Her embarrassment doubled in an instant. But her arousal at least tripled too. She felt it was outrageous that anyone would dare even think of spanking her, when she was on the verge of being a world famous fashion model (at least in her own mind). But Nick dared, and that made her desire for him soar still higher, especially since he was being so silent and mysterious.

She finally started to strip. All she had to do was pull her bikini bottoms down her legs, so she began doing that. She tried to do it slowly and seductively, but she was feeling so nervous that she doubted she was at her sultry best.

Maggie looked around the room while she continued to fondle her son's penis. She was glad to feel that it was starting to engorge already. "Damn. I wish we had some bouncy music so we could do this right." There was no music player of any kind to be seen.

Hillary smiled. "Bouncy music, coming right up!" She was within arm's reach of an end table, so she cleared a space on it and then started to beat out a rhythm on it, like it was a pair of drums.

The others were impressed, because it sounded surprisingly good.

Nick exclaimed, "Wow! It's like you're playing drums for real! How are you doing that?!"

Hillary turned to him and grinned. "I've got all kinds of talents, kid." She winked. "If I wasn't feeling so comfy cuddling with you, I'd find some contrasting surfaces and then you'd really see what I could do."

Debra was still just standing there, with her bikini bottoms pulled down a few inches below her pussy. She'd paused to look at just how soaked her pussy was. She could hardly believe it herself.

Maggie turned her attention back to Debra, and said to her, "Hey! What do you think you're doing? Quick, take that damn thing off and let's see some nude dancing, while Hillary still has the beat going!"

Debra quickly pulled her red bikini bottoms all the way off and tossed them aside. She started to sway and groove around. She'd never felt so truly naked, and it embarrassed her tremendously. But she was so very aroused at the same time that it completely baffled her. She wasn't even touching Nick, and he seemed more interested in Hillary's drumming than her, but that lack of attention from him only further set her entire body on fire!

She closed her eyes, and that made it easier for her to forget her situation and move to the beat. Before long, she started to actually get into it. Her extreme lust was overcoming her reluctance. She concentrated on thoughts of Nick's cock growing stiffer and thicker, and that put a smile on her face. She imagined kneeling naked between his legs and cramming his cock into her mouth, and that made her smile grow larger. She felt a powerful tingle in her pussy and a jolt of excitement racing up and down her spine as she thought about sliding her lips back and forth on his incredibly thick cock. Her mouth watered, her heart raced faster, and her smile grew and grew.

Meanwhile, Nick was definitely getting into the spirit of things. His brain was reeling as he watched Debra's flawless nude body, and he considered the exciting possibilities of what he could do with her. Plus, there was the fact that he was in the middle of a "cuddle sandwich," with Maggie on one side and Hillary on the other. He could freely play with their pussies and huge breasts, and he took full advantage.

He got so excited about all this that his penis fully engorged again, despite his sexual exhaustion.

Maggie was delighted to see and feel him get hard in her hand. She quickly repositioned and bent over. Then she started to suck.

Hillary was having a fun time beating out a steady yet subtly changing rhythm on the table top. When she heard loud, tell-tale slurping noises behind her, she briefly turned around, saw what Maggie was doing, and laughed. Maggie's cocksucking enthusiasm was infectious; she salivated

and wished she could have a turn soon. She turned back and resumed keeping the beat.

Debra kept her eyes closed most of the time, but she had to peek from time to time in order to more or less stay in place and not bump into something since she didn't have much space to move around in. During one such peek, she noticed Maggie's head was in Nick's lap, and she could see it bobbing up and down!

This was extremely thrilling news to her. A mere 24 hours ago, she'd basically hated blowjobs. Her attitude had changed so much that just seeing the back of Maggie's head bobbing like that put butterflies in her stomach and made it hard for her to breathe. She started salivating even more than Hillary was.

Debra faltered in her dancing, then stepped closer to get a better look at what was going on. She had been feeling more afraid than aroused, especially due to her worries that Hillary would physically hurt her. But once she'd moved enough to the side to actually see Maggie's lips sliding on Nick's thickness, her arousal soared into overdrive.

The change in her mood immediately showed up in her movements. She went from merely shuffling and swaying to a much more sensual dancing. She didn't have the talent of an professional belly dancer, much less any experience doing this whatsoever, but she did have natural talent and rhythm to go along with her great beauty. It felt very strange for her to dance with all her clothes off, down to her bare feet. She had to be constantly mindful of the way her big tits bounced freely so they didn't bounce too much.

She could have at least tried to say that she'd done enough and asked if she could stop. But she kept on dancing just because she was truly enjoying it. She could see that Nick was paying her more and more attention the more she let go of her inhibitions and danced freely and erotically. His rising interest caused her excitement and arousal to rise still higher, resulting in her dancing ever more provocatively.

She kept her mind on Nick's cock. Even though she couldn't see it, she thought back to how much she'd enjoyed sucking on it, and how much she'd love to suck it some more. She'd drifted to a spot more to the side where she could directly see Maggie's sliding lips, and she found herself rooting for

Maggie to suck him good. She hoped that her own erotic dancing would send Nick's arousal skyrocketing, helping him to enjoy Maggie's oral talents even more.

These powerful feelings about Nick were unfamiliar to Debra. She was wholly unused to being at all interested about how much pleasure her sex partners were feeling. But she'd come to believe what Maggie had told her, that the more pleasure she gave Nick, the more it "boomeranged" back and increased her own pleasure, because she'd seen it work each time she'd been intimate with him.

Nick was very impressed, and even more aroused, by Debra's sultry dancing. He gawked at her curvaceous beauty to his heart's content while his mother expertly licked and bobbed all over his fat erection. As if that wasn't great enough, he got to play with Hillary's body while she beat on the table like a drum.

He thought, I feel like a sultan of old with my own harem, including erotic belly dancers. This is so perfect that I almost can't believe it! Debra is a total fox! Hell, that even is her real last name! God, what a face! What a body! And Ma helps me enjoy it with her incredible sliding lips! I could die happy right now!

Even Hillary was grudgingly impressed at Debra's sexy motions, not to mention her remarkable beauty.

Then Hillary twisted in place to check out Maggie's blowjob some more. But this time, she stopped drumming and muttered, "Gotta get me some more of that. My turn!"

Maggie pulled her lips off with a loud, satisfying pop, and sat up. She smirked at Debra as she wiped her chin. Except she didn't actually wipe any cum or drool away; she just drew more attention to it.

As Hillary repositioned, she said to Maggie, "Now, it's your turn to drum." Then she engulfed Nick's cockhead and started to bob on it.

Maggie looked around in confusion. "Drum on what?!" Unlike Hillary, she wasn't sitting near a flat and solid surface. She knew she had no drumming talent anyway, so she just fondled Nick's balls with one hand and turned her attention to Debra.

But Debra had just stopped dancing, for obvious reasons. She was fully naked and had been for a while now, and the drumming had stopped. She had been dancing with such energy that she was starting to get a little tired as well.

Maggie judged the situation and decided that the "striptease" and dancing had served its purpose. Nick was fully erect again, and Debra was obviously aroused and excited too.

So Maggie said to her, "Okay, Debra, welcome to your punishment time. You've been a very bad girl, constantly trying to steal our boyfriend away from us and making trouble-"

Debra interrupted, starting to complain, "I did not-"

"HUSH!" Maggie stared at her hard. "Remember what I said out in the hall? Including you do NOT speak out of turn! Is that understood?"

Debra bowed her still blushing face. "Yes."

"Now, I could talk a lot about what you did wrong and how you need to improve, but we can do that later. The bottom line is, we're going to have to punish a sense of right and wrong into you, starting with a VERY harsh spanking. Let's get this show on the road!"

Debra's jaw dropped. "Are you SERIOUS?!" Then she remembered that Hillary had made a passing mention to her getting spanked before her erotic dancing began, and she realized it probably was no joke. She already remembered that she wasn't supposed to be confrontational, or even talk much. So she said, "Um, er... what I mean is... Oh God! I've never done this before!"

Her red face had mostly faded during her dancing, but her blush suddenly came back with a vengeance. She fidgeted with her hands, fighting the urge to cover her sopping wet pussy, or her stiff nipples, or both. "Wh-wh-what... what am I supposed to do?!"

Maggie was a very kind-hearted person (a fact that Andy took advantage of every day). She imagined herself in Debra's shoes, and her heart went out to her. She tapped on Hillary's head. "Hillary? Can we have a little mercy on Debra, please? I think she'll warm up to the spanking idea a lot better if we give her a couple of minutes to suck on Nick's cock. We can explain how it's going to work while she does that."

Hillary thought that over and decided it was a good idea. She wanted to see Debra suffer, and since she'd missed what happened between Nick, Maggie, and Debra earlier in the day, she didn't realize just how much Debra had come to love bobbing on Nick's cock. She thought this could be part of her humiliating punishment. So she pulled her lips away, and turned back to face Debra. "Hmmm... very well. If you insist."

Debra wanted to clap her hands like a little girl winning a big teddy bear at a state fair, but she remembered Maggie's advice not to show enthusiasm if she could help it. But she couldn't entirely contain herself, and her hips writhed sexily as she tried to stand still.

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary repositioned to take into account Debra joining them. Nick sat up stiffly at the edge of the bed, with his legs spread wide for Debra. Maggie and Hillary sat on either side of him and resumed cuddling into him. He felt even more like a king or sultan, because he was able to fondle one of Maggie's tits and one of Hillary's even as he waited for Debra to come suck him off.

Debra started walking towards him.

But Hillary had an idea. "Wait! Stop! Debra, I think you have the wrong idea about all of this. This is your punishment! You've been very bad. You need to make it up to all of us, but especially make it up to Nick. So go back all the way to the door and CRAWL your way to his cock!"

Debra gave Hillary her best doubtful and displeased look. "'Crawl?' Really? You expect me to crawl?! I don't fucking crawl for anybody!"

Hillary pointed to Debra's red bikini bottoms, lying forgotten on the floor. "I don't care. Then take your 'clothes' and walk to the door, but then keep walking right out of here! That'll mean more thick, delicious cock for me and Maggie. I really don't care what you do."

Hillary was bluffing. She didn't want Debra to leave, because that would be a lot less fun. But she waited to see who would blink first.

Debra blinked. She sighed and slumped her shoulders. "Fine! Whatever!" She stomped off nearly to the front door. But then she got down on her hands and knees and started crawling back towards Nick's stiff cock and spread legs.

Again, Maggie's kind-hearted side came out. When she saw Debra crawl out of the short hallway from the door and into full view, she said to her, "Don't think of this as a bad thing; think of it as a good thing! You know what a supreme challenge it is to suck Nick's extra thick cock. It goes a lot easier if you can get yourself psyched up. Use this to get yourself psyched up as much as possible!"

Debra wanted to complain that she was already as "psyched up" as she could possibly get, and this was overkill. But she was mindful of Maggie's advice to stay quiet as much as possible and not complain.

Maggie continued, "Think about how great it'll feel once you get to him and you feel his thick pole invading your mouth! Yeah, you'll suffer and struggle and probably shed some tears, but isn't that part of the joy? How many other girls get to suck a cock this big in your entire high school? None, that's how many! Just us in this room! Nick's is the best of the best, and only totally uninhibited sexy sluts get to enjoy it! Every time you feel your lips stretched painfully around his throbbing hot pole, that makes you one of the ultra elite!"

Those words went straight to Debra's heart. She especially loved the idea of being one of the "ultra elite" of just three. Although her humiliation at being on her hands and knees like a dog never lessened, her desire grew so much that she relished the opportunity to feel her jaw and mouth struggle in pain due to his great size.

So far, she'd been keeping her head down, but as she crawled closer, she dared to look up just enough to see his crotch. His legs were still splayed out wide, but Maggie and Hillary both had brought a hand back to his cock and they were stroking it in tandem.

Debra nearly came on the spot due to witnessing that! From her position down on all fours, it seemed as if that wasn't a human penis, but something otherworldly or superhuman, because how could any mere mortal boy handle that much stimulation and not cum already?! She'd had lots of sexual experience, admittedly nearly all with fucking, not blowjobs. But regardless, she knew none of her boyfriends would be able to handle all this. Yet Nick could!

Then she looked up at the threesome in front of her a little more closely, and saw that Nick had two fingers in Maggie's cunt and two fingers of his

other hand in Hillary's cunt. And both of them were so incredibly beautiful that even she felt daunted! They seemed to be glowing radiantly with sexual pleasure. Furthermore, they were leaning into him from either side, and their huge, bare boobs were sliding up and down his chest in time to their heavy breathing. It was all too much! She wondered how all three of them weren't cumming already.

Nick, meanwhile, was peaking with sexual ecstasy. Debra was frozen in place in front of him, stretched out in a jaw-droppingly erotic pose and with unabashed lust painted across her face. He took a mental picture, because that was a sight worth remembering a long, long time. He was frantically squeezing his PC muscle, which was his main "secret weapon" that helped explain how he could handle this much stimulation when most other guys could not. The way his two dream girls were jacking him off together felt fantastic, to be sure, but it was almost background noise compared to the total rush from seeing Debra on her hands and knees and practically growling with need to suck his cock!

As Debra crawled closer to him, she could sense three pairs of eyes watching her every move. This sent her humiliation skyrocketing, but her arousal level rose just as much. Her overwhelming desire to get Nick's cock in her mouth gave her courage to keep going forward. Soon, her shameful ordeal would be over and her cocksucking bliss could begin.

Maggie and Hillary were loving every moment too. Despite their mixed feelings about Debra, they were so consumed by lust that there was no way not to be moved. It was like watching a hungry panther stalking its prey. The fire and desire in Debra's eyes set the internal fires of Maggie and Hillary burning brightly too.

With Debra still a couple of feet away, but slinking forward steadily and even confidently, Maggie muttered to Hillary, "We really should get this on camera for posterity. Do we have a camera handy?"

Hillary muttered, "I know! But we don't. Next time. She's so HOT! Like an animal!"

Maggie muttered back, "A wild, feral, ravenous beast!"

Nick was even more blown away from hearing them talk, because although he doubted the other knew fully realized what they were saying, Hillary had

mentioned a "next time," implying they'd be doing this sort of thing with Debra again!

That was such a mind-fuck that he was struggling hard not to cum before Debra already reached him. He knew that he'd been riding a crazy sexual roller coaster just to get this far, and he wondered if he might just shoot his load as soon as Debra slipped her sultry, hungry red lips around his cockhead.

Luckily, he had just enough sense left to remember the trick he'd twice used to squeeze his shaft painfully hard at the base to stave off orgasm. He kept that in mind, because he had a feeling he'd be needing that in the very, very near future.

Debra forward crawled a little more, until her nose was up against Nick's balls. She took a deep whiff of his masculine scent and let out a blissful sigh. She'd thought she'd enjoyed sex before, but this was on an entirely different level. She felt all of her senses had been greatly heightened. Even smelling his balls was a big turn-on for her.

She considered getting on her knees, but by this time she was getting such a perverse thrill being on all fours that she decided to stay that way.

Maggie and Hillary helpfully pointed Nick's boner straight out instead of up, so she wouldn't have to raise herself up at all. She arched her body backwards a few inches to make room, then opened her mouth outrageously wide and engulfed all of his fat and purple cockhead!

It was still very difficult to do, since her mouth was slightly undersized and his erection definitely hadn't gotten any smaller. But her desire was so great, thanks to all of the build-up and especially the crawling, that she didn't mind. It was actually just as Maggie had suggested, and she felt the pain in her jaw and her stretched lips as a kind of badge of honor.

She could have resisted shedding tears, but she did the opposite and let them flow. They actually were a mixture of tears of struggle and tears of joy, because this was such a rapturous experience for her. Nick, Maggie, and Hillary had no idea just how emotionally moved Debra was feeling. She had been missing any sort of genuine passion in her life for a long time now. In fact, she'd become so jaded and numb in general that it was like all of her emotions were dulled and there was very little worth doing. Her fashion model work still excited her, but that took up very little of her time.

However, with the other three people in the room, it was the exact opposite. All of her emotions were greatly magnified just from being with them and catching their spirit, especially their seemingly endless lusty enthusiasm. She couldn't get enough of it. And she felt Nick and his remarkable cock was the key!

She immediately began bobbing on his thick pole. At the same time, despite her blushing cheeks and her great shame, she looked up at him and stared deeply into his eyes.

Nick was on a hair-trigger already. Not only had Debra started sucking on him with an almost painfully tight lip-lock, but Maggie and Hillary continued to hold and stroke his boner. They had to move their hands back to make room for Debra's lips, but they seemed to try to make up for that by sliding their fingers faster and faster, and in perfect synchrony.

But, as intense as that all felt, the real killer for him was the expression on Debra's face as she looked up at him. Her face was stunning and sultry at all times, and there was something almost magical in her baby blue eyes that was truly captivating and was probably the main reason she was having such success as a fashion model. But seeing her lips stretched impossibly wide around his thick shaft was a serious mind-blower. And seeing tears start to fall from her eyes was another mind-blower! Then, there was a longing, a lusty desire in her expression, that was the greatest mind-blower of all!

It was all too much for him to take. He would have blown his load even without the long build-up to get to this point. But with that build-up, he stood no chance, not even with his most desperate PC muscle squeezing. He felt his balls tighten up, and he knew he'd crossed the point of no return.

But, thankfully, he remembered his special trick, because he certainly didn't want this special moment to ever end! He actually had to bat Hillary's hand away, and then Maggie's hand. Then he squeezed the base of his shaft like he was trying to squeeze his penis off!

He felt an orgasmic peak well up inside him, along with some pain from the frustration in his cock. His entire body yearned and craved to cum, to ejaculate, but nothing happened! Somehow, he'd done it! He'd survived!

Debra barely even noticed his orgasmic struggle. She'd shut her eyes tight and devoted all of her attention to her cocksucking. Her great goal and

ardent desire was to suck his cock with all the passion and skill of Maggie or Hillary. She certainly had the passion this time around! However, she still lacked the skill. But she tried to do her best to catch up, just the same. So far, in her previous blowjobs with him, she hadn't used her tongue much, and often not at all. But the crawling had taken her to such a higher level of sexual need that she began lapping and lashing with her tongue while she continued to suck with the intensity of deeply caved-in cheeks.

Nick soon discovered that his squeezing trick could stave off an imminent orgasm, but it wasn't a "penis reset" by any means. He was just as extremely aroused as right before he'd felt that overwhelming urge to cum. So he found himself on another wild roller coast ride almost immediately. The pleasure was so intense and spectacular that his desire not to cum and end the euphoria was even greater than before. But he needed Debra to ease up to give himself a chance, and he could tell she wasn't going to listen to reason.

At least Maggie and Hillary had kept their hands from his boner after he'd swatted them away, but that made little difference, thanks to what Debra was doing with her lips and tongue. She was determined and relentless to get him to cum right away!

He still had one more card to play though. He put both hands on Debra's head and used considerable force to stop her from bobbing. That helped some, but not much. For one thing, she was doing a lot more with her tongue, usually lapping right on his sweet spot. She also still had enough mobility to move at least an inch with each pass forward and back. In fact, she put her entire body into it, creating a sexy sight of swinging tits and swaying ass cheeks that he was too far gone to even look at, since his eyes were shut tight, just like hers. That one inch was all she needed to drive him into insanity with her tight lip-lock, especially in tandem with her improved tongue work.

It was all so incredibly pleasurable that after another minute since the use of his squeezing trick, he was forced to use the trick again. And it worked again. He was astounded at what a wonderful trick that was. But even that was only delaying the inevitable a little longer. After two uses of that trick in short order, his erection was starting to feel strange and oversensitive. He didn't want to push his luck and use it a third time.

He clung on, like a man hanging over the edge of a cliff and feeling the clump of ground he'd been grasping to save his life slowly crumbling in his fingers. He lasted about another minute, but he knew there was no escaping cumming this time. So he shouted, "Gonna... gonna... gonna CUM!"

Both Maggie and Hillary had been in a trance of sorts. The sexual arousal level in the room had been sky high already. But Debra's sexy crawling and then her fervent or even fevered cocksucking raised that level still higher. After Nick had slapped her hand away from his cock, Maggie had wound up reaching across him to play with Hillary's nearest nipple, and Hillary was doing the same to her. Both of them were playing with their own clits and/or slits too.

But Hillary had a strong desire to see Debra sexually punished, so Nick's warning spurred her out of her trance and into action. She shouted at Debra, harshly, "Pull off! Let him cum on your face! That's an order!"

Debra obeyed Hillary like she was a pack mule and Hillary had cracked a whip on her ass. Responding automatically to that no-nonsense, demanding voice, she jerked her head back. Her eyes had opened wide in alarm upon hearing Hillary's harsh order. But in the last second or two before Nick's cum blast began, she remembered to shut her eyes tightly. Since she still considered male ejaculate "gross," she shut her mouth tightly too.

When Nick's cock started to fire off like a shotgun, nobody was holding his hard-on at all. Luckily, it was naturally pointing right to the middle of Debra's face. But after the first rope or two began to rocket out of him, the "recoil" set his cock wobbling in unexpected directions.

Hillary saw that and quickly moved a hand in place to hold his trembling boner. As his cock continued to shoot off, she had the time of her life. She resented Debra's gorgeous face, since that was the main thing that made Debra her beauty rival and even enemy of sorts, so she found it a very satisfying thrill getting to mess with that face by splattering Nick's cum all over it. She was careful to make sure he blasted onto her forehead, eyebrows, eye sockets, temples, nose, cheeks, chin, lips - everything. She even deliberately aimed some at her ears and hair. If she could have accurately directed some of his cum right up her nostrils, she would have done that too.

Luckily for Hillary and her cum painting fun, Nick has been so extra aroused by Debra's erotic nude dancing, crawling, and especially her ultra-passionate cocksucking, that he shot off a particularly large load.

Hillary couldn't have been happier by the time his cum load finally petered out. Even the petering out was great, because his last couple of ropes were too weak to make it to Debra's face and rather remarkably hit her dangling double-D-cups instead.

Hillary was careful not to speak out loud, but she mouthed the words, "Take it! Take it, bitch! That's what you get for trying to steal MY guy! OUR guy! May you drown in his cum, you filthy whore!"

That level of antagonism was highly unusual for Hillary. In fact, she surprised even herself. But Debra seemed to have a unique emotional effect on her. A lot of it had to do with the fact that Hillary's bisexuality meant she was far from unaffected by Debra's considerable sex appeal. She didn't know how to handle her lust for the girl she hated, so her lust and anger got all mixed up into a very powerful force.

Debra hated cum. Since all of her emotions were greatly magnified at this time, she was hating it with an even stronger passion than usual. But somehow, getting plastered by all the "disgusting" cum in such a helpless and demeaning fashion fired her lust even higher than before. That was incredible, because she was delirious with sexual need already. She began cumming while Nick was in the middle of painting her face, even though she wasn't touching her private parts at all.

Then she dared to touch her clit. She needed both of her hands to stay on all fours, but she could use one for a while without losing her balance. She was already cumming, but playing with her clit set off an even bigger orgasm, like the effects of a small bomb hitting a hill being obliterated by a much larger bomb targeting that same hill a few seconds later.

She had to take her hand from her clit because she suddenly found it very difficult to stay up on all fours. Even with both hands on the carpet again, her entire body trembled and wobbled. She somehow held on until Nick's cum shower came to an end.

Then she crumbled the rest of the short distance to the floor.

She couldn't scream all through her orgasm, because her desire to keep her mouth shut tight and keep the "yucky" cum out was that strong.

But once she was down on the floor, she let out a pent up screaming need and yelled like her life depended on it. In fact, her orgasm wasn't over by any means. She was being wracked from head to toe by a prolonged multiple orgasm, so she had a lot to scream about.

She felt utterly destroyed, but in the best possible way. She'd never had an orgasm that epic and intense in her life, not even with Nick! And it wasn't over yet!

Nick was just as overwhelmed and destroyed. He fell backwards to the bed like he was a puppet and his strings had been cut. All through his climax, he growled and groaned like an angry and wounded bear. Then, as he fell back, he yelled out, "Oh, FUCK ME!" That pretty much said it all for him.

Maggie and Hillary watched, wide-eyed, as all that happened. They were particularly impressed by the healthy amount of cum dumped onto Debra's face. They could tell that both Debra and Nick had had particularly intense orgasms, and that in fact Debra's was still going on. This brought both of them to a natural orgasmic peak too, especially Hillary, who got an extra kick out of being the "painter" of Debra's thoroughly cum-splattered face.

Wanting to make sure Maggie would have a major orgasm along with everyone else, Hillary reached to Maggie's cunt and started alternately diddling with her clit and sliding her fingers on her soaked pussy lips.

Maggie could feel her orgasm coming on, but she still had the sense to reach over to finger Hillary's slit and clit in the exact same way. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she still had a lingering issue about not wanting to allow this sort of "lesbian" pussy touching. But that was for when she was a lot less aroused. Right now, she was so far gone that rules like that were thrown out the window.

Thus, Maggie and Hillary had big orgasms too, though they came slightly later and weren't as epic as the ones Debra and Nick had. They still were very satisfying though.

All in all, the idea to have Debra crawl on all fours and then suck Nick a little to get in the proper mood had been a raging success. In fact, it was so

sexually satisfying for everyone involved that it was binding the four of them together in ways they didn't even begin to understand yet.

Nick laid there with his feet still on the floor but his legs closer together and his head resting on the bed. He was too winded and overwhelmed to do anything but breathe.

Maggie and Hillary had remained sitting up and even leaning towards each other, now that Nick's body was effectively out of the way between them. When their orgasms finished, they leaned even closer and shared a passionate and even loving French kiss.

Both of them wished they had some of Nick's cum to snowball back and forth. Then they remembered each of them still had some on their bodies from his last orgasm. So they scooped up the biggest cummy gobs or streaks they could find and fed the cum into each other's mouths.

This sort of behavior also was having a binding effect that was far beyond their understanding. They were becoming intimately joined, bound together in part for their shared love for Nick's cum. So such kisses were actually strengthening their entire threesome, even though Nick wasn't directly involved.

After a couple of minutes of lusty and loving necking, Maggie broke the kiss to look around and especially check on how Debra was doing. She found her still collapsed on the carpet, as if she'd been shot dead.

But something else caught her eye and took her breath away. She exclaimed, "Hillary! You won't believe it! Nick! Nick's cock! It's still erect!"

Hillary's eyes had been closed as she blissfully savored some of Nick's cum still on her tongue. But she opened her eyes and gaped in disbelief as she saw it was true. "NO! NO WAY!"

Chapter 67: Debra Surrenders (Sunday)

Maggie and Hillary continued to stare incredulously at Nick's still very erect cock. He was all but passed out on the bed, but his boner just wouldn't quit anyway.

Debra was practically passed out too, but upon hearing them speak, she managed to lift her cummy face just enough to stare up at Nick's crotch. She gasped to see that it was true and he really still had a hard-on. But that was all she could do for now, and she lowered her chin back to the carpet.

Maggie suddenly got very agitated, almost panicky. "Don't just sit and stare! One of us should do something to it or he'll go flaccid again at any moment!"

Hillary's face lit up like a searchlight was on it. "Ooooh! Me, me, me! Please, can I have another turn?!" (Although Maggie and Hillary were technically Nick's "co-sluts" now, Hillary still considered Maggie to be the one with the final say when it came to sharing issues like this. Maggie had "won" him first, and Hillary was pretty psyched just to be part of the threesome.)

Maggie laughed gaily. "Of course! My cock is your cock, if you know what I mean."

Hillary immediately started scrambling into position, despite her own post-orgasmic tiredness. She crawled off the bed so she could kneel between his legs.

As she did that, Maggie said while continuing to stare at Nick's fully exposed boner, "Before you do though, just take a look at it! I think I can see some lipstick smears halfway down. Almost a nice red ring. Debra, you were wearing lipstick, weren't you?"

Debra was surprised to be addressed. She muttered, "Uh-huh." She had been wearing lipstick and some other subtle traces of make-up, which was a sign of how very keen she had been to look good for Nick. Between her tears, the cum on her face, and her vigorous sucking motion, all those traces were gone. In fact, even the evidence of her tears was gone, due to the copious pearly cum dominating her face.

Neither Maggie nor Hillary had worn make-up. Maggie only wore any for special occasions, and Hillary believed in going natural at all times. So a lipstick ring around Nick's shaft was highly unusual.

Maggie was inspired to suggest to Hillary, "You should use that ring as a challenge, and an inspiration. Can you do better? Can you go deeper?"

Hillary was already in position between his legs, with her hand holding and stroking his boner. She said, "Actually, I was thinking I would merely lick and stroke him for a while. I want to explain the spanking rules. I was going to do that while Debra was sucking him, but things got so hot! Like center-of-the-sun hot!"

Maggie said, "That's probably a good idea. But still, that ring is going to be there, tempting you to beat it."

Hillary felt very tempted to see if she could suck below that ring. Despite her laid-back hippie persona, she actually was highly motivated and a hard worker. As she lapped on his sweet spot and stared at the ring, "I kinda feel like seeing if I could best that now. But would he even notice and appreciate my effort?"

Nick was feeling mentally and physically destroyed, but he wasn't actually asleep, and he was improving bit by bit. Despite staying lying down with his eyes closed, he managed to say, "Yes! I will!"

Hillary was taken by surprise. "Seriously?! Are you up for more cocksucking?!"

He rallied his wits to say, "If it's by your sweet lips, or Maggie's, I'm always up for more! My two dream girls!"

Hillary laughed. "I think you're a freak! But I mean that in the best possible way. Let's see if you mean it!"

She suddenly engulfed his cockhead and began bobbing down on him. She'd positioned a hand right at Debra's lipstick ring, and instead of stroking his shaft as usual, she kept her hand in place so she'd know just how far she'd have to go to beat her rival.

She was almost disappointed at how easy it was. After just a few bobs, her lips roughly got as far as Debra did. Then she pushed herself with some choking and gagging and made it down another half an inch. She kept on

sliding her lips for the next minute or two with an extra tight lip-lock until she was certain she'd sucked all of Debra's lipstick away.

While she was doing that, Nick was reviving in a hurry. He'd been on the verge of drifting off to sleep altogether, but Hillary's vigorous sucking hit him almost like a cattle prod. He was so suddenly energized by waves of extreme pleasure that he managed to sit back up and open his eyes.

Maggie had been sitting up too, staring blissfully at Hillary's bobbing head while running a hand through Hillary's long brunette hair. At times like this, she felt a growing emotional bond between herself and Hillary. *That's it, girl! You slut! You sexy, sexy slut! You're making me fall in love with you, in a way. I can tell you love sucking him off as much as I do! At least it's close. That means everything to me. Things would be totally awkward between us if you wanted to have a normal boyfriend-girlfriend relationship with him. But you don't. Together, we'll be able to suck him so much!*

Maybe... maybe I won't have to feel bad about not getting fucked by him if we can take blowjobs to such a high level that it's as good or better than fucking. The more you put into it, the more you get out of it.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Nick sat up next to her. Without thinking, she wrapped an arm around him and started making out with him.

Debra was surprisingly energized by Hillary's cocksucking too. She obviously couldn't feel it, but she definitely could hear it, and the sounds of choking and gagging pretty much made her crazy with lust. She'd never gone deep enough to tempt triggering her own gag reflex. It sounded debauched and depraved, not to mention painful and unpleasant. But after about a minute of hearing Hillary do that, she couldn't wait to get her next turn on him to try it too!

This was exactly the sort of thing that drove Debra to have such a powerful desire for Nick and these types of sex games. It was nearly the exact opposite of her previous sex life, as well as all her expectations. It wasn't the taboo thrill of incest, but it was a similar thrill of doing wrong by willingly overturning her own social order. It was the same reason a girl of royal nobility might find herself uncontrollably attracted to a lowly servant or farm hand. In her current mindset, the more "wrong" it felt, the more she wanted to do it.

The others had no clue that the more they tried to punish her, the more they were actually further increasing her desire to be a part of their group.

Debra felt frustrated as she watched Hillary's sliding lips and carefully noticed the last vestiges of her lipstick ring disappear. She knew she'd been beaten. She didn't realize though that her slightly smaller mouth size made everything that much more difficult on her, including reaching further down his shaft. She vowed to redouble her efforts in the future to take him still deeper into her mouth, as well as suck him better than any of his other lovers in general.

Hillary finally pulled her lips off his shaft after a few minutes when she started to get tired. She wasn't back to 100 percent since she'd never fully recovered from her last big orgasm. Sensing Debra just behind her, she turned around and said, "A-ha! Debra, check it out! Do you doubt I made it further down than you?"

Debra said, "No, I don't. But I didn't even know choking and gagging was a real thing! How did you do that?! Is it awful?!"

Hillary replied while only lightly rubbing Nick's sweet spot. "It depends on your attitude. It is pretty tough. Try sticking a finger down your throat until you think you're going to throw up."

Debra pulled back. "Ewww!" She was particularly affected by those words because she took it as a given she'd have to step up her choking and gagging efforts in order to beat the others.

Hillary was still in revenge mode. She liked Debra's adverse reaction (or at least that's how it appeared). She smirked. "Maybe we'll have to have you do some of that very soon. But, for now, it's spanking time!"

Debra recoiled even more. Sensing correctly that Maggie was the more lenient and soft-hearted one, she looked to Maggie and asked, "Do I really have to do that?!"

Maggie was keeping an eye on the interaction between Hillary and Debra while she necked with her son. She broke the kissing to say, "Sorry, this is Hillary's show tonight. What she says goes." Although Maggie did tend to be lenient, she also still was on board with the plan to scare Debra off by pushing her way out of her comfort zone. It was just that she was often letting her lust muddle those plans.

Hillary smiled triumphantly. "Okay, I've been thinking about this, and here's how it's going to work. First, you'll lie across Nick's lap, like a little girl. That's very important symbolically. Then it's very simple. He'll smack your ass as hard as he can fifty times."

"FIFTY TIMES?!" Debra gawked in shock and dismay.

Nick had just resumed making out with his mother while freely fondling her huge tits. But he pulled his head away to ask, "Hillary, do you have any idea how hard I spank or how much fifty times will actually be?"

Hillary admitted, "No to the first, but I have a pretty good idea about how many smacks someone can handle, due to my own experience spanking... you-know-who."

She was going to say Anushka's name, since she knew Nick already knew a bit about how she spanked her, but she realized that probably wasn't prudent to do in front of Debra. The less Debra knew, the better, especially about Anushka.

Nick also understood why Hillary wouldn't say that name, so he was careful not to say it either. He said, without even revealing gender, "I understand that. But... this person... probably has a lot of experience being spanked, and gradually went from not being able to handle much to handling more and more. True?"

Hillary realized that she was so very horny that she wasn't thinking clearly about such things. "True." She leaned back in to his crotch and resumed licking his cockhead some.

He said, "The thing is, we don't really know. I've never spanked someone, and Debra's never been spanked. So rather than setting a number, let's just try it for a while and see how it goes."

So that's what they did. The four of them repositioned.

Nick sat on a hard chair, because the bed would have too much give if he continued to sit there, softening the effect of his smacks. His chair was positioned to face the bed though, so Maggie and Hillary could sit on the edge of the bed and have a "front row view" of the spanking.

Maggie suggested that he'd enjoy it better if she could get underneath him to stroke or even suck his cock during the spanking.

However, he saw logistical trouble in making that work. But more importantly, he didn't want to get too distracted for delivering his very first spanking, especially since it was supposed to be a harsh one and not a sexual one.

But although Debra wasn't supposed to be highly aroused by it, that didn't mean he couldn't have some sexy fun along the way. Just having her lay her body face down across his lap was a trip for him. He knew that was extremely humiliating for her, and he got off on that in a big way. He was discovering that he had a devilish streak in him when it came to sexual games, so long as nobody was emotionally hurt or offended.

He spent a few minutes just playing with Debra's body while Maggie reached under his body and jacked him off. Although he'd told her he didn't want that during the spanking, she figured he was fair game until the actual spanking part began.

During this "warm-up" phase, he had a field day, generally groping Debra's dangling double-D-cups with one hand while fingerbanging her or diddling her clit with his other hand. Although the spanking was supposed to be a punishment, that seemed to be forgotten for the time being as he worked her up to a fever pitch.

All the while that was happening, Nick, Maggie, and Hillary talked as if Debra wasn't there. Nick and Maggie filled Hillary in some more on what she'd missed at the party earlier. The conversation was interesting and arousing in and of itself, but mostly they did it to embarrass Debra that much more by absurdly acting as if Nick wasn't having his way with her as she stayed sprawled naked across his lap. It wasn't long before her entire body was writhing and she was panting hard, even as she fought with all her might not to cum and scream out.

Debra was already feeling extremely humiliated yet extremely aroused from her naked crawl across the room, and pretty much everything that happened since. A part of her hated it, especially the cum on her face, but another part of her loved it. She was discovering a submissive side she never knew she had, or maybe one was being newly forged due to experiencing so much intense arousal. She actually relaxed, practically melting in place, because getting fondled all over by Nick felt so divine to her.

Funnily enough, the "ignore Debra" approach not only greatly aroused Nick and Debra, but it had a big effect on Hillary and Maggie too. Hillary definitely had a side where she got off on dominating Anushka, and she was finding it just as thrilling to dominate Debra too. Maggie wasn't quite the same, but she was coming to enjoy submitting herself to her son's sexual desires more and more each day. Seeing Debra "forced" to submit to him too was a big turn-on for her.

The four of them could have gone on a long time like that, because although the sexual action seemed rather tame, the overall situation was almost literally endlessly highly arousing for all of them.

Finally, Nick deemed that the time was right, mostly because he and Debra were about as worked up as they could get, and he particularly worried that he might lose control and climax if he got any more overheated.

He had Maggie end the reach-under handjob and return to her seat.

Then, just as he was about to start the spanking without any sort of preamble, Hillary said, "Wait! There are more rules about how to do this right. We should make Debra keep count and thank you after each smack. That's part of the usual spanking tradition. Normally, I'd have her say something like the number of the smack and then, 'thank you for teaching me a lesson, sir.' But I don't want her to call you 'sir' because she might start thinking of you like that all the time. Instead, let's try it with 'kind gentleman.' Give it a try, Debra. What will you say after his first smack?"

Debra had been loving the "warm-up" phrase, and was sad to have it end. She was falling in lust with Nick more and more, thanks to times like this. But she was starting to tense up and get nervous as she realized the spanking was coming very soon, for real. She said, "One! Thank you for teaching me a lesson, kind gentleman."

"Good," Hillary said. "I like how you pretty much shouted the 'one' part. Trust me, you'll be shouting and screaming a lot soon. Oh, and keep in mind that if you forget to say your line perfectly, that smack doesn't count. And if you lose track of the number, then he'll have to start all over. Those are the rules."

Debra gulped. Her fear was soaring by the second, even though Nick was still fondling her tits and pussy some. She asked, "How will we know when it's over?!"

"That'll be up to Nick, I guess," Hillary said. "But think back to when you were a toddler. Did you ever get spanked then?"

"Are you kidding me?!" Debra asked incredulously. "My parents and nanny would have never even dreamed of doing something like that!"

Hillary sighed. "That figures. But let's put it this way, if you're not crying before long, he's not doing it right. And once you start sobbing uncontrollably, then that's a sign he's on the right track."

Debra squealed in dismay. "Oh my God! That sounds awful!" She started writhing in place even more, and it wasn't just sexy wiggling this time. Her lower legs kicked the air helplessly.

Nick couldn't resist squeezing her fabulous bare ass cheeks with both hands. It didn't really stop her writhing, but it was fun. Then he plunged two fingers back into her hot, wet cunt. Again, that didn't help much. In fact, it made her writhe even more. But it was great fun too.

"This IS a punishment," Hillary warned her. "Remember that. If you want to continue to hang with us, you've got to get through this. You did wrong trying to blackmail us, and much more. Do you deny that?"

Debra said miserably, "No." Funnily enough, she was feeling guilty, but mostly about tricking Nick into fucking her. Yet, as far as she knew, neither Maggie nor Hillary knew anything about that, so she wasn't actually getting punished because of that. But such distinctions were lost to her in the heat of the moment. She was teetering on the brink of orgasm, especially with Nick continuing to fingerbang her.

Hillary swiped a cum gob up that was about to drip from the tip of Debra's face, just to remind her how cum-splattered her face was. (Not that Debra could forget for a second!) Hillary asked her, "So are you ready to accept your punishment?"

"NO! But... I guess I'll never be fully ready, so... let's get this over with already!" Debra shut her eyes tightly. She shouted, "HURRY!" Now that the reality of the spanking was fully hitting her, she wanted to get it over with as fast as possible, because her sense of panic was rising by the second.

Nick was just as eager to get started, because he was getting increasingly nervous in his role as the spanker too. So he brought an open hand up above his head, and exclaimed, "Okay! Get ready! Here it comes!"

He watched as Debra's flawless, round ass cheeks suddenly clenched up. He felt woozy as the thought hit him, *How did I ever come to have Debra fucking Fox sprawled naked across my lap and tensing up to get spanked?! While Ma and Hillary watch! The three hottest girls in town! I'm not even dating her. I don't even know what my relationship with her is. But here we are! Oh well. There's nothing to do but to just do it!*

He sent his hand swinging down until he made contact with a very loud smacking sound.

Debra immediately cried out, "OWWW! Fucking... OWWW! Are you fucking kidding me?! That hurts!" She reached back with a hand to rub her ass. Only then did she remember to say, "Oh. And, uh, One. Thank you for teaching me a lesson, kind gentleman." Her voice was dripping with sarcasm and bitterness, because she was seriously pissed off.

Hillary stood up out of her seat. "Time out! Time out! This is all wrong. Nick, you did okay. I thought you'd give her some weak, half-assed smack, but that was pretty decent. You can do better though. Channel your anger!"

She put her hands on her hips, striking an unwittingly very sexy nude pose. She glared at Debra. "But you! You're the problem! No way did that smack count. Yes, you can curse to the high heavens, but only AFTER you've said your line. Furthermore, you can't criticize your spanker or any of us in any way! If you do, the whole thing starts back at zero. He's right and you're wrong, about everything. Period."

Debra complained, "That sucks! What can I complain about then?!"

"How much you're suffering, mainly. Beg for mercy all you want. And no sarcasm either! If you don't have the right attitude, we're going to be here a looooong, long time."

Debra sighed heavily. She could feel a copious amount of Nick's cum slowly dripping down her face, and that was one reason her face was burning fire red. She briefly considered getting up to leave, but it was only a fleeting thought. She was determined to see this through.

Debra was still lightly rubbing the ass cheek that had gotten smacked.

Hillary said, "Oh, and take your hand off your ass too. That also is forbidden. If you do that again, we may have to bind your hands behind your back. At this point, consider that you're Nick's plaything. His sex toy.

You're helpless and he has all the power. So you can't touch your ass, cunt, or tits, because they belong to him!"

Debra felt a sudden rush of pleasure thanks to those words. It was becoming increasingly clear to her that she liked it when Nick was in charge of her body. In fact, she loved it. The pleasure she got was orders of magnitude better than when she'd had her "selfish sex" when she was in charge and some handsome "boy toy" did his utmost to pleasure her.

She thought back to how Nick had called her his "sex pet" during their fuck session last night. That phrase rang her chimes, for some reason she couldn't explain. She had to hide her eagerness as she asked Hillary, "You mean... like I'm his sex pet?"

Hillary grinned wolfishly, mistakenly thinking that would be something that greatly offended Debra. "Exactly like that! In fact, for the duration of this spanking, you ARE his sex pet!"

Debra loudly exclaimed, "Oh GOD!" Her face looked like it was contorted in distress, but in fact she was on the verge of cumming already. The idea of being Nick's sex pet aroused her more than just about anything else in her life! She thought about the cum on her face and the way she'd crawled naked and danced for him, and took that as proof that it was true. That thrilled her even more.

All of a sudden, she needed to cum so badly that she didn't know how many more moments she could last before screaming in ecstasy. She didn't want her shame to deepen with the other seeing her cum due to this sort of talk. So she said, "Okay, I'm ready! Let's get this over with! Quick!"

Nick was eager to get it over with too. So he said, "Right!" Then he brought his hand high up.

Debra clenched her ass cheeks, shut her eyes, and gritted her teeth.

"Here we go!" Nick yelled. Then he swung his open hand onto her opposite cheek.

Debra let go and started to cum hard. Somehow, she managed to scream, "TWO! THANK YOU FOR TEACHING ME A LESSON! KIND GENTLEMAN!" The only reason she was able to do that was because Hillary had just reminded her of her expected behavior and she was desperate not to have the smack invalidated.

Once those words were out of her mouth, she was free to completely let go. She came and came, and screamed like her hair was on fire! Her body had been writhing on Nick's lap some already, but now it was like she was having a major seizure. Her arms and legs flailed in every direction. Gobs of cum flew off her face due to her head jerking around spasmodically.

It was such a wild physical reaction that Nick was obliged to use both of his hands to hold her torso in place, for fear that she'd writhe her way off his lap and slam to the floor.

Debra bounced up and down on his lap like a bucking bronco for nearly two minutes. She just kept on cumming and cumming and screaming and screaming! Her hope that she could climax unnoticed by disguising it as part of her reaction to the smack was obviously a non-starter because her physical reaction was so wildly out of proportion.

In fact, by the end of her climax, she'd forgotten all about her attempt to be subtle, because she was so out of it that she pretty much forgot everything. That was the biggest orgasm of her life! The only ones that had even come close had all been with Nick in the last 24 hours.

It was such an epic orgasm that she'd squirted, and she wasn't even prone to doing that. She didn't even know her body could do it.

Her squirting wasn't noticeable at first, because she squirted right onto Nick's leg.

He noticed, and his eyes went wide with concern, because he assumed that she'd lost control and peed on him. Needless to say, he wasn't happy about it, but he was willing to brave things out a little longer before dealing with it.

Eventually, Debra's orgasm came to an end and her body more or less stopped its writhing, though she continued to tremble all over.

However, he figured she was still in a very sexually heightened state. He loved making women cum hard, so thoughts of punishing her went to the back of his mind. Instead, he brought a hand to her dangling tits and another to her pussy, and he started fondling her from both ends.

Seconds later, Debra resumed jerking and thrashing around on his lap. Her multiple orgasm hadn't actually come to an end; she was still being hit by smaller ones and her body was too wiped out to fight them. Then, with his

fondling, her smaller ones suddenly became much bigger. She resumed her incoherent screaming too.

While all this was going on, Maggie and Hillary were watching and masturbating. They hadn't planned to, but Debra kept on cumming so loudly, boisterously, and almost violently that it was impossible to resist. It made both of them think about their very most intense orgasms and mentally relive them, as if they were in Debra's place.

Maggie in particular was thrilled to imagine that she literally was in Debra's place, getting spanked by her own son, and for no good reason. She felt she could never allow that sort of thing to happen. Even though she was increasingly realizing that she was sexually submissive, she felt she had to draw certain lines, such as staying in Margaret mode most of the time, or else her authority as his mother, and effectively his only caring parent, would crumble. That made her spanking fantasy all the more powerful for her, because it was an even more tempting forbidden fruit.

Maggie and Hillary both had orgasms. They were actually subtle about it, because each of them didn't want it known that they got off on seeing Debra got off, and their orgasms weren't so intense that they had to uncontrollably scream. Plus, Debra stole all the attention and provided aural cover with all her breathless wailing.

Nick was the only one who didn't cum. Even he came close, because feeling a gorgeous woman like Debra writhe spasmodically in his lap for about three minutes was quite an ego-boosting trip.

Eventually, another minute or two passed, and after some more orgasmic after-shocks, Debra finally went still, all but for her heavy breathing.

Nick broke the silence by joking, "Okay, that was smack number two. I can't wait to see how much bigger her reaction will be with smack number three!"

Maggie and Hillary chuckled obligingly. Then, with Debra effectively insensible and incoherent from her orgasms, they began discussing her like she wasn't there.

Maggie said, "That was pretty crazy! I certainly didn't expect THAT! But... isn't that a problem? We're trying to punish her. That seems like a really big reward instead."

Hillary considered that. She was still unthinkingly caressing her own huge breasts. "Yes, that's true, I suppose." She thought back to her spanking traditions with Anushka, which kept her hot and bothered. "It's not uncommon at all though. In fact, when I spank Anushka, this happens all the time."

Nick was more alert than the others, since he hadn't climaxed. He said, "You mean when you spank 'you-know-who.'"

"Right." Hillary looked to Debra with worry. But it was clear Debra was off in her own little world, even with her eyes closed. Her cum-splattered facial expression could only be described as "delirious."

Hillary continued, "In a way, that's bad, but I think it'll be okay. We can use a carrot-and-stick approach. Punish her if she's bad, but reward her with orgasms like that one if she's good."

Nick wondered about that. That made it sound an awful lot to him that Hillary was conceding this wouldn't be the last 'sex game' that included Debra. That gave him hope, because his lust was in charge of his brain at the moment, and three busty bombshells sounded even better than two. But he didn't dare ask that because the mere asking of the question might cause a rethink.

So instead he changed the subject by saying, "Um... This is awkward, but... I think she peed on my leg. I'd like to go get cleaned up."

Hillary raised an intrigued eyebrow. "Are you sure? She might be a squirter."

Maggie asked, "You mean... like a female ejaculator?"

"Exactly." Still lazily caressing her F-cups, Hillary said to Nick, "You should check. Put your finger in it and bring it to your nose and smell for pee."

He scrunched his face in disgust. "Really?! Isn't there some other way?"

Maggie pointed out, "Come on. If it's pee it's all over your leg already, a little bit on your fingertip isn't going to kill you. Why, if I could count the number of times I..." Her voice trailed off.

She was going to continue to say, "got piss or shit on me when you were a baby," but luckily she realized in time she couldn't say that with Hillary

there. She might have been able to explain it away as a joke relating to their mother and son sex talk, but at the very least Hillary would become suspicious.

She shut her eyes tightly so her expression wouldn't give her away. Her heart beat fast, because she realized with horror what a dangerous double life she was living. Even with their incest sex talk excuse, there still were moments like this where she might say the wrong words and ruin everything. That was very sobering.

Luckily for her, Nick was already in the process of testing out the liquid on his leg while she was talking. He figured that if he was going to do it, he wanted to get over with it fast. He took a quick sniff and said, 'Hmmm. It doesn't smell like pee. And, to be honest, there isn't that much of it in the first place. It's not like she flooded my leg.'

Hillary said, "Let me check." She started to get up. But then she realized she was going to taste or at least smell Debra's cum. That disturbed her because she still very much considered Debra her rival. Also, it would be one more difficult thing to explain to Anushka. So instead, she said, "Actually, Maggie, can you check? I want to do something to her face."

So Maggie got up and wound up on her knees near Debra's ass. She reached a hand under Debra's body and swiped a finger through a wet spot on her son's leg. She brought it to her nose and smelled it. Not only did it not smell like pee, it actually smelled pretty good. So she tested it on her tongue.

She announced, "Sport, you can relax. That's definitely cum."

"Phew!" He grinned and ran a hand through his hair in relief.

Since Maggie was there on her knees anyway, she reached under Debra's body again, but this time between Nick's legs, and found his erect cock. "How are you holding out?"

His grin grew as she started to jack him off. "Much better now."

Hillary was busy kneeling in front of Debra's face. She said with wry amusement. "Let me guess: he's as stiff as a board down there."

Maggie proudly replied, "If that board is made out of titanium, yes. By the way, what are you doing?" She could tell Hillary had her hands on Debra's face, but she couldn't see from where she was kneeling what was going on.

Hillary explained, "I'm smearing Nick's cum into her skin some more. Did you see how much cum flew off during her orgasm?"

"I did," Maggie said. "Such a shame! We must have lost almost half of it." The more she fell in love with cocksucking and facials, the more she considered Nick's cum a precious and very limited commodity.

Hillary said, "Not that much. But yeah, a lot. I'm smearing in his cum gobs so they'll still be visible but far less likely to go flying." Indeed, she held Debra's chin up with one hand while she carefully smeared the cum around with her other hand.

Debra kept her eyes closed, but she was still very much awake, and she was starting to revive. She muttered, "God! This is so embarrassing!"

Hillary snickered. "She lives!" Then she asked, with sincere consideration, "How are you doing?"

Debra simply replied, "Ugh!" Her wits were returning, and she remembered she wasn't supposed to show enthusiasm. Otherwise, she would have raved about what an incredible series of orgasms she'd just had.

Instead, she asked Hillary, "Is my face as red as I think it is?"

"Redder!" Hillary jovially replied. "But don't worry. With all the cum and the tears, it's more of a pearly white mess."

"UGH!" Debra groaned again. But she found that seriously hot. She still hated "gross" cum, but that hatred only made her feel even more sexually dominated by Nick.

Hearing that Debra was awake and recovering, Nick resumed playing with her body. He ran a hand along her long blonde hair, which was tussled but still mostly streaming down her back. With his other hand, he cupped one of her ass cheeks. He commented, "Speaking of red, Debra, you've got some seriously impressive ass cheeks!"

"Thanks!" That comment delighted her to no end, because Nick was the one who said it. Her heart fluttered and she felt positively giddy. She would have blushed had her face not already been so red.

He went on to explain his "speaking of red" comment by adding, "By the time I'm done spanking you, it'll be curious to see which is redder, your face or your ass."

Debra groaned sexily and loudly. She was trying not to reveal how much such a comment aroused her, but she couldn't entirely help herself. She suddenly relished the idea of Nick spanking her ass red so much that she flexed her muscular ass cheeks and humped her whole ass up, as if that would bring it closer to his spanking hand.

Maggie was getting so comfortable kneeling while jacking off her son that she rested her E-cups on Debra's side. She looked up seductively and said, "Hey, Sport. Don't just play with Debra. Your mother needs you to play with her titties too!"

His big smile grew bigger. "Okay!" He moved his hand from Debra's hair to twist one of Maggie's nipples.

"WHAT?!"

That word caused all four of them to freeze, because none of them had said that! The voice was coming from somewhere else in the room. They frantically started to look around to see who it was.

Chapter 68: Surprise Guest (Sunday)

Hillary was the first one to identify the source of the voice. She gasped, and exclaimed, "SHANNON!"

Shannon was standing where the short hallway from the front door entered into the main room. She was wearing nothing but her dark blue bikini bottoms, and not even bothering to cover her double D-cup breasts. She exclaimed right back, "What the hell is going on here?!"

Hillary stopped with her cum smearing on Debra's face and bolted upright.

Maggie also stopped stroking her son's erection underneath Debra's body and stood up. She was so embarrassed that she covered her pussy and nipples as best she could.

Nick would have stood up as well, except that he couldn't due to Debra lying on his lap.

Debra was alarmed too, but she was still so out of it from her recent orgasms that she couldn't get up to save her life.

He couldn't go anywhere unless he pushed her to the floor, and he wasn't about to do that.

He did twist his upper body around to look Shannon's way though. He was stunned to see that she was topless. She was looking fantastic, as usual.

Debra glanced at Shannon to confirm it was really her, then she shut her eyes tightly. She had never been so ashamed, due to her still very cummy face, not to mention her position lying naked across Nick's lap. She wanted to cover her face with her hands, but she was afraid to so much as touch her face, due to all of the cum there.

All that took place in a couple of seconds.

Hillary tried to do damage control. The top thing on her mind was that she knew Shannon had heard Maggie refer to herself as Nick's "mother." Since she fully believed that they weren't related, she wanted to clear that up right away. So she said, "It's not what you think! Maggie's not his mother! No way! She's barely twenty years old, for crying out loud! She just said that because of their three-year age gap. They like to play a game where he calls

her 'Ma' and she calls him 'Son.' It's totally innocent sexual role-play stuff. Really!"

Hillary was wildly gesticulating as she said this.

Nick was having trouble with his feelings, because he knew that they were in a fix, but he couldn't just turn his arousal off. Seeing Hillary's awesome F-cups bounce around as she gesticulated so much made him a little crazy. He found himself reaching for one of Debra's dangling tits to fondle it, without consciously realizing what he was doing.

Shannon's face was inscrutable. She stepped further into the room, now that her presence was known, but just held her hands on her hips.

Maggie said anxiously, "It's true! It's just a role-play!"

Even Debra reluctantly spoke despite her great shame, because she didn't want the others to get in trouble and have their spanking fun come to an end. (After her epic orgasm, she considered it fun.) She muttered, "It's true. It's all just playing around."

Shannon finally reacted. "Whatever. If you say so. But that's just ONE thing! I've got questions! Lots of questions. So many questions! Just what the hell is going on here?! I heard talk of spanking... Debra?! And the three of you... and NICK?! All naked?! Seriously, what the hell?!"

Hillary was reacting the fastest, with a "best defense is a good offense" attitude, so she took charge for the others. "I know this looks weird, but trust me, it all can be explained! But first, what the hell are YOU doing here?! We're just as shocked to see you!"

Nick was looking back and forth between Hillary and Shannon while he idly fondled Debra's sopping wet pussy and her tits. He knew that was wildly inappropriate for the situation, but he couldn't help himself. Shannon was a few square inches of fabric short of buck naked, and she looked fabulous with her wavy red hair falling around her face. And he couldn't see Hillary's front side, but just the sight of her firm bare butt was making him nearly woozy. He didn't even dare look at Maggie or Debra.

Shannon rolled her eyes. "This is my home, remember?! And you asked me to keep an eye on Debra."

"Yeah? So what?" Hillary folded her arms under her massive tits.

"Well, I did, at first. But then she kept going back into the house for one thing or another, only to return a short time later. Then more time passed and I realized she hadn't returned for a while. I didn't want to let you down, so I left the others to go find her. I looked all over, but I didn't see her anywhere. And I checked all over, including much of the backyard, which as you've seen is very large. I did a cursory check of all three floors and the basement, and didn't see her anywhere. So I started checking closer, looking in every room. I was still at that when I heard screaming. Distant and muffled, yes, but I could tell it was very loud and desperate!"

Maggie's heart sank as she realized what that meant: Shannon probably had discovered them a while ago.

Shannon went on, "I immediately rushed to the source of the noise, which took me right to this room. I was already on the third floor, so it didn't take long. I tried the door, and it opened right up."

Hillary twisted her upper body to look back at Maggie, since she knew Maggie had been the last one to use the door. "MaaaaAAAAaaggie!"

Maggie winced and smacked a hand just above her forehead. "Oh no! Sorry! I screwed up! I didn't even realize I forgot to lock the door again, much less use the chair. My mind was on other things."

Nobody had a chance to reply to that, because Shannon quickly continued, "I probably should have knocked, but at the time, the screaming was so loud there was no way anyone would have heard me, I think. And I was worried someone might be getting seriously hurt! So I rushed right in. Then I saw Debra as she is now, across Nick's lap, and I worried she WAS getting hurt. But then I realized she was having a truly powerful climax that kept lasting forever, and you Hillary, and you, Maggie, were cumming too."

She went on, "At that point maybe I should have left, but come on! This is like the most shocking thing I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot! I still don't understand what I'm seeing! Role-play or not, it looks like Nick is sexually involved with the three sexiest and most desirable girls in the entire town! What IS going on with that?!"

Hillary lost her aggressive stance, and slumped her shoulders a little bit. "Um, yeah... About that..." She turned to Maggie and looked to her for direction. She still considered Maggie to be Nick's "first" slut, even though

they were officially co-sluts now, so she didn't want to say something Maggie wouldn't approve of.

Sighing, Maggie walked over to where Hillary was standing, so the two of them were directly facing Shannon. She put a hand on Hillary's shoulder in a gesture of solidarity. Then she bravely said, "The truth is, we're his co-girlfriends, okay?" (She wasn't about to use the "co-slut" term with an outsider.) "Hillary and me. I know that's weird, but... that's how it is. Can you please keep that a secret?"

Shannon was startled and intrigued. "But of course! You can trust me to have total discretion. God, that's incredible! But... what does that make Debra?!" From where she stood, she could easily see the cum smeared all over Debra's face, not to mention more cum in her blonde hair.

Maggie reluctantly explained, "That's more complicated. Er, you see... when we were at your party yesterday, the four of us got involved in some sex games that kind of got out of hand. After the fact, Hillary and I decided she needed to be punished for getting too intimate with our man, so here we are."

"Hmmm," was all Shannon said at first. She walked past Maggie and Hillary until she was standing right in front of Nick, with Debra still lying face down on his lap. She positioned herself so she was close but still had a full view of Debra's face. "So this is what you call a 'punishment?' It looks more like a reward to me."

Nick had still been unthinkingly fingerbanging Debra's tight cunt while groping one of her dangling boobs. It was tough to stop, but with Shannon standing only a few feet away and staring at him, he managed to remove his hands. He held them up in the air.

Shannon smirked at him. "It looks like YOU'RE having fun, in any case!"

Maggie and Hillary reluctantly walked over to where Shannon was.

Hillary said, "I know it might look one way, but we've only just begun. Nick's supposed to give her a really harsh spanking. I was thinking 50 smacks, but maybe that's too ambitious. It'll be as much of that as she can stand, at least. We'd only made it through smack number two when she started cumming like it was the biggest orgasm in the history of the world. I

guess the totality of the situation hit her, or something. But believe me, she's going to be sobbing soon."

Shannon looked extremely skeptical. She stared right at Debra's face, still streaked and smeared all over with cum. "Uh-huh. And I suppose she just tripped and fell, and spilled a bucket load of his cum all over her face?"

Hillary didn't normally blush, but her face was starting to redden. "Um... uh... She really hates male ejaculate. Detests it, actually. So we thought having her take it on the face would be another good way to punish her. We're thinking about having him fuck her face and deposit another load on her face for good measure."

Shannon's smirk grew into a wide smile. "This is the most interesting punishment I've ever heard of in my life! I think I'll stick around and see how it all turns out." She stared into Nick's eyes. "And what do you have to say about all this, Silent One?"

He sheepishly said, "I know it seems kind of ridiculous, but it's all true." He wanted to say more about the logic of what they were doing, but he felt like he couldn't, with Debra fully alert and listening in.

Plus, it was hard for him to think, or even breathe. Maggie, Hillary, AND Shannon were standing in a line in front of him, and each one of them was more stunning than the next! The sum total of clothes on them was just enough to cover Shannon's pussy, with almost no fabric left over. Even their hair was an impressive mix, with blonde, redhead, and brunette heads side by side. Then, if he looked down, Debra's flawless nude body was still on his lap!

Shannon suddenly frowned, took Hillary's hand, and started pulling her away. "Come with me!" she barked.

Maggie was left standing there blushing and uncertain. She asked, "Should I come too?"

"No!" Shannon said harshly. "This is just between me and her."

Shannon took Hillary to the hallway that led to the front door, then let go of Hillary's hand. She whispered, "What's this about you being Nick's co-girlfriend?! Does Anushka know about this?!"

Hillary felt she'd been pole-axed. "WHAT?!"

"You heard me! Oh, you didn't know I know about you and Anushka, did you? That's understandable. As you know, I go to the Academy, like her, and she's been keeping it a secret from everyone, including me. But we're friends going way back. Not great friends mind you, but I'd guess I'm probably the one she trusts and respects the most there, which admittedly is a very low bar. Recently, she came to me and asked for my advice about a 'friend' who might be in love with someone who could be in love with someone else. It was all vague and mysterious, but I tried to give her some useful general advice. But that made me curious, and since I sit next to her in a couple of classes, I noticed how she likes doodling your name in grandiose letters and even draws sketches of you when she's bored in class."

"She does that?!" Hillary whispered in surprise. She hadn't known, though upon reflection she wasn't that surprised after all.

"She does. She's a pretty talented artist, by the way. I haven't told her that I know, because I'd be embarrassed to reveal how I know. And I'm pretty sure nobody else knows. But the fact of the matter is, I can put two and two together, and it's obvious that you're cheating on her!"

"Now, hold on!" Hillary quietly protested. "I'm not cheating at all. I detest cheating! Maggie knows everything about Anushka. Can I bring her in to this as a witness?"

"If you wish."

Hillary called Maggie over.

Maggie was relieved, because she was just standing there by Nick and Debra and not knowing what to say or do. Everything was frozen in amber until the situation with Shannon was clarified, it seemed.

Nick was even keeping his hands suspended above Debra, because he worried that if he touched her at all, he'd lose control and go back to full-on fondling.

Once Maggie was standing close to Hillary and Shannon, Shannon whispered to her, "So what's the deal with Hillary and Anushka?"

Maggie looked to Hillary with worry.

But Hillary gave her a reassuring look, and said, "Be completely honest, please."

Maggie wasn't sure about that, but said, "The two of them are steadily dating."

Shannon put her hands on her hips suspiciously. "I know that already, actually. And?"

"And..." Maggie looked to Hillary again. After another nod, she went on, "And... Hillary is going steady with Nick too. And he knows about Anushka and she knows about him. It's all above board. I know it's strange, but there's kind of a logic to it. Hillary is the linchpin. She's dating Nick and Anushka. Normally, a guy wouldn't be able to handle sharing for long, but he's dating her and me at the same time. So there's a balance of sorts that makes the whole thing work."

Shannon sighed. "Huh. I want to believe that, but I'm concerned for Anushka. She's kind of a friend of mine, and I'm convinced she's deeply in love with you, Hillary. What if you're lying to Nick and Maggie, and Anushka doesn't know the real deal?"

Hillary said with some irritation, "That can't be! Nick and Maggie have met Anushka and everybody knows everything! Hell, they spent like three hours with her today while I was off yachting."

Shannon said, "So you say, but maybe you're all duping me. If it's all so above board, do you mind if I call her right now to confirm? You're probably being honest, but I don't abide with cheating at all. I've been there and done that and had my heart broken in a big way. I would just prefer to have total reassurance."

Hillary said, "Be my guest! You can tell her anything you want. She and I keep no secrets."

Shannon nodded. "Good. I'll be back in a minute. I've got a cell phone in my room and it's just down the hall." She left shortly thereafter.

As soon as Shannon was gone, Maggie whispered to Hillary, "This is a major disaster! What are we going to do?!"

Hillary was frowning severely. But she said, "Yeah, it is, but it's not so bad. It could be a lot worse. I only directly met Shannon last week, but I've heard a lot of things about her from way before that, since people compare my looks to hers sometimes, like they do with Debra. I've heard only good

things. She's a cut above the usual stuck-up Academy type. And I know she and Anushka are friends, of sorts."

"Of sorts?" Maggie asked.

"Well, they're not friends to the point that they do stuff together outside of school, except see each other at parties, but she's probably the closest thing to a girl friend she has at school. She's really isolated there, both for her extreme beauty and for being Indian."

"Is there a lot of racism there?"

"Not the hardcore KKK kind. It's more they just don't like that she looks different, plus her exotic looks make her even more of a threat. But Shannon's so gorgeous herself that she's not so intimidated or jealous or whatever."

Hillary added, "Anyway, my point is, had it been anyone else, we'd be pretty fucked, but I think Shannon can keep her lips sealed. I hope I can talk to Anushka myself when..."

Her voice trailed off, because Shannon returned just then.

Shannon already had her cell phone in her hand. She whispered, "It's ringing."

A short phone call ensued. Anushka was home and awake, so she was able to explain things over the phone to Shannon that everything was above board and fine, just as Hillary had claimed.

Once Shannon was reassured, Hillary asked for the phone, and was able to talk to Anushka for a couple of minutes about Shannon. Anushka confirmed Shannon's claim that she'd asked in a very vague way for advice about her romantic situation. She confirmed Hillary's sense that Shannon had an excellent reputation about being honest, trustworthy, and able to keep a secret. That's why she had gone to Shannon, though she'd been too vague explaining her problem to actually get much advice.

Meanwhile, as soon as the other three left Nick and Debra, Debra unexpectedly showed that she wasn't as incapable of getting off his lap as she'd appeared. She sat up in his lap and pressed her firm double D-cups into his chest. She purred quietly and sexily, with her face right up to his, "Nicky! That was so great! That was literally the biggest, best orgasm I've

ever had! I would totally kiss you, except my face is all yucky and I probably have sperm-mouth too."

He didn't know what to say to that. But before he got much of a chance, she surprised him again by sliding off him and down to her knees between his legs.

He whispered with worry, "What are you doing?!"

She whispered back, "They're going to be a long time, I can tell. In the meantime, I can't let your big fat cock go flaccid. They'll get even more angry at me."

Debra took his boner in her hand. It had been starting to soften a little bit, but she began stroking that problem away. She looked up at him and spoke while breathing heavily onto his cockhead. "Besides, you're in the middle of making me your next sex pet, and you're totally succeeding! After making me cum that hard, I kind of have this need to reward you! Besides..." She looked around conspiratorially and whispered even more quietly, "....the truth is, I say I don't like doing stuff like sucking your cock, but I totally love it! As long as it involves sex and you, I'm all in favor, even if means you brutally fucking my face! Or even if it's a harsh spanking!"

As soon as she said that, she dramatically opened her mouth wide and engulfed his entire cockhead. She started bobbing on him right away, and with just as much passion as right before his most recent climax. And that was a hell of a lot of passion!

Almost immediately, he had to clench the sides of her head and force her from bobbing too vigorously, because the surge of pleasure he felt was so intense.

Thankfully, she got the message and settled down some. But she continued to suck him with energy, using lots of tongue and a very tight lip-lock.

As he continued to hold her head, he looked down at her cummy face and her lips stretched around his thickness and felt nearly dizzy. *Jesus H. Christ! This is bad. But it's also so very, very good! What Debra just said kind of rips away the excuse that we're punishing her. But I pretty much knew that already. We're all super duper horny and that's making us do stupid but very arousing things! I already feel weirdly bonded to her, and that's only growing by the minute!*

He looked down at her just in time to see her open her eyes and look up adoringly at him while her lips continued their relentless sliding.

He thought, *Good God, is that true! She knows our time is limited, so she's going all out! Even me holding her head isn't slowing her down much! And what are we doing, anyway?! This is so reckless! They're going to come back any minute. What's my game plan here?! What's my excuse?! We were just trying to convince Shannon that this is Debra's punishment. There's not even a pretense. But it feels so damn awesome! I can't fight it!*

With that realization, he stopped gripping the sides of her head so tightly.

Surprisingly, she didn't change her technique much. She'd settled down into a groove already. She pretty much forgot about the other three bombshells in the room and just luxuriated in the joy of sucking him. His cock was just as difficult for her to deal with as it ever was, but that was increasingly becoming a positive for her. She leaked tears not necessarily because she had to due to her struggle, but more because it was part of the whole experience for her, and a sign that he had an extraordinary cock that demanded special attention from her. The more her jaw ached and her stretched face hurt, the more it turned her on.

She wouldn't have cared or tried a fraction as much had it been anyone else, but Nick's cock made all her senses come alive. She felt he'd broken her repeatedly, and the spanking (so far) was only the latest example. She didn't know if she'd been unwittingly submissive all along or if he brought something special out in her specifically, but she loved the idea of being his sex pet. And after seeing the example Maggie and Hillary had set, she figured the main way she could express her newfound submissiveness was with her mouth.

As a result, all she had to do was let her desire for him flow through her body and she sucked him almost as well as Maggie, which was high praise indeed. She tilted her head this way and that and experimented with different techniques, pressures, and rhythms. She got so into it that she used her fingers, lips, and tongue all at once, shedding tears all the while, and yet she felt she had no cares in the world.

She didn't exactly forget about the others in the room, because thinking about them being so nearby made her hotter than an oven, but she ceased to care if they'd get caught. In fact, she relished the prospect, because she felt

so wicked and wanton kneeling naked with her face splattered with his cum, her cheeks also teary and blushing red. She wished someone could take a photo so she could have a memento to help her remember what total cocksucking bliss felt like.

She was so inspired that she remembered how Hillary had choked and gagged on him to surpass her lipstick ring, and she wanted to try that too. She wished she had lipstick handy so she could make a new ring to see if the others could surpass it. Failing that, she figured she could make a mental note by measuring how many fingers she could fit between her sliding lips and the base of his shaft.

But just when she was ready to try out choking and gagging for the first time, she heard a nearby cough.

She couldn't see who it was, because it came from directly behind her, but she recognized the voice as Shannon once she began to speak.

Shannon said with obvious amusement in her voice, "What do we have here, Nick? Is this more 'punishment?' Judging by her lusty, adoring moans and slurps, I'm thinking you and I have very different understandings as to what that word means."

He'd had his eyes closed while he was reveling in the erotic glory, but he opened them to give Shannon a peeved look. However, his breath was taken away because Shannon, Maggie, and Hillary were all standing in front of him side by side, like before. It was impossible that three girls could look so very sexy! He couldn't imagine if Debra was added to the line too.

He tried to recover enough to intelligently respond. It helped a little bit that Debra stopped her oral action on him, but only a little bit because she didn't actually take her cock out of her mouth. He said sourly, "Very funny. The truth is, she noticed my penis was starting to soften, and she wanted to make sure I didn't go flaccid. It would kind of ruin the rest of our plans."

He looked to Maggie and Hillary to see how they took that excuse, since that was more important than what Shannon felt in the long term. He was relieved that they seemed chagrined and amused, but not upset.

Shannon put her hands on her hips, and said, "Speaking about those plans, I'm going to stay and watch."

"WHAT?!" He was shocked. He looked back and forth between Maggie and Hillary, as they stood on either side of Shannon. A part of him was very, very interested in getting sexually intimate with Shannon. She was standing nearly naked in front of him, and as impressive as she looked fully clothed, with her luxuriant and wavy dark red hair framing her beautiful face, she looked even better naked. She had a "hardbody" just like the other three in the room.

However, his heart was set on his two dream girls. Things were getting tricky enough with Debra - especially since she'd just resumed sucking his cock! And she wasn't even being subtle about it, bobbing so the others would know exactly what she was doing. He didn't want to ruin a great thing by pushing his luck doing anything intimate at all with Shannon too.

He started to say, "Um, Shannon, no offense, but, uh... I have two girlfriends, and uh..."

Shannon chuckled. "Don't worry. If you're thinking about the wisdom of getting it on with me, or the lack of wisdom thereof, it's a moot point. I have a serious boyfriend. Brian. You've met him, remember? We've been going out all summer, and it's been good. I'm not about to cheat on him, not even one little bit. But I'm dying of curiosity to see how this 'punishment' turns out, and it is my house." She snickered at that.

She went on, "So I just made a deal with your two girlfriends, assuming you agree. I can stay, but I'm going to sit in a chair clear across the room and not touch any of you even one tiny bit."

He looked from Maggie to Hillary and back, to see if they actually agreed to that.

Maggie said, "Sport, she knows everything, pretty much. She knows all about the whole four-legged table thing, including all four legs of the table." That was a clever way to tell him that Shannon knew all about Anushka without having to reveal anything to Debra.

Debra was listening, but she was so deeply into her cocksucking again that she was only paying half attention. She wasn't about to pull off to ask about the weird table mention, and quickly put it out of her mind.

Maggie added, "So we figure what's the harm of having her stay? We spoke on the phone with the 'fourth leg' just now, and got confirmation that

Shannon is in a serious relationship and can be trusted with our secrets. Also, Shannon has pointed out that our punishment plan may not exactly be working as expected because we get too horny to think straight. So she's going to keep us on the straight and narrow."

Actually, after the phone call with Anushka, Maggie and Hillary had just spent a couple of minutes quietly explaining to Shannon how Debra had been sexually intimate with Nick and Maggie earlier in the day, and how they worried that she was becoming too sexually attracted to him. So not only were they punishing her, they were trying to push her to such an extreme that she would find sexual fun with Nick not worth the price, just as in the example of Nick getting alienated from some hot babe who wanted to "peg" him in his ass.

Shannon got all that and understood it. She was going to advise them from a "neutral" point of view if she thought they were succeeding with that goal, or going too far, or not far enough. But they had to be circumspect discussing their true intentions while Debra was listening.

Nick thought that over, and said, "That sounds okay, I guess."

Shannon clapped her hands together just once, to signal a change, setting her impressive tits swaying. "Good! Now, obviously you should start by taking Debra back across your lap and resuming the spanking. This is the exact opposite of a punishment. It really is."

Everyone repositioned. Shannon found a chair and pulled it all the way to the far wall. It wasn't a very big room, but it put her well away from everyone else. The others returned to how they were before. Nick stayed sitting where he was, with Debra back across his lap. Maggie and Hillary sat on the edge of the bed right in front of him.

Once the others were all set to resume the spanking, Shannon repositioned her chair. She stayed just as far away, but she chose an angle to the front and side of Nick, instead of behind him, so she'd have a much better view of all the spanking action.

The others didn't mind that, so long as she kept her distance. Because she was behind them, it was mostly a case of "out of sight, out of mind," They were far more interested in the spanking action.

Shannon was very serious about not wanting to cheat on her boyfriend. But at the same time, she wasn't that serious about Brian. She'd had a fun time with him over the summer, but the arc of their relationship was coming to its natural end soon. With the new year starting up, she had other potential interested partners. So, while she wanted to stick to her no touching restriction, she mainly wanted to watch because she figured it would be an extremely hot sex show. And as part of getting herself more hot and bothered, she wasn't above flirting with Nick some.

But first, she wanted to make sure the others were all fully committed to the spanking. She just sat patiently in her chair, still wearing nothing but her skimpy bikini bottoms and not touching herself.

Nick resumed the spanking. Both he and Debra were very worked up, especially from her recent blowjob help, but not so worked up that either of them were on the cusp of cumming. So things continued more or less like they were supposed to. He smacked her ass for the third time, and she exclaimed, "Three! Thank you for teaching me a lesson, kind gentleman!" Then, without wasting much time or rubbing her ass, he smacked her again, but on the other cheek.

He wanted to prove to the others, and especially to Shannon, that they really were trying to punish Debra, so he smacked her about as hard as he physically could each time.

And so it continued for a while. By the time he reached the tenth spank, Debra was crying, because this was a very serious and harsh spanking! It was definitely painful for her. Nobody had ever treated her anything like this in her entire life. But at the same time, she was getting more and more aroused. Each smack seemed to ratchet her arousal level up a notch, even though he was trying for a punishing spanking and not a sexual one.

Debra had two problems though. One was that she craved for him to play with her clit, or slit, or even just fondle and caress her increasingly red ass cheeks. But he wasn't doing any of that. So she had started reaching back to caress her own ass, only to have him grab her wrists and prevent him from doing so each time. That alone aroused her still more, because it increased her feeling that she was his helpless sexual plaything.

Her second problem was that her urge to cum was becoming almost overwhelming. And she'd held back so much through all these spankings

that she worried if and when she did cum, it would be a loud, screaming orgasm, like the last one. And that wasn't supposed to happen. She worried that if she came in that way again, the others might call off the rest of the spanking for fear that it wasn't working as a punishment and deterrent whatsoever. But she wanted and needed to cum so much! She didn't know how she could hold out much longer, no matter what.

Meanwhile, the other girls found the spanking to be seriously arousing, whether it was a "harsh" one or not. Seeing Debra kick and scream and yell out her lines after each smack looked a lot like she was deep in the throes of an orgasm even when she wasn't, and that was hot. Simply seeing her perfect naked body writhing on Nick's lap was hot. Maggie and Hillary couldn't stop themselves from masturbating, pretty much as soon as the spanking resumed, and looking at the other one masturbating was hot too. Everything was hot!

Shannon held out for a few more smacks before she started masturbating too. Not only did she have Nick and Debra in her sights, but she could see the backsides of Maggie's and Hillary's bodies too, and she could see from their arm movements how they were masturbating, so she figured they couldn't really complain if she did the same.

For a few smacks, she simply pushed her bikini bottoms to the side and fingered her pussy like that. But after the tenth smack, she decided they were getting in the way, and it would be silly to keep them on when everyone else in the room was completely naked (except for the red high heels Maggie continued to wear).

Nick hadn't been paying much attention to Shannon during the spanking so far. Sure, she was hot, even "super hot," but then so were the other three in the room, and they were much closer. In Debra's case, he had her entire naked body at his fingertips.

Then, after the tenth smack, Shannon caught his attention when she stood up to pull her bikini bottoms down her legs. She still didn't know Nick very well at all, but she figured he had to be an incredible sex stud to turn Maggie and Hillary into his co-girlfriends and then get to play with Debra with their permission on top of that, so she was very aroused and intrigued by him, even though she typically had boyfriends who looked like handsome hunks in the mold of Spencer.

Thus, she was all in favor of flirting heavily with Nick. She didn't just pull her bikini bottoms down. Knowing that Nick was looking her way, she gave him her best "come hither and fuck me" look. She knew Debra was too busy getting spanked, and Maggie and Hillary were too busy masturbating, for any of them to look her way. So she basically was putting on a private striptease of sorts as she slowly shimmied her bikini bottoms down her legs.

Already, she was so deeply into the sexual mood that she put on a great show. She turned to the side and bent over as her bikini bottoms slowly inched down her thighs. She was thinking of Nick's big cock. She'd only gotten a few glimpses of it since it was either in Debra's mouth or under Debra's torso most of the time so far. But she'd seen enough to realize that it was improbably, remarkably thick, and impressively long to boot.

She was determined to stay loyal to Brian as long as their relationship lasted. But that wouldn't last forever. And if Maggie and Hillary could be persuaded to share him, and it certainly looked from how Debra was being handled that they were soft touches about that, she definitely wanted to "take him for a ride" to see what all the hype was about!

Thus, she licked her lips as thoughts of getting fucked by his huge cock filled her head, even as she kept on slowly pulling her bikini bottoms down towards her knees. Since she was still in a side profile from him, she bent way over as if she needed to do that to reach further down her legs. She did, but mostly she just wanted to give him a good show of her impressive double D-cups dangling and swaying.

Nick was so transfixed watching the redheaded beauty that he was forgetting all about continuing the spanking. He realized that wasn't good, because the others might come out of the erotic fog and see why he was staring so blatantly in Shannon's direction. So he muttered, "Let's take a break here for a minute or two. My hand is getting tired."

Then, with Shannon's dangling double D-cups on his mind, he reached under Debra and began fondling her breasts with one hand. They were actually almost exactly the same size as Shannon's, so he felt like he was playing with Shannon's body by proxy.

Shannon continued to stare at him with lust in her eyes as she bent over more. She kept her legs perfectly straight and did all her bending at the waist, which was a very sexy sight in and of itself. But with that, plus her

sexy stare, plus her dangling tits, Nick was kind of losing his mind. And he was getting to ogle her with Maggie and Hillary sitting a few feet away from him and totally oblivious, since each of them were moaning and on the cusp of cumming.

He was so inspired that he unthinkingly used his other hand to caress Debra's ass cheeks some.

Debra mewled unhappily at that, because her ass was so red and sore from the ten harsh smacks already that he needed a feather-light touch, and he was too horny to be subtle or careful.

But at least he got her message and switched to playing with her sopping wet slit. He figured he couldn't go wrong there.

He did go wrong though, if his goal was to punish her. But he went very, very right if his goal was to wildly arouse her instead, because she'd been teetering on the edge of cumming already. His tit and nipple play took her breath away and made her struggle for dear life not to shamefully scream and cum uncontrollably again. She might have been able to hang on if he stopped there, but when he added pussy play to that, she lost her freaking mind!

Debra began cumming hard, much like she did during her last big orgasm, after the second smack. This one wasn't quite as intense, but it was close. That meant more ear-piercing screaming and writhing around on Nick's lap.

Now that Nick had started fondling her, it was like he couldn't stop. He kept right on playing with her tits, alternating between them, while fingering her pussy. She wasn't thrashing about like last time, only writhing, so he could do that without worrying about her sliding off his lap.

Yet while this was going on and taking all the attention, Shannon was continuing to take her bikini bottoms off. She was having such fun with her secret sexual connection with Nick that she hadn't even gotten them down to her knees yet. She realized that Debra's orgasm was the perfect distraction, allowing her to get even more outrageous without Maggie or Hillary having a clue. She turned until she had her back to him, because she knew she had a fantastic ass, and she wanted to show it off to him. She bent way over as she suddenly pulled her bikini bottoms down below her knees.

Then she kept pulling them down and all the way off her feet in just a matter of a few seconds, after taking a couple of minutes just to get them halfway down her thighs. The reason was that she didn't want to be bothered with them, especially since having them down her legs forced her to keep her legs together.

But once they were all the way off and left on the carpet, she was far from done with her sexy show. She turned back around to see how Nick had been enjoying her bare ass cheeks. She was pleased to see that his eyes were still locked on her body and he was practically drooling, even though Debra was writhing and wiggling in his lap and screaming like a banshee. He truly was enjoying Shannon's body by proxy, since he was looking at her and thinking nasty thoughts about her while having his way with Debra.

Shannon also was thinking of him with unrestrained lusty desire. She wasn't going to come any closer to him - she figured she owed Brian that much - but she also figured that fantasizing wasn't really cheating. And she spent a lot of time at the parties in her mansion, as well as in other places with basically the same crowd, being topless in front of lots of guys, and with Brian often right here too, so being naked in front of Nick wasn't really something Brian would object to.

At least, that's what she told herself. Had Brian actually seen her, and the lust in her eyes, he would have been hurt and appalled.

With the bikini bottoms dispensed with, Shannon was free to spread her legs wide, and she did. She brought one hand to her pussy and started diddling her clit while her other hand caressed her tits, one at a time. And all the while, she stared at Nick with unabashed desire, her head filled with all the sexual things she wanted him to do with her. She thought a lot about fucking, because getting skewered by a cock that thick was something she was eager to experience for the first time. But she also had cocksucking very much on her mind after seeing Debra bobbing on him with such lusty vigor.

Nick would have loved to continue their "stare off" with Shannon, but Debra's orgasm only grew more and more intense as it went on, not less, and he was forced to use both of his hands to try to still her body as her writhing threatened to spiral out of control.

Then he could tell from their panting and heaving chests that Maggie and Hillary started cumming too, triggered by what they saw was happening to Debra. The urge for him to cum as well was infectious, but he didn't want to. It was all he could do to squeeze his PC muscle, clench his teeth, and shut his eyes tightly, until the orgasmic frenzy seemingly filling the entire room passed.

Eventually, after maybe two minutes in total, Debra wound up more or less lying still on his lap.

Maggie and Hillary went back to merely caressing their own enormous breasts, trying to act like they hadn't just climaxed again too.

He finally had a moment to look back at Shannon. He was disappointed to see that she was sitting in her seat again. She was completely naked now, the bikini bottoms on the floor and forgotten, and she looked sexy as hell. But her sexy striptease of sorts was over, and she wasn't staring at him with the same intensity anymore.

He thought, *Whoa! What the hell was THAT all about?! I thought Shannon was just supposed to watch. And I guess technically that's all she has been doing, but still, that's about the most fucking arousing "watching" I've ever seen in my life! She's such a BABE! Man! How lucky am I?! Maggie, Hillary, Debra, AND Shannon, all completely naked and in the same room as me! The only way it could get any better is if Anushka was with us too.*

There might be a couple of seniors either at my high school or the Academy that are as hot and sexy as these four. I saw a few at the party that might be in the same general ballpark, at least, though I didn't catch their names and I have no idea who they are. But that's only because the selection is so absurdly great. It was like a room full of Miss Universe contestants or something! And I've got the lion's share of the "super hotties" right here, naked and masturbating or cumming, in this very room! Wow!

I don't know what the hell is going to happen with Shannon in the future. I guess she has her serious boyfriend and wants to stay loyal to him. Which is good. I don't like cheaters. (It completely slipped his mind that Debra technically was dating Devon, which meant he was cheating at that very moment.) Still, that's some major flirting from a majorly scorching hot redhead! If her goal is to get me wanting to fuck her, she is soooo succeeding!

He tried not to look more at Shannon and instead concentrate on Debra. He put a hand on her head and gently caressed her hair. "Debra?"

"Yeah?"

"How are you doing, after that?"

"Oh my God!" She giggled. She was in much better shape than after her last major orgasm. She was feeling very weak, but she could still talk okay.

"What does that mean?"

Debra didn't want to praise her orgasm, or rave about how much fun she was having in general, because she remembered Maggie's admonition not to sound too positive about what was supposed to be a punishment. So she carefully said, "It means, 'oh my God!' It's so intense! Did you know I've been crying?!"

He replied, "I couldn't see your face, but I definitely heard. You're not supposed to cum like that, you know. This is meant to be a punishment."

"I know," she said. Again, she was trying not to sound enthusiastic, but her big orgasm was plenty evidence that she was finding this very sexually arousing.

Nick was genuinely confused, not to mention conflicted. He was having a great time and a very sexually arousing time playing with Debra's flawless body. But he also was mindful that he had to stay on track with his "two dream girls" ultimate plan, and not get too sidetracked with Debra. His goal for the evening was to have as much fun with Debra as he could, but also leave her freaked out enough that she would be wary to push for any sort of repeat, at least any time soon. However, between this big orgasm and the last one, he doubted they were getting the effect they were aiming for.

So he said to the others, "Should we keep going with the spanking? I'm thinking it's kind of backfiring. With orgasms like that, not only is this not a punishment, she's going to get some kind of spanking fetish!"

He said that not realizing that had already happened to her!

Hillary had essentially the same goal for the evening as he did: lots of sexual fun, but leaving Debra too freaked out to want a repeat performance. She sighed heavily. "Yeah. That is a problem."

Shannon spoke up from the wall behind and to the side from where Maggie and Hillary were sitting. "Could I make a suggestion?"

"Please do," Nick said. He felt a jolt of arousal just from looking Shannon's way and seeing her in all her nude glory.

Shannon said, "Debra's not used to being treated like this. As you can guess, she's always been the one to call the shots. As far as I can tell, her boyfriends have all been like puppets. When she said 'jump,' they said 'how high?' So this whole role reversal thing is a huge turn-on for her."

The others all silently agreed with that, since it was so obvious. Even Debra listened and thought that was spot on.

Shannon went on, "But that effect is wearing off and the pain of the harsh spanking is coming on. She had a really massive orgasm after just two smacks. Now, you went eight more before she had another big orgasm, but it wasn't as big as before. Your problem, Nick, is that you seem to have gotten distracted by something and you started unthinkingly playing with her private parts. Had you not done that, she might not have climaxed at all."

Nick was secretly miffed yet impressed by her chutzpah. *"Distracted by something?" More like distracted by someone: YOU! Good grief! You totally made me do that with your sexy striptease act, and now you're complaining I lost control? Sheesh! Still, that was damn fun!*

He muttered, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Shannon said, "I suggest you keep on going. But be more professional about it. No more fondling, for sure. And faster and harsher smacks. Soon, she'll be bawling like a baby. And don't let her fondle herself either."

That last comment was because Debra had just reached back with one hand to gently explore and caress her red ass cheeks, to see how sensitive to the touch they were after getting smacked that much.

Nick grasped her wrist and forced her to stop. He complained to the others, "She keeps doing that. Can't we stop that? Maybe we can dock her a few smacks or something."

Maggie pointed out, "That wouldn't really work, because the plan is for you to keep spanking her until she reaches some breaking point, not until some

number like 50. There's no way we'll get anywhere near 50, the way things are going."

"That's true," he said.

Hillary suggested, "What if we tie her hands behind her back? That could be more of a punishment, because nobody likes being totally helpless. We don't have rope, obviously, but we do have some clothes."

Shannon bent over, picked up her dark blue bikini bottoms, and stood up. "I've got an idea."

The others watched as she walked towards them. Maggie and Hillary had been so focused on either the spanking or their own masturbation that they hadn't looked Shannon's way in a long time, so they were surprised to find that she was completely naked. But they weren't too surprised, and they didn't mind much. Everyone else was buck naked, after all.

Shannon sauntered around the bed until she stood before Hillary. She held out her bikini bottoms. "Try this. You could pretty much jerry-rig it to use it like rope. I'm sure I could do it, but I don't want to get anywhere near to touching Nick."

While she was talking, she was standing with her back to Nick, so close that he could have reached out to touch her ass. It would have been a long reach, but it was possible. That put her fantastic body on impressive, close display. She wasn't nearly as tanned as Maggie or Hillary, since she had a redhead's more typical light-skinned complexion, but she did have a nice tan with no tan-lines that she'd worked hard to get. She also cleverly kept her ass cheeks tightly clenched to make them look even firmer and more impressive.

Nick practically felt like drooling. Simply seeing Maggie and/or Hillary sitting naked in front of him was a constant thrill. That was doubly true when they were masturbating, which was nearly all the time. But he got an extra kick from the thrill of the new, and getting to see Shannon from close up as well.

He thought, *Fuck me! Shannon is a major babe! Maybe her face isn't quite as jaw-dropping as the other three here in this room, but that's quibbling. And from the neck on down, her body is definitely the equal of Debra's, though her tits can't compete with Ma's or Hillary's. All in all, she is super fuckable! And she was totally flirting with me! "Flirting" doesn't even to*

begin to describe when she was stripping naked and making those eyes at me! If it wasn't for her boyfriend Brian... Damn!

Actually, wait. It's a good thing about Brian, because I have to keep my eyes on the prize. My two dream girls! Ma and Hillary, forever! Jesus! Wake up, man! Don't get greedy!

Hillary got down on her knees in front of him, which was quite a sight in and of itself. She began using Shannon's bikini bottoms to bind Debra's hands around the lower part of her back.

Shannon turned around to observe, but she also took a few steps back and to the side, apparently so she wouldn't remain within a tempting touching distance. But that still gave Nick a great view of her full frontal nudity. She made no attempt to cover her privates and even spread her legs suspiciously wide. He could see the glistening wetness of her pussy lips. Her bush was shaved off, but he could tell from her skin tone and green eyes and all the rest that she had to be a natural redhead.

Maggie was left with nothing to do during the binding process, and nothing particularly interesting to masturbate about. So she asked, "Sport, how are you hanging in there?"

He grunted, not knowing how to answer that. "Fine. Great! AWESOME, actually!" He laughed. "Seriously, awesome!"

Maggie smiled at that. "Good to hear. But more specifically, how is your big cock hanging? Are you in any danger of going flaccid?"

"Um, no." He was thinking there was no way he could ever get flaccid if he was in the same room as these other four nude bombshell babes.

That wasn't the answer Maggie wanted to hear though. She asked, "That's good. But just to be on the safe side, maybe I could help you with a brief little suck session?"

Hillary answered before he could. "Sorry, Maggie, but that won't be necessary. I'm just about done here." She tugged on the bikini bottoms, which was wrapped tightly around both of Debra's wrists. "Debra, try pulling your arms apart."

Debra tried, as they could all see from her squirming and struggling. But it was no use.

Hillary patted Debra's bound wrists. "See? Good." She stood back up.

Then she turned to Maggie. "I'm sorry. I know how much you love to suck him. But let's get through the rest of this spanking first. We still have some momentum, with her ass cheeks like this." She turned back to Debra and laid a hand lightly on one of Debra's red ass cheeks. It was hot to the touch.

Debra winced from the contact. She struggled in her binds, again to no avail, but it turned her on to feel that helpless, just the same.

Hillary resumed talking to Maggie. "We should be done soon if we don't have any more prolonged orgasmic interruptions. Then, once we are, we can all take part in a nice long sucking session. I want my turn with that delicious slab of cock-meat too."

Shannon started sashaying back to her chair, her ass cheeks rising and falling seductively. "Not me though. Right? Remember that I'm just an observer."

Hillary said, "Of course not you. I shouldn't have said 'all.' I really meant just Maggie and me."

Debra asked plaintively, "What about me?! Didn't you make mention about him fucking my face later?"

Hillary went back to her seat too, on the edge of the bed next to Maggie. "I did. And that may or may not happen. We'll see." She came up with an idea, and told Debra, "Actually, if you can make it to 30 smacks, I promise you, you'll get your lips wrapped around Nick's cock some more before the night is over."

"Okay!" Debra was suddenly full of vim and vigor. She really wanted to bob on his cock some more, and especially had visions of choking and gagging on him, like she'd been about to do before getting interrupted. The idea of being "forced" to suck him while her hands were bound behind her back with someone else's bikini bottoms doubled her excitement, at least. She wiggled her ass enticingly. "Let's do it, Nicky! Spank my naughty ass!"

Chapter 69: Painfully Red (Sunday)

Nick resumed spanking Debra's ass, just as she asked.

He found it interesting and somewhat amusing that, after that break and her latest huge orgasm, she actually seemed eager for more. As the smacks continued, she wiggled her bare ass temptingly at him, and said her "kind gentleman" line with gusto each time.

So far, she hadn't said much after each smack, except for her required line. That was understandable, due to Hillary's rules where saying certain things (such as criticizing the spanker) could get her in trouble, and Maggie's secret advice to her that saying other things (such as being too enthusiastic) could get her in trouble in other ways.

But around the fifteenth smack, she started being more vocal. After she said her line, she would go off on how "bad" she was. For instance, she would wiggle her ass invitingly yet more, and say, "Nick, you need to spank me MORE! Spank me HARDER! I'm soooo baaaaad! You have to spank all the badness right out of me!"

She was pushing her luck in terms of not showing too much enthusiasm, but she couldn't help herself. Luckily for her, it fit into the idea of Debra changing her thinking and feeling apologetic about what she'd done after getting punished.

Nick kept right on smacking ass cheeks, even putting more oomph into each smack since she was very literally asking for it.

Yet she seemed unfazed. She'd been spanked to the point that her ass was hurting very badly, and she resumed crying, and even started abjectly sobbing. But that meant she felt additional smacks weren't so bad because her ass was already maxed out on as much pain as Nick could deliver by merely using his hand. (It would have been a different story if he had something like a paddle, but he hadn't.)

On the eighteen smack, she cried out, "i'm soooo baaaaad! One spanking isn't enough! You'll have to spank me again and again and again! And FUCK MY FACE! Yessss! Definitely fuck my face a lot, to make me a good little slut! All naked and bound, and helpless! Helpless to resist your huge cock! UNNNGH!"

She was pushing her luck even more with comments like that. Luckily, the others were all so very aroused that they let it slide.

She'd never experienced the "hurt so good" feeling, where pain actually turned to pleasure. But as the spanking went on, that was exactly what she was feeling. Each smack hurt like hell, to the point that she began bawling like a baby around the twentieth one. She was having increasing trouble just saying her required line each time without making mistakes. But simultaneously, she was feeling great pleasure. She continued to actually relish getting smacked some more!

Much of that pleasure was mental. For instance, she was getting off in a powerful way at having her wrists tied behind her back. Shannon's bikini bottoms didn't make that strong of a binding. If she really tried with all her might to rip her hands free, she could have done so. But she didn't want to do so. It fed into her feelings of being helpless and dominated by Nick, and those were very powerful feelings. She also liked it when she felt compelled to kick her legs in the air. That highlighted those very same feelings.

But perhaps what kept the fires of her lust burning the most was the simple fact that Maggie, Shannon, and especially Hillary were watching her every move. Hillary was her biggest rival, going way back due to their subtle rivalry based almost entirely on looks, at least until the day before when the sex games began. But she knew Maggie and Shannon were on roughly the same level of extreme beauty as herself, so that naturally made them her other biggest rivals too. Yet she was being completely sexually defeated and tamed by Nick right in front of them! It was just about her most humiliating nightmare come to life, and all the cum smeared on her burning red face only added to it.

But somehow, the very intensity of that humiliation aroused her to almost uncontrollable levels! Getting dominated by Nick and his thick cock was plenty great for her, but to have it all happen in front of the other three just about broke her mind! She felt like she was constantly on the verge of a third powerful climax. But she continued to resist giving in that urge, because this wasn't supposed to be pleasurable for her. The two orgasms had been excused away, but she feared a third one on that level would give the game away.

The other girls were increasingly amazed by what they were seeing. They were essentially feeling the flipside of what Debra was feeling. They also saw her as a natural rival, to varying degrees, and seeing her get "taken down" so dramatically brought out their darker sexual sides, where they got off on seeing another busty beauty dominated. It also raised the tantalizing danger that Nick could end up someday doing the same to them.

Hillary had recently discovered her darker side in the last two months, because Anushka had shown her sexually submissive side early in their relationship, and things like Hillary spanking Anushka (and never the other way around) had become a part of their regular sexual play. Sometimes, those spankings were more about sexual fondling, but other times Hillary could get quite rough and spank Anushka until she had a good cry. Either way, it always ended in big orgasms for both of them.

So Hillary understood some of the dynamic unfolding before her, although Nick was actually spanking Debra harder than she'd ever spanked Anushka. He had genuine reason to be angry at Debra, especially for "stealing" his virginity that properly belonged to Hillary or Maggie. Whereas Anushka never gave Hillary any reason to do more than pretend to be upset enough to spank her.

However, Maggie and Shannon were totally unfamiliar with sexual spankings, beyond some vague notion that people did get them for sexual pleasure. They were astounded by the intensity of Debra's physical and emotional reactions.

Shannon didn't know what to think, except that it was very hot to watch. She got very busy openly and wantonly masturbating.

Maggie was even more aroused. She knew there was a very real possibility that Nick could spank her exactly like that. All she had to do was give her permission, and she'd be the stunning naked bombshell lying across his lap with tears in her eyes and her ass cheeks glowing red. It was tempting, very tempting, but she felt she could never, ever let that happen. She feared a total reversal of their roles, and she felt she would be abdicating her responsibility as his de facto sole parent if she gave in to her sexual urges that way.

Nick stopped the spanking after the twenty-second smack. He felt he had to stop because his hand was hurting due to smacking Debra's fit and hard

bubble butt so many times in relatively quick succession. Plus, he also felt he was getting too aroused and wanted to calm down some.

He shook his spanking hand in the air. "Ouch! I didn't expect this to hurt me so much too. Can we take a little break?"

Maggie was still busy masturbating. She happened to be fondling her massive E-cups and rubbing them together. She purred sexily, "That's your call, Sport! You're the boss!"

He got an extra thrill from hearing that, especially while he looked her way and saw how she was playing with her tits in such a tantalizing manner. He'd been exclusively looking down at Debra's increasingly sweaty and writhing naked body during this latest round of smacks, so just looking back up and seeing his mother's naked beauty hit him like a bag of bricks to the head.

And that was merely from looking at Maggie's tanned, voluptuous, nude body. Then he looked to Hillary sitting next to her and was staggered all over again. Hillary was also masturbating, even with the spanking on hold. She had one hand pinching a nipple and the other one digging two fingers deeply into her tight cunt. There was a blazing look in her eyes.

He felt goose bumps as he locked gazes with Hillary and felt the sexual heat and desire she was directing at him. He had to look away because he couldn't handle the intensity.

Then he remembered that Shannon was in the room too. He was almost afraid to look at her, because he knew it would rock him back on his heels again. But there was no way to resist. He looked, and sure enough, he was floored. The shock effect was the greatest with her, because he was getting used to see Maggie and Hillary naked and together, but he wasn't used to seeing Shannon at all, much less when she was completely naked!

He did an almost comical double take, complete with a jerking back of his head and his eyes bugging out and jaw dropping. Although Shannon was about ten feet further away, he could still clearly see that she was staring right at him as she masturbated too. She had her legs spread what looked to be painfully wide, almost straight to each side, drawing attention to her fingers slipping and sliding on her pussy lips. Her other hand was going back and forth between fondling her two impressive double D-cups. Seeing her curvaceous body and her dramatic dark red hair took his breath away.

But what amazed him the most was the look in Shannon's eyes! Technically, she wasn't doing anything much different than walking around topless at a party. But had her boyfriend Brian seen the lusty look in her eyes at that moment (or, really most any moment during this spanking), Nick was certain he would have had a conniption fit!

Again, Nick couldn't lock gazes with her for long, because it was too arousing. But he didn't know where to look. Debra was still panting hard and wiggling in his lap. In fact, now that he'd started to take a break, she was wiggling even more. He looked down at her, and saw that, plus the way her hands were tied behind her back with Shannon's bikini bottoms, of all things, and felt a lusty shiver all over.

He closed his eyes and exclaimed, "Aaaargh! It's all too much! Too sexy!" Although he'd taken the break in part to try to calm down from getting too aroused, he realized he was getting even more aroused! He was panting harder and harder.

He complained, while still shaking his spanking hand, "Where am I supposed to look?! Everywhere I look, I just see naked sexy beauty!"

Hillary teased him, "Try looking at the ceiling." After a well-timed pause, she added, "Oh, wait! Never mind. There's one up there too!"

He laughed. "It's funny because it's true! There probably is!"

Maggie saw how he was still waving his spanking hand. (Although that was more because he was keeping both of his hands in the air because he was trying to avoid the temptation of fondling Debra's amazing body some more.) She came up with an idea.

Maggie slid down to her knees, then walked on her knees the short distance to him. She took his spanking hand in both of her hands.

He asked with alarm, "What are you doing?!" He was alarmed because he wasn't that far from needing to clench his PC muscle despite the lack of any sexual action at the moment. He worried she would do something highly arousing that might push him over the edge.

She looked up at him from her submissive pose, leaning forward to better show off her huge bare breasts. She purred sexually, "My adorable son. Your hand is all ouchy. Let your mother make it better!"

She said that not realizing that Shannon was in the room. As soon as the words left her mouth, she remembered the danger. However, she realized that with the role-play idea, she was covered. She decided the best approach was to brazenly own what she'd said. So she craned her head around and said directly to Shannon, "Yeah, you just heard me say 'son' and 'mother.' Deal with it! This is the kind of sexual role-playing that we were talking about. Do you have a problem with that?!"

Shannon was startled to be remembered and looked at, because she'd been ignored by everyone except for Nick for a long time. Her masturbating hands froze, since she wasn't sure if Maggie would approve of that, though it was too late to pretend otherwise. She said, "No! No problem. In fact, I think it's totally hot!"

Maggie was secretly relieved. "You do?"

"Of course I do! Hell, I've read erotic stories on-line, like everyone else. The incest ones are always the most popular. And with good reason. Breaking taboos is super arousing!"

Maggie nodded. "True."

She turned back to resume her sexy staring up to her son. She was still holding his hand, and well as lightly rubbing it. She brought it close to her face. "Son, let me help you. My cocksucking mouth is good for more than just adoring your big fat cock, you know!"

She bent his fingers so his index finger was the only one sticking out. Then she took that into his mouth and started sucking on it.

That didn't do much to help the pain in his hand, which had mostly worn off by this time anyway. But it surely aroused him in a big way! He closed his eyes, because seeing her passionate "cocksucking face" was more than he could handle at the moment, even if all she was doing was sucking on one finger.

That didn't help him keep his cool though, because she realized that she was within reach of his cock and she had one hand free. She reached under Debra's torso and found his dick, still very stiff and throbbing with need. She started jerking him off.

He clenched his teeth and sucked air, trying hard to control himself.

Hillary saw what was happening and wanted in on the action. She dropped to the floor and walked to him on her knees until she was by Maggie's side again. She said, "Nick, I'm not your mother, but I am your sister! I demand you let me help with your other hand. Why should Mom have all the fun?!"

She took his other hand, which he was still holding in the air just above Debra's back, and brought it to her mouth. Seconds later, she was sucking on his index finger, the exact same as Maggie was doing with his other hand.

He let out a long, lusty groan. Somehow, what the two mouths were doing to each index finger was doubling the pleasure of Maggie's hand sliding back and forth on his boner.

Shannon asked, loudly, "Hillary, what's this about you being his 'sister?'"

Surprisingly, Debra was the one to reply. "That's more of their incest role-playing stuff, obviously. If you ask me, it's super HOT! Nicky, can I please be your sister too? Why can't you have two? Let me be your baaaad, naughty, naked sister who needs to get fucked and spanked a lot! Or at least your cousin!"

It was a lucky break that Hillary chose to talk about being Nick's "sister" with Shannon there. Nick and Maggie looked fairly similar, with the noticeable exception of her blonde hair. But that could be dyed. Whereas there was no doubt that Hillary wasn't related, since their facial structures especially were too different. Shannon already fully believed that the incest talk was just a role-play, as they claimed, but adding Hillary into it make the role-play excuse that much more plausible.

Debra began humping her ass up and down in his lap, almost like she was doing some kind of aerobics routine on him. When he didn't reply to her questions (mostly because he was trying to breathe slowly and calm down), she asked him, "And are you ready to go again? I am! I'm so ready! I'm so bad! I'm your naked little sex pet! You need to put me in my place with your spanking hand. And your big thick cock!"

He thought, *Oh God! What the hell am I going to do about Debra?! She's a blabbermouth, they say. She's totally immature. She could ruin us all. We need to avoid her like the plague! But... but... she's so fucking sexy! And beautiful! Dammit! I can't even look at the way her perfect ass is humping up and down or I'm going to have to fingerbang her some more! Then she's*

going to cum, and I'm going to cum, and the whole Debra problem will just get worse!

But how the heck can I not want more of this?! She just called herself my "sex pet," for fuck's sake! Again! And it sounds like she actually means it! And Ma's jacking me off, and both my dream girls are sucking on my fingers! And Shannon! Fuck! Just her being here is insane! It's like this is some sort of conspiracy to fucking drive me out of my mind with too much arousal!

He seemed helpless to do anything but get more and more aroused, because it was far too stimulating for any sane man to willingly make it stop.

Maggie pulled his finger out of her mouth, but only so she could switch to sucking on his middle finger instead.

Hillary saw that and did the exact same thing a few seconds later. She giggled as she resumed sucking, because she could tell that Nick was so aroused that he was almost insensible about it. She realized she wasn't doing anything with her other hand, so she also reached under Debra and between his legs and started fondling his balls.

Shannon saw all that was going on. She was trying to establish her credibility as someone with self-control and willpower. So she said, "Excuse me, you all! But I think you're slipping into the same mistake you made before. What happened to the spanking, and punishing Debra?"

Thanks to that timely reminder, Maggie and Hillary both stopped sucking his fingers and let him take back control of his hand.

Hillary grumbled, "She's right. Let's finish this spanking off. Then we can play around without restraint. Maggie, I don't know about you, but I say it's double blowjob time soon!"

Debra complained, "Hey! What about me?! What about my promised face fuck?!" She was inadvertently revealing she saw that a reward, not a punishment, but she was too horny to think straight, and she wasn't that smart to begin with.

Hillary replied, "We'll see, okay? That's not a promise; it's just something that might happen. If you can hold out all the way to 50, maybe you'll get lucky." She didn't realize it, but her answer indicated she knew the face fuck was more of a reward than a punishment too, and she didn't have a problem

with that. She also had thrown logic out the window and was controlled by her lust.

Debra griped, while continuing to tirelessly hump her ass up and down, "Fifty?! Why are you so fixated on that number?! There's no way! If he spansks me much more, my ass is gonna glow and steam will rise from it! How the hell am I going to sit in class all day tomorrow as it is?!"

She gasped as what she'd just said hit her. "OH SHIT! How the hell AM I going to sit in class all day tomorrow?! There's no way! Maybe we should stop right now!"

Hillary was still furtively playing with Nick's balls, while Maggie kept on jacking him off. Her gaze narrowed, and she asked, "Seriously?! You want to stop?! Now?!"

"I think I DO!" Debra said with rising concern. "It's a serious problem! If this was a Friday or Saturday night, then okay, I'd deal with it. But tomorrow is Monday! What am I going to do?!"

Maggie could see Debra's dilemma, which was something that hadn't even crossed her mind until that point. She tried to be optimistic. "Don't you think it'll fade in an hour or two? You'll have all night to recover, you know."

Debra said in a near-panicky voice, "I know that, but I don't know what'll happen! I've never been spanked before! Not even as a baby!"

Hillary had experience with this, thanks to her frequent spanking sessions with Anushka. She had to be careful not to mention Anushka's name or even that she was in a lesbian relationship though. So she carefully said, "As it so happens, I do have experience spanking people."

"You spank people?!" Debra asked, incredulous. Hillary's earlier cryptic references to that had either gone over Debra's head or been forgotten.

"I do," Hillary said. She saw this as an opportunity to further threaten Debra, to help keep her in line. "And if you cross me, I'll spank YOU! And trust me, I'm a more experienced spanker than Nick. If I want to make it pleasurable, I can make it veeeeerrry pleasurable. But if I want to make it painful, I'll make it veeeeerrry painful. You'll get no orgasms with me, if I give you one of those!"

Debra shivered with fear. She stopped her sexy humping and just tightly clenched her ass cheeks, as if Hillary was about to start spanking her at any moment. She'd had an irrational fear of Hillary even before Hillary had picked her up and carried her around yesterday. This fed right into that. She cried, "You wouldn't!"

"Try me!" Hillary growled. Actually, she relished the idea of giving Debra a spanking. It would be emotionally satisfying, great sexual fun, and it could help further intimidate her.

In fact, now that the thought had been put in her head, she said to Nick, "Hey, speaking of which, if your hand is still hurting, maybe I could take over."

"Right now?!" he asked.

"Sure! It would be my pleasure." She gave Debra a look that confirmed just how much she relished the opportunity to do that.

Nick would have loved to see that. He was sure it would be a very sexually titillating sight. But he said, "Maybe some other time. For one thing, we don't even know if there will be more smacks. And I worry you could be a little TOO enthusiastic. Remember about her problem of sitting in class tomorrow?"

Hillary chuckled, almost wickedly. "There is that. Bummer! You're no fun!"

Nick was still holding his hands in the air ever since Maggie and Hillary had stopped sucking his fingers. But he finally gave in and rested them lightly on Debra's back.

Debra felt that and resumed slightly humping her ass up and down, trying to non-verbally goad him into resuming the spanking some more. Despite her concern about school tomorrow. Her body definitely wanted more.

Nick gave Hillary a smile. "Behave!"

Hillary stuck her tongue out at him playfully. Then she licked her lips seductively, since sucking his cock was never far from her mind in times like this.

He lightly ran a hand over one of Debra's ass cheeks. "Debra, I've given you 22 smacks so far. Do you think you can make it to 30?"

Debra didn't hesitate in her response. "I'll try! I think I can do it, but only IF you promise to fuck my face if you do!"

He closed his eyes and winced. Maggie and Hillary were still playing with his boner and his balls, respectively. Thinking about getting to fuck Debra's face was a dangerously arousing thought. He had to squeeze his PC muscle a few times, just to be safe.

He didn't want to let his lust totally rule his thinking though, and compel him to do things he would regret later. Shannon seemed the most objective and level-headed in the group, so he asked her with his eyes still closed, "Shannon? What do you think?"

Shannon actually wasn't that objective. She didn't know of or share their concerns about Debra stupidly revealing their secrets, since she didn't go to their high school and knew of her much more than she actually knew her. Plus, she really wanted to see more sexual action, and a face fuck sounded like a great show.

She tried to offer the most prudent advice she could that would also allow that outcome. "It depends. First off, can Debra get through the rest of her spanking without cumming? That'll show this turned into a punishment spanking after all. And then, what KIND of face fuck? If you let her 'warm-up' with ten minutes of just sucking you first, that won't be a punishment. So don't do that."

"Awww!" Debra moaned unhappily. Clearly, she'd been hoping for exactly that.

Shannon went on, "But if you fuck her face fast and hard, and then cum all over it, that's a different story. I think that'll work."

Nick was very encouraged, because that was exactly the sort of thing he wanted to hear. He said, "Okay! Let's do this! Ma, Hillary, you should probably return to sitting on the bed. Things are likely to get pretty rough, with a lot of thrashing about."

Maggie thought about trying to talk him into letting her continue the handjob, but she saw Hillary already get up and move back, so she reluctantly did the same.

Nick resumed spanking Debra, while the others resumed masturbating (except for Shannon, who never really stopped).

Debra was in a tough spot. She was feeling extremely horny, and each smack just aroused her more. If she was going to cum again, it would be powerful, loud, and mind-shattering. There was no way she could hide it. But if she could last all the way to 30, she'd get to have her face fucked by Nick's huge cock! There were only eight more smacks to go, but she knew it would be a great struggle to get there.

Despite the break, she hadn't cooled down at all. So from the very next smack onwards, she was writhing and wiggling in his lap. And when she said her "kind gentleman" line, she had to shout it, because she was so worked up. She restrained herself from saying anything more though, for fear that would help make her cum.

Nick could see how much she was struggling. She resumed her crying, and then her abject sobbing. But that didn't bother him as much as the way her entire body started trembling. He felt she was like a bomb about to go off. He tried to help her by speeding up the remaining smacks.

As he got closer to 30, her struggle got worse. Around the twenty-eighth smack, she was physically thrashing in his lap so much that she accidentally ripped Shannon's bikini bottoms in two. However, she generally kept her arms in their same bound pose anyway, because she loved feeling totally helpless and under Nick's power.

Somehow, mercifully, he made it all the way to 30. The last eight had only taken a few minutes, but it was the longest minutes of her life.

Debra was left a quivering, bawling mess. Each smack was truly painful, even as she found them extremely pleasurable somehow too. She was crying so freely that her tears were starting to wash away much of the cum smeared on her cheeks. She was increasingly sweaty too.

But reaching the 30 mark wasn't the end of her troubles. She still couldn't cum after that, or the face fuck wouldn't happen. That was possibly even more challenging, because when Nick finished, he said, "Good girl!" and bent down to kiss both of her ass cheeks. That alone came very close to pushing her over to a truly epic orgasm. She imagined him continuing to kiss and lick her burning ass cheeks as his mouth drew closer and closer to licking between her cheeks instead. And all the while, he said things like, "Who's my slutty little sex pet? You are!"

Despite the fact the spanking was over, she continued to clench her fists and even kick her lower legs around. She was still on a razor's edge. She worried that if he did just one more little thing, like giving her ass one final playful slap, she would slide into a kind of orgasmic delirious madness.

However, that didn't happen. Nick was pretty close to cumming too, and all he wanted to do was sit there and rest and calm down.

A couple of minutes passed without anything happening except for the other three women continuing to masturbate. They were at such a fever pitch that they didn't even need to see or hear anything arousing to keep going.

Nick thought, *Jesus! Holy fuck! Spankings are awesome! I wonder if Ma or Hillary would let me spank them too? Hrm. In Hillary's case, probably not. She doesn't seem the type. Besides, she spanks Anushka. But Ma! I think she'd totally be the type! Hot damn! That would be awesome! We could make it part of our regular sex play. A little spanking to get her heated up, then some cocksucking joy to follow! Not that she ever needs to get heated up to do that! Ha!*

And then there's Debra. What'll happen with her?! I don't know. But I refuse to believe this is the last time we'll all do this. It's way too much fun, for all of us! And she and I are bonded in some weird way. It's not like I'd want her as a girlfriend. No way! We have nothing in common, other than sex. But to spank her, and fuck her, and generally play with her? Hell yes!

Eventually, Debra calmed down enough to get off his lap by herself. At least, she was calmer on the surface. She still had a need to cum hard that had welled up inside her. It wouldn't take much to set her off. But she was motivated to get up and off him so she could get into position for the face fuck. She figured once that started, she'd be able to have that orgasm she so desperately craved, and nobody would be able to stop her.

She struck a sexy pose on her knees right in front of Nick. But instead of facing him, she did it in side profile. She knew that she needed to mollify Maggie and Hillary to some degree if she wanted to take part in more sex games. So she positioned herself in a way that would give them a good show. (She didn't care much what Shannon thought, since she didn't think Shannon would have any influence over future events, but her pose looked good from Shannon's vantage point too.)

Debra said brightly, "Nicky! Your sex pet awaits!"

Not for the first time, he wondered what she meant by that. Was it just sex talk, and if so, why did that rather extreme phrase arouse her so much? And what did the others think of that?

He decided it was probably best if he acted fast, before any of the others had much time to think about that comment and had second doubts about the wisdom of doing this.

He got up out of his chair and stretched for a few moments, since he'd been sitting for a while. But then, without any further ado, he stood in front of Debra, very close up, and held his erection straight out for her mouth.

Debra had been kneeling in the sexiest and most submissive pose she could think of, with her back arched, her big tits thrust forward, her head tilted back, and her arms behind her back. It was easy for her to do despite her great humiliation, because she was doing it for Nick. She couldn't imagine behaving anything remotely like this for any other guy, but with Nick it seemed right and necessary. To her, "sex pet" wasn't just arousing "sex talk," it was her ideal of how she wanted to behave for him and been seen by him. Just the thought of being sexually dominated by him at any time made her tingly all over.

She had been expecting to pose sexily for him while saying provocative things as he stood in front of her, for the best view. But the way he stuck his cock close to her face changed that in a hurry. Due to the way her head was tilted back, when she brought it back forward, she simply opened her mouth and took his cockhead all in!

She thought back to how much she'd suffered the first time or two she'd wrapped her lips around his shaft. The physical ordeal was the same this time, but it turned into another "hurt so good" experience. She actually welcomed the difficulty. It was such a rush for her that it was a near miracle she didn't cum already. She tried to keep her mind too occupied to think about the sweet release of her third epic orgasm by bobbing and licking intently within seconds of fully engulfing his cockhead.

Nick looked down and had his own very close call with cumming. Debra's face was a disaster. It was a total mess. The smears of his cum were still everywhere, but she'd sobbed so much that her cheeks were flooded with tears. They even ran all the way down to her jawline and chin and dripped

down to her big tits. She'd been sweating copiously as well, and her sweat was mixed in with the cum and tears. Her hair was tussled, and bangs of blonde hair falling over her forehead were matted down with more sweat. On top of all that, she was staring up at him adoringly, and her eyes were red from so much crying.

Yet even though it wasn't attractive in the traditional sense, it was the sexiest he'd ever seen her! And that said a great deal, considering how gorgeous her face looked when she wasn't even trying. The contrast between her picture perfect fashion model facial features and the cum, tears, and sweat on her seemed even more outrageous, like someone spray-painting graffiti over priceless paintings in a museum. But somehow that made it an even MORE arousing sight!

He could sense that his resistance to cumming was slipping away by the second. He urgently asked the others, "What if I cum, like, NOW?! Because I think I'm gonna!"

Maggie always loved it when her son came. Even if she hadn't physically helped him there, it gave her a tingly and warm feeling. She exclaimed, "Do it! Just so long as you can stay hard! Do you think you can do that?!"

"Are you kidding me?! Fuck, yeah!" He began unloading into Debra's mouth even before he finished saying that. It was a wonder he'd managed to teeter on the brink long enough to last through that brief back and forth.

Debra also had been teetering. If anything, she'd been even more desperate to cum than him. So as soon as she felt him start to shoot his load into her mouth, she began cumming too.

But right at that second, Hillary realized something was wrong. "WAIT! NICK! Cum on her face!"

"Oh, right!" He pulled back immediately. However, a few seconds had passed, which meant that a portion of his cum load was already in Debra's mouth.

But once again, extreme arousal meant he'd built up a great need to empty his balls. He'd already cum as much as a normal man having an average-sized ejaculation, but he had just as much cum left in him to spray all over Debra's face.

It was up to him to hold his hard-on and "paint" her, because Debra was in no condition to do anything, with the way she was cumming. It was lucky too that he'd pulled out of her mouth, because that allowed her to freely scream to her heart's content. Since it was another epic cum, just like her last two, she had a lot of screaming to do.

He tried to add another layer of cum to every part of her face. But he had a hard time of it because it seemed like most of her face was open mouth, since she opened her mouth as wide as humanly possible while she screamed her lungs out. He looked down and happened to have the ideal angle and lighting to see her tonsils dangling in the back of her mouth.

He did his best though. Some of his cum fell into her gaping maw, but he mostly aimed to one side or the other. Luckily, she kept her eyes closed, so he didn't have to worry about avoiding splattering her eye socket area.

Since even prolonged and copious male ejaculations don't last that long, his orgasm ended a lot sooner than hers did. She kept right on screaming unintelligibly and uncontrollably for two solid minutes, if not more. It was looking to be as intense an orgasm as her first one, instead of the slightly lesser second one.

Once he finished squirting out the last dribbles of his load, he let go of his boner and held both sides of her head. He did that because her head was wobbling and lolling so much that he worried her entire upper body might tilt too far to one side or another and cause her to fall over.

Debra was having the time of her life. She knew her face looked like hell even before the cumming began, with a mix of cum, tears, and sweat, and now he was dumping a fresh load on top of all that. But she relished that. This was entirely different from all her previous sexual encounters. Looking back, she thought she must have been mad to think that controlling her boyfriends was the way to go. Careening completely out of control herself and totally giving in to unbridled lust was many, many times more exciting and sexually fulfilling!

This was exactly what being Nick's "sex pet" was all about, in her mind. The more she gave in to being dominated by him, the more she was rewarded with the greatest pleasure in her life. The pleasure was non-stop, but these orgasms were simply out of the world. She knew she could never go back to normal after this, her third brain-melting cum.

Maggie, Hillary, and Shannon all had big orgasms of their own. As before, their peaks weren't nearly as high as Debra's, since they were only watching and masturbating. But still, those were great orgasms too, by any measure.

Maggie and Hillary were somewhat used to this by now. Shannon wasn't. She'd been topless at many parties (there always seemed to be a hot tub nearly as an excuse to wear a bikini - or less), and she'd seen plenty of wild public displays of affection at those parties. She'd even seen oral sex or fucking in some darkened corners (or not-so-darkened corners occasionally). More than once, she'd walked in on people having sex, and even walked in on an orgy or two.

But she'd never been able to masturbate to her heart's content while watching other people get it on. She'd had no idea how extremely pleasurable being a mere voyeur could be. She had a pretty great orgasm herself. It was nothing like Debra's, which looked like it was mentally ripping her apart. But still, Brian would have had to work up quite a sweat to have given her a bigger one.

It felt so good that it made her feel guilty, because it felt a lot more like cheating on him to feel this much sexual pleasure, even if no touching was involved. However, there was nothing she could do about that now. She couldn't call her orgasm off halfway through it.

Nick needn't have worried about going flaccid. Making Debra cum that hard and that long was the greatest aphrodisiac for him. She was so wiped out after her long multiple orgasm ended that he realized she would collapse to the ground had it not been for the way he was holding her head in place with both hands.

He felt that grip was slipping away, because the palms of his hands were increasingly sweaty (and his face even more so). He had an idea. "Hey, Ma! Hillary! I need your help! Come here!"

His comment was well timed, because both of them were more or less recovered from their latest orgasms. They both zoomed to where he was. They wound up kneeling on each side of Debra, with the hopes that they could get involved with cock licking or sucking or the like.

He said, "Okay, I need one of you to guide my dick into her mouth. And the other one help hold her up!"

Maggie and Hillary looked past Debra to each other with delight in their eyes.

Hillary said, "Oooh! I know which one I want!"

"Me too!" Maggie replied.

"Rock paper scissors?" Hillary suggested.

Nick complained, "No time! I'm losing my grip!"

Maggie generously said, "You do it! I'll get dibs next time." She wrapped both arms around Debra's upper body. It wasn't intentional, but one of her hands end up cupping one of Debra's double D-cup sized breasts.

Hillary held his boner and started to guide it to Debra's mouth. She used another hand to pull Debra's chin down. She playfully said, "Open up and say 'Aaaah!'"

Debra couldn't believe that Nick would start the face fuck when she was far from recovered from her latest epic orgasm. She felt just like a rag doll. However, she decided that was ideal. She was getting off on being helpless and dominated by him, and she'd never felt more helpless in her life. She couldn't have lifted a hand to her head if her life depended on it. She could act like a true sex pet, a hot and gorgeous cum receptacle.

When Hillary poked the tip of his cockhead at her lips, she dutifully opened as wide as she could, assisted by Hillary's hand on her jaw.

Nick was still worked up into a lusty frenzy, though he didn't feel the imminent need to cum since he'd just done that. It was a great feeling, riding high on lust without having to worry about tipping over the edge.

He used that sexual energy to start vigorously thrusting in and out of Debra's mouth.

At first, Hillary tried to hold and even stroke the lower half of his boner. But the motion was too fast and herky jerky. She wound up using both of her hands to hold Debra's head in place instead.

Maggie kept right on holding Debra's upper body up, including cupping one of her tits. She couldn't resist giving that tit some sexy squeezes. She assumed, rightly, that Debra would be so preoccupied by the face fucking that she wouldn't really notice.

Shannon was still feeling guilty from enjoying her last orgasm more than any faithful girlfriend should. She didn't want to compound her mistake. But once she saw Nick face fucking the "rag doll" Debra, she couldn't resist and went right back to playing with herself. In anything, this was an even hotter sight than before.

In fact, a minute or two after resuming, Shannon decided that she was far too distant from the action. With Maggie and Hillary no longer sitting on the edge of the bed, she quickly got up and rushed to where they'd just been sitting. That gave her an ideal "front row" seat from less than five feet away.

Nick had fucked Maggie's face twice already. But he'd been relatively restrained, especially the second time, if only because she was his mother and he loved her dearly. But with Debra, it was totally different. He still had pent up frustration about her behavior (even if, in the heat of the moment, he couldn't remember what she'd done wrong, exactly), and getting to fuck her face was an ideal way to let out all that aggression. He was practically violent with his thrusts, surprising even himself.

However, he was living under some kind of lucky star, because it seemed he could do no wrong with Debra. The more vigorously he fucked her face, the more she adored it. She was living the dream of being a sex pet, completely surrendering to his sexual power. It was the perfect culmination of a life-changing evening for her.

Several minutes passed.

Despite the intensity of Nick's pleasure, he still wasn't in danger of cumming, since he'd had a big climax mere minutes ago. Debra was in no shape to do anything with her mouth except take everything he was giving her while continuing to breathe through her nose. But his cock was so very thick that she had no choice but to maintain a fairly tight lip-lock at all times, simply because her lips were stretched about as wide as they could get.

As a result, Nick thought back to the one time he'd actually fucked a woman, Debra, the night before, and he recalled how that felt compared to what he was feeling now. *Yesssss! So great! No wonder they call it a "face fuck." Blowjob are great, for sure, but this is a pretty different thing. Those two times with Ma weren't really face fucks, not like this one. But now that I know the deal, I can fuck the hell out of her face! As long as I can't fuck her*

for real, at least I'll be able to do this! And the same goes for Hillary! Man! Life is sweet!

Another minute or two passed. His pleasure was still off-the-charts great. However, he was rapidly running out of energy. It felt a bit like running full speed until one dropped of exhaustion. His urge to cum was also rapidly rising and threatening to overwhelm him. Because he was thrusting so vigorously, he couldn't manage to clench his PC muscle to help stave off the inevitable cum blast.

He thought about using the squeezing trick to foil his ejaculation, since that had worked well earlier in the evening. But he decided against it, in part because he just wanted to cum again already and in part because he figured that if he did that, he'd have to stop his thrusting and cry "uncle" not long thereafter.

As a result, he panted, "I'm gonna... gonna... cum again! Is that okay?!"

Maggie said enthusiastically, "You're the man! Do what you want!"

Hillary added, "But pull back and cum on her face! That's a must!"

So that's what he did. Due to having more advanced warning, he was able to pull out before his orgasm began. That meant that none of his cum load was "lost" down her throat. But the downside was that he only had about half as much cum to give this time, due to having climaxed only about five minutes earlier.

It felt fantastic just the same though. He was in heaven as he tilted his head back and let loose.

Luckily, he didn't have to worry about painting Debra's face this time. Hillary was right there and waiting for this moment. She took control of his cock and aimed it to make sure Debra looked even more cum-doused than before.

Like last time, Debra opened her mouth wide and screamed. This orgasm of hers wasn't nearly as powerful as any of the last three. But it still was far better than what she'd thought the best orgasm could be like, prior to yesterday.

Hillary had to be careful like Nick had been last time to avoid "wasting" his cum by shooting it into Debra's mouth. Some flew into it, but she

concentrated more on the top half of his face, since that had less cum than elsewhere.

Maggie continued to hold Debra up, but she changed her grip so she could cup both of Debra's breasts at the same time. And while she did that, she more fondled and even kneaded them, than just held them. That helped Debra's orgasm rise to a higher peak.

Finally, it all came to an end. Nick ran out of cum. Apparently his tendency to "cum in twos" was back, because his dick went flaccid right away. Then he ran out of energy with alarming speed. He realized he'd have to do something fast or he was liable to fall all the way to the floor. He saw the chair he'd been sitting in before and managed to plop himself back into that.

Maggie and Hillary didn't have another orgasm at the same time, since they had the roles which kept their hands occupied. But Shannon did. She was very quiet about it, but she had one that was just as intense as her last one, while she diddled her clit and pumped two fingers in and out of her hot slit.

But around the same time Nick's orgasm ended and he looked around for somewhere to sit down, she realized it was probably best if she moved away. She figured, correctly, that the others had paid no attention to her and hadn't realized how close she'd gotten. She wanted to keep them oblivious. Her own legs were unsteady after having two powerful orgasms only about five minutes apart, so she doubted she would walk back to her old seat in a hurry. Instead, she just scrambled back on the bed she was already sitting on until she was sitting up against the headboard and some pillow. That was almost as far away as she'd been before.

Maggie and Hillary made it back to the bed, but could only sit on the floor with their upper bodies resting against the side of the bed.

Without the others to hold her up, Debra wound up lying on the floor. But they had let her down easy. They'd been careful to make sure she ended up lying face up, because they didn't want the better part of three cum loads on her face wasted by getting smeared into the carpet.

Several minutes passed. There was no talking, just lots of closed eyes and heavy breathing.

Shannon was in the best shape, because she'd been through a lot less sexually than all the others, since she'd been late to join them. She got up

and said, "This has been unreal! I'll be back in a minute. Hang tight." Then she walked out of the room, heedless of her nudity.

When she came back about two minutes later, the others were exactly as they had been, with their eyes still closed. However, nobody had actually fallen asleep. So when Shannon returned, all of them opened their eyes to see what she was doing.

Shannon had gone back to her bedroom, which was just down the hall. (Actually, it was more of a bedroom suite of rooms.) But she hadn't bothered to put on any clothes whatsoever, nor did she try to freshen up at all. Instead, she simply found her favorite digital camera, picked it up, and came right back.

She held the camera up. "Surprise! Photo session! What do you say?"

Maggie raised her hands to her face to hide herself. "Not me! Are you crazy? I must look like something the cat dragged in!" Like all the others, she was bedraggled and her hair was tussled after all the uninhibited sexual fun.

Shannon said, "Suit yourself. Actually, there's only one person that made me want to get my camera, and that's Debra."

"ME?!" Debra exclaimed, suddenly worried.

"Yes, you. It's your face, dear. I've never seen such a sexy sight! Do you realize Nick deposited no less than THREE cum loads on you?! And with all the tears and sweat there too, it looks like someone had a gangbang on your face!"

Debra scrunched her face with disgust. "Ewww! Yuck! You find that sexy?! I think you're crazy!" She continued to lie there, too tired to even lift her head.

Shannon could sense how hot Debra was for Nick. It wasn't hard to miss. So she said, "You know who thinks that looks super sexy? NICK does! Right, Nick?"

Nick hadn't gotten a good look at Debra's face after his last orgasm. She'd basically crumpled to the ground, guided by Maggie and Hillary, while he'd staggered off to find a chair. But he remembered how she'd looked before that, especially when he'd started to cum at the beginning of the face fuck.

He also could see part of her face from where he was sitting, and just seeing that much stirred something inside of him.

So he said, "Definitely! Debra, you have no idea what it does to a guy, seeing cum on your gorgeous face like that. It's something primal, I think. Like I'm marking you. Claiming you."

"Really?!" Debra's opinion of facials was changing in an instant. She still thought cum was yucky. But if Nick felt that about them, she would be willing to endure them, for him and him alone.

He said, "Really! It's like... this is kind of a gross analogy maybe, but I think of dogs pissing all over the edges of the territory to mark it and keep the other dogs away. I don't know how you could think it doesn't look fucking amazing! In fact, do you know why I came right away when I started to fuck your face?"

"Why?!" Debra asked, almost breathlessly.

She was a bit grossed out by the dog analogy, but mostly it turned her on. She loved the idea of him marking her. As far as she was concerned, she belonged to him now. Devon was ancient history already. She knew it wouldn't be prudent to say so out loud, but nobody else could come close to giving her the pleasure he gave her, or just made her feel the way he did: helpless, humiliated, and controlled, but totally energized and alive. Why would she ever want to have sex with any other guy, after all that had happened in the last 24 hours? The very idea seemed crazy to her. So the fact that he was openly talking about "marking" and "claiming" her was like music to her ears.

He responded, "I'll tell you why. I happened to look down at you right around the time you took my dick into your mouth, and I saw all that cum, sweat, and tears, and your hair all messed up. You looked like you'd been through a hurricane! A sex hurricane!" He chuckled at that. "But I swear, you've never looked sexier to me. I can't even imagine how much sexier it'll look with all the extra cum on you."

He stood up. "In fact, I need to see that with my own eyes. Up close."

Debra managed to sit up. If Nick was going to give her a look-over from only a couple of feet away, she wanted to be her best for him. Lying there sprawled out like she was a corpse was no way to be.

Shannon was pleased at the reaction her camera idea was getting. She asked Debra, "So now can I take your picture?"

"Please!"

A short photo shoot ensued. The focus was close-ups on Debra's cum-soaked face. But Shannon took some full bodied shots too.

Nick knelt just out of range of the camera. He was right; Debra looked three times as sexy with three of his cum loads on her face, instead of just one.

Maggie and Hillary were slowly turning green with jealousy. Now that it was all said and done, they were very disappointed that Nick had cum so much on Debra, leaving them relatively high and dry. The idea had been for him to cum on her face once after a face fuck, not twice. But that couldn't be changed now.

After taking about thirty pictures of Debra, Shannon held up the camera and said to the others, "How 'bout it? Can I take your pictures too?"

All three of them felt the same way: definitely not!

Hillary looked to Nick and Maggie and read their eyes. Then she said to Shannon, "No offense, but we'd rather not. There's just no telling where those pictures will end up. You might say you're totally careful and mean it, and use every precaution, and then some stranger could break into your room and steal them or who knows what."

Debra heard that and said, "Hey! What about me?! I don't want my pictures getting all over the place either! I'd be ruined!"

Nick saved that situation. "Debra, listen. It's different with you. You're the only one in the picture. You could have squirted fake cum on yourself, for all anyone can prove. But I'm supposed to have only one girlfriend. If pictures got out suggesting otherwise, that would be bad." He asked Shannon, "Is it okay if we take pictures of you totally naked with us?"

Shannon frowned. She was reluctant to say it, but she clearly didn't like that idea.

He said, "See? So you know how I feel." Then he addressed Debra again. "Besides, I really, really want those pictures of you with so much of my cum on your face! That would mean a lot to me, like a gift from you to me. Don't you want them too?"

Debra was uncertain. She looked back to Shannon. "Can I see what they look like, through the little view finder thingy?"

"Sure." Shannon smiled warmly. "And by the way, I can be totally trusted with this. I can even walk to my room down the hall right now, print out some copies, and delete them from my phone. I have a really great color printer."

Nick said decisively, "That won't be necessary, right, Shannons? You took a couple dozen pictures, at least. Even if you picked out the best ones, that would take an hour or more, especially if you make copies for me and her. What if we come back some other time and get those from you?"

Shannon's smile grew. "Sure. That could be arranged." She figured that if Nick came back with Debra, more sexual fun would ensue. Even though she couldn't take part due to her tie to Brian, she loved vicariously and voyeuristically enjoying herself with them.

Debra also put two and two together as she realized coming back would give her another chance to be with Nick outside of school. Plus, she was looking through the camera and she realized the pictures did look really hot. It was "yucky," but there was something primal and compelling about it. She could see what Nick meant about him marking her.

She handed the camera back and said, "Okay. Let's do that."

But Hillary said, "Waaaaait one minute! Nick, I'm sorry, but I'm not going to let you and Debra be together outside of school under any circumstance. You've talked about that weird bonding thing. Your big fat cock would be enveloped by her lips in, like, two minutes flat!"

He said, "Don't worry, you can come too. Maggie, you can come also, if you want."

Maggie said emotionally, "I think I will!" She was in a jealous mood after hearing Nick praise Debra's cummy face so much.

Shannon kept on smiling and said, "That sounds great. We could make a little mid-week private party out of it. And there's another reason you two should come back here soon." She looked to Maggie and Hillary as she said that. "Maggie, I told you earlier that I think you're wearing the wrong bra size. Hillary, I wouldn't be surprised if you are too. Like I told Maggie, eighty percent of very buxom women have ill-fitting bras. Being well off

like I am, I have specialists come to my house. I have a bra-fitter who'll fix you right up."

Debra asked eagerly, "Oooh! Could I get fitted too?"

"Of course."

Nick joked, "How 'bout me?" He couldn't believe that he was getting to talk to Shannon while she stood buck naked only a few feet away.

Shannon made an amused, chagrined face. "Not you. Gain 200 pounds and then maybe we'll talk."

So it was agreed they would all come back soon. It depended on when the bra-fitter was available, so they would have to work out the details on the phone.

After that, it was time for them to wind down, clean up, and go home. Not only did the bedroom they were in have a bathroom attached to it, but there were a number of other bedrooms on the same floor that also had their own private bathrooms.

Debra used the bathroom connected to the room they were in. She would have been shy to wander the hallway with her cummy face, even if nobody else was around.

Nick used another bathroom a short way down the hall. He thought he'd use it alone, but Maggie insisted on joining him. Then Hillary didn't want to be left out, so she joined too.

Unfortunately, they were all too tired and sexually satiated to make a fun sexual shower out of it. His penis stayed flaccid. But they did wash each other up, with Nick washing both of his sluts while they jointly washed him. His mind boggled at how extraordinarily beautiful they were all wet. The three of them all agreed that sharing a shower together was a must in the near future, but when they were in better condition to properly enjoy it.

Shannon went to her room with her camera and used her own bathroom. Before she left, she swore to the others and especially to Debra that she would be extremely careful with Debra's photos until then.

Each person was going to dress when they finished showering. But that presented a problem because most of their clothes were back downstairs. Debra, for instance, had come upstairs dressed only in her bikini bottoms.

But Shannon had a solution for that. She pointed out that her home had enough clothes in it "to clothe an entire army." While the others were showering, she was able to find bathrobes for each of them. She left them outside of the showers they were using before taking her own shower.

In the end, all five of them wound up feeling clean and refreshed, and wearing one of Shannon's robes.

Then Shannon said that she'd taken the liberty of calling a taxi for Debra. Although Debra had driven to the party, Shannon pointed out that Debra looked so exhausted and worn out that she would do better not to drive and come arrange to get her car back tomorrow. She also noted that if she took a taxi, she could sit on her side all the way home instead of having to sit on her red, spanked butt.

That sealed it for Debra. She left to go get the rest of her clothes and then hurry to the taxi.

But before she left, she went to Nick and gave him a long, passionate French kiss. When it ended, she whispered into his ear so only he could hear, "I'll be seeing you soon! After all, I'm your sex pet now. You've marked me and claimed me. So now you need to take responsibility."

He didn't say anything in response, because he had no idea what to say.

Then Debra left with Shannon. She knew the mansion well enough to easily find her way to her clothes and then to the taxi. However, Shannon had her own reasons for going downstairs. She said she wanted to check on the other parties to see if any were still left, but she also wanted to check to see if her parents had come home yet. They were due home very shortly, if they weren't back already. She wasn't worried about them, since they knew she partied while they were gone, but she just wanted to know one way or another, especially since their bedroom was on the third floor too.

Shannon promised to return in just a few minutes. Right before she left, she said, "Hang on tight. I'll be back shortly to sort you out."

Chapter 70: Shannon's Rooftop Paradise

As soon as Shannon was gone, Maggie and Hillary turned their attention to Nick. Clearly, they wanted to ask him about what Debra had just whispered to him.

But they were standing in the hallway. Before they could ask him, he walked back into the bedroom they'd been in prior to all of their showers.

Once they were in the middle of that room, they came up to him again. Hillary asked, "Okay, so what was THAT all about?!"

He was trying to stall for time. He didn't want to lie to them, but he also didn't want to tell them the full truth, especially that she'd referred to herself as his "sex pet." So he compromised by honestly paraphrasing what she'd said. "Uh, she told me that she'd be seeing me soon. And that I'd 'marked' her with my cum. And that, uh, basically, she's expecting to have sex with me some more."

Hillary grimaced and growled. "I knew it! What a BITCH!"

Maggie was less emphatic, but she bit her lip with worry. Like the others, she was wearing a short, white, terrycloth robe. It was held together with just a sash around her waist. She deliberately opened her robe in front, exposing her bare pussy and enough of her huge tits to reveal her nipples. Her richly tanned skin contrasted dramatically with the white robe.

She asked, "Sport, don't tell me you think Debra is more attractive than we are, do you? Than I am? Would you rather have her suck your cock than either of us?!"

He was incredulous, and it showed. "Are you kidding me?! No way! Ma, you're so beautiful that I can't even stand it! It HURTS me to look at you, because you're blindingly gorgeous!" He feigned shielding his eyes, as if he couldn't even bear to look at her just then.

She felt a bit better. But she wanted more encouragement. She opened her robe more, pulling it down just enough to bare most of her shoulders. She struck a sexy pose, with a cocked hip. "You're just saying that."

He looked to Hillary. "Tell her! Is she blind or delusional? Hillary, it's the same for you! BOTH of you are so beautiful that it's ridiculous!"

He was surprised that Hillary seemed in need of validation from him too. She also opened her robe wide, revealing her bare pussy and all of her enormous F-cups. "Yes, but Debra is 'ridiculously beautiful' too. You can't deny it!"

"True," he said. "But the difference is absolutely everything else! She's JUST a pretty face."

"And a hot body," Maggie pointed out. She struck another provocative pose, causing her robe to slide down to her elbows. "And, apparently, she's a pretty great cocksucker, judging by your reactions to her intense oral efforts."

Hillary added, "We can see how much you love her sucking by all the cum on her face."

He said, "Okay, that too. But she's not smart. Her personality doesn't appeal to me at all. As far as I can tell, her interests are totally different than mine. I doubt I could sustain a ten-minute conversation with her. She has NO sense of humor either. Did you notice that? She has totally shallow values. She's not evil, but she's selfish. Basically, she's bad news all around! By contrast, the both of you are the exact opposite! You're even MORE beautiful than her, in my book, plus you're beautiful on the inside!"

He was going to say more to compliment and praise them, but Maggie dropped her robe altogether and stepped forward. She wrapped her arms around him and gave him a big kiss on his lips.

As the kiss heated up and continued, she reached into his robe and checked on the condition of his penis. After discovering that it remained flaccid, she left it alone. She was feeling rather tired and sexually satiated.

His hands went to her bare ass cheeks. But, like her, he wasn't in a highly sexual mood, and he was giving her more of a loving kiss.

After a minute or more of affectionate necking, Hillary tapped on Maggie's shoulder. She whispered, "I could use a little loving reassurance from him too!"

Maggie smiled and disengaged. "Of course! We're a threesome team, all the way!"

Hillary had kept her robe on her shoulders, but once she had Nick's full attention, she let it fall all the way to the floor. Then she stepped up and

took Maggie's place in his arms.

Nick had another great kiss with Hillary, and he fondled her bare ass cheeks in the same way. But he was still in recovery mode, and again, the kissing was more loving and tender than urgent and lusty.

Hillary actually preferred it that way. It suited her current mood too.

After about another minute, they broke that kiss but remained in a loose embrace.

Hillary told him, "Okay, we believe you about Debra. We've seen the same things you do about her personality and such. But still, you have some serious sexual chemistry with her. Don't you?"

"Not to mention that weird bond with her that you've talked about," Maggie said.

He opened his arms wider, inviting Maggie to join them in the hug.

Maggie moved in. Hillary also moved to the side. They wound up with all four of their massive bare tits pressed against his chest. The two sex bombs kept an arm around each other as well as both of them having one arm around him.

He felt his heart soar. *Ma and Hillary are so great! My two dream girls! Wow! To have both of them in my arms and their enormous bare tits pressing into me at once really IS a dream! I don't have any feelings for Debra except for lust. I hope they realize that.*

He said, "Let's talk about this, and what to do. But first, I kissed both of you. Now you need to kiss each other. And don't say no. Remember, Maggie, I have the power to order you to do that."

Maggie broke into a big smile. "Well, if you insist!"

Hillary smiled widely too, but only for a few seconds, because her head met Maggie's and the two of them shared a long kiss too. This one was both loving and full of sexual promise.

Maggie thought, *Aaaah! This is the kind of thing I live for! The three of us, together, forever! Debra can go get lost! And STAY lost!*

Nick happened to be facing towards the hallway that led to the door into the room. After at least a minute of happily watching his two dream girls make out, he saw Shannon walk into the room, still in her identical white robe.

He took his arms from the bare backs of his two women and tapped their shoulders. "Um, you should know that Shannon just walked in."

Maggie and Hillary broke apart very quickly. Clearly, they were embarrassed that their sexual desire for each other had just been witnessed by someone they hardly knew.

Shannon was grinning like a Cheshire cat. "Boy! I should walk in on you guys more often. Every time I do, it's so interesting!"

Knowing the other two would be highly embarrassed, Nick said to Shannon, "Just so you know, they're not lesbian lovers. They like to kiss and fondle, and rub their bare breasts together, but that's about it."

Shannon walked closer. She waved a hand dismissively. "Don't worry about it. Whatever it is you do, I'm not going to tell a soul. I'm mostly straight, but I've been known to play around with other girls from time to time, so it's not like I disapprove at all. I'm more amused that I wasn't gone even five minutes, Nick, and you have both your lovers naked and all hot and bothered!"

Maggie breathed a secret sigh of relief that Shannon didn't make a big deal out of what she'd seen, and had quickly changed the subject. She said, "You don't know the half of it! Trying to keep your clothes on around him is next to impossible! The first thing he likes to do is strip you completely naked!"

Hillary chuckled knowingly. "So true!"

Shannon raised a curious eyebrow. "Oh, really?" Then, without any warning, she opened her robe and dramatically let it drop to the floor.

Nick's heart leaped to his throat. *God DAMN! Shannon is so fucking HOT! And she pretty much just admitted that she's bisexual. Are you fucking kidding me?! What an evening!*

Hillary turned to fully face Shannon. "Now, wait a minute!"

So did Maggie. "Yeah!"

After the latest Debra debacle, the two girls weren't about to let the same thing happen with Shannon.

Shannon giggled. "Relax! I'm not trying to make a play for him or try to join you or anything. What I said earlier about having a boyfriend and wanting to stay loyal to him still stands. No touching is my rule. But

remember all we've seen and done together tonight? He's seen plenty of me naked already. I figured we'd get out of these robes soon anyway. I just couldn't resist the flair for the dramatic there."

That put Maggie and Hillary at ease, relatively speaking. It was hard to deny that having Shannon get naked again was no big deal compared to everything else they'd been through.

Hillary said, "Fair enough. But it's a moot point because we're heading out the door to go home."

Shannon shifted her weight, striking a subtly sexy pose. "About that... I have another idea. But first, let me give you an update on what I found out downstairs. It's not even nine o'clock yet, if you could believe it. I didn't see any sign of my parents, so I called 'em up and found out they're about an hour away from home. There's still a small group of partiers down at the hot tub, but I told them they should leave soon, before my parents get back. They're party regulars who know the deal, so I don't have any worries about seeing them out. And my maid will take care of them."

Nick asked, "What happens if they're slow to leave and your parents get here first?"

"Nothing," Shannon replied. "My parents know full well about this party and all the others I have like it. And we've got a great live-in maid who cleans things up like magic. She'll also emerge from the shadows to make sure they leave on time, if they dilly dally. The only thing is my parents don't want the parties to take place when they're home because it interferes with their life and their privacy. And my mom especially won't want my dad to see all the topless beauties running around. That's happened before. He got an eyeful, and then he got an earful!" She chuckled.

She went on, "Now, as for you, I have a whole different plan in mind. The party isn't over yet! I want to let you in on a secret. The hot tub you saw downstairs isn't the only one. I have another one on the roof that's even better. It's got great views of everything for miles around, and all the stars in the sky too. I say the four of us go up there and get to know each other better. Strictly as friends, mind you! The three of you intrigue me in a big way, and now that I know your secrets, I feel like we have no choice but to be friends."

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary exchanged glances with each other. Each of them was intrigued by the offer. Since it wasn't even nine o'clock yet, it was hard to argue that they had to go home already.

However, Maggie's motherly concern came to the fore. She asked Nick, "How are you doing on homework for tomorrow?"

Actually, he'd fallen behind. He'd spent most of the weekend either at Shannon's party or talking to Anushka, or taking part in Maggie's pussy fingering lesson, or the like. But he really wanted to check out the rooftop hot tub, and he figured he could get caught up on his homework tomorrow or some other day. He said, "I'm fine."

Hillary was of a similar mindset. She had homework too, but there was nothing she had to get done for tomorrow that wasn't done already. "I'm fine too. What about you?"

Maggie replied, "I've got nothing due tomorrow." She thought, *How true that is! Since I'm not even going to school, I've got nothing due, ever!*

Maggie still wasn't sure about staying though. She asked Shannon, "If we stay there for long, won't that be a problem for when your parents come home?"

"Nah," Shannon replied, still looking great posing naked. "Have you seen how big this house is?! The challenge is trying to find anybody inside it. I can shepherd you out of the house, no problem. If you do run into them, the worst that could happen is that they'd want to spend a few minutes talking to you."

So it was decided the four of them would go to the roof.

Shannon insisted on one rule though, which was that although they should bring their robes with them, she said it was strictly a "nude only" hot tub.

That wasn't a hard sell, given all they'd been through already, plus the fact that Nick was the only one of them still wearing a robe. So that was agreed to.

In fact, Shannon made that request because she wanted to see the other three naked as much as possible. She was very sexually interested in all three, though she was still determined to stay faithful to her boyfriend as long as that relationship lasted, if only because she'd been cheated on and had seriously vowed to never do that to anyone else. But also, she really did

consider it a "nude only" hot tub. That was a major reason why she hardly ever invited anyone up there.

The roof of Shannon's mansion turned out to be a revelation, even in the darkness. It was a large, flat space, covering the size of the entire third floor. Most of it was a luxuriant garden. That meant tons of dirt had been brought up, making it hard to remember that it in fact was the top of a mansion. With the exception of a few areas, it seemed more like a mesa that had extremely straight cliffs on all sides.

The garden area was a mixture of an actual farmer's garden (including rows of growing crops), and bushes and trees, for shade, fruit, and decoration. About half of the garden area was covered by a see-through greenhouse, which made it an uncommonly large one. But in one corner of the roof area there was a hot tub, next to an infinity pool that went right to the edge. That corner had a spectacular view of the mostly suburban environs, all the way to the ocean many miles away.

The Blaine estate that the mansion was in the middle of was so large that there was no worries of neighbors seeing or hearing them whatsoever. Due to their height above the ground and the lack of other tall structures nearby, being seen was effectively impossible.

Shannon got to working on the hot tub controls. She said, "Welcome to my little home away from home. I don't let many guests here, even people I know pretty well. The three of you almost double the number of all the different guests I've brought here. But there's something about tonight and you three that made me want to do this. I can't explain it."

Maggie had an arm wrapped over her huge boobs and another one just underneath, because she was rather cold standing outside buck naked. She looked all around and said, "Goodness gracious! This place is amaaaaazing!"

Shannon said, "Hey, what's the point of having lots of money if you can't spend it, right? This actually is kind of my private place, since the last of my siblings went off to college. My parents hardly ever come up here."

Nick said in wonder, "This place is crazy amazing! You know what it reminds me of? The Hanging Gardens of Babylon."

He was so impressed that he was looking all around instead of checking out Shannon as she bent over dramatically to adjust the hot tub controls, startlingly close to him. Her bare ass looked fantastic in the dim light. Had his penis been erect, he could have taken a step forward and plunged it right into her tight cunt.

Shannon joked, "So you've been there to compare, huh? Are you a time traveler, on top of all your other impressive talents?"

He noticed that Hillary was standing with her hands on her hips. Apparently, she wasn't having trouble with the cold. However, he saw how his mother was hugging herself, so he went to her and wrapped both of his arms around her.

Maggie cuddled into him. "Thanks, Sport."

He finally answered Shannon, "I'm not a time traveler, sorry. But from what I've heard of the Hanging Gardens, if they existed, they used hydraulics to raise water up high and have gardens up in the air like this."

Shannon continued to talk while apparently fiddling with the controls. In fact, it only took her a few seconds to set them as she liked them, and she just wanted to stay bent over and show off her fantastic ass. She said, "Thanks for the high praise. I've heard something like that. Since this place has kind of fallen into my hands, I do a lot of the gardening. I'm proud of it."

Hillary walked over to Nick and Maggie and wrapped an arm around the both of them. She wasn't that cold; she just wanted the contact. She said, "Well, you have good reason to be proud."

Nick was in seventh heaven, getting to freely caress Maggie and Hillary at the same time. But even so, he tempted to reach out and fondle Shannon's ass. It was so close, but so far! He knew he would get in all sorts of trouble if he did that. Luckily, he had both of his dream girls in hand, literally. He fondled one tit on each of them instead.

Still bent over enticingly, with her ass and pussy on glorious display, Shannon asked, "How much lighting should I turn on?"

He suggested, "I think the view is great just like this, don't you agree?"

Hillary looked pointedly at Shannon's fabulous bare ass, and said, "You would say that!"

"Huh?" Shannon asked.

"Oh, nothing," Hillary said. "This is fine. Dark is good."

Maggie whispered in his ear, but loud enough for Hillary to hear, "The less you see, the better!"

So they kept the lighting as it was. But there was some ambient lighting and moonlight, which meant he had no trouble seeing even some glistening cum on Shannon's fully exposed pussy. He was surprised that his two lovers seemed only mildly annoyed at this.

Shannon finally stood up and turned around to face the others. She laughed when she saw how they were cuddled together with Nick playing with two sets of tits at once. "You three never stop, do you?"

"We do, actually," Maggie replied. "This is stopping, by our recent standards. He's flaccid, for once, as I'm sure you've noticed. And we're all feeling mellow and sexually satiated. Aren't we?"

Nick and Hillary nodded, because they were. Although Nick was feeling an erotic thrill, mostly from getting to check out Shannon's nude body, still right in front of him.

Maggie went on, "Plus, he came, what, seven times today already?"

Nick nodded again. "Eight, I think." He wasn't sure anymore.

Maggie finished off, "So I think this will be a nice chance to just talk in a totally non-sexual way, even though we are all naked."

Shannon couldn't resist looking down at Nick's flaccid penis. It was visible between Maggie and Hillary. She exclaimed, "Seven or eight times?! For real?!"

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary all nodded. Nick was sheepish, while Maggie and Hillary were unabashedly proud and grinning.

Shannon was very impressed, and she didn't try to hide it. "Good God! Brian could never do all that in one day. Hell, I never had a boyfriend who could."

Maggie couldn't resist boasting, "That's nothing, for him! He came nine or ten times yesterday! It was so much that we kind of lost count."

Shannon furrowed her brow and stared at them with a nearly concerned look on her face. "Are you kidding me?! You're kidding, right?!"

Nick felt embarrassed, and said, "It's true, but you have to keep in mind that it was a really exceptional day. A personal record, for sure. Just having Maggie AND Hillary as my girlfriends doubles my enthusiasm and stamina over what it had been before. We're still in kind of a honeymoon phase where we can't keep our hands off each other, as you can see." He looked to his hands, still openly groping both of his women. "And then, yesterday, things got kind of weird and very sexual with Debra. So I was sort of triply inspired."

Shannon still stared at him. "Even so... I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen you shoot your cum on Debra's face three times in a relatively short time. And you're so thick!" She looked back down at his crotch as if he was erect again. "No wonder you have TWO girlfriends!"

He thought, *I can't believe I'm having this conversation with a naked redhead, who is one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen! While playing with two of the largest sets of tits I'm ever going to know. And yet we're all acting like this is normal!*

Maggie looked to Hillary. "You see?" She explained to Shannon, "I was his first girlfriend. I invited Hillary to join us in part because his penis gets stiff so often, and for so long each time, that I really did need help. What you just said helps prove my point."

Hillary admitted, "I didn't believe that or understand it at the time. But I'm starting to get it now. I must say, it helps me with the jealousy issue. Can you imagine having a boyfriend who cums that many times a day? It would be great some days, but on other days you'd want an off switch."

Maggie playfully ran a hand up and down Nick's bare chest, as if checking for such a switch. "There's no off switch, believe me. I've checked every last square inch of him!"

Hillary joked, "I've found one off switch of sorts. But using it involves getting your jaw sore and your face sticky and wet, and it only turns him off for a very limited time!"

Maggie and Hillary shared a good laugh at that.

Maggie lasciviously licked her lips. "Speaking of which, I could go for flicking his off switch for a while right about now!"

Hillary licked her lips in the same way. "Mmmm! I know exactly what you mean!"

Then the two of them burst into jovial laughter.

Once again, Nick secretly marveled at how casual they were about this, especially in front of Shannon.

Shannon shook her head, as if to shake her crazy, lusty thoughts right out of it. "Let's change the subject, please. I have to think about being loyal to my boyfriend. While we wait for the hot tub to heat up, I wanted to point out my organic garden." She pointed back to the rows of growing plants behind where the others were standing.

The other three turned around while remaining in a loose embrace with each other. There wasn't much to see in the dark from a distance, except for outlines.

She said as she pointed to various spots, "See that section over there? I grow all sorts of vegetables. Then that section there are fruits. Mostly berries. That's why they have the netting over them, to keep the birds out. Everything else you see pretty much grows something edible. The trees are all fruit trees, for instance, and the bushes have berries. My sisters who started this many years ago were very practical."

"Wow!" Maggie said, genuinely impressed. "Who gets to eat all the food?"

"We do," Shannon replied. "Mom, Dad, and me, plus the hired help. But it's way more than we can eat ourselves, so we donate the rest away to various good causes."

Maggie asked, "What's in the greenhouse?"

Shannon smiled. "Oh, that's my pride and joy! It's like the tropics in there. It allows me to grow all sorts of tropical foods, from chilies to bananas to even a little rice paddy. A lot of it is for some unusual tropical fruits you can't easily find elsewhere."

Maggie's voice grew excited. "Such as?!"

"Such as, well, all sorts of things. You name it: guavas, rose apples, cherimoyas, persimmons, rambutans-"

Nick interrupted, "Did you say 'rambutans?!'"

"I did."

"I think I just fell in love with you!" he said enthusiastically.

She laughed. "Hold your horses, buster. You're taken, twice over!"

Maggie said to her, "I just fell in love with you too! You see, we have a thing for tropical fruits. What else?!"

"Well, I try to have one tree or bush for everything. Including, papayas, mangoes, mangosteens-"

Both Maggie and Nick looked at her with surprise and delight. Hillary's face lit up with interest too. Maggie even forcefully shoved her shoulders. "No way! YOU LIE!"

Shannon laughed. "It's true! Here, let me show you. Are you really interested in this sort of thing?"

"So interested!" Maggie said. "You have no idea! I'm actually writing a book, a cookbook. And the theme is making dishes involving rare and exotic foods, especially exotic fruits."

"And I'm helping her a little bit," Nick said, "Including getting to eat whatever mad creations she comes up with."

Shannon was impressed. "Oh! Wow! Then I'll definitely give you the full tour!" She looked to Hillary, who she worried didn't share their enthusiasm, "You don't mind?"

Hillary replied, "Me? Not at all." She teased, "I didn't spontaneously orgasm at the mention of certain tropical fruits, like these two did," - she smiled at them - "but I love all that stuff too. Anushka is really into the same sort of thing, and she's been teaching me."

"Wow, this is incredible," Shannon said. "What a great coincidence. I'm so glad already that I took you to my private little paradise. I've never found anyone to show much interest. Well, except for some of my older siblings, but they've all moved away."

Shannon took the other three on a tour of her garden, and especially of her large greenhouse. She turned on lighting for all the pathways. She showed and named every different thing that was growing there.

Maggie especially couldn't have been more interested. She was practically drooling. If she had a few millions dollars, she would have made a greenhouse more or less exactly like this one. She didn't have that kind of money, but Shannon's family most definitely did.

Even Nick was interested, despite the fact that he was walking around with three buck naked beauties. He was plenty interested in that too. The nudity would have been a practical problem outside at night, except that they spent most of their time in the greenhouse, which was uncommonly warm.

The "crown jewel" in Shannon's greenhouse, at least in her opinion, were her shrubs of miracle berries. As she explained to the others, if one eats a miracle berry, molecules bind to one's taste buds, blocking some receptors and activating others, causing sour fruits to taste sweet for about the next half hour, or even longer. There was a good reason it was named the "miracle berry," because the effect was practically miraculous.

The others were very impressed by the berry. Maggie knew about it, but she'd never actually seen one or eaten one. Shannon promised to invite them back to have a "miracle berry dinner," where they could try the effect out for themselves. They didn't set a specific date, however.

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After about ten minutes, they returned to the hot tub. The water was bubbly and reasonably hot by that time. All four of them settled into the water, nearly up to their necks.

They spent the next twenty minutes talking about Shannon's garden and Maggie's book. With everyone in the water up to their necks, and the water very opaque due to the darkness and the bubbles, that cut way down on sexy distractions.

Shannon and Maggie became excited at collaboration ideas. Shannon grew way more food than she or her family could ever eat. Maggie would have loved to use that food in her recipes. Shannon generously offered to give Maggie whatever she needed, and Maggie eagerly accepted.

Just like that, Maggie and Shannon became solid friends, linked by their unusual area of interest. They could have talked about food and gardening for hours and hours, but they held back due to Hillary and Nick being there.

Those two were somewhat interested, but they were more happy just to see how excited the other two got.

Maggie also talked of getting Anushka involved in their collaboration. She said, "If you could let Anushka see this place, she would flip out! She'd be over the moon!"

"I would love that," Shannon said sincerely. "The three of us should get together. Then we can go off into all the nitty gritty." She looked to Hillary and Nick. "But we should cool it for now. We don't want to bore these two."

Nick said, "I'm not bored, believe me. And I keep thinking about how FAT I'm going to get!"

Shannon asked, "What do you mean?"

He explained, "Maggie cooks a lot of my meals, since she rents out the bungalow right behind my house. And she's a super good cook. I foresee that she'll be cooking, like, three dinners a night, just to try out all the exotic foods you grow here. And she's going to make me eat it all!" He laughed.

Maggie laughed too. "There's actually some truth to that. Sport, you're just going to have to burn off all those extra calories with vigorous exercise." She flashed him a sexually hungry look. "I can think of some ways we could burn lots of calories together."

Shannon laughed. "Whoa! It is just me, or did the hot tub just get ten degrees hotter?"

Hillary said with a smile, "They're like that all the time. They can't keep their hands off each other. It would bother me, except that Nick is just as handsy with me."

He smiled from ear to ear. "Speaking of which..." He held his arms out.

The four of them had been sitting roughly equidistant from each other in the hot tub. It was a lot smaller than the one downstairs, and it would have been a squeeze to fit in six people. Nick had Maggie on his left and Hillary on his right, with Shannon directly across from him.

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary were trying not to get intimate, given that Shannon was there. But after he opened his arms in invitation, Maggie and Hillary couldn't resist scooting close until they were cuddled right up to him. He kissed each of them, and they kissed back, but only cheek kisses.

Shannon said to them, "Don't hold back on my account. After what I saw downstairs, there's nothing you could do to shock me."

She said to Maggie and Hillary, "I don't know if you noticed this, but after you two got off the bed to help Debra stay upright during the face fuck, I moved up to sit where you'd been sitting. So I wasn't much farther from that action than I am from you three right now."

Maggie groaned. "Ugh! I can't believe we did all that. And with Debra, of all people! And that you saw that. We spoil him so much. But let's not talk about that right now, please. I know you have lots of questions about us and our weird threesome ways, but we have questions for you too. For starters, you made a few references to your older sisters, like when you said who planted that tree."

Shannon said, "Yeah, let me explain. I probably missed telling you some basic things about myself. You see, I have no less than seven siblings!"

The other three were surprised.

"Seven?!" Hillary exclaimed. "I'm an only child, so that's pretty hard for me to imagine."

"Seven," Shannon confirmed. "Three sisters and four brothers. All of them older. They're all off in college or beyond. I'm the baby of the bunch. It's weird now, living in this house, because we literally have a dozen bedrooms. Even when all my siblings were here it was too big, but now that it's just me and my parents, it's kind of absurd. It feels lonely and empty. Each of their bedrooms is kind of like their personal museum, unchanged from the day they left."

Nick had a startling thought. "Did we...?! With Debra...?!"

Shannon chuckled. "Yeah, you did that in one of my brother's rooms. Don't worry about it though. He'll never know. Besides, remember, I put on a lot of parties here. All the bedrooms have been used for some serious hanky panky at one point or another."

He breathed a silent sigh of relief at that.

She said, "Maybe that's one reason why I throw a lot of parties, even all-weekend parties, to try to fill this place back up for a little while. To be honest, I feel guilty to live in such a vast and opulent place at all, much less when it's so empty now that all my siblings are gone. I spend a lot of my

time up here. Sometimes in the hot tub or the pool, but also doing a lot of gardening, or just kicking back, reading for homework and the like."

Maggie said, "It must be amazing during the day."

"Oh, it is! And the great thing is, we're so high up that nobody can see. You'd never know there's a garden at all from down below. To be honest..." She seemed to lose courage to say what she was planning on saying.

"What?" Hillary prodded.

Shannon sighed. "It's weird that I just met you, effectively today. Hillary, I met you last week, but still, that's not much. But since I know a bunch of your secrets, it's only fair I tell you one of mine. You see, most of the time when I'm up here, I'm naked!"

Hillary laughed.

Shannon was offended. "Hey!"

Hillary waved her hands out of the water. "Sorry! I'm not laughing AT you. It's just funny because I'm a nudist too!"

That got them talking about nudism. It turned out Shannon only went naked up on the roof. She was intrigued to find Hillary and her parents stayed nude in their house all the time. She only liked going naked up on the roof, and couldn't imagine being naked around her parents.

She said, "So, you see, I have a 'no clothes' rule up here. I only let you up here because I figured you'd be willing to go along with that. The only other ones who come up here are my mom and Rita. That's our live-in maid. And yes, she's from Mexico. I know it's totally cliché, but I didn't hire her, so don't blame me. Anyway, my mom wears clothes, but I can't stop her because she's my mom. She usually strips down to just her bikini though, to meet me halfway. And Nick, before you get all excited, she's over fifty."

"Awww." He was just joking around. He didn't care to fantasize about Shannon's mother since he was sitting with three of the most beautiful girls he could possibly imagine. But he did wonder about Rita. And he also wondered if Anushka would have to get naked to visit this garden, because Maggie would certainly want her to see it soon.

Shannon grinned a bit. "Now, as for Rita, she is a bit of a hottie, and she does come up here naked. I'll have to warn her about you!" She chuckled.

He thought, *A-ha! This place is great! This whole mansion is like topless or nude beauty paradise! If Anushka comes here, I'll totally have to be there for that! Ma, Anushka, and Shannon possibly naked together?! God damn!*

Hillary said, "Seriously, warn her. This guy is getting big ideas since we've let him play around with Debra."

"What's that Debra stuff all about, anyway?" Shannon asked. "I want to hear the full story."

Hillary just replied, "Later, maybe. It's... complicated." She didn't want to talk to Shannon about that because it was embarrassing. Also, she wasn't convinced that it would be smart to share even more secrets with her. Furthermore, she didn't know what they were going to do about Debra themselves, so it made sense to talk with each other about it first.

Shannon said, "No worries. We've got plenty of other things to discuss." They went back to talking about nudity. In fact, she was dying to learn more about what had happened with Debra, but she didn't want to be pushy.

At one point, Nick asked her, "Sorry if this is a rude question, but if you're nude gardening up here so much, how come you don't have more of a tan?"

Shannon laughed. "Believe me, I've tried! This is as tanned as I get, due to my Irish background, with some Viking blood thrown in there. In my opinion, I actually AM fairly tanned. And no tan lines! See?"

She rose up out of the water to show off her fabulous double D-cups. They looked even more tempting when they were soaking wet and glistening under the dim lamplight, and moonlight.

Nick had to resist whistling out loud in appreciation. With his two sluts watching his every move, he figured he had to be on his very best behavior.

Still, he thought, *Boy! I'd fuck her in a heartbeat! But I can't! Although... if Ma and Hillary let me have fun with Debra... But there were very special reasons for that. But... if I could come up with some plausible excuse... No! I have to stick to my two dream girls! I can't get distracted!*

Shannon went on, "It's just that you happen to have two gorgeous girlfriends who are practically tanned enough to pass for native Polynesian. So I call unfair comparison!"

He laughed. "Fair enough. Sorry." Actually, he loved Shannon's red-haired, green-eyed look. And while she didn't get very tan, her skin had a nice rosy hue to it.

There was a subtle competitive vibe in the air when it came to the looks of the three girls. Shannon stayed sitting up high enough to keep all of her impressive tits out of the water. Very soon thereafter, Maggie and Hillary rose up to show off their even larger breasts. They didn't want Shannon hogging all of Nick's attention.

Nick asked Shannon, "Why did your parents have so many kids? Is it okay if I ask that?"

"Sure. That's due to my mom, Belle. She loves being a mom and raising kids. You see, my dad is a big time business executive. He's always super busy, jetting off to some distant place or another. But that's okay, because my mom has been totally devoted to raising us. She used to be a flight attendant, and met my dad Brandon as a passenger one day. One thing led to another, and she quit when they got married."

Maggie felt embarrassed, thinking about how she already knew about Belle's flight attendant job. She hoped Shannon never found out about that, especially the way they'd cut up two of the uniforms.

Shannon added, "She has zero interest in working. She just loves the mom life. I don't know what she's going to do after I'm off to college. I'm kind of worried about that, actually."

She continued to talk about her parents and their background. Brandon worked for a major food conglomerate. As she put it, if they ate a bag of potato chips, the odds were that a very tiny fraction of a penny would go to him.

Maggie was starting to get frisky, being cuddled there with her son. Looking at Shannon's fabulous bare chest out of the water was a factor in heating her up, although she didn't fully consciously realize it.

She found herself wondering if Nick might have an erection, if indeed it was possible to get one in the hot water of the hot tub. She furtively brought a hand to his lap to check.

She discovered that he was flaccid. But she thoroughly checked him out, including fondling his balls, and after about a minute of such "checking,"

his penis started to engorge.

At that point, there was no way she was going to bring her hand back. She had become hopelessly addicted to her son's cock, and she didn't even try to resist.

She figured that, thanks to the bubbly water and the general darkness, it was nearly impossible for Shannon to figure out what was going on. If Hillary noticed, that was no problem. Maggie couldn't see more than a couple of inches into the water even without all the bubbling and churning - it looked jet black beyond that, because of their request to only have very dim lighting so they could appreciate the stars and the moonlight. She also merely rubbed two fingers against his sweet spot, so she wouldn't have any tell-tale arm movement.

Nick was pleasantly surprised, to say the least. He wasn't actually in that horny of a mood, since he was still sexually satiated from earlier. But Shannon was sitting directly across from him with her double D-cups still out of the water, and he certainly appreciated a secret handjob to help him enjoy the titillating sight.

He was somewhat puzzled that Maggie would jack him off while knowing full well that he was nearly exclusively looking at Shannon. What he didn't realize was that Maggie got so hot for his cock that such factors were of lesser importance to her. She just really loved to play with his cock, and the element of danger made it that much more irresistible.

Shannon continued to do most of the talking, revealing important and interesting facts about her that she rarely told others. But she felt a rare connection to the other three.

For instance, she said to the others, "You're probably too polite to bring it up, so I'm going to bring it up: my wealth. It's such a strange thing. It dominates my life. I don't want to sound ungrateful, because it's obviously way better than being poor, but from my point of view I mostly think about the problems it causes for me."

"For example?" Nick asked. He was feeling increasingly frisky, due to his mother's secret handjob. He reached over to her hand and playfully cupped her nearest breast.

Shannon looked at that tit fondle with interest. Her desire for Nick was growing steadily. She'd had more attractive boyfriends, but he had a sex appeal that greatly intrigued her. Simply having Maggie and Hillary as "co-girlfriends" intrigued her to no end.

Still, she kept her feelings to herself, and replied, "A big one is having to have a bodyguard with me at all times. Well, except for being at home, obviously, or at school. I wish I went to your high school, just because I think I'd fit in better with the other kids there, even if the education isn't quite as good. It seems that everyone at the Academy is trying to claw their way to greater riches and power, but I come from such a wealthy family that I'm jaded about it and trying to get away from it. So I don't fit in that well."

Nick was twisting one of Maggie's nipples in full view of Shannon and Hillary. Nobody seemed to mind, least of all Maggie. He asked Shannon, "Then why are all the people at your party, well... why are they like they are?"

Shannon frowned, frustrated. "Because there is no 'normal' group at the Academy. Really! Everyone is an elitist, and thus full of themselves, pretty much by definition of being there. It affects me too. I can't entirely help it, but at least I try to fight it."

Hillary said, "That's good. Fight it! Power corrupts, and money does too. My parents warn me about that a lot. But you seem pretty level headed."

"Thanks. My friends, such as they are, are basically the very most beautiful girls, as you probably noticed. I'm not that keen on a lot of them, but they're pretty much the only ones I get to choose from. I can't explain it without sounding all stuck up, but I'll try. Imagine you're a super famous sports star and you went to hang out with just ordinary people who love watching sports but never play it. They would treat you very differently. Nicely, probably, but you'd never fit in. It's much more comfortable hanging out with other professional athletes, especially other stars."

Maggie said, "I know exactly what you mean. I've had all sorts of trouble about my looks." She was about to explain how she'd withdrawn into the suburban mother life, practically to the point of being a hermit, before remembering that she was supposed to be a college student. She decided it was safer just to keep her mouth shut.

It was an extra challenge for her to be careful what she said, since half of her attention was on furtively stroking her son's cock, and she was distracted by his nipple play to boot.

Shannon shifted in position, subtly positioning her bare breasts for Nick's benefit. "Yeah, well, anyway, the reason I have no choice but to go to the Academy is because of the security. You might not have noticed, but it's built like a fortress. It has all sorts of subtle but important security features. There actually are a few of us there who have professional bodyguards. I have to constantly be on guard about getting kidnapped. My parents do too. It really limits where you can go and what you could do. For instance, I could never go to Baja California, due to the Mexican drug cartels and all the kidnapping there. That would be insanely stupid."

Nick was very curious to ask just how much the Blaine family was worth, but he thought it would be too rude to ask. He figured they had to be worth tens of millions, at least, to require constant bodyguards.

Hillary asked her, "So you have a bodyguard follow you absolutely everywhere?!"

"Pretty much, with the exception of my home and my school. Even here, we hired Rita because she's a martial arts expert."

"Wait," Nick cut in. "You have a ninja maid?!"

She smiled wanly at that. "Not a ninja, exactly. And yes, it's an unusual combination, but people will do anything if you pay them enough. And thankfully I have a bodyguard who is about my age and is pretty cool. She's more like a friend, it feels like. But still, it's a total drag. Can you imagine when I try to go on a date with Brian, for instance? Even if I'm in his house, I can only be so far from Joni. That's my bodyguard's name, by the way. I shouldn't even be telling you that."

She sighed at her slip-up. "She's supposed to be undercover most of the time and blend in."

Nick was about to ask another question, but Hillary tapped his upper arm. She whispered, "What's going on? You're playing with Maggie's breast but not mine!" She thrust her chest out invitingly in his direction.

He whispered back, "Sorry, but she kind of got me going like this." He reached under the water and found Hillary's nearest hand. Then he brought

it over to his crotch.

Hillary quickly found out that his cock was erect and Maggie's hand was on it. Maggie's hand wasn't moving much at all, but Hillary knew that was because she was rubbing his sweet spot. It was very effective stimulation without any herky jerky motion.

Hillary had no problem with what Maggie was doing, except that she'd been missing out. Also, she didn't want Shannon to see, even though it didn't matter a whole lot, given everything that she'd seen earlier. If nothing else, it was more exciting to try to keep a secret.

Maggie didn't mind at all having Hillary join in. In fact, she eagerly welcomed it, because it doubled the naughty danger, and she preferred threesome fun. She moved her hand down to the base of her son's shaft, generously giving Hillary command of the most sensitive part.

Hillary got busy rubbing his sweet spot, exactly as Maggie had been doing.

But it felt even better for Nick than before, because Maggie stroked his lower shaft too. Just knowing that he had two hot-blooded sluts who loved to secretly jack him off together in risky situations like that gave him a tremendous mental rush.

He remembered to bring his other hand over to openly play with Hillary's nearest breast too.

Actually, the three of them weren't being as careful as they thought they were. Shannon hadn't been aware of Maggie's secret handjob so far, but seeing Nick and Hillary whispering to each other gave it away. Even though she couldn't hear what they were saying over the low hum of the hot tub, the non-verbal interaction between all three of the others gave the game away.

Shannon also figured that the way Nick blatantly played with both girls' breasts at the same time was another pretty big clue that something was happening underwater. She was no stranger to underwater hanky panky in either of her hot tubs, since she'd taken part in that many times herself.

Shannon looked to Nick's hand on Maggie's breast and then his other hand on Hillary's breast. She smirk-smiled, and asked, "So, are we all comfy now?"

He asked sheepishly. "Sorry. Does this make you uncomfortable?"

"Are you kidding me? Do you forget that I'm the same person who watched you rocket three cum loads all over Debra's face?"

He pointed out, "Yeah, but that was there. This is your private, personal space. I don't want to despoil it."

Shannon replied, while striking another sexy pose, "Thanks for the consideration, but you can do anything and it wouldn't bother me. If the three of you got out to suck him off together right in front of me, I wouldn't mind at all. I would applaud, because, let's face it, I'd love to watch a super hot sex show, and everything you three do with each other is super hot. Besides, this hot tub is no monastery. I hope it doesn't gross you out, but Brian and I have played around in here lots of times."

"Oh!" Nick didn't know what to say to that.

Chapter 71: Exotic Prospects

Shannon said, "You know what? I'm going to get out for a while. Which means you'll see all of me again, Nick. But we're all mature adults here. Or almost-adults." She giggled at that. "Is that okay with all of you?"

Nick, Maggie, and Hillary all nodded. Nick, of course, had no problem with seeing Shannon totally nude some more, especially from close up. She was drop dead gorgeous, and he was getting a handjob from two different girls at once.

Maggie and Hillary might have minded earlier, when they were sexually satiated and unaroused. But, between Nick's tit play and their secret (or not-so-secret) handjob, they were heating up fast. Hillary was openly bisexual and Maggie was increasingly letting her lust for other girls flow, so both of them had their own interest in seeing more of Shannon's fabulous body.

Shannon not only got out, she stood up and went to a box that contained some big, white, fluffy towels. She took one out and started drying herself off.

On one level, it was an innocent toweling off. But on another level, it was an extremely titillating sex show. That was no accident. Shannon had her loyalty to Brian for now, but she had Nick in her sights for the future.

As she bent over lewdly and rubbed the towel down one leg, she said, "By the way, feel free to use these towels or anything else. This is a luxury hot tub. There's a cooler of drinks and snacks over there, for instance."

Nick said, "Actually, I'm pretty thirsty. I could use a drink."

Shannon grinned knowingly. "There you go. I'm a spoiled rich girl. Unfortunately, I'm too stuck-up to get you your drink." She stuck her tongue out playfully.

Maggie said, partially teasingly and partially honestly, "You just want to see him walk over there naked, with his big cock flopping and swinging all over the place."

Shannon smirked. "Guilty as charged! Remember how much I saw that same cock get sucked. I've seen it all. So don't you dare cover up!" She wagged a finger at Nick.

He could tell that Shannon was sexually interested in him. It wasn't exactly subtle. He was surprised how much open flirting Maggie and Hillary were allowing. But if they weren't going to complain, he was going to be bold. He stood up in the tub, rising up slowly so Maggie and Hillary would have time to take their hands away.

That revealed that his dick was fully erect.

That was no surprise to Shannon, but it removed any doubt from her mind that there was some secret handjob action going on. She knew it wasn't easy to get and sustain an erection in the high heat of the tub. At least, that had been her experience with Brian and previous boyfriends.

Nick got out of the tub and walked to the cooler Shannon had indicated. He was getting a kick out of not covering his privates and being a bit of an exhibitionist.

As he walked, he said, "So, Shannon, we've kind of lost the plot a little bit with the discussion about your bodyguard Joni. But I'm very interested. Can I ask if she was at the party tonight?"

Shannon sighed, and paused in toweling off. "She was."

Nick looked through the cooler. It had everything. He picked out a cold orange juice for himself, and said, "Hey girls, there's everything under the sun here, including organic juice. I know you like that, Hillary."

He ended up getting drinks for himself and his two girls, after taking everyone's orders. Shannon wasn't thirsty.

He quickly returned to his spot in the tub and sat back down. He wasn't cold out of the tub. He'd noticed there was some kind of heating system turned on, because the air around the tub was even warmer than one would expect from the heat rising from the hot water. But he wanted to get back to ogling Shannon toweling off while he enjoyed more of his secret double handjob.

As soon as he planted his ass back down on the underwater bench, he had a sudden realization. He exclaimed, "Wait! One of the girls at the hot tub earlier. Her name was Joni! Is she one and the same?!"

Shannon replied, with a touch of sadness, "That's the one."

He was surprised. "Wow. You'd never know. She totally seemed like anyone else." He opened his bottle of juice and started to drink it.

At the same time, he felt Maggie's hand back around his cock. She was drinking too, but that only took one hand.

Then Hillary did the same from the other side.

He couldn't resist smiling from ear to ear. *Aaaah! This is the life!*

To top it all off, Shannon was taking an inordinately long time standing there toweling herself off. She was pushing her luck, being about as sexually blatant as she could, short of openly masturbating.

Maggie found herself thinking thoughts that sounded more like the kind of thoughts Nick would be expected to have, since she was becoming increasingly aroused. *Shannon is a serious hottie! It's clear that my son lusts for her in a big way, though he's trying to restrain himself. He's such a sweetie! I wonder if she's interested in sucking his cock, after seeing Debra do it. I'll bet she is! God, that would look seriously sexy, seeing her kneeling and worshiping his cock like a busty slut should!*

She caught herself. *Er, not that that should happen. It can't happen, obviously. We're having enough trouble with Debra already. But if it DID happen, I'd love to lick and suck him with her! Then, when he cums, he could splatter his load all over her face and mine! Then we lick each other clean, and kiss, and rub our breasts together just like I do with Hillary!*

She caught herself again. *Uh, not that any of that could ever happen either. I'm just saying it would be pretty wild if it did!*

But at the same time Shannon's not-so-subtle sex show was going on, a serious conversation about Joni was continuing. Shannon said, "Well, our whole property is like its own fortress, so Joni can let her guard down. She was at the party mostly just to have fun, although she does make a point of checking out all the newbies to see if any are suspicious."

Nick recalled having a long conversation with Joni where she asked him lots of probing questions and didn't tell much about herself in return. It made sense now. Unfortunately, he only had a vague recollection of what she looked like, since he'd been staring almost exclusively at either Maggie or Shannon at the time, even when he'd been talking to Joni. He remembered she was beautiful, like all the other girls at the party, but not jaw-droppingly so.

Shannon went on, as she extensively towed her big bare breasts, "I guess that's why I love being up here so much. I can pretend to be normal. Joni's pretty much banned from here. She knows I need my time away from her."

Maggie was having a great time with the secret underwater handjob, but she was very interested in the conversation too. She said, "I have a hard time imagining a security professional who really is high school aged. Can I ask, is she as young as she looks?"

"No, she's not. But she's not that far off. She pretends to be a junior, just like me. She even attends all my classes, to help her maintain her cover. She doesn't have to do the homework, though. Lucky girl! She's actually in her mid-twenties. Like I said, you'd be surprised how many Academy students have bodyguards. And a lot of them pretend to be students. The school has a whole special arrangement for that sort of thing."

Maggie was secretly fascinated, since Joni's double life had some similarities to her own, especially pretending to be younger, and to be a student. She wished she could talk to Joni all about it, but she knew there could be no way, since that would be too revealing. Even asking lots of questions to Shannon about it was unwise.

Shannon bent over dramatically to towel off her other leg, causing her double D-cups to dangle enticingly. There was no rhyme or reason as to what part of her body she'd towel next, which helped keep her sex show captivating,

She said, "The bodyguard issue is just one problem with being this rich. Sure, it's great. For instance, how many people get to have their own private rooftop garden of this size? It's an obscene luxury that would make no sense at all in terms of growing enough food to pay for the expenses. But it's a double-edged sword, at least for me. My parents definitely don't feel this way, but whenever I indulge in some luxury, I feel guilty. It helps to be a conservative asshole if you're rich!"

She laughed at that. Then, as she bent all the way down to towel off one of her feet, she explained, "My dad is a hardcore conservative, so he doesn't care. My mom feels differently, but she lets him run the show. Meanwhile, I'm your typical 'trust fund' bleeding heart liberal. I feel like, if I've been blessed with this much fortune, I should do something to help justify being

lucky enough to have it, to give back to society. To not just be a leech. But how, exactly?! I haven't figured that out yet."

Nick was tripping on the double handjob while getting to ogle Shannon's fantastic body. He wondered just where she was going with this. He also found himself pondering how talented a cocksucker she might be. He couldn't really get into specific thoughts, though, because the conversation was continuing at a lively pace.

Hillary said, "I'm about as 'bleeding heart liberal' as they come. Nick and Maggie are too. We're all vegetarians and environmentalists, for instance. So I think I can speak for all of us when I say we sympathize in feeling like you want to do your part. We're not ultra rich like you, but we're all upper middle class. Upper upper middle class, actually. At least speaking for me, I feel that guilt thing a lot too."

Despite Nick being highly distracted with the double handjob, gawking at Shannon's toweling off, and drinking his juice on top of all that, he was paying close attention to the discussion, and he had what he felt was a brilliant suggestion to help Shannon out.

He said, "Here's kind of a wild idea. The world has a big problem with millions of people just getting enough food to eat. I'm convinced there's a lot of untapped potential with some exotic foods. For instance, not only are mangosteens extremely delicious, but they're said to be a very nutritious 'super food.' What if you help the world already by turning your garden into more of a, well, kind of an experimental farm?"

Shannon stood back up and paused in her toweling. "Interesting idea, but my little garden? It's vast as far as roof gardens go, but compared to actual farms, it's minuscule. Whatever I would grow here would be a drop in the bucket. For instance, UC Davis has experimental farms that go on for miles and miles."

She turned around to towel off her ass. It wasn't clear why she had to turn around whenever she was toweling any part of her backside, except to put on a good sex show, but nobody in her "audience" was complaining.

He said to her, "Maybe so, but you could have the advantage by going rare. For instance, who is studying how well cherimoyas grow in Southern California? Probably nobody. There might be a niche market for that. Or more, if some obscure food grows popular. There was a time 100 years ago

or so when almost nobody in the US knew what a banana was, but it caught on. Lately, I've seen some other things catching on, like coconut juice. Besides, why limit yourself to the roof? You've got an estate big enough to have a full 18-hole golf course, I'm sure. And much of it is just... lawn. What's the point of that? There must be an absurd amount of lawn-mowing going on for lawns that never get used by anybody."

Shannon furrowed her brow as she considered that, she turned to face the others again and paused her toweling again. "You're right about the never-used, vast lawns. That's reason 2,137 of all the reasons why I feel so guilty about my wealth. But this roof garden already is more than I can handle. I just admitted that I lean on a lot of help from Rita, and Mom, on top of a high-tech automated watering system. There's no way I could handle an expansion. I'd have to hire people specifically to be farmers."

"So hire them!" he suggested. "Why not?" The secret double handjob he was enjoying was giving him such a rush of lusty confidence that he was feeling unusually assertive.

She put her towel down, because the conversation was getting too interesting for her to divide her attention on putting on a good sex show. In truth, the toweling off was totally unnecessary anyway, due to the hidden heaters she had heating up the air all around the tub.

She said, "Hiring farmers would be a security nightmare, for one thing. Knowing how my parents think, we'd probably hire another security guard or two who only pretend to be farmers!"

He asked, only half-jokingly, "Are all of your current gardeners secret ninja warriors or something?"

She frowned, and sat back down with just her feet dangling in the hot tub water. "You jest about ninjas again, but pretty much! Not ninjas, obviously, but they all have special backgrounds that include extensive security training. I tell you, my life is weird! Besides the hiring problem, it's a moot point, because my parents would never allow all that land to get used for farming. All Dad cares about is what looks good. He especially loves all that endless lawn on the long driveway in."

Nick wouldn't give up. He was on a roll with his idea, even as the secret handjob continued non-stop. "Okay, so scale back. Don't convert the whole property at once. But I'm sure there's some land you could use where he

wouldn't really care. You have so much! This feels like the Palace of Versailles, complete with its vast gardens and forests around it. If you really push, you could find the right kind of person or people to hire. You'd be boosting the local economy, turning useless grass lawn into something productive, possibly making a big impact on the food supply, developing a hobby that might lead to a career and would look good on your college applications, and helping you feel good about doing some good. Plus, you clearly must love growing stuff to have this rooftop in the shape it's in, and I can see how much pride you have in it. It sounds like a win-win all around."

Shannon put a hand to her chin and gave that some serious consideration. "Hmmm... Now you have me kind of intrigued." She focused her gaze on Nick. "You're not just a huge cock. You're a pretty clever guy!"

Maggie chuckled, thinking about Nick's schemes that had turned her into his personal slut. "You don't know the half of it! He really is."

Hillary happily chimed in, "He's a huge cock AND a clever guy!"

"I stand corrected!" Maggie chuckled some more. "And he can be relentless, once he puts his mind to something. Now that he's got this particular bee in his bonnet, he's not going to let up on you until you've singlehandedly solved the world food crisis!" She laughed.

Nick grinned impishly. He joked, "Well, not singlehandedly. She can share the Nobel Prize with a few others if she wants."

Shannon laughed. "Nobel Prize! Right!" She said more seriously, "But you've really got me thinking. I do love growing all these exotic plants up here. But I've never thought of it as a career. I've been starting to think that a lot of the plants I'm growing in the greenhouse would do just fine outside it so long as there isn't a frost, and thanks to global warming, the odds of that in this area gets smaller every year. Hmmm... You've got me thinking all sorts of things now. This is really interesting! Boy, am I glad I invited you all up here!"

Hillary said to Shannon, "This is all very interesting. And I agree with Nick's ideas. I see your passion for all this. You should go for it!"

Maggie chimed in, "Hear, hear!"

Then Hillary addressed the group, "That said, sorry to interrupt that line of discussion, but would anyone mind if I get out? I'm getting a little overcooked."

Shannon asked in confusion, "Why would I mind? Look at me!" She raised both arms dramatically, showing off her bare breasts even more enticingly than usual.

Hillary said shyly, "Because... confession time... I've kind of been giving Nick a secret handjob for a while, and I-"

Shannon cut her off by laughing. But before Hillary could be offended, she explained, "Don't worry, you only thought it was secret. I've known you and Maggie have been stroking him together for a while now."

Hillary looked over to Maggie, and grinned impishly. "Oops!" She switched stroking styles since keeping her arm still wasn't an issue anymore. "What gave it away?"

Shannon grinned knowingly. "That would be telling. Although I'd have to say that Nick having a raging hard-on when he got up for the drink was a big clue."

Hillary said, "Yeah, I could see that. Anyway, the reason I ask is that once I'm out of the tub, I'm thinking Nick and Maggie will get out too, soon, since nobody can stay in the hot water for very long. Then I'm kind of going to want to continue playing with his cock."

Shannon blinked owlishly. "And...? Is this a problem? If you don't suck him off, I'm going to be offended."

She quickly changed topics, as if that issue was of trivial importance, akin to asking to use the bathroom, when in fact she was very interested. "Anyway, Nick, thanks for the idea. I'll give it some thought. I'd like to talk to all of you about this some more, after I've slept on it."

He replied, "That sounds great. Actually, I've got all sorts of ideas. For instance, that miracle berry sounds, well, miraculous! Why isn't that available in every store across the country?!"

Shannon sighed. "That's a complicated, sad story."

Hillary said, "Before you tell us, Nick, I'm getting out. Do you care to join me? Sorry for being so bold, but if Shannon says she's okay with some

blowjob action, well... I'm kind of hungry for you too!" She licked her lips enticingly.

Maggie's face brightened. She'd been longing to suck her son, and her desire had been growing greater the longer she stroked him. She'd been thinking that doing that in front of Shannon would be too bold, but not if Hillary was game. "Hey! That's my line! Can I suck him too?! Let's lick and suck him together!"

Nick thought, *Jesus H. Christ! What a night! Could things get any better?! Well, if Shannon wanted a turn bobbing on me too, but that's not going to happen.* He spoke up to suggest, "What if you two take turns? Let's not turn this into a full on sex session thing. I see this mainly as a 'getting to know you' time with Shannon, and we've got so much interesting stuff to talk about."

Hillary looked to Maggie. "He's got a good point."

Maggie agreed with a grunt.

The three of them got out together. They were going to use the towels Shannon had, but they realized the temperature was so pleasant that it was fine to air dry, even at night.

There were various benches and boxes around the outside of the hot tub, such as the cooler and box for the towels. Nick sat with his back against one such box.

Shannon got some big pillows for him out of another box. She leaned over him as she handed the pillows to him, with her big tits nearly dangling in his face. She teased him, "Here you go, your highness. Will you be requiring anything else, your majesty?"

He didn't want to verbally flirt too obviously with her, especially since the visual flirting was incredible enough. He was sitting naked with his boner in full view, and it was all he could do not to reach out to fondle her full globes. He joked, "A neck massage would be nice."

She laughed, and stood back up. "Fat chance!" She turned around and just stood there, letting him get an equally up close view of her ass. She finally walked away, because she was in the way of where Hillary wanted to be.

He put the pillows behind his back to get truly comfortable. Then he spread his legs out straight and wide, giving Hillary room to lie down with her face

at his crotch. (She got to suck him first since she came up with the idea.)

Hillary wasted no time, and started bobbing on him. But they were all in a mellow mood, and that was reflected in her slow and easy sucking style.

Maggie sat against the same box, with pillows behind her back too. She cuddled up next to him, sometimes running her hands over his body and/or kissing his face.

Shannon continued to sit on the other side of the hot tub. She was being very careful to stay well clear from any tempting touching distance.

With all of them resettled, Nick said to Shannon, "Okay, tell me the story of the miracle berry. Because I've got all kinds of ideas about that specifically."

She had a hard time thinking clearly, because even though Hillary was sucking Nick in a relaxed style, that didn't make much difference to her watching from the other side of the hot tub. In a way, she found that the casual nature of the scene was even more arousing than if it had been more deliberate and intense, because it implied this practically was their default condition with each other.

On top of that, she was well aware that Nick was staring at her almost constantly, since she was sitting on one side of the hot tub and he was on the other. Hillary couldn't see her at all, since her face was buried in Nick's crotch, and Maggie was nearly always looking at Nick, kissing his cheek, nibbling on his ear, or the like. So it was like she was putting on a private nude show just for Nick. But there was the danger that Maggie could look her way at any time, and she sometimes did.

She wanted to at least masturbate while she watched, and/or strike sexy and provocative poses. But she felt she had to maintain the fiction that she wasn't that affected and she could roll with anything, especially with Maggie sometimes looking. So she kept her cool and tried to stay focused on the discussion.

She said, "Well, this very special berry is only grown in a tropical part of West Africa, and it hasn't spread much beyond there. You can't grow it in the US, unless you have a special greenhouse like mine, or maybe Hawaii or Florida. It started to take off in the 1970s because it's such a miraculous

thing. I mean, imagine getting to eat food that tastes sweet without actually having all the sugar and calories in it!"

"I know!" Nick said. "I know!" He put a hand on Hillary's bobbing head to give her some non-verbal encouragement.

"But 'big sugar' was against it. There was a scientist who discovered a way to make candy out of it that basically used no sugar but tasted great. He grew hundreds of thousands of plants in Jamaica, and got big investors to launch a new product in a big way. Then guess what happened: his offices were broken into and all his research and other files stolen! The sugar industry then used their pull to get the US FDA to classify it as a 'food additive' and keep it tied up in red tape for years. The scientist's company went bankrupt since they were not allowed to sell it in the US. And it STILL hasn't been approved as a food additive all these years, which means you can't sell it with any other food, even though it's no more dangerous to eat than a grape! But you can buy and eat it all on its own, which makes no sense!"

She was getting worked up at the injustice of that situation, which gave her a good excuse to sit forward and gesticulate.

Nick was simultaneously very interested in Shannon's story as well as enjoying all of her moving about while Hillary bobbed on his cock. He exclaimed, "No way! That sucks. That sounds just like that movie 'Tucker,' only with sugar instead of cars."

Shannon said, "I saw that movie, and it was exactly like that. Beware going against big money and entrenched interests. I should know, because my dad is part of one. Actually, his company would probably be one of the forces crushing the miracle berry. Since then, nobody's really taken it on. It's had some popularity for niche markets, like diabetics, and in a few other countries, but way less than you'd think."

She went on, "The problem is cost. One berry alone costs two dollars. The only way to drive the cost way down is to go big and grow a ton of it, then produce a product on a mass scale. But nobody's taken the risk. And a big problem with that is that it only grows in the tropics."

Nick idly ran his hands through Hillary's hair. He loved how casually she was sucking him off and nobody was making a big deal about it, like she was giving him a foot massage instead. He hoped this sort of thing would

become part of their threesome daily life, because the pleasure was intense, even with her slow and mellow sucking style.

Yet he remained very interested in the topic, and continued to ponder the situation. "Hmmm. I still see so much potential with this thing. I can't wait to try it out myself."

Shannon smiled. "We'll definitely have to make a special meal out of it. You can try most anything, like Tabasco sauce, and it'll be taste like something totally different. Maybe later this week. If you can get one of your girlfriends to stop sucking you long enough to eat a meal."

He smiled impishly at that. "Hmmm. I wonder if it makes a blowjob taste sweet. Not to mention how it would change the taste of cum."

Shannon raised a curious eyebrow. She realized that he'd only been joking, but it was an actual intriguing possibility. "That's a very good question! Seriously! We might have to try that out too." She laughed, and commented, "How is it that everything seems to be coming up blowjobs with you?!"

He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Hey, it would work going down on a woman too, right?"

"In theory, yes. I don't know what the actual effect is. Some foods have a big change and others not at all."

He flashed her a devilish grin. "We'll just have to conduct extensive testing on each other then."

She laughed. "You're a cheeky bastard!" Still, she found that a very enticing proposition. She would have liked to be sixty-nining with him right now had it not been for her boyfriend, not to mention his two girlfriends.

Maggie was listening very carefully to this new line of discussion. She said excitedly, "Can I please buy a bunch of miracle berries off you?! Nick's cum already tastes sweet. But with the miracle berry, it would taste like manna from heaven!"

Shannon laughed. "Sure! I'll give all the berries you want for free. I've got way more than I could ever use. They're out of season right now and they go bad very quickly, but I've got a ton that are freeze-dried. That keeps the effect, which is the main thing."

"Sweet!" Maggie clapped her hands together with glee. She was truly excited about this. She reached down and shook Hillary's back a little bit. "Did you hear that?!"

Hillary made an approving grunt. She held up a thumbs-up signal to show more clearly that she was in favor. She enjoyed the taste of Nick's cum already, but she figured it would be even better if it tasted twice as sweet, or even more.

Nick was trying to stay on track with the discussion, "In the long term, there are all sorts of possibilities with this berry, but in the short term, why not tackle the wealthy market?"

"What do you mean?" Shannon asked.

"When you think about it, two dollars isn't that much, if it'll turn everything sweet for the next half hour to an hour. Imagine a high-end restaurant that specializes in miracle berry dishes. It would be like an entire new palette of foods for the chef to play with and for the consumer to discover! You'd think a restaurant like that would become the hottest place in town. I honestly still don't understand why this isn't taking off like wildfire already."

"It is kind of a mystery," Shannon admitted. "I guess it's a combination of factors. Hardly anybody knows about it, for one. And it's a very difficult fruit in a lot of ways. You can't cook it or freeze it or refrigerate it, and so on. You can just sell the berry straight up though, or in tablet form. The FDA can't stop that."

"Well, there you go then!" Nick said enthusiastically. "My God! I should totally go into the miracle berry business! Hey, Maggie!" He turned to her and said, "When you're done with your current cookbook, you could make a miracle berry cookbook. Think of the fun of trying random foods and see how the berry changes the taste!"

Maggie moaned approvingly while she licked his nearest ear. Plus, she liked the way he was twisting one of her nipples. She thought, *That actually could be a great idea! My son is so smart! And so virile! What a great combination. The fact that he came up with that while Hillary is sucking his cock is too hot! I can't wait until it's my turn. I'm going to reward him in a big way!*

Shannon said encouragingly, "I haven't experimented that much myself, but I know that if you eat some regular non-fat sour cream with a little bit of lemon, it tastes just like cheesecake. It really does!"

He raised his hands up. "Are you kidding me?!. Super low calorie cheesecake?! This is like a license to print money!" He was almost deliriously happy. He didn't know how much of that was due to Hillary's bobbing on his cockhead and how much was due to the discussion, but the combination was amazing. He felt like he'd stumbled upon a potential gold mine. And it could potentially result in even more oral sex!

He added to Shannon, "And you could make the world a much better place! You could practically solve world hunger! You could take some barely edible food, like certain kinds of grass, and make them yummy. You'd double the world's food supply overnight! And you'd solve the obesity crisis as a side effect! Nearly sugar-free sweets!"

Shannon rubbed her chin, even as she continued to watch Hillary's bobbing head, not to mention the rest of her sprawled out, sexy body. "There must be some good reasons nobody has taken more advantage. This has been known since the 1970s. There has to be some sort of fatal flaw. But what if there isn't?! You're getting me excited!"

He raised his hands up again in triumph. "Nobel Prize, here we come! We'll accept it as a team, the four of us. I call dibs on giving the acceptance speech!"

Shannon laughed. "All four? What's Hillary's role?"

He fondly ran his hand along Hillary's head down to her back. "Blowjob inspiration, of course. All my best ideas happen when I'm getting my dick sucked. When I give my acceptance speech in Stockholm, obviously she'll be sucking me then too. Or Maggie will. Or both."

He wrapped an arm around Maggie and pulled her naked body in closer.

Maggie cuddled up to him even more, making sure to rub her bare breasts against his chest. She lovingly kissed his cheek. She teased, "I say both."

He pretended to think it over, then announced, "Yeah, it's gotta be both!"

Hillary enjoyed that idea, and responded by sucking him with more passion and intensity.

Shannon laughed again. "You guys are too much! But to segue a little bit, enough about me. Can I ask the question I've been wanting to ask all night?"

"What's that?" he asked.

"What is the deal with the relationship between the three of you?! Now that Debra's gone and we've got all the time in the world, I would love to hear all about it!"

"Oh man!" He realized he had a serious problem in that he was he was getting increasingly aroused. "Um, Ma? Can you kind of, uh, do most of the talking?"

Shannon laughed. "I still can't get over the fact he calls you 'Ma.' That's so wild!" She remained completely unsuspecting about that, mostly because it never crossed her mind to imagine Maggie could be over 25 years old.

Maggie laughed. "Let me guess: Hillary is getting increasingly aroused and she's sucking you with more fervor all the time. You're worried you soon won't be able to string two sentences together."

"Pretty much!" he admitted. He didn't want to add that he was continuing to admire Shannon's nude body nearly all the time. That was a very big extra kick.

Maggie told him, "Okay, because I'm so nice. But once I answer this one question, then it's MY turn to suck, and Hillary will have to do the talking for a while."

"Sweet!" That sounded great to him.

Maggie looked to Shannon for the first time in a while. Just seeing her nudity, and how gorgeous she was, got her salivating to suck even more than before. But she felt it was important to explain things in a careful way.

"Okay. It's complicated. But since you know about Anushka, I can tell you the full deal. How we got here isn't so important as where we are now. We like to think of our relationship as four legs of a table."

"Okay..." Shannon replied, carefully trying to understand.

"Each of us is a table leg: Nick, Hillary, Anushka, and me. Hillary and Anushka are very intimate, but Hillary is bisexual. She's found she needs a sexual relationship with a guy and a girl at the same time to be fully

sexually satisfied. Thus, Nick. He's intimate with her and me as a full-on threesome relationship. There's a certain balance to it. For instance, he can't get upset at Hillary having special private intimate time with Anushka if he's doing the same with me. So if any of the four 'legs' is removed, the whole thing could fall apart."

Shannon carefully considered that. "Okaaaaaay... But what about Anushka and him? Are they intimate?"

"No. It's possible that could change, I suppose. I wouldn't be entirely opposed to that." Maggie was talking more to Hillary than Shannon by saying that. "But it seems that she's mostly lesbian, and she and Hillary are deeply in love. She doesn't need to be intimate with him for the logic of the four-legged table to work."

"I can see that, I guess." Despite the fact that Maggie was staring at her, she couldn't stop staring at Hillary's bobbing head. "So, Anushka aside, the three of you are a full-fledged threesome?"

"Oh, yes!" Maggie enthusiastically replied. "We've discovered that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Not only do I not mind sharing him with her, I prefer it! The sex is ten times hotter! For instance, right now. I'm not even doing anything, but I've got a great close-up of her sliding lips, so close that I could touch them."

Oh a whim, Maggie had the idea to do more than just look. She brought a hand to Hillary's face and caressed it.

That caused Hillary to drastically slow her sucking motion, though she was still very active with her tongue.

Maggie ran her fingers along Hillary's lips. She moaned in a sexy purr, "How does it feel, girl? Don't you just love it, having that huge, thick cock invade your mouth? I'll bet you do! MMMM!" She ran her fingers along the portion of his boner outside Hillary's mouth.

Trying to keep the conversation with Shannon going, she said, "As you can see, it's not like we're independently dating him at the same time. No! We share him in all ways! We love to share his cock! Like this..." She leaned in and started lapping on his shaft.

Hillary had been sucking on him for a while. She thoughtfully pulled off and switched to licking.

That allowed both of them to lap on his sweet spot at the same time, and that's exactly what they did.

Nick ran his hands through his hair, trying to cope with the surge of pleasure.

Shannon felt like she was reaching a point where she'd have no choice but to masturbate, at least. Then she saw Nick close his eyes and tilt his head back as his pleasure surge continued, and she realized nobody was looking her way. She began furtively fingerbanging herself. It was furtive in the sense that she strategically bent a leg in front of her crotch so Nick wouldn't be able to directly see what her hand was doing if he opened his eyes.

Sure enough, he opened his eyes about a minute later. Maggie had just intended to briefly lick his shaft to demonstrate the sharing, but with Hillary inviting her to lick all over his cockhead, it was like she couldn't stop. Nick felt obliged to look Shannon's way to see how she was taking it.

He was hit with another blast of arousal, because he saw that the redheaded beauty had started fingering herself. Although he couldn't directly see her fingers in her pussy due to her leg in the way, the arm positioning and motion made it clear what was going on.

He felt so emboldened by all the evening's sexual developments, and the current double cock licking, that he couldn't resist teasing her a little bit. He smiled and asked, "Having a good time over there?"

Realizing she'd been "busted," she smiled back a bit sheepishly. She wasn't really embarrassed though, since she didn't feel like she was doing anything wrong as long as no touching was involved. She mostly didn't want to give Maggie and/or Hillary the idea that she was trying to steal their man.

She told him, "Not as good a time as you're having over there, apparently!"

He laughed. "That's probably true." He put a hand on Hillary's head and fondly stroked her brunette hair while doing the same with Maggie's blonde hair.

With Hillary and Maggie totally focused on lapping on his cock, Shannon realized she didn't have to worry about either of them looking her way, at least not any time soon. She gave him an intense "come hither" look as she straightened out her leg that had been bent to block a direct view of her pussy. The way she was digging two fingers into her cunt couldn't have

been any more obvious. Then, for good measure, she brought her other hand to a nipple and began toying with it.

Nick held his breath as he stared and stared.

After a long, unsettling silence, Shannon asked him, "So, what's going on over there, exactly?"

He looked down. He was having a hard time talking. "Um, both Ma, er, Maggie, and, uh, Hillary, they're licking my sweet spot! And, uh, Maggie, she's fondling my balls, while, uh, um... Hillary, she's, uh, stroking my shaft too!"

Shannon asked, "What's a 'sweet spot?'"

He explained, while breathing hard, "Oh, that's my frenulum. It's the, um, underside spot just below the crown where most of the nerve cells are. Gaawwwd! They spend so much time right there! Licking and sucking! UGH! Right now, their tongues are, uh, endlessly lapping there, touching! Feels so good!"

Shannon was frustrated. She felt like the others were having all the fun, and she didn't want to miss out. She couldn't actually see any of Nick's privates anymore, due to two heads being in the way. But not being able to see was even more intriguing, especially since she did get brief direct glimpses when there was a gap between their heads at just the right angle. But seeing the sprawled out nude bodies of Maggie and Hillary was plenty arousing, especially since she had some bisexual tendencies.

But she was doggedly determined not to cheat on her boyfriend Brian. Plus, she was very curious to find out more about their threesome arrangement. So she tried to get the conversation going on. Even as she openly masturbated from across the hot tub, she said, "So. Nick. It looks like Maggie might not be answering my questions anytime soon. What can YOU tell me about this threesome arrangement?"

"Um, what do you want to know?"

"I don't know much about your school. I've been using parties like this one to try to bridge the gap between the two schools, since I like the people in your school much better than mine. But still, that's no substitute for actually going there. Is it open knowledge there that you're going steady with both of them?"

He replied, "Oh no! Definitely not!" He grimaced, struggling from the intense pleasure. He decided there was no way he could continue to carry on a conversation with Shannon in his current condition.

He tapped Maggie's head. "Um, Ma? Can you stop for a bit and kind of... answer her questions? I'm really out of it!"

Maggie lifted her head to look at him. "Can't Hillary? I want my turn bobbing on you!"

"I know, but... I like how you explain things." He shut his eyes and grimaced as Hillary swallowed his cockhead again, giving him another rush of arousal.

Maggie sighed. She looked at Hillary's sliding lips, and realized that his request was already a done deal, since his sweet spot was inside Hillary's mouth. She sat up and turned around some to make eye contact with Shannon. However, she kept a hand fondling his balls.

Meanwhile, Nick clutched at Hillary's head with both hands, trying to get her to take it easy on him.

Shannon had anticipated that Maggie would soon look her way, but she didn't bother to stop masturbating. She figured that they were all so horny that Maggie wouldn't be able to object.

Indeed, Maggie noticed her masturbation right away, but didn't even blink an eye at it. Maggie figured that things had gotten so hot that preventing Shannon from playing with herself would be like inviting her to a lavish banquet and then telling her not to eat. Despite her fantasies to the contrary, Maggie didn't want Shannon to get sexually intimate with Nick. But she figured that as long as Shannon stayed on the other side of the hot tub and had her boyfriend, there was nothing to fear.

So Maggie made eye contact with Shannon and asked her, "Okay, here I am. What do you want to know?"

Shannon said, "What I just asked about what other people know about your threesome relationship."

"Ah, yes. That is a problem. Just like we told you and everyone else at your party, I'm his official girlfriend and Hillary isn't. I got involved with him first, so that story was already out there. We may go public with him dating Hillary too at some point, but that could get very tricky. Hillary wants it to

be known soon that she's dating Anushka. So if we reveal too much, the whole four-legged table thing will come out. And people aren't going to understand. Don't you agree?"

Shannon carefully replied, "Hey, whatever works for you. It's clear as day to me that the three of you are extremely happy, as well as constantly in a state of heat. It's not for me or most people, but I applaud you daring to be different."

"You're not just saying that?" Maggie asked hesitantly.

"Would I have invited the three of you up here if I had a problem with it? As I told you earlier, I hardly ever do that for anybody."

"Well, that's true."

Shannon then asked, "But I have more questions. How do you make it work? Don't you have jealousy issues that come up?"

Maggie reluctantly replied, "We haven't actually been at this very long. So far, it's been nothing but smooth sailing. I'm sure problems will arise, but I'm confident that we'll make it due to sheer lust."

Shannon continued to masturbate, while watching Hillary's bobbing head as much as Maggie. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that sex with Nick is so great that there's no walking away from it. You saw how it was back in the bedroom with Debra, the constant sexual heat, and then intensity of the huge orgasms. Admittedly, things were extra intense and weird due to Debra being there, not to mention you as well, but I have totally mind-blowing sexual experiences with him every single day. If that was the case with you, wouldn't you bend over backwards to make sure the rest of the relationship works?"

"I suppose I would," Shannon agreed. "But what really makes sex with him so special? I mean, no offense, but I look at him and I've mostly just seen him get his dick sucked. What's so incredible about that?"

Maggie's face lit up. "That's the key! Blowjobs are so essential! You almost could say they're the foundation of our entire threesome relationship!" She paused, as she remembered who she was talking to. "I probably shouldn't tell you too much though. I mean, you've got your boyfriend, and we've got a very happy situation here. You can't have a table with five legs."

"That's true," Shannon carefully replied. "But surely there are SOME things you can tell me, aren't there? What if we start with some of the old standbys, like how your first date went?"

Maggie thought back to that first fateful Tuesday, and laughed. "Sorry! I can't tell you that. Too weird!"

Shannon groaned. "Now you've got me really intrigued."

Maggie knew she couldn't tell anything about that Tuesday, since it didn't fit into her cover story of starting to date Nick two months earlier. But she remembered there was a cover story she and Nick had come up with of their supposed first date, so she obligingly explained that. She spiced it up a bit with a made-up account of her giving him a secret blowjob at a party to explain her "too weird" comment.

After that, she switched to other cover stories that she hadn't told Shannon earlier in the day, such as details about her alleged college classes.

However, since most of these things were at least partially fiction, she preferred asking questions about Shannon, such as her relationship with Brian - they'd only been going out for a few months and weren't that serious - or her impressions about the academics and teachers at the Academy.

In short, both of them stuck to safe topics, and almost always non-sexual ones. Maggie remained mindful that she didn't want to tempt Shannon into having sex with Nick by hyping him up. Her lust might have caused her to be more careless, but the memory of the Debra situation was still very fresh in her mind.

Maggie had been assisting Hillary's sucking effort with a hand on Nick's balls or shaft nearly all the time. After about twenty minutes of talking, she noticed that Hillary's sucking effort was starting to flag, even though Hillary already was going at a more relaxed pace. It had been a long day, and Hillary simply was tired.

Thus, Maggie and Hillary finally switched places. Maggie took over bobbing on Nick's cock while Hillary took over talking to Shannon.

Happily, Hillary had been listening to everything that had been said, so she was able to pick up the conversation almost like she was an extension of Maggie. She was even more mindful of trying to avoid overly sexual topics,

but there were plenty of other things to discuss, since they were still very much in the "getting to know you" phase.

Maggie also was getting tired, so after an initial energetic burst of cocksucking, she settled in to a slow and relaxed pace, like the one Hillary had been using on him.

Nick was at an excellent arousal level. He was able to pay full attention to the discussion and chime in with comments or questions from time to time.

Unlike usual, where sexual activity steadily increased and then hit an orgasmic peak, the arousal level of the group slowly went down due to the night getting late and everyone getting tired. Although it wasn't that late, relatively speaking, each of them had had a full day and they were mindful that it was a school day tomorrow.

More and more, each of them began to yawn. Shannon even stopped masturbating, after having a couple small, secret orgasms.

Finally, Nick indicated it was time. In keeping with the relaxed and even sleepy mood, he simply blasted his load into Maggie's mouth. It was all very clean, with almost none of his cum ending up on her face. There also was no cum sharing with Hillary, since both of them felt awkward to do that in front of Shannon, especially now that the arousal level had lowered.

Once Nick climaxed, the evening quickly came to an end. Mere minutes later, the four of them left the rooftop. They began the process of finding their clothes and putting them back on.

The house was deserted. Shannon scouted ahead, and found that the remaining guests had gone home. Her parents had arrived, but they'd gone straight to bed and to sleep, since it was well after ten o'clock by this time.

Shannon led them out the front door for some final good-byes. With Nick fully clothed again and Shannon wearing her white robe once more, Nick got to give her a final hug and kiss, but the kiss was just a peck on the cheek. It was a strange ending, given all the sexual adventures they'd been through.

With their energy levels continuing to crash, it was all they could do to get back home safely. There was no more discussion, except for some final good-byes.

However, Nick, Maggie, and Hillary knew they had a big issue with Debra to sort out. They didn't want to discuss it with Shannon there, but they would have to deal with it tomorrow, one way or another.

Furthermore, they all sensed to varying degrees that they'd opened up a potential new Pandora's box by allowing Shannon to witness so much of their sexual activity. But that also was something that would have to be dealt with later.

Chapter 72: Weekend Memories

Nick was lying peacefully in bed when he suddenly felt his body jerk and twitch as he reached consciousness, and then, in a flash, found himself fully awake with his eyes wide open. Are you kidding me?! Are you fucking KIDDING ME?!

That thought hit him because, in that same flash, he remembered bits and pieces of what had happened the night before. As the seconds passed, his memories of the incredible sexual events at Shannon's party were filled in. It was all so startling and exciting that he bolted up in bed.

He looked around the room and realized he was alone. He glanced at his alarm clock on his bed stand and saw that it was a few minutes prior to when his alarm was due to go off anyway. He was also struck by the thought that real life had to go on, and it was a Monday morning, which meant he'd be forced to go to school. He reluctantly smacked the button on his clock that turned the alarm off.

Damn! What a dizzying high, followed by a crushing low! Last night I was in sexual paradise, and now I'm just another student trudging to school. Is this how it's going to be every day from now on? I mean, Ma AND Hillary! My two dream girls! We got to do so much great stuff last night! AND with Debra too! I don't even like her, but damn, she's one seriously hot slut with a curvy hardbody! And Shannon! Now, I DO like her, a lot, and even though I hardly got to touch her, she was naked and fucking gorgeous! And she's got an impossibly fit hardbody too!

DAMN! Double damn! Those four bombshells naked together is totally incredible and unbelievable, but it happened, and I was there! What a night! What a party! Hell, what a weekend!

So many other great things happened too. Like my developing relationship with Anushka. Whoa! That's probably the best news of all, in fact. Things are already going great with Ma and Hillary, and things only got better and better with both of them. Shannon looks fantastic, but she's got a boyfriend and she's untouchable for a bunch of other good reasons. Debra, well, that's complicated, but the bottom line is there's no long-term future there. But, in theory, I could end up deeply in love and in lust with Ma, Hillary,

AND Anushka, and our "four-legged table" would be all the stronger for it! That seemed impossible before, but after this weekend... who knows?!

Man! Are you fucking kidding me?! Everything is so great! I'm almost disappointed to look around and NOT see and feel Ma or Hillary waking me up with a fucking great blowjob, because that's how incredible everything has been lately. But I have to be mindful that even my new life has limits. Like Ma being in Margaret mode at home. But still! The car ride to school! YEEESSSS! Oh my God, I'll get to enjoy Ma's sexy furnace of a mouth in less than an hour! So awesome!

He was so very excited by thoughts of the car ride to come, and the oral action that would undoubtedly go with it, that he literally leapt out of bed. Buck naked and with a new, insistent hard-on, he ran around his room like a crazy man, because he had more energy than he knew what to do with. He alternately waved his arms in the air and held his erection to stop it from swinging around too much. His enthusiasm was slightly tempered by the fact that he felt mindful to stay quiet so he wouldn't disturb or even wake his mother and/or father. Plus, his room wasn't that big, and there was no easy way for him to run around in circles in it, so he was forced to run in a U-shape around three sides of his bed.

After about a minute of this, he started to feel silly running around quietly in such a confined space. He wanted to do something else to blow off steam, and he thought about masturbating to orgasm. But he immediately decided that he should save all of his cum for his mother, once they got to the garage. He already had thrilling visions of cumming on her face and chest. So instead, he chose to hurry to the bathroom to take a long shower. He thought that very hot water, or maybe very cold water, could sort of shock him back to some semblance of normality.

Once he was in the shower though, he kept the water temperature only slightly hot, so he'd have at least a few more minutes to enjoy his arousal while reveling in his great weekend memories. He started lathering up his naked body with soap. *Aaaah! Yesssss! So great! Feels so good, but not as good as how Ma's talented mouth is gonna feel on me soon! Damn, I have no idea how I'm going to make it through breakfast so we can get to the garage, though!*

I mean, just think about it: Ma is as hot and sexy as it gets! Her body is divine! She's so friggin' stacked AND fit that it's crazy! And her face is so fucking sultry! And she totally loves sucking me off! And she's MY MOM! God, I love her so much! It's like I can already feel her red, bee-stung lips making a tight seal around my shaft. In less than an hour, I'll be kicking back in the car seat while she lovingly slides her lips up and down it, and she adores it with her talented tongue too! Or maybe she'll titfuck me instead! Or a blowjob-titfuck combo! God, those are great!

He dramatically tilted his head back and clutched the air in frustration. *UNGH! How am I going to hold out all the way through breakfast to get there, though?! I'll have to act normal around Andy and just... eat food! DAMMIT! Torture! Pure torture! Ma's mouth is so divine! Who needs food?! I'd gladly go without breakfast or anything to get to that heaven faster. Hell, I'd crawl across a field of broken glass to speed up time!*

But I've gotta get a grip. This is my life now. Yes, there are some beyond awesome parts to it, but most of it is going to be relatively normal. Like school. School! UGH! Yeah, it helps that I get to sit next to Hillary nearly all the time, but in a way, that makes it more frustrating. So close to heaven there too, and yet so far!

After lowering his hands, he'd started unthinkingly stroking his erection as the shower water poured down on him. But then his hand froze, and he forced himself to let go. *UGH! I need to get a serious grip on my lust! NOW! Maybe Ma has the right idea with her compartmentalizing. She goes into Margaret mode, and it seems that makes it easier for her to cope with the many hours until she can be in Maggie mode again. I should do something similar, some kind of mode where I can just entirely turn my lust off for a while.*

But I'm a horny teenage boy surrounded by impossibly busty and beautiful hotties! Are you seriously kidding me?! I can't turn my lust off to save my life! Especially lately, and doubly so after this weekend. Everything is just too thrilling! The only way I have any chance of being at least somewhat calm is right after I've climaxed, and even then only for a while.

After a few more minutes of pondering this issue during his shower, he decided, *There's just one solution, or at least the only thing close to a solution: climaxing! It's nice in theory to say that I'm gonna save all my*

cum for Ma and/or Hillary, but that's not always practical. Ma will be picking me up and dropping me off every day from now on. We need some kind of workable routine to keep Andy clueless. If I cum once right before breakfast, that'll keep me semi-normal enough around him to eat my food and generally act in a way that isn't too suspicious. He's always reading the newspaper anyway. By the time the meal is over, I'll still be horny enough to fuck a duck, and raring to go for some fun in the garage or the car, because Ma! Damn! She's such a BABE!

The truth is, I can't see ever having some kind of "Nicolas mode" and "Nick mode" to switch between. I don't know how Ma does it, but I can't just magically say that's how it'll work from now on. That's not me. Masturbating before breakfast will get me through the mornings. Then my next big challenge will be making it through the school day without totally losing my mind, given that Hillary's sitting right next to me nearly all the time. I don't think I'd be in danger of getting seriously rape-y with her, but I could totally picture masturbating through a hand in a pocket right in the middle of class! And even cumming! Or just reaching out to fondle and kiss her! Damn! She's too much! All of that is way too risky.

I really, really, REALLY have to get some more self-control! As my lust and love for her just grows and grows, how will I be able to concentrate on my classes at all?! It's a real problem! Things were tough enough already, but after all the great things that happened this weekend, I'm ten times more arousable and excitable! Hell, all I have to do is think about something like Anushka's immense, perfect tits, or Shannon's flaming red hair and sultry face, and I could practically have a spontaneous orgasm!

Nick continued to think intently while he showered, but he wasn't able to find an easy solution as to how to keep his lust under control during school hours. However, he liked his plan to allow himself to masturbate to one orgasm each morning before breakfast, and he immediately began to put that plan into motion. He figured the key was to time his climax right before he went downstairs to eat, because if he came well before that, he knew he could easily get super horny so quickly that he'd be a wreck all through the meal, just the same.

Thus, he masturbated his way through the rest of a very long shower, but he was careful not to come close to a climax. And when the shower was over, he stayed erect and occasionally played with himself as he went through the

rest of his morning rituals. This gave him lots of time to revel in the joyful memories of the weekend, and especially what happened late Sunday night, since that was freshest in his mind.

Once he did everything he could possibly do to get ready while upstairs, except for putting on clothes, he went back to bed, closed his eyes, and had an even better, and completely uninterrupted, masturbatory session. Somewhat surprisingly, given all that happened the night before with Maggie, Hillary, Debra, and Shannon, he fantasized hanging out with Hillary and Anushka in Hillary's bedroom. The three of them joked around in an increasingly friendly way until they somehow wound up kissing and fondling each other. From there, things escalated until Hillary and Anushka were kneeling naked side by side between his legs, taking turns bobbing on his thick shaft.

That resulted in a very satisfying orgasm for him in real life, even though he had to cum into his hand and his bed sheets.

His climax was carefully timed, with him even periodically coming out of his masturbatory fantasy to briefly check the time on the alarm clock by his bed. Pretty much after the moment he finished cumming, he cleaned up his cummy hands and crotch, threw on some clothes, and then raced downstairs.

Once he got to the kitchen and saw Maggie standing there putting the finishing touches on breakfast, his heart leapt to his throat. Even though she was thoroughly covered up, including wearing a long-sleeved light green top that showed no cleavage whatsoever, it was all he could do not to stop and stare at her phenomenal beauty, with his jaw hanging wide open. All he really needed to do at any time was see her face, and that would set his heart thumping wildly. This time was no different.

Luckily, the fact that he'd just climaxed made him languid enough to dull his reaction and his emotions. He thought about going to her and giving her a good morning hug and kiss, but he decided that could easily turn into a daily tradition that would almost certainly eventually get out of hand - with Andy within eyesight. So instead, he just said, "Morning, Ma," and sat down at the dining table for breakfast.

The rest of breakfast proceeded more or less normally. Halfway through the meal, Nick's penis grew erect, but he was still calm enough to hide his

arousal in general, and the tabletop meant he didn't have to worry about the bulge in his shorts being seen by Andy. He refrained from talking as much as possible. In that, he was greatly helped by the fact that Andy was reading the newspaper nearly all the time.

Nick felt somewhat silly about the urgency and intensity of his arousal problem. He fretted that he was making a mountain out of a molehill, because nothing had changed from previous school days except for the intensity of his feelings, and he had managed to keep Andy in the dark during breakfast just fine so far. Still, he seriously suspected that his daily morning lust for his mother would be on a permanently more intense plane from now on, so the problem was very real.

What he didn't realize was that Maggie was going through nearly the exact same thing at the same time, and she'd come up with the exact same solution. She'd woken up with a desire to suck on her son's cock that was so overwhelming, she'd been seriously tempted to throw away all of her "Margaret mode" rules, sneak into his bedroom, and suck him off until both of them were fully sexually satiated with big orgasms. Instead, she'd resolved to masturbate as much as practically possible until just prior to going downstairs for breakfast, the same as he did. It was a much easier decision for her to make though, since she didn't have a physical limitation on the number of daily orgasms as he did.

Also exactly like Nick, she'd quickly gone to the shower. But from the very beginning of her shower, her focus had been on pleasuring herself. She'd spent an inordinate amount of time soaping up her huge breasts while fantasizing about her son's cock and especially about all the things she could do to it with her mouth. She'd gotten so carried away in her extra-long shower that she'd wound up kneeling with her head tilted back, while she fingerbanged herself to a great climax. Despite the water pouring down on her, she'd kept her mouth wide open as she imagined the feeling of having her mouth fully stuffed with his thick cock.

But her lusty pre-breakfast time hadn't stopped there. Just as he did, she had gone through all of her morning rituals in a hyper-sexual state, constantly touching and/or fondling her nude body while continuing to have more incestuous fantasies, usually of the blowjob kind. Also exactly as he did, she had gone back to bed and masturbated herself to another big climax right before going downstairs to cook breakfast. She was so blowjob-

obsessed that she'd sucked on a dildo while masturbating towards that climax, shoving it deep into her mouth and pretending that she was deep throating her son.

Their routines somewhat diverged after that point. She'd had to go downstairs earlier, to prepare the meal, and when she got to the kitchen, she was alone. She'd dressed extra conservatively, with extra layers of clothing, precisely to make it hard for her to continue to play with her own heavenly body with Andy nearby. But she was still so worked up that she couldn't resist daydreaming about all the things she'd get to do to Nick once they were both in the garage.

While she stood in the kitchen, spacing out and doing nothing, she thought, *Jesus Christ, I'm such a mess! I'm so focused on sucking my son's cock that it's unhealthy. It's all I can think about. I know women are supposed to be reluctant about fellatio, but fuck that! I love it! I love everything about it. The mere act of getting on my knees has become a serious turn-on for me. Hell, when I was in the shower earlier, and I dropped naked to my knees with the water pouring down on me, that alone nearly made me cum! It's such a symbolic act, that he's standing up high, clearly in charge, and I'm down low, submitting to him. Anyone can see that my purpose is to serve! UGH!*

GAAAWWWD! Just thinking about it is making me TOO HOT! All that hot, thick, throbbing cock-meat sliding between my lips... And yet I'm supposed to cook dinner for my cheating asshole of a soon-to-be ex-husband, and act like everything's the way it used to be?! I think not! My son has a huge cock that needs some SERIOUS oral loving! UGH! But I MUST behave! I have to be good! Be Margaret! If only for a little while...

She was almost relieved when Andy came into the kitchen / dining room area about ten minutes later, because that forced her to control herself. But as breakfast stretched on interminably, her anticipation grew and grew until she was teetering close to some kind of breaking point. On the surface, all was normal, with Nick, Andy, and her eating mostly at the dining table at the same time. She and Nick ate so quickly that there was almost no occasion for talking.

Andy unthinkingly picked up on their style and ate with extra speed as well, though not as fast as they did.

Maggie finished eating before Nick did, because Nick was a growing boy who typically ate a breakfast twice as large as hers. Once she was done, she was so close to that breaking point that she couldn't just sit and wait for him to finish. So she left the room, hurried upstairs, and changed into nothing but an overcoat. When she came back downstairs, she deposited the clothes she wanted to wear for the ride to school in the garage. Then she merely leaned her head into the dining room area from a door leading to the kitchen, and said, "Nick, Sport, I'm all ready to go, and you know how you have to get to school early. I'll be waiting in the car."

Nick looked up at her just as he was finishing his meal. He couldn't see much of her body, but he could see one shoulder, and that was enough for him to notice that she had an overcoat on. He immediately surmised that was the ONLY thing she had on! That aroused him so much that it took all of his willpower not to scream for joy.

Luckily, Andy was reading his newspaper while still eating at a faster pace than usual, and he didn't look to Maggie or Nick at all. If he had, their facial expressions would have seemed odd, to say the least.

Nick managed to limit his response to Maggie to a simple, "Okay, thanks. I'll be there in a minute." Then he got up and calmly took his dirty dishes to the kitchen. It was torture, but he quickly washed his dishes and stuck them in the dishwasher. He knew that if he didn't maintain little traditions like that, Andy might eventually get suspicious. Thankfully, that extra task took less than a minute.

Then, even though his feet were urging him to fly, he calmly walked out of the kitchen and down the hallway towards the garage. Just before he disappeared out of sight, he said, "See you later, Andy."

Unexpectedly, Andy put the newspaper down and looked at his watch. Then he looked up at Nick and asked him, "You're leaving for school so soon, again? It seems like, for the past week or so, breakfast has been happening earlier and earlier so you can go to school earlier."

Nick had been expecting something like this for days, and was surprised it took so long. Still poised to leave the kitchen, he shrugged, and said, "Yeah, well, I told you last week about my change of schedule. It sucks, but what can ya do." He'd thought up a more elaborate lie if push came to shove, but he hoped that wouldn't be necessary. Of course, it would be very

problematic if Andy ever heard the sound of the car leaving so long after they went to the garage, but Andy always went to his office after breakfast, and there was no way to hear the garage door from there.

Thankfully, Andy wasn't that interested. He just replied, "Yeah, it's a drag. Later."

Nick nodded and disappeared out of sight. Once he was free, he breathed a huge yet silent sigh of relief while he hurried down the hall. It felt like his erection was burning a hole through his shorts already. *Oh my God! Almost there! Almost there! So close to absolute female perfection, and total oral awesomeness!*

He'd forgotten about bringing his backpack, but Maggie had been thinking ahead and she'd placed it on the floor at the end of the hallway. Even as he picked it up and slung it over his shoulder, he couldn't resist unzipping his fly. He let out another sigh of relief as he walked on and felt his rampant erection released into the open air, since he wasn't wearing any underwear.

He thought, *Aaaaaah! Yesssss! Hang on, man! Hang on! Soon, you'll be in Ma's sweet mouth! Ohmigod! I can't wait!*

Both mother and son were beyond delighted when he stepped into the garage.

Maggie was delighted because his erection was already fully exposed, and in fact he was eagerly pulling his shorts down his legs. She was salivating like a hungry hyena, to the point that she was practically drooling. *Dear God, YES! Bring that over here, Son! Make me your big-titted bitch all over again! Make me work hard for a spermy cum bath on my face!*

But Nick was even more delighted, due to the truly jaw-dropping sight in front of him. Maggie had been planning on keeping her overcoat on until he came into sight, so she could make a big, sexy reveal. But she'd gotten to the garage a minute or two before he did, and she simply couldn't wait that long. She'd already shed the overcoat and dropped it to the floor underneath her, to kneel on. Furthermore, she'd dropped to her knees only a few feet inside the garage, facing the door her son was about to come through. That left her wearing nothing but her sexy red high heels.

He muttered, "Hooooooly shit!" He quickly yanked his shorts the rest of the way off and stepped out of them. Only then did he allow himself to stand

and stare at the priceless sight in front of him: his mother, in all her naked glory, with her blonde hair flowing down and her flawless all-over tan. But that wasn't all. She was in an overtly submissive pose, kneeling with her feet kicked out to each side so her high heels were in view, and her arms pinned behind her back, accentuating the way she was thrusting her huge tits forward.

Nick had gone through two doors to get to the garage, so there was no danger of being overheard, unless perhaps if one shouted very loudly. (Even that was highly unlikely, since Andy always closed his office door and listened to music to drown out any possible distractions.) But he was still slow in mentally switching gears from having been in the same room as Andy, so he whispered, "Oh God! Ma! You're such a raving beauty! And you're all mine!"

She replied with an even more urgent whisper, "Son, I am! I'm your big-titted SLUT! But don't just stand there holding your cock! Stick it right where it belongs: in my mouth!"

"Ohmigod! Yesssss!" He already was close to her since she'd only gone a few feet into the garage before turning around to kneel for him. He took one step forward and plunged his erection into her eagerly waiting oral cavity.

Both of them sighed with tremendous relief as her lips slid around his thickness.

He thought, *Ma IS my big-titted slut! And I have Hillary too! I'm truly living the dream!*

Within seconds, his bombshell blonde mother was bobbing on him like her life depended on it.

Since his mouth remained unoccupied, he could vocalize his feelings. "Aaaaaah! Sweeeet! Ma, I need this so much! This whole morning has been torture! Nothing but torture! All I could think about was getting my dick right back where it belongs! Right here! Ugh! Your sweet, sweet lips!"

Maggie wished she could speak in reply. But at least she was able to think as she eagerly sucked on his thickness, while stroking it too, *AAAAAH! Such sweet bliss! I NEED this! I don't want it, I need it! He's right: this is exactly where it belongs! Son! Your cock, my mouth! We belong together! I'm your big-titted, cocksucking, mommy-slut! This is my true home, naked*

and on my knees before you, working your cock with my hands, lips, AND tongue! Everything else is just wasting time!

She was so emotionally overcome by her sexual rapture that she felt seriously dizzy. She'd started bobbing frantically, but she had to come to a near halt for a few moments as she struggled to avoid swooning or even fainting.

Once that feeling passed, she still felt such a heady rush that she could hardly handle it. She decided to suck him at a slower and more deliberate pace, if only to help ensure he didn't cum too soon, and to prolong the joy for both of them.

However, she was restrained only in the relative sense that she wasn't sucking him in an insane, lusty frenzy. She still was bobbing on him fast and hard, and trying to get her tongue involved as much as possible, despite his throbbing pole quickly sliding back and forth. She used both hands to play with his balls and his lower shaft at the same time. It was all so passionate and wonderful for her, plus his cock was so thick, that she began shedding tears down her cheeks.

But while she was showing at least some restraint, he was showing and feeling none. At first, he was happy to bask in the pure joy of her hot, wet mouth and her tight lip-lock. But after he recovered from the initial rush of pleasure, he started thrusting his hips.

One minute passed, and then another. Before long, her relative restraint became a moot point as the blowjob turned into a vigorous face-fucking. He clutched the sides of her head with both hands as his lusty need mentally and physically overwhelmed him.

He'd been silent, aside from increasingly heavy panting. But once the face-fucking was in full swing, he exclaimed, "Oh dear God! MA! This feels so divine! I love you so much! I love your mouth! God, just look at you!"

Maggie felt shivers all over, thanks to that last comment. It sounded relatively innocuous, but it caused her to shift mental perspectives, so she was almost having an out-of-body experience, looking down upon herself and her son as if she was floating up near the ceiling of the garage. *Yes, look at me! I look so SHAMEFUL! So wanton and wicked! What kind of mother willingly gets naked in a dirty garage, just to fully revel in nude, incestuous cocksucking joy?! ME, that's who! HA!*

Mentally picturing herself kneeling completely naked while her son held her head in place and aggressively thrust his cock in and out of her mouth was such a thrilling rush that she had a powerful orgasm on the spot. The fact that she knew she was a "perfect ten" bombshell while her son was relatively average in looks somehow heightened the power of her climax.

As she came, she thought, *DEAR GOD! OH, LORD! YESSSS! YES, A THOUSAND TIMES YES! GAAAWWD, I LOVE IT! UNNNGH! NNNNGGGH! SON! FUCK MY FACE SO HARD! SO GOOD! USE ME! OWN ME!*

That last thought really hit her hard, and took her orgasm to an even higher level. *YEESSSS! HNNG! OWN ME! OWN ME SO GOOD! OWN MY MOUTH WITH YOUR PERFECT COCK! RULE ME! I'M ONE OF YOUR MANY BIG-TITTED, BLOWJOB-LOVING SLUTS, AND I LOVE IT!*

At first, her orgasm was so overwhelming that her body almost became slack, since it was a struggle for her to simply stay conscious and she couldn't manage anything on top of that. She actually saw stars! But then, a minute or two later, with Nick still pounding her face hard, she turned on a dime and suddenly began aggressively sucking him, as much as she could given the circumstances.

She didn't know where the surge of energy came from, but all she could do was channel it. At first, it didn't make much of a difference, since he was holding her head so firmly and doing all the thrusting in and out. But her need was so urgent and insistent that she essentially took over. She clutched at his ass cheeks and quickly found her hands doing more of the thrusting than he was. Plus, her head began slamming back and forth, heedless of his hands trying to keep her head still, until whatever thrusting he was doing almost became a moot point. She was possessed with a need to suck, even more than before, like a ravenous succubus had truly possessed her soul!

For all of Nick's vigorous face-fucking, he had been careful to limit himself just enough to stop himself from cumming. But once Maggie took over, he lost the ability to set the pace. He'd already been teetering on the brink of cumming nearly the entire time, and despite the fact that he squeezed his PC muscle with all his might, he could tell that could only be a delaying action, at best. She wanted his cum load, she wanted it now, and he was helpless to stop her!

He tried to shout out, "Ma! If... if you keep that up... I'm... I'm gonna cum!"

She responded with a primal growl that indicated in a non-verbal way that she wanted precisely that. In fact, she somehow bobbed even MORE vigorously, even while her hands helped his hips hump back and forth.

Nick had started the sex session whispering, for fear of Andy overhearing. But he was so mentally and physically overcome that he forgot all about the danger of his father overhearing when he gave up his resistance and started blasting his seed into his mother's mouth. "UNNNNGH! CUMMING! I'M... HNNNNRRRRGH!"

Maggie was overjoyed. Technically, her huge orgasm had come to an end about a minute earlier, but she was riding such an erotic high that she might as well have been cumming the whole time since then. She thought, *DO IT! GOD! DO IT! OH, SON! I LOVE YOU! USE ME! USE MY MOUTH! EMPTY YOUR BALLS IN ME AGAIN! AAAAAH! YOUR HOT SEED!*

She felt delirious and giddy as she gobbled her son's cum down her throat as fast as it shot out of him. Even though it was an extra big load, since he'd been building up cum all night (and had "only" climaxed once recently), she was able to guzzle it all down like a champ.

As if she wasn't sexually overcome enough already, right as his cum load ran out, she spontaneously began cumming again. She didn't even need to touch her privates as a trigger. She felt like her entire body turned to jelly, but it was a great feeling, like complete and utter relaxation, even as she was still flying along on a wild roller coaster ride.

When it was all over, she wound up lying flat on the concrete floor, with her arms and legs spread out wide, and the overcoat under her only covering some of her ass and legs.

Nick wound up lying on top of her. He stayed awake, but only just. His eyes were closed and he was dead to the world.

Several minutes passed while both of them went from erotic nirvana land back to the here and now.

As Maggie rested, she thought, *I AM my son's big-titted, cocksucking slut! He OWNS my mouth! And I'm damn proud of all that. Anyone who has a problem with that obviously has never felt the sexual ecstasy I just felt. It was like a religious experience! Good grief, that was incredible!*

I'm so tempted to just drop everything, become "Maggie" full time, and put my Margaret mode behind me forever. Maybe we could move into an apartment together and leave Andy behind for good. I could sleep with my son every night... not that we'd get much sleep! Ha-ha! I could go to sleep with his cum on my face and in my belly, and wake him with a glorious hummer every single morning. Hell, I could suck him off so damn much, 24-7! I'd spend way more time kneeling than standing, just getting my face fucked for hours!

She giggled with glee at that prospect, almost overcome with giddiness.

And he could FUCK me! In my CUNT! Why the hell not, if I go all the way into being his slut?! And Hillary could come over all the time, and practically live with us! It would be so grand!

But there are practical considerations. I'm his mother! There need to be limits. Ordinary life goes on. If nothing else, if I don't limit my sexual time with him, his grades are going to suffer. I have to be responsible, dammit! We can't just sit around and suck and fuck all day long. And the incest factor is SUCH a troublesome complication! She sighed heavily. I probably shouldn't let him EVER fuck me there, no matter how slutty I get. Still, it's a great fantasy.

Plus, there are so many other great things we can do. He could fuck me everywhere BUT there. Maybe even in the ass! Damn, that'll take a lot of prep work though. Or what about deep throating? That's become one of my greatest desires. But it's so hard too, thanks to his size.

Maggie was the first to recover. She lifted her hands up to his shoulders and lightly shook him. "Hey, stud! You awake?"

"Mmmm..." was all he could reply.

Still, she was encouraged he was awake after all, and listening. She purred in her most sultry and husky voice, "Son! That hit the spot! That was the BEST! Good God! You've made me yours, heart and soul! Do you realize that, Sport?"

His head was flopped down on her collar area, up her neck to her chin. He merely grunted, in utter exhaustion.

She held his head in place with one hand, adjusting it just enough so she could kiss part of his face. She continued her sexy purring, "Mmmm! My

love! I'm yours forever, no matter what! I mean it when I say things like 'I'm your slut' and 'you own my mouth.' I love sucking you off so much that words can't even explain it. If you EVER need a hot and eager mouth to fuck, just fuck mine!"

She usually tried to be restrained in telling him certain things, such as the depth of her submissive feelings towards him. But she was in such a hyper-lusty state that her usual mental filter was nowhere to be found. Her blowjob passion simply couldn't be contained or denied.

Those comments caused him to rouse more, as he considered the possible implications. He lifted his head up enough to look down into her eyes. He asked very curiously, "Do you really mean that?! What about when you're in Margaret mode?"

She sheepishly admitted, "Well, except for that. We have certain practical considerations to consider."

He groaned in frustration. "Except for that?!" That's a gigantic exception! You're in Margaret mode most of the time!"

She tried to change the subject, because she didn't want to have this argument right now. She was naked and kneeling, and wanted to get back to pleasuring his cock instead. "True, but I'm in full Maggie mode now. We've got plenty of time before school. In fact, we 'left for school' even earlier than ever before." Her voice turned sultry again. "Why don't we take full advantage?"

She reached down to his crotch and found his penis. To her surprise, she discovered that it was flaccid. "Hey! What's happening here?!" By now, she took it as a given that he'd stay erect after his first climax, due to his habit of usually cumming in twos.

He admitted bashfully, "Er, yeah. About that. You see, I came once already this morning."

She was momentarily baffled. "How is that possible?! With who?!" She had thoughts of Hillary or Debra sneaking into his bedroom somehow.

He grinned. "With me! It's called 'masturbation.'" He was starting to revive more, so he sat all the way up on her, straddling her just below her enormous breasts.

She groaned in great frustration. "Masturbation?! Son, you should NEVER do that! You have TWO girlfriends now. And not just girlfriends; we're your full-on willing sluts! Both of us love oral sex, especially, and we know how much you love it. All you have to do is snap your fingers and we'll drop to our knees before you to slurp and suck, separately or together!"

"I know that," he muttered. *The shocking thing is that it's actually true! I'm such a lucky bastard!*

Surprising herself, she added, "Plus, I don't know where things are going with Debra, or Shannon, or Anushka, for that matter, but it's pretty clear from the events of this weekend that Hillary and I are so hot for you that we don't have much resistance to sharing you with other busty hotties, at least a little bit, from time to time."

He was secretly floored at her admission about her willingness to share him. But he decided it was safer to take that as a given rather than talk about it. Still, he couldn't resist brightening up and asking, "Really?!"

"Really. Well, maybe. We'll have to see how Hillary feels. But my point is, you're in a sexually ideal situation. This has to be your personal dream come true! Even if it's 'just' me and her, we're your two 'dream girls,' as you keep saying. And we don't just LOOK sexy, we ARE sexy! And hungry!" She licked her lips temptingly. "So why should you EVER waste your cum with a stupid masturbation session?! You'd only be denying one of us an oral workout, followed by a delicious cum shower."

He said, "That's true. This is great. I AM living the dream. But sometimes, it's a matter of practicality. Like this morning. When I woke up, I don't know why, but from the first moment of consciousness, I was soooo horny! It was crazy! I know I'm an extra-horny guy in general, and I'm in my teenage prime, but this was something different. It was on a whole other scale. I actually found myself running around my room like a chicken with its head cut off! It was all I could do not to scream my lungs out, I was so excited, from thinking about the fun we'd have here in a little while!"

Just thinking about the events from last night that got him so excited earlier was getting him re-energized. He looked down and realized that he was sitting on his nude mother's tummy, yet he wasn't taking advantage of that fact. He brought his hands to her immense boobs and started playing with them.

Maggie smiled knowingly at his busy hands. She looked up into his eyes, and asked, "And... did it meet your expectations?"

His eyes widened. "Boy! Did it! And then some! But... that's a problem, since we live with Andy. For instance, I came way too soon. That wasn't even five minutes."

She shrugged, and then even chuckled. "You've got nothing to be afraid of there. That was like a tsunami of off-the-charts sexual pleasure for me, and I'm sure it was the same for you. And when I took control of the face-fucking, you couldn't really do your usual squeezing trick. Besides, longer isn't always better. That was EXACTLY what I was craving! Fast, yet totally overwhelming!"

"Really?!" he asked uncertainly.

"Really! That's one of the all time best! So far. I know we're going to have so very, very many others." She winked playfully.

He smiled, as he tugged and twisted her nipples. "Well, that's good to hear, at least. But still, I worry that sometimes there's such a thing as getting TOO horny. It was like my entire body was on fire, from the moment I woke up. You were so close, just down the hallway, but oh-so-far!"

She sighed, and said, "I know exactly how you feel."

"You do?"

"Sure! That's exactly how I felt all morning too. I've been on fire from the moment I woke up, the same as you. I knew the only 'water' that could put my 'fire' out was your sweet cum, preferably lots of it on my face or in my mouth, but I couldn't get even a taste of your yummy pearly seed until after breakfast! UGH! To be honest, even though I was technically in Margaret mode, I was very naughty. I stayed naked as long as possible while I was doing all my morning chores upstairs. You should have seen me shower, especially. It was less a shower and more a very prolonged masturbation session!"

He groaned lustily as he continued to twist her nipples. "Oh, man! I can only imagine!" He looked down at her tremendous E-cups. "Did you do some of this?" He squeezed them together until her nipples were touching.

She smiled widely. "As a matter of fact, I did."

"Did you do some of this too?" He scooted down her body until his still-flaccid penis was below her pussy mound, then he leaned down until his face was in her cleavage. He playfully motorboated her there.

She laughed, and lovingly ran a hand through his hair. "I don't have a detachable head, so no, I didn't do that. But I did some of this." She waited until he stopped his motorboating, and looked up to his raised face. Then she hefted up one of her tits and craned her head down at the same time, until she was able to start sucking on one of her own erect nipples.

His eyes lit up. "Cool! Let me do that too!" He started to bring his mouth to her free nipple.

But she let go of her boob and blocked him with a hand. "Wait! We've got lots of time, so of course there can be plenty of that. I love that I get to lie buck naked under you, like your helpless sex doll. I don't even mind that I'm lying on the garage floor." (She'd actually cleaned the garage exceedingly thoroughly recently, in anticipation of times like these.) "And you definitely haven't been using your mouth on my nipples enough lately!" She laughed.

However, she turned deadly serious. "But I don't want us to lose track of the masturbation issue. Will you promise me not to do that again? EVER?!"

He sat back up, and tried to focus more on the conversation and less on the tit-play. He frowned. "Would you be able to help me when I really need it? Such as helping me with your mouth BEFORE breakfast sometimes?"

She frowned sadly. "Son! No! Do you want me to walk into your room wearing nothing but a loose bath robe, only to seductively slip it off my shoulders, revealing my total nudity? Then crawl up onto your bed while you lie there, and look adoringly into your eyes as I take your huge cock into your mouth, and love it with every fiber of my being? Is that what you're suggesting? Bobbing and slurping on your magnificent tool like a total big-titted slut, working it, adoring it, slathering it with my tongue and tightly sliding my lips on it until you finally blast your seed all over my face?!"

She'd gotten more than a little carried away with her description of what she supposedly didn't want to happen. She realized that after the fact, and blushed slightly, but she couldn't take her words back.

Not surprisingly, he enthusiastically said, "YES! That's exactly what I want! Plus, shower play! The face fuck we just had was fantastic, but could you imagine how much MORE fun we could have every morning?!"

She sighed. "I can, as my unfortunately far too graphic description just there illustrated. But you know the dangers. A shower? Come on! Andy showers too!"

"Yeah, but he's downstairs, and he showers down there too."

"True, but aren't all the pipes connected? What if I sneak into your shower to blow you?" She paused, and did a double take. She felt a shiver down to her fingers and toes from thinking about that possibility. "Gaawwwd! I'd love that so much! Bobbing on your thickness with water cascading down on me! What a rush that would be! But... wouldn't he find it odd if he doesn't hear my shower running that morning?"

Nick was emphatic. "NO! Come on! There's no chance he's listening carefully with an ear to the wall. I'll test hearing the shower running from the downstairs bathroom later today, and I'll bet it's impossible to hear anything, period. Besides, we could have fun in YOUR shower, and there's no way he'd notice that there are two people in there instead of one!"

She said guardedly, "Unless one of us screams, that is. And I have such tremendous orgasms when I suck you off that I'm liable to scream my head off."

He replied, "Then let's use MY shower then. It's on the opposite side of the house from his room and his shower."

She felt a strong emotional and erotic pull to simply agree with him. She could easily imagine the joy of shared morning showers. However, she steeled her willpower and sighed. "Look, you have some solid reasoning there. But it's all a moot point anyway. I have to maintain a firm line! I've never done anything sexual to you inside the house, and I never will. I MUST maintain a total firewall there!"

"WHY?!" he pleaded. He merely held her huge E-cups from below, due to the seriousness of the issue they were discussing.

"You know why! There's a slippery slope. If I break that firewall any time, we'll just slip and slide down that slope, having more and more sexual fun inside the house, until it's inevitable that Andy catches us. And do you want

that? I know he's done both of us wrong, but do you want to break his heart with that ultimate humiliation?"

"No, I guess not," Nick said glumly. "But what about the two of us sneaking off to the garage BEFORE breakfast sometimes? Can't we at least do that?!"

She gave him a discouraging look. "You know how problematic that would be. I suppose we might get away with that once in a blue moon, if you're absolutely desperate, but if we did that with anything close to a regular basis, we'll be asking for disaster. You know there's no reason for one of us to go to the garage and spend a bunch of time there then, much less both of us. Andy would get suspicious for sure!"

Nick sighed. "I suppose you're right. But that means I can't promise you I won't be forced to masturbate sometimes."

Now it was Maggie's turn to ask, "Why?!" She added, "Come on, you've got enough self-control to hold out until I can help you after breakfast."

He let out an even heavier sigh. "I wish, but my self-control can only take me so far." He grinned, and said on a lighter note, "I blame you, because you're so damn sexy, and your mouth is a furnace of pure, hot, sexual pleasure!"

She chuckled, though wanly. "Sorry. I'll try to be ugly and clumsy." Even as she said that, she made an extra sultry face that caused his heart to skip a beat.

"Don't you dare!" he insisted. "My need to cum then was pretty much a must, due to having to eat breakfast with Andy. I would have walked into the dining room like a human tripod, with an agonized and lusty look on my face. Maybe today was an aberration and tomorrow will be better, but maybe not. I suspect not. Every time we have such a great, peak experience in the garage, like we just did, my lust and desire for you only grows stronger. In fact, I was telling myself that I should masturbate every morning, as the only way I could act at least somewhat normally during breakfast on a regular basis."

She looked at him aghast. "NO! Don't say that!"

"But it's true! I've got a serious breakfast problem!"

She was very agitated at his latest suggestion. "I know! So do I, believe me! Having to stay in Margaret mode until after we eat is going to be pure

agony for me every single morning, knowing the spermy joy that awaits in the garage." She clutched at one of his hands and squeezed it. "But we have to be strong, both of us! Besides, there's the problem of you cumming in twos. If you masturbate only once, then you're probably going to stay stiff afterwards, so how does that help?!"

He winced. "I know. That's a problem, I must admit. But before we get to that, I was explaining how hot and horny I got this morning. Why do you think that is, by the way, that we both got that way? I thought I'd be all worn out after all the endless crazy stuff that happened all weekend long. I could understand SOME extra excitement, but it was totally off the scale for me, and it sounds like for you too."

She smiled knowingly, and let go of his hand. "It's precisely because of all of that 'endless crazy stuff' we experienced all weekend long. I'll tell you how I feel about that, because I'll bet it's the same how you feel, it's just that you haven't thought it through yet."

"Okay." He resumed lazily twisting and pulling on her stiff nipples, now that the topic was shifting again.

She put her hands on his bare butt and began lightly caressing him there. "Consider if you just had a sexual and loving relationship with me. Or with Hillary. What would you think about that?"

"Oh, man! That would be extremely awesome, all by itself!"

"Indeed!" She smiled knowingly. "But that's not what happened. You've made BOTH of us your willing, horny sluts! That's exponentially better, isn't it?"

"By miles and miles! It's so amazing that I still can't really believe it's happening to me!" Thanks to his growing enthusiasm, he began vigorously fondling her huge tits, pushing and rubbing them together. But he didn't want to neglect her nipples, so he leaned down and licked one of them at the same time.

She giggled, "Hey, Sport! Let's not get TOO excited!" She lightly smacked one of his ass cheeks. But she didn't push his mouth away. "Then, consider on top of that all the extra fun we had at various times in the last two days with Debra, Shannon, AND Anushka. Now, admittedly, we don't actually want Debra to be part of our fun and games. And all Shannon did was

watch... naked. And Anushka, not even close to that. But there's so much thrilling potential there with her!"

He nodded. His arousal was returning in a big way, as her words brought all sorts of powerful sexual memories to the forefront of his thoughts. He sucked on one nipple while twisting her other one.

She went on, "But probably the most intense times were with Debra, like her or not. Heck, definitely, now that I think about it. I must admit that I got hot as a firecracker watching you spank her, and then seeing her cry tears of both joy and struggle from sucking you off. And you came on her face so many times! Dear Lord!" She felt shivers and her heart raced faster, just from recalling events with Debra over the weekend.

He sat back up on her. The mention of crying caused him to tenderly wipe away the tears that had trickled down his mother's face. He purred tenderly, "Look at you. Your cheeks are still wet with tears."

She smiled as he kept cleaning her cheeks. "Thanks. I actually like those tears though. I wear them as a badge of pride, reminding me that a good slut is first and foremost a cocksucking slut!" She truly felt that way, without a tinge of doubt or regret.

He asked, "So... you don't actually want me to wipe your tears away after you've cried?"

She replied, "if it's tears of sadness, then of course. But that never happens with you, I'm happy to say. It's always tears of struggle from the sheer thickness of your magnificent cock, or tears of joy thanks to the extreme pleasure and our deep love, or both. And I love those kinds of tears. Do you remember Debra's face last night, soaked with tears AND your cum, and her fabulous hair all tussled, and her perfect facial features so messy and splattered?"

"Yeah?"

Maggie had trouble breathing as she vividly recalled the titillating scene, and she felt her emotions surging out of control. She said, "You know I detest her, but I have to admit that was just about the fucking sexiest thing I've ever seen! Even though I don't like her, I love to see you wreck her and put her in her place!"

Maggie had a powerfully arousing vision, of Debra looking just as she did last night after Nick came on her face three times over, nude and her ass burning red. In the vision, Debra was bowing low at Nick's feet while Maggie, Hillary, AND Shannon were all kneeling in front of Nick and licking his stiff cock together. Debra was abjectly begging, *"Please! Please! Master Nick, I'll do ANYTHING! ANYTHING! If you'll only let me help with my tongue too! Pleaaase!"*

Maggie shivered lustily, then shook her upper body slightly, as if that would help shake the vision from her mind. She thought, *Whoa! Where did THAT come from?!*

She tried to put that out of her mind and quickly change the topic. "But I digress. My point is, don't wipe my tears away, unless they bother you."

He said, "No, they don't really bother me, now that I know you feel that way."

She resumed lightly caressing his ass cheeks, just below his T-shirt. "Good. I have to admit that sharing you with Hillary is... incredible! I love it so much! I love HER. She's a great choice. But more than that, the mere fact that you have TWO sexy sluts at your beck and call makes everything we do ten times more wicked and fun, even if she's not there."

"How so, if she's not there?"

"Because what self-respecting girlfriend would knowingly share her boyfriend with another girl? None, that's who! It's so wrong, especially when we look like we do and can have our pick of any guy. And yet, here we are! Because we're not your girlfriends; we're your SLUTS!" Thinking about that nearly made her breathless with lust.

She continued, "Then, you add in something like the fun and games with Debra, or having Shannon watch, with her masturbating and wishing that YOU were her boyfriend instead of Brian... Wishing that you'd cum at least once on HER face, in between painting the rest of us... GAAAWWWD! That makes me totally hot too! That someone as seriously gorgeous as Shannon can only DREAM of choking and gagging on your thick pole, while I get to slurp on it every single day... UNGH! It makes me want you even more! It makes me long to suck on your fat cum-stick that much more, too!"

She had been ignoring his penis for a long time, wanting to give it a decent rest. She couldn't directly see its current condition, given her immense tits and his hands and/or head in the way nearly all the time. But she reached around her boobs with both hands and eagerly felt for his crotch. Her smile turned to a frown as she realized his penis was still flaccid. "UNGH! See?! Just talking about this sort of thing makes me so very horny that my urge to suck is almost overwhelming!"

"Sorry, Ma," he said shyly, even as he continued to lightly play with her great boobs. "I think I'm getting there soon. I'll be erect in a while, I promise."

"I sure hope so," Maggie sighed, while repeatedly licking her lips. "You've kind of ruined me, as far as being a normal person goes. The whole time I was masturbating this morning, I was picturing myself naked and on all fours here in the garage, endlessly bobbing... even deep throating you! Over and over! UNGH! You've made me so addicted to serving your cock with my mouth! I try not to love it as much as I do, but then you give me even more outrageously incredible orgasms, like you just did a little while ago. How can I resist?!"

He grinned from ear to ear. "Sorry, again. I'll try not to be so... suckable."

She playfully punched him. "Don't you dare! But anyway, I don't know where things are going with those other hotties. I know I love how things are with you, Hillary, and me, and I don't want to change that threesome dynamic one bit. Any change is risky."

She paused, and pondered what she was going to say next. Insanely arousing memories from the weekend dominated her thinking. As a result, she said, "But... I'm not totally averse to letting you fuck around some, so long as nothing serious comes of it, because after this weekend, I have to admit, having Debra and/or Shannon there too took things to an even higher high!"

Nick was speechless. But her words hit him like a cattle prod, causing him to shiver all over.

She reveled in memories of feeling submissive and helpless while Nick dominated Debra's cummy face. "One that was so amazingly arousing that it was like I couldn't stop what was happening, even as I kept wanting to stop it. I know Hillary must have felt the same way, because she acted

exactly the same as I did. You have no idea, for instance, how fucking HOT it is to see you spank Debra's sexy little bubble butt! Or to see you fuck her face and then cum all over it! GOD! Even though I really don't want you to do that to her, I can't help but totally want you to do that to her!"

"That doesn't make a lot of sense," he pointed out.

She thought back to her vision of Debra bowing naked at Nick's feet, with Debra's face covered in cum, and her ass a cherry red, and felt another lusty shiver. She thought, *Why does Debra have to be so fucking physically perfect?! Her face is so damn symmetrical, every feature so ideally placed and sized, that it's a total thrill to see it get all messy and slutty with my son's cum! I have to admit that, as much as I detest her, I would say 'yes' in a heartbeat to letting him spank her or fuck her face again! Preferably both, with her humiliated face burning as red as her ass! Heh! I love to see her get taken down a few pegs!*

She carefully replied, "No, it doesn't. But it is what it is. We're going to have to figure out what it means, and how to deal with it. Like I said, I do NOT want to see her as your third girlfriend, or slut, or whatever you call it. No way! I don't like her. I even detest her! But... if we could find a way for you to spank her and fuck her face some more, from time to time, while keeping her at arm's length otherwise, I could agree to that."

"REALLY?!" His excitement soared. He looked down at Maggie's tanned, nude upper torso, and resumed vigorously playing with her fulsome E-cups.

"Maybe." She frowned sternly, trying to show some reluctance, even as her heart was thumping wildly from the possibilities. "We'll see. Especially since we'll have to check with Hillary, and if she's against it, then it's a no-go, period. That's the price of having two sluts. You can't use 'divide and conquer' on us. I won't allow it. And she won't either."

He nodded obediently. He was having a grand time pushing her massive orbs together.

She went on, "But, my point is, the weekend solidified our great threesome relationship with you, me, and Hillary, AND it pointed to even more exciting possibilities with other hotties on top of that! So how you could NOT wake up and feel so giddy that you danced around your room?! We've hit the sexual jackpot!"

He beamed. "We have? I guess we have!" He excitedly switched to more nipple pulling, knowing his mother loved that the most. "So long as I don't blow it, that is. There's so many ways things can go wrong, especially if 'other hotties' are involved. Like with Debra. That's a total minefield. And the situation with Anushka is super tricky. And I don't even know what's going on with Shannon." He frowned, and asked, "What would you like to see happen with her, by the way?"

Maggie pondered that for a few moments, then said, "I don't know, to be honest. I certainly don't want to see her break up with her boyfriend in order to do anything sexual with you. That would be seriously uncool. Plus, if she did break up with him, it would raise big expectations on just how involved she might get with you. I'm sharing you plenty enough already, and I certainly don't want to share you with one more, especially someone like her."

He asked, "What do you mean, 'someone like her?'"

"Well, anyone with eyes to see can tell that she's a complete knockout. Damn! I get even hotter just from recalling what her nude body looked like. Imagine if she turned out to be a great cocksucker too, which she probably is, due to her sexually liberated attitude. Can you just picture her, with her gorgeous flowing red hair, kneeling between your legs and staring up adoringly at you, with her mouth crammed full of cock? YOUR cock?! Waves of that red hair falling into her eyes as her cheeks cave in from the intensity of her suction? She might even effectively become possessed by lust as she drops all of her inhibitions and totally devotes herself to pleasuring your thick pole! Just like I do!"

Maggie realized she was getting carried away again. "It's hot, super hot, in a fantasy, but I don't want THAT much top notch competition in real life!"

Nick gulped. *Hoooooly shit! Why does Ma have to say such insanely arousing stuff?! SHANNON! Hot damn!*

Maggie went on, "But I must admit that I LOVED just having her there, naked, watching, and masturbating! WISHING that she could be the one getting spanked or face-fucked! God, that makes me too hot to be believed!"

He thought about Shannon as his lust rose higher, imagining her kneeling naked next to Maggie, the two of them taking turns engulfing his cockhead

and bobbing on his thick shaft. *Fuck me, man! That would be so wild! And Ma practically just said she'd be okay with that! I have the best life! But the danger of fucking it up is real. I need to be super careful.*

Maggie suddenly lifted her upper body up. Nick was sitting low enough on her that she was able to rise up until they were face to face, with her huge tits pressing into his chest (which was still covered with a T-shirt, since he hadn't had the occasion to take it off yet). She gave him a few seconds to adjust to that unexpected move and slide a little down her thighs, and then she planted her lips on his.

The two of them were off to the races after that, hotly making out for several minutes. All the while, he continued playing with as much of her body as he could reach. Since she was sitting on her ass, and her tits were usually tightly pressing into his chest, he wound up playing with her pussy most of the time.

Funnily enough, while they were necking, Nick was fantasizing different wild sexual scenarios that involved him "taming" Debra, Shannon, and/or Anushka, and Maggie had nearly identical fantasies about him doing just that!

Eventually, they got so carried away with their kissing and fondling that they had to break the lip-lock just to catch their breaths.

As they were recovering, he asked, "So... thinking about Shannon watch us makes you THAT hot and bothered?"

She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. "Son, you have no idea! To be honest, I had no idea about that sort of thing either, until it happened last night. I mean, the fact that she can watch and not touch you AT ALL is a total trip! It really is an incredible ego boost, knowing that I have you and she doesn't! And she's so fucking HOT! She could have ANY boy in the world! I'm sure all of her boyfriends look like they've just stepped out of GQ magazine. And you... let's face it, you don't look like that."

He pouted, "MaaaaAAAAaaaa!"

"Sorry, but it's true. Don't worry though, because you have a cock all those male models would kill for." She checked his penis again, but it was only slightly turgid. "But anyway, who the fuck cares about how 'hunky' you are, or how square your jaw is? At least last night, none of that mattered!

Shannon would have GLADLY tossed all her hunky boy toys away for the chance to bob on your thickness until you painted HER face instead of Debra's!"

"You think?" he asked, genuinely doubtful.

"I know it! I respect that she wants to be loyal to her boyfriend. But in the heat of the moment, she was hot as blazes for YOU!"

"I didn't think you paid much attention to her."

"I didn't for a while, and that was my loss. But I paid a lot of attention later, especially at the hot tub."

"How do you know she was so hot for me?"

There was a renewed fire in Maggie's eyes as she explained, "I could see it in her eyes, and the way she kept licking her lips when she watched Hillary or me suck you from merely the other side of the tub. Plus, she was WET! Her pussy was soaked, and I could see her arousal dripping down her thighs! I could smell it! I'd love to have some situation where, every time you, me, and Hillary get together for a sexy threesome date, Shannon has to get naked and watch, masturbating while she wishes in vain that she could join in and have HER turn bobbing on your thickness!"

He couldn't resist chuckling. Even though the idea secretly turned him on, he protested, "Ma! That's mean!"

"I know! Not workable, realistically. But it's so hot! Admit it! Can't you picture the lusty look in her sultry green eyes?" She reached for his penis yet again, and discovered it was half-hard, and slowly engorging more. "A-ha! The proof! You see? You think it's hot too!"

He laughed. "Yeah, your words about her, plus your hot kisses, your fantastic naked body, and everything else!" He put a hand over her heart, or at least as close as he could get, given her enormous boobs. "Hell, I can even feel your heart beating extra fast, despite all your extra 'padding' here."

She laughed too, even as she began stroking his penis to get him fully stiff. "Okay, true enough. But, putting Shannon's sexy body aside, let's get back to the masturbation issue while I still have a free mouth to talk with." She winked at him. "Can you promise NEVER to masturbate in the morning? Never ever ever? In return, I'll give you a big reward!"

His eyes lit up like searchlights. "You mean... You're not talking about me getting to fuck you, are you?! Are you?! Oh, MAN! I'm all over that! YES! Yes, yes, yes! Anything, for that!"

She made a sour face, because that wasn't her intention. She felt a sharp pain in her heart. *If only! If only we weren't related! I'd have you bang me like a cheap screen door every day! How incredible would THAT be?!*

But what she told him was, "Sorry, no. I'm talking about deep throating you!"

His heart sank, and it showed in his eyes.

She went on, "Look. You know how strongly I feel about that. I've been talking about oral submission. Emphasis on 'oral.' I can tell myself that blowjobs and titfucks and the like are basically harmless, but real incest is a different story. I'm your actual genetic mother! What if we did that and you got me pregnant, for instance? I shudder to even think about it. Please, try not to even mention it if you can help it, because it kills my mood."

Her stern comments about fucking were in sharp contrast to some of her private thoughts about it, where she was much more conflicted. But, at least for now, she didn't want him to know how her feelings on it were evolving.

"Sorry," he muttered, even more dejected.

On an impulse, she thought about deep throating, *Why don't I give that a try right now?! It's a tragedy that we can never fuck. I feel like a bad slut, but I have to remind myself that I'm an ORAL slut. He should fuck my throat any time he wants! Hopefully I'll be able to make it as good or better as actual fucking. Then, we'll both be satisfied AND I can maintain my moral and practical stance against total incestuous depravity.*

Now, I may not be able to actually do it, at least not yet, but I sure as hell am going to try my best!

With new resolve, she said, "Now, getting back to deep throating, it's a daunting prospect, to say the least, given your thickness, but I love you so much, and I love sucking you so much, that I'm willing to give it a try. But not if you're masturbating every morning! Wasting all that precious seed!" She frowned severely, due to that last comment.

He was momentarily crushed, but then elated. "Oh. Well! That sounds pretty awesome too, actually. Totally awesome!" He grinned from ear to

ear.

"I should hope so!" she replied, sounding almost indignant. She continued to jack him off, causing his dick to steadily engorge. "Consider that, mere weeks ago, we had a normal mother-son relationship. And now we're talking about you actually fucking my throat! That's a pretty big deal. If it goes as it should, and I actually manage to do it, that should be as enjoyable to you as real vaginal fucking, if not more so!"

Her voice turned super sultry. "Plus, don't you just adore the idea of getting to fuck your mommy's throat? It's sort of the ultimate in oral submission, don't you think?"

His heart started thumping hard, and his dick suddenly engorged to full size. He actually gulped. "Um... 'Oral submission?!'"

She nodded while giving him her best "come hither" look, from mere inches away. "Mmmm-hmmm!" She licked her lips suggestively. "I like the sound of that, don't you? 'Oral submission.' It's a chance for me to totally devote myself to pleasuring your cock with my mouth, even to the point of a deep throating ordeal! Hell, just taking you in my mouth the normal way is practically a tear-inducing ordeal every time, though of course I totally love it! I can't imagine how much more difficult deep throating it will be. But I'm willing to try, and try, and try, and try again until we make it work!"

She pouted, "And in return, you've been talking about jacking off alone in your room every morning, denying me all of that precious cum?!"

"Sorry, Ma." As they both got increasingly worked up, he went back to playing with her tits with one hand, while still fingering her slit with his other hand.

She was increasingly focused on jacking him off with both hands, though she managed to continue to look him in the eye. "I should hope you're sorry. Let's not even talk about that. It's true I can't be in Maggie mode all the time, but I've agreed to get in this mode every morning before school. We should make the most of it! AND make the most of each and every cum load that comes out of you. Due to your cumming-in-twos habit, you should cum in me or on me TWICE every morning, don't you think?!"

His eyes bugged out. "Oh my Lord!"

She continued, both dreamily and with fiery lust in her eyes, "I love how mornings can be our special time! I'm sure that when I pick you up after school, Hillary is going to want to get in on that sexy fun most days. We'll probably end up having a threesome suck- and titfuck-fest more often than not. And I eagerly look forward to that. In fact, it'll probably be the highlight of our day, for all of us."

He said, eagerly, "Like what the three of us did in the back of the SUV at the library parking lot the other day!"

She nodded. "Exactly like that. Only we'll find a better place to do it, and she and I will get better and better at learning to pleasure you orally together!"

His tired dick was steadily engorging. Any talk of a double blowjob in particular got his engine running. *Good Lord! When I began trying to seduce Hillary, I NEVER thought it could lead to something like this! For actual real, in reality! This is happening to ME!*

She went on, "But I'm in the lucky position of getting you all for myself in the morning. Or, I should say, this naked, voluptuous body is yours to play with every morning. Just for you!"

She unexpectedly disengaged. Since he was still essentially sitting on top of her, even though she was sitting up too, she had to get rather insistent to get him off of her. But she quickly wound up standing up in front of him, while he ended up sitting on his ass.

Once she was all the way up, she struck a sexy "cheesecake" pose, with both hands behind her head, and a cocked hip. "What do you think? Does your mom still have 'it'?"

He couldn't resist standing up too, if only to get a better look at her from up close. His now urgently aroused boner stuck straight out from him like a flagpole, and his heart thumped harder and faster.

He thought, *FUCK ME! Seriously, fuck me! She's ridiculously HOT! Such a flawless hardbody! No wonder everyone easily believes she's 20 years old!* He said with sincere and very lusty enthusiasm, "Ma! You don't even have to ask. You have so much 'it!' You ARE 'it!'"

She chuckled at that. But she played coy, striking another sexy pose, this time in side profile. "So you say. But are you going to treat me respectfully,

like your mother, or are you going to treat me like your SLUT?! Your oral, cock-loving slut?! And will you force me to submit to the power and size of your incredible cock, even if it means deep throating it on a daily basis?!"

Inspired, he replied, "I'm going to do both! I'm never going to forget that you're my mother, but I WILL forget the 'respectfully' part! You're my mother-SLUT, and don't you forget it!"

She visibly shivered all over, showing how much she approved of those comments. *What a GREAT answer! He'll always love me as my son, but he'll also always dominate me as my well-hung stud too! The best of both worlds! Is it any wonder that I find it so hard to feel any regret or guilt over this new lifestyle?!*

She struck another jaw-dropping cheesecake pose, this time fully facing him and leaning forward, using both arms to subtly push her huge tits forward. "Oh, really? Am I just your 'mother-slut,' or am I your 'big-titted mother-slut?!"

Time seemed to stand still for him. He felt such a rush of triumph and lusty desire that he almost became dizzy to the point of falling over. He made sure to make a mental picture of her tempting pose. *GOD! It's not just that she says that; it's that she means it so wholeheartedly!*

He reached out and aggressively grabbed both of her round melons at once. As he started kneading them, he said with lusty inspiration, "Definitely the latter! I understand you needing to be in 'Margaret mode' most of the time, for practical reasons. But we both know Margaret is dead! You're Maggie now! Maggie all the time! Margaret is just an act! You're mine! You'll always be mine! You're my big-titted mother-slut, now and forever!"

Tears of joy came to her eyes. "Oh, Son!" His words hit her like punches to the gut, but in a positive, profound way. He'd just said ideas that she'd never allowed herself to even think, but his words rang true. *He's right! Margaret IS dead! I don't want to go back to being her! Of course, I'll still have to wear her mask most of the time, but deep down, I want to be Maggie, now and forever! Naked and kneeling before my one true love! Bobbing on his delicious cock until the end of time! Maybe... maybe even letting him fuck me too! Oh God, YES! How could I NOT let him fuck me?!*

He was riding a surge of lust and confidence. "What are you doing standing?! Show me you agree with every word I say in the way big-titted

mother-sluts show their love the best: with your mouth!" He put a hand on the top of her head, to symbolically push her down.

She found herself dropping to her knees. *Oh God! Lord! Good Lord! I'm not just falling to my knees to suck him off, as usual, I'm falling, falling, falling, down a rabbit hole, or even a wormhole! Into the great unknown! Into a life of TOTAL ORAL SUBMISSION to my son! YEESSSSS! Oh dear God, YES! That sounds so divine! No matter what happens with Hillary, or the others, this is the life I want! To serve my son's cock with my mouth!*

She wound up on all fours, as she felt that was even more humiliating and submissive than merely being on her knees before him. But even though she was reveling in thoughts of total oral submission to him, the truth was that she maintained certain firm limits, such as insisting on staying in Margaret mode for most hours of the day. Furthermore, she focused on "total oral submission" as opposed to "total submission" in large part because the idea of letting her son fuck her pussy was still a bridge too far for her. It was scary (and arousing) for her to even contemplate, except fleetingly.

Furthermore, she remained clear-minded enough to try to get an important concession. "Son... Before I submit to you in this new and highly symbolic way, I want you to promise me... no masturbating in the morning! You'll save all your cum for me, won't you?"

He furrowed his brow. "But... how will I get through breakfast each morning, without totally giving away my desire for you?!"

Maggie grasped his boner and started stroking it. "We'll work it out together, somehow! Together! Trust me!" She hoped they resolved this fast, because her mouth was inexorably drawn towards his cockhead. In fact, she was going to start sucking in a matter of moments, no matter what he said.

Luckily for her, he gave in to her plea. "Okay! It'll be tough, but we'll do it together!"

Her face lit up, even as she started licking the tip of his bulbous head. "We will! I love you! So very much! But now... I need... I need... to deep throat you! Please be patient while I give this a try!"

He nodded earnestly.

Chapter 73: Oral Submission (Monday)

Maggie gulped with nervousness as it hit her just what she was about to attempt to do. Holy fuck! I just told my son that I'm going to deep throat him! His cock is so THICK! TOO thick! Is this even physically possible for ANY woman to do?! Well, I'm about to find out! If I've ever been psyched up enough to do it, that time is now!

She took all of his cockhead in her mouth in one gulp. She savored it like a tall, cool drink on a sweltering summer day, making loud, satisfied moans as she did. But she only bobbed on him a couple of times, because she wanted to strike while the iron was hot, before she lost her nerve.

She breathed as much as she could through her nose, but she decided that wasn't giving her enough oxygen. So she pulled her lips all the way off his pole, and muttered to herself, *Okay, attempt number two. Here goes nothing!* Then, after taking a huge breath, she swallowed his thick pole as far down as she could physically manage.

To her great surprise and delight, she got past her gag reflex right away! She didn't get past it by much, maybe half an inch, but the fact she got past it at all was huge news. *This changes everything! If I can do it once, I can do it again and again! Deep throating him IS possible!*

It took great force of will for her to get that far, and she quickly discovered that keeping that progress was a continual challenge, so she had no time to celebrate. His thickness was a great physical test that never got easier.

She froze in that position as tears began streaming down her cheeks. She thought, *We're not out of the woods yet - this barely even qualifies as a blowjob. But I can do this! I can! I can! Hang on! For the love of God, HANG ON!*

She hung on, keeping her lips far down on him like she was hanging to the edge of a cliff with her fingers. Then, after a few more moments, she couldn't explain what happened exactly, but she felt another inch of his thick pole slide into her throat!

YEEEESSSSS! she screamed in her own mind. *THIS IS HAPPENING! I'm deep throating him, for real! Nobody's done this to him yet, not even*

Hillary! Encouraged, she lunged her head forward, and felt another inch go by.

That meant all of his cockhead was lodged in her throat. It felt exceedingly strange and unnatural. She felt a desire with every fiber of her being to eject the foreign object from where it didn't "belong," but her determination to see this through was off the charts. She thought about her love for her son, and her desire to "totally orally submit" to him. That gave her the resolve to not only maintain that position, but take even more of him into her throat.

To her great surprise, she found that now that his cockhead was as far into her throat as it was, it wasn't very hard for her to push it still farther. She was past the most difficult physical aspect, it seemed.

Nick was patiently experiencing every moment and sensation. It felt very strange and unnatural for him too, but the pleasure already was so great that he didn't mind in the slightest. He wished there was something he could say or do to make it easier on Maggie, but he realized it really was all up to her. He held the sides of her head with both hands, but lightly, in case she desired to pull back at any time.

He also figured that some verbal encouragement couldn't hurt, and might actually help. So he said, "You GO, Ma! You're doing it! You're so amazing! I love you more than words can say! Knowing how tough this is for you, it's going to make ME cry! I'm not worthy!"

Sure enough, tears began sliding down his cheeks. One couldn't exactly call them "tears of pleasure," since he was so busy mentally rooting for her to succeed that he wasn't paying much attention to the sexual pleasure (great though that was). Instead, it was more "tears of love," in that he felt so emotionally overcome and impressed that she would struggle this hard just to please and pleasure him that much more.

Maggie was so busy simply dealing with the strange feeling of having her son's cockhead lodged in her throat that she wasn't worrying much about running out of oxygen, at least not yet. It seemed that every nerve in her body was tingling as she marveled in wonder at what she was accomplishing. It was tough, very tough, but it was actually much easier than what she'd expected. She had seriously doubted it was physically possible at all.

With more tears pouring from her eyes, she lifted up one hand from the floor and felt at the bulge in her neck. That just about blew her mind, and almost gave her a spontaneous orgasm. *HOOOOLY FUUUUUUCK! It's there! Right there! So damn BIG! God, I really AM his big-titted slut! His cocksucking mommy! This is so incredible! Now that I'm doing it this far down his shaft, it feels fucking weird as hell, but doable! Definitely doable! I'm so proud of myself! I'll get the hang of this before long. Then I'll be able to take pleasuring his cock to a whole new level, on a daily basis! I'll be his favorite cocksucker, for sure, even above Hillary!*

She didn't usually consciously recognize it, but she felt a constant friendly competition with Hillary, especially when it came to their respective oral talents. And after the events of last night especially, she suspected she also had new serious competition with Debra, at least. Plus, she didn't know what would happen with Shannon, but she'd seen signs of Anushka being both submissive and bisexual, and she could imagine her becoming one of his lovers as well, eventually. It meant a lot to her if he thought of her as his favorite cocksucker, even if he was too diplomatic to overtly make comparisons.

Just then, out of the blue, Maggie's cell phone rang. When she'd changed into her overcoat, she'd quickly tossed another set of clothes into the front seat of her car, so she wouldn't have to go back into the house when it came time to actually leaving the garage. She'd left her phone in a pocket in those clothes, so the ringing could be distantly heard through the rest of the garage.

That took her out of the moment, and almost caused her to lose all momentum and pull back off his erection. She thought, *Who could be calling NOW?! Talk about bad timing!*

But she was a trooper. In fact, she couldn't recall ever being so determined about anything in her life. There was no thought about answering the call, and she probably wouldn't have made it to the phone in time anyway. Instead, she struggled to keep her son's thickness in her throat as she tried to ignore the ringing until it stopped.

She gathered up her willpower, and thought, *Okay! So far, this is great, in theory, but where's the pleasure for him?! Now's the time to deliver the pleasure! Can I keep him like this AND work his cock a little bit?! Come on,*

girl! What would Hillary do?! She wouldn't stop now! It's time to take it to the next level!

With even more tears streaming down her face, she began sliding her lips back and forth over his thickness, while also lapping her tongue on his cock-meat inside her mouth. Her tongue work was more symbolic than anything, and her lip work was also crude and basic at best, but it was the thought that counted.

Nick immediately noticed the difference. He clutched harder at the sides of her head. "HOLY HELL! Ma! You're doing it! You really ARE my total oral submission mommy slut!"

Maggie felt a powerful tingle race through her entire body again as the phrase "total oral submission mommy slut" bounced around inside her head. It wasn't exactly an orgasm, but it was one of the best feelings she'd ever felt. She sensed that she was reaching her physical limit with the deep throating, like being deep underwater and being forced to come up for air. But that surge of delight from head to toe from his words gave her a renewed resolve to push herself just that much more, to try one more thing while she still could.

She began experimentally squeezing his cockhead with her throat muscles, even as her ragged attempts to slide her lips continued.

The effect on Nick was even more electrifying. He thought back to the sheer sexual bliss he'd felt fucking Debra's pussy. Her throat action felt remarkably like fucking, yet she was cocksucking another part of his erection at the same time! He realized in a flash why deep throating was such an ultimate, extreme sex act.

He let go of clutching her head to clutch his own head. "NO FUCKING... WHOA! MA! INCREDIBLE!" Even more tears streamed down his face as his incredulousness over what she was straining for, and achieving, totally shattered his overwhelmed brain. "MA! YOU'RE FUCKING ME WITH YOUR THROAT! YOU REALLY ARE!"

Maggie felt another tremendous surge of pleasure from hearing those words. Plus, she could sense from within her own throat that he wasn't lying and she was really "fucking" him in some sense, rhythmically clenching and unclenching her throat muscles in a way that undoubtedly gave him great pleasure.

The only problem was that she was reaching her limit in more ways than one. Most crucially, she was rapidly running out of oxygen, after having his cockhead lodged in her throat for nearly a minute. But also, with tears streaming down her face, she could only handle the "foreign invasion" down her throat for so long. She began slowly pulling back, wanting to maintain control of the process the whole way.

It seemed like forever to her as her panicky feelings grew, but a few seconds later she had him all the way out of her mouth. She immediately sat back on her ass and clutched at her throat. She could finally relax and savor her achievement. She had a dazed, huge smile on her face. *I did it! I actually did it! I can't even believe it! I can't wait to tell Hillary!*

Nick immediately dropped to his knees and wrapped his arms around his mother. His cock was throbbing with pleasure and covered with saliva, but sexual stimulation was the last thing on his mind at the moment. He was awed at the sheer amount of determination and effort she'd made on his behalf, and he wanted her to know it.

With just as many tears streaming down his cheeks as the tears on her cheeks, he squeezed her tightly just above her tremendous rack. "MA! MA! You're the greatest! I know that had to be so incredibly tough for you! And you did it! For me! Because of your love for me! I'm so unworthy! That was epic! Spectacular! God, how I love you! Even more than ever before!"

She wanted to reply, but at the moment she thought it best to let her throat recover. So she just wrapped her arms around him and the two of them shared a heartfelt nude hug (not counting his T-shirt) while they kept on crying and crying. In fact, now that it was over, they bawled even more than before. This time, they were clearly sharing tears of joy and love.

After another minute or two of hugging and crying, they heard Maggie's phone ring again. Like before, they ignored it until the ringing stopped.

The hugging eventually turned into kissing. Nick started kissing Maggie's tears away (at least symbolically - her face was too wet for him to actually kiss them all away). Soon, that evolved into some seriously intense French kissing. It wasn't long before she had a hand back on his boner and was happily stroking it at the same time.

As they necked, she thought, *That was so fucking extreme and intense! I'm still tingling, disbelieving that it really happened! It's difficult as FUCK!*

But I did it, and the sheer difficulty of it made it that much more satisfying. I didn't feel that much direct physical pleasure, but then again, it was my very first time. However, I sure as hell felt tremendous mental pleasure, and ultimately all pleasure is in the mind. When I managed to massage his thick pole with my throat muscles... PHEW! That was the ultimate! Just thinking about it now is giving me goose bumps!

The old "Margaret" is gone. She's just a facade at this point. He's so right about that. The new Maggie is a HOT SLUT who is going to master deep throating so well that I'll be his favorite pair of sucking lips, hands down!

How far I've fallen, that so many of my hopes and dreams now revolve around how well I can serve my son's cock. But so the fuck what?! This is what makes me the happiest. And yes, I have a "perfect ten" face and body, which means I could have my pick of men. But, again, so the fuck what?! I love my Nick more than I ever loved Andy, and more than I could ever love anyone new. I loved him deeply before, but now that I can express that love with my tongue and lips every day, why would I ever have any regrets about it?!

Gaawwwd! Just making out with him now while he twists my nipples is so fucking fun! Even knowing that I'm wearing just my sexy red high heels while lying or sitting on the garage floor is like a constant erotic rush. I feel so utterly slutty, and even depraved, and it feels GREAT! If this is as good as life gets, I'll be totally happy. But I have a feeling we're only at the start of a very long and glorious journey together... and with Hillary too!

Finally, after about five minutes since the deep throating ended, Maggie broke their latest French kiss and looked him in his eyes. "So, stud. You liked that, did you?"

His eyes lit up. "Liked it?! I LOVED it! Not so much the actual pleasure. That was awesome, of course. But what blew me away was seeing you work that hard just to please me! To love me! Loving me with your throat AND your busy tongue and lips, when you're a perfect bombshell goddess to begin with! How lucky am I?!"

"Pretty damn lucky!" she said, with a twinkle in her eye.

They shared a laugh at that.

"Too true!" he said jovially.

She spoke as she continued to stroke his cock, focusing on his sweet spot, as usual. "Tell me more about the 'awesome' pleasure, please. I want reassurance that it's worth it, because it's really, really damn hard!"

His face lit up even more, while he excitedly ran his hands all over her huge globes as if exploring them for the first time. "Oh my God, Ma! It's so great! I mean, feeling my cock in your throat is totally mind-blowing in and of itself! Such a tight squeeze, like fucking the perfect pussy! But then, when you started sliding your lips AND moving your tongue on me, I thought, 'No way! This can't be! It's like being fully sheathed in Ma's hot cunt AND she's blowing me at the same time!'"

She felt shivers race up and down her spine, more from what he was saying than his wandering hands. *Mmmm! His words are music to my ears. He really loved it! With deep throating, the challenge is great, but the rewards are even greater! This is what total oral submission is all about!*

He continued, "But then, it got even BETTER! Then you started doing that magical thing with your throat, and then it really WAS like I was fucking you while being blown! Yeah, technically I fucked your throat and not your pussy, but still! I'm going to be flying high all day, thinking that I got to fuck you, if only for a few seconds of pure bliss!"

He thought to himself, *That's so true! I got to fuck my mother! In a way, I've already done that, face-fucking her AND titfucking her, but this is so much more like real fucking!*

She beamed in response. That was all the reassurance she needed, and then some, that it had been worth the ordeal. *Oh, Son! You make me so happy! I love being your slut so very much! You arouse me, and I arouse you, and it's a feedback loop that soars up higher and higher until we both just about pass out, every single time!*

As she continued to jack him off, she said cheekily, "'For a few seconds?' Maybe this time, but not next time, buster! I'm going to get better and better at this, just you see! How much time do we have left before school? Because, hell, I may even give it another go before then!" She was actually hoping to do just that, if her throat could fully recover in time. It still felt raw and rough.

"You're kidding me!" He hugged her even tighter.

"Why would I kid about that?" She continued to rub his sweet spot. "You've got me addicted to your cock. To serving it! Loving it! I know we don't have a 'normal' or 'balanced' relationship, and we never will. That's perfectly okay. I love being your slut! One of them, that is! And frankly, I adore the idea of 'totally orally submitting' to you, and naturally that means deep throating! In fact, I dare say, what kind of 'big-titted mommy-slut' would I be if I don't learn how to deep throat you on a regular basis?"

She felt more shivers down her spine, thanks to her own words. Confessing her true feelings felt great, and suggested a future of unlimited sexual joy, from her point of view.

Then she had a specific vision of being naked and kneeling before him, as usual, but also repeatedly deep throating him while Hillary, Debra, Shannon, AND Anushka sat or stood around, all of them naked and watching intently. In her vision, the four of them were in awe, since each of them had tried repeatedly to deep throat Nick, but all of them had failed. It was like Maggie was the undisputed cocksucking queen, and the others were bowing down to her superior talents.

He gave her another tight squeeze, and a quick French kiss. "Ma! You're too good to me. I mean that literally. I am so not worthy!"

She replied wryly, "Maybe so. It's probably literally true that no boy is worthy of as much oral loving as you're gonna get from me, and Hillary, and who knows who else. But that's the life we're all living now. And I've got to stay one step ahead of all those busty teen babes who are falling for you who are actual teenagers."

"Ma, that's so untrue! You don't have to see this as a competition."

"Oh, but I LIKE seeing it that way. It helps keep me on my toes. Believe me, it's a good thing for all of us. The whole time I was deep throating you, somewhere back in my mind I was thinking of Hillary and that I have to push myself harder. She's younger, prettier, and her tits are much larger...."

Her voice trailed off because her phone rang again while she was in the middle of talking. "Damn. Who could that be?! Nobody ever calls me at this early hour. It might be important. I should answer it."

He brought his hands back to her huge breasts. "But then I'd have to stop hugging you, and fondling you. And I think I've gotta play with your

flawless, curvaceous body a lot more, until you're cured of your delusion that Hillary is prettier. Her tits may be a little larger, but only just. And she doesn't get to be related. It's an endless thrill for me that you're my mom!"

Maggie smiled, as she kept on rubbing his boner. "That is a nice bonus, isn't it? I must admit that it's a near constant thrill for me too, all day long, thinking about how I've fallen under the spell of serving my son's cock. Not just any old cock, but my son's cock. YOUR cock! That makes all the difference in the world to me! For one, it makes all we do together so naughty and even wicked, and that's a total turn-on. But also, I could never let myself completely go with anyone else but you, because I know exactly how much you love me, and that you'd never hurt me or betray me."

"NEVER!" he said emphatically. He stared deeply into her beautiful brown eyes. "God, how I love you! My whole world turns around you! You and Hillary! You two are all I want. The other hotties can all get lost, even the likes of Shannon."

Maggie raised a curious eyebrow. "Even her? Even Anushka? We'll see about that." The more she thought about it, the more she was warming to helping Nick seduce Anushka. She'd been feeling that way already, but after last night, she'd realized she enjoyed watching him have sexual fun with other gorgeous girls almost as much as having fun with him directly.

Still, she didn't want to strongly push the idea at this point, especially since she figured she probably should think it through more carefully when she wasn't so extremely aroused, to make sure that was truly wise. So she said, "But, on a different note, I suspect we still have a fair amount of time, since we rushed to the garage so absurdly early. And you never came, despite my best deep throating efforts. That means we definitely have another big, yummy cum load to coax out of you before you go to school!" She looked down and gave his cock a playful hard tug.

He grinned madly as he admitted, "It would have been so easy for me to cum, but I want to maximize every last minute of our special garage time."

She ruffled his hair with her free hand as she continued to jack him off. "Smart kid! That said, now that I've deep throated you, there's something I want you to do for me."

"Anything! Absolutely anything!" He was completely sincere.

She chuckled, and fondled his balls with her other hand. "Beware of saying that before you know what I ask. Luckily for you, it shouldn't be too tough. And it's something you'll definitely need to do to help you win over Hillary even more firmly. I'm talking about going down on me. Not just with your fingers, like your last lesson, but with your mouth too!"

He was all smiles. "No problem! I'm on that like white on rice! In fact, that sounds great! Plus, after the way you deep throated me, I'm going to be totally motivated to do my best!" He reached to her pussy mound and lightly bushed against her clit, making her shiver. "I just wish it was way harder, like I couldn't breathe the whole time or something, so it would at least begin to compare with what you did to me in terms of proving love and devotion."

She gave him a funny look. "That could be arranged. Maybe I'll crush your head with my thighs while you do it!" She laughed. "Don't worry! I'm not a sadist. Besides, trust me, the deep throating wasn't just an ordeal on my part. The main thing was that I managed to do what I did this time. Now that I've done it once, and I know what's possible, the next time is going to be way easier! That's why I'm keen to try it again this morning, because I'm hopeful I'll be able to enjoy it AND do much better!"

She stared off into space dreamily, even as she kept on jacking him off, while he fondled her tits and diddled her clit some more. "I have visions of deep throating you again and again until it becomes no big deal, just another tool in my arsenal of all the different ways I love to pleasure your cock! It's like in 'Spinal Tap,' when they want to 'take it to eleven.' It can be my best trick, my 'eleven,' allowing me to totally rock your world, repeatedly, any old time! Daily! It's all so exciting for me! So many possibilities!"

As she kept on staring off into space, towards a blank wall, she honestly shared the vision currently on her mind. "I picture myself kneeling naked between your legs, as usual, with Hillary's flawless nude body beside me, as usual, and the two of us deep throating you over and over again, countless times! Because now that I've done it, she's going to have to do it to keep up with me! Ha!"

Maggie started to disengage from the hug, in order to bend down enough to get her son's cock back into her mouth. She licked her lips, and muttered,

"God! So much cocksucking to look forward to! So many naked and kneeling threesomes! I love it!"

He just moaned lustily, and awaited her talented mouth to get "back to business." He sincerely forgot they'd just been talking about him going down on her instead.

But then she paused. "Shoot! Before I really get back into showing you just what I can do with my tongue and my lips, one of us needs to check on the time. I should get my cell phone and bring it over here, so we can keep an eye on its clock."

He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Or, better yet, let's both get in the car! Especially Andy's SUV, with the extra room. Why not? Don't you love it when you tilt the driver's seat all the way back, and I lie on top of you?"

She bit her lip, and muttered, "So much!" She thought, *Good God, that's the best! I feel totally dominated like that! And it's the perfect position to get seriously face-fucked AND titfucked! Plus, the combo! Damn, how I love that combo. He totally owns my mouth and tits at the same time, making me serve every last inch of his fat cock at once!*

She flashed a toothy smile. "Okay! You convinced me! Last one there is a rotten egg!"

The two of them disengaged, got up, and rushed to Andy's larger Ford Explorer.

While Nick adjusted the driver's seat, Maggie looked to the car's clock. She spoke her thoughts out loud. "We still have more than half an hour! That's not bad! I feared we'd have a lot less, because time flies when you're having fun. Thank God we came out here so early!" She laughed, because they really had come out earlier than ever before.

Nick joked, "I wonder when Andy is going to start finding it odd how breakfast gets moved earlier every day. Eventually, we'll be eating breakfast at four in the morning!" He laughed.

Maggie laughed too. "I wish!" She did the math. *That would mean I could suck and stroke and titfuck and even repeatedly deep throat his cock for over two hours! Good God! Talk about a GOOD morning!*

A minute later, she was lying down in the driver's seat, almost vertically since the seat had been tilted as far down as it could get.

Nick was sitting up on her, with his boner trapped between her huge globes. He was holding them in place for a light titfuck squeeze while she continued to adjust to her new position.

She muttered, "Son, this is so fucking glorious! More titfucking?! YES! For sure! And I'm going to use my mouth on you at the same time!"

She belatedly remembered her desire for him to go down on her. She wanted it to happen, but it simply wasn't as strong as her desire to suck his hard-on some more, especially now that she was riding the high of her deep throating success, and looking to try it again once her throat was ready. She tried to make a stern face, without really succeeding. "But then, don't forget, we need to spare some time for you to practice going down on me this morning too, okay?"

She lamely added, "Maybe after, er, a few minutes of this..." She said that even though she knew deep down it almost certainly would end up being more than just "a few minutes" of additional cocksucking.

"Definitely! Like I said, I'm totally looking forward to that." He meant that too.

"Good." She fumbled through her pile of clothes she'd brought from the other car, and found her cell phone in a pocket, and pulled it out. "But hold on a second. Before we get started, I'm curious to see who keeps calling me. So few people know this number. It might actually be some kind of family emergency or something."

She quickly fiddled with her phone until she could check who called. Her smile returned as she realized who it was. "Would you look at that? 'Anushka Ratnam.' What a pleasant surprise THIS is!" She looked up into his eyes. "Do you mind if I call her back right now?"

He said cheekily, "Only if you let me fuck your tits while you talk."

She practically burst with joy, since she found that idea so wicked and wonderful. "You naughty, naughty boy! I guess you've got me in a position where I can't say no if I wanted to. With the way you're sitting up on my naked body, I'm literally a hostage to the power of your big cock! And, as it so happens, I don't even want to say no!" She winked, and used her upper arms to help squeeze her huge globes around his boner as best she could.

"But, please, keep the noise down. We don't want her to suspect that you're even nearby. Okay?"

He pretended to be really put out by that, sighing heavily. "Ugggh! Such restrictions."

She laughed. "You're so much fun these days!" She leaned forward and gave his cockhead a brief lick. "Mmmm! I can't wait for a lot more of that. I am your cocksucking mother-slut, after all. But first... the call!"

She brought her hand to her mouth and made a "Ssssh" sound while she hit the button to return Anushka's call.

Chapter 74: Heavy Breathing (Monday)

As the number started to dial, Maggie had an idea. She asked Nick, "Quick! What's the name of that super sexy Bollywood actress that you say Anushka looks like?"

"Aishwarya Rai," he replied.

She nodded in thanks.

Then Anushka came on the line. "Hello?"

Maggie said, "Hi there. Mrs. Rai, I must say, your cover story is impressively thorough."

Anushka frowned in confusion. "'Mrs. Rai?' You must have the wrong number." She was going to disconnect the line, but she checked to see who it was from and saw "Maggie Palmer" as the name. "Maggie?!" she asked uncertainly.

"That's me," Maggie said happily. "I suppose you're confused that I didn't call you 'Aishwarya,' but I didn't presume that we're on a first name basis. To be honest, I've never been friends with any sort of movie star before, Bollywood or otherwise, so I'm not sure how to behave."

It finally dawned on Anushka what was happening, that Maggie was continuing the pretense from their last meeting that Anushka was supposedly the world famous Indian actress Aishwarya Rai living undercover in the US to prepare for a film role. She laughed, even as she complained, "Oh no!"

Nick had been frozen in place with his hands just holding Maggie's huge tits, while he tried to figure out where Maggie was going with her Aishwarya Rai comments and how it would be received. But his mother actually gave him an impatient look, like she was annoyed he wasn't doing anything sexual to her during the phone call.

He got the idea, and smiled from ear to ear. He squeezed her tits together much tighter, creating a highly arousing seal around his erection in her deep cleavage. He also started slightly thrusting in and out, while rubbing her tits against his thickness at the same time.

Maggie's smile was even bigger than his was. She replied to Anushka, "Oh, yes! I must say it's impressive that you've covered your tracks so thoroughly that even your private phone number lists you as 'Anushka Ratnam,' whoever she is. That's what I call being careful."

Anushka laughed. "I AM Anushka, you silly!"

From the moment the call started, Maggie had heard heavy breathing on the other line. At first, she assumed Anushka had rushed to the phone, but the call had been going on for a little while, and Anushka's breathing was still heavy, almost panting. Plus, there was something in Anushka's voice that suggested serious arousal.

Maggie thought, *Hmmm. Did I just catch her while she's masturbating, maybe? This close to going to school? But she's the one who keeps calling me. Hmmm...*

She put that mystery aside for the moment, and merely said, "Riiiiight! Sure you are, 'Anushka.' You can't see through the phone, but trust me that I'm winking knowingly."

Anushka laughed again. "You're so fun! Though I'm going to kill you just the same for pretending I'm her. I'm actually blushing, thinking about it. She's literally the most beautiful woman on the planet!"

Maggie was loving life, because she was having fun with the phone call while she was greatly enjoying her son's titfuck at the same time. As she listened to Anushka talking, she licked at the tip of her son's cockhead as best she could, to encourage him. She generally looked only at his cock, because seeing his face would be too distracting.

Then she said, "Au contraire! Because I completely agree with my son."

"Your son?!"

"Yes. You know the pretense Nick and I have, of us being mother and son."

"Oh, right. You two are sexual freaks! But I mean that in the best possible way!" Anushka laughed, as she continued with her heavy, ragged breathing.

Maggie thought, *If she only knew! For instance, what we're doing right now!* She craned her head forward and sucked about half of Nick's cockhead into her mouth, but she could only suckle on it for a few seconds, since it was her turn to speak next.

She said, "I take that as a compliment. Anyway, Mrs. Rai has to be the number two most beautiful woman in the world, at best, because Nick says your face and body are easily the equals of hers, but your breasts are MUCH larger, and MUCH sexier! And like I said, I completely agree with him!"

Anushka complained, "Oh, please!"

Nick thought, *I don't remember ever saying that, but actually, it's true! I would prefer having sex with Anushka over Aishwarya, any day of the week, even taking into account the movie star factor. God damn! Anushka's boobs are unreal!*

As Maggie's son steadily pounded his boner through her cleavage, she couldn't resist trying to get some clues about the mystery of Anushka's seeming obvious arousal. "By the way, before we continue, am I interrupting something?"

Anushka hastily replied, "Oh, nothing! Nothing at all! I'm just... uh... getting ready for school, but I'm all ready, so don't worry about it."

Maggie lapped on Nick's cockhead as she thought, *Hmmm! The mystery deepens! She sounds SUPER guilty, like I literally caught her with a hand in the cookie jar and she says 'I didn't do it.' Actually, now that I think about it, there's no mystery at all: she totally IS masturbating! Or at least she was, right up until she picked up the phone. Oooh! I can have fun with this! I'm so insanely fucking horny too! Let's see if I can push her sexual buttons some without upsetting her!*

Actually, Maggie was exactly right. Mere minutes before, Anushka had ended a long phone call with Hillary, in which Hillary had explained in graphic detail some of the sexual events at Shannon's party last night. Although Anushka loudly claimed to be lesbian, Hillary knew Anushka was actually some degree of bisexual (though just how much was an open question), as well as highly sexually submissive, so she knew how to frame the events to make Anushka so horny that she wouldn't get too upset and object. Given what actually happened last night, telling a true story about it that could arouse anybody was a piece of cake.

Eventually, Anushka had ended that call, and then tried to call Maggie to make cooking plans with her for the afternoon. But Maggie hadn't answered the phone, so Anushka had talked to Hillary on the phone again to hear

more of last night's events, and then had gotten even more aroused. Anushka had just ended that second call to Hillary and put some clothes on right before trying to call Maggie for the third time, but she hadn't realized how very aroused she still was, especially since she'd masturbated all through the calls with Hillary but had never quite reached climax.

Maggie thought back to when she'd been talking to Anushka about how Nick had supposedly claimed that Anushka's breasts were supposedly "MUCH larger, and MUCH sexier" than Aishwarya Rai's. (In fact, she'd never heard him say that, but she correctly surmised he had to feel that way, due to the breast size factor alone.) She resumed that line of discussion. "Anyway, getting back to your breast size compared to Mrs. Rai's, are you denying your boobs are larger than hers? They're, like six bra sizes larger! At least!"

(Actually, Maggie had no idea what Aishwarya Rai looked like, beyond a general idea of a gorgeous Bollywood actress, and she specifically had no clue about her breast size. But she correctly figured that Anushka's had to be much, much larger, since they were much larger than almost any woman's, and were even larger than her own.)

Maggie continued, "And there's no way you can deny all that extra size doesn't make them sexier. Just ask my son Nick! All he talks about is titfucking you!" She leaned forward and sucked half of his cockhead into her mouth, reveling that she was talking about titfucking while secretly experiencing it.

"Seriously?!" Anushka realized she was breathing too heavily, and Maggie might hear. She tried to calm herself down, but the danger of Maggie discovering her arousal actually caused her to breathe even heavier. Little did she realize what Maggie had already figured out, from the very start of the call.

Nick was carefully listening to Maggie's side of the call, even as he was using both of his hands on Maggie's huge tits to keep a slow titfuck going. (Often, he got lucky and could just make out what Anushka was saying too.) He made eye contact with his mother and raised a discouraging eyebrow, since he knew it was a wild exaggeration for her to say things like "All he talks about is titfucking you." Even if it was true, he certainly didn't want her to share it with Anushka.

"Actually, no," Maggie said, reluctantly, sticking her tongue out at her son like a petulant child forced to obey a parent. "He tries to be polite and respectful, unfortunately."

"Unfortunately?!" Anushka laughed, but she was also confused.

"Yes, unfortunately. He's actually a naturally dominant type of guy, but he usually hides it behind his politeness. At least until he gets in the bedroom, and then he goes wild and really takes charge!" In reality, Maggie wished Nick would be a lot more dominant than he actually was. Those comments were an exaggeration, for sure, and more her vision of what she wanted him to eventually become.

However, there was a method to Maggie's "madness." From the start of the call, she'd remembered that during lunch the day before, Anushka had confessed to her and Nick, "Hillary is the dominant one in our relationship, and I'm the submissive." Furthermore, Hillary's talk last night of repeatedly spanking Anushka confirmed that Anushka had to be sexually submissive, and that she was almost certainly very submissive indeed. Now that the phone call was heating up, Maggie was trying to push those buttons, to see just how far she could get.

Maggie didn't have any sort of grand plan. In fact, when the call started, she'd had no idea things would go like this. But she still was so very aroused from the deep throating, plus the current titfucking, that she loved the idea of Nick getting it on with Anushka, even if she'd never clearly thought that issue through in her mind before, and her plan to think on the situation first had been forgotten. Her lust was in charge.

Furthermore, there was another big factor at play: the conversation was getting more and more sexually explicit, yet there was no significant pushback from Anushka. As a result, Maggie was going with the flow, and with her and Anushka both feeling so horny, the flow was steadily in a more sexual direction.

So far, Maggie's strategy was working. In particular, Anushka's pussy was getting wet as she thought about Nick going wild and taking charge in the bedroom. She'd never experienced that in her limited dating of guys, but she loved when Hillary treated her like that.

Maggie went on, "But last night, when he was sitting on my chest and busy titfucking me, I paused the action and asked him to be honest about how he

felt about titfucking you. And do you want to know what he said?"

Anushka's heart started thumping faster, thanks to the titfucking imagery Maggie was putting into her mind. She asked, "What?! No, wait! I'm supposed to be lesbian, remember?!" (It was very telling that she said she was "supposed to be lesbian" instead of just saying she was lesbian, although she didn't consciously realize she'd done that.)

Maggie laughed. "Yeah, right! I've seen the way you look at him. Don't deny that you wouldn't at least be curious about the titfuck he gave me last night?"

Anushka reluctantly said, "Well... it is a really weird sex act. How could I not be curious how it works?"

"Wait! So, you mean you've never been titfucked?!"

"No," Anushka meekly admitted.

Maggie huffed with genuine indignation, "With YOUR breasts?! What a waste! I know you used to date guys..."

Anushka was trying hard to bring her heavy breathing under control, but thoughts of Nick titfucking her only made her breathing louder. "I did, but I never let any of them do THAT to me! It's too demeaning!"

Maggie thought, *Ooooh! Delicious! Nick is going to be her first! Damn! I just hope I'll get to be there to see it! Her breasts are soooo round! And gigantic!*

Nick was similarly tripping out on the titfucking joy while contemplating that he might actually end up being the first to titfuck Anushka. He was flying high.

Maggie lapped on the tip of Nick's cockhead some more, since it was in range nearly all the time, due to him keeping the titfuck motion going with his hands on her boobs instead of thrusting his boner.

Then she remembered to say, "Wait. 'Demeaning?' I should be offended."

Anushka gasped at her faux pas. She was so horny that she wasn't thinking clearly. She'd eaten breakfast early so she could make what she correctly surmised would be a long call to Hillary to get the update about last night's events, and she was dressed and ready for school. But she was so worked

up that she couldn't resist using her free hand to play with an erect nipple through her clothes.

There was a long pause, due to her sexual distraction.

Maggie was in no hurry to talk, due to her own titfucking joy. In fact, she took advantage of the pause to quietly gobble on her son's knob some more.

Finally, Anushka said, "Uh, sorry! I didn't mean it that way."

Maggie responded, "That's okay. I know you DID mean it that way, but I don't mind, because it IS demeaning!"

"It IS?!"

"Of course! Can you picture me naked and kneeling below my standing son, while I slide my tits up and down either side of his huge boner, and lick on the tip for good measure? Probably while he's fully clothed, but for his thick pole sticking out? Can you think of a MORE demeaning and humiliating sex position for a girl to be in? Let's just say that's not exactly a 'profiles in dignity' moment for me!" Maggie chuckled good-naturedly at her own words.

Anushka chuckled along with surprising ease, despite the sexually explicit talk. Her G-cups were demanding attention. She was frustrated that she was fully clothed and only had one free hand to fondle them.

Maggie was tickled pink that she was getting to talk about Nick titfucking her while he was actually titfucking her! That made everything twice as fun. She added, "And if that isn't demeaning enough, I get so hot and horny that I usually end up taking all of his bulbous head into my mouth and sucking and slurping on it, even as the titfucking keeps going. All of it, inside my warm, wet mouth! So where's the dignity in that?! No dignity! But in the heat of the moment, I don't care!"

"Wow!" Anushka replied. She couldn't fully relate to the pleasure of a titfuck, since she'd never experienced one, but she was inspired by that level of passion.

Nick was leaning in closer than before, which allowed him to hear everything Anushka was saying (though he couldn't catch her breathing). He too was thrilled by the convergence of titfucking talk and secret titfucking action. His arousal soared higher as he tried to quietly increase the tit squeezing and sliding around his cock.

Maggie went on, "But I'm not offended, because sometimes it's FUN to be demeaned a little, don't you think? Or even more than a little!" She laughed some more, as if it was all fun and games. "I mean, sex is a time to let all your desires run wild, and not worry about what people might think. So what if Nick dominates and demeans me sometimes? I think it's totally hot!"

Anushka gasped again. "He DOES?! And... YOU DO?!" She stuck her free hand under her top, but she was frustrated by her industrial-strength bra there.

Maggie chuckled some more. "Yes, and yes! Like last night. It's pretty wild to lie naked under your man while he straddles your tummy and slides his big erection into your cleavage. It makes you feel totally helpless and used! But in a good way, if you know what I mean. A VERY good way!"

She looked up at Nick and gave him a big smile and a wink. Then, hoping Anushka would give a long answer, she managed to cram all of his cockhead back into her mouth.

Anushka was speechless - though her heavy breathing was turning to overt panting. She'd called Maggie just to invite her to do some cooking together. She hadn't expected the call to turn so very sexual. She didn't know how to respond, especially because Maggie was pushing all her sexual buttons. She tried to dodge the question. "Er... when did that happen, anyway?! I talked to Hillary a little bit earlier, and she talked about all sorts of wild things that happened at Shannon's party, but she didn't mention him titfucking you!"

There was a long pause. Maggie contemplated just bobbing on her son and not talking at all, but she decided that would be too irresponsible towards long term plans. She quietly pulled her lips off, and lied, "Oh, this was after we got back home." She went right back to licking him.

Nick made eye contact with his mother and frowned again, because he knew that wasn't true. He also worried that they'd be so loud that Anushka would eventually figure out something sexual was going on. He didn't stop the titfucking, though.

Anushka was even more incredulous than before. "But... but... Hillary said he climaxed, like, eight times!"

"That's true," Maggie said easily. "That must have made it nine then."

"No way!"

"It's true! God, what a great day! What a great weekend. He came that many times on Saturday too! He's soooo insatiable!"

"Gaawwwd!" Anushka moaned, her arousal even more obvious than before. She lamely tried to cover her slip. "Um, I mean, God, that's so... weird!"

Nick had just barely been able to make out Anushka's words for a while now, but he'd been unable to catch her heavy breathing or other clues to her arousal. However, Anushka's latest moan was so sexy and erotic sounding that he couldn't miss it, despite being distracted with the titfucking fun too. He thought, *WOW! It sounds like Anushka is seriously turned on! Ma must have picked up on that earlier, because why would she be talking in such frankly sexual terms otherwise?! Wild!*

Maggie just chuckled at Anushka's comments. The erotic moan didn't mean much to her, since she already could tell how very horny Anushka was. She said, "'Weird?' That's definitely true. But you don't know the half of it. Is it okay if I speak sexually frankly with you?"

Anushka said, in near disbelief, "As opposed to how we're talking already?!" She laughed. She was still fondling her breasts, but with only one hand, and with her top and thick bra constantly frustrating her.

Maggie laughed too. "Good point! Remeind how I said when Nick titfucks me, he scoots way up, and his erection is so long and thick that he can slide the bulbous head right into my mouth?!"

"Yeah?!" Anushka felt a jolt of arousal race up and down her spine.

"It turns into more of a blowjob-titfuck combo, pretty much every time. If you want 'weird,' imagine lying there naked and helpless with him sitting on your tummy, while you get to feel his huge cock slide into your mouth! Boy, that would be a sight to see, given the size of your breasts. But what I didn't mention about that is that It's sooo hard to get all of his cockhead into my mouth thatx tears of struggle It's sooo hard to reach that usually tears of struggle leak from my eyes, but I want it so bad that I don't care!leak from my eyes! God, it's intense! But I want it so bad that I don't care!"

Anushka's arousal level rose another notch or two. She finally took a moment to switch her phone to speaker mode, so she could use both hands to play with her nipples. But she was still trying to maintain her "mostly

lesbian" pose as much as possible. So, even as she began tweaking both of her nipples through her clothes, she complained, "What?! Are you kidding me?! No way! That's insane! Why would you do that?!"

Nick noticed the speaker phone difference right away (as did Maggie). Hearing Anushka's voice much more clearly, he could hear the obvious lust in her tone for the first time. Plus, the sound of her heavy breathing was unmistakable. He was blown away.

"It's like I have no choice! I need more and more of his cock! I need it all! You'd understand if you ever gave it a try."

Anushka said forcefully, "That is NEVER going to happen!"

"So you say," Maggie said in a teasing, playful voice. "But come on. Hasn't it at least crossed your mind? Given that Nick is a dominant stud who's seduced both Hillary AND me, and given how well-hung he is, haven't you wondered just what kind of sexual pleasure the two of us experience with him? Just how great and intense our arousal can be? You must have heard some stories from Hillary, like what happened last night. Aren't you curious why we're both so hot to suck him off all the time?"

As soon as the lusty mother finished asking all that, she craned her head forward and managed to swallow all of Nick's cockhead again! She began frantically (and quietly) bobbing on it, knowing her time was very limited.

Nick thought, *WHOA! This is getting stranger and stranger! I can't believe Ma is talking to ANUSHKA so frankly! Should I put a stop to it?! But, damn! I'm so horny that I can't think straight, especially with her bobbing on my cock! Jesus! And Anushka sounds totally horny too, so I guess it's okay. Whoa!*

There was a long pause. Anushka thought back to some of the things Hillary had told her about last night, such as the way Hillary bobbed on Nick's cock by the side of Shannon's rooftop hot tub, with both Maggie and Shannon nude and watching. It sounded incredibly, impossibly hot! Plus, Hillary had told her other thrilling Nick-related stories in recent days. Anushka only had disappointing experiences with penises during her limited time dating guys, but the more she heard sexual stories about Nick, the more her curiosity and desire grew.

She held her huge boobs from below with both hands, alternately roughly and gently caressing them while imagining that it was Nick's hands on her instead. She closed her eyes and shivered as more bolts of electric arousal shot up and down her spine. It was all she could do not to squeal or cry out.

Luckily, Anushka was so distracted and breathing so heavily that she wasn't paying much attention to the lusty breathing and other sexual sounds coming from Maggie's end of the line. She did hear some things, and suspected that Maggie was probably playing with herself, but she didn't want to call her out on it.

Finally, Anushka calmed herself a bit, and said, "Well... I must admit... the thought has crossed my mind." She quickly added, "But, not like I would actually want to DO It! It's just that Hillary raves about how great it feels to suck on him. She gets all dreamy eyed and weird whenever she talks about it. And you seem to be pretty high on it too. So I can't help but wonder what the big deal is, just out of idle curiosity."

Maggie pulled her lips off Nick's throbbing hard-on, being careful not to make a tell-tale smacking sound as she did so. "Oh, I'm VERY high on it! In fact, there's nothing I love more than sucking on his big fat erection! I could bob on it all day!"

She looked up at her son with the most lusty expression she could manage, making clear she was taking to him as much as to Anushka.

Nick was knocked back yet again. It was a wonder he wasn't cumming already.

She went on, "I honestly mean that, because the whole time I'm sucking him, I feel so much endless, intense pleasure, and he does too, so why NOT do it a lot?! If you had a button you could press that would give you a rush of sexual joy every time, wouldn't you want to press it a lot?"

Anushka was in such a lusty daze that it took her a few moments to remember to reply. "Um... sure! I mean, who wouldn't? Right?"

"Right! It's just that instead of simply pressing a button, you have to work his erection hard, with your tongue, lips, and hands. It's a lot of tough work, I must admit, since his stamina is so incredible, but that just makes me enjoy it even MORE somehow. It's literally my favorite thing to do. Unless

it's to get titfucked by him. Although that's two great tastes that go great together!" She giggled.

Anushka giggled too. She was still caressing her huge knockers, mostly tugging on her erect nipples as best she could through two layers of clothes. She was tempted to get naked, or at least topless, but she was trying hard not to do that, for fear of getting too carried away while on the phone.

Maggie went on, again looking up to her son and speaking to him as much as to Anushka. "Like I said, sometimes he sits on my chest while I'm naked! So naked! And I suck on his bulbous knob while he or I use our hands to titfuck the rest of his incredible thickness! Gaaaawwwwd! The pleasure that gives me! The orgasms! The brain-melting, earth-shaking orgasms, just from sucking on him! Sometimes I cry from the sheer difficulty of it, but sometimes from too much joy! Or both thing, mixed together! It's incredible!"

Anushka's arousal seemed to double in an instant. Still, she complained, "TMI! Too much information! Seriously, I'm mostly lesbian. I don't want to know about that. And he's YOUR boyfriend." Her complaint was undercut by her loud, heavy, and overtly sexual breathing, not to mention her lusty tone of voice.

Maggie wasn't deterred in the slightest. In fact, she was so encouraged by Anushka's response in general so far that she decided to take another daring leap.

Chapter 75: White Lies (Monday)

Maggie dared to tell Anushka over the phone line, "Yeah, but you're not ALL lesbian. And, of all the girls in the world, I honestly wouldn't mind sharing him with you, at least a little bit. Besides Hillary, that is. Sharing his cock with her is soooo much fun!"

"MAGGIE!" Anushka complained. Her arousal seemed to double yet again.

"What? You know our whole four-legged table metaphor?"

"Yeah?"

"The whole table would be strengthened if you want to 'polish his knob' from time to time. At the very least, it certainly wouldn't hurt!"

Nick silently gasped, as he kept on squeezing and moving Maggie's huge tits around his throbbing hard-on. *I can't believe Ma just suggested that! And I've noticed that since Anushka's switched to speaker phone, she's huffing and puffing like an old steam train! She's seriously hot to trot! While she's talking about and thinking about sucking MY cock! Fuuuuuck!*

"MaaaAAAAaaaggie!" Anushka complained more insistently. But at the same time, she stopped playing with her stiff nipples with one hand, in order to give her pussy and clit some attention. She slipped her fingers under her shorts and panties for direct contact.

"What?!" Maggie played clueless, while Nick continued to quietly yet steadily titfuck her. She licked at the tip of his boner as much as she could, since doing this while talking to Anushka about the exact same thing was getting her extremely worked up. In fact, she was so very hot that she was talking in a reckless manner about sex, not carefully thinking through the possible implications.

"You know what," Anushka griped.

"No, I don't. Seriously, I don't want to push you. Actually, now that I think about it, I don't know what's come over me, talking about sex so frankly like this. I'll stop. I guess it's the fact that I JUST came back from Nick's house to my little 'shack' in the backyard. I've gotten in the habit of seeing him off to school with a nice long blowjob or two, and today was no exception!"

Anushka complained, but in a friendly way, "You're soooo baaaaad!"

"I am! He brings out my inner slut, and I love it! I've never had so much fun in my life! Or so many orgasms!"

Ansuhka asked, shyly yet breathlessly, "Did you really just come from... well... you know... with him?!"

"I did! I came in both senses, if you know what I mean. I guess I can't stop talking about lying naked while he sat on my chest and plundered my breasts and my mouth, because that's exactly what he was doing to me mere minutes before this phone call!"

Ankusha gasped.

"I can still taste his spermy goodness in my mouth! My jaw is sore, but in the most wonderful way! Oops! There I go again. I've said too much already. I must be offending you even more. I'm sorry. I'll zip my lips."

Anushka was having a great time masturbating while talking. She was very used to phone sex with Hillary, and even though it was with Maggie instead, somehow she'd fallen into it easily. She didn't want it to end, especially because she thought Maggie didn't realize that she was very horny and masturbating. She said, "NO! Uh... I'm not offended."

"Really?!"

"Really! I'm a big girl. I can handle it!"

Maggie chuckled. "You certainly are a 'big girl' when it comes to breast size! I'm envious! What the hell did you do, swallow two basketballs when you were younger?!"

Anushka laughed. "Come on!" She was still breathing heavily, and sometimes even panting, not realizing how clearly that could be heard by Maggie (AND Nick) now that she was on speaker phone mode. She stopped playing with her pussy, but only so she could use that hand to lift her top up to her armpits.

Maggie said, "Sorry. I must admit I'm getting a bit aroused. Can you imagine Nick's boner meeting YOUR breasts, up close and personal? They'd become best friends, right away!"

The two girls laughed. Anushka's desire to at least get topless was reaching a breaking point.

Maggie went on. "But as exciting as it would be to watch him titfuck you, I'm especially thinking about him sliding his huge erection into your mouth!"

Anushka gasped again, loudly. Her arousal level soared still higher. She felt the room was getting unbearably hot, and taking her top most of the way off didn't help. She just had to take her bra all the way off too. It was a very sturdy, thick bra, but she frantically struggled to undo it.

Maggie threw caution to the wind, speaking with the lust heavy in her voice, "I can almost picture your lips tightly locking around it, and seeing the rapturous pleasure in your eyes as you start to slide your sexy lips back and forth and slobber your tongue all over his hot meat! I'll bet he'd possessively play with your big breasts all the while, since you'd be naked and kneeling before him! Trust me, if you're even slightly bisexual, you'd have some orgasms to remember!"

Nick was incredulous at how sexually suggestive the phone call had gotten. He was going to warn Maggie to tone in down, but he remembered he couldn't risk speaking out loud. Besides, she resumed lapping on his fat knob, and he had to concentrate on simply not cumming.

Anushka was even more aroused by Maggie's explicit imagery. She finally got her bra off. She silently exhaled with great relief. Then she let out another a blissful sigh as she started to directly caress her enormous G-cups with both hands. In addition to the direct physical pleasure of fondling herself there, she felt delightfully naughty being topless in her room while on the phone, even as the rest of her family was downstairs getting ready to go to work or school.

However, she still foolishly thought that she was hiding her arousal from Maggie, not realizing how telling her breathing was, especially on speaker phone mode. She thought that if she kept pretending to be reluctant and mildly offended, that would be enough to maintain her supposed uninterested pose. So, in keeping with that, she complained, "Maggie, please! I'm a lesbian here, remember?"

Again, Maggie wasn't fooled in the slightest. But she pretended to play along. "Sorry. Don't mind me. It's just that I'm so very horny, since I was having such spermy fun with Nick right before this call. To be honest, I snuck up to his bedroom, crawled naked between his legs, and let's just say

that I went to town with my lips, my tongue, AND my busy fingers, all working as one until he gave me the most wonderful creamy facial!"

Nick's gaze locked with Maggie's. He was surprised, since she'd made clear that she would never do that to him in his own bedroom. He gave her a curious look.

But Maggie was getting increasingly carried away talking to Anushka, and just about anything to push Anushka's buttons was fair game, truthful or not. She got an extra kick out of tempting him with that forbidden scenario, even as she tempted Anushka at the same time. She responded to his curious look by sucking about half of his cockhead into her mouth while wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

Anushka sensuously caressed her bare breasts, trying to imagine what sucking Nick's cock would feel like, and it if was really so great. Based on the true stories she'd been hearing, mostly from Hillary, she already was convinced that it had to be something very special. However, she was determined to only fantasize and not actually get involved with him.

There was a long silence, until Anushka finally remembered to reply. "Ohmigod! Maggie! You're so baaaaad!" She was trying to complain some more, but her vocal tone was more playful and encouraging.

"I am!" Maggie laughed some more. "Nick's dominant and insatiable ways have turned me into a shameless slut. And I love it!" She laughed yet again. "But now that the idea of you pleasuring him with your mouth is out there, I'm not going to back away from talking about it. You can't really judge how good or bad the idea would be until you try it at least once."

"Yes, I can. I've tried... stuff... with other guys. I've been on 'straight dates,' as you know. They didn't exactly work out. Call me 'thoroughly unimpressed.'" Again, Anushka was trying to complain and object while actually being highly aroused.

"Yeah, but that was with ordinary guys. Nick is no ordinary guy!" She gazed up at her son again and gave him a loving look. "The mere fact that I'm his girlfriend and Hillary is his girlfriend, and we freely share him with each other, is proof of that."

"That's true." Anushka considered the situation some more. It was easy for her to conclude that her previous experiences with boys would be nothing

like being with Nick, in the same way that Hillary was much more sexually excited about Nick than any of her previous boyfriends. Her curiosity grew and grew.

Suddenly, she felt too hot for even the clothes she still had on. She pulled her shorts and panties down her thighs, and then yanked her top all the way off her head. Once she was effectively naked, she resumed playing with her clit and nipples, even as she asked, "You mentioned Nick's 'dominant ways.' What do you mean by that?!"

"Oh boy! Where to begin?!" Maggie stared deeply into Nick's eyes, and even put a hand on one of his hands holding her tits for the titfuck. It quickly became clear that she was speaking to him as much as to Anushka. "In brief, he just... takes charge! Somehow, sucking his cock just becomes... so important to you! You MUST do it! Even to the point of crying, as I said. Giving him incredible pleasure becomes such a must for you that bobbing on his thickness gives YOU incredible pleasure too! I love it so much! I love HIM so much! Beyond that... I can't put into words just how incredible it feels!"

She was going to say more, but, for once, she actually worried about going too far.

Nick thought, *Whoa! I don't know about this "take charge" part. But clearly, Ma wants me to be more assertive. I need to work on that. God! But I love her oral passion! She's just so into it! How could Anushka not get swept away too?*

Anushka didn't verbally reply, but her lusty panting was telling. She was masturbating herself dangerously close to an orgasm. The fact that she was buck naked was making her feel wild and uninhibited. She reminded herself that she had to be careful about what she said over the phone, and not reveal just how very hot and bothered she was.

Maggie couldn't resist adding, while staring into Nick's eyes some more, "If you still doubt me, you mentioned that Hillary told you some about what happened with Debra and Shannon last night. They're both incredibly gorgeous, as you know. And, to be bluntly immodest, Hillary and I are too. How does he manage to wow four of the hottest girls in town, you may ask?! I don't know. He just has a way about him. He's irresistible! What DID Hillary tell you about last night, by the way?"

Judging that Anushka would have to give another long reply, Maggie quickly enveloped Nick's cock into her hot mouth again. She held the phone further away so she could bob on him without worrying too much about her sloppy slurping sounds.

Nick thought, *Too much! Damn! I think she's determined to make me cum, right in the middle of the phone call! I can't even speak, much less scream, or Anushka will know that I've been listening in the whole time! Ma's gotta ease up on me, but she's sucking my knob again instead! Fuuuuuck!*

He took his hands off Maggie's boobs to stop the titfuck completely, but that didn't help him calm down at all, given her hungry, talented mouth.

Oblivious to the steamy sexual action on the other end of the call, Anushka sighed, and replied, "Hillary only told me the basics. I talked to her not that long before my phone call with you began. She said she had to tell me some stuff so I'd know how to interact with Shannon at school today."

That was mostly true, but not entirely true. It was true that Hillary had only told her about some events, due to the limited time. (She'd promised to reveal the rest after school, no doubt while they were both naked and hot for each other.) However, she had gone into vivid detail about a few events, precisely to get Anushka hot and bothered. She did focus on times when Shannon was there, for the reason Anushka just explained.

Anushka added, "I must say, I'm shocked! Is it really true that Nick came on Debra's face over and over again, after thoroughly spanking her?! And Shannon watched the entire thing?! While completely naked?!"

There was a prolonged pause while Maggie carefully freed her mouth from Nick's cockhead again without making any overt sexual noise in the process. Then she exclaimed, "It's VERY true! All of it! You wouldn't believe how cum-soaked Debra's face was, by the end. God, it was seriously HOT!"

Anushka wasn't turned on by the idea of a facial, and she certainly would never have allowed any of her boyfriends to give her one, back when she had boyfriends. However, she got off on the idea of Debra being sexually humiliated in front of the others, and essentially losing her mind to lust. She asked, "Why would she agree to that?! Did she WANT him to do that to her face?!"

Maggie eagerly replied, "YES! And yet, NO! At the same time! I'm sure she was feeling highly conflicted. But if Nick wants to cum on your face, he's gonna cum on your face! And she was so transported by total sexual ecstasy that it was clear she loved it, even as she was dying of shame and humiliation! I mean, can you just imagine a perfect fashion model face like hers, SPLOOGED all over with hot cum, mixed with her copious steers?!"

That was the exact sort of answer to best push Anushka's submissive buttons. The dark-skinned, ethnically Indian girl didn't quite understand the "tears" reference, but it sounded amazing just the same, especially given Maggie's earlier talk of crying tears of struggle and/or joy. Her heart pounded hard, and she nearly forgot to breathe.

She was so close to cumming from masturbating that she tried to cool down the conversation some. "But isn't that a problem for you?! He's your boyfriend! Shouldn't you be more possessive? Last night, there were not one but TWO other jaw-droppingly beautiful girls there! Buck naked! And one of them sucked him off, and took his cum on her face! Repeatedly!"

Maggie happily replied, "True, all true. But he's such an insatiable stud! Of course he's going to play around with some other busty babes a little bit. Like I said, he has such a dominant way about him, it's practically impossible to tell him no."

Nick was still carefully listening, of course. He wondered, *Is that true?! It can't all be true. I know Ma is winding her up some. Plus, I know for a fact I don't have a "dominant way" about me, and some of the other stuff she's claimed about me is clearly false. She tells me 'no' all the time, like about not having sex inside the house. But maybe the gist is mostly true! I mean, Ma and Hillary DID go along with some pretty wild stuff all weekend long. Damn! Things are getting so crazy!*

Ansuhka was incredulous. The phrase "insatiable stud" stuck in her mind. But it was the idea that he could openly fool around with other "busty babes" that really rocked her, especially since she would be one of the most obvious candidates.

She complained, "You can't say that!"

"I just did!" Maggie laughed. "Seriously, that's not a problem for me, as long as he doesn't get serious with any one girl, and various precautions are taken, like Hillary approving too. I know he has EXTREMELY high

standards, which greatly limits the possibilities. Given that he's going steady with Hillary and me, why would he waste any time with anyone who isn't in our league?"

Anushka's heart skipped a beat, because she knew she was one of only a handful of girls in the area who could be said to be in that same league. She looked down at her gigantic bare breasts and sensually caressed them with both hands, imagining those hands belonged to Nick.

She muttered, "God! That's so crazy!"

As if Anushka's inclusion wasn't obvious enough already, Maggie made it explicit as she kept talking. "It is, but such is life. That's why I mean it when I say I honestly wouldn't mind if you want to suck him off and titfuck him from time to time. Maybe even make it a regular thing, if you love it as much as I know you will. I truly believe it would bring us all closer. And it would help take care of his desire for some variety."

"Why the hell would I want to do that?! That's insane!" Anushka sounded emphatic, and she was, but she also was secretly aroused, even by this. She had made a public vow to never let Nick so much as touch her breasts, but even as she complained, she fantasized that he was lying on her naked body, titfucking her while she sucked on the tip of his cock, just as Maggie had graphically explained. Despite her nudity, she felt like her entire body was burning up, and sweat was trickling down her forehead.

Maggie was so incredibly horny herself that she couldn't resist lapping on Nick's cockhead a little more before getting around to replying. She said, "You say that now, but from a position of complete ignorance. Do you at least believe me when I say that sucking his cock is NOTHING like sucking an ordinary guy's cock?"

Anushka replied carefully, still trying hard to sound disapproving without outright lying if she could help it. "I can believe that, judging by how you AND Hillary are, like, a million times more excited about it. It seems like you're obsessed!"

"Well, at least I'm making some progress in getting you to understand. And yeah, I am obsessed! And damn proud of it!"

After saying that, Maggie licked Nick's cock a little more, and thought, *That's true! Actually, I'd be doing her a big favor, introducing her sexy*

mouth to his thick cock! Mmmm! I can so clearly picture her on all fours, her huge titties swinging freely in time to her head bobbing! I love how she's so clearly submissive! If everything goes as it should, I'll bet it'll just be a matter of time before she's worshiping his cock! Worshiping it! It would be just like the fun and games with Debra, but with a MUCH better personality! And don't get me started on how divine it would be to see him plow through her miles of cleavage! WOW!

"What's so supposedly fantastic about it, anyway?" Anushka asked, genuinely very curious. She was still running her hands all over her bare breasts, ignoring her needy pussy for a while. She was afraid she'd cum and squeal uncontrollably.

"It's hard to explain. You have to FEEL it. Part of it, I guess, is the total domination."

"Excuse me?!" The words "total domination" hit Anushka like a sledgehammer. She actually had to stop fondling herself for a little bit, for fear she'd slip over the edge and scream in orgasmic ecstasy.

Maggie was still testing to see just how submissive Anushka was. That answer wasn't clear, so she tried another tack. "You heard me. Can you picture me not just kneeling naked below him, but on all fours, my lips sliding back and forth on his thick shaft while my entire body sways in time? If that's not 'total domination,' than what is?!"

Anushka was left breathless. She was picturing herself in that exact pose. She suspected that even if she hated sucking on Nick's boner worse than eating her most hated vegetable, she'd get off on doing it from the submissive posing alone.

Maggie knew she was hitting bulls eyes repeatedly, and she loved it. "Let's get back to the titfucking idea, since that's easier to visualize. Imagine lying naked, and feel him sitting on your tummy, just below your breasts! You're totally helpless to move! He's been dying to play with your huge breasts, and now he can!"

Anushka's objectionable feelings rose to the fore, thanks to the suggestion of being totally helpless. In fact, helplessness turned her on to an incredible degree, but fighting it was part of her usual sex play with Hillary. She said fiercely, "I won't let him! I'll kick and scream, and even bite him if I have to!"

Maggie sighed theatrically. "Oh, Anushka! Girl, you don't understand. Resistance IS useless! The more you resist, that just means the more he's going to spank you later!"

Anushka gasped. She didn't realize that Hillary had revealed her secret love of being spanked. She thought Maggie's spanking mention was just a coincidence. It aroused her more than everything else so far, and that was a hell of a lot!

Maggie went on, secretly delighted that she'd hit the bullseye again. "Oh? Are you surprised that he regularly spanks me?!"

"Surprised?! Hell yeah! He never spanks Hillary! Or has he?!"

"Not yet!" Maggie chuckled. "We'll see. By the way, this whole conversation is just between you and me, right? You won't tell her the details of what we talked about, will you?"

Anushka had to think that over. "Well, she and I don't keep any secrets from each other. But if you insist on confidentiality, I guess it's a special case. I can make an exception for that."

"I do. So please, mum's the word. Okay?"

"Okay." Anushka was disappointed about not getting to share. Her first impulse was that that would mean she'd miss out on a lot of hot "story time" with Hillary. But upon reflection, she decided it was probably best to keep her growing lust for Nick a secret.

Maggie felt a twinge of guilt, since of course Nick was overhearing everything. She was glad that she was staring at his throbbing cock, as usual, because she was embarrassed to look him in the eyes. But she told herself, *This is a bit sneaky and underhanded, I know, but it's for the greater good! Anushka will thank me one day if I see this through to the end. I know she will! We really are meant to be a foursome in every way. It's just that not all of us know that yet.*

Maggie resumed, "Let's get back to my scenario, where he's spanking all the disobedience out of you. And I'm not talking about the sexy spanking kind that we all love, and that he's also so very good at."

Nick thought, *I AM?! No, wait, this is more of Ma winding her up. Man! This is crazy!* He actually had to pause all the titfucking action for a while, because he was too close to the brink.

Maggie went on, "No, I'm talking about a proper harsh spanking, where he puts you in your place! He'll bend your naked body over his lap and wail on your helpless, defenseless ass until it's glowing cherry red! And he'll keep on spanking you until you've climaxed more times than you can count, and your face is soaked with tears! That's exactly what happened to Debra last night!"

Anushka interrupted to ask, "Is that why you mentioned the tears and cum on her face?!"

Maggie replied, "Yes, and no. She cried from the spanking, but she also cried tears of struggle AND joy from all the cocksucking. Just like I do. And as you will, if you ever give it a try! I have a belief: if a cock isn't long and thick enough to make you shed tears, it's not a cock worthy of oral adoration."

Anushka was so aroused and astounded that she couldn't breathe, and she certainly was in no shape to verbally respond. She felt like her entire body was so very hot that it could spontaneously burst into flames at any moment. She didn't just want to suck Nick's cock, she wanted to "orally adore" it until tears were streaming down her face!

Maggie let the long pause stretch out, savoring the sound of Anushka's continual heavy panting. Finally, she went on, "After a spanking like that, Debra will be lucky if she's able to sit in her chair at school today. She'll probably squirm all day, thinking about the price of disobeying him. And when it was over, she sucked his cock with all her heart and soul, to show him just how sorry she was! Is that what you want to have happen to you?!"

There was a long pause. Anushka had to stop and think, because her first desire was to yell, "YES!" It sounded like all the spankings Hillary gave her, only possibly even better. She was dizzy and giddy with the idea of getting her ass spanked red, and then being "forced" to suck Nick's cock until he squirted his load all over her face, just like he did to Debra, as part of her penance. But she remembered that she wasn't supposed to say that.

Finally, she said, "That sounds... awful!" She suddenly plunged two fingers into her burning hot cunt. She was dangerously close to cumming, and her panting was out of control without her consciously realizing it.

Maggie laughed. "Oh, come on! You know you love it! I know I do! Gaawwwd! I get SO VERY HOT when he puts me in my place with a

serious spanking!"

"He spans you... to put you in your place?!" Anushka was mindful of the fact that that was the second time in short order that Maggie had used that expression. For some reason she couldn't understand, it aroused her to no end.

Maggie looked up knowingly at Nick. Of course, they both knew he'd never spanked her before, much less for that reason. But she silently mouthed to him, "Soon!"

Nick was trying his damndest to stay quiet, but that was such an arousing surprise that he couldn't resist moaning, "UNNNGH!"

Anushka asked, "What was that?! It sounded surprisingly masculine." So far, she didn't have a clue Nick was there, and even after hearing that, the possibility never entered her mind. Still, it sounded too loud and strange to ignore.

Maggie said, "That was me, sorry. To be honest, I'm kind of having an 'intimate moment' here as I think back to the last time he spanked me."

Anushka was so hot and bothered that it hardly fazed her to hear Maggie all but admit that she was masturbating. That only confirmed what she'd assumed to be true for a while now, due to Maggie's own increasingly heavy breathing. Maggie was doing much better keeping quiet when she wasn't talking, but she slipped up from time to time.

Maggie went on, "Damn! It was TOO HOT! The way he takes charge of my busty body totally makes me want to SUCK HIS COCK even more than before! EVERY spanking is followed by the most intense blowjobs, usually while I'm naked and on all fours, showing my burning red ass cheeks off to the world! Especially when he spans me just because he can, not because I did something wrong. Are you SURE you don't find that idea the least bit arousing?!"

Anushka said coyly, "Well... if you put it that way..." she giggled. To say she found that "the least bit arousing" was the understatement of the year. She especially loved the vision of Maggie sucking him on all fours with a burning red ass. She had to go back to "merely" fondling her huge tits with both hands, because even her brief pussy play was getting her dangerously close to screaming her head off in an epic orgasm.

"I do!" Maggie said, laughing gaily.

Anushka asked, "Does Hillary know he spans you?"

"No, she doesn't, and please don't tell her! Please! She doesn't know just how submissive my relationship to him is yet. I'm planning on telling her, for sure, but I'd like to get to know her better first. I'm embarrassed."

"Your secret is safe with me."

"Thanks! I don't mind telling you, because I sensed right away that we both share kind of a submissive bond. But Hillary, she's... different. She's more likely to do the spanking than get spanked."

Anushka didn't realize that Hillary had confessed to Nick and Maggie about regularly spanking her. She flirted with the idea of revealing that to Maggie, but she felt a bit too shy. Plus, she didn't want Maggie to get too off topic from her highly arousing talk. So she merely said, "That's true. I totally get why you'd be embarrassed, when it comes to her."

Maggie resumed, "Anyway, let's get back to the idea of him titfucking you, so I can try to better explain the appeal. There he is, sitting on top of you. Freely playing with your breasts. There's no escape! You can see that now, can't you?"

"Uh-huh!" Anushka tugged on her stiff nipples as she imagined herself naked and on all fours just after Nick had spanked her, exactly like Maggie had just said. She could almost feel his hot, throbbing cockhead as she opened her mouth impossibly wide to take it in, in order to show him that he'd properly put her in her place.

Anushka was desperate not to cum while still on the phone with Maggie, but she already knew that particular fantasy would haunt her dreams and daydreams for a long time to come! Her desire to suck Nick's cock had skyrocketed since the phone call began. She was filled with a desire to adore his cock with her lips and tongue in order to show that she'd learned her lesson, despite the fact that she'd done nothing deserving of a spanking in the first place.

"Good!" Maggie said, "So, like I said, now that he's punished you and reminded you just who's in charge of your sexy body, he starts playing with your huge breasts! Your G-cups, or whatever those gigantic things are! H? I? J? K?! Am I getting warmer?"

Anushka giggled. "Come on! They're not THAT big!" She looked down at her hands on her bare globes. Her heart surged with pride, and she felt giddy thinking about how horny Nick could get from staring at her bouncy, enormous breasts, especially if she dressed in something daring for him. It was almost too exciting to contemplate him actually fondling them.

Maggie went on, "And don't expect the clueless fumbblings of those guys you dated. Nick has the magic touch! It's true! I say that about him to myself all the time. He's a magic kisser, AND he has the magic touch, especially when it comes to playing with big breasts! He'll have you panting and writhing in need in no time! With the need to suck his cock! The need to show him that you're a good slut!"

Anushka was panting now, and she knew it was loud enough that there was no way Maggie would fail to notice. She said, "Oh no! I'm getting all horny about YOUR boyfriend! And he's Hillary's too! This is bad!"

"No it isn't! Trust me, just roll with it. I'm merely explaining why sucking his cock is so divine."

"I don't think I want to know!" Anushka said, somewhat honestly. "That's just going to make me want him even more!"

Maggie felt a jolt of excitement and pleasure rush down her spine. "A-HA! So you admit that you want him already!"

"I'll admit no such thing!" Anushka was struggling with trying to play with her bare breasts while attempting to control her ragged breathing and still pretend to object, despite being almost delirious with desire. With both hands cupping and caressing her huge globes, she wailed almost defiantly, "I'm a lesbian, I tell you! I'm in love with Hillary!"

Maggie thought, *I was so right all along! I have PROOF that she wants him to some degree! Soon, we'll be a stable four-legged table, with the three of us bonded to him and each other through our love of his huge cock! I just need to work on her more, to get her feelings about him to grow!*

However, for the time being, Maggie thought it was wise not to press the issue. "Uh-huh! I think it's GREAT that you're in love with Hillary, and her with you. Don't change that at all. But what if Hillary gives you permission to suck Nick's cock sometimes?! What if she even thinks that's a fun thing the two of you could do together? Can you imagine kneeling naked side by

side with her, the two of you lapping on his thick shaft together, your tongues frequently touching as you lick the same super sensitive spots? Then breaking out into hot French kissing while your hands continue to slip and slide over his thick pole, your fingers sopping wet with cum and saliva?"

"Maggie, please!" Anushka practically begged. She finally fully realized the gig was up, in that her arousal was way too obvious for Maggie not to have noticed by now. She was panting hard, and teetering on the edge of cumming.

Maggie pressed, "Tell me honestly, does that sound hot and sexy or does it not?! And keep in mind that he's sitting above the two of you in a big easy chair, like a lord! One of his hands is running through your hair, with his other hand running through her hair. The two of you are desperate to please him, knowing that if you fail, he's going to spank your ass redder than a tomato!"

Anushka was panting even harder, remarkably enough. The mention of spanking again almost felt like a low blow to her, since that was her weak spot. She could practically feel Hillary's shoulder rubbing against hers on one side while her naked flesh pressed into Nick's leg on the other side, and she struck her tongue out, aiming to lap on his bulbous knob.

She moaned, with clear lust in her voice, "Maggie, PLEASE! STOP! You KNOW that's hot! God, that's so hot! I'm a lesbian, but it even gets to me! UNGH! Is it really like that?! Is it that great?!" Her entire body was writhing in her seat, keeping her huge tits in constant motion.

Maggie answered, "Better than great! So much better! You have no idea! Sliding your lips around his thickness while your tongue roams all over his hot meat inside your mouth is the absolute BEST!" She paused to lap on Nick's cock for a few long moments.

Then she resumed, "It's a serious challenge, mind you. You WILL cry tears of struggle the first few times, I'm sure. But the harder you work at it, the more satisfying it is! Then you'll be crying more tears of joy. Mmmm! Just thinking about it is making me soooo hungry! I wish he was here with me right now! I'd take him soooo deep in my mouth that my tongue would stick out his backside!"

She laughed at that impossible act, and looked up at him with a winning smile. "I'd deep throat him all the time, if I could! But the funny thing is, the harder I work to pleasure him, the more I get back in return! I cum so hard and long, every time! The biggest, most epic orgasms!"

She went on, only slightly less excitedly, "That's why I honestly don't mind if you want to suck him sometimes. Because the orgasms you'll get are soooo incredible! It would be certain to bind you closer to the rest of our group. And I'm sure he's going to love your mouth at least as much as your tits. Although, watch out, girl, because he's gonna want to fuck your tits a lot!" She giggled.

Anushka couldn't resist giggling too. She was almost deliriously happy.

Maggie continued, "And then, you and me, licking and sucking him together... And you and Hillary, licking and sucking him together... Then, Hillary and me, doing the same to him... Plus, you and Hillary, doing your sexy lesbian stuff with each other... It's all good. Every sex act, every permutation, will only draw all of us together, more and more and more! Each leg of our table, bound to all the others with HOT SEX!"

Maggie failed to mention her and Anushka getting it on with each otherd, since that was an unresolved and tricky issue. But Anushka was so far gone that she didn't even notice that omission.

Nick was still listening closely. Unfortunately, the more arousing the phone call got, the less actual sexual activity there was between him and his mother, since both of them were dangerously close to cumming (though not as close as Anushka). However, he didn't mind the lack of titfucking or licking, because just hearing Maggie and Anushka talk was continually blowing his mind.

Anushka exclaimed, "That's so much cocksucking! It's crazy!" But she was licking her lips hungrily.

Maggie replied cheekily, "I know! But crazy like a foxy lady!" She laughed.

This time, Anushka was too horny to be amused, and just groaned loudly and needfully. Her nonverbal noises were much more telling of her feelings than her actual words.

Maggie took a deep whiff, loud enough to heard through the phone line. "Mmmm! I can almost smell the manly, husky smell of his thick erection! If

he were here right now, my tongue and lips would get soooo busy! MMMM!"

Ironically, Nick was right there, yet Maggie had to restrain herself from even licking the tip of his cockhead, since she could see that he was on a razor's edge.

Anushka wailed, while frantically masturbating, "Maggie, PLEASE! I beg you! Stop! Everything you say sounds so thrilling and sexy! But I can't! I've really dedicated myself to just Hillary! I love her! I want to be with her forever!"

"And you can! And you will!" Maggie replied encouragingly. "But remember, you're not in a typical one-on-one relationship with her. You're part of a four-legged table, whether you like it or not. So having fun with any of the other 'legs' is only a good thing that'll strengthen the whole group. Hillary knows that too. I'm sure she'll approve if you want to 'polish his knob' from time to time. Especially if you two do it together. Believe me, jointly licking and sucking him is an extra special thing. Hillary and I have started doing it, and it bonds us closer. Now that we've started, I'm sure we'll do it all the time!"

Anushka's only response was a frustrated yet lusty groan. For some reason she didn't understand, the thought of sucking him off with Hillary at her side was significantly more titilating for her than doing it alone.

Maggie added, "I'm sorry if I'm being pushy, but a part of me just wants to share the joy."

Anushka was twisting her stiff nipples, and panting heavily all the while. She was reaching the point where she just wanted the phone call to end, so she could cum, loudly. "Look, I get it, but... you're coming on way too strong! I didn't even know him until a few days ago, and now... this!"

Maggie laughed good-naturedly, even as she decided to back off. "Sorry. To be honest, I have so much passion for him. So much desire to suck his cock! If you get me started, I kind of go off about it! I got waaaay too carried away there. I'll behave. Or at least try to!" She laughed.

Anushka giggled too. She also breathed a sigh of relief, now that it seemed the topic was going to change. Just like Nick, she was teetering on the brink of cumming, but she was in an even more dangerous situation because it

was as if she couldn't fully control her hands. She panted, "That's okay. I get it. And that kind of passion for your lover is certainly... breathtaking! Although I must say I don't think I was the one to get you started."

Maggie was trying to come down from her erotic high a little. It helped that the titfucking had stopped, though her son's boner was still snugly trapped in her cleavage. She asked, "Oh? You weren't? I kind of forget now. Although, I do remember that you tried calling me several times. I was the one calling you back."

"That's right," Anushka said. She was still playing with her stiff nipples, but she hoped she could control her arousal level, so long as the discussion didn't get too crazily arousing anymore.

Maggie asked, "Sooooooo... what were you calling ME about then?" She belatedly realized that she had no idea, since she'd taken control of the conversation from the very start.

Anushka had to pause and think hard to remember. She was still in a lusty daze, and still masturbating. "Geez! It's so weird to talk about normal stuff now, after all that, but I was actually calling to see if you'd be free this afternoon. I called you right after Hillary called me, like I said, and when she wasn't regaling me with wild sex stories about what you all did last night, she talked some about the amaaaaazing roof garden Shannon has, and some of the other eye-opening food-related topics. I was already excited to get together with you to do some cooking, and what Hillary told me redoubled my excitement. I'm raring to go, right away!"

"Well, I certainly don't want to discourage that sort of passion," Maggie replied. "I'm right there with you, when it comes to cooking excitement. I'm dying to learn all your secret South Asian cooking techniques!"

"And I'm dying to show you! Let's do it! Right after school! What do you say?!" Anushka's breathless lusty feeling made her sound even more enthusiastic about the cooking than she actually was. She was busy tugging on her nipples all the while.

Maggie looked up to Nick. "Well... the only problem with that is that I have a tradition of picking Nick up after school every day. And that quickly turns to fun. Sexy fun. Mouth-watering, jaw-breaking, oral fun, specifically. If you know what I mean!"

Anushka couldn't help but laugh. "Duh! I can take a wild guess."

Maggie laughed too. "I spend much of the day thinking about all the things my mouth is going to do to his big erection as soon as we can get alone after school! It's a suck-fest every day, as soon as the school bell rings!"

"Oh." Anushka sounded dejected, and she was, since that reply implied Maggie wouldn't be free after school. Yet, even now, Anushka was still so horny that she was playing with her giant tits. She remained too afraid to touch her clit or slit for fear of cumming uncontrollably.

Maggie looked up to Nick and gave him a beseeching look.

He responded with a reluctant nod. Of course, he was looking forward to spending the afternoon with Maggie and Hillary. He hoped and even assumed they'd give him a prolonged double blowjob for the ages. However, he decided Maggie bonding with Anushka was more important, especially if the two of them bonding while cooking included more of this sort of overtly sexual talk. Besides, getting some alone time with Hillary after school sounded pretty great too.

Maggie said to Anushka, "Buuuut... that said, if Hillary can take care of picking him up, meaning her taking care of all the slobbering all over his fat pole part of the job as well, then I wouldn't mind skipping this one time, to be with you! Because we should strike while the inspiration is hot, right?"

Anushka's voice turned enthusiastic again. "Right!" She surprised herself by joking, "Besides, it sounds like your mouth could use a rest!"

Maggie laughed. "True! Too true!" She asked her, "Can you call Hillary again, and ask her if she's on board with meeting him alone after school and all that? Meanwhile, I'll talk to my well-hung son and see if he's cool with it."

"Okay!" Already, Anushka was thinking that she would quickly cum, then call Hillary. She calculated she still had plenty of time to do that and get to school on time. Then, after a pause, Anushka added, "Although... I'm sorry to cause you to miss out on your, uh, 'suck-fest' this afternoon."

Maggie replied, "That's okay. Don't worry about it. I'm sure I'll have that suck-fest later in the evening, as soon as you and I are done. I can't go a day without it, to be honest. Sucking Nick's huge erection has become such a big part of my life! You have no idea!"

Anushka said wryly, "After this call, I think I have at least SOME idea."

"Good point!" Maggie laughed again. "I don't mind if you think I'm kind of a weirdo that way. But anyway, there are plenty of hours in the day for that AND other things too. It's just a matter of rearranging things sometimes. So don't worry about it, just so long as Hillary can take care of him with her mouth right after school. Lucky slut! I can picture her now, naked and on all fours, endlessly slurping and bobbing on his fat pole, while you and I cook up something special elsewhere. The point is, all of us are going to have a lot of fun all afternoon, and Nick will have his balls properly drained dry. As long as all that happens, I'm good."

Anushka said, "Um... okay. Uh, Maggie, now that you and I are good friends and we're talking frankly about sexual matters, there's going to be a lot of blunt talk from you about blowjobs and the like from now on, isn't there?" She carefully dared to start diddling her clit a little bit. She was relieved she could do that without yelling out in erotic ecstasy.

Maggie replied, "There is. I hope that won't freak you out too much. It's hard for me NOT to talk about it with anyone safely in the know. Like I said, it's kind of become my special passion. It's a big, big, big part of my life! I know a lot of girlfriends would be ashamed about being so devoted to his pleasure, and try to hide it, but I'm proud to wave my 'freak flag' high, at least with you, since, in a sense, the four of us are all dating each other. Is that okay with you?"

"Err, I'm sure I'll get used to it, by and by." Anushka felt shivers from thinking about the idea that she was already "dating" Nick, in a sense.

Hillary had told her all about the threesome movie theater date. Anushka had a vivid image of that, except she was in the movie theater too, topless and bobbing on Nick's cock between his legs! She actually shook her head, as if that could shake that image from her mind.

Maggie said, "Good! To be honest, even now, I'm imagining myself kneeling naked before him, slobbering on his sweet spot with my cheeks caved in from so much suction. I've found that being completely naked whenever I suck him is a MUST! Except for high heels, of course. It's all very symbolic. I'm still wearing red high heels now, in fact, from sucking on him a little while ago."

Anushka was reeling. Just when she was starting to come down from her dizzying high enough to play with her pussy, Maggie had to mention that. Anushka suddenly pictured herself kneeling before Nick in nothing but red high heels, and it was such a thrill that she almost couldn't breathe. It was even more exciting than her movie theater fantasy, which said a hell of a lot. She was too wowed to verbally respond.

Maggie secretly snickered to herself, knowing that she'd hit the bullseye again. She continued, casually, "I'd love to chat more, especially about our cooking plans, but Nick has to leave for school VERY soon, and it's kind of a tradition that I leave him smiling with a hummer."

"Wait," Anushka said, knowing full well what "a hummer" meant. "You said you did that a little while ago!"

"I know, but he almost always cums in twos. Has Hillary mentioned that to you yet?"

"Actually, she has." Anushka was nearly dizzy, thinking about Maggie sucking him off yet again.

Maggie wasn't just saying that to further arouse. She checked the clock and saw that she still had over 20 minutes until school started. "I'll have to keep it short and use every trick in the book to get him to cum fast! Oh, and we need to call you back about the plans. I'll have him call you, since my mouth is gonna be busy. If you hear him huffing and puffing when he calls you in a few minutes, don't let on, but you'll know why!" She giggled.

Anushka giggled too. "Good God, girl! You're a blowjob maniac!" She'd calmed down just enough where she could steadily play with her clit or slit without fear of an imminent screaming orgasm.

"That's me!"

Anushka was hit with a scary thought. "Wait! I suppose I have no choice but to talk to Nick, but PLEEEAAAASE don't tell him that we had this call! I would die of embarrassment if he knew anything about it!"

Maggie looked up at Nick and locked eyes with him. She was tempted to snicker, but she managed to resist, thinking that would be cruel. She said, "Believe me, I get it. And I don't want you to die so young." She chuckled. "I'll just mention super briefly that you called me about cooking plans, and

he needs to finalize things with you. That can't be avoided. But I won't even hint that we had any sort of frank sexual talk."

"THANK YOU!" Anushka said with great relief. "Oh! And please don't tell him that I've had ANY sexual thoughts about him! Okay?! I would die about that too!"

Maggie felt a bit of guilt that she was clearly lying and deceiving Anushka, since Nick knew absolutely everything. But she told herself, *It's for a greater cause. Before long, if Anushka were to find out what I did here today, she would profoundly thank me for setting her on a path to true bisexual sexual paradise! It seems inevitable that Nick and her are going to end up in some sort of sexual relationship. And that WILL strengthen our whole foursome in lots of ways. Plus, it'll be totally hot to watch! I can't wait until he spans her, especially. Jesus Christ, that will be incredible!*

However, Maggie merely said, "Well, okay. But in return, you have to promise me not to let on that you know I'm secretly sucking him off when you two talk on the phone in a couple of minutes. But... feel free to have some fun with it."

"What do you mean?!"

"Oh, you know. Like, if you hear him huffing and puffing, you could innocently ask him, 'Is something wrong? You sound so winded!'"

Anushka laughed. "A-ha! Oh boy! I see! That does sound like fun!" Normally, she never would have done that sort of thing with Nick, but she was still on the cusp of cumming, and nearly out of her mind with desire for him. She was still flashing from one wild blowjob daydream fantasy to another, when she'd never had any such fantasies in her life, prior to this call.

Maggie chuckled. "I'll see you this afternoon. It'll be great fun, I'm sure. Oh! Where should we meet?"

"Um..." Anushka hadn't thought that part through. She didn't like letting even her female friends come to her house, due to her "weird" Indian family, especially her stern and disapproving father. Amongst other things, they liked to probe such friends for any information about her dating behavior, and that was a very dangerous area, since her sexual relationship with Hillary was still a secret from them.

Maggie suggested, "I know: I'll pick you up at the Academy right as school ends, right at the front entrance. Then we can go to the nearby Asian mega-supermarket to get all our ingredients. Bring a cookbook or two to school so we can hit the ground running, and I will too. Then, after that, can we use your place? Remember, I live in a glorified shack. My kitchen situation is... embarrassing."

"Okay. Yeah. Sure!" Anushka's answer got increasingly enthusiastic as she thought that through. Her big relief was that she remembered her parents at breakfast both talked about having to work late that evening. It would be a lucky break indeed, if it held.

Maggie was secretly relieved, because she wasn't willing to let Anushka come over to "her place" for anything. She'd recently cleaned up the backyard bungalow to make it look like she could at least possibly live in it, but she didn't want to see if it passed the plausibility test with an actual guest unless it was a dire emergency. "Great! See you then!"

"Bye!" Anushka was already counting the seconds until the phone call was over, so she could completely let go and have that big orgasm she'd been craving for so long.

"Bye!"

The call came to an end.

Anushka started cumming less than a minute later, with fellatio still dominating her thoughts.

As soon as Nick saw the line was disconnected, he exclaimed, "What was THAT all about?!" He'd had enough of a break that he was ready for the titfuck to resume, and with more vigor, but he wanted some answers first.

Maggie looked up at him with a twinkle in her eyes. "What, you don't approve?!"

"No, I totally approve! God, that was so hot! Damn! But talk about laying it on thick! That was dangerously bold. In fact, it was totally nuts! How the heck did you know Anushka would react like that and not slam the phone down in disgust instead?!"

"I didn't. It was a calculated risk. To be honest, I was so incredibly fucking horny from the deep throating, and with you actively titfucking me the whole time, that I should never have been let anywhere near a phone! I was,

and still am, basically completely out of my mind with lust for your cock! But, in my defense, remember that Anushka straight up confessed to being submissive, while Hillary was the dominant one in their relationship, so I don't think I was being 'totally nuts.'"

"Oh yeah," he said, feeling somewhat relieved by that reminder.

Maggie chuckled. "You'd better not forget that! Ever!" She chuckled some more, then said more seriously, "That's a VERY important fact that I'm sure will greatly impact all of our lives."

He said uncertainly, "Maybe, but it seems too good to be true. I mean, a girl with HER looks, and HER breast size?! She should have all the boys at her beck and call." He belatedly remembered she was supposed to be lesbian, and added, "Or other girls, for that matter. Maybe she just acts that way to get along and be what Hillary wants her to be?"

Maggie replied, "Maybe. But last night, I caught on to some pretty big clues that Anushka is highly submissive with all that spanking talk. Remember that too?"

He nodded.

"Furthermore, I'd already decided she's not entirely lesbian, or even 'mostly lesbian,' so I figured I'd at least get something of a good response with a certain kind of talk, especially about the spanking stuff. My hunch is that Anushka has a special spanking fetish. You should make note of that and put that knowledge to good use further down the line."

He thought back to last night, while his hands returned to Maggie's tits and resumed fondling them. "Hillary hinted several times that she regularly spansks her, didn't she?"

"It was more than just hinting," Maggie said. "Clearly, it's a big part of their sex life, with Hillary ALWAYS the spanker. And there's no way that can be unless Anushka has a submissive streak a mile wide. As that phone call just proved. Her submissiveness is a fact that you're going to take full advantage of to bring the four of us into one VERY cozy relationship!"

"I am?!" His mind reeled at what she was suggesting there, even after all the obvious clues from the entire phone call that just ended. He felt positively light-headed.

"You are! I'd tell you more, except that we're practically all out of time. So much for you going down on me. We'll have to save that for tomorrow, maybe. Quick, call Anushka and pretend like you and I just had a little talk. Meanwhile, I'll go down on you some more, like I promised her. Feel free to ham it up, like you're on the brink of orgasm the whole time!"

He chuckled. "You're soooo baaaaad! And that won't be too hard for me to do, since, knowing you, I WILL be on the brink the whole time!" He looked down in wonder as he playfully rubbed her boobs together, with his stiff erection still trapped in between.

She said, "Yes, but unfortunately, I don't think we'll have time for a second deep throating session this morning either. And I was looking forward to that so much! Besides, my throat still feels raw. I find that a serious turn-on, but it's probably also my body telling me to take it easy."

He nodded. He didn't actually feel that disappointed, because he figured just about anything that happened with him and Maggie would be highly arousing and fantastic, as long as she stayed in Maggie mode.

She explained, "We've only got a few minutes for the phone call. I'll tap you to let you know when you've gotta wrap it up, if it goes on that long. If you manage to make it through the call without cumming, then I'll drive you there while jacking you off, and you can cum in my mouth when we reach the far end of the school parking lot. If we keep an eye on the clock, we should have a few minutes to send you out in style. Sound like a plan?"

She mentally calculated that they had about five minutes for more blowjob and phone call fun in the garage, then about ten minutes to drive to school. then five more minutes to get him to cum in the school parking lot. There were a few more minutes left on top of that, as a margin for error.

He said with his usual lusty enthusiasm, "Okay! Whoa! What a great start to the day!"

Chapter 76: Morning Rush Hour (Monday)

Maggie handed her phone to Nick and said, "Go get her, Sport!"

Nick took the phone in hand and stared at it. He asked, "Do you have any advice?!"

She spoke soothingly and confidently. "I know you're winging it. That's fine. A phone call is an interactive experience, after all. See how she's doing, and how long she wants to talk. She might get shy and get off the line right away. That's fine too. Don't push. But if you find a way to get her to want you more, go for it! Generally speaking, the longer you can keep her on the phone, the better. Remember, she almost certainly just had a big orgasm after getting off the phone. I'll bet my bottom dollar she's buck naked too. She has to be in a VERY aroused state right now. All's fair in love and war, so don't be shy to take advantage!"

She gave him a brilliant, encouraging smile. Then she added, "Oh, and please switch to speaker phone mode, for obvious reasons. I don't want to miss anything!" She leaned in towards his boner and gave his cockhead a loud and slurpy lick.

He shook his head in disbelief, but switched to speaker phone mode. *Holy crap! I can't believe I'm about to call Anushka and speak to her right now! After all that, and with Ma, well, in full-on Maggie mode!*

As if on cue, Maggie shifted positions, bringing her mouth closer to his boner and thus effectively ending the titfuck. Her goal was to suck Nick's cock all through the call, partially because she loved doing that so much, but also because she figured she could make more lewd and sloppy noises that way.

He felt his mother engulf his cockhead, which most definitely got his full attention.

He gaped and stared as she started her hungry bobbing. *Not only am I about to speak to someone who IS sexier than Aishwarya Rai, I'm gonna do it while Ma is blowing me the entire time! Fuck me! Things are too weird and wonderful to be believed! And now Ma says Anushka is naked and super horny! Damn! That's so thrilling, but scary too!*

FUCK! Fuck being scared! I need to just DO IT! Now! Make the call and start talking before I get cold feet. Like Ma said, I need to trust that I can wing it and things will work out. Besides, I heard myself just how totally horny Anushka was a mere minute or two ago, what with her constant heavy breathing and all the rest. Ma's also right that I need to strike while the iron is hot, while she's still super horny!

He hit the redial button and brought the phone to his ear. Then, after making sure it was on speaker phone mode, he pulled the phone from his head and looked for somewhere else to put it, so he could have both hands free to play with his mother's incredible nude body. However, sitting up on her tummy as he was, with her lying nearly flat on the drastically adjusted driver's seat, there were no obvious flat surfaces within reach.

Maggie was watching his every move as she slurped and bobbed. Seeing his indecision, she took his hand holding the phone in hers, and brought it right to his crotch.

That only took a few seconds. Just then, Anushka answered the phone. Although it wasn't obvious at first, she was still on speaker phone mode, just like him. AT first, Nick didn't say anything, but the loud slurping and panting could be heard. A very puzzled Anushka asked, "Hello?! Maggie?!"

Nick realized Anushka's confusion, and explained, "Uh, no. It's Nick. Hi! ... Uh, I'm calling you from Maggie's phone. She just left my room, uh, a few moments ago, and she told me to call you."

He looked down at his mother and winced. He didn't like lying.

Maggie looked up at him as her sweet lips continued to slide relentlessly up and down his shaft. She gave him a thumbs-up sign to encourage his talking.

"Oh! I see!" Anushka was in a panic and didn't know what to do. Her main issue wasn't that she was talking to Nick, although that was plenty thrilling given what she'd just been discussing with Maggie. She had known he was going to call soon, after all. The problem was that he'd called her so soon. She'd just finished cumming, and it was such an intense multiple orgasm that it had gone on for the better part of two minutes. She was still panting hard and physically recovering from that. She was supposed to call Hillary and confirm from her that Hillary could pick him up solo after school

before talking to Nick, but she'd barely even begun to think about making that call.

The bottom line was that she was worried she was far too horny, and breathing too heavily, to speak to Nick. She was still buck naked, and her pussy was sopping wet. But she didn't want to just tell him to get lost. She didn't know what to say or do.

She lamely replied, "Um... uh... Hi! To you too!" She winced, thinking how stupid she sounded saying that.

He could hear her sexy, heavy breathing right away, which was startling and arousing enough. But at the same time, he was still holding the cell phone while Maggie was holding his hand, and his hand was only a few inches from his stiff erection. That was the same erection that Maggie was loudly bobbing on!

Maggie guided his hand to a spot on the top of his left upper thigh, still mere inches from his cock and balls. She patted his hand approvingly, making clear that he should leave the phone there, on that relatively flat surface close to the action.

He did so, and pulled his hand away. But at the same time, his mind was reeling, since he knew full well that meant Anushka would continue to be able to hear absolutely everything Maggie's mouth was doing to his privates. Maggie wouldn't even have to make a concerted effort to be heard.

However, he only had a few seconds to think about that, because the silence was stretching out and making the phone call awkward. Worse, he was so distracted, especially by staring at the proximity of the phone to Maggie's sliding lips, that he forgot what he was calling Anushka about in the first place!

To be polite, and to stall for time to figure things out, he asked, "Um, ah... I hope this isn't a bad time to call you? You sound, uh.. winded. It's just that... I'll be leaving for school not that many minutes from now, so it's kind of now or never."

Anushka realized she had the same time problem. She thanked her lucky stars that she'd gotten all of her things prepared for school before she'd even called Hillary for the first time, which seemed ages ago. However, between talking to Hillary on the phone, twice, and then Maggie, she'd wound up

fully naked, cummy, and even slightly sweaty. She would need time to dress and make herself presentable again. That meant it was now or never for her to have this phone call too.

Thus, even though she hadn't had a chance to confirm plans with Hillary yet, and she was physically and mentally reeling from her huge orgasm, she decided to brave it out. She took a few seconds to try to calm her breathing, without much success. Then she said, "Ummmm... No, it's good. I was just, uh... running up the stairs! Yeah, that's it!"

He had to resist the urge to laugh, because she was such a bad liar. He said, "Oh. Cool." Then he frantically scanned his memories, trying to recall the ostensible meaning for the call.

As he was doing that, Anushka continued her best efforts to control her own panting. The more she succeeded in that, the more she realized that she was hearing some strange noises from Nick's end of the phone line too. Then it hit her like a thunderbolt just what those sounds were: they didn't belong to Nick; that was Maggie blowing Nick!

Anushka listened closer still, and realized that she was hearing what could only be slurping and sucking sounds, and with surprising loudness and clarity too. She didn't stop to think why she could hear such things so well. Had she thought it over, she would have surmised that it was because her interest in those particular sounds was so great, much like a cat honing in on the scuffling of a quiet mouse over all other noises in a room.

There was another long and awkward pause, because Anushka was so distracted by Maggie's fellatio noises that she all but forgot that it was her turn to talk. Finally, she asked, "So... what's up?"

Nick was still struggling to remember why he'd called. Maggie's talented mouth was more than a little distracting. But he rallied to say, "Uh, I understand you were talking to Maggie a few minutes ago. She came to my room all in a hurry to tell me about some new afternoon plans. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"Uhhhh... sure." Anushka kept her answer short, because she was torn between trying to calm down more while practically losing her mind from hearing Maggie's startlingly loud sucking and slurping noises. She could even hear the sound of Maggie's hand sloshing up and down his lower shaft, since his entire hard-on was thoroughly soaked with pre-cum and saliva.

Maggie was beside herself with glee. *This is so great! It's working out even better than I'd expected! First off, getting to suck my son's thick cock is a total joy at any time. But having the phone almost resting against the base of his cock means I don't even have to suck with theatrical loudness for Anushka to hear. Although I may do that anyway! Ha! I dare say she probably can hear my sucking better than Nick's voice! She must be going INSANE with lusty desire! Plus, she's on speaker phone too and I can hear how heavily she's breathing. I hope she's naked and caressing those huge melons of hers!*

This makes me soooo inspired to suck! I love how tough it is to get him to cum. But if I can take him right to the edge, he'll have such trouble speaking that it'll make what's happening even MORE obvious! Which will make her sexy breathing more obvious, which will make her more flustered and horny, and he'll hear that and get hornier himself, and so on! A virtuous cycle of phone sex!

There was another short pause as Nick realized that was all Anushka was going to say. Luckily, he remembered the point of his phone call just in the nick of time. "Soooo... Maggie told me that you'd talk to Hillary, and then you could tell me what the latest is about afternoon plans, and I'll pass that on to her."

Although Anushka hadn't spoken to Hillary yet, she decided to pretend that she did. This was due both to a lack of time for her to call Hillary and then call him back, and also because she assumed Hillary's response would be a foregone conclusion. Of course, Hillary would want to be alone with him after school if Maggie wasn't there. She figured she would still have time to call Hillary to confirm such plans after getting off the phone with him, although that window was narrowing, with school less than 25 minutes away. (Both local high schools started and ended their school days at the exact same times.)

Thus, Anushka said, "Right. I have good news there. But, first, what are all the strange sounds I'm hearing?! And why do you have to pass the message on to Maggie instead of me just talking to her directly?"

Of course, she knew the answer to both questions, but she innocently pretended not to know that Maggie was giving him a blowjob the whole time, so she'd be able to secretly tease him some.

Nick carefully considered his answer. His first instinct was to lie some more, after lying about Maggie not being in the room. But he could clearly hear that Anushka's breathing was as heavy as ever. Even her voice sounded more husky and sensual as usual, no doubt because she was so very hot and bothered. So he decided to take a risk.

He said, "Er... Anushka, I could lie to you and say that she spoke to me briefly and then ran off with something to do, leaving her phone behind with me. I suppose I hinted at something like that already. But that doesn't really make sense, does it? Besides, I'm hoping you and I will become good friends, and I don't want our relationship to be built on a bunch of lies. The fact is, she's right here with me, but she can't speak because... well, her mouth is occupied. With, uh... my penis!"

Anushka gasped. She hadn't been expecting that sort of answer at all. She was disappointed, because she'd been planning to make him squirm in embarrassment as she seemingly cluelessly teased him about his heavy breathing and the slurpy noises she was hearing.

Maggie also gasped, though it wasn't nearly as loud as Anushka's due to her tight lip-lock. She hadn't been expecting that shocking honesty from Nick, and she wasn't sure at first what the implications were. But it didn't stop her effort to use all of her considerable blowjob talents to get him close to the brink of orgasm, so he'd sound even more flustered.

He continued to talk to Anushka, "Look. I know this is blunt and lewd to say, but the fact of the matter is, she's orally pleasuring me right now."

Anushka gasped again, but not as loudly. Even though she knew the truth of what he was saying already, hearing him state it so blatantly shook her up.

He pushed on, "I'm sorry if that upsets you, but the four of us all are bonded together in our weird four-legs-of-a-table relationship, and chances are we'll be linked like that for a long time to come. Hopefully, a very, very long time. Given that, I think we should be upfront with each other about how things really are instead of lying left and right just to be polite. Don't you agree?"

Anushka was caught flatfooted. She didn't know how to respond to this unexpected honesty. "Um... I suppose that's true. Within reason, though. I don't want to hear all sorts of sexually explicit stuff if I don't have to."

He was glad she didn't sound too offended. "Of course. That goes without saying. I don't want to share my private intimacies if I don't have to either. But... Maggie briefly mentioned to me that you and her had a good, frank, sexual talk earlier. I don't know the details, but, in that spirit, it's important for you to realize that oral sex is a big part of her and my relationship."

Anushka was still sitting naked on her bed. She was tempted to play with herself a little bit, but she was fighting that urge off, because she was trying hard to calm her breathing, and she knew any masturbating would be counterproductive. She blurted out, "Blowjobs, you mean!" Normally, she never would have said that, but she was so very horny that her mental filter of what to say or not say wasn't working well.

He was startled by her comment, and tensed up. But he relaxed, as he realized she didn't sound accusing. He put a hand on Maggie's head and gently ran his fingers through her hair as she steadily bobbed on him. "Yes, you could say that. I must admit that she and I both love that more or less equally, so why the heck not do it a lot? We have great fun."

Anushka asked, "So, you mean... right now, as I'm speaking to you, she has your, uh... erection... in her mouth?!" That's what all those lewd, sexual noises I'm hearing are?!" Of course, she knew the answer to that question already, but she wanted to hear him confirm it still more explicitly. That would make it still more vivid and exciting to her.

He didn't consciously realize that Maggie was working to get him to teeter on the brink of cumming, since she normally was so talented at keeping him a couple of notches below that, allowing the fellatio fun to continue much longer. He thought it was the excitement of talking about getting blown with Anushka that was getting him too worked up.

But regardless of the cause or causes, he realized he had to do something, and fast. He started frantically squeezing his PC muscle. He also clutched at Maggie's head with both hands, forcing her to bring her head bobbing motion nearly to a halt.

He breathed a sigh of relief when his firm head-hold immediately caused her to ease up on him. After another awkwardly long pause, he replied, "Um... uh... yeah! That's exactly what's happening! She's naked and kneeling between my legs and... she's really going wild on me! UGH! It feels so good!"

Anushka had been very carefully keeping her hands at her sides, but upon hearing that, her resistance broke and she began fondling her gigantic, bare tits. The mental vision of Maggie acting so wantonly really got to her. Plus, as a bisexual, just thinking of Maggie naked was a big turn on.

Anushka struggled for what to say. "That's... that's... that's... incredible!" She belatedly realized she was supposed to be disapproving, so she added, "Er, I mean, incredibly wrong!"

Nick's response time seemed to be slowing down even more. He was breathing increasingly heavily himself, because his hands firmly holding Maggie's head could only restrain her so much. In particular, her licking skills were getting better every time she sucked him. Her cheeks caved in as she used tremendous suction on him, but it was her dexterous tongue that was really driving him crazy.

Again, Nick pondered what his next response should be, and opted for blunt honesty once more. "You say that, but what's all that heavy breathing I hear? Are you STILL winded from running up the stairs?! I'm being honest with you. Can't you be honest with me?"

Anushka blurted out, unthinkingly and almost angrily, "Okay, fine! I'm horny! There, I admitted it! And it's not because of YOU! Don't get a big head! I still don't know if I even like you. You're scary! And I'm certainly never going to do THAT sort of thing to you, so don't even think about it! But... how insane and bizarre is it for you to talk to me on the phone while all that loud slurping is going on?! I can hear it so clearly! Even though I'm lesbian, the sheer boldness and wickedness of it is getting to me! Okay?! Do NOT take advantage by trying to come on to me, because that's only going to make me upset!"

He replied slowly, between yet more heavy and even ragged breathing. "Anushka, I promised you not to so much as even touch your breasts without your permission, and I mean to stick to that. I get that you're a lesbian. So don't worry about me."

Actually, he was fully convinced by now that she had a healthy lust for men, thanks in large part to hearing her during this call and the earlier one with Maggie. But he was planning a more subtle and roundabout seduction than how things had been going so far. He wanted to put her at ease, for now.

He went on, "I'm looking at this in a different way. It's a fact of life that Maggie likes to blow me a lot. Hillary too. What's going to happen when the four of us are hanging out? There's bound to be some blowjob talk, and maybe even action, because it's such a big part of our lives."

"Right in front of my eyes?!" Anushka asked breathlessly.

"I'm afraid so. It would be great if you could be tolerant of our weirdness. Eventually. Since you are lesbian, it doesn't effect you, right? Except maybe some, at times like this, when you're taken aback by the shock and the newness of it. Right?" Although he didn't believe she was a full lesbian, he figured he could use her pretense to his advantage.

Anushka was fondling her breasts more and more overtly, now that she'd given in. She was pulling on both of her nipples at once. "Um... Well... I mean, 'action?' What do you mean by that?!"

He said, "I'm looking way down the road, assuming we'll all get closer and closer together. Imagine that the four of us go for a weekend boating trip some months down the line. It would be a real drag if I had to sneak down to a cabin below anytime I want to have some sexual fun with either of them. It would be a lot better if we could all be more open about it. In times like that, I'd get used to seeing you naked, and you'd get used to seeing me naked. But it wouldn't matter, because you're lesbian, and I respect that."

She said, "So... wait! We'd all be on a boat, maybe parked in some private cove somewhere, and you'd be kicking back on the deck naked, with Maggie lying naked between your legs and bobbing on your, uh, member? Just like she's doing right now?!"

"Exactly!" he said brightly. "And in times like that, it would only be fair if you spend more time with Hillary, so we all can have lots of sexual fun. Probably while that's happening, you'd be kneeling naked between Hillary's legs and licking her privates, or vice versa, or whatever else it is you two want to do. The details don't matter. What's important is that we'd all be mature enough to witness sexual situations without getting all weird about it. Like what you're hearing now. You can handle that, can't you? It's just slurpy noises. It's no big deal, right?"

Anushka was still tripping out to the vision of the boat trip that he'd suggested. Listening to Maggie's rhythmic sucking, it was easy for her to add the visuals to it, of Maggie doing that to him on a boat deck, with her

gloriously naked and evenly tanned body stretched out between his legs, the suntan lotion on her causing her skin to glisten in the sun. The imaginary sight of Maggie completely naked and in a sexual position aroused her lesbian sensibilities too. And while she was watching that, Hillary had a role in the vision between her legs, thoroughly lapping on her clit and slit, driving her to orgasm.

But she knew she had to be careful. She considered him highly dangerous, and in multiple ways. Most importantly, she felt he was a threat to her long-term future with Hillary and so she was stubbornly determined not to get intimate with him in any way. She told him, "That's a hypothetical, way, way into the future. None of us even has a boat."

With Maggie bobbing on his cock, Nick was surging with so much confidence that he had no trouble coming up with a good comeback. "True, but what about Hillary's house? You know the nudity policy there. Will she have to give that up? Or arrange things so that you and I are never there at the same time?"

Anushka furrowed her brow. She hadn't fully considered that until just now.

He went on, "That would be a real shame. I like you a lot, as a person, all gorgeous faces and stunning chests aside. When we've met recently, we've really clicked, didn't we? I know we got off to a rough start, but I'm confident those days are behind us. Don't you think?"

"Of course!" She looked down at herself in disbelief, because she still couldn't stop fondling her fulsome G-cups.

He added, "You might be a little scared of me right now, sexually, but I consider myself a man of honor. I made a pledge to never so much as touch your breasts, and I'll stick with that until the end of time, unless you tell me otherwise. I think we CAN have a good friendship that'll strengthen our whole four-legged table thing. But that'll be seriously hobbled if we can't hang out at Hillary's together, since that's the logical main hang-out spot for all of us. Unless we could go to your house?"

Anushka quickly replied, "NO! Er, I mean, that's a bad idea, a really bad idea. Not unless my parents aren't home. Heck, better still if nobody else is home. And that very rarely happens." Just thinking about the danger of her parents cooled her ardor a little bit.

He said, "That's the impression I got already from Hillary. And it's the same with my place. So that pretty much leaves Hillary's place. But can we all have the maturity and tolerance to be naked around each other sometimes and not let it get weird?"

She replied, "Oh, it'll get weird! Really weird! I'm sure of that." However, she added, "Sometimes, it's best to just grit one's teeth and work through the weird until it's not so weird. That's what I already did with Hillary's nudity policy. Of course, I had no trouble being naked with her, but her parents Peter and Petra too?! Talking about weird, that's about as weird as it gets! But, over time, it's become more normal, although I still try to get out of the room whenever either of them are around."

Nick said, "Huh. I can imagine, or at least try to imagine. But that's a bridge I haven't crossed yet. Are they weird to you in any way?"

"Oh, no! They're both sweet, nice people. And they eased me into the nudity thing in stages, which was nice. But the mere fact that they're there, and especially that Peter's a man, makes it tough, regardless. Being naked around you will be a hundred times tougher!"

Nick winced. *She's talking about being naked around me, while Ma is sucking me off! Plus, Ma suggested she probably started the phone call naked, after the last one. She could be buck naked right now! And she's such a BABE! Damn! I'm too horny!*

He paused briefly to try to at least calm his breathing somewhat. Then he responded, "I can see where you're coming from. So I say let's go slow, and you set the pace. Whatever you want to do or not do, let's do that. I want you to learn that you can trust me and I'm never going to try to molest you or something like that. That's just not who I am. But I know it takes time to build up trust. So... yeah. Whatever YOU want to do, and Hillary, and Maggie, I'm all for that."

Anushka was pleasantly surprised. "Thank you! That means a lot to me!"

He went on, "That said, it still would be great if, eventually, we could reach a place where not only are we able to hang out in the nude, but Maggie or Hillary could go down on me, and you and Hillary could do whatever, and it would be okay. We'd be totally used to it, like seeing someone get a backrub or something."

Anushka responded, "A backrub?! I don't know about that. It's way different than a backrub!"

"I know. But... you don't have to agree to this yet, but I'm just throwing it out there, a blowjob for Maggie and me is no big deal. It's kind of like kissing or hugging."

"Kissing or hugging?!" She snorted in disbelief.

"I know, I know," he said. "It sounds hard to believe. I totally get your skepticism. But it's just such a big part of how we interact. She's blowing me even as I speak, for crying out loud! It's crazy, but it's true. We kind of can't stop doing it."

Anushka sighed. She was still very horny, though not as much as before. Her heavy breathing was calming down, even though she continued to caress and fondle her enormous bare breasts. "I'm not saying you're totally crazy. I was talking to her some and she was sort of saying the same thing. But it's tough for me to handle. I'm warning you, it'll take me a long, long time to get used to that level of comfort and trust, where we could all hang out like that, if we ever get there at all."

"I totally get that. And I'm vowing right now that I'm not going to try to push you. Although... I can't help but admit that I wouldn't exactly mind seeing you naked!"

"A-ha!"

"What? I'm just trying to be honest."

"Yeah, but you lied to me earlier. You said Maggie had left the room. But she was there the whole time, right between your legs!"

"True," he replied, disappointed she remembered that. "I didn't say I would always succeed in being honest 100 percent of the time - nobody is - just that I'm trying hard. You lied too, about how you'd ran up the stairs. Are you still running now? 'Cos I still hear some pretty heavy breathing." He chuckled, but in a good-natured way.

Anushka felt a surge of embarrassment. She actually covered up her pussy and nipples, as if he could see through the phone. But she quickly realized how silly that was, and dropped her hands. "I'd rather not have to explain that." However, she decided that further comments along that line would

just sound lame. Besides, she believed he was trying hard to be honest, and that pushed her to do the same.

"Let me try again," she said, after taking a deep sigh. "Look. I am aroused, okay? It's not about you, so don't get a big head! But just... just... the whole thing! All this sexual craziness! I'm not used to talk about this sort of thing with anybody but Hillary, much less YOU! I'm trying to meet you halfway on some things, but it's kind of like pulling teeth." She added, more fiercely, "Please don't tease me about it, or I'm going to have to kill you!"

He made an in-joke about one of their earlier meetings. "I already figure I'm living on borrowed time, what with the way you've come close to throwing me off a balcony. Each additional day I live is a blessing, until you decide to finish me off for good!"

She laughed, then played along. "Damn straight! I'm your personal Grim Reaper!"

They shared a good laugh at that.

Then she abruptly changed the topic. "Hey. How is it that you're so good at holding a conversation while Maggie... you know... While she does her thing to you? I don't want to get graphic here, but I hear you're breathing pretty heavily, and I hear a lot of noises that can only be described as sexual and obscene!"

That was true. Maggie was still steadily sucking him off. Not only that, but as the conversation had become less sexually overt in nature, Maggie had been sucking and slurping with increasing loudness to help make sure Anushka stayed highly aroused.

It was working. Anushka had taken her hands off her privates ever since the little scare less than a minute ago, but she was still so hot and bothered that she resumed fondling herself.

He didn't want to boast about his stamina, so he replied, "Good question. It's kind of a mystery to me too. I don't know."

Surprising even herself, Maggie pulled her lips off his boner. But in contrast to the previous phone call, she did so with a deliberate smacking sound. She had to speak quietly, since her mouth was so close to the phone. Even so, she was emotional. "Oh, that's such a lie! Sorry, Anushka! I know I'm not supposed to be speaking on this phone call, but I just have to say

something! He's not lying on purpose, it's just that he's too modest to tell you the truth!"

Anushka's arousal level shot up upon hearing Maggie's voice. She was absolutely sure Maggie was there, but hearing her voice made it even more real and vivid. She could practically imagine Maggie wiping the cum and drool from her chin, which, in fact, was something Maggie was doing at that very moment.

Maggie continued, "The real truth is that he has incredible natural stamina, AND it's getting better all the time! Plus, he climaxed not that long ago, and that gives him MORE stamina. I could give you some more reasons, but I don't want to get too sexually graphic. The bottom line is, he IS honest and trustworthy, except that every now and then there are certain things where he feels like modesty puts him in a no-win sort of bind."

After a pause, she added, "Sorry for budding in! Forgive me?!"

Nick said, "Of course!"

Maggie laughed. "I know you'd forgive me, you goof! Never in human history has a man been upset at a naked woman as she takes a short breather while bobbing on his erection!" She laughed some more. "My question was directed at Anushka."

"Oh, sorry," he muttered.

Anushka was startled at first to hear Maggie speak, but she relaxed and smiled. Maggie's comments were weird and sexual, but somehow in character in a comforting way. "No problem, Maggie. Thanks for the clarification. Nick, I understand you feeling obliged to be modest, but I'll take truth over modesty any day of the week."

Maggie said, "Son, did you hear that? Sometimes, one can be too modest. Now, if you'll excuse me, Anushka, I have to get back to 'work.'" She snickered. "As you know, we've only got about 20 minutes until the school bell rings, and I've got to get him to cum first!"

There was a long awkward silence as Maggie took his bulbous cockhead back into her mouth. Maggie made a point of being extra loud while doing it. She moaned erotically as she slipped her lips back around it, making it sound like a difficult yet satisfying struggle.

Anushka held her breath for as long as she could, so she could carefully hear everything. She wished she had a video phone to see the nude busty bombshell straining, struggling, and crying. (Maggie wasn't actually crying at the moment, but after Maggie's talk in the last phone call about crying tears of struggle and joy, Anushka assumed she was.)

Rather than settle into a steady bobbing rhythm, Maggie continued to make every lewd and slurpy noise she could, knowing that Anushka had to be listening very closely.

Nick wasn't deliberately trying to be loud, like his mother was, but she was sucking with such talent and power that he couldn't help but moan more loudly and lustily than normal.

Anushka found it all so arousing that she couldn't resist fondling her privates even more than before. She briefly diddled her clit, only to decide that was too dangerous, since she didn't want Nick to know how horny she was. She went back to aggressively fondling her G-cup sized breasts with both hands.

The silence was stretching out so long that it was getting awkward. Nick had his hands full squeezing his PC muscle and trying not to cum. Thus, it was up to Anushka to say something.

Just before Maggie had stopped talking, she mentioned how she needed to make him cum before leaving for school, so that was still on Anushka's mind. Anushka asked, "So, Nick?"

"Yeah?"

"Is it really true you came eight or nine times yesterday? And about the same number the day before that?"

"Probably," he admitted. "I haven't sat down and tried to figure out the exact number. But it was a lot!"

"Wow!" Anushka said, sounding more enthusiastic than she realized. Still caressing her immense breasts, she abruptly switched the topic to something of great interest to her: spanking. "Speaking of last night, what were you thinking, spanking Debra's ass? She's not your girlfriend. You don't have any right to do that! Why did you even do it?!"

Before he could answer, there was a knock on Anushka's door. It was Rushika, her mother. "Anu, what are you doing in there? It's time to leave

for school. Now!"

Anushka's hands went from fondling her breasts to covering them up. She looked to a clock on her bed stand and saw that it was 20 minutes until her school day started. Luckily, her mother was exaggerating somewhat and being extra cautious.

Anushka did a quick mental calculation. She typically drove her own car to school, and it took about ten minutes for her to get to the Academy. She was naked and reeked of arousal, but that still left her ten minutes to put her clothes back on and make herself presentable. Still, she was rapidly running out of time to just chat with Nick.

She held her hand over her cell phone, and then shouted to her door, "Okay, okay! Don't worry. I'll be out in just a minute."

Rushika said through the door, "Please don't wait until the very last minute." Then she walked on down the hall.

Anushka listened for a few seconds to make sure her mother had gone. Then she let out an audible sigh of relief. She took her hand from covering the phone and brought her mouth close to it again. She said to Nick, "I hope you didn't hear that, but I guess you did. My mom is really on my case about getting to school on time. And I guess she has a point. We should probably end this."

He looked at the car clock, and saw the same time. "Yeah, I guess we should."

She glanced at her own clock too, but her spanking curiosity was still motivating her. "But before we go, can you answer my questions about the Debra spanking? I'm really curious about that."

"Oh. Well, sure," he started to reply. But then he thought about it, and realized it would be tough to attempt to justify him having the "right" to spank Debra. "Actually, it's kind of complicated, and we're running out of time. Maybe we could talk about it later?"

"Okay, but when's 'later?!' We're both about to leave for school." She was very keen to get answers.

"I don't know," he replied. "Maybe we'll see each other in the afternoon or evening. If you're with Maggie and I'm with Hillary, our paths might cross. Or, if not, we can talk on the phone."

Anushka said, "Sounds good. I'd like that. But now, we both probably really should go. I can't believe, after talking to Maggie and then you about all sorts of interesting stuff, I'm going to have to sit in class, where everything is... normal."

"Tell me about it! Maggie is still... you know what. Sucking me off. Talk about culture shock, to go from that to sitting in class, listening to some boring lecture."

"Yeah, I can imagine. But now I've really gotta go. We'll talk later. Bye!"

"Bye!"

The line disconnected. Anushka was in a sudden hurry to get off the phone if he wasn't going to talk more about spankings, because she wanted to use the last few minutes of privacy in her room to work herself up to another orgasm before putting her clothes back on.

To Nick's surprise, as soon as the call ended, Maggie pulled her lips off his boner again and sat up. "Okay, let's go!"

"Go?!" he asked in confusion. "Go where?"

"School, silly!" She chuckled. She added with playful sarcasm, "Remember that whole annoying thing, where you have to sit in class and learn?"

"Damn," he muttered. He looked down at his stiff erection, untouched and soaked in saliva. "But... what about you saying you'd help me cum a second time?"

She was busy tilting the driver's seat back in place. "Don't worry, that's still the plan. But if we do that here, we're liable to lose track of time, causing you to be late for class. Instead, I'll keep your cock stiff until we get there, and finish you off in the back of the parking lot. Let's do it! Put your shorts on and help me get dressed! We don't have much time!"

Chapter 77: Reckless Driving (Monday)

He quickly got into gear getting ready to go. However, he had doubts about this plan. He was riding high on lust, and he worried he'd cool down on the way to school. He figured they'd only have a short time once they got there, and he doubted he'd be able to get aroused enough in that time to climax.

The two of them made themselves presentable with remarkable speed. Maggie's hair was tussled and there were dribbles of drool down her chin. She was in heat, and it showed. But she didn't care about looking presentable close up, because she didn't plan on being seen up close by any strangers.

She'd come into the garage wearing nothing but an overcoat, but she'd also brought a change of clothes and her purse. She'd left those clothes on the floor of the garage, so she leapt out of the SUV and rushed to get them. As she did so, she said, "Nick, switch seats! You drive!"

"Me? Why me?" he asked, even as he slid over to the driver's seat.

"Trust me, I've got this all worked out." Actually, Maggie was making it up as she went along. Most importantly, while rushing back to the car, she calculated it would be safer for her to play with his erection while he was driving compared to if she was driving.

Once she was in the passenger's seat, she made only the barest of efforts to get clothed. She put on a short red miniskirt, but no panties underneath. And she wore an orange blouse, but it buttoned up in front and she left all the buttons undone.

Sitting in her seat with her nipples barely covered, she reached over to his lap and unbuttoned and unzipped his fly. "Drive! Drive!" she exhorted him. "We've got less than 20 minutes now. Time is running out!"

He put the key in the ignition, but he gave her a very skeptical look. "I can't drive with you looking like that! We'll get arrested!" His heart thumped faster as he saw her deep valley between her round boobs tempting him.

She ducked down, putting her head in his lap. "How's this? Better? Nobody can see me. Plus, we have tinted windows." She took his erection back in hand and resumed stroking it while also licking around the fat head.

"MooooOOOOooooom!" he complained. "You're practically naked!"

Indeed, her blouse had opened up even more, sliding down both of her shoulders as she'd leaned over and bent down. Plus, her miniskirt rode up, leaving her fine ass totally uncovered.

She said, "Nobody's going to see me, I promise. Isn't it more exciting this way? Just drive!"

He sighed, but he was too horny to object very much. "Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you." He started the car and hit the button for the garage door. *Jesus Christ! How the hell am I going to drive safely, in this condition?! I'm so horny! And my dick is feels needy and big as a baseball bat!*

As he started to pull the SUV out of the driveway, he said, "One rule: no sucking while driving!"

Maggie groaned unhappily at that restriction. However, as she licked and stroked him, she countered, "But the car stops at traffic lights, which makes you fair game. So there!"

He laughed. "Okay, fine!"

He began driving down the street, going slowly and carefully. *Geez! This is such fun! Yeah, it's extremely foolish, but I'm the classic "young, dumb, and full of cum" guy. How can I say no?! I just need to be super extra careful with my driving. I did pretty well talking to Anushka while Ma was sucking me off, so if I can handle that, I can handle this.*

Maggie could sense that he was driving more slowly than normal. This frustrated her, because so was so horny that she wasn't thinking about safety, only about sexual fun. She worried that time was running out, and precious minutes could be wasted driving slowly, when she wanted him to drive extra fast. She at least had enough safety sense not to encourage him to speed, even though she wished he would.

She also worried that she wouldn't have time to get him to cum when they got to the school parking lot, whether he drove normally or slowly. His unusual stamina was a double-edged sword, especially at a time like this. She thought about the various things she could do to help push him over the edge in a hurry. *Hmmm. A finger up the ass will certainly get his attention! I'll definitely do that. And I've got another great ace in the hole: deep throating! But I did it to him once and that didn't get him to cum at the end,*

so even that isn't guaranteed. Plus, it's really damn hard! I need to be at the right angle and position, in ideal conditions. In the parking lot, I'm probably going to be leaning over exactly like this, which is definitely not ideal.

Hmmm... What else can I do to get him cum in a minute or two? I need to think outside the box... Something extraordinary... Some kind of "next level" thing that will make his day... Oh, I know: Hillary!

Maggie unexpectedly sat up. She had to laugh because she hadn't thought about the fact that her blouse had slid down her arms and was nearly all the way off. She was feeling so wanton and sexual that rather than pull it back into place, she ducked down below the windshield, except towards her passenger seat. To cover for that action, she muttered, "Oops!"

Nick was incredulous. "Oops?" Ma, if there had been a car coming, and the driver was a man, he would have driven off the road, into a tree! What are you doing?!" He asked that question because she'd just found her cell phone in her purse and pulled it out.

Continuing to stay low below windshield level, she began dialing. "I'm calling in reinforcements."

He puzzled at that, but he had to keep his eyes and focus on driving. He looked down at his erection, which was pointing almost straight up, and was dripping with saliva. *Sheesh! This is nuts! As much as I love her talented mouth, maybe it's better she's making a call.* He started driving faster while she was distracted.

Maggie reached Hillary on the phone. "Hillary! It's Maggie! Where are you?!"

Hillary replied, "I'm at home. I'm just about to leave for school on my bike. Why?"

"We have an emergency situation here! Nick and I are in our Ford Explorer and headed to school. His cock is super stiff and wet, and he needs to cum before class begins! I was thinking that you could meet us in the back of the parking lot and lend a hand! And a mouth!"

"OH SHIT!" Hillary replied.

"What?!" Maggie asked.

"The time! I was going to cut it close getting to school, because why get there early, but I'm got to leave NOW! Luckily, I live close to school, so I'll be there in about five minutes! Okay?"

"Okay! See you soon!"

Hillary ended the call.

Nick had only heard Maggie's side of the phone call, due to the ambient noise of the car driving down the road. He asked, "What was that all about?! 'See you soon?!' Is she going to meet us?!"

"She is!" Still bent over in the passenger seat, Maggie decided it was easier to simply take her blouse all the way off rather than pull it back up her shoulders, so that's what she did. Then, making sure to keep her head below windshield level, she repositioned until her head and hands were back at her son's crotch.

Nick was so busy trying to keep his focus on driving while enjoying his mother's active tongue and fingers than he didn't notice at first how she'd gone completely topless.

It was only when they reached a stop sign when he felt safe enough to look down at her and got an electric shock down his spine. "MA! What the hell?! You're so reckless!"

Instead of trying to justify herself, she engulfed his cockhead. After all, they'd agreed that she was allowed to do that when the car wasn't moving. She savored feeling her mouth crammed full of cock again, and thought, *YESSSS! "Reckless!" That's exactly what I am! I feel so free! So liberated! My old life is gone! Total oral submission, here we come!* She bobbed with great energy and powerful suction, heedless of the danger, since the SUV was stopped at a stop sign.

He let go of the steering wheel and clutched the sides of his head with both hands. "AAAAIIIEEE! This is too much! You're going to make me cum!"

He heard her snickering in triumph, despite her full mouth. Then he remembered that was her goal, to get him to cum before school began. However, he felt he couldn't just let go and cum at this point, not if Hillary was going to meet them in the school parking lot.

He was so very distracted by her aggressive sucking technique that not only did he forget to complain about her toplessness, he forgot to drive through

the stop sign, despite the lack of traffic in the other directions. It was only when he heard a car come up from behind that he reluctantly resumed driving forward.

Once he did so, he said, "Okay, funny lady. Enough with your daring risks. The car is moving, so that means the lips come off!"

She reluctantly pulled her mouth away. "Awww. Drat! You're no fun!" It didn't make that much difference, because she quickly got busy lavishly lapping right on his sweet spot.

He spoke while staring straight ahead to the road. "I wish it could be different, but let's be practical. What if there's a big bump and you bite down? Ouch!"

She replied, "I thought about that already. I had my lips carefully pulled over my teeth even as I used a lot of suction. Did you notice? I can do that no problem."

He sighed. "Maybe. But still. What if there's an accident? You're not even wearing your seat belt! And what if we get stopped by the police?! Where's your top?!" His heart raced faster and faster as he worried about the worst-case scenarios.

"That's a problem," she admitted. "But just this one time, please! It's only a few more minutes until school, and I want to impress Hillary. I want to show her I can be a good slut too. Dedicated to total oral submission!"

He sighed again. "You're too fucking arousing." He looked down at her gorgeous face, and nearly lost his attention from staring into her eyes. "You're too sexy! It's great, but you're going to get us in such big trouble!"

"Maybe, but not today!" Just then, the car came to a stop at a traffic light. Maggie stopped talking and took his cockhead in her mouth again.

He felt another tremendous wave of arousal wash over him. That caused him to clutch the steering wheel so hard he felt he was going to crush it. He thought, *Fuck! I don't want to be the stick in the mud. This is a dream come true. I mean, MA! A month ago, this would have been literally beyond my wildest dreams. But she's out of control! Someone's got to keep things in check. If not me, then who? I can't believe this is the same woman who thought my fake girlfriend scheme was a joke mere weeks ago. Damn! So much has changed in such a short time!*

He looked over at her upper torso, since the light was taking a while. He felt shivers just from looking at her body sprawled out like that, with only a miniskirt hanging uselessly around her waist. He reached out and ran a finger down the groove along her spine. *Hot damn! Even her back is so fucking sexy! Every inch of her... so smooth! So evenly tanned. No blemishes at all! I swear...*

Just then, he had to look up and bring both hands to the steering wheel, because the light changed green. He managed to resume driving forward, probably a second or two before the driver in the car behind him honked.

His mind was overwhelmed by thoughts of what would happen when Hillary met them in the parking lot. *Fuuuuuck! This is way too arousing as it is! I'm about to have a heart attack! Then add HILLARY! Too much! It's just too much! What if I end up cumming in HER mouth?! She could have spermy breath for the whole first period, or longer! Fuuuuuck!*

He was so distracted that he didn't fully comprehend that Maggie had failed to pull her lips off when he resumed driving. Indeed, she got more and more into bobbing fervently on him. He probably didn't have the willpower to tell her to stop even if his brain had been working normally.

Maggie was over the moon, not just from the joy of sucking him off, but from basking in her sheer sluttiness. *Gaaaawwwwd! This is so divine! I can see what Hillary means about being a good slut! Giving in to one's lust, fully, but with someone you love. It's so liberating! I can NEVER go back to being Margaret! Never! She was desperately unhappy and she didn't even fully know it. I don't think I've ever been happier than I am right now!*

No, wait. Not true. She reached back and unzipped a zipper down the back of her miniskirt, causing it to come all the way off. She wiggled her sexy hips some to make sure it wound up entirely underneath her.

She sighed blissfully as she reveled in her nudity. *Aaaaaah! Oh, NOW I've never been happier! I'm bobbing on my son's cock while fully naked in public! It's just that nobody knows it. But I do, and he does, and Hillary will, soon enough! Everybody else in the world can go to hell, as far as I'm concerned. All the people who would judge and say this is wrong - they don't know! They can't know! I NEED to be fully naked whenever I suck his fat cock! Especially here, with the car in motion. The sheer joy of sliding my*

lips up and down while I can feel the wind blowing through the partially open window... priceless!

Nick clung to the steering wheel with both hands, even though he usually drove with just one, because he was overcompensating, like he was desperate not to crash while driving drunk. Actually, the situation was almost exactly the same, except that he was drunk on lust. He was repeatedly tempted to pull to the side of the road. However, he knew it was only a couple more minutes to school, and time was running out, and Hillary was expecting them there.

He breathed a tremendous sigh of relief when he drove into the school parking lot a short time later. He glanced at the clock on the car's dashboard and saw there was still seven minutes until school began. He was surprised it had only taken the usual ten minutes to get to school, because it felt at least three times as long.

Still clutching the steering wheel with two hands like it was a life or death matter, he looked towards the main school building and saw dozens of students walking inside. True, they were a long way away and nearly all of them had their backs turned, but at least in theory they could have paid attention to their SUV. Then he glanced down and to the side at his mother. *Man! If they only knew! HOLY SHIT! She's so sexy! Goose bumps! What happened to her skirt too?! Fuck! This is too dangerous!*

Steering the SUV to the back of the parking lot, well away from everyone else, he saw Hillary on her bike in that area. She was riding in a circle in the empty part of the lot, waiting to see where he parked his car. As soon as he slowed down to a space somewhat hidden by the shadow of trees above it, Hillary pulled up along side and got off her bike.

At the last second, rather than park between the white lines marking off the parking spaces, he swerved to an angle across at least three spaces. He realized it would be much better if the driver's side of the car was blocked from direct view of the school building, so nobody could see what they were doing.

Hillary had to hustle a little further from where she'd stopped her bike, but she could see the logic in what he was doing. The tinted windows protected the action inside the SUV, but it wasn't clear if she would get all the way inside the vehicle.

He partially opened the driver's side door and waved. "Hey! Hillary!"

Hillary got off her bike, just managing to make sure it didn't fall over as she did so. She rushed into the space created by the partially open door. She started to smile. "Hey, Nick!" But then she saw Maggie. At first, she just saw her face, with her lips stretched around Nick's erection and her blonde hair bobbing up and down. Then Hillary stepped in closer and lowered herself to a squatting position, allowing her to see the entire front seat area, including all of Maggie's nude body.

She exclaimed, "HOOOOLYYYY SHIT! Fucking hell! Nick! She's naked!"

Maggie heard Hillary's voice from only a couple of feet away. That was the signal she'd been waiting for. She pulled her lips off her son's throbbing boner while keeping a hand sliding up and down the shaft. "Hillary! From one good slut to another, less talking, more sucking!"

Hillary shook her head in wonder, even as she crouched further down and leaned over Nick's lap. "Fuck! This is so nuts!"

Maggie put a wet hand on the top of Hillary's head and pushed her closer still. "Quick! He's close, but he needs to cum! Now!"

Hillary's heart had been beating fast and her arousal soaring ever since she'd gotten Maggie's phone call. She'd rode her bike to school faster than usual, and that left her slightly winded. Although she could scarcely believe what was happening, she immediately lowered her head and took Nick's cock in her mouth.

Maggie's head was still right there in Nick's crotch. She tilted her head to the side to give Hillary more room while still allowing herself to lap lower down on her son's fat pole. As she did that, she said, "Good! Good! I love how you went right at it! Show him how much you love sucking that cock! Show him what a good slut you are! Put all your love and joy into it!"

Hillary felt surprisingly inspired by those words. It was true that a part of her felt reluctant. Was she really doing the right thing in taking part in this at all? However, Maggie was so enthusiastic, and seeing her completely naked body was so thrilling, that her worries faded away in a matter of seconds. Plus, she found her mouth crammed full of Nick's fat cock, and she began copiously salivating as she vividly recalled just how much she enjoyed slurping and bobbing on it.

Maggie approvingly watched Hillary bobbing with increasing passion. But after less than a minute watching, she lifted her head up just enough to peer through the windshield. In front of her, she didn't see anything except for a tilted slope of ice plant between the end of the parking lot and a busy road. It appeared there was no room for a sidewalk between the top of the slope and the start of the road, but she figured it was a moot point, since she couldn't see the cars on the road, so nobody in them would be able to see her. There were also large oak trees casting shadows over the area.

She thought, A-ha! Perfect! We're faced away from the school building, and it's a ways away anyway. Even though the windshield isn't tinted, who the hell would stand between that and the slope right in front? There's no way anyone can see me here, period. Except for Hillary, and of course I love that!

With that attitude in mind, she repositioned to get closer to Nick's cock heedless of what part of her naked body might be visible above the bottom edge of the windshield. She wound up with her bare ass up high in full view, if anyone was in the right position to look.

Nick saw how exposed his mother was, and his first instinct was to push her ass down to a less exposed position. But his lust was surging so powerfully that he flipped his attitude in an instant. *Fuck it! Why do I have to be the decency police all the time?! We need MORE nudity!* He reached to Hillary's huge breasts, which were within easy reach, and started fondling them.

Hillary immediately smiled at his boob-crazy ways. She actually found that comforting, even though it made things more erotic.

But he didn't stop there. Only a few moments later, after he reacquainted his hands with her immense orbs, he pulled her T-shirt up to her armpits. Then he immediately got to working on getting her bra off!

Maggie saw him doing that and laughed with glee, even as she continued to lick and stroke the lower half of his shaft. "YES! Do it, Nick! Get her naked! Completely naked! Good sluts suck in the nude!"

For a brief moment, he considered doing just that. The car door on his side was partially open and Hillary was squatting in that space. He didn't think anyone would be able to see anything unless they happened to be standing in an exact angle and were inexplicably curious about a parked car far from

all the others. But he quickly realized that was too reckless even in his current reckless mood. Plus, he wasn't in easy range to get most of her clothes off.

However, he continued to work to get her bra off. He reached around and fiddled with the clasp in back until it came free. Then he kept the bra in place but lifted it up enough for his hands to be able to caress and fondle her F-cups without any annoying impediments in the way.

A lot had taken place in a short time. It had only been about a minute since Hillary started bobbing on him when Maggie tapped Hillary's shoulder and asked, "Can I have another turn? Please?!"

Hillary pulled off and laughed. "Please do!" She laughed again when she saw Maggie hungrily engulf all of Nick's cockhead and then some. She was having a great time. Her only regret was knowing that they only had two or three minutes left, at most.

Hillary didn't wear a watch, but she glanced at the car's dashboard and found the clock there. She said urgently, "We really need to wrap this up, fast! We've got two minutes at the most! Then we'll have to make a run for it to beat the bell!"

Maggie nodded. She thought about bringing Nick to orgasm immediately, but she realized that would be selfish, because it would mean Hillary rushed to them only to have a brief suck, and no cum. So, even though her turn had just started, she pulled off again. There was a wild fire in her eyes as she goaded Hillary, "You do it! You make him cum! NOW!"

Hillary nodded with grave seriousness, and engulfed his cockhead again.

Maggie continued to bark out orders. "Have him cum in your mouth! We don't have time to clean up otherwise, and I don't mind! I'm going to help with a special ass trick, so get ready!"

Hillary's head was bobbing faster and faster. She let out a loud, approving moan.

Nick could sense the end was coming very, very soon. He tightly clutched Hillary's head with both hands. He didn't speak though, since he was clenching his teeth tightly and panting hard. Sweat was trickling down his forehead, he was in such an intense state.

Maggie wormed her hand under his ass until her index finger was able to poke at his anus. After just a couple of seconds to readjust her hand, she boldly plunged that finger all the way in until she was able to make contact with his highly sensitive prostate gland.

Nick just about leapt out of his seat! He squealed and groaned, and seemingly tried to crush Hillary's head between his hands. He knew he'd passed the point of no return.

Hillary sensed he was about to start cumming, but she intensified her sucking even more, just to be sure. Her eyes were already shut, but she squeezed them even tighter as she braced for impact.

Just to be absolutely sure he couldn't hold out any longer, Maggie had another trick up her sleeve. She goaded him, "Cum, Son! Think of Anushka! Hillary's going to tell her all about this later, for sure! And when that happens, Anushka will think of you cumming down HER throat!"

Nick actually screamed loudly, that idea shocked and aroused him so deeply. He'd still been clenching, trying to hold out a little bit longer, but with that, he completely gave up, like a puppet that had its strings cut. He slumped in his seat, feeling almost delirious and insensible. But his body continued its automatic reaction, with his cum firing into Hillary's mouth.

Hillary made loud approving noises to let Maggie know what was happening. She gulped and gulped as the flood of cum threatened to overspill her mouth.

Maggie would have said more encouraging things to her, except she decided to redirect her attention to masturbating herself so she could have a nice orgasm too. She closed her eyes and fingered her clit and pussy lips. She only managed to mutter, "That's it, Hills! That's it! Take it! Every last spermy drop!" Sitting up higher in her seat, she tilted her head back and lost herself to orgasmic ecstasy. However, mindful of where they were, she tried to limit how loud her lusty yelling was.

Nick had no such self-restraint - he was totally gone, transported to another realm. Luckily though, his screaming wasn't nearly as high-pitched and piercing as a woman's sometimes could be. It also helped that a man's orgasm was much shorter than a woman's, so his screaming didn't last for long.

None of the three of them were in any position to check, but they would have been very gratified to learn that nobody in the vicinity paid the slightest attention to them. Even the screaming was so faint from across the parking lot that it caused no heads to turn. People were busy with their daily lives, especially since there was a rush to get to one's class on time.

Both Nick and Hillary recovered from Nick's orgasm with unusual speed. Hillary was quick because she hadn't even tried to cum herself (and probably wasn't worked up enough to do so, due to the suddenness of events). Normally, she would have desired to keep sucking Nick's boner until it went completely flaccid. But, mindful of the time, she pulled her lips off as soon as the last of his cum dribbled into her mouth.

At about the same time, Nick eased his tight grip on her head and opened his eyes. His gaze went right to the car's clock. "FUCK! I don't know how accurate that clock is, but I think it's pretty accurate. I'm guessing we have, like, two minutes to get to class! Three at the most! And my entire body has turned to jelly!"

He glanced over to his mother and saw that she was still cumming. She was no longer screaming, but she had a hand over her mouth to be on the safe side as her body continued to tremble. He realized there was no way she could be of any help at the moment.

He made a decisive decision. "Okay! Hillary, quick! Get back on your bike! You've got to park it and lock it! I don't mean to be rude, but we'll talk later! No time now! I'll drive the car right to the front and let Maggie take over from there!"

Hillary didn't mind his brusque behavior. She figured it was what was necessary to get things done in the moment. She merely nodded, then tugged her T-shirt back down over her incredible breasts, even as she rose up from her squatting position.

The car key was still in the ignition, so once Hillary was clear of the car, Nick reignited the engine and carefully started to drive. It felt bizarre having to do anything physical immediately after an orgasm like the one he'd had, but at least all he had to do was slowly drive the car across an empty parking lot. There were only a few cars parked immediately in front of the school building.

He drove very carefully while watching Hillary speed off ahead of him on her bike. He realized she had to go to the bike racks, so he probably wouldn't meet up with her again until they made it to class.

Maggie came out of her orgasmic stupor and tried to make sense of her surroundings. Seeing that Nick was driving and Hillary was gone, she began to sit up in her seat. But she quickly froze and ducked back down, because she realized she was buck naked! Then she glanced back over to the driver's seat, and exclaimed, "Sport! You can't go to school like that!"

He looked down at his crotch and saw that his shorts were still pulled down, leaving his balls and his newly flaccid penis exposed. He laughed almost hysterically. "Oh my God! Shit! This is so reckless!" He brought the car to a halt so he could pull his shorts up. He didn't want to get anywhere close to the other cars while he was still effectively naked from the waist down.

Maggie tried her best to be helpful. She found her blouse and pulled it on, though she left the buttons unbuttoned for the moment. Then she reached to the floor below her seat and found her purse. She pulled out some handiwipes and handed them to her son. "Here! Use one of these to wipe your cock clean. You smell of sex! Use another one to wipe the sweat from your face!"

He nodded. "Right!" But he gravely resumed driving forward, for fear of the time.

Maggie impulsively leaned back into his lap. Sticking a hand inside his shorts, she quickly wiped his penis clean. As she did that, she muttered, "You and your big fat cock! You're going to get us in so much trouble!"

He chuckled at that with some chagrin. "Oh, yeah. I'm the reckless one! By the way... thanks! For everything!"

Finished with cleaning him up, she slid back to her seat while keeping low. She began buttoning up her blouse. She was mindful of the fact that her skirt was still off, but she could only do one thing at a time. She said, "Don't worry about it. Like you said with Hillary, action now, talk later. But... DAMN! That was fucking great! So intense!"

He laughed. "It sure was!"

She frowned as something occurred to her. "Oh, can you do a favor for me? Please tell Hillary I'm sorry for calling her 'Hills.' I don't want to be too

presumptuous with a nickname like that. But I'd heard Anushka call her that, and in the heat of the moment it just kind of was easier to say than her full name."

He nodded. "I will. But I'm sure she'll be fine with it. She's very easy going, which I love."

Just then, he pulled up to the curb right in front of the main school building. As he let the SUV come to a halt, he spoke his mind. "Oh, fuck! Now I have to jog or even run! I'm so wiped out. I don't know if I can even walk!"

"Do your best!" She was still working on her buttons, but she leaned back over and kissed him on the cheek.

That felt bizarre to him, because it was exactly like her usual kisses that sent him off to school from before their sexual relationship began. But he had no time to think about it. He grabbed his backpack, opened the door, and stood up. "Love you!"

"Love you!" She replied. "Remember, use that other wipe to wipe your face. You look weird. Good luck!"

He just nodded, even though he'd put the handwipe in his pocket and decided to deal with that later. Then he took off towards the building. He wanted to run all out, but all his body would let him do was jog.

Maggie quickly slid over into the driver's seat. She took her skirt with her, and wrapped it around her hips so it at least looked like she was fully clothed. She looked around to double check that nobody had noticed anything peculiar about them. She breathed a huge sigh of relief, because nobody had paid any attention to their SUV at all. There were only a few stragglers still outside, and most of them were busy running.

Instead of taking a few moments to calm down and take stock, she wanted to get out of there right away. Nick had left the engine running, so she took control of the wheel and drove the car safely away.

Nick made it into the building when the bell rang, but he didn't make it to class. Luckily, he was so close that it got to his seat less than a minute after the bell rang, while the other students were still settling down. Hillary was already there, panting heavily from running.

Nick and Hillary shared an incredulous look with each other. Since they were sitting in the back row, Hillary even quietly whispered, "Can you

believe that just happened?! And we made it!"

He grinned and shook his head slightly. "No. No, I can't!" He furtively took his handwipe out and did his best to wipe the sweat off his face.

He attempted to look at the teacher beginning to lecture while trying his best to control his breathing. *Jesus Christ! What a fucking incredible morning! And that's just the START of my day!*

Chapter 78: Passing Notes (Monday)

Nick was very grateful that he and Hillary sat in the last row of seats in their first period class instead of up front. None of the other students particularly cared what they were doing, and the teacher was fairly oblivious. That was a lucky thing, because it took Nick about ten minutes before he started to look and feel somewhat normal again.

Hillary was out of sorts too, but in a different way. She waited those ten minutes before trying to communicate with Nick. Previously, they'd just whispered back and forth in class whenever they needed to, but Hillary envisioned a long discussion, so she came up with a different way. She had a notebook in front of her that she was supposed to be using to take notes of the teacher's lecture. However, like Nick, she was too staggered by what had happened that morning to do more than pretend to pay attention. Instead, she started on a new piece of paper and wrote "I'M SO HORNY!" in big letters. Then brought her notebook close to Nick as she could without it looking suspicious, and angled the notebook for him to read it.

He saw what she'd written, and chuckled. *It figures! Sheesh!* He copied what she was doing, writing a message in big letters on a new piece of paper in his notebook. He held it up for her. "I'm not, since I got my satisfaction. Thanks in large part to you. Thank you SO MUCH for your well-timed help!"

She wrote back, "You're welcome." She followed that with a drawing of a big smiley face. Then she added, "Of course, I feel differently. You got your release. I didn't. I got all worked up instead, and now... THIS! Boring class. UGH!"

He wrote, starting on a new page, "That sucks. I feel your pain. But what can we do? The earliest I could help you is lunch, and that's four hours away."

She responded, also on a new page, "AAAIIEEEE! Don't remind me!" She made a quick sketch of a tortured face. "It's worse than you think though, because I woke up in a kind of super horny state to begin with. Something about what happened last night kind of put me in a sex-crazy mood. Then I had a long talk on the phone with A, and that got me even MORE aroused!"

Then, just when I thought I'd calmed down enough to go to school, M had to call me up with her wild scheme. I can still taste you in my mouth, and that's driving me bananas!"

(She wrote "A" and "M" instead of "Anushka" and "Maggie" because it was easier, but also to protect their identities just in case the notes fell into someone else's hands.)

He wrote back, trying to be funny, "So, I taste like bananas?"

She gave him a disparaging look.

He further wrote, "Sorry. I couldn't resist. I know how you feel, 'cos M and I both woke up this morning feeling the exact same way, all horny and energized. As you say, I think it's due to thinking about last night, and in fact the whole weekend. Luckily though, I had a really sexually wild morning, even before you got roped in, and I came twice. So I'm doing a lot better."

She wrote him, "Tell me more! I want to hear all about your sexual morning! And with lots of explicit details!" She made another big smiley face. She was using up a lot of pages in her notebook, and he was too.

He looked up and around the room.

The teacher, Ms. Mitchell, was busy talking and just as oblivious as before. She was an old woman, frail and nearing retirement, and she wasn't the kind of teacher who wandered the classroom looking for trouble. The fact they were in the back row was key. It seemed there was no way she could find out about their new way of communicating, unless maybe one of the other students looked behind and ratted them out.

Nick wrote to Hillary, "I don't know if that's a good idea. For one thing, there's a chance our notes could get confiscated or stolen. Then what? We don't want to be too explicit. But more importantly, you say you're feeling super horny right now and there's nothing you can do about it. How much more aroused and frustrated will you be if I get all explicit?"

She sighed silently but heavily, and gave him a sad look. She wrote back, "Good point. Still, can you give me a hint?!"

"NO!" he responded in his notebook. "It's for your own good. Later, when it's safe. Instead, since we're effectively blowing off this class, we should

look to the future. How can I help cool you down, if you're still horny at lunch? And what should we do about Debra?"

She raised an eyebrow and silently mouthed the word, "Debra?"

He wrote some more, "Things with her are very unclear. We gave her mixed messages last night, to say the least. I barely know her yet, but somehow I feel pretty sure that she's going to be super eager to talk to me, during lunch maybe. Or even before, between classes. We need to get ourselves organized and present a united front to her."

Hillary nodded at that, and stared into space (though in the general direction of the teacher). She didn't write anything down for a while, but kept staring.

After a couple of minutes, Nick quietly whispered to her, "What? What are you thinking about so intensely?"

Hillary opened her mouth to whisper, but then resorted to writing more in her notebook instead. "I'm trying to figure out how I feel about D. I'm VERY confused! I hate her, and I don't want you to have anything to do with her! So that's plenty clear, right? But then I remember watching you spank her, and when she sucked you off... and I get so incredibly horny! And then I think about what if I was the one who got to spank her, and I get even MORE horny! And that's bad right now, because I'm way too horny to begin with and I'm trapped in this stupid class!"

Nick wrote back, "I hear you. I feel confused and conflicted too. I don't want to do ANYTHING that could risk the great thing I have with you, or M. First off, we need to know more about her and her behavior. For instance, is she going to blab to her friends about what happened over the weekend? Or can she be trusted to keep big secrets? We need to know that first before we come to any major decisions."

Hillary immediately wrote in reply, "Exactly! That's what I've been thinking too. Let's keep her at bay for a few days, for starters. Tell her she needs to prove that she can be trusted to stay quiet before we even THINK about letting her have fun with you again."

"Agreed," he wrote.

He sat still and pretended to be listening to the teacher for a while. But he was secretly thrilled. *Are you kidding me?! Did Hillary really just suggest she might let me "have fun" with Debra again?! No way! I totally want to!*

But I well and truly don't want to risk my perfect situation with my two dream girls. Debra's not worth the risk. She means less to me than Hillary's left big toe. But if Hillary's really into it, and we all can have fun, then why the hell not?!

He tried to focus on what the teacher was saying for a while. He didn't want the class to be a total loss to the point he'd have no clue what was discussed. However, he had a hard time focusing. When he wasn't thinking about his note sharing with Hillary, he tended to recall what happened before school and replay those erotic events in his mind. It was almost like watching a movie, except it was a highly arousing porn film starring Maggie and himself. Before long, he found himself seriously aroused, though he managed to keep his penis from getting fully erect.

After vividly recalling the double blowjob action in the parking lot right before school, something occurred to him that he felt compelled to write about before he forgot. He wrote another note to Hillary: "By the way, M asked me to apologize on her behalf for calling you 'Hills.' It was a heat of the moment thing, and she'd heard A call you that, but she doesn't want to be overly familiar."

Hillary also had been trying to pay attention to the teacher, but her arousal wouldn't go away and she was much more interested in trading notes with Nick. She wrote back, "Seriously?! There's nothing to forgive! Normally, I would be bothered, but I've gotten so close to you and M. You two can call me that any time you want."

"Thanks!" he wrote. "I think I will. When I think of you, and 'Hills,' two hills in particular come to mind..."

She looked to his face.

He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

She had to put a hand over her mouth to stop from laughing out loud, because he had such a comic yet endearing look on his face. She recovered, and rolled her eyes, but she had a big smile on her face.

She wrote back, "That figures! Why am I not surprised? But don't get me started."

She looked around furtively and saw that the coast was clear. Then she sensuously ran her hands under her huge breasts. She was wearing a white

T-shirt with Robert Crumb's "Keep on Truckin'" logo on it, and that hand gesture caused the fabric of her shirt to tighten and strain around her boobs, making the erect condition of her nipples very noticeable.

Nick stuck his tongue out playfully, like he was a drooling Homer Simpson.

She smirked in delight. Then she wrote, "I feel soooo horny! And your reminder about M calling me that makes me think about everything that led up to that moment, which is only making things worse! The way M was completely naked?!?! And then what you did to MY clothes, and how you made us take turns on you! LUSTY GROAN!!!!"

After reading that, Nick looked up at her face, and saw her biting her lip and grimacing like she was in some kind of erotic agony. He snickered, though he was careful not to make any sounds. He wrote back, "We really need to do something to help you out. Plus, I'm getting way too horny too! I say we chill out for now and at least pretend to pay attention, otherwise we're only going to get more and more worked up, and with no way to act on it. But this lunch, I think we're going to need to do something special to help you out."

She wrote a single word so large that it took up an entire page in her notebook. "DEFINITELY!!!"

The two of them calmed down after that, if only because they had no choice. They couldn't spend the entire class writing notes to each other without their emotions and lusts getting out of hand, not to mention risking getting caught, and they knew it.

They also avoided any sort of physical flirting, because they knew that would be like throwing gasoline onto a fire. However, Hillary periodically ran a hand over her huge breasts, as if adjusting her T-shirt, just to tease him a little bit.

They at least attempted to sincerely pay attention to the teacher after that point, although they did write the occasional note, especially about how many minutes were left until class was over, and what they planned to do when it was. Given that they only had five minutes between classes, they plotted to hurry to the nearest girls' bathroom, then sneak into a stall for a couple of minutes of French kissing. There were risks of him getting caught in a female bathroom during a busy time, but they were so sexually needy for each other that they were willing to risk it.

When class ended, they were the first out the door. They carefully walked separately but near each other towards the bathroom so as to not give the impression that they were a couple.

However, Nick didn't make it far down the busy hallway before Debra caught up with him. She stood directly in his way, forcing him to come to a stop. She was dressed in a surprisingly sexy outfit for school, showing off a lot of leg and especially a lot of cleavage. She hissed quietly, "Nicky! I need to speak to you right now! In private! It's important!"

Nick glanced over to Hillary, standing about ten feet away, and gave her a look that said, *"Oh no, here we go."*

Debra saw Hillary there, and bristled. But she stood her ground. She even defiantly put her hands on her hips.

Nick felt a kind of magnetic pull towards Debra. Her face was so exceedingly beautiful that it was like he turned to mush. Ever since they'd fucked, she really did have some special hold on him.

However, he felt it was vital not to show how much she was getting under his skin. That would only embolden her. Plus, it would distress Hillary. He gathered up all his willpower to be harsh with her. He spoke quietly. "Hi, Debra. Unfortunately, this isn't a good time. Maybe we can talk some at lunch." He started to walk around and past her.

But Debra stepped to the side and blocked his way again. She hissed even more urgently, "I can't wait that long! I need to speak to you NOW!"

Nick glanced at Hillary again, who had drifted closer, and then at the other students walking nearby in the hallway. So far, nobody was taking any special note of this interaction, but that would change if they stayed there for long.

He made a snap decision that Debra was being so insistent that he wouldn't be able to put her off. If he attempted to continue to their planned make-out spot, she would follow them and ruin everything anyway. He sighed, and said to Debra, "Fine. But make it quick. Let's go outside." Knowing that Hillary had overheard that, he gave her an apologetic look.

Hillary rolled her eyes. She was frustrated, since this meant their plan for a secret kissing session was ruined. But she was annoyed at Debra, not him.

Nick resumed walking, at a very brisk pace. His penis had been erect, but it went flaccid now that it was clear that the bathroom make-out session wasn't going to happen. Plus, keeping a mask on his true feelings around Debra was stressful.

Debra fell in beside him, with Hillary lingering nearby but still trying to act like she was doing her own thing.

Debra started to speak to him again. "Nicky-"

He interrupted, "First off, please don't call me that. Especially here! Good grief! And secondly, don't say anything at all until I say so. Sheesh!"

Debra opened her mouth to speak, but then thought better of it. She was having a hard enough time trying to keep up with his fast walking pace.

Soon, the three of them stood outside the main building. Even though they were in a wide open spot, it actually was a good place for privacy, because nearly all the classes were inside the building except for the sports-related ones, and those weren't until later in the day. They could see a long ways off, but there was nobody else in sight.

Debra was in a determined mood. She stood in front of Nick with her hands on her hips again. "I need to speak to you in private. Urgently! Not with HER with us!" She glared unhappily at Hillary.

He replied, "Sorry, but she's my girlfriend, as you know. Whatever you say to me impacts her in a big way too. So she stays."

Debra remained defiant while also somehow being whiny. "But she can't! I need to speak to you in PRIVATE! I have some very important things to tell you. Emotional things! This is not easy for me. I can't do it with HER right there!" She gave Hillary another nasty glare.

Nick stood his ground, even though he was feeling moony towards Debra. Looking at her stunning face was almost too intense for him to handle, especially because he could vividly remember how it had been splattered with his cum loads and red from blushing last night. He gritted his teeth, and forced himself to say, "I'm sorry then. I'm not going to talk to you in private, not now, not later. You've done some sneaky scheming; you can't deny it. I don't want Hillary to have any doubt that everything is on the up and up. No secrets!"

Debra was extremely frustrated; she hadn't anticipated him taking such a stance. "But... but... that simply won't do! I woke up extra early and I couldn't get back to sleep, thanks to you. I tossed and turned, thinking about you, thinking about how I feel about you. I had a major mental breakthrough that I simply MUST share with you! It's hard enough for me to say what I need to say, period, but there's NO WAY I can do it while she's listening in!"

He shrugged. "Sorry. I can't help you then. Remember that she's my girlfriend, and she deserves to know anything that happens between me and you."

A wicked look crossed Debra's face.

Nick saw that, and was one step ahead of her. "And don't even THINK about trying to blackmail me by telling other students that she's my girlfriend! You're on thin ice already! VERY thin ice! If you go that route, you're going to make enemies of me, and her, and Maggie. Hillary hasn't totally ruled out the idea of you having more fun with us, and Maggie hasn't either, but you're on a razor's edge. We need to see if you can be trusted not to do stupid shit like blackmail or blabbing a single word of anything to your friends. So far, you're failing."

"But I didn't say a single word!" Debra protested.

"No, but you were thinking it. I could see the look in your eyes."

"Maybe," she admitted, "But it was just a fleeting thought. I really don't want to mess things up with you. I want to do the opposite, and prove that I'm worthy! That's suddenly, like, really important to me."

She glanced at Hillary again, and gave her a nasty look. She grunted and threw her hands up in frustration. "UGH! I want to say more, so much more, but I CAN'T!"

"You need to rethink that," he said. "IF anything happens between me and you in the future, it's all got to be out in the open, with Hillary AND Maggie knowing all, and probably both of them being there. So you need to get it through your pretty head that there can be no secret talks with me. Ever! Furthermore, before we can even THINK of having fun in any way ever again, you need to prove that you can keep our secrets."

"How can I do that?" Debra asked plaintively.

"The only way I can see is the test of time," he replied. "We should wait a week before trying anything, at least, and see how you behave, see if you breathe a word to any of your friends."

She gesticulated in great agitation. "A WEEK?! Nicky! That can't be! I have needs! Big needs! After what you did to me last night, you..." She paused, and glanced at Hillary. She forced herself to go on, "You set a fire burning inside me, and it's driving me crazy! A raging, lusty inferno! I can barely sit still in class because my ass is still red and sore! Yet knowing what you did to my ass makes me constantly HORNY! I need to see you today! After school! In private! There's so much I want to say to you! And do!" She gave him an extra sultry "come hither" look when she said "And do" with a provocative growl.

He couldn't resist being emotionally staggered by that look, even more than her captivating voice. She was jaw-droppingly gorgeous, and she knew how to tease and seduce. It was mentally draining to look at her incredible face and not give in to his lusts, starting by French kissing and caressing her. But he did his best to pretend to be unmoved. "Sorry, but look at it from my point of view. I don't know if I can trust you further than I can throw you. As I said, you've done some pretty sneaky things already, and you have a selfish reputation."

Debra folded her hands together in a begging gesture. "I know! But with you, it's different! If you only knew how I feel about you! I really need to talk to you alone so I can explain!"

He sighed at her stubbornness. "I keep telling you, that's not going to happen. Besides, we're out of time. We should get back to class before we're late. Oh, and one more thing. What's the name of your boyfriend? Devon, right? There's no chance of any more fun and games with me until you break up with him in a public way."

Debra didn't even blink before replying, "Done, and done! Okay, technically I haven't actually done that yet, but I will before lunch, and in a VERY public way. You'll see! I would have dropped him already, given what happened this weekend, except that I simply haven't had time yet."

He sighed. "Look. If you do, go easy on the guy, okay? He hasn't done anything that's worthy of a dramatic public dumping. Show me you can be nice."

She made a salute. "You want nice, you've got nice from now on. Even so, he's going to be history before lunch, and you'll hear about it. And then we HAVE to talk, in private!"

He could feel his penis growing stiff. It wasn't the time or place for that, but whenever he looked at Debra's face, it was like he could see a superimposed image of his three cum loads splattered all over her. He recalled the pleasure caused by her cocksucking lips, as well as getting to spank her perfect ass. *God damn! It would be so easy to give in and agree to do that with her again, maybe after school...*

He forced himself to hide his true feelings and be tough with her. He rolled his eyes and looked to Hillary. That helped his resolve. *My two dream girls are all. They're my future. Debra is nothing in comparison!*

He said to Debra, "Are you forgetting about Hillary here? Do you only hear what you want to hear from me? Never mind. We'll talk later. We really have to go back to class now."

"Okay. See you later! Hopefully ALL of you!" Debra gave him another extra sultry look, and then hurried off back into the building.

Nick and Hillary paused briefly to put more distance between them and Debra. Then they started briskly walking back to the building for their next class too.

Nick felt a great weight lift from his shoulders just from freeing himself of Debra's intoxicating charms, and his penis started going flaccid again. Seeing Debra again made him realize that he had an unwanted powerful emotional attachment to her. He didn't want it and hoped it would fade with time, but he couldn't just pretend it didn't exist.

He commented, "Sheesh. Debra is a case. I'm kind of gathering she's all moony for me now. I'd worried that our punishment last night would backfire, and it seems it has. She's so stubborn. She didn't say a word to you, and acted like you don't matter."

Hillary replied as she walked, "I know. But it's more or less what I expected. Even as the punishment was happening last night, I worried this sort of thing would happen. But it was just so fucking fun and arousing that I couldn't resist! In fact, half the time she was talking to you just now, I was

picturing her with three cum loads on her face! And her body totally naked! And her ass burning cherry red on top of that!"

He nodded in agreement without realizing it. *That's exactly how I feel! Damn. Last night really messed all of us up. Debra's so fucking sexy and tempting, but she's like the snake in my Garden of Eden. She could fuck up my paradise, big time. Hillary and Ma are all I want or need!*

He paused, forcing Hillary to stop too. "Wait. Don't talk like that. First, you're going to get yourself all worked up again, and then we'll both have to suffer through another class. And secondly, we're still outside, but we're about to go back inside, and other people might hear."

Hillary bit her lip. "Fuck! I know, but I'm just so horny! If only I could cum at least once, to take the edge off, then I could go back to being myself. But how? Where?!"

He resumed walking, causing Hillary to keep up with him. "I know. Let's try to figure that out during the down time in our next class. Hopefully that'll get Debra off our backs for a while, so we can at least plan to do something special together during lunch."

She spoke quieter, because they'd gone back inside the main building. "Please! If I can even make it that long! You have no idea how horny I am right now! I never felt like this in school before. Never! Even seeing and hearing Debra hardly put a dent in my ardor. It's like I woke up in heat, almost crazy with sexual need, and I've stayed that way ever since. It's probably warping how I think about the whole Debra situation. I kept my mouth shut for fear of saying something to encourage her. Thanks for standing your ground about not letting her meet with you alone."

He said, "No problem. That's a no-brainer for me. The only way I'd agree to any more fun with her is if you're there and you fully approve." It was far from a "no-brainer," but he hoped that if he maintained a stern stance with Debra, his true feelings would be irrelevant.

He looked around to make sure no one was listening in, and lowered his voice just to be safe. "I'm all about you and Maggie. You two mean the entire world to me! Debra means nothing. That may sound harsh, but it's the truth. I'm living a dream with my two dream girls, and I don't want to do even the slightest thing to ruin that."

His words about his feelings for Hillary and Maggie were true, but it wasn't true that Debra meant nothing. He was trying to force that to be true through sheer willpower.

Hillary smiled widely. "Awww! That's so sweet!" She too looked around carefully. "Damn! I so badly wish I could kiss you! But looking at the hall emptying out, we've probably got less than a minute to get to class!"

With that in mind, the two of them ran to the class door. Luckily, it was only a short distance down the hall.

Once they were in their seats and the bell had rung, Hillary leaned over to his seat and whispered, "Watch out! Just as soon as we can be alone, I'm gonna rock your world!" Then she sat back up and smirked.

Unfortunately for the two of them, in this class they were sitting side by side again, but up towards the front, in the second row. That made their frequent passing back and forth of notes all but impossible.

After realizing this, and with the class still settling down in the first minute, Nick leaned over to Hillary and quietly whispered, "Let's behave until the next break. Notes are too risky here! But think about lunch plans so we can hit the ground running on that."

She nodded.

From that point on, Nick and Hillary tried their best to look at the teacher instead of at each other. They were fairly successful. But that didn't mean they were attentive students. Both of them spent a lot of brain power thinking about what they would do at lunch, and their thoughts had nothing to do with actually eating food.

They both thought independently about where they could go to have some privacy for serious hanky panky. The logical place was their recently discovered supply closet. But there were risks in using that, especially the danger of being seen entering it or leaving it. Plus, they would have a problem of explaining away their absence from sitting with their usual lunch table crowd. If both of them were mysteriously absent at the same time, while being seen at school the rest of the day, it wouldn't take a lot for some of their acquaintances to surmise they'd gone off somewhere together. And Spencer in particular would be keeping a very close eye on Hillary, and wonder why she was missing.

Clearly, they couldn't sneak off any lunch period without taking a risk. But Hillary in particular was so sexually needy that both of them were thinking in terms of how to do it, not if they should.

From time to time, Nick would space out and relive great memories of what had happened over the weekend. That would arouse him and give him an erection. Other times, he would consider different things he could do to Hillary's incredible body in secret during lunch, and that would also arouse him and make him erect. Still other times, he would come out of his erotic daze and force himself to pay attention to the teacher, causing his penis to go flaccid again. The entire class was a roller coaster ride of sorts, with his arousal level all over the place.

At one point, he considered, *Debra's trouble! She didn't get to say her big private message to me yet, but I can get the general gist. Obviously, our attempt to discourage her last night totally backfired and she's even hotter for me than before! I guess that's no big surprise. We were working at cross purposes, to say the least. Basically, we were all too fucking horny and we let that muddle our thinking.*

Now, we're going to pay the price. What makes everything ten times worse are these curiously powerful feelings I have for her. Is it the fact that I lost my virginity to her? Or is she just that incredibly gorgeous and tempting? Probably heaping helpings of both, unfortunately. When she turns the charm on, she's unstoppably attractive, maybe even more than Ma or Hillary. But underneath that flawless exterior, her personality is so damn problematic!

I think my "moony" feelings for her are mostly some kind of hormonal reaction going on inside me. The key thing is to stay away from her as much as possible, and those feelings will naturally fade. I probably can't put off hearing her big prepared comments for long, since she's so damn insistent, but at least I can arrange for it to happen at a safe place and time, with Hillary there too, at least, so I can control myself.

I've gotta keep my eyes on the prize: Hillary and Ma! Plus, Anushka, if that pans out and she's not as lesbian as she lets on. That's more than enough female awesomeness for any guy on the planet! God, can you imagine? Getting down and dirty with all three of them?! Jesus H. Christ! Sorry, Debra, there's just no room for you in my world, as tempting as you are.

Despite trying not to talk to Hillary, halfway through the class, when a disruption by another student created an opening, he leaned over and whispered to her, "So, what'll it be during our next break? Kissing fun in the bathroom, or talk about secret lunch plans? We don't have time for both."

Hillary had already thought that through, because she immediately whispered back, "Make lunch plans. Bathroom plans will only give me temporary relief, like scratching an itch. But the itch will come right back. Lunch fun is what I need to get rid of the itch for good."

He nodded. *That makes good sense. Plus, sneaking into a bathroom with her is very risky in terms of other people finding out, and for not much payoff. I have to remind himself that the mere fact that I'm intimate with her is a big secret at school and needs to stay that way, at least for now.*

The class dragged on and on. Finally, it came to an end. Like the last class, they were up like a shot and among the first out the door, in order to maximize their five minute break.

The two of them began briskly walking. They didn't know where they were going exactly, but they wanted to get away from the classroom fast, just in case Debra tried to track them down again. They were relieved to look around and see no sign of her.

Nick muttered under his breath, "We need somewhere private to talk. Maybe we should go outside again?"

"Yeah, that'll work," Hillary replied. "Let's move fast, and talk fast!"

They quickly wound up standing outside almost exactly where they'd been during the last class break, when Debra had been with them.

He said at a faster pace than usual, "Okay, let's cut to the chase, due to time. Assume we're going to spend lunch doing some fun, sexy stuff. The big question is where? And how? The supply closet we used that one time is the best bet, I think. But there are problems with that."

She nodded. "Indeed. I've been thinking about that. Once we were inside, we were okay, thanks mostly to your chair under the door trick. But it's the getting in and especially the getting out that's problematic."

"True," he replied. "Though we're kind of screwed if an actual teacher or staffer comes by to get some supplies while we're in there."

Hillary grinned impishly. "Good point. Right now, I can kind of laugh at how crazy that would be, and the looks on our faces when we're caught. But if it actually happened, it wouldn't be a laughing matter!"

He nodded grimly. "Yeah. Using that room is something we should save for very rare sexual emergencies, because we don't know how often people actually legitimately go in that closet. It's kind of like playing Russian Roulette, at least until we're able to find out exactly who uses it, and how often, and when."

She spoke passionately, "True, but if there ever was a girl in a sexual emergency, it's me, today! I've been simmering on a slow-burning fuse for two fucking hours already, with two more to go! When lunch gets here, watch out! If you so much as touch me, I'm going to cum and cum and scream and scream!"

He furrowed his brow. "That's a real problem, actually. The screaming, I mean. Assuming we do use that closet, it's not totally soundproof, you know. It's MOSTLY soundproof, but if you scream like you're in your death throes, and you do that a lot, we're sunk. Can you do something to stop that, or at least stifle it?"

She frowned with great concern. "I don't know! I tell you, I'm so raring to go... Maybe I could put a bit in my mouth, something to clamp down on... It's going to be tough... I wish so much that you could fuck me! As soon as we'd get in there, we'd both strip, then you'd enter me! So deeply! So fully! I would have the most intense and incredible orgasm in the history of the world!"

He winced. "Ouch! Don't even say that! I would be all over that like white on rice, except for Anushka and her dumb ban against that."

Hillary was agitated due to her arousal. "Well, talk to her and use your considerable charm on her. We need to change that, fast! I think she's liking you more and more. Maybe she'll be more agreeable. But no time to discuss that now."

He nodded. He thought back to the morning phone calls with Anushka. That had been a golden opportunity to ask her to remove the ban, but he hadn't even brought it up. He mentally kicked himself for that. He resolved he'd have to press her on that the next time he had a chance.

After a pause, he said, "That's true. I'll do that. But what are we going to do about you screaming? I worry you're too keyed up for us to safely use that closet. It could be a deal breaker."

She nodded, her face sad and worried. "Yeah. It's bad." Then her face lit up. "But maybe that's okay, because I've got a back-up plan! This may sound kind of crazy, but what if we do exactly what we did right before school?! Meaning, you, me, and Maggie get it on in her car in the school parking lot!"

He was blindsided by that idea. He'd been thinking about their lunch problem for a good portion of the last hour, and that had never even occurred to him. It took him a few moments to even start to consider that. "Whoa!" he said in wonder. "That... has a lot of potential. But..."

She asked impatiently, "But what?!"

"But... it's kind of a doubling down. Assuming she'll go for it, it would greatly reduce our chances of getting caught."

"Especially with my need to scream loudly in orgasmic release," Hillary pointed out.

"True. But, if we do get caught, boy will we get caught! All three of us. If anyone from school sees us, and figures out who we are, we'll be screwed! I guess it wouldn't be bad for me, at least in terms of reputation. To get caught getting in on with two of the sexiest girls on the planet might even make me kind of a local legend with other guys. And it wouldn't be that bad for Maggie, since she doesn't go to school here. But the problem would be for you. You'd be branded the mother of all sluts. It would be a huge scandal. And that's just if another student catches us. What if it's the police or a school official?! Then we'll all be seriously screwed!"

"Yeah, I realize," Hillary said. "That's why I was thinking to use the supply closet at first. But what are the odds of any of that getting caught stuff happening? I've given my Plan B a lot of thought in this last hour. We can even drive off the school property to the unused library, like we did once before. That'll take all of an extra two minutes there and two minutes back. I think we can afford that time, easily. That'll reduce our chances of getting caught by a teacher or student to near zero. And why would the cops arrest us? If we're getting frisky inside a SUV with tinted windows all around, what crime are we committing?"

"Public indecency?" he suggested with worry.

"But how, if nobody can see in?! The only possible danger is if someone can look inside the car through the front windshield. But we've got two hours until then. What if we ask her to use that time to come up with some sort of solution? Like, you know how people put those big cardboard things to cover the windshield so the sunlight doesn't come in and heat up the car too much? She could use one of those, for starters. Then, even the cops wouldn't be able to see in. It's foolproof!"

He was getting increasingly excited as he considered this possibility. "Hmmm. Maybe... But there's the danger of people seeing us leave school together. Or seeing us come back. Or both. That's a very unusual thing to do, given how short the lunch period is. Other students might not be able to actually follow us and see what we get up to, but the gossip mill would go wild just the same."

"True," she replied. "That just means we'll have to be careful and not use this option very often. For starters, I can hop on my bike and meet you at the library in about the same amount of time it takes Maggie to pick you up, so it won't even look like we're going somewhere together."

He rubbed his chin, trying to look for flaws in the limited break time he had left. "Maybe not. But it would be awfully suspicious if you and I keep disappearing at the same lunches. How will we explain our disappearance from the usual lunch table crowd today anyway, no matter what our specific plan is?!"

Hillary responded with agitation, actually bouncing up and down a little bit, "Let's work that out later! We don't have much time!" She reached into her backpack, fished a cell phone out of a pocket, and turned it on. "We need to call her right now. I know you say it's risky, but you point out that I'd be taking most of the risk, and I'm totally willing. I'm kind of desperate here!"

He took the phone from her and started dialing, just as the phone finished turning on. "Okay. I'm still not entirely sold on this, but we should give her a heads up and see if she's even game. Maybe give her an hour to think it over."

Luckily, Maggie answered the phone.

He said into the phone, "Hey, Ma! It's me. Quick, no time to chat. Hills and I are super insanely horny! How would you like to meet me in the parking lot at the start of lunch, then take me to the library parking lot? Hillary would meet us there by bike. Then we'd have about 20 minutes of sexual threesome wildness before we have to get back to class!"

Maggie was shocked, as if struck by a lightning bolt. "Are you serious?!" Her heart started racing fast just from the exciting threesome idea.

"Very!" Nick had an internal time sense telling him that the five minute break between classes was almost up. He started walking back into the main school building. "Unfortunately, we're out of time with our class break. Think about it and we'll call you back in an hour!"

Maggie stammered, "But.. but.. but... That's so much to take in! It's risky!"

"I know! I know! Think about it! Oh, and think about some way to cover the front windshield. Okay? Just in case we do get together. We'll talk again in an hour! Love you!"

Maggie just had time to say "Love you too!" before he hung up. She was still bewildered, and her heart started racing fast with excitement and anticipation.

Once Nick got back into the main hallway, with Hillary right behind him, he saw it was almost deserted. That was a sure sign that the next class was about to begin. In fact, the few remaining people still in the hallway were running or at least walking fast.

Nick and Hillary broke into a run. They made it to the door of their next class exactly as the bell rang. That was close enough not to get in trouble, because they were able to rush to their seats before the teacher could finish bringing the class to order.

The two of them snuck satisfied smiles at each other, like they'd just successfully pulled off a bank heist. It wasn't getting back to class in time so much that gladdened them as it was having their lunch plan start to come together in a potentially great way.

The next hour went very slowly for both of them. For this class, they were in a middle row, so they couldn't pass notes back and forth easily like when they'd been in the back row earlier. They were in the back row during fourth period though, so they both knew to save most of their communication until

then. They couldn't resist trading a few notes, but they were mostly of the "I can't wait!" and "Do you think M will go for it?" short and vague variety.

When the next break came, they once again were up and out the door with unusual speed. Their plan was to hurry back outside to the same spot they'd used twice already in order to make their follow-up call to Maggie.

However, they didn't make it far down the hallway before Debra came hurrying up to them. Since Hillary was walking on one side of Nick, she pinned herself to his other side.

She smiled, even as the other two frowned at her presence. She spoke brightly, "Hey, Nick! Happy to see me? Where are we going in such a big hurry?"

He shivered all over and felt butterflies in his stomach just from looking at Debra again. *Damn! What's wrong with me?! That damn Pavlovian reaction is getting to me again. I love Ma and Hillary with all my heart, but I have a stronger emotional reaction whenever I see Debra. It's fucked up!*

"Outside. It's a private thing," he brusquely told Debra. "And you can't come with. Oh, and if you do, forget me letting you have that private talk you want."

She frowned in distress. "But... Sir! I have something very important to tell you. You know my boyfriend Devon? He's history, just like I promised. I broke up with him during the last break between classes. Aren't you happy?"

He didn't know how to respond to that. He was still reeling from seeing her again, and trying his best to cover up his feelings. Even her use of "sir" took him aback, until he remembered that she'd called him that some at the end of their sexual games last night. It was both concerning and arousing.

His first instinct was to rudely tell her to get lost, mostly so he wouldn't have to deal with his strange feelings for her. However, he was a fundamentally nice guy, and he couldn't just tell her off, especially right after she'd broke up with Devon, apparently just because he'd asked her to.

He waited a few seconds until the three of them were at the door that led outside, since they were almost there anyway. That put them well away from all the other students in the hallway. He looked to Hillary, and told her, "You go ahead and make the phone call in private. Make sure to keep well

away from Debra here. She doesn't need to know what's going on with that. Meanwhile, I'll have to have a little talk with her about this Devon thing."

Hillary nodded, and started to go outside.

But before she took more than a step or two, Debra asked, "What's this phone call all about? Wait, I know! It's about lunch, isn't it? You're making plans to do something sexual with each other!"

Nick furrowed his brow. He didn't want to give anything away, so he carefully asked, "What makes you think that?!"

Debra said, "I may not be book smart, but I'm pretty good at reading people. You two are moving with such purpose and energy. Sexual energy! Even before I walked up to you, you were on a mission. And given what I know about you guys, of course it has to be some sexy fun thing. Hell, I can see a kind of lusty need on your faces!"

Nick had a hard time maintaining a poker face, since her surmise was so annoyingly accurate. Again, he tried hard not to give anything away with his words. "Look. Whatever she and I do during lunch, or any other time, it's none of your business!"

Debra replied, "No, but I can be a help... or be a bother. Now, you said I can't blackmail you, and I don't want to risk pissing you off. But what's going to happen when people ask where you two went during lunch? I can sit with your usual table and help you with a good cover story, or... I can be... unhelpful."

Nick let out a long sigh. *She's got an angel's face, but she's a devil inside! Arrggh!*

Hillary glared with anger and clenched her fists. She was doing all she could to keep her mouth shut for fear of losing control, like she did earlier.

Nick growled at Debra, "What do you want?"

"You!" Debra smiled brightly, as if there was no conflict going on.

He sighed again. He already was almost dangerously aroused. He thought back to how she'd looked with his cum splattered all over her face, and felt a nearly uncontrollable urge to kiss and fondle her. He had to very deliberately gather his willpower to not say or do anything dangerous and/or stupid with her.

Then he looked around and realized they were still standing at the door to the outside. Luckily, nobody was within hearing range, and there were very few people at the end of the hallway near the doors, period. But he didn't feel entirely safe there. He muttered, "Come on."

He led them outside, until they were standing safely away from any building. Then he turned his attention back to Debra. "Okay. If you can help us with a cover story, that would be nice, I'll admit. What do you want in return?"

"That's easy," she replied, still smiling brightly. "A chance to talk to you one-on-one for a good while. There's so much we need to discuss."

His heart was thumping wildly with desire for Debra. But he told himself, *Remember, you're all about Ma and Hillary! Stay calm! Play for time with Debra, until your hormonal surge for her can die down.*

He rolled his eyes. "First off, that's not going to happen, period. At the very least, Hillary needs to be there too. There can be NO negotiation on that! And secondly, any discussion is out of the question for a while. I'm thinking we can talk on Friday."

Debra's big smile turned into a serious frown. "Friday?! Are you crazy?! There's no way! I would go batty with the waiting! No freaking way! If you want my help, and not my hindrance, I need to see you TODAY! Since you've obviously got some kind of sneaky lunch plan going on, I suppose I can wait until after school." She put her hands on her hips, and acted like waiting until after school was a big concession.

He said firmly. "NO! No way! To be honest, I have 'sneaky plans' going on there too. But, just to be nice, I suppose I can agree to talking to you, WITH HILLARY, after school tomorrow."

He winced internally, because he conceded so much with that offer. He wanted to delay at least a week before having any further sexual activity with her. It was true that the plan was only to talk tomorrow, but it was hard to see how he'd be able to put her off for six more days after that, given how pushy she was acting, and how weak his resolve was.

Debra wailed, "Tomorrow?! But that's too long! I can't wait! I just broke up with Devon immediately in the hope that you and I could have some fun right away!"

He rolled his eyes again. "You need to be patient! Tomorrow is the best I can do. But look on the plus side. That'll give us as much time as you need, instead of having to rush, like if we were talking during a school break."

Debra still gave him a very skeptical look. "Well, where would it be?! That's absolutely key! It has to be somewhere truly private, not here at school, so I can give you my best personal appeal." She said that last phrase with an extra sultry voice, making clear that seduction was on her mind.

Hillary was still standing nearby. Like before, she was forcing herself not to talk because she was liable to go off once she got started. She urgently wanted Debra to leave so she'd have time to make the vital call to Maggie. She felt like picking Debra up and carrying her around to force her to be more reasonable, as she did once before, but she was frustrated that they simply didn't have the time.

Nick looked to Hillary, and asked, "What do you think? Should I meet her after school somewhere private? And can you be there with us? Frankly, I don't trust myself with her alone."

Hillary grimly nodded. "I suppose. It's a necessary evil." She took her cell phone out of her backpack and turned it on. She glowered as she added, "Someone has to be there to kick your ass if you start to cause trouble!"

Debra blanched. She still had an unusually strong physical fear of Hillary. However, her lust for Nick was even stronger, so she didn't show weakness for more than a few seconds. In fact, although she was too cowed to speak to Hillary, she put her hands on her hips and struck a defiant stance.

Nick looked back to Debra. "My place is out of the question, as always. It's complicated, but trust me, nothing sexual can ever happen there. What about your place?"

Debra frowned. "My place? Also not good. It would work some of the time, but only if my parents aren't there. And I'm not sure what they're doing tomorrow afternoon."

He looked to Hillary. "Well... What about your place? Unfortunately, I don't see a lot of other options. If it is your place, that gives you more control."

Hillary glowered impatiently, "Fine. I'll agree to that just so I can make this phone call while there's still time!" She realized the choice would probably come down to Debra's house or her house, since Nick was adamant about

never using his house, and she liked the idea of having more control by having the "home field advantage."

Nick nodded. "Good. You do that. I have some more to say to Debra here, meanwhile."

Hillary nodded back. She briskly walked farther away from the building until she deemed herself far enough for Debra that she could talk in private, while still keeping the other two in sight. She dialed the number.

Nick looked to Debra and started walking her back towards the school building some to put more distance between her and Hillary, for safety's sake. "Okay. We've got a minute or two. First off, I'm touched that you broke up with Devon. I hope you let him down gently?"

"I did," she replied. "Our relationship was weak to begin with, so it was no big deal. He wasn't even that upset. You probably see things differently, considering how moony and emotional you get over your TWO girlfriends, but in my crowd, most relationships are more like a 'friends with benefits' thing. It's a sign of weakness to let someone else get under your skin emotionally. But you... you've gotten under my skin in a big way!"

She gave him another fetching, lusty look.

He felt butterflies in his stomach again, but tried to mentally shake that off. *A few weeks ago, Debra never would have even deigned to talk to me. Now, she broke up with her boyfriend just because I asked her to! I have to stay humble. Nobody knows better than me how quickly things can change.*

He said impatiently, "Let's talk about that another time, okay? Save your big appeal for tomorrow. We've got a minute or two before we have to get back to class at any rate. But, while there's still time, we need to get our stories straight if you're going to help us with a cover story at lunch. Assume that Hillary and I are going to disappear at the start of lunch and won't be seen again until class resumes. What-"

She interrupted, "Where are you going?! What are you doing?! This sounds fun! I want in!" She bounced up and down in child-like eagerness, setting her boobs bouncing.

He shook his head with annoyance, and forced himself yet again to keep his lust in check. "It will be fun. But it's a private thing, sorry. She IS my girlfriend, and you are not! And I want to make clear that even though you

broke up with Devon, that doesn't mean there's a chance you can be my girlfriend too. I already have two. That's one too many as it is!"

She replied in a flip manner, "Oh, don't worry about that. I couldn't take the hit to my reputation to be seen with you in a public way like that, especially if it's known that you're still dating Maggie. All I want to do is have fun with you in private. Our sexy games! Those are such great fun!" Her eyes twinkled with delight.

He was secretly chagrined. *I suppose that's a good thing, as far as keeping her feelings for me in check, but it stings that I'm still not cool enough to be her public boyfriend. Not that I really care about that. Or do I? Ugh!*

He frowned, and said, "We'll talk about that later. Let's focus on the cover story. I've given it some thought, but I can't come up with a really good one. Do you have any ideas?"

"Sure," she replied confidently. "I'll say you two were seen walking off with a teacher for some kind of special meeting. Maybe you're wanted for some special audio-visual technical help, or to ask about starting a school newspaper, or something about the yearbook committee. Something official like that. There are all sorts of options. But it depends."

"On what?"

"On who's around. I'll have to wait to see which teachers or staffers are in sight at the cafeteria. Then obviously I'll need to use someone else as an excuse. I'll give it some thought too. I'm not sure about some things, like when does the yearbook committee get started? I'll do some discreet asking around with my good friends to get the best excuses. Then I'll figure out which one to use based on who's actually around."

He sighed with relief. "That sounds good. Very good, in fact. That's better than what I could have come up with, to be honest. You don't have a reputation for being smart, but that's actually very, very clever."

"Thanks. I know I'm not super smart like you guys in the special gifted program, but I consider myself 'people smart.' Like how I read your faces before. There's all sorts of different kinds of smart, you know, and some of them can't be measured with grades."

"That's true," he said. "And from the little I've known you, you do seem to have a knack for scheming." He meant all that. He felt she definitely had

some special knacks, such as a knack for getting her way.

She responded. "I do. But there's a problem. I'll need to contact you or Hillary at the end of lunch to let you know what the cover story is, just in case you get asked about it shortly thereafter."

"Good point. Do you have a cell phone?"

"Of course."

"Good. Leave it on." He glanced over at Hillary talking on her cell phone, then said, "As you can see, Hillary has one. I don't. But she can call you."

"Damn." Debra frowned. "I don't like talking to her, like, at all. What if you borrow it from her so I can talk to you instead?"

"Okay. I guess that'll work. Now, we really have to go. These class breaks are way too short!"

Debra sighed wistfully. "Agreed. Which sucks, because there's still so much I need to say to you. But I guess it'll have to wait until tomorrow. I can't wait until then!"

He nodded, reluctantly. "Okay. See you then."

Debra had the same sense that Nick did telling her that the five-minute break was nearly over. So she just nodded back, blew him a kiss, and hurried back into the building.

Nick looked to Hillary. She was just finishing the phone call, due to her own sense that time was running out. She hurried to him, even as he started back to the building too.

When Hillary reached his side, she happily reported about Maggie, "Great news! It took a little persuasion on my part, but I talked her into it! Our plan is a go, to meet her exactly like we were talking about!"

"Excellent!" Nick led the way as they reentered the school building. He dropped his voice down while they hustled down the hallway. "And what about the windshield problem?"

"She's working on it. She said she'll have something in time."

"Great. I can't believe we're actually going to do this!"

"Me neither!"

Both of them were seized with the temptation to hold the other's hand, but they simultaneously decided against it, for fear some other students would see.

He noted, "It looks like Debra's going to be actual good help with the cover story. I'll tell you more about it with some notes during our next class."

"Okay."

The next hour of class passed even slower than the last one in the minds of Nick and Hillary. They were more excited for lunch to begin than they'd ever been in their lives.

Since they were sitting in the back row again, they were able to communicate by writing on their notepads, just like they did during first period. However, they didn't do much of that, because it only increased their excitement and anticipation, and that led to too much frustration, since they couldn't take any action until the class ended.

Nick did share some hints about what he'd done with Maggie before school, and before Hillary joined them. It was just enough for both of them to get horny and stay that way for the rest of the class. He forced himself to stop after he smelled Hillary's arousal, and worried that other classmates sitting nearby might detect the smell and get suspicious.

When the class mercifully came to an end, Nick got up, gave a knowing and wordless nod to Hillary, then hurried out of the classroom. He kept a textbook out of his backpack to hold it over his crotch, since he had a raging erection visible in his shorts. Hillary deliberately left the class in another direction.

Chapter 79: Back to the Library (Monday)

It was all Nick could do not to run at full speed to the parking lot. His insistent boner was a major reason why he restrained himself to a fast walk. He also didn't want to draw the attention he'd get if he ran.

Maggie had parked the SUV in the middle of the main school parking lot. That was far away enough so the other students getting picked up wouldn't pay any attention to her. She also was wearing large dark sunglasses, a hat, and a light jacket to protect her identity.

Nick rushed into the passenger seat, closed the door, and sat down. He leaned over towards the driver's seat to give Maggie a big kiss. "Thank God! Ma, I'm so glad to see you! You have no idea!"

However, Maggie blocked his attempted kiss with a hand. "Me too. But no kissing!" She'd kept the car's engine on, and started driving away.

"Why?" he asked, feeling hurt. His heart was thumping fast, and he was so worked up that he was practically bouncing in his seat.

"Because I can imagine how worked up you and Hillary must be, and I'm worked up too! If we start kissing or touching in any way, we might never stop! And that's not fair to her. Let's get to our meeting point first."

He sat back in his seat and forced himself to look away from her. "Fair enough." Then he unzipped his fly and pulled out his firm erection. He looked through the windshield at the other cars and felt almost dizzy with excitement that he could do that with other people so close yet completely clueless.

Maggie started to ask, "So, did you and Hillary..." But her voice faded as she glanced over and saw his exposed boner. "What are you doing?!"

"Making myself more comfortable. You have no idea how much I've been waiting for this moment!"

She was distressed, and it showed on her gorgeous face. "Be that as it may, do you want me to get in an accident?! Quick, scramble into the backseat before I do something rash!"

He got between the two seats and crawled to the back.

As he did so, Maggie complained, "And I'm not trying to be mean, but please be quiet! I'm on the verge of... I don't know what! Spontaneously bursting into flames from too much lust! Anything you say will likely push me over the edge!"

He worked on pulling his shorts off. "I know how you feel, believe me! Can I say something if it's non-sexual?"

"I suppose," she grumbled as she resolutely drove the car through traffic. "But be careful."

He made sure to stay down low as he continued to get out of his shorts. "Did you do something about people being able to see through the front windshield?"

"Ah. Now, that I can talk about while driving. Yes, I've come up with a two-layer solution. First, I bought one of those cardboard shields to put right under the windshield. But, just to be safe, I've made a second wall out of some cut-up cardboard boxes that go right behind the front row seats. In fact, you can put that into place right now."

With his shorts already off, he whipped his T-shirt off for good measure. Then he saw the pieces of cardboard she was talking about and put them in place behind the front seats. It created an effective second visual "wall." He couldn't even see her in the driver's seat.

He praised her, "Wow! Impressive! You've been busy, haven't you?"

She chuckled. "You could say that again. Your first call turned my whole day upside down. But I'll tell you about it later because we're already here. And... I see Hillary biking into the parking lot as I speak! Talk about good timing!"

Nick thought, *Man! This is going to be so great! But I need to make this extra great for Hillary especially. She's been suffering all day. Things could so easily turn into a double blowjob that lasts the entire lunch period. And, as awesome as that would be for me, this isn't about me this time. I want to see her cum, and cum, and cum again!*

While Hillary locked up her bike, Maggie got out and raced around the SUV to the sliding door leading to the back. She was tempted to rush right in, but she waited a few long moments until Hillary was done, so they could do in together.

Hillary gave Maggie a quick hug. She wanted to give her a prolonged French kiss too, but her desire to get inside the back of the SUV was greater. As the two busty beauties scrambled into the back and closed the door behind them, Hillary commented, "Maggie, you have no idea how horny I am!"

Maggie laughed. "Girl, you have no idea how horny I am!"

Hillary was going to banter some more, but she froze as she saw Nick sitting up against one side of the interior, naked, with his raging erection jutting up and forward on its own. She gasped. "Oh my God! Look at that! I want!" She crawled forward, firmly grasped his pole, and engulfed his cockhead in her mouth!

Maggie laughed again. "Well, that was faster than expected! Girl, I must admit, you're probably even more aroused than I am, and that's saying a lot. So you get started on that, and I'll take my clothes off, and your clothes off too."

Hillary already started bobbing on his thick rod, but she managed to mumble a muffled "Thank you!"

Nick said to her, "Um... I love this, but... I'm thinking... this is the time for me to... to go down on YOU!" His words came out haltingly because he was so overwhelmed by a surge of arousal.

Maggie spoke while hastily undressing. "That's a sweet thought, but let her do what she wants to do for a while. Clearly, this is what she wants. I bet she's been dreaming about slurping on your tasty fat cock for the better part of the past four hours!"

Hillary let out an approving "MMMM!" to make clear she strongly concurred with what Maggie had just said. Since fucking was still off limits, that had been dominating her sexual fantasies about him.

He said to Maggie while looking at her, "Okay, if that's what she wants, we'll start with that. But I swear I'm going to go down on her as soon as things calm down. And please get her naked fast, so I can at least finger her to orgasm. She's been dying to cum for hours!"

A minute later, both Maggie and Hillary were completely naked. Maggie got down on the floor next to Hillary, so their faces were both right in his

crotch. Hillary was still bobbing on his shaft with a mad passion, so Maggie had to console herself with "balls duty" for the time being.

Once everyone was in position and had stopped moving, Nick leaned way forward over Hillary and clutched her ass cheeks with both hands. Then he said, "Okay, Hills, watch out! I'm about to finger the hell out of your pussy! I hope you're gonna cum like crazy, so please be careful about biting down on me!"

"MMMM!" Hillary replied agreeably. Then she realized she was truly on the verge of an epic orgasm and there was no telling how much she'd be able to control herself once she started cumming. So she pulled her lips all the way off his cock, and just held it. She panted, "Okay! I'm ready!" She'd been holding back from cumming, and all she needed to do was let go.

As soon as he began stroking her pussy lips, she let go of all her restraints. It truly was epic! She screamed her head off, just as she'd predicted she would when talking to him earlier.

Then he brought his second hand to her clit and started diddling with that, and her already intense orgasm was sent to the stratosphere. His heart soared with joy from knowing he was bringing her to such a peak. She'd given him so much great pleasure lately; it felt good to start to give back.

Maggie wanted to take over sucking Nick's cock since it was currently untouched, but she realized it was more important at the moment to help Hillary. Hillary was cumming so hard that her entire body was spasmodically trembling. Maggie held her from the side with both hands as best she could so Hillary wouldn't have to worry much about flailing herself around.

Hillary's climax went on and on, for a good two minutes. Then, just when it seemed it was starting to subside, Nick plunged two fingers into her tight cunt, and poked the index finger on his other hand into her anus! Hillary took off like a rocket again, screaming and wailing even more. Tears actually came to her eyes and she saw stars, because she was so emotionally and physically overwhelmed.

Her great multiple orgasm finally petered out a minute or two after that. The only downside to having such a powerful climax was that it left her completely wiped out for a while. She wanted to get back to sucking Nick's

cock, but she was forced to lie on the carpeted floor with her eyes closed for a while.

Maggie tenderly ran her hands up and down Hillary's gorgeous bare back, and stroked her straight brown hair too. "Whoa! Girl, that seals it. You definitely needed to cum more than I did. Wow!"

Nick had brought his hands back from Hillary's ass and pussy already. He reached out to Maggie. "Okay, your turn. I want to make you cum like that too."

Maggie wasn't as into that idea as he'd expected. She explained, "First off, I don't think that's possible. I'll admit I'm not as worked up as she was, so I'm not going to go off like a rocket. But let's repeat what happened to her, by working up to it. I want to glory in just sucking your cock for a little bit. Then, when it's time, you can finger me too. Okay?"

"Sounds good," he replied.

Maggie spent the next few minutes bobbing on his shaft. Although he promised to put off fingering her, he leaned over her, which put most of her body within reach. He was sure she was fine with it, so long as it didn't interfere with her fellatio joy. He had a great time fondling her, from her flawless ass to her huge tits pressed against the carpet underneath her. Mostly though, he just caressed her shapely bare back.

Nick was more than a little worked up himself, so even though he didn't intend to cum just yet, a couple of minutes after his mother got a good bobbing rhythm going on his shaft, he realized he'd crossed the point of no return. He could have tried the squeeze-the-base-of-the-shaft trick to further delay his release, but he didn't even think to do that because he craved a big orgasm after all the hours of anticipation, just like Hillary did. He just barely had time to cry out, "Oh no! Ma! Gonna cum!"

Maggie was deep into a cocksucking groove, and she didn't want to stop or slow down for anything. So she just kept right on bobbing, and even sucked with caved cheeks and greater suction. However, she felt bad that Hillary was missing out due to her still being in recovery mode, so she carefully kept as much of his cum in her mouth as physically possible.

She also diddled her clit a little bit, just enough to help trigger an orgasm of her own. It wasn't nearly as epic a peak as Hillary's last one, but it was very

satisfying for her just the same.

Then, about a minute later, when his orgasm was done and hers was petering out, Maggie tapped Hillary on her shoulder.

Hillary was already reviving some, though she had a long ways to go. She'd opened her eyes and looked up at Nick's cock when she'd heard he was starting to cum, but she'd been too exhausted to raise herself up to take part.

Seeing that Hillary could pay attention, Maggie brought her face close to hers, and puffed her cheeks out to make clear that her mouth was full of Nick's cum. Then, drawing her face closer still, she opened her mouth wide, giving Hillary a great close-up view of all the cum she was keeping on her tongue.

That inspired Hillary to sit up. Seconds later, the two of them began French kissing, and snowballing all the cum back and forth.

Nick was in awe. The kissing was an incredible sight. Knowing that he was watching, they switched from closed-mouth to open-mouth kissing from time to time, so he could see the whiteness of his cum going from mouth to mouth. But on top of that, their nude bodies looked fantastic, especially the way their outrageously large racks rubbed together.

So far, events had been so pleasurable and intense that nobody had taken a moment to think about where they were in a larger sense. But then Nick did, when he went from admiring their kissing and fondling to look past them and through the tinted windows to the outside world.

He thought, *Holy fuck! This is so great! I gave Hillary that huge orgasm she was needing so badly, and it looks like Ma had a good one too. And so did I. Mission accomplished. Everything from here on out, including hopefully getting to go down on either or both of them, is gonna just be the icing on the cake at this point!*

And while this is going on, Spencer and all the others are eating lunch like normal. Hopefully, Debra has joined our usual lunch table crowd and is doing a good job with the cover story. I guess I'm not going to have time to eat any lunch at all, but so what? This is way more important. And thanks to Ma's two layers of cardboard protection, even if a cop were to tap on the window and want to talk to us, we'd have time to throw some clothes on first. We're unstoppable!

His penis had gone flaccid, thanks to his big climax. But after a minute or two of watching, he began to feel it reviving. He also realized that he didn't have to limit himself to merely watching the lesbian kiss. He repositioned so he could wrap his arms around them, with one arm on each.

Maggie and Hillary welcomed him into what became a threesome hug, and soon they were sharing kisses with each other. However, he realized that Hillary was still somewhat out of it due to her great climax, and was only moderately reactive whenever he or Maggie French kissed her.

Still, the overall situation was great for Nick. It was a tossup which blew his mind more: that he could freely kiss his two "dream girls" to his heart's content or that they'd voluntarily sensually kiss each other.

However, he knew their time was limited, and he was determined to give Hillary even more pleasure, to make up for her hours of sexual frustration. So he broke up the hugging and kissing relatively quickly and repositioned so that Hillary was lying flat on her back in the middle of the open area in the back of the SUV, then he laid face down with his head over her crotch. Maggie sat to the side.

Hillary was slowly reviving, though she was still too wiped out to initiate any action. She asked him, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to go down on you, if that's okay with you," he replied, looking up into her eyes. "In the short time we've been going out, you've gone down on me a whole bunch of times, and I haven't done it once. True, I wasn't allowed, due to Anushka, but she's okay with it now, right? Anything between us except fucking is okay, right?"

"That is true," Hillary replied. She furrowed her brow and looked down at him as he kept his head just above her pussy mound while he waited for her approval.

He saw that look on her face, and asked, "What?"

"Oh, nothing," she replied. "It's just. It's just... this isn't what I was expecting. I thought we'd spend the whole time having a dual suck-fest. That's what I was fantasizing about all through class today." She looked to Maggie. "We keep talking about doing that, but it never seems to happen, except a little bit here and there. It's frustrating!"

Maggie nodded. "I know! Tell me about it. I have these fantasies about sucking him off with you for ages, non-stop! We really need to make time for that."

Hillary nodded emphatically.

Nick frowned. "I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth, because that sounds great, but Hills, what about me going down on you now? Don't you want that?"

"Sure. Go for it. Actually, that could work out nicely, because I'm still weak as a kitten from that big orgasm earlier. And sorry if I don't seem more excited. It's just a matter of managing expectations."

Before he could reply to that, Maggie tapped his shoulder.

Since she didn't follow that by saying anything, he sat up and turned his head in her direction to see what she wanted.

She motioned for him to come nearer. Then she sheepishly told Hillary, "Before he starts, I want to whisper a word or two of advice."

Hillary chuckled at that, and gave a nod of approval.

Nick leaned in towards his mother, so she could whisper in his ear.

She quietly told him, "Sport, are you sure you want to do this, here and now?! I feel bad, because I promised to give you hands-on practice, and we haven't done that yet."

He whispered back, "I know, but I did get to practice with my fingers, and that allowed me to get the lay of the land, as it were. Besides, this is the best possible time. She's still riding an orgasmic high, and she's kind of out of it. I think anything I do will get a good reaction. Besides, it's the thought that counts. I want to give back, at least some, for all that she's done to me, orally."

Maggie thought about saying more, but ended up just giving him an approving nod.

Nick repositioned his head right over Hillary's pussy mound. Looking up at her again, he said, "Now that I have my mother's okay, here I go. But keep in mind that I'm kind of new to this. Please use a generous grading curve!"

Hillary chuckled at his last comment. She also put her hands on his head and gently guided him down to her wet pussy. "Don't worry. I know you

and 'your mother' haven't been together long. And probably 99% of your time together is spent with her sucking your cock!" She laughed at that.

Maggie said happily, "Actually, that's not far off. Honestly, I usually prefer going down on him."

"I can imagine," Hillary said. Even as she was talking, Nick was starting to lick around the edges of her pussy instead of going directly for it. "For some reason, I enjoy sucking him way more than anyone before. Maybe it's the thickness, or something about his attitude, and the atmosphere... The sense of friendly competition with you... Actually, he's not bad at this! I like how he's building up instead of going straight for the most powerful stuff."

Maggie smiled widely. "He is? Good. I taught him that. By the way, speaking of sucking his cock, do you want to hear what I did to him this morning, before you got involved?"

"I'd love to hear that!" Hillary responded very positively.

Maggie proceeded to give a description of what had happened from the moment she and Nick met up in the garage. Unfortunately, due to lack of time, she couldn't go into the level of detail that she wanted to. There were only a few slight modifications of the story, most crucially changing the setting from the garage to the bungalow behind the Stevens house where Maggie was supposedly living alone, in order to maintain the stance that any sexual activity inside that house was impossible.

She had several clever purposes in telling the story. First, she just enjoyed sharing sexual stories with a friendly ear like Hillary, and hoped this could encourage more such story telling between them. But more importantly, she figured Nick still wasn't going to be that great at cunnilingus due to his inexperience, so by constantly talking about something erotic, she could both distract and further arouse Hillary.

Meanwhile, Nick was marveling at the fact that he had his face up against Hillary's pussy. He still wasn't doing anything but licking the skin all around it, but he was intoxicated by the sexual smell of her wetness, as well as in sheer disbelief that another great dream was coming true. He hadn't been dreaming about cunnilingus per se, because he hadn't had much idea what it would be like. But just getting to be this close to Hillary's pussy in any context, and getting to sexually please her, was a thrill.

Just by licking her skin near her pussy, he got to taste her cum, because there was a steady amount dripping out of her. At first, he just tested the taste by licking a little bit of her wetness to the sides of her pussy lips. He immediately decided that he liked it. This surprised him, because he'd sometimes heard a woman could taste "gross" or "fishy." This wasn't the case with Hillary at all.

Coming up to her pussy from below, he was able to get a heavier flow while still avoiding direct contact with her pussy. Plus, more was coming out all the time. As he licked more there, he thought, *Wow! This is way better than I thought it would be. Maybe this would be distasteful to do to some women, if they have poor hygiene or a poor diet. That's not a worry with Hillary. Heck, this cum must be organic, cruelty-free, and locally grown!* He chuckled to himself.

He would have kept the teasing phase going a good deal longer, especially since Hillary had said she approved of that style. However, he was mindful of the fact that the time was limited. Luckily, Maggie had prepared well. In addition to coming up with the cardboard barriers to ensure their privacy, she'd put a portable alarm clock in a visible spot in the rear area, to make it easy for them to keep track of the time. When Nick had repositioned everyone, he'd done that with a mind to keeping the clock within his view. He figured he had about 15 minutes, so he wasn't in a frantic rush, but he figured he should get on with it, just to be on the safe side.

With that in mind, he surprised Hillary by lapping up to her already unhooded clitoris and then carefully taking it between his lips.

That got a big reaction. Hillary had been in a very relaxed mode, with her hands lightly resting on his head, but her entire body twitched in surprise. Interrupting Maggie's storytelling, she exclaimed, "Whoa! What are you doing there?!" Then she reconsidered, and chuckled, adding, "Never mind. Consider that a rhetorical question. Please proceed!"

Nick was glad that that had gotten a good reaction. But he knew variety was key, so he soon switched to lapping on her pussy lips. They were soaked, thanks to her being so very aroused before he'd even started going down on her. He already knew he liked the smell and taste of her cum, and the feel of the experience was fine too. As a result, he wasn't grossed out or

intimidated at all, despite the fact that this was the first time he'd ever licked a pussy.

It helped greatly that he meant what he'd whispered to Maggie earlier, that Hillary was in a highly receptive state after having such an epic orgasm. He figured that he'd already succeeded in giving her the sexual release she'd been craving for hours with that orgasm, and anything he did with his tongue now was like icing on the cake, a pleasant surprise for her. He also figured she'd be tickled pink that he was going down on her, period. All of that made it a nearly stress-free situation for him, despite his lack of practice.

He was generally correct that Hillary was in a very receptive mood, with low expectations. She could tell that he was relatively new to this, though she assumed that he'd done this to Maggie at least a few times already. She felt that Anushka was much better at it, but she wasn't directly comparing their efforts. She figured that women were generally considerably better at cunnilingus than men, and Anushka had much, much more experience, so such a comparison would be unfair. Just as he'd hoped, she was glad he was doing this to her at all.

Meanwhile, Maggie's attempt to arouse and distract her was paying off. She threw caution to the wind and explained how she and Nick were sexually intimate through both phone calls with Anushka. That blew Hillary's mind and greatly excited her. But she spent much more time talking about her very first deep throating.

This aroused Hillary still more. Hillary had never deep throat anyone before, despite having more than a few previous boyfriends. Frankly, she'd heard that deep throating was very difficult, and between her looks and personality, she was such a great catch that she didn't need to go the extra mile to sexually please her boyfriends. However, with Nick it was totally different. For one thing, she was very much in lust with him, and feeling increasingly loving feelings for him too. It made her happy to sexually wow him. But also, thanks to her friendly competition with Maggie, if Maggie did it to him, she wanted to do it too, and do it better.

Between Nick directly lapping on Hillary's labia, and sometimes her clit, and Maggie graphically and excitedly talking, it wasn't long before Hillary

had another orgasm. It wasn't a particularly big one, but it was very satisfying for her. She let out a contented sigh.

That sigh gave Nick the impression that he was on the right track, and it encouraged him to try harder. He spent the next couple of minutes lapping intently. He also brought a hand to help diddle her clit. He was rewarded by hearing her moan even longer and louder as another, bigger orgasm hit her.

He'd been licking all the way through that, but when it came to an end, she lightly pushed against his head with both hands, and said, "Nick! You're such a sweetheart, but that's enough. Too much, actually. My pussy can only handle so much. Consider me fully sexually satisfied."

He pulled his head up, smiling from ear to ear. "Aaaah! Those are the words I long to hear." He started to crawl up her body to kiss her and cuddle.

But Maggie said, "Hold on, stud. What about eating some actual lunch? Time's running out, but if you can spare some kissing, I brought a selection of quick-to-eat snacks for you, and for Hillary too."

He realized he was quite hungry. He continued up Hillary's prone body and kissed her lips, but only briefly. Then he pulled back and wound up sitting up between Hillary's legs.

Maggie pulled out a couple of bags, one for Nick and one for Hillary. She explained that she'd already eaten, but they still had about five minutes left, enough time to gulp something down. She'd made veggie burgers and drinks for both of them, and all of it organic, since she knew that was important for Hillary. She had some other snacks, such as yogurt cups, if they had time for them.

Hillary sat up and started in on her sandwich, since she was hungry right away. She said to Maggie, "This is all well and good. Thank you very much. But Nick did a really great job making me cum twice more, and his dick is still very erect. I want to return the favor."

Maggie smiled as she replied, "Never fear. Like I said, I've eaten already. I'll get started working him up to climax while he enjoys his food. If we still have time, you can join in when I've got him on the cusp. Time is running out, but if you can multitask while you're chewing and digesting and whatnot, it would help if you could freshen up and put your clothes back on. I have some slightly wet towels just for that."

Hillary said, "Wow, impressive. You thought of everything. Cool."

Nick added, "Yeah. This is awesome!"

Maggie kept on smiling, happy to see her effort was appreciated. She said, "Glad to help. I would say more, but there's a big fat cock here in danger of going flaccid!"

There was some quick repositioning, with Nick moving away from Hillary's legs to Maggie would have room to get her face to his crotch. In no time, Maggie had his cock in her mouth and was energetically bobbing on it.

Nick started toweling himself off. He wasn't sweaty, but he figured it would help get rid of the sex smell. He consumed a big bite of his sandwich, then commented to Hillary, "Boy, this is really living the life!"

Hillary snickered. "That's easy for you to say, getting to ogle my naked body while your 'mother' sucks you off. I only wish we had another ten minutes, so it wasn't so rushed."

"Yeah," he replied. "Hey, speaking of rushing, while we're not eating, we should update Maggie on the whole Debra situation."

Hillary agreed with that. At first, they were too busy eating to talk much at all, but Nick in particular ate his sandwich with startling speed, aiming just to get it in his body instead of taking time to enjoy it. He also pulled his T-shirt back on, figuring his shorts could wait until after the blowjob was over.

Then he started to tell Maggie about the two Debra meetings earlier in the day. However, Hillary ate her sandwich nearly as fast as he did, while also getting some of her clothes back on, so she wouldn't miss out on the blowjob fun. Once she joined Maggie with the licking and sucking, Nick felt such great pleasure that he found it hard to think or talk. He dramatically shortened his account, figuring that hitting the highlights was better than getting through only half the story.

Although he soon stopped talking about Debra, he kept a close eye on the clock, and gave time updates about every minute. He calculated out loud that they needed five minutes to get back to class. That only left him a couple of minutes to cum. He timed it down to the last minute in order to maximize the enjoyment.

When he did cum, it wasn't as great as if things had been able to progress naturally, and with more time, but a great time was had by all just the same.

Due to time restraints, Hillary took his cum load in her mouth, so as to not create a mess. Hardly a single drop was spilled. However, as soon as his climax ended, she snowballed much of it into Maggie's mouth, so both of them could savor the taste.

Unfortunately, as soon as that was accomplished, things changed dramatically. The three of them began scrambling around like a Chinese fire drill. Nick made sure that Hillary was fully dressed and presentable, then helped her get out the SUV. Meanwhile, Maggie crawled to the driver's seat. There was no time for long good-byes, especially since Nick would see Hillary in class very shortly. As Hillary started unlocking her bike parked next to the SUV, Maggie drove off in a hurry.

Nick and Maggie had a couple of minutes to talk while driving back to school. With time pressing on him, Nick said, "That was great! Thanks for everything. But while there's time, I'd like to hear what you think about the whole Debra situation."

Maggie spoke while driving, "Boy, tough question. I haven't had time to process that, much less think of a good answer. It's tricky. I'm not at all upset by how you tried to deal with her. I think it's good that you're trying to put her off as long as possible, but she can be really pushy. I hardly know her still, but I know that. So I suppose you're pretty much forced to meet with her tomorrow, or she'd cause trouble. Let's talk about this a lot more later, maybe in the evening, so we can figure out how to best deal with her in the meeting. But I agree Hillary should be there too, at least. Under no circumstances should you be with her alone!"

She didn't have time to say much more than that, since the library parking lot was almost bordering on the edge of the school property. She also had to leave time for him to reply.

He said, "Sounds good. That's about what I thought you'd say. When will we be able to meet later, though?"

"I don't know," she responded, speaking faster due to a lack of time. "Maybe we'll have to talk to Hillary on the phone. I've got cooking plans with Anushka, as you know, and that'll probably keep me busy until dinner. Let's talk on the phone though when school gets out. Okay?"

"Okay." Just then, the SUV stopped as close as it could get to the main school building. He hopped out with his backpack, and blew a kiss at her. "Love you!"

"Love you!" she replied. "Run!"

He took off for his class as fast as he could.

She watched until he was in the building and out of sight. She sighed to herself. *Damn! That was such fun! But so short. Especially the double blowjob at the end. We only had about five minutes. It hardly counted, even though I am loving the sweet taste of his seed on my tongue.*

She pulled the SUV from the curb and drove on. *I'm seriously tempted to cancel plans with Anushka just so I could join Hillary with an incredible blowjob fest all afternoon long! But that would be irresponsible. It's vital to develop my friendship with her, and the cooking will be a lot of fun. I'm becoming "Maggie" more and more, and "Margaret" is moving into the rear view mirror, but my new life has to be about more than sex, sex, sex. I definitely want to pursue the cooking aspect. Besides, there will be plenty of other times for that great, long-anticipated double blowjob fest. Heck, maybe even after dinner, tonight!*

Nick got to his seat just as the bell rang. He was surprised to see that Hillary had gotten there a fraction of a minute ahead of him. Like him, she was panting hard.

But both of them grinned like idiots from having pulled off the lunch plan without a hitch. Each of them longed to do more to share in the moment, such as holding hands or even just looking each other in the eyes for a while, but they were afraid to do anything that could raise suspicions that they were an item. Instead, they were forced to celebrate inwardly and silently while the class proceeded as usual.

The only question that remained was what happened with Debra and her role in hopefully giving a cover story to others. They were supposed to call her at the end of lunch, but they'd run out of time to do that. Frankly, both of them even forgot they had a plan to do that until they were sitting in their fifth period seats for a while and had a chance to ruminate.

Chapter 80: Unexpected Visitor (Monday)

Maggie stood naked in the kitchen, doing a general clean-up. She was biding her time since leaving the lunch adventure with Nick and Hillary and waiting to meet up with Anushka after she got out of school. Luckily, Andy had asked her to leave him at a friend's house earlier in the morning, not long after Nick left for school, so she didn't have to moderate her behavior inside the house for fear of him seeing her.

Maggie had just been nude sunbathing on the roof while reveling in memories of the lunch sex and sometimes masturbating to those happy thoughts. However, she'd had to stop after an hour because it was a hot, sunny day and she had to be careful not to overdo her tanning efforts. As it was, she was sunbathing nude every day, and quickly developing a fabulous tan without tan lines.

She was naked because she was still riding an erotic high from lunch, plus the masturbating afterwards, and she wanted to keep that feeling going as long as possible. As long as she was naked, with huge breasts constantly wobbling and swaying with every minor move she made, she felt liberated, sexy, and even giddy. Her plan was to clean up a little bit and then work on writing more of her back story of her Maggie persona.

Her blissful reverie was interrupted by the sound of the front doorbell ringing. This puzzled her. Door-to-door salespeople almost never wandered through her neighborhood, and she couldn't imagine who else would show up without calling or e-mailing first.

She was tempted to just ignore whoever it was, but then the doorbell rang again, and then again. No salesperson would be that annoyingly insistent.

She rushed to a hall closet on the first floor, grabbed a full-length robe, and rushed on to the front door. Before considering opening it, she peered through a peep hole. She didn't want to open it for just anybody, especially since she was a voluptuous bombshell wearing nothing but a robe.

To her great surprise, she saw it was Sally, her best friend. She thought, *Sally?! Geez! Suddenly, I feel awful. I haven't seen her in ages. And I haven't been returning her calls lately either. I'm so bad! I'm tempted to blow her off now, but that would be rude.*

Mere seconds after the doorbell rang yet again, Maggie opened it.

Sally was standing there with a big smile on her pretty face. "She lives!"

Maggie returned the smile, but with chagrin and embarrassment on her face. "Hey, girl. Come in. Sorry I've been so hard to reach lately."

"That's the understatement of the year," Sally replied. She walked in and gave Maggie a quick hug. "What happened to you?! These last two weeks or so, it's like you dropped off the face of the Earth. I had to show up in person just to make sure you're still alive, and I'm only half-joking about that."

Maggie frowned, feeling even more abashed. "I know, I know. I'm really sorry. I've been super busy, and a bad friend. But I haven't forgotten you. Come on in. Let's get comfy and talk."

"Okay." Sally walked into the living room and sat down in her favorite chair. She'd visited Maggie so many times that she knew that chair very well.

Maggie stayed by the front door, by the base of the stairs. "Make yourself comfortable while I go upstairs and put on some actual clothes."

"Sure," Sally replied. "But can I ask why you're wearing nothing but a robe in the first place? Were you naked when I rang?"

Maggie struggled to keep a poker face. "Um, let me answer that once I get changed." She hurried up the stairs to cut the questioning off.

Once Maggie was alone on the second floor, she thought, *Shit! I just told her "I haven't forgotten you." That's so untrue. The truth is, I've cut her out of my life as much as possible, ever since my sexual "Maggie" life began. Whenever she's called me since then, I've blown her off. Because what could I say to her? "Hey, Sal, great news! I've become a slut for my son and I love it! We're talking full-blown incest!" Yeah, right! Hell, I don't even know what to say to her about the fact I was wearing just a robe, much less what I've been doing these past weeks. I need to come up with some good excuses fast!*

She took her time changing into her clothes so she could think through what she was going to tell Sally. She decided that a total stonewalling wouldn't work, because Sally would detect the changes in her mood and demeanor. But since she felt revealing the incest was a complete non-starter, she

decided to compromise by pretending that she'd started dating a boy who was very similar to Nick, basically just substituting his name with a made-up one. She figured the closer she could get to the truth, the less likely it was she'd accidentally let slip something damning, not just today, but well into the future.

Having made her mind up about that, she felt much better. She'd been starting to feel panicky, but she forced herself to calm down as she changed into a T-shirt, bra, and shorts to match the casual clothes Sally was wearing. However, she went without panties to at least remain a little bit secretly naughty.

She thought, I can't believe I've let things slide with Sally so far. Not to mention my other friends, as few as they are. I've been in total denial, as if putting my head in the sand will make the issue of other people know or think simply go away. In my defense, my relationship with my son has been in a state of flux. But things between us are settling down, and it's clear we're into this new sexual lifestyle for the long-term. Our incredible, wonderful, blowjob-heavy, incestuous lifestyle! God, I love it!

So much fucking cocksucking! Lunch today was such a joy, but I still long for an entire afternoon where Hillary and I can just go to town on his cock for hours! The two of us naked and naughty, worshiping his cock with our lips and tongues! And deep throating! GAAAWWD! I want to do so much more of that! I want to be his deep throating queen!

She sighed, as she realized she was getting distracted with lusty thoughts of sucking her son's cock, while lustily licking her lips. *Gotta stay focused. Sally is one key reason why I can't go whole hog with my Maggie lifestyle. My friends and family simply wouldn't understand, ever! But I've got this. I value Sally's friendship a lot, and I can just slip into Margaret mode whenever I'm interacting with her.*

Maggie came down the stairs and sat in the living room on a chair facing where Sally was sitting. "So..."

Sally took over. "So... indeed! What's up, girl? We've got so much to catch up on! But first, I'm still curious about why you were wearing just that robe."

"Oh, that." Maggie was secretly frustrated that Sally remembered to ask about that, but she quickly came up with an answer that was mostly true.

She forced a playful smile. "Andy is gone for the day, so while the cat's away, the mice will play. I was just up on the roof, working on an all-over tan."

"So I see," Sally responded. "You had a nice tan already. I remember you telling me a few weeks ago - back when you were still talking to me - that you were making good progress with an all-over tan."

Maggie winced at the "back when you were still talking to me" aside.

Sally went on, "But you must have been doing a lot of tanning since then, because you look even MORE gorgeous than usual. A deep, rich tan with your new blonde hair? Wow! What a sexy combination. It doesn't look fake at all, like some tanned bottle blondes do. If you were a 'ten' before, you're an 11 now. You broke the scale!"

Sally had dark brown hair, but it was clear from her genuine smile that she approved of Maggie changing her hair color to blonde.

Maggie beamed and relished the praise. "Thanks!" She thought, *If Sally thinks I'm "sexy," then I must be. She's pretty darn hot herself. I guess that's one reason we're such good friends, since there isn't a big imbalance in the looks department. But the main thing is what my son thinks about my improving tan. If he looks at me and his cock gets thick and hard and stiff, and he tells me to drop to my knees and come-*

Her increasingly lusty thoughts were cut off because Sally continued talking. "But, about Andy being gone for the day... that's one reason why I decided to drop in on you today. I was going to do it anyway, one of these days this week, because I've been getting increasingly curious about why you've been ignoring my calls."

Maggie winced. "About that... I'm soooooo sorry! Like I said, I've been super busy."

Sally butted in, "We'll get to that later. But before you say more, I don't want to lose track. The reason I came by today is because I just found out some hot gossip in the last hour, and I just had to rush over to tell it to you in person!"

"Well?" Maggie asked.

Sally looked around carefully. "Since you say Andy isn't here, and Nick is obviously at school, I suppose I can just blurt it out. It's about Andy,

actually. Remember Leslie?"

Maggie frowned severely. She spoke bitterly. "How could I forget?" As both she and Sally knew, Leslie was the name of the woman that she'd caught Andy with a couple of years ago, the event that had effectively ended her marriage in all but a technical sense.

Sally continued, "Well, a friend of a friend saw her eating lunch with Andy today, at one of those outdoor restaurants overlooking the river. The word got passed to me so I could share it with you. It looks like they could be getting back together. They were acting all touchy feely, even in a public place like that."

Maggie felt a pang of annoyance, but it wasn't too bad. She was surprised at how little emotion she felt. She realized she'd emotionally moved on from Andy a long time ago, and her heart was set on Nick.

When she thought of Leslie, her first thought was, *BITCH! I fucking hate her!* But then she realized, *She is a bitch, but it's pointless to direct much of my anger at her. Andy is and was the real problem. She wasn't his first affair. She was just the longest and most serious one. Those two cheaters deserve each other.*

Maggie merely commented, "That explains him supposedly spending the day with one of his football buddies. That seemed odd to me earlier, but I guess I just didn't care enough to pry deeper. I mean, it is a Monday, but you don't leave to watch Monday Night Football at ten in the morning. I suppose he had me take him to some third party person because it would be too awkward driving him to Leslie's place."

Sally noticed Maggie's restrained reaction right away. "Yeah, that makes sense. But you don't seem too worked up about it. I thought you'd be pacing the room and cursing him out by now."

Maggie shrugged. "Hey, it's a free country. What do I care what he does at this point?"

"True," Sally said. "But this is the same home-wrecker you've cursed to the heavens before. And lots of people around here know that whole story. Plus, you technically are still married to him. Tongues are going to wag. That's already started, as can be seen by how the news quickly got to me."

Maggie frowned and sighed. "Yeah, but so what? Let the tongues wag like slobbering hyenas. What do I care about those people? One silver lining to the whole Andy debacle is that I learned who my true friends are. I've shed all the flakes and back-stabbers. That's left me with very few friends, but I prefer quality over quantity. Frankly, I can count my good friends on one hand, and you're at the top of the list, for sure. Those are the only opinions I care about. Let the gossipers gossip."

"That's very big of you," Sally replied. "And I feel honored you say that about me. Even so, you need to get on top of this. I'm sure you'll want to minimize the impact, if only because having a bunch of people hating on you is draining and annoying."

"Good point," Maggie said.

"Plus, it goes without saying that you'll want to confront Andy and find out just what the heck is going on. He's supposed to be unable to get it up, and he also has to hobble around with a cane. According to our source at the restaurant, there was no cane, and when he got up and left, he certainly wasn't hobbling around! He walked just fine hand in hand with his nasty little home-wrecker. I'll bet he's been faking all of that for some time. Do you seriously think a shallow gold-digger like Leslie would be going out with him if he was hobbled and impotent?"

"Yeah, he's faking," Maggie replied with a grim face. "I'd been suspecting that for a while already. He obviously really was injured after the accident. But I'll bet Leslie dropped him like a hot potato and said, 'Call me if and when you're ever fully recovered.' And now he is, finally, so they're back on track, I guess. But he's still faking with me so he can enjoy a free full-time maid and cook! That's bullshit!" She was starting to get more upset.

"Are you going to let him continue that farce?" Sally asked urgently. "What does she see in him, anyway? We both know that if she's a gold-digger, he won't have much gold left, not after all his medical bills are paid, plus a divorce settlement with you. The insurance only covers so much."

"True," Maggie responded. "But he is still a very charming and handsome man. He swept me off my feet once upon a very long time ago, when many others were trying to do the same. When he turns the charm on, he's almost unstoppable. It's just that it's easy to lose sight of that, due to his 'I don't give a shit' attitude of that last two years."

Maggie thought, *I never really made the connection, but that's one way father and son are alike. When Nick turns the charm on, he's even MORE unstoppable. At least he is with me. Just thinking about his smile is making me tingle with arousal.*

"Unless one can see through his bullshit, of course," Sally pointed out.

Maggie nodded. "There's that. But yeah, I definitely will want to confront him at some point. But not until I get all my ducks in a row. For instance, could I get proof that he's fully recovered from his injuries, including sexually? I probably need to hire a private investigator and try to catch him and that bitch in the act. It should be easy, since he can't drive anywhere on his own without giving the game away."

"Definitely!" Sally said emphatically. "Gathering more info is a must. I'd be happy to help you with that. You know I've been urging you to cut him completely loose for some time now. This could be just the thing to completely free you from him, so you can emotionally move on."

"It should be easy," Maggie said, nodding in agreement. "I'm home most of the time, and Nick is a lot of the time too. Andy's home like 99 percent of the time. About the only time he ever leaves is to watch football games with some friends on Sundays. If he suddenly starts leaving the house at other times, it's going to stick out like a sore thumb."

Sally nodded. "Yeah, I don't see how he can get away with that without you being on it like white on rice."

Maggie thought, *Although... I have been going out more lately to have sexy fun with Nick. I suppose he could sneak off in his SUV while I'm not home. But he hasn't really been asking me where I'm going or when I'll be back. Still, I should keep a close eye on the SUV's odometer from now on. And I'll need to be extra careful about leaving any sex smells in there too!*

Sally continued, "Plus, you have the element of surprise. For instance, I'll bet you could peek into his office one of the rare times he's not in there and figure out exactly what's going on by reading his e-mails."

Maggie bit her lip in contemplation. "Hmmm. Interesting idea. Unethical, sure, but I think it's justified in this case."

"It's totally justified!" Sally gesticulated emphatically. "And you need to hire a lawyer too. I'm sure there's a legal aspect to this, if you can document

that he's tricking you so outrageously. There has to be some kind of fraud law against that. Probably medical fraud too, if he's faking it with his doctors also. I'm not saying send him to prison, but the more dirt you get on him, the better you'll be able to completely free yourself from him, and the better you'll do in the final financial settlement."

Maggie couldn't help but grin as she thought that over. *Yes! Excellent! He's been a thorn in my side for far too long. More like a knife in my gut. It'll feel great to finally be free of him, especially because that'll mean I can live with just my sweet love! My darling son! Hot damn! The thought of the two of us having the house all to ourselves sends shivers down my spine! I've got to maintain my Margaret persona for the outside world, for sure, but why can't we go hog wild while we're home alone?!*

A huge grin spread across her face as she considered the implications. *Mmmm! I can just imagine! I'd be able to pop into his room for a spermy snack at any time, day or night! Wearing just some frilly negligee to get his blood pumping, and even that wouldn't stay on me for long! Hee! It's so easy to get him horny, which means a throbbing, thick cock! In my mouth! Or in my cleavage. His hands on my naked body... His magic kissing... So much cock! Total oral submission!*

And Hillary! She'd be able to visit every day! The two of us could spend hours treasuring his-

Maggie's thoughts were interrupted by a loud cough from Sally.

Sally followed that by waving her hands. "Earth to Margaret, come in Margaret! Where'd you go there? You looked like you were totally high on drugs."

Maggie had been off in her own world, but she forced herself to return to the here and now. "Um... sorry. I guess I am 'totally high,' but I'm high on thinking how good life will be if I don't have Andy like a lead weight pulling me down. He and I had some good years, even great years, and we'll always be connected through Nick. But I'm soooo ready for him to get out of house! It'll give me a whole new lease on life! Just Nick and me against the world - that sounds like paradise!"

Sally's face went from concerned to triumphant. "Now you're talking, girl!" She leaned forward in her seat and reached out, allowing them to share a high-five. "I couldn't agree more! That's what I've been telling you in all

sorts of ways for at least the last year. It's been breaking my heart, seeing you slowly wilting and suffering, lingering in a totally untenable position."

Maggie sat up straightly and proudly. "Don't worry. I'm suffering no more! I mentioned in passing how I've been super busy lately. Aren't you curious what I've been up to?"

"Of course! But first, again, I've got to say I'm surprised and impressed at how calmly you're taking this latest Andy news. You're a very passionate and emotional person deep down, which is one of the things I love about you. But not only are you not pacing around and gesticulating, you haven't even got up out of your chair."

Maggie replied, "Yeah, well, I probably would be a lot more upset, except that recent events in my life have changed things drastically. I feel almost like all this Andy stuff happened to someone else... Or, it was me, but in some previous life. Do you know what I mean?"

"Um... not really."

Maggie sat forward in her chair, suddenly bursting with anticipation. "Here. Let me explain about what I've been busy with, and hopefully it'll become clear. Remember how, a few weeks ago, you suggested I should take a lover?"

Sally raised a curious eyebrow. "Yeah. You kept saying that as long as you were legally married, even if it was just in name only, you couldn't break your marriage vows."

"Yes, I did say that, didn't I?" Maggie thought back. *Whoa! So much has changed since then. It's like I was a different person. And Sally missed all of it. Heck, she just called me "Margaret" a minute or two ago. She still thinks of me as "Margaret" too, in every sense. It's time to start changing that. I'm sure she'll like "Maggie" more. She's been trying to get me to loosen up for ages. If only she knew just how loosey goosey things have gotten!*

She said, "I guess I did say that, but things have changed. Brace yourself!"

"Okay..." Sally leaned way forward in her chair, eager to hear the news.

After a dramatic pause, Maggie said, "I'm involved with someone! Intimately! Romantically! Sexually!"

"WHOA!" Sally was so surprised that she stood up. She waved her hands around in the air. "That's GREAT news! Yeay! I'm so happy for you!"

Maggie stood up too. The two of them hugged and even did a little happy dance together.

Sally was ecstatic. She'd gone through a bad divorce much like Maggie's situation, except it took place a couple of years earlier. However, with Maggie's encouragement, she'd bounced back and resumed dating less than a year after the divorce had been finalized. It took her a while on the dating scene, but she'd eventually found a guy named Drew who she was very happy with. She'd been going steady with him for the last two years. She'd been increasingly frustrated that she hadn't been able to help Maggie in the way Maggie had helped her.

Once they returned to their seats, Sally asked while bouncing lightly with excitement, "Okay! Tell me everything!"

Maggie was grinning from ear to ear, but on the inside she reminded herself to be careful with her story. "I can't tell you how happy I've been lately! I've fallen head over heels in love! That's why I haven't been returning your calls, because I've been totally obsessed with my new love, and spending so much time with him!"

"That's great!" Sally was over the moon. "What's he like?! How'd you meet him?! Does Andy know?"

Maggie replied even more cautiously, while still smiling, "Andy doesn't know yet. It's tempting, but I don't want to be vindictive and rub his nose in it. But my new romance has made me realize that Andy and I have been heading to a breaking point anyway. That's one reason why your latest news didn't affect me much, because it only confirmed some things I had already decided."

Sally bounced in her seat even more. "Okay, enough about Andy. Fuck Andy! Let's hear about your 'new love!' Given how smart, fun, and gorgeous you are, he must be amaaaaazing to have swept you off your feet like you say! I expect nothing less than someone halfway between Brad Pitt and George Clooney! Or, hell, is it one of those two?! Or both of them in a love triangle?!"

Maggie laughed at Sally's joke. "Yeah, right." Then she grew more sober. "Seriously, because you get all excited, brace yourself, because you may not like everything about him. Especially his age. You see, he's young." She paused dramatically, then added, "Very young. As in.. not much older than Nick's age."

She braced herself for Sally's reaction. She was sure it wouldn't go well.

There was a long pause, and the smile disappeared from Sally's face. "Seriously?!"

Maggie nodded.

"That's... young." After another pause, Sally added, "Margaret, for God's sake, why?! You're such a catch! Your looks alone... Jesus! Girl, I consider myself quite a looker. I get gawking stares and catcalls whenever I go, making me both annoyed but also proud that I've still got 'it.' But when I go anywhere with you, I might as well be covered from head to toe with a burqa. You're on a simply RIDICULOUS level! You could have any guy you want! Why the hell would you mess with someone who's almost still a teenager?!"

Maggie sheepishly responded, "Um... actually, technically, he still is in his teenage years. Though just barely..."

"UGH!" Sally stood up and started pacing the room. She threw her hands up in the air. "What the hell?! Maaaaaaargaret! I thought this was a serious thing, a really great development. But if he's that young, then what could you two possibly have in common, besides lust?"

She stopped her pacing and stared intently into Maggie's eyes. "Is that what this is? Just a 'boy toy' fling? Something for you to get back into the dating game? I'm okay with that, if that's all it is. But with the way you're going on about him, and the lovey dovey look in your eyes, I was getting the impression you think it's true love."

Maggie stood up to better see eye to eye, and defiantly put her hands on her hips. "It IS true love! Yes, lust is a big part of it. Hell, the lust is... incredible! I've never felt so sexually aroused and satisfied in my life! But that's hardly the whole story. We connect on every level. It's only been a couple of weeks, but already I know that he's my soulmate!"

Sally stepped back and looked at Maggie critically, and even disdainfully. "Soulmate?!" Margaret, what the hell?! If he's 19, you're old enough to be his mother! How could you possibly bond on any level other than lust?! You've lived double the number of years of... um, what's his name?"

"John." Maggie had come up with a fake name while she'd been upstairs thinking up her cover story. She'd chosen just about the most generic name possible, figuring it was safer that way.

Sally continued, "So you've literally lived double the years that John has. Think about that."

Maggie protested, "How can you judge him when you've never met him and know next to nothing about him?"

"I'm judging!" Sally replied hotly while poking a finger towards Maggie's face. "The age difference is enough. You're in an entirely different place in your life. You have to be, with all that extra experience under your belt. If there was a five-year age gap, or even ten, I'd say okay. But, hell! This kid is barely out of high school!"

Sally resumed her agitated pacing. "MaaaaAAAAaaargaret! If you were desperate, if you had to chose from very slim pickings, that would be one thing. But with your looks, your face... Jesus Christ, your breasts! You could have anyone! Not to mention the sweet and smart person I know you are on the inside. Why the hell would you fall for a TEENAGER?!"

She stopped and gesticulated wildly in frustration. "The only reason I can think of is that you've been out of the dating game for a long, long time, and this kid just happened to come along at exact the right place and time. Maybe he did something to get your sexual motor running again. But don't settle! You can do soooooo much better! How the hell did you meet John anyway?!"

Maggie hadn't come up with a story on how she'd supposedly met her new lover, so she dodged that question. She still stood with her hands on her hips. "That's not important right now. What is important is that you have this all wrong. We've connected sexually, for sure, but we've also connected on a very deep emotional level."

Sally threw her hands up and then clutched the sides of her head in frustration. "In, what, two weeks?! How is that possible to get that close

that fast?! This kid can't even legally drink yet! Unless he's some sort of genius or something, there's no there there! A 19 year old can be mature for his age, but only compared to other college kids, not to you. There's so little life experience yet!"

Maggie thought, *I should probably let her think "John" is going to college. The high school factor would totally freak her out.*

Sally stepped closer and stared deeper into Maggie's eyes. "Tell me the truth! What's REALLY going on here?! Please don't tell me that he has a big penis or the like and has wowed you so thoroughly in a sexual way that he's fooled you into thinking you're 'soulmates.' I know intense lust can be easily confused for love, but COME ON! You've been around the block. You should know the difference!"

Maggie challengingly stepped forward into Sally's personal space, until they were almost nose to nose. "Look. I appreciate your concern, but you have it all wrong! Nick and I ARE soulmates! We connect on so many different levels that it's not even funny. I love him with all my heart! I love him way more than I ever loved Andy, and that says a lot because I used to think he was 'the one.' Yes, we get on sexually like a house of fire, but it's so much MORE than that!"

Sally's eye's bugged out while Maggie was talking, as soon as she'd heard the word "Nick." She took a step back, and then another. She clutched at her chest and stared with horror.

Maggie furrowed her brow, not realizing she'd made a verbal slip-up. "What?! You're staring at me like you just saw a ghost. What is what I'm saying so hard to believe?! It IS possible for a thirty-something to deeply love a mere teenager. It's not just lust, I swear! I know, because it's happening to me right now!"

Sally continued to stare in shock. She even took a couple more steps back, then clutched at the sides of her head. Finally, she exclaimed, "Margaret! Margaret, Margaret, Margaret! What have you done?!"

Maggie frowned in confusion even more. "What?! I can't believe you're so hung up on this age thing. People overcome big age differences all the time."

Sally shook her head and ran her hand through her brunette hair. "It's not that! Not anymore! Jesus Christ! That's the least of... OH GOD! I can't believe it! I think I'm going to throw up!"

Maggie felt a deep unease that was growing fast. "What?!"

Sally unexpectedly rushed into Maggie's arms and gave her a tight hug. "Oh, girl! How could you?! I love you so much! You're my best friend! I'll stick with you through thick and thin, but this... GOD! You're really pushing your luck with me! Jesus fucking Christ!"

Maggie's sinking feeling was getting worse and worse, especially when Sally unexpectedly burst into tears! She started to suspect that Sally had somehow figured out about the incest, but she couldn't imagine how. She decided her best bet was to simply stick with her cover story, no matter what. That approach had worked with her and Nick in other situations lately.

She continued to hold Sally for the next couple of minutes while Sally sobbed into her shoulder. She tried her hardest to stay calm and oblivious, not allowing herself to think about the possibility that Sally might have figured out her incest secret. She figured the best way not to give the truth away with her facial expression was by believing her cover story as much as possible.

Eventually, Sally pulled away and returned to her seat. She seemed deflated and emotionally exhausted. She wiped her cheeks with her hands, but a few tears continued to flow from her eyes. Her shock had mostly faded, replaced by a profound sadness.

When she judged the time right, Maggie softly asked, "Okay. Now, can you please tell me what that was all about?! To call me confused doesn't begin to describe it!"

Without looking up and making eye contact, Sally said, "I know. I KNOW! You can try to deny it all you want, but it's pointless, because I know. Your slip-up tipped me off, of course."

She gazed up enough to see the confusion on Maggie's face. After a heavy sigh, she explained, "It looks like you still don't realize it, but instead of calling your new lover 'John,' you called him 'Nick.'"

It took all of Maggie's willpower not to gasp or otherwise show her true feelings. Luckily, her suspicion that Sally might have figured out the truth had given her some warning, even though she was trying to remain in denial. She frowned in apparent confusion. "What?! Sally! Are you implying that him... and me...?! Do you realize how crazy that is?!"

Sally looked up and resumed eye contact. She raised an eyebrow. "Yes. Yes, I do. That's why I'm so shocked and sad. It IS crazy! But it's also true. If it was just that verbal slip, I could let it pass. But then the pieces all fell into place for me. It makes so much sense! I know how much you love your son. Even more than most mothers love their sons. Especially in the last couple of years, with your relationship with Andy falling apart, he's pretty much become your world."

Maggie cut in, "That's true. But just because of that, you can't possibly accuse me of-"

Sally held a hand up and interrupted. Her tears had stopped flowing now that she was going on the attack. "Hold on! Let me finish! It's not just that. There's also the impossibility that you could decide that a teenager, this 'John,' is your 'soulmate' after just two weeks. The odds of that are slim and none. But if you were talking about Nick, it makes perfect sense! I could totally see you two being soulmates, if you weren't related. All your years together give your relationship a great emotional depth. I get that."

Maggie felt dizzy, like she was falling into a deep, dark hole. She waved her hands frantically, "You can't possibly be implying...!"

Sally nodded gravely. "I am! It's not just that. Let's face it: Nick's a shy guy. And his looks are fairly ordinary. I know he hasn't dated at all, because the girls overlook him. But... for someone like you or me, who knows him better, we can see he has all sorts of hidden charms. Depth. He IS mature way beyond his years. And he's just such a wonderful, kind, and loving guy! I really like him a lot. Hell, I could almost imagine myself falling for him, now that he's growing up and filling out, if I wasn't already so happily taken, as well as the age issue. He's a sleeper, a dark horse."

Maggie thought, *He certainly isn't shy any more! The way he takes charge and fucks my face like he owns every inch of me... Oooh! Goose bumps!*

Sally went on, "And even though he doesn't have big muscles or a chiseled face, he DOES have his secret appeal, doesn't he? I've seen him in a bathing

suit plenty. It hasn't passed my notice that he has a penis that's both unusually large and THICK! Very thick, unless my eyes have been deceiving me. Not only that, but he's in a state of arousal nearly 24 hours a day!"

Maggie protested, "It only seems that way to you, because you're, well, you! You're a total hottie yourself, you know. Whenever you come over, of course he's going to get aroused, because you're you. Especially if you're hanging out with me working on a tan in a bikini."

Sally waved a hand dismissively. "I'll admit there's some of that, But I've seen how other guys react to me on a regular basis. They get erect and aroused, sure, but it fades after a while due to familiarity. Whereas there have been times I've come over here to enjoy a dinner and a movie with you two, and I noticed the large lump in his shorts NEVER went down the entire time! Even if we watch TWO videos! You have to admit that's unusual. I'll bet he's a dark horse in a sexual way too. Isn't he? He looks like just another typical and slightly nerdy teenage boy, but he's really a sexual dynamo! Isn't he?"

Maggie raised her hands in protest. She thought, *YES! Yes, he is! He's hung like a horse, but that's just for starters! He's become so confident and dominating! I love it!* But her outer expression never changed, and she asked in an offended tone, "How the hell should I know?!"

Sally just replied with great certainty, "Oh, you know. And I know that you know. And you know that I know that you know! We've been best friends for way too long. Like I said, all the pieces fell into place. For instance, why haven't you returned my calls lately? If you really were dating 'John,' you would have called me first thing! You would have sought out my advice and we would have spent hours and hours talking about it already."

Maggie lied, "I wanted to, believe me! But I was too embarrassed, due to the age gap! I knew you wouldn't approve."

"Yeah, I suppose that's plausible," Sally conceded. "But I still don't believe it. Like I said, I know you too well. You would have at least called me back and talked about other things. You've been avoiding me like the plague! That tells me you've been keeping a much deeper secret, and you've had no clue over how to deal with it."

She went on, "But there's more. There's so many things that made sense all at once. For instance, the blissed-out look in your eyes earlier when you were talking about the 'paradise' of you and your son living alone with Andy gone."

Maggie complained, "Of course I'm happy about that! Why wouldn't I be?! I'm over the moon about it!"

"Yeah, but it was like a hungry, lusty look too. I dismissed it at the time, but now... Or, what about the way Nick feels about you? I've known all about his 'two obsessions' for years now, since you've come to me for advice about that so many times. That's put me in a unique position. I'm the only one of your friends you've told that one of his obsessions is YOU! And you didn't have much choice in the matter because I'd figured it out already just from the way he looked around you, and the constant erections he always had around you."

"That's because of you, like I said," Maggie countered. "He thinks you're really sexy."

"I'm sure he does, because I am." Sally couldn't resist a smirky smile as she said that. "But you can't get me to unknow about his obsession for you, since we've talked about it so much. He's been like a powder keg ready to go off. He never dated ANY girl, due to his feeling for you! That's VERY unusual for a boy his age!"

Maggie sheepishly said, "Me and Hillary." She briefly wondered how much more upset Sally would be if she knew the full truth about Nick and Hillary too.

Sally nodded. "Yes, Hillary. Of course, I can't forget about his obsession for her too. But that's besides the point right now. Maybe if he'd been able to successfully date her, his feelings for you would have faded into something semi-normal over time, but that's not what happened, is it? The obstacle was that you didn't feel any attraction for him, and no doubt the incest taboo was a big part of that. But what if that changed? You two would have come together like, like... two stars colliding into each other!"

She crashed her hands together with a loud slap. "Like a supernova! And the way you talk about your feelings for 'John,' your lust AND your love, I don't buy it for some guy you never met before. Not going that far in just two or three weeks! You would be wary, very wary. After what happened to

you with Andy, you're in 'once bitten, twice shy' mode. But if it was Nick, that's a whole different story! He's the ONE person in the whole world you can completely trust! The one person you can completely let go with, sexually and otherwise!"

Maggie's entire body sagged in defeat. She thought, *FUCK! I'm so fucked! Sally's got my number. She knows me too well. Thanks to my one verbal slip-up, I've totally fucked up my life! And Nick's life! We are so, so, soooo totally fucked! I don't see how I can get out of this. Even now, my facial expression is probably just giving her more confirmation that she's right. I can't help it!*

Figuring that anything she said or did would likely only make things worse, Maggie forced herself to stay quiet and at least try to maintain a neutral facial expression.

Sally put her hands on Maggie's shoulders. "I can see the worry in your eyes. And worried you should be! But not from me. I don't approve of this, not AT ALL, but I'm not going to rat you out. We've been through way too much. We've got each other's backs for life, right? Besides, I can kind of understand how it happened. You two love each other so much, I guess I can see how you could get confused about how to express that love, especially since you're so very beautiful and he's so well-hung."

Looking into Maggie's eyes, Sally said with obvious care and love, "Instead, I'm going to do my best to help you as a friend to get over this and move past it. Maybe it's just some phase that both of you are going through, like a fire that'll burn brightly but then burn itself out. This doesn't have to be a total disaster that destroys lives, if we can bring it to an end quickly and contain the damage."

Maggie had been feeling more and more pressure and foreboding, ever since Sally started crying. Unexpectedly, the pressure got too much and she snapped. She exclaimed passionately, "I don't want to 'get over it!' I love him with all my heart! And he loves me! Yes, we love each other in 'that way' too. You're too damn smart, and I fucked up! But now that you know, I'm NOT ASHAMED! We have a love that's so powerful, so magical, I can't possibly explain it in words! And I don't want it to end! EVER!"

With that, Maggie grasped Sally with both hands and pulled her in for a smothering hug. Then she burst into tears. The tension of getting found out

had been killing her, and she felt a flood of emotional release now that she'd confirmed Sally's astute surmise. She felt tremendous relief, even as she faced new fears and worries. But for the moment, all she could do was let her feelings flow.

Sally was considerate. She felt repulsed by the incest, almost to the point of throwing up, but she put that aside for now to comfort her best friend. She patted Maggie's back and said tenderly, "There, there. Things happen. Life is confusing and complicated. We'll get through this, just like we've gotten through other tight spots. Just let it all out."

For the next few minutes, Maggie sobbed and sobbed. She felt almost no guilt over her incestuous relationship with her son, but she had many worries, including the fear that this could destroy her relationship with her best friend, if not sooner, then later. Her slip-up with Sally also heightened her fear that others might be able to figure out the truth, until their secret became generally known and she and Nick would have to flee town in shame, or worse. But mostly, she just let lots of pent-up tensions and worries flow out of her.

Before long, Sally resumed crying too. She had her own great worries. She felt Maggie was making a grave mistake and she already suspected that she wouldn't be able to steer her onto a different path. But she was more crying in sympathy and also letting pent-up tensions from their emotional confrontation flow out of her.

Eventually, Maggie was all cried out, so Sally stopped crying too.

Maggie broke the hug and wiped her eyes. She spoke in a near whisper. "Thank you. Thank you for at least not COMPLETELY freaking out on me. And for promising to keep the secret. You really are a great friend."

Sally stepped back and tried to force a smile. "Hey, that's what besties are for, right? Like I said, I don't approve, but I'm going to fight this in a way that's just between you and me, using the power of persuasion. It's like if I caught you doing some criminal thing, I wouldn't run to the police, I'd try my best to talk you out of it so you could get out of your dark path without having to go to prison."

She realized with a start. "Hey! This IS a crime, isn't it?! Crap! Don't worry, like I said, I'm not going to tell on you, but... sweet Jesus! Maggie! This is so WRONG! You know this can't last, don't you?!"

Maggie went back to her seat and all but collapsed into it. She was worried about the potential loss of her friendship with Sally more than anything. But it was also sobering to be reminded that she could potentially get in trouble with the law.

Maggie's move caused Sally to return to her seat too.

Then Maggie said, "Don't be so quick to judge. You know just enough to be shocked and appalled, but not enough to really understand how I feel. If you did, I'm sure you'd see things in a different way."

Sally said sourly, "Then educate me. Although I'll warn you that your chances of convincing me that incest is okay are about the same that you'll talk me into thinking that cannibalism is okay."

Maggie grimaced. "It's not like that! It's not even close!" She sighed heavily and sank deeper into her seat. "God! I don't even know where to begin. Except to say that I honestly don't feel guilty! I don't feel like what we're doing is wrong." Her face lit up joyously. "It's glorious! It's incredible! It's love! True love! The most powerful and incredible love you can possibly imagine!"

She sat up and spoke with renewed determination. "Look. I get that incest in general is wrong, for many reasons. There's usually some kind of fucked-up power dynamic, so it's some kind of rape. But that's definitely not the case here. Can't there be exceptions?! For instance, what if a brother and sister are separated at birth, then meet each other as adults and fall in love, never knowing they're related until after they're married? Would you force them to get divorced and stay apart at that point, even if they're deeply in love?"

Sally frowned as she thought that over. She wiped some lingering tears off her cheeks as she played for time. Finally, she said, "Well, I don't know. In that very special case, maaaaaybe I could see to turning a blind eye to the whole tragic situation. If they didn't have kids, at least. Maybe. I'd have to think about it. But that's not your case at all!"

Maggie briefly smirked at winning that little victory. "No. But I'm just making the general point that there COULD be exceptions. It's good to have rules and customs, but also to have the wisdom to allow exceptions. Fifty years ago, if I'd wanted to marry a black man, that actually would have been illegal, as well as a huge scandal. Believe it or not, the laws on that didn't

change in most states until the 1960s. Or look at how gay marriage is changing. I'm not saying all incest is okay. I'd still be against the vast majority of it for the power dynamic problem and other reasons. But can't you put your preconceptions aside and at least try to see things through my eyes? At least, by the time I'm done explaining, you won't see me as such a monster."

Sally let out a long sigh. "I don't see you as a monster. it's more like you're... confused. Misguided. Too overwhelmed by lust and other feelings to think straight."

Maggie rolled her eyes and shook her head. "You couldn't be more wrong!"

"Then tell me! But... not now."

Maggie furrowed her brow again. "What?!"

"Sorry. It's just... I'm feeling kind of overwhelmed. I think I need a little while to let this sink in. I just starting to think what it would be like if you start telling me the gory details, or really any details, and I don't think I can handle that right now."

Maggie said, "But I have to tell you now! If I don't, your preconceptions are going to sink in and shut your mind. I'll be the sick 'incest monster' forever. Plus, I need to get it off my chest. I really need to speak to you now!"

Sally looked around the room as she considered her options. Looking back to Maggie, she replied, "I can see that. Let's compromise. Let me go for a little while, a few hours, to try to clear my mind and get over my upset stomach. I must admit, when I first figured things out, I got dangerously nauseous. It's better now, but... sorry. This is hard for me to take."

"That's okay," Maggie said sadly. "I understand. But then let's finish this soon, because I'm sure you have some misunderstandings that I want to clear up."

They nodded in agreement over that. Maggie explained how she had cooking plans in the afternoon (without mentioning specifics such as Anushka's name) that she felt she couldn't break. As a result, they decided to call each other after dinner and get together later in the evening.

Sally left the house a minute or two later, after they shared a hug. But before she left, she said, "Once again, don't worry about me. I promise again not to tell anyone even a hint about this, not even Drew. I know the

stakes are super high for you, and for Nick, but I've got your back. We're going to resolve this in-house, in private."

Maggie felt a lot better after getting that reassurance. She knew Sally well enough to know that she'd keep her promises.

Also, right before Sally walked out the door, Maggie said, "By the way, please try to think of me as 'Maggie' now, not 'Margaret.' It's complicated, but it's important to me."

Sally raised a curious eyebrow. "I thought you hated having your name shortened."

"I did, but things changed. I'll explain later."

"Okay... Maggie. Wow. That sounds weird to me. But I'll try."

"Thanks!"

Once Sally was gone, Maggie returned to the chair she'd been sitting in to mentally and emotionally recover. *Well! That was... intense! I was going to say "a disaster," but actually maybe it isn't so bad. How long could I have kept up the pretense of dating "John" anyway? She would have wanted to see photos, and then meet him in person. What would I have done, paid someone to pretend to be my boyfriend? Forever?! Because Nick and I are in it for the very long term, I should hope, and I don't want my friendship with Sally to ever end either.*

If things with Nick and I are going to last, and I feel confident they will, I would have had to tell her the truth sooner or later. Or more likely, she would have stumbled across it in some kind of awful, shocking way. It may be better that I tore the scab off all at once instead of letting it fester for months or even years. I don't have to worry about her trying to talk me out of anything, because I feel so strongly about my man. My true love! And, best case scenario, I might be able to turn to her as a wise confidant, if she can ever meet me halfway and at least be somewhat accepting about this.

But, then again... things could go all pear-shaped. It might just ruin our great friendship. Especially because the incest isn't even the full story. How is she going to take it when she finds out I'm sharing him with Hillary too?! Or all the weirdness with Debra? Not to mention how much I'm loving sexually submitting to my own son. Or my newfound love of cocksucking. I

probably shouldn't tell her about my new dedication to "total oral submission." UGH!

Hell, I'd lose her for sure if I tell her the full truth right away. But that's okay. I'll just have to be careful. Getting her to deal with the incest factor alone is going to be tough!

After a few more minutes of contemplation, she got up and went to the kitchen to look at the clock. Damn. Still over an hour until I go to meet Anushka. I'm really eager for that, but I guess it's good if I have time to get over this emotional whirlwind and get in the right mindset for that. I really want to make a good impression with her.

Chapter 81: Backyard Paradise (Monday)

Nick's and Hillary's fifth period class was part of their three-hour Advanced Studies block of classes, along with the two classes just before lunch. Those classes were smaller than usual, with about 20 students instead of around 30, and more varied in activity, instead of just a teacher lecturing from the start of the class all the time.

On this day, they had to do work on a group project with about four students in each group. Nick and Hillary were in the same group, since the groups were self-chosen instead of selected by the teacher. However, this was frustrating, because although that meant Nick and Hillary could talk to each other a lot, they couldn't talk about any private matter due to the two other students in their group. They couldn't even safely pass notes.

They waited until class was over, then met up in the busy hallway.

Nick muttered to Hillary while standing near her, "I'd like to talk about our after school plans for a minute."

"Me too," Hillary replied. "But not here. Shall we meet outside again?"

"Sure."

They started walking down the hall towards the same exit they'd used twice earlier in the day. They tried to act like they were two students who were independently walking the same direction, because the more they were seen together, the more that could feed rumors that they were closer than just good friends.

However, they didn't get far before Debra showed up, hurried to their front side, and stopped them in their tracks. She had a stormy look on her face, and an aggressive body posture, with her hands on her hips.

She quietly but forcefully hissed, "Hey, you two! Where do you think you're going?! Do you realize you totally failed to call me at the end of lunch, like you promised?!"

Nick looked around to check if other people were noticing. Nobody seemed to be paying special attention yet, but he figured that wouldn't last for long, given that he was standing with the two most desired girls in school. He quietly replied, "Let's talk about this as we walk."

Debra grumbled, "Fine." She made way, and then started walking right by Nick's side.

Nick felt a powerful surge of lust just from seeing Debra again. This shouldn't have been a big surprise, since it happened every time he saw her lately. But each time, he was taken aback by the intensity of his emotional and physical response. For instance, he got so weak in the knees this time that he had to make a conscious effort just to keep walking. And he felt giddy and dizzy, even more than when he saw Maggie or Hillary anew.

But as with previous times, he fought hard to keep those feelings under control and act and sound normal. He muttered to Debra as the three of them kept walking, "Sorry. It wasn't intentional. As it happened, we lost track of the time and had to run back to class. We just barely made it in time."

Debra complained, "I'm hurt! But... I guess I can understand that." She looked to Hillary as she added, "If I were in your shoes, I could easily see myself losing track of time due to having a feast! And I'm not talking about eating food, if you know what I mean." She grinned knowingly, and even licked her lips.

An annoyed Hillary just rolled her eyes, then glared disdainfully.

By this time, the three of them had almost reached the exit. They were silent for a few more moments until they were outside and safely clear of the building.

Then, figuring she could talk more freely, Debra told Hillary in a quiet, careful voice, "If it isn't clear enough, I'm talking about feasting on Nick's cock! Spending the whole lunch period gobbling on his fat knob! Polishing it with my lips and tongue until it shines!" She licked her lips even more lasciviously than before.

Nick clenched his teeth, trying to stay calm. *Crap! Instant erection. Damn you, Debra!*

Hillary groaned and grimaced. She complained to Debra, "I got it already. Sheesh! Do you have to be so graphic? The walls have ears."

Debra looked around. They had just come to a stop about 20 feet away from the main school building. "No they don't. That's just a saying. Besides, there aren't even any walls near us."

Nick strategically placed his hands to hide his erection. "Never mind about that. Can we focus, please? Debra, sorry again about not calling, but it doesn't matter. It's fine if you fill us in now about what you did at lunch. We didn't talk to anyone since then except about in-class school stuff."

Debra broke into a big smile. "I was so good! And smart! I came up with the perfect cover story. You know how this school has a pretty lame 'newspaper?' I don't see how it can really be called that when it's only one page, front and back, and comes out merely once every two weeks. But I used that very lameness as the excuse. I went to your usual cafeteria table and played it cool with your friends there. After a few minutes, Spencer noticed you two hadn't showed up, and he asked if anyone knew where you were."

Nick thought, *Shit! Of course it would be Spencer asking that. Grrr! I'll bet he's suspicious, big time, that Hillary and I are an item.*

Debra went on, "So I told him the school administration is interested in taking the newspaper to a higher level and has been interviewing people to join the staff. Furthermore, I said I'd heard you two were having your interview today. That seemed to put any curiosity to rest, and the conversation quickly moved on. It was easy."

"Well, that's good." Nick muttered. "Thanks for that."

"You're welcome," Debra replied with a big smile. "But, in return, you've gotta tell me what you three did together! I'm sure it's super hot!"

Hillary complained with an angry face, "That's private! It's none of your business, so back off!"

But Nick said, "It's okay. Given all that we've done with her over the weekend, I think we can give her a very brief version. Especially since we'll probably need her help with cover story stuff more in the future."

There was a long pause, but then Hillary let out a sigh, and grumbled. "Fine. Whatever! You do it."

Nick was still erect and aroused, and he was mindful that the break between classes was short. He steeled his nerves, determined to get through this as quickly and efficiently as possible. He told Debra, "The three of us snuck off to a private place. I'm not going to tell you where or how, because you don't need to know. Then we got naked. Hillary was really worked up from

anticipation pretty much the whole school day. She went for my penis straight away, like she had this pent up desire to suck. But then she had a massive orgasm that pretty much put her out of commission for a while. As she recovered, I went down on her, because I'd seen how she'd been suffering with need for hours, and I wanted to make sure she was fully sexually satiated. After she had another nice cum, she and Maggie worked on my penis until I came. But then there was no time, so we rushed back to class like crazy, and just barely made it, while Maggie drove off."

There was a very long silence after that.

Nick thought, *This is so freaking weird. Did I just say that out loud? At school? To Debra?! And with Hillary listening in? Man! My life has gotten totally surreal. At least I didn't get carried away, despite my secret arousal.*

Debra stared at him with wide eyes and even a gaping mouth. Finally, she exploded with a loud exclamation. "WOW!" She clutched her hands at the sides of her head and bounced up and down on her heels a little bit. "Oh MY GOD! WOW!"

Hillary stepped closer to Debra and hissed, "Shut your mouth! Can you keep it down?! Do you want the whole school to hear?!"

Debra was duly chastened. She lowered her hands and tried to speak in a quieter voice. "Sorry. It's just that that's SO VERY HOT! That's going to keep me going for a long time! I'm going to masturbate a thousand times tonight thinking about that, and thinking about ME being in there with you guys!"

She gave Nick a coy and very sultry look. "How would you like that, Nicky? Would you enjoy having THREE tongues on your big thick cock, all at once? With the three hottest girls in town all fighting to see who can please you the most?!"

Nick was struggling. Her sheer sexuality was deeply affecting him. He could feel himself actually getting temporarily stupid, like he was being mesmerized and unable to think on his own. It was all he could do to stay silent so as to not blurt out something that would offend Hillary.

Hillary stepped in between him and Debra, like a cop trying to keep an onlooker from the scene of a crime. She waved her hands in front of Debra's face, for good measure. "Okay, that's enough! You've had your fun. No,

GO! We have some stuff to discuss before we get back to class. So, go, NOW, or I'm going to get really upset!"

Debra had been staring at Nick with undisguised longing, almost like she was in a trance too. But she snapped out of it and gave Hillary a dirty look. "Okay already. Sheesh! I'm going. But remember, Nicky, tomorrow. We're going to have so much fun after school!" She started to walk away.

Hillary griped at Debra's back, "And that's another thing: stop calling him 'Nicky!' He doesn't like that. That's a girl's name."

Debra stopped and looked back at him. "Is that true? You don't like that?"

He rallied himself from his lusty daze and replied, "No, I don't. I told you that a few times already. It does sound like a girl's name, for starters."

Debra furrowed her brow and seemed to seriously consider his objection, as if for the first time. "Well, you're certainly all man. I'll have to think up a better nickname for you as I'm playing with my pussy tonight, dreaming about how you're filling it! So FULL! Mmmm!"

Then she winked, gave a friendly wave, and resumed walking away.

Once Debra was back in the school building and out of sight, Hillary brought her hands up to her face, revealing that her hands were clenched into fists. Her teeth were clenched too as she complained, "God dammit! I hate her so much! She's so CLEARLY all moony and stupid over you. What the fuck is up with that?! She could have any guy in school, but she wants you just because Maggie and I have you. Fucking BITCH!"

Nick was surprised that Hillary was focusing all her ire on Debra and didn't seem to notice how transfixed he was. Or maybe she did and just assumed that was to be expected. He was eager to change the topic in any case. "Let's talk about that after school. We'll have more time. We should start heading back now."

Hillary reluctantly nodded. She lowered her fists and unclenched them. "Damn. These breaks are too short."

He felt much more at ease, and less aroused, as soon as Debra left. It was like Debra had cast a bewitching spell on him that had been lifted. As usual, he tried to act normal. "I know. But before we do, have you been thinking about after school plans?"

That put a grin back on Hillary's face, at least. "I have! You know, I hope you don't mind, but I am feeling totally sexually satiated now, thanks to what you did to me at lunch. I'd like it if we could go back to my house, and sure, get naked and take part in some fun hanky panky. But instead of an all-out sex romp, I'm thinking more of a mellow time. We have such great sexual chemistry, and I love that, but I'd like to get to know you better as a person too."

He gave her a very sincere smile. "I'd love that! That sounds perfect!"

They shared a moment, and even started to lean in towards each other for a French kiss. But then they remembered where they were. Even though they were outside and it seemed nobody was anywhere near them, kissing was too risky. So each of them took a step back.

They started walking back to the school building.

Nick felt like he was under a spell again, but this time it was a love spell cast by Hillary. *That's so great! If she really wants to get to know me better, that's an awesome sight that what we have might last for the long-term! Man oh man! I could float back to class!*

Hillary muttered. "Damn! I want to kiss you so bad. Or at least hold hands. But we can't even do that."

"I know. It sucks." He turned on a dime from frustrated to beaming. "But it's only one hour and then we can kiss until our lips fall off."

She laughed.

They had to stop talking right after that, however, at least about personal matters, because they entered the hallway again and it was busy with other students.

Their interaction ended with a whimper, because Hillary had to walk off in one direction for her P.E. class and he had to walk off in another direction for his. They didn't even wave good-bye, because there were too many other people around.

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Nick and Hillary reunited at the bike racks after school ended. Nick had no way to leave school other than with his own feet, since Maggie had driven

him there and she wasn't there to pick him up due to her plans with Anushka.

As a result, Nick and Hillary played it cool. They quietly arranged to meet at Hillary's house, with Hillary going there first on her bike and Nick meeting here there a few minutes later on foot. That way, none of the other students would see them leaving school together. Luckily, Hillary didn't live that far away from school, so it wasn't a long walk.

When Nick got to Hillary's house, he knocked on the door. His lust was rising and his dick had grown erect again. His heart was racing fast too. Even though he knew they only had plans for a mellow time, he knew that still was bound to include a lot of great sexual fun. Plus, just being with her always made him feel good.

Hillary opened the door dressed in just a white robe. She was very matter-of-fact, not even saying hello. "Now, normally, I would joke around and give you a hard time before I let you in, but I'm too horny. Get naked and let's go to the hot tub! My parents aren't home, so we can get just as wild as we want." She grinned wickedly at him.

He thought, *Pinch me, I'm dreaming! If I could express my true feelings, I'd drop to my knees and weep tears of joy that she wants to be with me at all! But I've gotta keep my cool. Act like I belong here.*

He walked inside and closed the door behind him. "That sounds great, but what about our 'mellow' plans?"

"Oh, don't worry. There will be plenty of mellow, plenty of talking. I figure we've got hours together, don't we?"

He nodded gleefully.

"Good! As long as Anushka's busy, I've got all my time for you, probably until dinner. My only concern is homework, but I should be able to do all that after dinner, I figure. How 'bout you?"

He considered that issue, and realized that he was falling behind in his homework in a bad way. He had hardly done any at all over the weekend. He needed to spend extra time today to get caught up.

But he decided, *I can afford to fall a little behind. Spending quality time with one of my dream girls is way more important to me. I'm literally living out my greatest fantasies. Getting to spend all afternoon with Hillary, both*

of us probably naked the whole time?! Are you kidding me?! Fucking incredible!

Fighting hard to keep his cool, he simply said, "Same here."

"Good!" Still wearing her robe, Hillary led the way through the house to the backyard. The backyard was large and beautiful, with lots of well tended greenery. There were flowers of many colors in every direction, and a small pond. It reminded him of a Hobbit dwelling from Lord of the Rings just as much as the interior of the house did. The only thing that would have made the whole place more Hobbit-like was if Hillary's house was entirely underground. Another comparison would have been an elegant manor and garden from medieval England.

The one partial exception to this look was the large pool, which was surrounded by concrete and seemed startlingly modern. But even the hot tub deck was made out of wood. It looked much like a hot tub would have looked like if they had those in the "olden days" too.

Hillary waited until she was standing by the hot tub and had Nick's full attention. Then she dramatically slid the robe off her shoulders until it fell all the way to the wooden deck. She sighed in blissful relief. "Aaaaaah! That feels so much better! Nudity is the best, don't you think?"

Nick's heart started thumping harder as he took in the sight of Hillary's centerfold-worthy body, gloriously exposed from head to toe. *Sweet Jesus! How can this be happening to me?! I feel like such a fraud. If she only knew about my scheming, she'd think I'm a fraud too.*

She even struck a sexy pose, with a cocked hip and a hand on that hip.

He just stared and stared, with his mouth hanging open like a comic book character.

She smirked. After a long pause, she asked, "Well? Cat got your tongue?"

He took the hint that this was a good time for a compliment or two. That came easy, since he was so very impressed and aroused. "Sorry, but you literally leave me speechless! And breathless! I don't know what to say, except that Debra can go suck wrinkled, old donkey balls!"

Hillary burst into laughter, causing her huge breasts to wobble and sway. That was just the sort of thing she wanted to hear, especially the comment about Debra. Plus, the inspired look on his face said volumes.

Nick was secretly pleased. He'd been feeling disturbed more than once earlier in the day at the intensity of his reaction whenever he saw Debra again. It was nice to be reassured that Hillary could get his fires burning even more than Debra could. Hillary was gorgeous fully clothed, but she was even more impressive naked, due to her athletic yet curvaceous physique and her rich all-over tan.

Hillary struck another sexy pose, bunching up her hair behind her head. "Well?! Are you just going to stand there catching flies in your mouth, or are you going to show me what you have packing in your shorts?" She smirked again, and gazed longingly at his crotch. "Is that a foot-long model of Big Ben in there, or are you just happy to see me?"

Nick was feeling great, his confidence surging on a wave of lust. He joked, "How did you know? I smuggled one of those out of England recently so I wouldn't have to pay any duty fees, and I forgot to take it out of my shorts!"

She laughed while dropping to her knees before him. She playfully slapped one of his thighs. "Very funny. Now, are you going to unzip, or am I going to have to rape you with my mouth?"

He gleefully replied, "Seeing how I don't want to be traumatized for life, I suppose I'll have to unzip." He sighed loudly and theatrically as he finally unzipped his shorts. But he made sure to go one step further, sliding them all the way off his legs. Then he remembered to take his T-shirt off too, so he'd be just as naked as she was.

Her face lit up and she licked her lips as his fully erect cock came into view. "Aaaaah! Now that's more like it!" She took his shaft in hand and started lapping on his sweet spot while stroking further down.

One minute passed, and then another.

Nick was a bit chagrined that he'd wound up standing, but he decided to just roll with the punches for a while since it gave him an extra kick of arousal and he guessed it had the same effect on her.

At one point, she switched to sucking one of his balls while making very strange noises.

That caused him to ask, "What are you doing?"

She pulled off and looked up at him with a silly grin, "I'm sucking 'wrinkled old donkey balls,' of course!"

He laughed and lightly bopped her on the head. "I'm going to have to get you for that!" As she went back to licking and stroking his boner, he thought, *How fucking lucky can I be?! Not only is she making me feel extreme pleasure, she makes it such light-hearted fun too. Well, I guess it's best to play it cool and not gush too much praise, but today I'm definitely going to do more to show my appreciation. I've been too selfish, getting blown without doing enough in return. I enjoyed going down on her at lunch, and I'm gonna do a lot more of that!*

That said... not quite yet. Hot damn! This feels INSANELY great!

A couple of minutes later, as she kept on orally pleasuring him, she muttered, "You've got me so eager to suck! I wasn't like this with my previous boyfriends. Maybe it's the competition with Maggie. Or Debra. Or, hell, both of them. That's part of it, I'm sure, but not all of it. Even when I'm not thinking of them at all, it's just so much FUN!"

He thought, *SHE'S having fun?! Jesus Christ! She can't be having half as great a time as I'm having right now. I wish my soul could leave my body so I could fly around this beautiful backyard just to admire her kneeling cocksucking from every angle. The visual alone would be enough to make me cum!*

After saying those words, she finally engulfed his entire cockhead, and then started to suck on it with vigor. She was careful to repeatedly slide her lips back and forth over his sweet spot, to deliver maximum pleasure.

He felt such a great surge of lusty joy that he had to put both hands on Hillary's long brown hair to steady himself. *I thought I was feeling great already, but that was before she started sucking. This is even better, and I'm still not close to cumming yet!*

As the surge slowly eased off, he looked around the garden and pool area in wonder, trying to take in the situation with a larger perspective. *Man! Just look at me! This is too cool! Not that many weeks ago, Hillary was as far from me as the moon. I was practically too scared to even talk to her. And look at us now! I'm in her friggin' awesome backyard for the first time... doing this! With my hands on her honest-to-God bobbing head! Fuck me! I love life!*

Shivers ran down his spine as he felt her do something particularly effective to his cock with her hands, lips, and tongue at all once. *Damn! I've never*

even been here before. Luckily, the Mitchells practically have a jungle out here. I can't see even a hint of the neighboring houses, which is good. We're probably pretty safe.

He held his breath as he had a frightening thought. But what about her parents?! Oh shit! They could come by at any time. I've never even met them. This would be an awkward way to make a first impression, that's for sure!

This line of thought worried him so much that he felt compelled to break the mood by asking a question. "Hills... by the way, is it okay if I call you that?"

"Mmmm-hmmm," she replied, with her eyes still closed. She was concentrating intently on her cocksucking.

Lightly stroking her hair, he said, "Thanks. I like that. But, uh, I hate to interrupt you, but is it possible your parents could come home and see us like this?! And what should we do if they do?"

She opened her eyes and reluctantly looked up. She was having a grand time sucking him, but she realized he would be worried until she addressed the issue. So she pulled her lips off. She kept jacking him off, and explained, "Yeah, actually, I need to prepare you for that. They're both nudists, as you know. And they're both self-employed and keep their own hours. I don't know where they are now, so it's possible one or both of them could come home at any time."

He sighed and frowned. "Oh, great. Should we, uh, I dunno... go to your room?"

Hillary looked all around while continuing to stroke his shaft and play with his balls. "We could... but I'd rather not. It's such a nice day. Besides, this is something we're going to have to deal with sooner or later. Do you want to live in fear of them all the time, always hiding in my room like two prudes, or can we be more brazen?"

He glumly replied, "Let's live in fear like two prudes."

She looked up at him in confusion, not sure if he was joking or not.

He clarified, "I don't really mean that... I think. But I've never even met them before. I don't want to meet them for the very first time like this!"

She resumed lapping on his sweet spot, even as she responded, "I can understand that. But maybe it would be best in the long run if you did. I'm feeling so strong about our relationship. I've got a great feeling that this isn't something that'll burn brightly then fade away fast, like my past boyfriends. I love the stable four-legged table we have going. I get the best of both worlds with you AND Anushka. And I love Maggie being a part of it too. I couldn't be happier. I seem to be getting even hotter for you all the time. That's a big reason why I want to spend today just talking and getting to know you better, since we're hopefully going to be in this together for a good long time to come."

He thought, *I can't even believe it! The idea of getting to do this sort of thing with her on a regular basis could very literally make my brain explode! And that's not even counting what I have going with Ma!*

Hillary realized that she was still licking and stroking as she said that, so she said with some amused chagrin, "Well, MOSTLY talking. I figure we've got all afternoon, so you and I should enjoy an orgasm or two before we really get chatty."

He felt shivers racing up and down his spine, and goose bumps too. For once, that wasn't due to sexual pleasure, but due to the words she just told him. *Whoa! She's into me! Hillary freaking Mitchell! God, that makes me so damn happy, I think I want to cry! I kinda knew that already, but it's just so hard to believe. I guess I need a lot of reassurance, especially since I got here through false pretenses.*

But I need to play it cool. Playing hard to get is the smart move. Getting all gushy will lead to her taking me for granted. Even she was admitting a little while ago that a sense of competition with Ma and Debra energizes her. So even though I long to gush poetically how much I love her, this isn't the time or place for that.

With that in mind, he tried his best to limit the emotionality of his response without being too discouraging. "Thanks for those kind words. I feel the same, that we're going to be together for a long time to come. Hopefully, as we get to know each other more, it'll just get better and better."

She looked up at him with emotive, shining eyes. "I sure hope so! That's what I want too!" She engulfed his cockhead again and resumed fervently bobbing on it.

He had to clutch at the sides of her head, due to another intense wave of arousal. He hadn't been expecting her to do that.

Once he recovered without cumming, he said, "I love what you're doing to me, but... I hate to be annoying, but we still didn't resolve what to do about your parents."

It took nearly another full minute, but she finally pulled her lips off his hard-on again. "Oh. Damn." She looked back towards her house as she thought that over. "Well... it doesn't really bother me. My dad pretty much keeps his distance from me in sexual situations, for obvious reasons. If he takes a look out back and sees us, I bet he'll just leave us be."

Thank God for that! Nick thought. He was especially worried about meeting her father.

Hillary added, "But even though Anushka and I haven't been together for that long, Mom has walked in on us in various 'compromising positions' more times than I could count. You know, like calling us down for dinner and stuff like that."

"Really?!"

"Sure. When Anushka is visiting me here, we're always naked, and usually touching each other in some way, at the very least. Like, if we're doing homework together, I might have a hand idly running through her hair or something. But sometimes we get swept away into doing more. Much more. And we don't care if Mom walks in on us like that, so long as it's just her. I'd rather it be that way than having to worry about her all the time."

He replied, "Maybe so. Maybe I could get to that point eventually, but again, first impressions! I don't want to meet your mom for the first time, or especially your dad, while you're sucking my dick!"

Hillary snickered. "Probably not. That would be kind of funny though. Don't you think?"

He rolled his eyes. "Maybe a funny story to tell later, much later. But not funny to live through!"

She laughed again, then got serious. She sat back on her heels, completely disengaging from his privates. "Well, if you feel that way, I suppose I can go to the kitchen and leave a note. I'll tell them I'm with you by the pool, and we'd like to keep our privacy out here for now."

"That would be great, actually," he said, with much more relief than he was letting on. "I like it out here too, especially if we can use the hot tub."

"Oh, we'll be using that, for sure." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. Then she stood up and stretched.

His eyes widened as he gawked at her fantastic nude figure in motion. *FUCK ME! What does she see in me?! I'm so ordinary in comparison. And Anushka! God! The thought of the two of them naked and fondling each other... Aaargh! Dangerous! Too arousing!*

Even as Hillary kept stretching, she said, "But you realize that'll just delay the issue, right? What will happen later today, if you're still here when they come home? Would you be willing to meet them in the nude? Or would you rather put your clothes on and have them fully dress too?"

He was strongly in favor of the latter suggestion. But he could see from the look in her eyes that she was going to be disappointed in him if he took the "cowardly" way out. He thought, *I can't forget my vow to say or do just about anything to win and keep my dream girl. She's a nudist at home. I need to man up and deal with that. The extremely easy part is seeing her naked. The challenge is seeing her parents that way too.*

So he gathered up his courage and said, "My first instinct is to say let's put clothes on first, of course. But I know your nude lifestyle is important to you. I'm willing to give the nude version a try. But if it gets too weird for me, maybe I can give you a signal and you can keep the encounter short."

She broke into a very big smile, pleased that he was trying hard to be flexible. "I can do that! Cool! Color me impressed! I'm going to go write that note right now. And when I get back, you're going to be rewarded in a VERY big way!" She made a suggestive and extra sultry face.

He looked up and down her voluptuous form and honestly replied, "You're already blowing my mind. We're still not allowed to fuck, right? So, barring that, what could possibly be better than this?!"

"You'll see." she winked knowingly.

Then she started to walk away. Knowing he would look, she made sure to go extra slowly and sashay her bare hips to devastating effect.

He gawked in wide-eyed wonder. His was so aroused from the sight of her flawless ass undulating back and forth that his cock actually stiffened even

more and rose up about an inch or two all on its own.

After taking a few steps away from him, she paused and looked back. "Oh, and by the way, while I'm gone, feel free to make yourself comfy. I love sucking you while you stand, but you probably don't want to do that ALL afternoon."

"No," he said, briefly tearing his gaze from her ass to see where he might sit. There were a few wooden chairs scattered on the deck around the hot tub, so he had options. He looked back to her and said, "But while we're at it, let's not make this all about you pleasuring me. I enjoyed going down on you during lunch."

"You did?" she asked uncertainly.

"For sure!" he responded sincerely. "Did you like that? I'd like to do more of that. And all sorts of other things I can't wait for us to do together. Heck, since we got here, we haven't even kissed yet."

She frowned and realized that last point was true. She turned around and quickly walked back to him. She wrapped her arms around his back and stared deeply into his eyes from close up.

He was so stunned by her incredible beauty at that close range, especially her sexy, shining brown eyes, that it literally took his breath away, causing him to gasp.

She said, "Good point! I love it when we kiss. It's like what Maggie says, about you having magic lips. Don't worry; we'll do everything short of fucking today, okay? But please let me start by sucking you to orgasm. I've been thinking about that a lot for the last two hours. It would really make me happy if I could go wild on your cock with no fear of time limits or getting caught or any of that. Then you can do me, and the rest. Okay?"

He grinned madly. "Okay!" *I'm such a lucky son of a bitch!*

"Good! Now, before I go to the kitchen, let's see about giving you a kiss!" She leaned in and gave him a scorching kiss.

The kiss went on and on. Soon, she had his cock back in hand and stroked it while also rubbing it against her bare skin just above her pussy lips. At the same time, he freely fondled her body. Not surprisingly, he mostly focused on her huge breasts and firm ass.

Both of them had been in a highly aroused state even before the kissing and fondling began. But their shared sexual heat rose higher and higher. Soon, the idea of Hillary leaving to write a note was completely forgotten. Instead, he wound up lying down in the shade on the wooden deck with Hillary lying on top of him. It wasn't very comfortable for him, especially since he had nothing to rest his head on, but he was so carried away by his passion that he didn't mind much. Besides, Hillary made sure to swing around into a sixty-nine position. With her pussy in his face, he soon found himself too busy licking, fingering, and generally fondling to mind any minor discomfort.

There were only two problems interfering with his fun. One was that Hillary's cocksucking was so very arousing that it made it tough for him to concentrate on his cunnilingus effort. He already worried that he couldn't begin to compare with her lesbian lovers in that, especially given his near total lack of experience. Secondly, he'd been getting close to cumming even before the sixty-nine began. Struggling and clenching not to cum made it even more difficult for him to do a good job.

After a couple of minutes, he said, "Sorry! I'm having a really hard time multitasking here, especially since I'm right on the brink. What if I just lick you for a few minutes? That'll give my penis a chance to calm down some. Then we can take turns. We can both last a lot longer that way."

She said, "Sure. It all sounds good to me."

They repositioned, moving into the shade on the deck since they figured they'd be at it for a while and they didn't want to get too much sun.

Hillary spread her legs wide and put her hands on his head.

He remembered Maggie's advice to tease and build up first, but he ignored that this time, since Hillary's pussy was already sopping wet and very aroused. He began lapping all over her pussy lips with great gusto.

Hillary laughed. "Whoa, there! What you lack in experience you more than make up with pure enthusiasm."

"Really?!" he asked as he licked. He was worried he just wasn't that good, at least not yet.

"Really. Trust me. I can tell you're fairly new to this, and you said as much earlier, but that's okay. In fact, it'll be fun to kind of mold you and bring you

along. You'll be my personal love slave, bwa-ha-ha-ha!"

That made him feel better. He teased back, "The joke's on you! I'm just doing this so you'll invite me to your house and I'll get to steal your homework answers for tomorrow! My master plan has almost come to fruition! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

She laughed, then teased in return, "Au contraire! The joke's on you. I was one step ahead and sprinkled truth serum all over my pussy so you would foolishly reveal your master plan to me! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-HA!"

He stopped licking for the moment and looked up at her. "Au contraire contraire! The homework stealing is just a cover story for my REAL master plan: total world domination! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-HA, plus one more extra HA!"

The two of them burst into extended laughter after that.

He sat up, since they were laughing so much that he was taking a break from going down on her anyway.

She reached out and clutched his hand. "Hey, I've got an idea. As one mad scientist bent on world domination to another, what if we combine forces and conquer the world together?"

"Deal!" They shook hands on this, even though obviously it was just more joking around.

Then Hillary started to get up. "In all serious, I should go write that note warning my parents before I forget. And that'll give you more time for your dick to recover. Which will allow me to go totally wild on it even more than before, when it's my turn again!" She winked and flashed him a big smile as she stood up.

"Okay." He'd still be holding her hand from the handshake, which had turned into him helping her up. Their touching hands lingered together before they finally, reluctantly let go.

She started walking away. She slowly undulated her hips, like before, knowing that he had to be watching her every move. She glanced over her shoulder to check she had his attention, and asked, "By the way, do you want a drink?"

"Sure. Whatever you're having."

She continued to walk off into her house.

He shook his head in disbelief. *God, just look at her in all her naked glory! Pinch me, I'm dreaming! Again! How many times am I going to say that before I get used to living in paradise? Hopefully never, actually. I love this tingly feeling of love and awe, not to mention constant arousal. Even though I feel unworthy.*

And she suggested "we combine forces and conquer the world together." I know it was only part of some silly mad scientist joking, but it's kind of symbolic for me. I feel like we can and will conquer the world together! And with Ma too! And hopefully Anushka as well.

Speaking of them, I wonder how they're getting along?

Chapter 82: Cooking with Anushka (Monday)

Maggie had no trouble finding Anushka waiting at the large iron gates leading into the Academy. Anushka hopped into Maggie's Prius and the two of them headed off.

It was an unstated thing, but both of them had dressed to impress the other one. In particular, knowing their breasts were their most effective "weapon," they'd worn tops that showed off more cleavage than usual, while still being short of scandalous. This was a particularly daring move for Anushka, since she'd had to stay dressed like that through the entire school day.

As the car headed down the road, Anushka asked, "So where are we going?"

Maggie replied, "I thought we should do some shopping first. I know you know the big Asian supermarket we both use, 99 Ranch. I figure that's a must. Plus, you mentioned the Middle Eastern store you like that stocks a lot of Indian stuff. I was thinking we could go there first."

"Sounds great," Anushka said. "I'm getting hungry already, thinking about all the yummy stuff we're going to make. By the way, what ARE we going to cook up?"

Maggie made eye contact with Anushka in the passenger's seat, and flashed her a big grin. "That's up to us, isn't it? The sky's the limit! I've got some things I want to show you how to make that I think you'll love. And I'm hoping you'll have some of your mother's recipes that you can teach me. I don't know what the special dishes of Bangalore, India, are, but I'm sure they're delicious."

Anushka was all smiles. "Great! Sign me up for that plan! Although... crap!" She frowned severely.

"What?"

"I just realized... I was in kind of a rush leaving for school today, thanks to certain highly distracting phone calls from you and Nick." She gave Maggie a chagrined yet fond look. "I was going to take some print-outs of some of my mom's recipes with me, but I left them behind. Soooo... we could either

just do your stuff and save that for another day, or..." She stared off out the car window, thinking deeply.

After a long pause, Maggie prodded, "Or?"

"Or... maybe I could sneak in and grab them. But I'm kind of reluctant to try that, because what if one of my parents are home? If they see me with you, they'll probably assume the 'worst,' no matter what I say. You know, that you're my new secret lesbian girlfriend."

Maggie furrowed her brow. "Huh. That sucks. Especially because I'm hoping you and I are just at the start of a long, beautiful friendship. Are we going to have to keep everything we do together a secret from your parents forever?!"

"No, I should hope not. But we should figure out how to make a good first impression. They both know Hillary and like her. I think Mom suspects she and I are an item, but she's cool. She's got a 'don't ask, don't tell' policy I can live with. If Hillary could introduce you, and we highlight some cooking connection, that would be best, especially when it comes to my dad, who is the real problem."

Maggie said, "I like that. Maybe you and I could even surprise them by cooking a meal together. They say the best way to the heart is through the stomach."

"Ooooh! I like that! Very nice idea. We should definitely do that. But if we drive by and they see me with you in the car, that good first impression would be ruined. I know the odds of that are super low, but I'd rather not risk it. We've got so many wonderful things to cook, almost unlimited. We can even look up some Southern Indian recipes on the Internet and do some of that anyway."

"Okay, whatever you want to do," Maggie said with an encouraging smile. "Like you said, we've got unlimited options in any case. That said, girl, we should talk about your relationship with your parents. I already knew you had issues, especially with your dad, but it looks like it's worse than I thought."

Anushka slumped down in her seat and sighed heavily. "Yeah. Tell me about it." After a pause, she turned to Maggie, and said, "I don't mind

talking about that with you. In fact, I'd welcome getting some of that stuff off my chest. But when it comes to talking, can I ask you a favor?"

"Sure."

"I feel things got a little out of hand with our phone call this morning. Then my call with Nick too. It was great fun at the time, but more sexual than I'm used to or comfortable with. So... could we kind of lay off the explicit sex talk today? I admire that you can talk about such things so freely, and Hillary is like that too, but I get shy about talking like that. So can you please tone it down for me?"

Maggie gave her a friendly smile and said, "Of course. No problem. Sorry if I get a little carried away with my... enthusiasm."

But to herself, she thought, *Drat! That sucks. I'd already been thinking of all kinds of ways I could psych her up on Nick, and sucking cock in general, and sucking his cock specifically! Hee-hee! But I guess I'll have to put those plans on hold, for now. Or at least tone them way down.*

The two busty beauties switched to talking about cooking ideas for a while instead. Maggie was keen to have a discussion about Anushka's parents, but they had a pressing need to figure out what they were going to do in the kitchen so they could buy the right ingredients at the two stores they were about to go to.

Half an hour later, they were shopping at the Asian supermarket 99 Ranch when Maggie got a call on her cell phone. She picked it up and discovered that Hillary was calling.

After some pleasantries, in which Maggie explained what she and Anushka were doing, Hillary explained in turn what she and Nick were doing.

Maggie passed that information on to Anushka who was standing right by her and leaning in with great interest after learning the call was from Hillary. Maggie whispered, "Hillary is with Nick. They're in her backyard, and both of them are completely naked! She says they're taking turns going down on each other. He'll lick her down there for about five minutes, then they'll switch and she'll suck his, uh, you know." She looked around to confirm nobody else was listening.

Anushka immediately blushed and her heart started to thump. She was both jealous and aroused. The idea of Nick performing cunnilingus particularly

upset her, because she considered that her domain, and even her special sexual talent. She'd assumed from all she'd heard about Nick's sexual interactions that there was a lot of cocksucking going on, but no cunnilingus. (She hadn't been told what had happened at lunch yet.)

Maggie listened to Hillary a bit more, then added, "Oooh! And they've been at it pretty much non-stop since school got out, and he STILL hasn't climaxed, not even once! Isn't that impressive?"

Anushka looked all around anxiously. "Maggie, please! Can we not talk about this here?! Not even whispering! I get too embarrassed!"

Maggie nodded. "Right. Sorry." She asked into the phone. "So, what's up besides that?"

Anushka endured a long silence while Maggie just listened to Hillary talk. Finally, Maggie said, "Sure, I can help with that. I'd be delighted! In fact, I LOVE that you're giving that a try. That's so great! I'm sure you'll get the hang of it, and soon we'll both be doing it to him all the time!"

Anushka tapped Maggie's shoulder. "What?! Doing what?!"

Maggie looked around again. They were standing in the fresh vegetables section, with lots of other customers nearby. In fact, an elderly Asian woman was pushing her shopping cart right past theirs.

Maggie whispered extra quietly, "You said don't talk about it here." She nodded with concern towards the nearby stranger.

Anushka reluctantly nodded back, but she was very frustrated due to her curiosity.

Maggie told Hillary through the phone, "I'm not in a good place to talk. But we're just about done here. We'll be going to the check-out line in a few minutes. How 'bout I call you back when I get back to my car?"

Hillary agreed to that.

Maggie quietly said, "Keep him entertained in the usual way until then, you lucky slut!" She immediately realized it wasn't wise to say "slut." She looked all around and breathed a sigh of relief that the coast was clear.

The call ended shortly after that.

Anushka tapped her shoulder some more. She still whispered, "What?! What is she trying?!" Then, realizing the problem of being overheard, she

suggested, "Can you please just whisper it very quietly directly into my ear?"

"Sure." Maggie leaned in close and did just that. "First, some background. I deep throated Nick for the very first time this morning before school! That was a really big deal for me, because his penis is so thick. I had my doubts that it was even physically possible! But it felt fantastic. Gaaawwwd! Thinking about it, I can't wait to do it again and again and again. I told Hillary about it during lunch while we were sucking him off together."

Anushka's blush deepened. Her heart was racing faster, and her arousal was growing too. "Wait! What?! How were YOU there at school?"

"Long story," Maggie responded, still carefully whispering right into her ear. "I'll explain when we get back to the car. But the point is, since Hillary heard what I did, she was keen to try it herself. It was a 'special surprise' she promised him when they got to her house. But she found it's really, really tough, and she can't really do it, at least not yet. So she wants my advice. You don't mind if I help her over the phone, do you?"

Anushka looked around anxiously, even as Maggie pulled away. She leaned back in, and whispered, "Good Lord! This is the exact sort of thing I hoped we would NOT talk about!"

Maggie made her best apologetic face. "I know. I'm sorry. But I can't leave her hanging, can I?"

Anushka didn't reply, but she looked upset.

Maggie hurried through the rest of their shopping at the store. They'd bought all sorts of exotic items, including some fruits and vegetables that even she had never tried before. They tried to act like any other customers, but their combined busty beauty made them a spectacle with the other people in the store nearly all the time. That alone was emotionally draining, and they were glad to be done with all their shopping.

Once the two of them had returned to the Prius and put their bags of groceries away, Maggie spoke from the driver's seat into the passenger's seat before starting the car. "Okay, Anushka, what's bothering you? You've looked sour ever since Hillary called. If you don't want me to give sex advice to her, then I won't. It's something that can wait."

Anushka reluctantly said, "No, it's not that. I mean, I'm not exactly crazy about that, but I guess I can deal. The thing that bothers me more is that, even as we speak, they're performing oral sex on each other! I don't mind it when she goes down on him. That doesn't mean much to me. I don't have a penis, and he does, and she's bisexual. She needs that. I get that. I'm okay with it. The four-legged table, blah, blah, blah. Okay, already."

"Then what is it?" Maggie asked.

Anushka's eyes widened as she got more emotive. "It's that he's starting to go down on HER! What's up with that?! Why can't he just be a selfish lover, like most guys? I guess technically I gave permission for that, but I didn't expect for him to start doing it, like, half the time they're together. But that's exactly what's happening! They're taking turns!"

Maggie nodded slowly. "And you're worried that he's encroaching on your terrain."

"Yeah, I guess," Anushka reluctantly admitted. "I mean, he's got a penis and I don't. But we both have fingers and mouths. What if he ends up being as good as I am at that?! Or better, even?! And then she'll want to spend more and more time with him, and less with me! I'm barely hanging on with my fingernails as it is!"

"What do you mean by that?"

Anushka grew sadder. "It's just that Hillary is so awesome. I love her so much! I've fallen so deeply in love that I can't even imagine how wrecked I would be if we broke up. She means EVERYTHING to me! I know we're both really young, and it probably won't last forever, but I have high hopes that she's 'the one.' You know what I mean? And yet she has this history of never dating anyone too long. It's like, like... Logan's Run!"

"Excuse me?!" Maggie was confused by the reference.

Anushka gesticulated as she grew more agitated. "You know, that cheesy 1970s sci-fi movie? In that story's future world, everyone can only live so long, I think it was until 30, and then when your time comes, that's it, you're dead. I've ALREADY defied the odds, since I've been dating her longer than anyone else so far. It's like I'm living on borrowed time. Then Nick has to come along and be some kind of sexual super stud who's well-hung and ALWAYS horny, and never cums. It's like I'm yesterday's newspaper. And

then it turns out he's into cunnilingus and wants to do it half the time?! Are you kidding me?!" She wildly waved her hands around in the small confines of the Prius.

Maggie put a comforting hand on Anushka's nearest shoulder. "Relax! Trust me, things are NOT that dire for you. I've been talking to Hillary more lately, and believe me that she's way into you. You're NOT on the way out, I can guarantee that. Instead, she's found reassurance in the whole four-legged table thing. Now that she feels her relationship situation has stabilized, she's free to go deeper with her feelings for you, as well as for him. I tell you, it's win-win for everybody!"

Anushka gave Maggie a disgruntled smirk. "I wish. I wish I could believe you on that. But this is, like, life and death for me! I love her so much! I'm so scared of losing her!"

Maggie responded, "I get it. But don't worry. We're all on the same team here. I want your relationship with Hillary to thrive, because all the 'legs' of the 'table' need to stay strong. Hey, I've got an idea. Things have been moving pretty fast for us all. What if I call Hillary back now, and tell her to wait for the deep throating lesson? And not only that, but tell Nick to dial it back on the cunnilingus too."

Anushka was astonished. "Really?! You'd do that for me?!"

"For sure! If you wanted a permanent ban on those things, now, that would be a lot more problematic. But just to put a temporary hold on it, giving you time to adjust? No problem! It's probably for the best anyway, in that I'd rather be there with Hillary when she successfully deep throats him for the first time. I can give her more help, and she and I can share the moment. Plus, I've only done it once and I want to get better at it before I can act as a teacher."

Anushka was almost teary-eyed. She took one of Maggie's hands and squeezed it. "Thanks! You're special. But what about Nick? I feel bad for him."

"Don't be. He's in hog heaven just being naked with Hillary, trust me. I'm sure they can find plenty of other things to do together. You know how he's a tit man, for instance. He'd be happier than a pig in shit just to fondle Hillary's twin towers for the rest of the afternoon, not to mention titfuck them. You don't have a problem with titfucking, do you?"

"Not at all. That's another thing where, since I don't have a penis, I don't feel like I'm in competition with him."

"Good. Plus, if there's one thing he loves, it's getting his dick sucked! In fact, he'll probably thank you for the restriction, because it'll mean more blowjob action for him today." Maggie grinned, especially since she figured that was true.

After Maggie talked some more, and gave Anushka additional reassurance, she called Hillary back and told her about the proposed change of plans due to Anushka's feelings.

Hillary took it in stride, and Nick did too. The truth was, Hillary had been having a hell of a tough time trying to deep throat him, and she was nearly ready to give up trying for the day anyway. Nick was happy just to be with Hillary, period. Plus, when Maggie suggested they try titfucking as an alternative, Nick actually smacked himself on his forehead for not thinking of doing that already.

With the Prius still in its parking lot, Maggie passed the phone to Anushka so she could directly talk to Hillary.

Hillary spent a few minutes reassuring Anushka that she wasn't "on the way out" or anything like that, and that Nick was no threat to her.

The call would have gone on longer, except Anushka was mindful of the fact that there were frozen foods in their grocery bags that were melting.

As the call wound down, Anushka ended up speaking directly to Nick. She told him, "I'm really sorry for being a 'cock blocker' here. I feel bad, because I already won't let you go all the way with her, and now this. But I promise, it's just for today. I know I'm being irrational and Hillary loves me, but I need some time to wrap my head around this. My brain tells me you're a man and you're not a direct threat to my relationship with her, but it takes some time for my heart to catch up. Next time she tries to deep throat you, I won't try to stop you. I promise. Ditto with the cunnilingus."

He replied, "I appreciate that. And don't worry, I'm not offended at all. I know that the transition to this four-person relationship is hardest on you out of all of us. I already promised you that I'd do anything, within reason, to help you, and I mean it. This is small potatoes, especially if it's just for a day or two. I know I'm only starting to get to know you, but I already care

about you a lot. I'm rooting for your relationship with Hillary to grow and deepen more than you can imagine. That's for my own selfish reasons, yes, but it's also because it makes me happy to see you happy. You've been through a lot, what with your disapproving parents and your journey discovering your sexual preferences. You deserve happiness with Hillary!"

Anushka was so impressed by his words that at first she didn't know what to say. She actually took the cell phone from her ear and stared at it. He was behaving so much more nobly than the boys she'd dated that it was like he was from a different species.

She brought the phone back in place and exclaimed, "Wow! Are you serious?!"

"Of course I'm serious," he calmly and genuinely replied. "The way I see it, this four-legged table thing isn't just talk. We're a TEAM! What benefits one of us benefits all of us. I know you're fretting about the strength of your relationship with Hillary right now. I want you to be totally confident about that. Then the bonds between all of us will grow stronger and stronger, and we'll be an unstoppable force! We're going to face a lot of obstacles because our four-legged thing is so unusual. But if we work as a team, we can overcome anything!"

Anushka was even more emotionally moved. She said, "Thanks! That means a lot to me. Truly!"

"No problem," he replied. "Besides, as an aside, the truth is, I'm awful at cunnilingus. I'm a total newbie. I'm sure you can lick circles around me, so to speak. So the idea that I'm competition with you there is a joke. Everybody knows women are way better at that, since you know first-hand what works best. Hillary is just tolerating my feeble efforts, I'm sure."

Anushka said, "I'm sure you're exaggerating to make me feel better, but thank you just the same."

"No, it's true," he replied. "In fact, I spent the first ten minutes licking her belly button. She finally took pity on me and explained that's not where the pussy is located."

Anushka let out a hearty laugh, and then burst into a smile. "You lie! But still, thanks for cheering me up."

Hillary took the phone back from Nick, and said to Anushka, "Anu, I hate to say this with Nick listening, but when it comes to licking my kitty, you're so good at it that you're in another league. No offense, Nick, I love that you're doing it and getting better, but women do have a special advantage with that, and Anushka is the best I've ever known, even with all my other girlfriends. She has a magic tongue!"

Nick spoke loud enough to be heard over the phone line, "That's okay. I've taken that as a given. Anushka, I'm not trying to compete with you on that. I know my limitations." He meant that too, since he figured women really did have a built-in advantage.

Anushka was so happy that her face practically split in two. "Thank you! Thankyouthankyouthankyou, all three of you!" She glanced appreciatively at Maggie to make sure she felt included. "I'm sorry I've been complaining like a jealous little baby. But i feel so much better! I promise, I'm going to try a lot harder to be understanding."

The phone call ended a short time after that, with a big smile still on Anushka's face.

Maggie thought, *Nice! Talk about making lemonade out of lemons! Nick really hit a home run with Anushka there. He even impressed me. This is a good example of one step back, three steps ahead. I don't know if he was being calculating or not, but the bottom line is, by being willing to easily accept a couple of restrictions today, he's earned a lot of trust points with Anushka for the future. And he's so right. What helps her and Hillary does help us all. I'm so proud of his maturity!*

Anushka stared off into space, still pondering the phone call. But she muttered, "Sorry for taking so long with my insecurity issues. We should go before our groceries melt. Especially the soursop ice cream."

"Yeah," Maggie agreed. She turned the car's engine on and started to drive out of the parking lot. "But don't worry about it. That phone call is way more important than some melting ice cream. Besides, I'm sure it'll be fine. We didn't take that long."

Anushka didn't answer since she was still in contemplation mode. It meant a lot to her that Hillary said she was the best pussy licker she'd ever known. Despite her incredible looks and great personality, she had self-confidence

issues. It didn't help that she was often fighting her parents instead of getting support from them.

Maggie frowned as she drove the car to the parking lot exit. "Oh shit!"

"What?" Anushka asked, coming out of her thoughtful reverie.

"I was just thinking which way to turn at this exit, and I realized I don't know where I'm going yet! I meant to ask you where we're going to do all our cooking, but I was having such fun talking and shopping with you that I forgot about it until just now."

She pulled the Prius into the main street, but then immediately drove to a nearby curb and came to a stop so they could sort this out.

She turned to face Anushka, and asked, "I assume your house is out, due to fear of your parents, right?"

"Right," Anushka replied.

"And I'd rather not use my place. I merely live in a bungalow which is more of a glorified shack. My cooking situation there is extremely limited, to say the least. I would be totally embarrassed."

In the hour between when Sally left and she left to go pick up Anushka, Maggie had worked in the bungalow in her backyard, trying to make it look more like she actually lived there, just in case they were forced to do their cooking there. But she was almost desperate to avoid that, even though Andy was gone for the day and probably well into the night (due to the Monday Night Football game). Not only was she worried Anushka would somehow realize she didn't really live there, but there were next to no cooking amenities, aside from a sink and a hotpot.

Maggie continued, "I was hoping we could kind of crash at Hillary's place. That seems to be 'hang-out central' for us all. Would that be okay with you? And her? And her parents?"

Anushka furrowed her brow again. "Well... I'm sure Hillary wouldn't mind. And her parents Peter and Petra are totally cool. They have a big, nice kitchen. I've done some cooking there for them, and it's great for that. But... the thing is... it would be weird being there with Nick and Hillary in the backyard! Being so close to them, and yet so far... Especially with me having some jealousy issues today... Would I have to pretend to just ignore

them? That probably would be the worst thing for me right now, seeing them naked and fondling and all lovey-dovey."

Maggie frowned in consternation. "Right. Damn. That would be awkward." She sighed, "I feel stupid. I really should have sorted this out BEFORE we bought all these groceries. I'd assumed we'd use Hillary's place, but we didn't work that out in advance, and now we're all dressed up and have nowhere to go. But I have a radical idea that just came into my mind."

"What's that?"

Maggie explained her idea even as it was coming into her mind. "What if we just basically crash Shannon's place? I'm only starting to know her, but she seems very nice. And her place is AWESOME. Like a palace! Plus, you need to see her rooftop garden. You will just DIE when you see what she's growing up there! I know it's pretty rude to basically invite ourselves over, especially at a moment's notice, but I think it's worth it to be pushy this one time. For one thing, I gather that she's really lonely."

"What do you mean?" Anushka asked.

"I've gathered that she's got a classic 'living in a gilded cage' problem. Yeah, she throws great, big parties, but on a day-to-day basis it's hard for her to go anywhere, due to her being so very wealthy. Any time she leaves the house, it turns into a full-blown security problem, due to the fear of kidnapping and such. That must limit her friendships. Plus, lots of people would be intimidated by her wealth and her mansion, even elite Academy types. I'll bet she doesn't get many visitors and would love to have more."

"That's all probably true," Anushka admitted. "I don't think she has a lot of close friends, even though she gets on great with just about everyone. She and I aren't super close, but we've bonded a little bit over our mutual disdain for our stuck-up Academy classmates."

"You see?" Maggie went on. "But the main thing is, you two are friendly already, but you'd get on like a house on fire if you could only bond with her over cooking! All three of us will. She's super into exotic food, and tropic fruit especially. The more I think about it, the more I'm liking the idea. Can we at least give it a try, and see if she's available or not?"

Anushka shrugged. "Sure. Why not? It's probably high time that I try to get to know her better outside of class anyway."

So Maggie gave Shannon a call.

Sure enough, not only was Shannon willing to host their cooking efforts, but she welcomed them with open arms and was eager to join them in every way.

Maggie quickly drove to Shannon's mansion, still mindful of the melting groceries. It wasn't long until they'd made it past the security guard booth and were carrying their grocery bags inside.

Shannon met them and helped them carry the bags into the kitchen. She was dressed in casual "hang around the house" clothes, but she looked fantastic, as always. In particular, her flaming red hair was visually arresting, even for someone like Maggie who just hung out with her the night before.

As the three of them walked through the vast mansion, Maggie said to Shannon, "Thanks so much for helping us out. I feel bad for dropping in on you like this."

"Don't!" Shannon said forcefully. "I'm all over this cooking plan, like white on rice. It'll be great! I already like you and Anushka, and I was bored out of my mind working on homework anyway. Just last night, you told me a little bit about how Anushka shared your love of exotic foods and cooking, and how much you wanted her to see my garden. This was something that needed to happen soon. It just came a little faster than expected."

The three of them began chatting like they were long-lost friends, mostly over the food they'd bought and their immediate cooking plans.

After the groceries were put away (with the soursop ice cream only slightly soft), Shannon was so keen to show off her rooftop garden that she practically dragged them up there.

When they got to the roof, Maggie and Anushka were more than a little impressed. Of course, Maggie had seen the garden already, just the night before, but that was at night. It was a different experience in the day time, when one could see everything in great detail.

Anushka was simply over the moon. She commented sincerely, "My God! This place is like my fantasy garden. Like, if I could make the PERFECT garden, with all the things I want most growing in it, this would be it! And the view! It's amaaaaazing!"

Shannon gave them a complete tour, showing off every different type of plant she was growing. Although Maggie had enjoyed a tour already, she didn't mind at all doing it again. Anushka only knew a little bit about the miracle fruit, but she got a full explanation and was very intrigued.

Eventually, they finished the tour and wound up back near the hot tub area.

That reminded Maggie about the fun they'd had there the night before. She teasingly told Shannon, "Remember last night, how we were all naked and hanging out over there?" She nodded towards the hot tub. "That was pretty sneaky of you, saying you have a nudity-only policy on the roof, to get us all naked. But I don't mind at all. It was a lot more fun that way."

Shannon responded, "Oh, but I wasn't being sneaky at all. I DO have that policy. But I figured I should suspend it today for your sake, Anushka. I've seen at school how you can be shy and easily embarrassed."

Surprisingly, Anushka put a hand on a hip and said defiantly, "Yeah, but I'm not some delicate flower. I can handle it! Especially when it comes to nudity. I'm kind of a nudist, actually."

Shannon was shocked, and it showed. "You are?!"

"Well, not me, exactly. But my girlfriend Hillary is, and I get naked every time I go over to her house. I've been doing that almost daily for the past couple of months, so it's no big deal."

Maggie spoke up, honestly telling Anushka, "I was just teasing Shannon a little bit. I wasn't actually suggesting we should get naked. So please, don't feel pressured."

Anushka said, "I realize that. But I don't want to be coddled. Besides, it could be fun and liberating. I heard a little bit about what happened here last night, with the four of you. If you could do all that, then it's no big deal if we stroll naked in this lovely garden wearing nothing but our birthday suits."

Shannon narrowed her gaze as she thought that over. "Well, I must admit... that does sound nice. And it is my usual rule for the roof, though I do make exceptions. But I really like you two, and I don't want to pressure you into something you don't want to do." She looked to Anushka, since Maggie obviously was fine with it, given what happened last night.

Anushka responded, "I'll admit it'll feel strange for me, getting naked without Hillary here. But I want to push myself. I'm thinking it actually could bring us closer together, in a totally non-sexual way, of course. Like a trust fall."

She didn't want to mention it with Shannon there, but she felt she'd "wimped out" earlier by insisting that Nick and Hillary limit some of their sexual activities today due to her feeling insecure. She was trying to redeem herself in her own eyes a little bit by being brave.

Besides, she wasn't willing to admit it to herself, but she was more than a little bit interested in seeing Maggie and Shannon completely naked! In fact, that was her main motivation.

The other two weren't willing to admit it out loud either, but they also were very excited to see Anushka naked! Both of them were dead gorgeous, but Anushka's body was a natural wonder, especially her enormous breasts. It was all they could do to play it cool and act like having everyone get naked was no big deal.

The three raving beauties slowly stripped where they stood.

Maggie muttered, "I can't believe we're doing this!"

Anushka said, "I know! I can't believe I'm doing this especially. I wonder what Hillary will think. I hope she won't be upset at me."

Shannon spoke. "I think it'll be fine, don't you, Maggie? If Hillary is a nudist, right?"

Maggie said, "No doubt." She looked to Anushka and suggested, "But, just to be sure, why don't you call her up before you get completely naked? If nothing else, I'm sure she'd appreciate being consulted. And I've got my cell phone with me."

"Great idea!" Anushka agreed. "You're a really good friend. That could save me a lot of grief, if it turns out I'm all wrong about her reaction."

The three of them continued to strip until they were down to just their underwear. Then they stopped, to make sure Anushka had Hillary's permission before they actually got naked.

Anushka was able to reach Hillary on the phone. "Hey, Hills! What's up? What are you and Mr. Dangerous doing?" (She'd never referred to Nick by

that name before, but she had called him "dangerous" to his face more than once, and it seemed like a fun way to tease him.)

Hillary explained that she and he had stopped their "forbidden" activities and had actually switched mostly to just talking. They'd been having an emotionally meaningful time learning a lot more about each other's pasts. Luckily, Hillary's parents still hadn't come home yet.

She further explained that most of the time while they were talking, they were generally fondling each other, and sometimes kissing. Plus, she was sucking Nick's cock off and on (without trying deep throating again). She'd finally gotten him to cum and was getting him close to a second climax.

Anushka responded to all of that information fairly well, and without getting too jealous. She didn't want to complain some more, given her behavior with the earlier call. She then briefly explained to Hillary how she and Maggie had wound up moving their cooking plans to Shannon's place, and how they'd wound up on Shannon's roof. She ended up by asking permission to obey Shannon's rooftop rule of going naked.

Happily, Hillary said she was fine with that and actually was pleasantly surprised at Anushka's bravery. The call then ended shortly thereafter, because Hillary had been told that Maggie and Shannon were standing by and waiting.

Hillary obviously didn't hint at it with her words, but she hoped this could be a significant step in getting Maggie and Anushka sexually interested in each other. Her ideal was having everyone in their four-person relationship sexually involved with everyone else.

Once Anushka was off the phone, Maggie told her, "See? I had a good feeling she'd be fine with it. But isn't it good you got her okay, just to be sure?"

"Definitely," Anushka replied. She reached for her bra. "Now, let's do this! I say we all go at the same time. It'll make it less weird that way."

The other two nodded. Then the three of them removed their bras at the same time.

An awkwardness followed. Maggie and Shannon wanted to gawk at Anushka's incredible breasts, but both of them were trying hard not to appear sexually interested. So they didn't know where to look. However,

both of them saw enough to realize that those boobs showed surprisingly little sag once her bra came free. That was remarkable, due to their sheer size and weight.

Luckily, they were able to get past the awkwardness by pushing on with taking their panties off. All three of them immediately did so.

Unfortunately, that set up a potentially even more awkward situation once they were all completely naked.

Anushka also felt very strange, and didn't know where to look. She was very sexually interested in both Maggie and Shannon. Seeing them naked only increased her interest, because their bodies were flawless, curvaceous, and all-around amazing. But she also felt a powerful loyalty towards Hillary. Just looking at another woman in the nude made her feel very guilty. However, they were so sexy that she found it hard to resist!

Shannon came up with just the thing to change the situation for everyone. She quickly said, "There we go. Now that we're all 'obeying the rules,' I say we take another little walk around the garden. Even though I've given you the full tour, it's nice to just enjoy the freedom of 'strolling naked in this lovely garden wearing nothing but our birthday suits,' as Anushka put it."

So the three of them took a leisurely walk. That gave them an excuse to look ahead or at the plants most of the time, while still finding opportunities to check each other out.

After a few such checks, Maggie thought, My God! It's so fitting that we're doing this here, because I feel like I'm in a floating garden up in the sky. Actually, we're up above Mount Olympus, and I'm walking with a couple of Greek goddesses! I already knew Shannon was a total knockout, and she looks even better in the sunlight. Her red hair looks like it's literally on fire, when it's shimmering in the sun. But the real jaw-dropper is Anushka! Good Lord! I consider myself nearly entirely straight, but her body is enough to "bend" anybody!

And her breasts! I can just hear Nick saying, "Are you kidding me?! That's ridiculous! Ridiculously sexy!" And he'd be right. I consider myself amply endowed, and I love how much he loves my chest, but her breasts seem twice as large! I know that has to be a wild exaggeration, but... DAMN! And somehow they don't look too big on her either. She's got wide shoulders and an amply curvy body all around without being chubby.

God! Just seeing her, I kinda really want to see my studly son seduce her and tame her! That would be seriously hot! I can totally picture his eager hands roaming all over her, sinking into her tit flesh! And titfucking her! Oh boy! And even as I'm thinking this, he's probably got his big fat cock tightly sheathed in Hillary's hefty pillows! God, he's so fucking dominant and sexy! I wish I had his meaty cock right here, in front of my face! I'd drop to my knees and give him a good long suck while he freely fondles Anushka's perfect body from head to toe! And he could do Shannon for good measure! Hell yeah!

Maggie didn't realize it, but she'd gotten so carried away with her lusty thoughts that she'd stopped walking while the other two kept going. As a result, her ogling went from Anushka's tits to her also very impressive ass cheeks.

The other two stopped and turned back to her, waiting for her to catch up.

Maggie snapped out of her reverie. "Uh, Sorry." She knew she'd been busted, because she'd been caught staring at Anushka's nude body too long and too blatantly.

Anushka asked her, "Is something wrong?"

"Uh, no," she replied. Then, she got an idea. "I'm sorry for staring at you, but I was just thinking how much Nick would love to be here with us. You know how much he loves big breasts."

Luckily, Anushka wasn't offended. She grinned. "Yeah, I'd kinda noticed somehow."

Maggie bravely pressed on, "I was just thinking... Remember how he was so sweet earlier, when you asked him not to take part in a couple of things with Hillary, and he was totally okay with that, and very understanding?" She was vague with her wording because she didn't know if Anushka wanted Shannon to know all the details from earlier.

"Yeah?" Anushka asked.

"Wouldn't it be kind of fun to surprise him with a little gift? So, uh, I was thinking... what if you took a picture of yourself naked? But you could do it in a careful way so you're not actually showing anything more than if you were wearing a bikini, and sent that him as a kind of reward, right? I bet he'd totally love that."

Anushka smirked. "Yeah, I'm sure he would. It would be fun, but it's a moot point because we don't have a camera."

Maggie asked, "Actually, Shannon, you do, don't you?" She assumed she did since they'd used it last night.

Shannon smiled brightly. "Oh, sure! No problem. I have a top of the line digital camera. It's in my room, but I can get it here in a minute."

Anushka frowned with concern, because she hadn't expected that was a serious, practical suggestion. "Uh, that's nice, but... I don't know. I don't want to lead him on, or give him the wrong idea. I am a lesbian, you know, and totally devoted to Hillary."

She said this even as she was feeling a thrill from imagining Nick's lusty reaction to a fully naked picture of herself. The fact that she was staring at Maggie's remarkable E-cups all the while definitely kept her in a very aroused mood.

Maggie said, "I know. But that wouldn't be a problem if you frame it in the right way. It would just be some sexy teasing."

Shannon added, "It sounds like a fun idea to me." She told Anushka, "You can control how he reacts by how sexy you make the picture. For instance, if you sit with your knees to your chest at the right angle, he really won't be able to see much more than your legs. But he'll see just enough of your bare hip to know that you really are completely naked. He'll be totally impressed, yet totally frustrated."

Anushka was wavering. She was tempted, but wanted to be talked into it. "Well... I don't know..."

Happily, Shannon was very encouraging. "Oh, come on! It'll be fun! In fact, it sounds like so much fun that I want to be in the picture too. Very carefully positioned, of course, so my boyfriend won't have any reason to be mad. The beautiful thing is that you can cover up nearly everything and show just enough to let Nick's imagination run wild!"

Anushka felt even more tempted. She really liked the idea of Nick's imagination running wild over thoughts of her totally naked body. She was more attracted to him than she usually let herself believe. She wanted to impress him, and wanted him to desire her even more than he obviously already did.

She bit her lip uncertainty. "Well... I still don't know..."

Maggie was having a hard time staring at Anushka in all her nude glory without obviously showing her arousal. She reached out and gently patted one of her shoulders. "Come on! It'll be great! I'll tell you what. I want to be in the picture too. Would that make it less awkward for you?"

Anushka was starting to grin as she continued to warm up to the idea. "It would, but... if all three of us are in the picture, who is going to actually take it?"

Shannon said, "Don't worry. We can do a self-timer thing. I know how to do that on my camera. Actually, we should do a whole series of photos, together and alone. Then we can very carefully pick the best one or ones, that has exactly the right amount of tease without showing any naughty bits."

Anushka broke into a wide smile. "Okay! Let's do it!"

Shannon raised a fist in the air. "Woo-hoo! Sexy photo shoot time!"

They all laughed at that. The other two also couldn't help but gawk at Shannon's figure in that bold pose. Needless to say, nipples were erect all around.

The three of them cut their walk short and returned to their pile of clothes. Shannon left them to go down to her room, but, as promised, it only took her a minute or two to return with her digital camera.

They began taking pictures, and the photo shoot soon took on a life of its own. All three of them were highly aroused by the naked beauty of the other two. They were trying hard to hide their feelings, as well as being careful not to touch anyone else inappropriately. Taking some photos ostensibly to tease Nick was the perfect excuse for them to let loose sexually a little bit without any actual physical contact with each other.

It was a lucky thing they were outside, and where there was a steady breeze, because all three had wet pussies. Had they been in a confined space, the sexual smell would have been too obvious not to comment on. Their hearts were racing fast too.

After just a few photos were taken, Maggie commented, "This is exciting! You know, I've never had any nude pictures taken of me. Not by Nick, not

by anybody." She almost said "not by Andy," but luckily she changed that to "anybody" at the last moment.

"Same here," Anushka said.

"Same with me," Shannon agreed.

That was true for all of them, except, ironically, for Maggie. She'd had a photo session taking a costume off in striptease fashion for Nick, but that had been over a week ago, and so much had happened since that it slipped her mind.

Maggie suggested to Anushka, "You know, in addition to us taking a couple of pictures for Nick, I'll bet Hillary would love to have a nude pic or two of you. And you wouldn't have to be so careful covering up for those."

"Oooh! Good idea!" Anushka got even more aroused imagining Hillary's reaction to some very provocative pictures. She envisioned the two of them making sweet love to each other at some later time after they got worked up from looking at them.

Shannon pointed out, "And, like I said last night, I've got a great color printer in my bedroom. That includes high quality glossy paper, 8 by 10 size. We can print out these photos and it'll be professional quality."

Anushka frowned in confusion. "Wait. What's this about last night? Hillary told me about that, but she didn't mention anything about any picture taking!"

Shannon frowned even more severely. "Um, I don't know what I can say about that. I probably shouldn't have said that much."

Maggie carefully explained, "Don't worry, I'm sure it's fine. I'll take full responsibility if it isn't." She looked to Anushka, "You see, last night was so eventful, I'm sure there were things Hillary didn't have time to tell you about yet. You know about how Nick repeatedly came on Debra's face, right?"

"Right," Anushka replied. "Three times, as I recall."

"Exactly. Well, we all thought that looked so sexy, especially with the cum loads adding to each other instead of getting cleaned off each time, that we wanted to take a picture or two."

Shannon joked, "Or three!"

Maggie smiled. "Right. So we took a whole bunch. Including some of her thoroughly spanked, rosy red bare ass too. But JUST of her. We wanted to be super careful, in case any of the pics somehow got in the wrong hands. We especially didn't want any pictures with her and anyone else together, since her relationship with us is so... well... let's just say 'problematic.'"

Anushka was so aroused by now that she couldn't resist saying, "That sounds pretty damn hot! I wish I could see those, especially the ones of her red ass!"

She had no special interest in seeing a heavy facial, since the whole facial experience was alien to her, although she was mildly interested to see some visual evidence of Nick's sexual prowess. But since she had a submissive fetish about getting spanked, she had a very big interest in seeing the spanking photos.

Shannon said, "Sorry, but I probably shouldn't show them to anyone, not even you."

Anushka whined, "Awwww!"

Shannon noted, "Just think if the shoe was on the other foot and, say, Debra came over and wanted to see the pictures we're taking right now. Wouldn't you want to have a say in that first?"

"Good point." Anushka was bummed, but she decided to let the issue drop, due to the very valid privacy concern. Instead, she asked, "So, what are you going to do with them?"

Shannon answered, "The next time Debra comes over, we'll have a little viewing party. And, if Nick is there too, I certainly won't mind if he adds an encore spermy glaze to her face." She winked.

Anushka couldn't resist sighing longingly. Now that she was fully aroused, it was easy for her to think about her wild phone call with Nick that morning. She wondered anew what it would be like to suck his cock and even have him cum on her face.

But she felt weird thinking such thoughts while her two nude friends were waiting, so she said, "Enough of that. Let's get this show on the road and take some more pictures of our own."

So far, the pictures they'd taken had been rather tame, with each of them posing alone and carefully covering their privates. They were intended for

Nick without being too outrageous or revealing. Even Maggie covered up, to go along with what the other two were doing.

But after Anushka accepted the idea of taking some pictures of herself for Hillary's benefit, that changed things significantly. They began taking much more revealing, and even fully nude, pictures. Shannon said she could give such pictures of herself to her boyfriend Brian (even though she doubted if she actually would, for fear of him getting curious about how they were taken). Maggie naturally and sincerely said she could give some such pictures of herself to Nick.

They began feeling increasingly uninhibited and giddy, almost like they were drunk. It was very playful and fun. However, all three of them remained careful not to touch the other two in what could be seen as a sexual manner. They didn't want to ruin the fun by making it seem they were trying to make a pass at someone else.

However, there was some significant touching, because they eventually also took some pictures in pairs or even with all three of them. That was usually limited to hands on each other's backs and/or light hugs, but they were all in such a state of arousal that even that much contact was secretly titillating.

At times, their faces came close, and both women involved were sorely tempted to start French kissing. This happened in various combinations. But each of them were so careful in hiding their arousal that the other ones feared they were the only one who felt that way.

Some of the more restrained pictures of the three of them together were potentially made to tease Nick with. But it wasn't clear what the purpose of the fully nude ones were. However, they didn't really care, since they were having a ball with the whole photo session experience. At the very least, they figured they could fondly look over their more racy pictures themselves later.

Eventually, the photo shoot came to an end after taking a nearly 100 pictures. Due to all three of them pretending not to be aroused, there was only so many different poses they could take without getting really outrageous. Besides, their ostensible purpose in getting together was to do some cooking, and they all sincerely did want to get to doing that.

They changed back into their clothes and hurried down to Shannon's room on the top floor. Shannon had a special cable to transfer the pictures from

the camera to the computer with ease. That allowed them to look through the pictures on the big screen on her desktop computer while possibly also printing out some of the best ones.

Maggie floated the idea of continuing to stay naked inside the mansion for a while.

But Shannon squelched that by pointing out there would be others around, including Rita, her personal maid (as well as her secret bodyguard), not to mention her parents coming home in time for dinner. (In fact, the others didn't know it, but Rita was keeping an eye on all three of them through a hidden video feed as part of her bodyguard duties. She normally didn't monitor Shannon inside the house, but the two guests hadn't been fully vetted yet.)

As much fun as the three of them had taking the pictures, they probably had even more fun looking through them. They got even more aroused than before. Now that they were inside, a general sexual smell rose up that was hard to ignore, making clear to all of them that everyone was horny. Plus, all their nipples remained erect, and there was no wind or cold excuse for that. Even so, they tried very hard to pretend that everything was normal.

They also peppered each other with compliments, which was easy to do since all three of them looked fantastic alone and together in nearly all of the photos. However, as part of pretending normality, they were careful not to be too sexually explicit with any compliment or other remark.

At one point, Maggie commented on a picture of the three of them in a group hug from the waist up that showed off their impressive racks, "My Lord! Just look at that one, will you? A blonde, a redhead, and a brunette. And each one more endowed than the next."

"Except for me," Shannon said, looking down with a pout at her covered yet still sizable rack. "I feel like a mouse in a room with two elephants." She glanced over at Maggie's even larger bosom, and then at Anushka's, which was larger still.

Maggie teased, "Are you saying we're fat?"

Shannon waved her hands frantically. "No! Not at all!" Then she realized from Maggie's silly smirk that she was being teased. "Actually, YES! You two are fat as elephants! So very fat AND ugly! God, I can't even look!"

All three of them burst into laughter because her words were so manifestly absurd. They were all objectively gorgeous and they knew it, despite varying levels of self-confidence issues at times.

Maggie went back to staring at the picture of their bare racks pressed close together (without quite touching) on the computer screen. "Whoa. So sexy! If Nick saw that, he would completely flip out!"

Shannon gleefully said, "Indeed! I feel like we're holding onto a pile of TNT or something like that. If these pics get out, the effect would literally be explosive! For instance, if my boyfriend saw this one alone, he would lose his freaking mind!"

Anushka looked to Shannon with concern. "You WILL take good care of these, won't you?"

"Of course," Shannon confidently replied. She sincerely explained, "Here's my rule. If any of us want a picture of just yourself, there's no problem printing that out or e-mailing it off to someone like Nick. But if there's two of us in one pic, then both of us need to give permission first, and so on. I'll delete them all off my camera and I'll keep them safe here on my computer, along with the X-rated pictures of Debra. Trust me, they'll be completely safe, including password protected. I'm very computer savvy, and nobody else is allowed in my room without my permission."

That sounded good to the other two.

They chose not to print any pictures out for the time being, mostly due to concerns of such pictures getting into the wrong hands. But they left open the option of printing some out at a later date.

They ultimately decided to e-mail one solo picture of each of them to Nick as a reward for his earlier behavior. Shannon still had only a very vague idea what he'd done, but that didn't matter much, because the reward idea was just an excuse and they would have wanted to send something to him anyway. In addition, they sent him one of the three of them together. However, all four pictures were carefully done so that no private parts were visible.

Maggie was the most daring, since Nick was known to be her boyfriend. She chose a photo that showed off nearly all of her huge breasts at a titillating angle, but her nipples were just barely covered up by her fingers.

For the group picture, the three of them were sitting shoulder to shoulder with their legs covering up most of their bodies but still exposing a fair amount of cleavage. The picture was carefully cropped so their pussies, which obviously would have been seen between their legs, were a few inches out of view.

When they sent the pictures off as e-mail attachments, they included the message, "Here's a little something to say thanks for being so understanding earlier today. Wish you were here! XXX OOO from all three of us."

After that, there was no excuse to delay, so they finally went downstairs to the kitchen to start cooking. Between shopping and driving and having fun on the roof, it already was close to five o'clock, so they decided to prepare something for dinner that they all could eat together, including Shannon's parents when they came home.

The three of them got busy making various dishes that incorporated the exotic ingredients that had been bought. They all loved to cook, and they got along well working together. It wasn't long before they were in total agreement that this was something they would want to do on a regular basis.

However, one thing kept bugging them: they were keen to find out Nick's reaction to their photo surprise. Maggie had tried calling Hillary's cell phone, but there had been no answer. So she'd left her a message telling her to tell Nick to check his e-mail for a "special surprise." (She assumed he could use Hillary's computer in her bedroom to do that.) Maggie kept checking her phone every few minutes after that, but there had been no sign Nick had gotten the message yet.

Maggie ruefully pointed out, "I'll bet he's having so much sexual fun with Hillary that he doesn't know up from down. She could be in the middle of giving him an hour-long blowjob for all we know, and knowing them, that's probably exactly what's happening. We're NEVER going to get a reaction from him at this rate!"

Shannon couldn't resist saying, "Wouldn't it be fun if he saw those photos WHILE Hillary was blowing him?! Whoa! Talk about a guaranteed positive reaction!" She laughed.

Anushka stayed silent, but she found that idea arousing. A part of her hoped that was exactly what would happen.

About 20 minutes later, when there was a decent pause in the cooking action, Maggie huffed after checking her phone yet again, "Okay, that's it! It's time to call Hillary again and see what the hold-up is! Any objections?"

The other two certainly didn't object. They wanted to find out his reaction before they had to go their separate ways, and especially before Shannon's parents showed up and inevitably changed the mood.

Maggie dialed Hillary's phone number again. When Hillary answered it, she hastily asked her, "Can I please speak to Nick?" Then, as soon as she heard her son's voice, she barked, "Check your e-mail messages already, dammit! Use one of the computers in Hillary's house!" and disconnected the line.

Anushka and Shannon laughed at Maggie's brusqueness, but they could understand why she was feeling so impatient.

A couple of minutes later, Maggie's phone rang. She put it on speaker phone mode, so the other two could hear.

Sure enough, it was Nick. He exclaimed, "Oh my God! Maggie! I'm blown away! That's so cool! Thanks a million for the sexy pictures!"

Maggie was all smiles, but told him, "Before you say another word, promise me you won't share those pictures with ANYBODY! I know they're fairly tame, relatively speaking, but it's good to be careful just the same. Especially since Shannon's boyfriend might not be so understanding."

"Don't worry, I get it," he replied. "But I did share them with Hillary already. Is that okay?!"

Maggie chuckled. "That's very okay. We assumed you'd do that. What did she had to say about them?"

He mysteriously asked, "Can I be frank? It sounds like you have me on speaker phone. Is there anyone else there?"

"Just the three of us." Maggie responded.

That was true. Rita had made a brief appearance, but she'd gotten the unspoken message from Shannon that she wanted to be left alone with her friends, so she'd gone back to keeping a loose watch of them through a video feed, again for security purposes, since the two guests weren't fully trusted yet. (Rita was on the lookout not just for kidnapping or violence, but

also scandalous behavior that might reflect badly on the family, such as drug use.)

"Why?" Maggie asked.

Nick said, "Well... because... um, uh... she and I are up in her room, using her computer... and... I guess I'll just say it. Her response was, and this is a direct quote: 'MMMM!'"

It took a few moments for that to sink in.

Maggie shared a surprised look with the other two. Then she asked, "Wait! You mean...? She's unable to talk because... because her mouth is full?!"

He chuckled. "Exactly! And it's still full. Let's just say that I'm really, really, really, REALLY enjoying looking at these photos!"

He certainly wasn't making that up. Hillary had been sucking his cock for a good while already. After hurrying with him up to her room so he could check his e-mail, she went right back to sucking him some more while kneeling under her own desk as he used her computer. (She got an extra thrill out of that pose.)

So they'd been having a great time already, but she'd found renewed inspiration after he'd told her to take a brief break to look up at the computer screen. After seeing all four pictures, she'd gone back to sucking his cock with a renewed, almost feverish hunger. It was a wonder he could talk coherently at all.

The three sexy cooks looked to each other with still surprised but pleased expressions. Luckily, Shannon had openly suggested this very possibility and hadn't gotten a negative reaction, so they didn't have to pretend to be bothered.

There was a prolonged silence, and Nick didn't know what was going on. He grew shy, and asked, "Um, is that okay?! I hope I didn't offend anybody..."

Maggie chuckled. "Don't worry. We're cool. That was pretty much what we were expecting anyway."

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, good! Well then, you said 'wish you were here.' I totally wish I was there too! Especially if you're all still 'dressed' that way!"

Maggie chuckled some more. "Unfortunately for your naughty imagination, we're not. But that's just a small sample of all the pictures we took, and the tamest ones. Maybe if you're a really good guy in the future, we might let you see a few more."

"Oh, boy!" he said, gushing with lusty enthusiasm. "If you're trying to manipulate me, it's working! I'm your willing puppet!" He laughed some, to make clear he was at least mostly joking.

There was a little more phone chit chat. There were no more mentions about the fact that Hillary was actively sucking him off, but everyone knew it was happening, and that was thrilling for all involved.

Nick was tempted to bring the phone down to his crotch so they could hear Hillary's fervent slurping sounds, since that had worked so well on the phone call with Anushka in the morning. But he chickened out, especially because Shannon was there.

Once the phone call came to an end, Nick and Hillary returned to the backyard because it was such a beautiful day, plus they actually did use the hot tub from time to time.

Shannon found herself wishing even more than before that she was unattached so she could try Nick on for size. She still didn't know him very well, but she could see how much Hillary, Maggie, and Debra desired him. Furthermore, nothing had been overtly said about it, but she got the feeling that Anushka had some sort of crush on him too. The mere fact that Anushka was keen to send him a nude picture of herself, carefully posed and cropped though it was, was proof of that. She figured any boy who had those four incredible women all wanting him had to be someone truly remarkable, especially when it came to sexual prowess.

That said, she still felt loyal to her boyfriend Brian. She figured Nick was taken already, several times over, and she wanted a boyfriend all to herself. Brian didn't have the mysterious allure Nick did, but he was someone she'd been perfectly happy with. At least for now, she would enjoy just vicariously hearing about and hopefully sometimes seeing what the other bombshell beauties did with Nick.

The three busty women went back to their cooking tasks. They were able to mentally focus better now that the Nick message "issue" had been resolved.

Bit by bit, their arousal levels lessened, helping them get even more serious with their food preparation.

After that, the time flew by. It took them another hour, but they wound up creating a feast fit for royalty, and just in time for Shannon's parents to come home. The highlight was an Indian dish created by Anushka using a favorite recipe of hers that she knew by heart.

Maggie and Anushka were introduced to Shannon's mother and father, and everyone ate dinner together, including Rita.

Maggie wasn't very impressed by the parents. Shannon's father Brandon seemed nondescript, like a generic businessman. He was very guarded with what he said and kept the conversation at a surface level, as if he wasn't really that interested in the guests. Mostly, they just ate. Shannon's mother Belle at least seemed intriguing, but she hardly said a word, except to compliment the cooking.

Rita was even more nondescript. She literally didn't say anything, except for giving basic responses during introductions.

Maggie surmised, correctly, that there were interesting hidden layers to Rita, but they would be very difficult to tease out. She seemed to almost delight in being a silent helper hidden behind a professional mask.

Sometimes, when Maggie looked at Belle, she couldn't help herself from thinking about the recent adventure in one of the upstairs bedrooms, where she and Debra cut up some of Belle's old flight attendant uniforms in order to better tease Nick. Normally such memories would have aroused her, but with Belle right there she had to struggle to hide her embarrassment.

The meal was a grand success, at least from a culinary point of view. It was clear that even Brandon was impressed, and he had very high standards, as he was wealthy enough to eat five-star meals on a daily basis. The key was that they had used unusual ingredients, so he'd been pleasantly surprised by new taste sensations.

After the meal, Maggie got the sense it was time to leave. Shannon's parents were polite and nice, but the vibe from when it had been just the three cooks was gone, and it wasn't nearly as much fun.

An unnamed servant showed up out of nowhere to take care of the considerable mess left in the kitchen. It didn't seem fair, but that's how

things worked in Shannon's mansion.

Shannon walked Maggie and Anushka to the door. Once they were there, Shannon said, "Hey, I know you two must have felt weird calling me up out of the blue and basically saying 'We're coming to invade your kitchen!'" She laughed. "But I'm soooooo glad you did. Really! I had a great time. So much so that you have an open invitation to come do this any time."

She poked in the air at them with pretend menace. "Not only that, but I'm ORDERING that we all do it again!" She asked without the artifice, "Maybe we could make it a weekly tradition? What do you think?"

Maggie and Anushka nodded vigorously, even as they looked at each other to make sure the other one felt the same.

Maggie spoke for both of them when she said, "I think that's a must! We're all so similar in our passion for cooking, and even our special love for exotic foods. It would be crazy NOT to make this a regular thing."

All three of them expressed similar sentiments. Then they shared a group hug.

Maggie walked off to her Prius, with Anushka at her side, and both of them carrying doggy bags, since they'd cooked enough to feed an army. She thought, *I might as well be floating on air; I had such fun! This is almost as great as sex with Nick. Although I guess I wouldn't go THAT far.*

I feel like I'm being reborn in general. First, rediscovering the joy of sex, and taking that to a whole new level, thanks to my loving son. And now my passion for cooking is rising to a whole new level too, AND I'm developing some really good new friends along the way. I'm leaving the miasma I'd been stuck in with Andy far, far behind!

Fuck him and his cheating 'girlfriend' Leslie!

Ever since picking up Anushka, Maggie had all but completely forgotten about her conversation with Sally, and the pain and danger of having her incest secret discovered. But thinking about Andy and Leslie reminded her of that and gave her a sharp emotional pain.

It also reminded her, *Damn, I'm probably going to have to conclude my talk with Sally at some point this evening. I need to get emotionally ready for that. Plus I have a duty to pick Andy up after he finishes his football game. If indeed he is watching with his friends, that is. I suspect he's out with*

Leslie instead. That's some chutzpah, cheating on me and yet expecting me to be his chauffeur. Fuck him. Fuck 'em both!

But with Anushka still at her side, Maggie decided she couldn't afford to dwell on such thoughts at the moment. It was easy for her to be distracted with other matters, since Anushka was keen on talking while they drove away. Mostly, the two of them shared feelings about their time together, especially what worked well and not so well with their cooking, and how their meal had been received.

Maggie dropped Anushka off at her house, after making sure that was an okay thing to do.

As they got close, Anushka explained, "Yeah, there's a slight chance my parents might peek out and catch you dropping me off, but what are the odds of that? Besides, if they do, I've got copious leftovers to show we were cooking and not doing something naughty. But it's dark, so I think we'll be fine. They'll just assume I spent all my time with Hillary, as usual."

Despite those words, Maggie dropped Anushka off a couple of houses down the street, just to be on the safe side. She couldn't see much of Anushka's house due to the darkness and lots of vegetation, but just from the houses on the street it was obvious that the Ratnam family was upper class (though not near the extreme wealth of Shannon's family).

Before Anushka got out of the car, Maggie asked her, "So, we had such a great time. The question is, when can we do this again?"

Anushka jokingly replied, "I don't know. How 'bout tomorrow?" She chuckled.

But that gave Maggie an idea. "Actually... why not?! Remember Nick talking about having a Bollywood movie night sometime soon? Why don't we do that with him and Hillary? If not tomorrow, then the next day? We could either cook up one of your mom's special recipes - which you'll be able to have with you this time - or we could do some Indian takeout."

Anushka smiled at the overall idea, but pretended to be offended by the last suggestion. "'Takeout?' Shut your mouth! That would be some kind of food crime, when we have so many great dishes we could cook together. I say we do it, including the cooking part! And tomorrow sounds good to me!"

They shared a high-five inside the confines of the Prius.

Then Anushka asked, "But what about Shannon? Can we invite her too?"

Maggie said, "I would like to, for sure, except it would be awkward because I'm hoping we'll have some 'lovey-dovey' time in there. You know, Nick and me, and Hillary and you. Maybe some snuggling and kissing during the movie. Unfortunately, Shannon would literally be a fifth wheel. Besides, I'm pretty sure she's not into Bollywood movies, and that's like the main point of the plans. The food is just an extra bonus."

Anushka glumly replied, "Yeah. I guess so."

Maggie added, "That said, I DEFINITELY want to keep a weekly cooking tradition going with her, like we were talking about before we left. But I'm hoping we can start two weekly traditions, you and me. One, cooking with her, and then the other with the four of us enjoying Bollywood silliness."

Anushka brightened up again. "Yeah, that sounds good. I must admit, I do like the 'lovey-dovey' part. I guess it makes sense not to include Shannon on that. I suppose we could invite her AND her boyfriend, but... nah."

Maggie chuckled. "Yeah. Nah. It would be a totally different vibe. Actually, do you realize that if we do this tomorrow, it will be the very first time all four 'legs' of our 'table' are together in the same time and place? That's cause for celebration right there. I'm sure there are other times we can have Shannon, with or without Brian, but we should have special times with just the four of us."

"Agreed!" Anushka leaned over and gave Maggie a brief hug. As she pulled away, she said, "I hope my P's didn't see that."

Maggie pointed out, "We didn't even get to talk about them and your troubles. Too much cooking and too much fun! But next time, for sure. I like that we're becoming good friends, and I want to get closer and closer to you. Partially for the good of our entire 'table,' but mostly just because I really like you."

Anushka beamed. "Me too! God! Finally! I've been suffering with all the Academy losers, but I'm finally starting to get some real friends who aren't named 'Hillary.' I like! And I can't wait until tomorrow already! Let's talk later on the phone and work out the details."

"Definitely," Maggie agreed. "And this time, we'll actually figure out where to do it BEFORE it happens."

"Yeah. Seriously!"

Anushka left with her doggy bag after a few more good-bye pleasantries.

Maggie checked her phone to make sure Andy hadn't called her to be picked up yet. He hadn't. She was going to drive straight home, but decided instead to call Hillary and see if Nick needed a ride back. It turned out he did, so she headed to Hillary's house.

Chapter 83: Fatherly Advice (Monday)

While Maggie was having her fun at Shannon's mansion, Nick was having the time of his life with Hillary. He'd experienced greater sexual peaks multiple times, with both Hillary and Maggie. But he'd never enjoyed such a prolonged sexual high before. He was in a state of near constant sexual arousal for over three hours! Hillary made him cum twice in the first hour, and then twice again in the third hour. She seemed to be truly tireless when it came to sucking or titfucking him.

But even after receiving the phone call prohibiting cunnilingus, he made her cum many more times. Fingerbanging her wasn't prohibited, at least as far as he knew. He took full advantage, fingering her to climax so many times that she eventually had to "cry uncle" to give her pussy a rest.

However, as great as all that was, he was just as psyched about their lengthy and in-depth conversations. It turned out she had musical speakers around the hot tub area which were connected to the stereo system in her room. Once the two of them calmed down enough to take a longer sexual break, she briefly went to her room and put on some relaxing music to go with the mellow background mood, which also matched her "hippie" tastes. For instance, she selected Pink Floyd's "More," Millennium's "Begin," and Nick Drake's "Bryter Layter."

She offered him to smoke some pot, but he politely declined. She reluctantly abstained too, since he wasn't doing it.

Even when Nick's penis wasn't erect, the two of them generally stayed cuddled together, sometimes in the hot tub, but usually outside it. Hillary wanted to talk about "deep" matters, to learn more about his beliefs and morals, and he was happy to learn the same about her. They discussed all sorts of things, including controversial political and religious issues. The more they talked, the more they realized that they were on the same wavelength, even when they weren't always in agreement.

Nick simply couldn't have been happier. It helped that even when they were deeply engrossed in conversation, Hillary usually had a hand stroking his erection while he played with her ridiculously fit and tanned body, usually

fingering her pussy and/or fondling her huge globes, since she was generally sitting on her ass.

And that was considered discussion time and not sexual time! By comparison, later in the afternoon, Hillary spent the better part of an hour fully concentrating on sucking and titfucking his cock until she got that second pair of orgasms out of him.

However, all the while, Nick knew there was a problem looming in that he would be obliged to meet Hillary's parents before he left - without anyone wearing any clothes! From time to time, Hillary went into the house for some reason or another, such as using the bathroom or getting drinks and snacks. After one such departure around six o'clock, when she came back she told him that her parents had come home and had gotten the note to leave them be, but they also were eager to meet him whenever he was ready.

There was no way Nick could get out of the nude greeting without being rude. That was made even more evident when Maggie briefly called Hillary and asked her if Nick could do dinner there since Maggie had her own dinner plans at Shannon's house. As a result, Nick realized he not only needed to meet Hillary's parents, he also had to eat dinner with them. That would have been fine, and in fact he would have looked forward to it, except for the total lack of clothes.

Thankfully for him, Hillary understood his distress and tried to delay the moment of reckoning for as long as possible. Plus, she didn't want their blissful backyard time to ever end, the same as him. But eventually it started to get dark and cold, and she knew from when her mother had come home and started cooking that dinner would be ready soon.

She and him were just lazily making out and caressing each other when they heard a female voice off in the distance: "Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiillary! Diiiiiiiiiner!"

She broke their latest lip-lock and sat up. "Uht-uh. Did you hear that?"

He tried to play dumb, but he grinned because he knew it wasn't going to work. "Hear what?"

She gave him a chagrined look and put her hands on her hips.

"Okay, okay, I'm getting up." He reluctantly sat up too.

She saw the worried look on his face. "I know what you're thinking: 'this is going to be super weird.'"

"To put in mildly!" he stated emphatically. "You've been a nudist for ages. It's as easy as falling out of bed for you. Whereas I've never done this, ever! By the way, how long HAVE you been a nudist?"

"My whole life. You know how babies and toddlers run around naked? I just never got out of that phase because my parents were usually naked too. Clothes were strictly something to put on when you leave the house, just like you only put on a rain jacket when you go outside in the rain. So, yeah, this is as easy as breathing for me."

She held one of his hands. "I really appreciate that you're willing to do this. I want you to know that I've had about a dozen boyfriends I got pretty serious with and yet I never even CONSIDERED having them meet my parents naked. Most of them didn't even know I was a nudist. Ditto with my similar number of girlfriends. Anushka is the only exception. So this is a watershed moment. It shows that I believe in you, I believe in us, even though we haven't been dating long."

"I appreciate that," he replied while still holding her hand. "But in the very immediate future, that puts more pressure on me. They'll be judging me closely to see if I'm worthy of you."

"Of course they will! But parents always do that. Don't be alarmed if Peter is busy polishing his shotgun when you come in." (Nick already knew that Hillary's parents were named Peter and Petra.)

He blanched. "Are you serious?!"

She laughed gaily. "No! Gotcha, though! You should have seen the look on your face. You know my parents are liberal hippie types. They'd rather bring a dead skunk in the house than a gun. But hey, if you get too nervous, I've got some good advice for you."

"What's that?"

"You know the advice people give when someone is nervous about giving a speech: 'Just picture your audience naked.' So all you have to do is picture them naked!"

He gesticulated in frustration, "But they will BE naked!"

She put a hand on her chin and stared off into space, acting surprised. "Oh yeah. I didn't think of that." Then she burst into laughter.

He couldn't resist chuckling along, but he complained, "Some help you are."

Once she got serious again, she said, "Honestly, it'll be fine. I was talking to them earlier about this, and they're going to go out of their way to put you at ease. After the initial handshakes - and no hugs! - they'll know to quickly move to sitting around the table. That will hide most of the naughty bits."

"That's a relief," he admitted.

"Plus, I've prepared you for this. It wasn't by accident that I just made you cum twice in the last half hour, and the most recent one in the last ten minutes. That was so you'd be completely and utterly sexually satiated. And it looks like I succeeded." She idly toyed with his flaccid penis using her other hand.

"Yeah, well, thank you for that. I must admit I've probably never felt so sexually satisfied in my entire life! You're such a living dream, you really are. My whole body is like a limp, wet noodle. It's gonna be a challenge for me just to get up and walk around."

"There you go. See?" Hillary said with a bright smile. "I did that because, I've gotta warn you, my mom is a pretty sexy lady. If you go for brown-haired, brown-eyed, big-breasted, wide-hipped athletically fit women..."

"And we know I do..."

"Yep! Then you're going to find her attractive. In fact, on top of all that, people say my face is a spitting image of hers. But keep in mind that she's 54 years old, and Dad is 57. She's old enough to be your grandmother, AND she's VERY happily married. So I'm confident you'll be fine, and not overly aroused."

He felt increasingly worried, not reassured. The fact that Petra looked so much like Hillary didn't help matters in his mind. He asked, "Yeah, but what if I get aroused due to YOU, and they take it the wrong way and think it's due to her?"

"Well, that almost certainly is going to happen. Not tonight, I should hope, but eventually, assuming you and I get more and more serious and you see a lot more of my parents. My house is the natural hang-out place, and they're

nice hosts. Eventually, they WILL see your erection in all its long and thick glory. But you know what? That's not a big deal! They know you're at the age where you could get aroused by looking at a table leg, or for no reason at all. Such 'accidents' are part of the nude lifestyle. Just cover up with a napkin or something. Everyone else will politely ignore it, I promise."

He nodded.

"In the same way, don't read anything into it if Mom has stiff nipples from time to time. Shit happens. That doesn't mean she wants you in a carnal way."

Hillary had still been toying with his flaccidness, but she let go and sat back. "Relax! My parents are REALLY nice people. And it's not just me saying that. My dad is like a big teddy bear - and unfortunately he has the physique to match. My mom is like the kindly old grandma who offers you a plate of freshly baked cookies for no apparent reason, except that she's not that old and she still has her figure. She's always doing nice things."

She went on, "In terms of impressing them, you have a very low bar to reach. I've told them aaaaaall about you. As long as you keep breathing and don't stumble around and fall on your face like you're in an old slapstick Jerry Lewis routine, you'll be fine."

"Oh, great. Why'd you have to mention that?" He started waving his arms around spasmodically, like he was having a seizure.

She laughed heartily, knowing he was playing around, and he laughed too. She smiled from ear to ear. "See? You'll be fine. You've got a great sense of humor, and they love to joke around. I swear, before the meal is over, you'll pretty much forget about the nudity. Trust me, that always happens."

A couple of minutes later, Nick and Hillary got up to go into the house.

As they walked across the lawn, hand in hand, Hillary could see that he was getting nervous all over again. So she stopped them and put her hands on his shoulders.

She looked deeply into his eyes. "Nick! Relax! It's fine. Consider this. I'm not ready to say 'I love you' yet, but only because I feel like we should be going out at least a month first, to make absolutely sure this is something lasting. But I'm definitely falling in love with you in a big, big way! Not just sexually, though that is FANTASTIC, but soul to soul. The fact that I

want you to meet my parents, naked, means a lot to me, and I hope it means a lot to you."

He was so emotionally moved that he wanted to scream, cry tears of joy, and fly off into the air, all at once. "WOW! I don't know what to say, except that I feel EXACTLY the same as you! I'm definitely falling in love with you too, and I can't wait until we can say those three words to each other!" He was so rapturous and excited that he forgot about his usual "play hard to get and act aloof" policy.

"Me too!" She leaned in and kissed his lips, but only for a second, because she had more to say. "My point in telling you this is that we're a team. I've got your back. I know you're a very special guy. As long as I believe in you, my parents will too. You can do no wrong!"

With that, she leaned in again for another kiss. Only this one lasted a long time, as she tried to convey all the love she was feeling for him through their lip-lock.

He felt emotionally overwhelmed, but he soon rose to the occasion and kissed back, giving as good as he was receiving. His hands also wound up on her firm ass cheeks, and he squeezed them with abandon, just as she fondled his ass.

After a couple of minutes, Hillary broke the kiss and pulled her head back while remaining in a close embrace. "PHEW! Nick! I had to end that because if we keep going we're going to get too worked up! You don't want to go in there with your dick saying 'hello' a minute before the rest of you, do you?"

"Er, no." He reluctantly disengaged and stepped back.

She ran a hand through his hair while staying close. "I say let's do it! One last thing. You know that they know all about how you're dating Maggie too. It's lucky for you that they're genuine hippies from the 1960s and they experimented with all sorts of 'free love' stuff back then that I frankly don't want to know too much about. That said, it's probably best if you don't bring Maggie up at all. If you don't, they won't either."

"Right. Good point."

With that, they resumed walking across a short lawn into the house.

Actually meeting Hillary's parents turned out to be anticlimactic, considering how much Nick had been stressing out about it beforehand.

It was just as Hillary had predicted. Her parents were very friendly and nice, and they made him feel at home right away. Petra was in the kitchen putting the finishing touches on dinner - which was a vegetarian pot pie that smelled delicious. Nick and Hillary entered directly into the living room where Peter was, so Nick got to meet Peter first.

Peter was a big man. As Hillary had hinted, he was overweight, with a big belly. But he was genuinely stocky and muscular elsewhere. He had a full head of dark brown hair with relatively few streaks of gray, considering he was 57 years old. He also had a full beard with a lot more gray in it. His face and especially his beard reminded Nick of the Hall of Fame quarterback Dan Fouts, only larger all over, heavier, and older.

Plus, there was the fact that he was completely naked! Nick couldn't resist glancing down at Peter's crotch, and saw a flaccid penis there. It was strange to look at, but it was more of a mundane experience than expected, especially since his penis was framed by a fair amount of gray pubic hair.

With a start, Nick realized that if he could see Peter's penis, Peter could see his too. He immediately put his hands over his groin in a way he hoped didn't look too obvious.

Peter had been reading a book, but as soon as he saw Nick and Hillary coming, he got up, strode across the room, and firmly shook Nick's hand. "Nick! Nice to finally meet you. I'm Peter, but I'm sure you know that already. Welcome!"

Nick had a panicky moment and he longed to flee, but he forced himself to be brave. He reminded himself that he would do virtually anything to win Hillary's heart, and this wasn't asking much. He managed to reply, "Um, ah... thank you. I feel honored!"

"As indeed you should feel," Peter replied while still firmly shaking his hand (but not too firmly). "It IS an honor for you to be here like this, because Hillary has NEVER introduced us to any of her boyfriends before. Well, at least not in this setting." He winked, in a knowing reference to their nudity. "So that means you're special, and we're going to treat you as a special, honored guest."

"Uhhh... thank you. Again." Nick was making sure to keep one hand over his privates during the handshake.

Peter finally let go of Nick's hand and turned his head. "I want you to meet my wife Petra. And don't worry. Yes, she's naked. We all are. That's just life in the Mitchell house."

Nick turned to where Peter was looking and was startled to see Petra was standing within arm's reach. She already had a hand extended for a handshake.

The first thing Nick noticed was that Petra had a very friendly smile on her face, the same as Peter. He resolutely looked only at her face. From that, his first impression was that she was a "sexy grandma" - old, yet still with youthful vigor. He knew she was 54 years old, but she looked more like she was 40.

Petra gently said to him, "It's a pleasure to meet you. But I can see you're nervous, so why don't we go to the dining room and sit down?"

He just nodded at that. He was still feeling so nervous that he felt downright stupid, like his brain wasn't functioning correctly. However, even an idiot could walk, so he walked along with Hillary holding his hand and subtly leading the way.

Peter, Nick, and Hillary all sat down, with Nick sitting next to Hillary and Peter sitting on the other side.

Petra stayed standing and said, "Dinner should be ready. I'll go get it. Nick, please do feel at home." She turned and started walking away.

"Thank you, ma'am." He sensed that his face was blushing red. However, he realized the situation was much better now that they were sitting down, and also that Petra had left the room. He still hadn't gotten a good look at her body, and he didn't want to. But he knew he couldn't put that off forever.

Peter said to him with a casual demeanor, "You should hear how Hills raves about you. You must be doing something right!" He chuckled. "Now, as for the naked elephant in the room, I appreciate you putting up with our weird ways. I can see this isn't easy for you at all, but you're trying hard due to your feelings for our daughter. That's impressive. But if you want us to go throw some clothes on, just say the word."

Nick was tempted, but he figured he'd gotten through the worst of it already. He continued to force himself out of his shy comfort zone. "No, it's fine. Well, not exactly fine. But it's my goal to stick by Hillary like glue. Hey, I figure if she's foolish enough to like me, I've gotta ride that for all it's worth!"

Peter and Hillary laughed.

Nick felt very relieved that he'd managed to make a good joke. He continued, "I know the nude lifestyle means a lot to her, which automatically makes it mean a lot to me. It won't be easy at first, but I'll get used to it. Then, hopefully, I'll be able to visit here often and have a great time with you all. Plus, we all know she's gorgeous, and she's a rare woman who actually looks better out of her clothes than in them. So I'm not exactly suffering as long as I get to see her beautiful face and the rest of her."

There was a prolonged silence after he finished, and he worried he'd said the wrong thing.

But it turned out to be the opposite. Peter smiled from ear to ear. "VERY impressive, young man! Very! I can already see why she likes you so much."

Nick almost lost his balance in his chair because Hillary suddenly and fiercely hugged him from the side. "NICK! God! That was so cool! Especially the part about how nudity means a lot to you just because it means a lot to me. You make me feel so good!"

He didn't know how to react to Hillary's hug, because her huge breasts were pressing into his side and there was no way Peter could fail to notice that. He stayed frozen in place, and said, "Yeah, well, it's easy for me to say, and no BS, because it's true. And it's not just that it's nudity. Of course guys my age like nude women. If she was into, say, the violin, then I would want to know all about that."

Hillary pulled away and told him, "Then today's your lucky day, because I AM into the violin in a big way!"

"Really?!" His face showed surprise, but pleasant surprise.

She giggled. "No. Not really. I never got into classical music, the same as you. I do play the guitar though."

"Cool! So do I!" He was psyched that they had another thing in common.

Hillary added, "I'm impressed at your reaction. You really mean it, don't you?"

He replied sincerely, "Of course I do. If you're interested in something, then I am too. Because the fact that you like it proves that it's interesting, so I must be missing out!"

Peter laughed. "Hey, kid, I like you. If you're going on a charm offensive, keep it up, because it's working."

Nick smiled at that. He felt himself relaxing. He was starting to realize that Hillary had been right and her parents were friendly and nice and not at all out to get him with a rough interrogation or something like that. It also helped tremendously that Peter was sitting down. Nick could simply imagine that they were all wearing shorts that were out of sight. The nudity issue just wasn't that big of a deal.

The three of them continued to talk for a few minutes. Before long, they were joking and talking up a storm about interesting topics, causing Nick to relax even more. He even finally stopped covering his privates with a hand, since nobody could look there anyway.

He tensed up somewhat when Petra returned to the room with the dinner. He suspected that she'd deliberately delayed returning so he could get used to one parent before having to deal with two. He very much appreciated that.

He finally got a good look at Petra's entire body. She was exactly as Hillary had described her. It was almost as if he'd gone into a time machine to see what Hillary would look like at 54. Even their hairstyle were similar. The one noticeable difference was that Petra's breasts were one or two bra cups smaller than Hillary's. He was grateful for that, since he was such a tit man.

Petra quickly sat down, and the four of them began eating dinner while also carrying on a lively discussion.

Nick was relieved to realize that even though Petra was objectively quite beautiful, he felt no real sexual attraction towards her. He could appreciate that she was exceptionally fit and well preserved for 54, but she also was very motherly. She didn't radiate any sort of sexual or sultry vibe.

Halfway through the meal, he realized that Hillary was right: he'd more or less put the nudity out of his mind. It helped a lot that when Petra sat at the

table, she took Hillary's seat next to him while Hillary sat on the other side next to Peter. That meant that Petra was rarely in his line of sight, so he didn't have much reason to ever look at her bare breasts.

He realized that almost certainly had been intentional. Clearly, the whole Mitchell family was doing all they could to make their nudity easier for him to deal with.

Peter and Petra knew about his interest in the classic rock of the 1960s and early 1970s, as well as his interest in the hippie and anti-war culture that gave rise to it. So much of the discussion centered on them recalling fond musical and cultural events of their youth that he'd be interested in.

For instance, Nick was staggered to learn that Peter had attended the famous Monterey Pop festival in 1967, when he was 18, and he'd seen Jimi Hendrix set his guitar on fire. Nick had a CD box set of that concert and would have been happy to spend the rest of dinner just talking about that. Both Peter and Petra grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area, and every weekend for years they saw bands like the Jefferson Airplane, Creedence Clearwater Revival, and the Grateful Dead play.

Nick would have been happy as a clam to talk about 1960s concerts all evening. But there were many, many other fascinating things to discuss.

Nick found himself thinking, *Man! Hillary's parents are so cool! Both of them saw Hendrix multiple times, and that's just for starters! I've never really met anyone who lived through that time and was right in the center of all the action! But more importantly, they're super nice and funny and great. Seeing them tells me I've definitely struck gold with Hills, because the fruit doesn't fall far from the tree.*

Whoa. Now that I think about it, if all my dreams come true, these two could wind up being my in-laws someday! Mind. Blown! That would be cool too. I'm so psyched!

The four of them got increasingly chummy with each other as the dinner went on. Hillary could see how well Nick was hitting it off with her parents, and a huge smile seemed permanently plastered to her face because she couldn't have been happier.

The only fly in the ointment for Nick was that he usually felt uncomfortable looking Petra's way, due to the problem of looking at her bare breasts. He

didn't look at her nearly as much as he otherwise would. But other than that, the nudity continued to fade as an issue for him, even though Hillary's larger breasts were within his view nearly all the time. The only problem there was that he didn't want to be caught gawking at her rack by her parents. But he did a pretty good job of looking up at her face. It helped that he had been satiated by hours of fondling her body all afternoon long.

The lively discussion continued through dessert, which was a delicious homemade apple pie. The vegetarian pot pie had been delicious too. Everything seemed almost too perfect. Nick was unfailingly polite and repeatedly praised the cooking and thanks his hosts.

Then Nick got a worrisome shock when the dessert ended.

Peter said to him, "I wasn't going to do this, but since I think we can all agree this evening has gone splendidly, Nick, can I talk to you in private back in the living room? I promise you it won't be the standard father interrogating the boyfriend. But there are a few things I'd like to discuss with you, one on one."

"Sure," Nick said. Despite the promise that it wasn't going to be an interrogation, he had a very bad feeling.

Nick followed Peter into the living room (with a hand over his crotch again) while Petra and Hillary got up to clean up and do the dishes. It was somewhat off-putting for him to see Peter's bare backside, especially his pale ass, but he mostly just rolled with the punches.

Peter sat in his usual easy chair while Nick pulled up another chair to be close.

Peter said, "Let me start by saying that I well and truly like you. Hillary has been singing your praises like she's never done before, especially in this last week. Now I can see what she sees in you. You're an impressive and mature young man."

"Thank you, sir." Nick hadn't been calling him "sir" before, but somehow it seemed fitting in the private setting.

Peter waved a hand. "What's with this 'sir' stuff? I'm still just 'Peter.' Anyway, the reason I want to talk to you now is precisely because you have made such a good impression on me, and no doubt on my wife too. You seem like great boyfriend material, especially compared to some of her

previous ones. Although we never invited any of them here, we did keep an eye out, and she picked some real doozies. You're in a different class."

"Thank you, s-. Uh, thanks."

Peter grinned. "Good catch. Anyway, there's one fly in the ointment though, and it's a big one: Maggie!"

Nick's heart sank. His worry doubled in an instant.

"Hillary asked me not to mention her to you tonight, but my protective fatherly instincts are too strong. What's the story there, son? Hillary has told us that you're equally serious with her, that you have two girlfriends. She doesn't keep secrets from us, aside from sexual details we don't need to know. So she's told us about the whole 'four-legged table' situation. I understand that her also dating Anushka provides balance to you also dating Maggie, but you must admit the entire situation is damnably odd."

Peter added, "I'm a very open-minded guy. Ditto with Petra. We even lived on a commune in the early 1970s and practiced 'free love' for a while. But those were different times. To be honest, we all were flailing around and experimenting, and we did some pretty stupid things along the way, as well as some wonderful things. For instance, free love was a disaster and the commune was too. All these years later, you'd think we as a society would have learned some lessons."

He went on, "Let me tell you, monogamy works! Petra and I have been faithful to each other ever since our wedding day, and we have no regrets about that. We were together a lot of years and went through a lot of wild times before we decided it was finally time to 'forsake all others.' That's one reason we were already in our thirties by the time we had Hillary. By contrast, we've had a lot of very progressive friends from those days who tried open marriages and polyamory and that sort of thing. In every single case that I know of, those arrangements didn't work out. You're mature for your age, for sure, but you're still in high school. What makes you think you'll succeed where so many others have failed?"

Nick was shocked by Peter's directness, but he also appreciated the no bullshit approach. He asked, "May I please speak frankly with you?"

"That's the only way to go, in my book." Peter smiled.

"Chances are great that I'm NOT going to succeed." Nick glanced back towards the kitchen and dining room area, and confirmed they were alone. He lowered his voice, "Just between you and me, I'm in love with your daughter, and I've been in love with her a long, long time. Head over heels in love! For the past couple of years, she's sort of been my secret obsession. It's my great dream that we'll just get closer and closer, and more and more in love, and we'll marry and have kids and die a few hundred years from now, probably on some other planet."

Peter initially frowned at that last comment, but then smiled in understanding. "Nice! You dream big, kid, don't you? I like that. Hell, the way technology advances are happening, that probably could happen."

"Thanks." Nick grinned. "That said, I know how young we all are. If you just look at it statistically, even without Anushka and Maggie in the picture, the odds of Hillary and I making it all the way to marriage are very low. Maybe, back in the day, people often married their high school sweetheart. But these days, people want to play the field. A lot. Most people in our economic group don't get married until they're in their thirties. I looked it up."

"I suppose that's true," Peter noted.

"So yeah, the odds are stacked way against me, against us. But what if I could offer her something that nobody else could? Or at least the odds of it happening again would be a million one. Maybe if I had some special thing that's so amazing, I could overcome all those odds. Or maybe not, but at least I'd have more of a fighting chance!"

Peter was very intrigued. "Which is?!"

"Which is... the 'four-legged table' arrangement. As you know, Hillary has a big problem in that she's almost equally attracted to guys and girls. When she has one, it's not long before she's missing the other, so none of her relationships ever last very long. Our arrangement is 'damnably odd,' true, but I already can feel it's working. How do I know? The fact that she wanted me to meet you tonight is a good example. That's already proof that she's breaking out of her short relationship pattern. We're in uncharted territory!"

There was a prolonged silence as Peter thought that over. Finally, he gave a reluctant nod. "That is true. I can't deny that your 'table' seems to be

working. And it makes a certain amount of logical sense. From her point of view, at least, she is getting that 'special amazing thing' you talk about that she can't get from anywhere else. And I imagine you must be a happy pig in a poke. I hear Maggie is extraordinarily beautiful too, and just extraordinary all around. It doesn't seem nearly as good an arrangement for her or for Anushka though."

"That's probably true," Nick conceded. "However, I'm working on that. For instance, giving Anushka first dibs on Hillary's time, if there's a conflict between her and me. I realize it's like I'm balancing on a high-wire, but I'm determined to make it work."

"Hmmm. Well, kudos to you. I sincerely hope you succeed. Not only are you better than pretty much all of her previous boyfriends combined, but Petra and I had been very concerned about her never seeming to stay with anyone for long. Just between you and me, it seemed she was picking her partners purely based on sex appeal, and that never lasts. But you've got looks AND substance. Anushka does too. I feel encouraged."

"Thanks! Those words mean a lot to me." Nick was surprised to hear from a non-biased male observer that he had "looks." He guessed that maybe his greatly improved confidence and the way he was presenting himself was making a difference in how others saw him.

Peter leaned in and struck a more confidential pose. "However, that raises the stakes! The fact that you and my daughter are getting along so well vastly increases the danger, from my point of view of a loving, protective parent. She's had her heart broken before, and that was with lovers who were insubstantial fluff balls, in my book. How much more will her heart break if and when she breaks up with the likes of you?"

Nick could feel his confidence rising. "I understand, Peter. I don't want my heart broken either. The stakes are rising for me too. In fact, arguably much more than her, since I've been secretly in love with her for the past two years plus and she's just falling in love with me now. Believe you me, I'm determined to do just about ANYTHING to make this great thing last! Your daughter is astonishingly beautiful, as you know. I don't want to go into too much detail with you, but suffice to say the sex with her is beyond incredible too!"

Peter muttered, "Yeah, enough said on that. Too much, in fact."

"Sorry. But it's not just that. She's equally astonishing on the inside. And I'm not just saying that to earn brownie points. Can I be even more frank with you? Will you promise not to share any of this conversation with anyone else? Especially her?"

Peter replied, "I assume that's gone without saying the whole time already. With one notable exception: Petra. She's going to interrogate me about this conversation later, no doubt, and I'm utterly incapable of keeping any secrets from her. But both of us won't say a word to Hills or anyone else, I promise you that."

Nick considered that, then nodded. "Fair enough. Just between the three of us, then. See, I fell in love with Hillary a couple of years ago, as I said, and I kind of got obsessed about her. Not just physically, but in every way. Sharing most classes with her, I was able to learn a lot about her without actually talking to her much. I guess I was kind of a stalker, but hopefully not in a bad way. For instance, when I found out she was a vegetarian, I decided to try that out for myself. If I heard she liked a certain band, I would have to check out their music. And so on. Believe me, I know her way beyond the surface level,"

He continued, "I know the Hillary that you know. I know what a loving, kind, smart, and all-around wonderful person she is! And, that sweet soul comes wrapped in a jaw-dropping physical package. I'm convinced that even though I'm as young as I am, and I have so little romantic experience, it's literally impossible for me to ever do better than her! I call her my 'dream girl' because that's exactly what she is, except she's really real. So, trust me, I am as motivated as HELL to make this weird four-person relationship work!"

There was another long pause while Peter digested all that. "Hmmm. Interesting. Kid, you definitely have me rooting for you. And I find that hard to believe that I'm actually saying that and feeling that, given that you've got another serious girlfriend at the same time. But I have to remember that she's got Anushka too."

"Right," Nick nodded. "It's all about balance."

Peter asked, "That said, what about Maggie? If Hillary is as great as you say, and I know she is, how can you possibly feel as strongly about someone else?!"

"Because, sir, er, I mean Peter, I just so happen to be the luckiest son of a bitch on Earth!" He recoiled slightly as he realized what he'd just said. "Oh, shoot! Sorry about my language!"

Peter gave him an easy smile. "Don't worry about it. Especially because I'm already half-convinced that you're right. You ARE one lucky son of a bitch!" He chuckled. "Please proceed."

"Right. I met Maggie at the start of summer, a time when I couldn't see Hillary at all. I'd been in love with Hillary forever, but I was nearly fully convinced that nothing would ever come of it because I was too shy. Again, pardon my language, but I had no balls! I'd placed her on such a pedestal that it was like the impossible dream to carry on a halfway decent conversation with her, much less ask her out. I felt I was doomed to always just love her from afar."

He went on, "Then I met Maggie. She happened to rent the bungalow right behind my house, so suddenly we saw a lot of each other, daily. And somehow, something just clicked and we got intimate before I even knew what was happening. And love bloomed! But here's the weird thing: my romantic success caused my confidence to soar, allowing me to finally get friendly with Hillary and ask her out. And Maggie all but demanded that I date someone else, because she'd just been in a serious relationship that had ended badly, and she didn't want me to go steady with her and get too clingy."

He continued, "Long story short, I ended up openly dating both of them. They got to know each other, but instead of turning into enemies, they became fast friends! And Maggie and I have gotten to know Anushka lately and we're all becoming good friends too. It's like a million-to-one thing, or even billion-to-one, that all the pieces fell into place just so. A perfect storm. But that's what gives me such hope. Because Hillary certainly must know we've got a great thing going, and the odds of this ever happening again with other people are like a trillion to one! Maybe I exaggerate there, but you get the picture."

He sat back and waited for Peter's reaction.

He knew there were parts of his account that were untrue, because they were parts of the cover story to hide the incest. However, he considered those harmless white lies. The overall gist was true.

Peter was silent for yet another long pause. Then he shook his head. "My goodness! That's some story My hat goes off to you, because I'm now convinced you really ARE the luckiest son of a bitch on Earth!" He laughed. "I must say, it's one of those things that's too improbable to be a lie. You have me rooting for you even more than before. I'm sure Petra will feel the same when she hears the full story."

He went on, gesticulating his points, "But that raises the stakes even higher! Because what if this grand 'table' contraption that you've helped build up comes crashing down? There really will be no replacing it. And it's hard to see how my daughter will be happy with just a boyfriend or just a girlfriend, when she's been living the high life with both at once."

"I know!" Nick said emphatically. "It is high stakes. But that makes all of us that much more determined to make it work. And I hope there will be times when we'll fail - because nobody's perfect - but then we'll realize that this is something very special worth fighting for, and we'll pick ourselves up and try twice as hard to build it back up again. I figure the odds are still against us. Successful polygamous relationships are rarer than hen's teeth in our time and culture. But maybe we've got lightning in a bottle, some kind of special, magical thing than can overcome the odds."

Peter nodded. "Indeed. Thanks so much for sharing all of this with me."

Nick nodded back. "I can't believe I told you all that, especially how much I'm in love with her. Or that I want to marry her. Not to mention my secret stalking of sorts. I pretty much laid it all on the line! And I just met you!" He thought to himself, *And we're naked! How freaking bizarre!*

Peter chuckled. "Don't worry about the stalking. I was once your age. I did my share of obsessive stalking too. It happens. Passions burn brightly when you're young and in love. It's a glorious thing. Take full advantage while you can."

"I'm working on it. Believe me!" Nick chuckled too.

"What I have with Petra is also a glorious thing. I sincerely hope you'll be able to turn that burning hot supernova of lust and love you're feeling for Hills into something more enduring, like what I have with my wife. Believe me, now that I know the full story, I really am rooting for you. I have a good feeling your bravery and honesty is going to pay dividends, because now you've got me as an ally. And I'm sure Petra will feel similar."

Peter continued, "I can't believe this has happened so fast, the very first time we met, but facts are facts. And you make a compelling case that my daughter is almost certainly going to find more happiness in your polyamorous 'table' than with her typical monogamous pattern. Her previous dating history shows she simply doesn't do well with that. And furthermore, it's plain to see that the odds of this happening again, of her finding some stable relationship with a guy and girl at the same time that actually lasts, are less than getting struck by lightning."

He concluded, "So yes, you just got yourself an ally. Maybe two, with my wife. I don't know how we can help at this point, but I'm sure down the road there are things we can do to be encouraging to her and such."

He stood up and held out his hand.

Nick stood up too and vigorously shook his hand. "Thank you! Thank you so very much!" He was so extremely psyched at how that conversation had gone that he could have cared less about the continued nudity, including the fact that he could see Peter's flaccid penis again. He even forgot to cover his own crotch.

Peter said, "No, thank you. But keep in mind that I'm all about looking out for the best interests of my daughter. Right now, I'm thinking that the combination of you and Anushka is the best thing that's ever happened to her. But that could change drastically if you screw up, or I learn something awful about you, or the like. So don't rest on your laurels. It looks to me that you understand you're still facing very long odds. Don't ever forget that! I will be truly shocked if this works out for the very long term, if only because you will always be fighting societal norms."

Still holding Peter's hand, Nick said, "I totally get where you're coming from. I hope I'd be as caring and enlightened as you if I were in your place. I'm sure that 99 percent of fathers would have dismissed the four-way relationship out of hand. I was shocked when Hills told me you and Petra knew about it and were okay with it. But that gave me the courage to tell you more. I promise you, I am going to do anything humanly possible to make this work!"

"Good luck with that." Peter finally ended the handshake. "One last thing. Our confidentiality here goes both ways. Please don't tell anyone else about

what we discussed. That includes the likes of Maggie, Anushka, and even Hillary."

"Okay, if you say so," Nick said, even though he was severely disappointed. "But can I ask why?"

"A few reasons. The main one is: if it's working, don't try to fix it. If Hillary hears how Petra and I are on your side, it might change your whole relationship dynamic. Probably not, but you never know. For instance, maybe she'll get rebellious and want to do the opposite of whatever her parents want. Admittedly, there's been no sign of that, but why risk it? And if you tell either of the other two, word might get back to Hills. There's no telling. Heck, I haven't even met Maggie yet, so how can I trust her with secrets?"

"Good point," Nick said.

"But also, there's another reason, if we really want to get sneaky. In war, the greatest advantage is the element of surprise. If Hillary doesn't know that you and I are allied on this, then if I'm ever needed to sweep in and save the situation, I could have a lot more impact. Mind you, I'm still going to be openly encouraging and tell her that you've impressed me and such. Because that's true. But all that other stuff? About marriage and beyond? Living on other planets in three hundred years?" He chuckled. "That's just between you and me."

"And Petra," Nick pointed out.

"Right. And Petra. By the way, speaking of allies, if she sees this the same way I do, that's going to help you in all sorts of ways. My wife and daughter are so close that sometimes it scares me. So maybe your odds are looking up. At least a little bit."

After another minute or two of small talk, Nick and Peter walked together out of the living room and into the kitchen.

Petra and Hillary were no longer there because they had finished the dishes some time ago. Instead, they had gone through a door from the kitchen to a wooden deck patio that overlooked the backyard. They were sitting at a table, having some sort of intense conversation of their own. They were able to remain naked despite being outside at night due to the mild weather and a heat lamp coming out of the center of the table.

They shut up as soon as they heard the other two coming. They made no move to stand up or cover their nudity.

Hillary looked up at Nick and told him. "Finally! Geez! What were you two talking about for so long?"

Peter casually sat down at the table, taking a seat next to Petra. "It turns out Nick is a serious military buff, just like me. We basically just re-argued the entire course of World War II."

Nick gamely played along. "The main thing is, we agreed Hitler was foolish to invade Russia."

Peter liked that. He looked to Nick with pleasant surprise, and struggled to suppress a grin. "Indeed!"

Hillary rolled her eyes. "Yeah, right! Neither of you are into that. What did you really talk about?!"

Nick took a seat next to Hillary while he waited for Peter to field that.

Peter said, "Top secret stuff. Honestly, It's just between him and me."

Nick noticed Petra gave Peter a sharp look immediately after that, as if she was nonverbally telling him, *I hope you know you're going to tell me everything later!* He was sure that was exactly what was conveyed. But he diplomatically pretended not to notice.

Peter continued, "But I'll give you the basic outline, which you can guess anyway: I told him that I was impressed with him, but since he clearly isn't just another Johnny-come-lately pretty boy type, that raises the stakes. Hillary, darling, I worry the more your feelings grow for him, and the more his feelings grow for you, the more the two of you can get hurt if it all ends badly. So I sought out assurances from him as to his capabilities and intentions."

Hillary moaned unhappily, "Oh God! That's such a dad thing to do. Dad, you totally promised me that you wouldn't run him through the wringer!"

Peter shrugged. "I know. I did promise that. But the fact that he impressed me so much made me change my mind. Anyway, the good news is, he passed my test with flying colors. So 'father interrogation mode' is officially turned off." He pretended to turn a switch in front of his face.

Petra looked at Nick with wide eyes. "Wow! Nick, impressive! We're in uncharted waters with you!"

Peter noted, "That's pretty much what he and I said too. I think that's a good thing. It's a sign our daughter is growing up."

Since Hillary's chair was close to Nick's, she leaned in and gave him a quick kiss and a hug. She didn't seem to care that that caused her enormous bare boobs to press against his bare chest.

Still holding the position, she looked into his eyes and said, "Nick, you have no idea how PSYCHED I am! Maybe you've noticed, but I don't have the normal attitude towards my parents. It's like they're my parents AND two of my best friends. If my dad approves of you, that is worth soooo many points in my book."

Petra spoke up. "I didn't get the benefit of being part of the big mystery talk, but for what it's worth, Nick, you've made a very good impression on me too."

Hillary beamed. As she continued to press against his upper body, she exclaimed, "Did you hear that?! Even more points in my book! In fact, my book just filled up!" She kissed him again. But instead of a quick peck on the lips, this time it was a prolonged and steamy lip-lock, with dancing and dueling tongues. She seemed heedless that her parents were right there.

Nick had his eyes closed, but he could hear her parents chuckling good-naturedly. Then, loud and fake coughing.

But Hillary was on fire, and she still didn't stop the hot necking.

Nick didn't have a choice because she had her arms wrapped around him with his head tilted back due to her aggressive pose.

Then Petra said, "Okay, you two, that's enough. Get a room already!" She joked, "The next thing you know, you two are going to strip naked in front of us!"

Peter joined in with the joking. "That, or give us some advance notice so we can print up tickets and charge admission."

Hillary pulled back, finally, but there was still a fiery look in her eyes. She told Nick, still seemingly heedless of her parents, "I am so HOT for you

right now! I never knew what a turn-on it could be just to have my boyfriend have a nice meal with my parents and get friendly with them!"

Petra sarcastically joked to her husband, "Hmmm. I wonder if these two have any sort of sexual chemistry."

Peter joked back in the same style, "I think it's more of an intellectual attraction. Nerd love, if you will."

Hillary laughed, but also gave her parents and annoyed look. She clutched the sides of her head in aggravation. "'Nerd love,' my ass! Nick is such a gr-

Petra dramatically held her hands up and loudly interrupted, "OKAAAY! I'm shutting that down. I can see where you're going with that, wanting to boast about your boyfriend's sexual prowess."

Peter chuckled, but added, "We're you're parents, remember?"

Hillary grinned with mild embarrassment. "Oh yeah. Sorry. But I'll just say he's all that and a bag of chips!" She joked, "And not just a cheap bag of Doritos. We're talking organic, expensive veggie chips!" She enveloped Nick in another tight hug, but managed to avoid kissing him this time.

While that hug was going on, Hillary subtly reached a hand into Nick's crotch and checked on the state of his penis. He was still completely flaccid. As a result, she let go and broke the hug shortly thereafter.

However, Nick was certain that had his penis showed any signs of life, she would have dragged him away, probably up to her bedroom. It was easy to see that him getting such a big stamp of approval from her parents had made her hot to trot.

Instead, the four of them continued to sit there and talk. Sensitive personal matters were dropped and Peter and Petra went back to regale Nick with stories of seeing all his favorite musical acts when they were at their creative peak.

At some point, Nick noticed how normalized the nudity had gotten. Unlike at dinner, Petra was sitting opposite from him and it was hard not to have her bare breasts in his eyesight. But it wasn't a big deal for him or anybody else. He realized that part of that was due to rapid desensitization, as Hillary had predicted. But that was sped up by the important and emotional

conversation he'd had with Peter. Compared to that, a little nudity seemed fairly inconsequential.

He further realized that he probably would get embarrassed all over again by the nudity the next time he came by to visit. There logically had to be a renewed shock after being back in the fully clothed world for a while. But he hoped that such shocks would lessen a little bit with each succeeding visit until the situation felt almost normal.

The main thing was that he wasn't feeling any weird sexual attraction to Petra, along the lines of his annoyingly powerful attraction to Debra. And he wasn't getting any weird vibe from Petra at all. He knew both she and Peter had seen his penis at times when he was standing or walking, since he had increasingly forgot to cover himself with a hand. But they showed no reaction whatsoever, and that helped a lot.

After about ten minutes of the four of them chatting on the deck, Maggie called and said that she was on her way and would be there to pick Nick up in a few minutes.

Nick hadn't been thinking at all about how he'd get home, since he was in no rush to leave. But he was obliged to get dressed right away so Maggie wouldn't have to wait.

Hillary followed him to the front foyer, even though she was buck naked while he was fully dressed by then. Her parents stayed behind at the backyard deck.

Hillary pressed her body against his and pinned him up against the front door. She purred, "You're going to get soooo lucky, buster!"

He felt cocky. He had one hand full of ass cheek and the other hand full of tit-flesh. "Oh yeah? I'm feeling pretty damn lucky right now, because the most beautiful and wonderful girl in school is rubbing her naked body against me."

She snickered. "There is that. However, tomorrow you're going to get even MORE lucky! I don't even know how yet, but I'm sure I'll think of something. And I don't understand why exactly, but hearing my parents say nice things about you makes me totally fucking horny!"

Nick had a good idea why. He figured Hillary wanted to emotionally commit herself to him, but she was still holding back to some degree out of

uncertainty, due to them being involved for such a short period of time. Her parent's approval meant full speed ahead.

But instead of psychoanalyzing that out loud, he said, "I'm feeling pretty great right now too!" He brought a hand down from her ample rack and ran a fingertip up and down her pussy lips. She was sopping wet already!

She moaned lustily. "Oh, yesssss! Touch me there! More!" She took her hands off his ass and frantically unzipped his fly. She moaned in frustration upon discovering his penis was still flaccid.

She complained, "What have I gotta do to get this thing to grow?! Because I need it!"

He said, "I wish we had time. But you know Maggie will be here literally in a minute or two."

She acted as if he hadn't said that. "Would it help if I drop to my knees and put it in my mouth?! Do you want me to suck your big fat cock right here, up against the front door?! Because I'm totally willing do to that!"

He frowned. "Uh-oh! Behave! Remember all those points I earned with your parents that filled up your book? I don't want to lose them by having them catch us doing something freaky. Maybe you should disengage."

She groaned needfully and unhappily, but she did disengage and step back. "UGH! So frustrating! I'm going to go upstairs and masturbate myself to death! Death by orgasm! At the funeral, tell Anushka I love her!"

He laughed at that black humor. "I'm going to go now and wait outside, before one of us loses control."

She grumbled, "Yeah, probably a good idea."

"But before I go, think about tomorrow. I don't know why we can't have another afternoon like we did today, with the added bonus of Maggie being there!"

Hillary reacted with what looked like alarm. She actually took a few steps away from him and held an arm out like she was fending him off. "Don't talk like that! Go! Go now! You're going to make me even MORE horny!"

He chuckled at her extreme reaction. "Okay, I'm going. But it just occurred to me that we have a plan to meet Debra after school. So there's that. But

once we get her out of our hair, THEN we can have that unlimited threesome that we've been talking about having for days."

Hillary just nodded and bit her lip. "I'm going upstairs. Now. Even mentioning Debra isn't cooling my ardor one bit. I'll see you tomorrow. I so totally want to hug and kiss you some more, but I know that if we start, I'll lose all control!"

"Same here," he said sincerely. "Tomorrow!" He watched her bare butt as she turned and rushed up the stairs. Then he opened the door and let himself out.

As he closed the door behind him, he thought, *Phew! She's one hot firecracker! And what a fucking perfect body. Naked! God, I'm so much in love! I wish I could tell her "I love you" when we part, but it's still not quite time. And then there's Maggie. So much love!*

Chapter 84: Catching Up (Monday)

As Maggie drove her Prius towards Hillary's house, she thought, That entire time with Anushka worked out really nicely. First and foremost, I feel such a natural bond with her. It doesn't matter that I'm fifteen years older than her. She certainly doesn't know. We connect about cooking and food most of all, but we just connect, period! I love it!

But also, I think I made good progress as far as getting her to fall for my son. I was planning on teasing her about the joys of pleasuring his big fat cock, left and right, until she told me not to. But what he did, being noble and understanding about her jealousy and insecurity, worked out even better. She's starting to see what a great guy he is. I'm sure she's bisexual, not fully lesbian. If things keep going like this, someday I'll have an arm around her bare back as the two of us slurp and suck on his thick knob together! Gaawwwd, I can't wait to see him plow right through her mighty G-cups while she nibbles on the tip!

Phew! I'm getting too hot and bothered. She's such a FOX! I swear, looking at her naked body is like a religious experience. I wouldn't exactly mind if he forces me to French kiss her and fondle those bouncy watermelons. I wouldn't mind that at all!

And if he can tame her, that'll make our four-legged table as strong as solid steel! I can see it now: us three busty beauties all squeezed in between his legs, endlessly worshipping his cock with our hungry lips and naughty tongues, all working together as a team! Oh God! And then snowballing his cum from mouth to mouth, and rubbing our huge, bare, sperm-splatted tits against each other!

Sweet Jesus! I have to stop thinking about it or I'm going to drive right off the road!

When Maggie got to Hillary's house, Nick was already waiting at the front porch.

He ran to the Prius and hopped inside.

He and his mother shared a long, passionate French kiss while she kept the car idling by the curb. As always, it was loving yet spine-tingling.

It helped that Maggie was already hot and bothered, thanks to her thoughts about Anushka. But also, Nick was seriously worked up himself, thanks to Hillary rubbing her naked body up against him only a couple of minutes earlier. His penis was still flaccid, but it was starting to tingle with renewed life.

He thought, *Sweet! This is too cool, going from Hillary's arms to Ma's arms. ME! When I was a total virgin mere weeks ago. I wish there was some saying that's the opposite of "out of the frying pan and into the fire." How 'bout "out of Hillary's arms and into Maggie's?" Heh! What's better than that?!*

When they broke apart, the stacked MILF stared deeply into his eyes and purred, "I missed you, Sport. My love!"

"I missed you too."

"I'll bet you did. Some parts more than others, it seems." She said this with a chagrined yet amused smile on her face as she looked down at his hands.

He was still leaning far over towards her, and had both of his hands under her top. He already was working on taking her bra off.

He said, "Not true. You know I love every part of you, inside and out."

"Yeah, I'm sure you do. But can you please take your hands off me and buckle up, so I can start the car?"

"Okay, but can I take your bra all the way off from underneath first? I love to watch your bouncing boobs, even if they're under your top. And it's kind of a tragic injustice every time your magnificent mammaries are trapped in a bra anyway."

She rolled her eyes, but she was still smiling, and basking in his attention.

"Okay, if you must, but I'm only giving you a few seconds to do that, or you'll never stop. And what's up with this 'tragic injustice' and 'magnificent mammaries' stuff?"

He grinned impishly. "Your stunning beauty makes me want to wax poetic."

As soon as she felt her bra come free, she started the engine. Then she shooed his hands away and drove away.

He was delighted, because in addition to removing her bra, he also managed to undo a few buttons on her blouse. Her nipples were nearly in danger of

coming into view, especially due to all the bouncing down the road.

She saw what he did to her blouse, but she made no effort to button back up. "Yeah, I'll bet. You're a real case, you tit fiend, you. Especially considering you just spent hours freely fondling Hillary's curvy naked body."

He sat back in his seat, smiling from ear to ear. "Yeah! Today's been a GREAT day!"

"I can imagine," she replied with a smile-smirk.

He thought, I'm still mentally reeling from that pivotal talk with Peter. That couldn't have possibly gone any better! I feel like my entire life is in turbo mode. Everything is happening so fast. I never even met him two hours ago, and now it's like we're allies.

I wonder if I should tell Ma? At least give her a hint? No. If I promise to keep a secret, I need to actually keep it. I'm sure, before long, he'll get to meet Ma and realize how great she is, and he'll let me fill her in.

Instead, he merely asked Maggie, "How was your day?" Even as his thoughts were racing about what happened at Hillary's, he was trying to control his lusty urges and keep his hands to himself while she drove.

She thought back on her day. The first thing that came to mind was all the fun they'd had in the garage before school, and especially her successful deep throating then. That was her personal highlight. She salivated and licked her lips as she fondly recalled taking his thickness into her throat. She also felt a tingle in her pussy thinking about their lunch adventure with Hillary. But the rest of the day had gone well too, with the exception of her unpleasant confrontation with Sally.

She knew he really meant her recent activities, so she replied, "Great too, actually. Anushka, Shannon, and I cooked up a storm, and we had a fun time doing it. Have you eaten dinner yet? Because take a whiff and you'll smell the leftovers. We've got enough to feed you, and Andy, and still have more for tomorrow."

"Thanks, but I had a nice dinner already with Hillary and her parents. Who I met for the first time, by the way."

Maggie was still thinking about the deep throating. I need to do that again soon. And often! I'm gonna lose my gag reflex before long, and then his fat

rod will practically LIVE down my throat! Aaaaah! YESSSSS!

However, she remembered to keep the conversation going. "Oh yeah? How are they?"

He answered while staring at her huge tits lightly bouncing inside her top. "They're great! I mean, really, really great! We got along about as well as I could have possibly imagined. Except... remember that there's a nudity policy in their house!"

Maggie chuckled. "Oooh. Yeah. I wasn't thinking of that. Did you greet them... you know...?"

"I did! And it was hella weird! Luckily, I'd thought about it earlier in the afternoon, and Hillary left her parents a note that we were hanging out in their beautiful backyard garden. So when they came home, they thankfully left us alone."

Maggie glanced over to him and wagged her eyebrows suggestively. "Which is a good thing, because I'll bet Hillary spent a lot of that time with her lips tightly sealed around your thick meat!"

"She did, actually," he happily recalled. "But she and I did a lot of talking too. It was the best of both worlds."

"I'll bet. What about meeting her parents though?"

"Oh yeah. I avoided them as long as I could. But then, when it came time to eat dinner, there was no getting around it anymore. I braved it out and met them wearing nothing but a smile!"

Maggie laughed. "Wow! That must have been something. Tell me more."

"Hillary was there with me, sans clothes, of course, and very supportive. So that helped. But there was no getting around the fact that I was naked and her parents were wearing nothing but their wedding rings!"

"Can I ask what they look like?"

"Sure. Her dad Peter is kind of the 'jolly fat man' type. He's at least 50 pounds overweight, maybe more. I'm not good at guessing weights. And he's old - 57, I think. But you could tell he was a really handsome man back in the day, and he kind of still is. He has a full brown beard and a full head of hair. He reminds me of an older Sean Connery, but fatter."

Earlier, he'd thought Peter looked like Dan Fouts, but he didn't mention that because he wasn't sure Maggie knew who that was.

"And the mom?" Maggie asked. "Petra, right?"

"Right. Petra is a real looker, except that she's old too. If you picture Hillary, only 54 years old, that's pretty much exactly what she looks like. Same long brown hair, same shining brown eyes. She's remarkably fit, due to lots of daily exercise, I assume. She even has big breasts and lots of curves, though she's not as stacked and curvy as Hills."

Maggie noticed he said "Hills" instead of "Hillary," but she let it pass.

He went on, "Let's put it this way. If all my dreams come true and I get to be with Hillary for the rest of my life, I sure as heck hope she looks as good at 54 as her mother does! But I really hope she takes after her mom and not her dad when it comes to putting on the pounds."

Maggie chuckled. "Yeah, I can see that."

"By the way, did you know 'Petra' is Greek for 'Peter?' So it's a funny coincidence that they kind of have the same name." He remembered Hillary had mentioned that to him in passing some days ago when he'd been asking her more about her parents.

"Hmmm." Maggie was much more interested in hearing about his potential sexual interest in Petra. She was feeling a little bit possessive and jealous. "Since she's such a hottie, did you get an erection?"

He clarified, "She's a hottie, but for a 54 year-old. Compared to you or Hillary, it's a world of difference. Keep in mind that you're 21 years younger than her. She's old enough to be YOUR mother, as well as my grandmother!"

"That's true," Maggie muttered. That made her feel better.

"She kind of reminds me of Martha Stewart, actually. Have you seen her on TV lately ? I did. She used to be a fashion model, and she still looks surprisingly sexy. But she's getting close to 60, and you can't totally defeat time. When I saw her picture, I was impressed at how well-preserved she was, but I didn't feel any urge to have sex with her, at least not unless maybe I was around that age too. It's the same with Petra."

He hesitated, then added, "Plus, I must admit, it helped a lot that Hillary had pretty much drained me totally dry by that point. I came four times, but that doesn't begin to convey how utterly sexually satiated I felt by the time dinner rolled around. I was grateful, because even though Petra is old, and it was super bizarre with all four of us standing there, I tend to get erect at the drop of a hat."

Maggie looked to his crotch and gave him a knowing smirk. "You don't say!" She chuckled. "In fact, someone must have dropped a hat right around here just now. Do my eyes deceive me or is that a bulge in your shorts?"

"It is," he admitted. "But that's not because of thinking about Petra, like, at all. It's totally about being here with you. And the fact that your bra is off and things are delightfully bouncy. I'm cursing the fact the car has shock absorbers."

She laughed. "You're so incorrigible!" She glanced down at herself and was startled at how much she was showing. She could look down the gap between her massive globes all the way to her belly button. She was tempted to undo another button, but restrained herself.

She glanced at his crotch again, and thought, *Mmmm! YUM! I could go for a sperm snack right about now. But I shouldn't. Technically, I'm in Margaret mode now.*

She asked, "How can you be erect again, after you just said Hillary left you 'utterly sexual satiated?'"

He answered while staring at her jutting rack, which remained in constant wobbly motion. "I'm a bit surprised about that myself, but that was before dinner, a good hour and a half ago. Plus, in addition to seeing you - heck, just looking at your sultry, knowing eyes makes me horny! In addition to that, I'm also thinking about you, Shannon, and ANUSHKA! All completely nude! Are you kidding me?! A marble statue of some long dead Civil War hero would get a visible erection from that combined sex power!"

She laughed again. "Okay. I guess I can see that."

"Oh, and by the way, thank you SO MUCH for those four pictures! Hillary and I had a total blast with them!"

Maggie glanced over at the bulge in his crotch again. She was getting increasingly aroused. She was annoyed that she still had to drive. Luckily,

they were getting close to home. "What do you mean?"

"I wasn't lying when I said Hillary sucked me off the whole time I was checking out the photos, and when showing them to her. Seeing those sent her into overdrive! And it sent me into orbit too. We sorta went into a sex frenzy for a good half hour. And it wasn't all cocksucking either. I wasn't allowed to go down on her for the day, but I could still fondle and even finger her, and boy, did I! I fingered her to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm! I was pretty psyched, because I love to make her cum."

"Mmmm... that's good," Maggie said, while briefly and unthinkingly running a hand over one of her jiggling boobs. (She had to stop to use both hands to turn the steering wheel.) *I love when you make me cum hard! It really makes all the tiring sucking worth it, though I'd love to do it anyway.*

Her lusty thoughts were cut off when he continued to speak: "Whenever one of us would start to calm down, we'd take another look at the pictures, or just talk about them, and we'd be off and running again!"

"I'll bet," Maggie said with even more fire in her eyes. She was unthinkingly licking her lips while fantasizing about all the cocksucking and fondling that she'd missed. *Oh God! She's such a lucky slut! I'll bet he put her in her place for hours on end! Keeping her as his personal, naked, big-titted sexual servant! God, she's so sexy! I can picture her on all fours in the middle of a green lawn, cum dripping down her face while she stares up adoringly at him from between his legs, while she sucks with great intensity to coax out another spermy load!*

The silence grew while she was getting worked up thinking those things.

It occurred to him, *Wow, Ma is definitely in a horny mood. I wonder if I can reach over and just play with her bouncy bounty for a little while? Nah. I'd better not since she's driving. Plus, we'll be home soon anyway.*

He asked, "Penny for your thoughts?"

She blushed slightly. "Um, never you mind about that. What kind of things did you say?"

"Well, Shannon was kind of off limits, due to some unspoken understanding between Hills and me."

"You said 'Hills' again."

He raised an eyebrow and realized, "Oh, you're still unfamiliar with that? Yeah, she told me it's okay if I call her that, since Anu does. And I say 'Anu' because that's her nickname for Anushka. I'm sure they're cool if you use both those names. I spent what, more than four hours at Hillary's house today? Yeah, I guess I did. Cool! In all that time, I kinda got in the habit of calling her 'Hills' instead. She really likes it when I do."

While he was explaining that, he noticed Maggie put her free hand under her breasts. He thought she was trying to still them some with her forearm due to the fact that things were fairly bouncy in the car ride and she wasn't wearing a bra. But then he realized she was more caressing them from below.

He thought, *I'm starting to get a very hopeful feeling that there will be another blowjob in my near future! Sweet!*

"Oh, okay," Maggie said with distraction, belatedly responding to his comments about nicknames. She was struggling to stay focused on the road even as a growing lust threatened to overwhelm all her senses.

She thought, *Oh dear God! I'm so hungry! Hungry for son-cock! But I really need to go home and finish that important discussion with Sally. I need to be responsible. But... his cock is so yummy!*

He continued, "Anyway, getting back to Shannon, she has a serious boyfriend, so it feels almost like cheating if I talk about all the sexual things I want to do to her. Which I totally want to do, mind you! It's just that I figure I've got to keep that to myself, as a fantasy. And you look jaw-dropping, as usual, in your pic, but I see you naked a lot, and even Hillary does too. Naturally, the big, big deal, the gigantic, epic deal, was seeing Anushka naked!"

Maggie pointed out, "But her solo picture doesn't actually show that much."

She was also thinking, *There's time for a nice slurpy, spermy blowjob AND a Sally discussion after that. Right? He's fully erect right now. I can't just leave him like that. It would be cruel! I don't have to pick up Andy until much later.*

Nick asked, "I know that, but it's the idea of it! I mean, she really was totally naked from head to toe, wasn't she?"

"For sure."

"Wow! So... the three of you were talking and taking pictures and walking around and having fun, all without any clothes on at all?!"

"We sure were!" she said proudly.

He stared out the window in awe for a few long moments as he absorbed all that. His imagination was running wild, picturing the three bombshells playfully kissing and rubbing their breasts against each other. He was nearly certain that didn't actually happen, but it was thrilling to imagine anyway.

Meanwhile, Maggie thought, *Oh my God! His cock is stiff! I need to suck it! This Anushka talk is too hot! I need to wrap my lips around his raging, throbbing hot cock meat! Blowjob first, Sally talk later. Definitely! But I have to hold on. Get home first!*

He looked back to his mother and especially her bouncing boobs. He was transfixed by her ample beauty and had to remember to keep the discussion going. Luckily, what he was talking about was very arousing too. "And, uh, Hillary's all in favor of me seducing her. In fact, she totally gets off on the idea. Like, for real! So all I'd have to do is tell her something like, 'Drop to your knees, Anu. Suck my cock! That's an order!' And Hillary would totally FREAK OUT on me! God! It was so frigging incredible!"

He clutched at the sides of his head, like his brain was going to explode from thinking about it. Between recalling the role-play earlier and thinking about what might be coming up next, he really did feel like he was teetering on the edge of something that was almost too thrilling to handle.

Maggie was nearly as affected. His words "Drop to your knees" and "Suck my cock! That's an order!" echoed through her mind and gave her shivers. She left out the "Anu" nickname because she was fantasizing he was talking to her.

He went on, "She sucked me like you wouldn't believe! She was in such a slurpy suction frenzy that she almost got over her deep throating difficulty, just by accident while choking and gagging over and over!"

Maggie was forced to clutch the steering wheel with both hands. *Dear Lord! "Slurpy suction frenzy!" Hold on! Hold on! We're almost home!* Unfortunately, the more aroused she got, the slower she had to drive so she wouldn't cause an accident.

He continued, "But it wasn't just that. We did everything! Like titfucking! So much titfucking, while she pretended to be Anushka! Man oh man! But I was thoughtful and made sure she had plenty of big climaxes. And if it wasn't for the 'no fucking' restriction, I'm sure we would have fucked up a storm!"

"That sounds... intense!" Maggie said almost breathlessly. She was breathing hard and her heart was racing fast.

She was very relieved that her house had just come into view. Her fingers were actually trembling slightly as she reached for and hit the remote control for the garage door. She was salivating like crazy. Visions of feasting on her son's cock-meat were so overwhelming that she worried about crashing the car as she tried to park it.

His excitement was building about getting home too. He said, "It was! But the thing is, even though it sounds like she and I had steaming hot sex the entire time, that's not true. We had tons of time, and we spent even MORE time just talking. I got to know so much about her, and it made me fall even more in love with her than before!"

"That's nice," Maggie muttered. However, intelligent, non-sexual conversation wasn't what she wanted to hear more about. She safely pulled the car into the garage and she waited impatiently for the garage door to completely close. *Come on! Come ON! It's almost busty mommy slut time!*

She knew Andy couldn't be home since she was the one to pick him up. Most of all, she was extremely, insanely horny! It seemed like her entire body was humming with sexual energy, almost simmering with electricity, driven by an insatiable desire to suck his cock.

She turned his way and undid her seat belt, just as soon as the car's engine was off and the garage door finished closing. She spoke in an extra sultry purr. "I'm sure you and her talked about all sorts of interesting and meaningful things. That's nice, and I'd love to hear more about that later. But, right now, I want to hear more about your reaction to the photos! Especially those sexy Anushka role-plays!"

As if the fiery gaze in her eyes didn't telegraph her mood clearly enough, she dramatically pulled her blouse over her head, because she was too impatient to unbutton the last few buttons. That left her naked from the waist up. *Aaaah! That's more like it! Freedom!*

Nick's eyes wobbled up in down in time to her wobbling, gigantic bare breasts. "OH!" he gasped as he fully caught on about where this was going. His heart started racing faster, but he was still collected enough to smile triumphantly and unzip his fly.

Maggie was panting and practically drooling as she saw his firm erection come into view. She thought, *Come to Mommy! Son, your cock belongs in my mouth! Let me show you what "total oral submission" is all about!*

As he pulled his shorts down his legs for good measure, he said, "In that case, sure, let's get back to the role-play. I'd spent a LOT of time titfucking Hillary already this afternoon. All of it after you called and gave us the 'no cunnilingus today' rule. But then, when we started the Anushka role-play... oh boy!"

"Oh boy?!" Maggie asked impatiently. "What do you mean by that? Elaborate!"

She reached out for his fully exposed boner, just as soon as he sat back into place after getting rid of his shorts. But mere inches before reaching it, she changed her mind. She wanted to get fully comfortable, as well as totally uninhibited and slutty. So she pulled her own shorts, plus her panties, all the way down her legs first.

Nick realized things were about to get very, very enjoyable. He undid his seatbelt too, and tilted his seat back for maximum comfort.

As he waited for her to finish getting completely undressed, he explained, "What I mean is, you know how Anushka's G-cups are. And I could see more of them than ever before in that group photo you took. That got me totally worked up, but ditto with Hills! As soon as I made clear that she was Anushka and I wanted to fuck her tits... Good God! WHAM! It was like getting hit by a two-by-four of pure sexual intensity, if you know what I mean!"

Maggie giggled as she sat back up in her seat. "Not exactly, but kind of. Anyway, please continue. And don't mind me!" With that, she leaned way over into his seat, took his stiff pole in hand, and engulfed it into her mouth!

He chuckled with glee and tenderly ran a hand up and down her silky straight blonde hair. "I totally knew you were going to do that. And I love it!" He chuckled some more, even as he rode a wave of mind-bending erotic

stimulation. "Hot damn! Today has been the greatest! Maybe even better than yesterday. And it's still not over!"

"MMMM!" Maggie lustily agreed. She was practically seeing stars, since she was so delirious with joy now that her mouth was crammed full with his thickness. It seemed to her that all of her senses were totally overwhelmed, but it felt great.

As she slid her lips back and forth, she thought, *I swear, every time I do this, I love it more! Maggie is in the house! And not just Maggie, but fully slutty Maggie! The good kind of slut. Mmmm! And the good kind of mother. The best kind! The kind that knows to drop to her knees and open her mouth wide whenever her son snaps his fingers!*

Her thoughts were so arousing to her that she felt goose bumps all over. *Good fucking Lord! This is IT! To think that I had a passing thought earlier that cooking with Anushka and Shannon was anything near as great as this. That was really nice, but this is... heaven! Pure heaven! MMMM!*

Not surprisingly, Nick was physically and mentally overcome, due to the sheer intensity and energy of her oral attack. It was all he could do to keep a hand on her head and frantically squeeze his PC muscle in a desperate effort to delay orgasm.

But she couldn't keep going at a "frenzy" level forever. So after a few minutes, things calmed down to a more sustainable level. Both of them welcomed that, because it meant their erotic joy would be that much more prolonged.

There was an overhead light in the garage that illuminated them for a while. But it automatically turned off a couple of minutes after the garage door closed, plunging them into darkness. However, they were too preoccupied with their mutual blowjob pleasure to do anything about it.

After yet another minute or two, he relaxed a bit more and kicked back in his seat with both hands behind his head. He spoke his thoughts out loud. "Aaaaaah! Thanks, Ma. This, truly, is living like a king! Especially because this comes after I spent all afternoon and half the evening with Hillary. I have the two best girlfriends in the whole wide world!"

Maggie thought, *Not "girlfriends," Son. Maybe we can use that word for public consumption with some audiences, once word gets out you have two.*

But in private, you know we're really your sluts! Your personal sluts! Busty, sexy, willing sluts!

She longed to say those words out loud to make sure he'd understand, but her desire to keep sucking him non-stop was stronger. She made a mental note to explain the girlfriend / slut distinction to him some other time. At the moment, she was way too busy working his cock with her fingers, tongue, and lips all working in divine synchrony.

He continued, "Not only that, but you and her both get off on the idea of me making it with Anushka. How cool is that? Oh. That reminds me. You distracted me so much with your talented mouth that I forgot about telling you more of the Anushka role-play with Hills. Do you want me to continue with that?"

Maggie enthusiastically replied, "MMMM! Mmmm-hmmm!" Her bangs were falling into her eyes as she slid her lips back and forth while staring lovingly up at his face.

He chuckled. "Ma, you're so cute when your sucking need makes you unable to talk. But anyway, where was I with the role-play thing?"

Some time passed, nearly a minute. He thought, *Fuck me, man! The fake girlfriend scheme keeps paying dividends. I swear, every day gets better and better! I really don't deserve to be here like this, but here I am!*

Finally, he gathered his wits and tried his best to explain about the role-play. "Sorry, it's just that it's so hard for me to think right now. You've eased up some, but I'm still teetering, a whisker away from having to squeeze and struggle all the time. If you can keep it right at this level, I'll truly be in heaven on earth!"

She felt a new series of tingles up and down her body, just from knowing that she was giving him a world-class blowjob. She surged with pride. *He loves it! If he was at Hillary's for over four hours, I'll bet that means she got to suck or titfuck him for at least two hours. Lucky slut! But still, he so stiff and hot for MY mouth!*

Thank you, Son! Thank you! Mommy needs your cock so very much! How foolish of me to think the ride home would end in anything but this. How am I going to explain this feeling to Sally though?! How can she understand the total euphoria I feel sucking him off? Plus the deep, deep love. The

unshakable bond. I feel so connected. It's almost spiritual. It's not just mouth-to-cock; it's heart-to-heart! No matter what words I use, Sally won't be able to truly FEEL what it's like. But I'll just have to try my best to explain.

More time passed. After another couple of minutes, he got used to her non-stop intense sucking enough to take his hands from behind his head and idly caress her bare back with one hand while playing with the hair on the top of her head with the other.

She purred and cooed in approval. She even arched her back some to further encourage him. *Aaaah, yes! I'm his naked sex pet! I feel so deliciously objectified when he pets my body like that. He's owning me! He's making me love serving his cock with all my heart and soul!*

He spoke his thoughts out loud again. "Just look at you! The sheer curves on you take my breath away every time, they really do. I wish we had more light so I could... Hey! Wait." The garage was totally dark except for some moonlight coming through a few high windows, plus some lights on the dashboard. But he managed to reach a button for an overhead light in the car and turned it on.

The resulting flood of light was so bright at first that both of them had to take a minute for their eyes to adjust. That was even true for Maggie despite the fact that her eyes were shut due to her intently concentrating on her cocksucking moves.

Once his eyes adjusted, he looked up and down her nude body. He let out a blissful sigh while continuing to caress her back and hair. "Aaaah! God! Just look at you! Ma, I know I keep saying this in different ways, but you're so fine. Such a stunner. Seeing you sprawled across the front seat like that, totally starkers almost makes me want to cry tears of joy. How could I be so lucky to have you for my own?! What a sexy mother. My very own mother slut. Big-titted mommy slut, even! Do you like that?"

All she could do was "MMMM!" emphatically while also nodding more than her usual rhythmic bobbing. Once again, she couldn't bear to pull her lips off his thick cock for even a few seconds in order to speak.

But she thought, *Like it? I love it! So much! It sends shivers up and down my spine! I'm so far gone into my new life. My rebirth! "Margaret" is dead and buried. I feel no guilt. None! Son, this is my life. I just want to serve*

you. Serve your cock. Be your "big-titted mommy slut" forever! With Hillary by my side, of course. The two of us, kneeling naked, worshiping your manly cock in total oral submission!

An image of Sally flashed in her mind, almost as if the real Sally was listening to her thoughts and disapproving. *Ugh! How am I going to even begin to convey to her THOSE feelings?! I shouldn't even try, or she'll think I'm insane.*

Still more time passed. Nick was so continuously overcome by all the stimulation that he completely forgot to resume talking about Hillary performing an Anushka titfucking role-play. It was probably for the best, because he would have had trouble stringing together coherent sentences anyway.

Maggie had plans to eventually switch to titfucking after her tongue and lips got tired. She was keen to do a little Anushka role-playing herself. She also wanted to see if she could successfully deep throat him for a second time.

However, before they could do any of those things, Nick's vaunted endurance powers let him down. Out of the blue, he realized he'd crossed the point of no return and he was starting to cum. There was nothing particularly special that she was doing to him at the time to explain that, so he was slow on the uptake and she was too. As a result, she didn't think to try the squeeze-at-the-base trick until it was too late to work.

Maggie was very happy to have him shoot his cum into her mouth. She savored his pearly seed on her tongue like it was manna from heaven. She also pulled off about halfway through his orgasm so he could finish on her face. Plus, she diddled her clit at just the right time so they could peak together.

All in all, it was a very satisfying climax for them both, even though she noticed his cum load was much smaller than usual. Hillary had just about drained him dry, it seemed.

However, Maggie was frustrated that the erotic joy didn't last longer, especially because she had those titfucking, role-play, and deep throating plans. She tried to simply keep sucking him after his orgasm petered out, hoping to keep him fully erect.

But it was no good. His cock grew flaccid in her mouth despite all her best efforts.

He could sense her disappointment. As he tenderly stroked her long blonde hair, he said, "Sorry, Ma. I'd like to keep going too, but I can tell you now it's just not going to happen."

She pulled her lips off and plaintively looked up into his face. "Are you sure? What about your habit of cumming in twos?"

He felt shivers race up and down from looking at her cum-splattered face, but tried to ignore that so he could answer her question. "True, but that's just a general pattern, not a hard and fast rule. I did the cumming-in-twos thing twice with Hillary this afternoon. But this here orgasm was, like, the unexpected bonus round. It's a wonder you got me erect again at all, after Hillary totally drained me. Trust me, I'm done for good. Well, at least for at least another hour, if not longer."

"Darn it." She finally gave up. But instead of disengaging with him, she sat up and scooted over until she was all but sitting in his lap. She wrapped her arms around his upper torso (still covered by his T-shirt) and was content to just cuddle with him for a while. She longed to make out with him some, but she refrained due to the cum on her face and the spermy taste in her mouth.

She thought, *"For at least another hour." Hmmm... I wonder... Could I call Sally over, have a quick talk with her, and then come back here with my sexy son and get right back to "work?" Except it's not work. It's the greatest pleasure!*

But... no. I have to keep some Margaret balance in my life, especially at home. Once we go into the house proper, I'll be back to Margaret mode until we leave for school tomorrow. That's the rule. If I don't keep some rules, some boundaries, I'll go totally overboard and end up ruining everything.

It's like having to go to work. Most people don't enjoy their jobs, but they do it anyway to put food on the table. I have the "job" of being normal Margaret a majority of the time. it's sucks, but it's necessary, just like doing unpleasant daily chores and errands is necessary. Plus, I need time to do those mundane things without going out of my mind with lusty need.

She redirected her mental energy from her thoughts to cuddling with her son. She was annoyed about the fact that her huge breasts were rubbing against the fabric of his T-shirt instead of skin on skin. So she took one of his hands and brought it up to one of her boobs to encourage him to fondle.

He got the hint right away. His penis was flaccid, but he wasn't dead.

Once he got into playing with her stiff nipple, she said, "Aaaah! I love this. Isn't this the best?"

"Sure is," he replied. "Hey. Now that we're in a calmer mood, I'd like to hear what happened with you, Anushka, and Shannon. I didn't even know Shannon was part of your plans, but I'm psyched she got included."

"She wasn't, but... it's a long story. Before I explain, mind if I check my phone?"

"Go right ahead."

Maggie was forced to crawl back to the driver's seat to reach her cell phone tucked away in a pocket. She checked for messages from Sally, and found that Sally had called her twice and left a message asking to meet. She called Sally back and made plans for Sally to come over in half an hour.

It was almost eight o'clock, and she wanted some time to talk to Nick about various things while still in Maggie mode. Then she needed enough time for a long talk with Sally before Monday Night Football ended around ten o'clock and she had to pick Andy up.

She quickly ended the call and went right back to snuggling with Nick in his seat. This time though, she took his T-shirt all the way off, so they could have that tits-on-chest contact as well as enjoying his roaming hands.

He wasn't erect or especially aroused anymore, but he truly never got tired of playing with her incredible body, especially her enormous boobs.

She said, "Before I talk about cooking plans, I need to explain about that call and about what's happening with Sally in general. You see, brace yourself, but she made a surprise visit here today because I hadn't been returning her phone calls lately. I didn't know how to interact with her, given my new life with you. We got to talking, and I screwed up, big time!"

"What do you mean?" He caressed her hair some more while staring intently into her eyes from close up.

She bashfully admitted, "Long story short, I was trying to give her a bullshit cover story about having a young boyfriend who wasn't you in order to explain my new sexual aura. She was going to pick up right away that I was acting differently. But I slipped up and mentioned your name. She's smart as a tack and figured everything out right away."

He tensed up all over, and let go of caressing one of her E-cups. "You mean...?!"

"Yes. She knows all about the incest. It was pointless for me to deny it, because she knows me and you far too well. That one slip-up caused her to piece all sorts of clues together. She was totally convinced and there was nothing I could say or do."

He tensed up even more. "SHIT! That's... disaster! Right?!"

"Well, not exactly. Hopefully. She was very upset at first, yes. But she promised up and down that she'd keep our secret forever, and I believe her. She and I didn't finish our discussion about it because she wanted time to think it over. That call was to arrange a part two of our discussion. She says she's going to try to talk me out of it, but I'm going to try to get her to see my point of view."

She playfully poked him in the chest, just above where her massive melons were mashed into him. "Don't you worry one bit, Sport. There's no way in hell she's going to talk me out of anything, I can guarantee you that! Worse comes to worst, she and I will be at loggerheads over this, but the outside world will still never know. I trust her on that. So you don't really need to worry. At the very worst, this could hurt or destroy my friendship with her, and that would really hurt me. But nothing between you and me will change one iota."

He stroked her hair some more. "Phew! That's a relief. But still. I would feel awful if your friendship is ruined because of this. Not only is she your best friend, but she's a really special person. The mere fact that she found out about the incest and didn't totally freak out and blow your cover is proof of how cool she is."

Maggie said sadly, "I know. I know. Believe me, I'm not going to go down without a fight. I imagine you're going to need to do some homework all the way until your bedtime. But when she and I are done talking, I promise you,

"I'll come to your room and give you a report, hopefully so you can rest easy."

"Thanks. I'll be rooting for you all the way, of course. Is there anything I can do to help? Should I be there and at least hold your hand or something?"

"I appreciate the offer, Son. That's very mature of you. You're growing up so fast! But no, I think it's better if she doesn't see us together at all for a good while. It will be easier for her to deal with the incest in the abstract."

"Yeah, I guess I can see that." He sighed sadly.

She forced a smile. "Let's change gears. I love sitting naked in your lap. But I obviously need to shower and get presentable before she comes over. We still have some time for me to get you caught up on what I did with Anushka and Shannon though, so let's do that now. It should cheer you up some too."

For the next ten minutes, Maggie gave an account of everything that happened from when she picked Anushka up until she showed up at Hillary's house to pick him up. Parts of her account were arousing, especially describing the entire photo shoot episode. But he meant it when he'd said that nothing was going to get his penis erect again. Plus, their time was limited with Sally due to arrive at a certain time. As a result, Maggie had to stay on point and not get carried away with titillating details.

Nick would have liked to spend just as much time telling her in more detail everything that happened between him and Hillary all afternoon, as well as more about having dinner with Peter and Petra, but there simply wasn't time. They were obliged to get out of the car and get dressed.

Maggie spent a couple of extra minutes using air freshener and cleaning the car to get rid of any sexual smell or evidence. Even though it was her car, Andy rode in it sometimes and she probably was going to pick him up in it later. She also reluctantly used some handi-wipes to clean all of Nick's cum off her face.

Then they went into the house. Maggie showered in one bathroom while Nick showered in the other one.

Sure enough, Nick had a lot of homework to do. In fact, he was piled under, due to all the homework from over the weekend that he still didn't do.

However, he was fully sexually satiated, again, and highly motivated. Before Maggie left the garage and thus got out of Maggie mode, she told him about Anushka's general approval about doing some sort of Bollywood movie and dinner tomorrow night. As a result, he was determined to use every spare moment to get caught up on his homework and not fall still further behind. He didn't dawdle at all.

Plus, fully engrossing himself in his work helped him avoid thinking about what Maggie and Sally might be talking about downstairs. He was grateful for a distraction that kept his mind busy.

Chapter 85: Unrepentant (Monday)

Maggie didn't have much time to deeply ponder how things were likely to go with Sally before Sally came over. She was in a rush to shower, get dressed, and make herself and the house presentable. Just as soon as she finished with all that, Sally rang the doorbell. The timing was uncanny.

Although Maggie had been too preoccupied to think intently, the meeting with Sally had been constantly on her mind as she got ready, and she was highly anxious and worried by the time she answered the door.

She let Sally in and closed the door behind her. They shared a silent hug. She took that as a positive sign.

The two of them remained silent while they took their seats in the living room, sitting in the exact same spots as earlier in the day. Maggie had dressed extra conservatively in order to better present a prim and respectable image, while Sally wore the same casual clothes she'd had on earlier.

Maggie fidgeted, idly rubbing her hands together. She asked, "Well?!"

"Well what?" Sally asked back.

"What do you think?! I assume you've been mulling things over about Nick and me in your mind. Oh. And before we start, just to let you know, Andy is still off with his football buddies. Or he's with Leslie. Who knows? Who cares? I need to pick him up in about an hour to an hour and a half, probably, depending on when the game ends, if he's actually watching it, that is. And Nick is home, but he's up in his room and totally focused on his homework. I promise he won't be coming downstairs."

Sally furrowed her brow. "He knows? That I know?"

"Yes, he does. I told him the basics just a little while ago. His reaction was what you'd expect: concern, but also hope that you'll understand. But anyway, I'm dying here! You've had hours to think about this. How are you feeling about it now?!"

Sally sighed and stared up at the ceiling.

Maggie was on pins and needles. She was literally at the edge of her seat. Sally's sigh didn't sound promising.

Sally looked back to her and said, "Yeah, I've been thinking about this pretty much non-stop all day. I even had dinner plans with Drew" - Sally's longtime boyfriend - "but canceled them because I knew my head would be in another place, thinking about this."

She paused, and took a deep breath. "I'm still upset at you, at the incest. For sure. I don't see how that's going to change. But I guess I'm less upset than before, now that the initial shock has worn off. I've been thinking a lot about you and Nick and how you have such an extra special relationship. As I think I mentioned to you earlier, it's obvious that you're closer than most mothers and sons, and that says a lot, because the mother and son bond is about as close as it gets. I haven't seen you two together since... you know... you two started, but I believe that both of you are mainly bonded by love. So that helps me deal with it a lot."

Maggie breathed a silent sigh of relief. "We did have an extra close relationship, well before the sexual aspect began. In fact, do you know how this all began? And how you actually had a key role in that?"

"Me?!" Sally pointed at her chest. "How is that possible when you've been avoiding me?!"

Maggie explained, "It goes way back before that, months before. Remember how you'd been repeatedly pestering me to resume dating, despite the fact that I'm still technically married? Well, sometime in early summer, he overheard one of those conversations. He decided I was lonely and sexually deprived, and the situation would never change because I was stuck in a rut. So, in early September, he came up with a crazy scheme to get me the love and sexual comfort I needed, because he cares about me so much."

Sally snickered. "Sure, he cares, and he loves you. I don't deny that. But he's not exactly being altruistic!" Her voice dripped with sarcasm. "That's some mighty 'sacrifice' for him to decide to be your lover, given that you're literally the sexiest, curviest woman I've ever seen in my life! And that's some 'hardship' for him to kiss and fondle your perfect body. My heart goes out to him for martyring himself like that. He's a real Mother Theresa!"

Maggie rolled her eyes. "Mock him all you want. Sure, we know he'd been sexually obsessed with me since forever, and yeah, he benefits in a big way. But remember how he used to be so shy? Actually, you haven't seen him in

the last three weeks or so. He's forced himself way out of his comfort zone. His lust level was still the same."

She continued with more emotion, "But what gave him the extra push to be bold and brave and start his scheme was his love and concern for me! What gave him courage was hearing when I admitted to you I was feeling so unloved and lonely, and yes, sexually deprived! He cared about ME! He cared about MY feelings! He loves me and wants to see me happy. Yes, it's win-win for him and me, but he had good intentions and not just raging teenage hormones!"

Sally made a sour face as she considered that. "Okay, I'll partially concede that point. I know him, and I know he is a good kid, with good, loving intentions. But still, I'd bet the 'raging teenage hormones' was the main part."

Maggie was silent, because she couldn't honestly deny that.

Sally went on, "I hate to ask, but curiosity drives me: just what was this 'crazy scheme' of his?"

Maggie gave Sally a stern look. "This is just between you and me, okay? All of this conversation is, obviously, but I mean don't ever mention this even to him. It's stuff I've mostly pieced together in retrospect that he doesn't like to discuss because he's embarrassed about acting unethically."

That intrigued Sally even more. "My lips are sealed, as always. What was his scheme already?"

"Well, he came to me for help for him to get with his OTHER obsession, Hillary. Since summer was ending and they were both going to a new school, he thought that was an opportunity to completely remake his image. The nerdy, shy Nick was out, and a new popular, studly, and confident Nick was in. The key to the transition was for him to have the hottest girlfriend in school, instead of no girlfriend at all. Naturally, that would force everyone to look at him in a new way. And here's the kicker: he wanted me to pretend to be the hot girlfriend!"

Sally opened her mouth wide in shock. "Whoa! That's so... so... sneaky! And I can already guess what happened next: you went along with it, thinking you could just make a few easy appearances in front of his friends. At most, you might have to fake a few romantic kisses. But somehow things

spiraled out of control, and fake kisses became real ones. You slowly slid down a slippery slope as you found yourself going deeper and deeper into your fake girlfriend role."

"Exactly," Maggie said, pleased. "Very astute. That's exactly what happened. And that's why I asked when you left last time to call me 'Maggie,' because that was my 'fake girlfriend' persona. That's also why I changed my hairstyle and hair color and made other subtle changes, so people who knew me as 'Margaret' might not recognize me as 'Maggie.' Except 'Maggie' has pretty much taken over, and I love it!"

Sally said, "I suppose this helps my impression of you. You were tricked into the incest in a very sneaky way. But it sure puts Nick in a bad light."

Maggie said, "Maybe. But remember he had good motivations as well as lust. He was thinking: 'My mom is lonely and stuck in a rut, completely unwilling to get free of Andy and meet someone new. I have to do something drastic to shake things up!'"

Sally sourly said, "I suppose. Though the fact that you're every teenage boy's ideal wet dream makes me more than a wee bit skeptical."

Maggie further explained, "Point taken. But remember fate played a large role too. It all started with our first fake open-mouthed kiss, to impress Hillary, who was standing a few feet away. As soon as my lips make contact with his, it was like... magic! Real magic! Sparks and fireworks and electricity and all the rest! Such a natural connection! I can't even begin to explain it. It was like we were the perfect sexual match from the get-go. And it's been like that all along ever since, with everything we do. The sexual chemistry between us, it's just... unstoppable! It's not something that either of us can control."

Sally held a hand up. "Ugh! Please! Don't get too graphic, okay? Just thinking of you two kissing grosses me out. To imagine you two fucking is way beyond the pale!"

Maggie said, "Actually, we've never done that. We've never gone all the way. I've told him that's going too far."

Sally brought her hands up and clutched the sides of her head. She stared in open mouthed shock. "Are you serious?! You've never actually fucked?!"

"That's what I just said."

Sally stood up in amazement. "Why didn't you tell me that from the start?! That changes everything! You've had me all freaking out, but you haven't actually committed full incest!"

Maggie stood up too, to match Sally. "Well, we've done a lot of sexual things. Handjobs, blowjobs, titfucking, cunnilingus... basically everything short of actual fucking."

Sally said, "Maybe so, and I'm still upset with you and your limited incest, but the fact that you haven't gone all the way makes me feel soooo much better!" She stepped forward and gave her a big hug. "Why didn't you tell me that earlier?! Grrrr!"

Maggie thought ruefully to herself, *I should have mentioned it. But I guess in my mind, it's all incest, so it doesn't make much difference. Plus, my "no fucking" rule is getting increasingly wobbly. How long will I be able to hold out with that? It's becoming increasingly clear that's we're going to fuck soon! I want to be his "big-titted mommy slut" in every possible way, so of course that has to include fucking. I know it'll be incredible! Epic! Life-changing, even!*

I guess the only reason I'm still holding back is because I'm trying to slow things down some. It feels like we're on a wild roller coaster ride and we're in danger of flying off the tracks. We need to adjust and absorb what's happening before going even deeper into our sexual bliss. That, plus, I'd feel guilty getting fucked by him all the time while Hillary is still prohibited. Once she gets permission, I can't imagine being happy left behind. We should lose our "Nick cherries" together!

She smiled from ear to ear at that last thought, while still holding Sally in a hug. *As for today, I want to be as honest with my best friend as I reasonably can, but I can't tell her the full truth or she'd really freak out. So I'll keep the secret that I'm starting to think it's just a matter of time before I get fucked by my son from her, for now. Hopefully, over the coming weeks and months, her attitude will soften and evolve.*

The two beautiful MILFs finally broke their hug and returned to their seats.

Maggie said, "Sorry for not mentioning that earlier. I figured incest includes, you know, all that other stuff."

"It does," Sally replied. "You're definitely not completely off the hook. But there's something distinctly different about vaginal intercourse. If you're not doing that, it's the difference between if I found you you'd committed petty theft versus robbing a bank. I'd still be upset that you're stealing either way, but I'd be way, way less disturbed than to find out you're a bank robber!"

She frowned as another possibility hit her. "You're not, uh, anal sex... You haven't allowed that, have you?"

Maggie honestly replied, "Oh dear me, no! That's not even an option in my mind, given how thick his penis is."

"Well, that's a relief," Sally said. "So no actual fucking of any kind is taking place then. Right?"

"Um... not unless you count titfucking. And face fucking. Actually, what both of us love the most is blowjobs. I just can't get enough of going down on him. I love it! And of course he loves it too!" She chuckled happily.

Sally motioned as if plugging her ears. "Please! TMI! Too much information! You don't need to be that graphic. Now you've put an image in my head and it'll be hard for me to get rid of it."

Maggie passionately responded, "Sorry, but you need to know, because that's a VERY important fact in my new life. I'm unrepentant about the new nature of my relationship with him. I don't think we're doing anything wrong. Maybe if we went all the way, but we haven't. He and I are best friends for life, and so much more! What I have with him is not some flash in the pan thing."

She dared to add, "Blowjobs are a big, big part of our sexual relationship. To be brutally honest, if I have my way, I want to go down on him every day for years and years to come! More than once a day too! So, assuming you and I stay best friends, it's a reality you need to know, because it's such a big part of my life now."

Sally sighed and slumped in her seat. "Ugh! I can see that, but... I hate to ask, but I guess I have to: why blowjobs?! You know Drew and I have a pretty good sex life, maybe even a great one, if I do say so myself. But I don't go down on him that often. It's just not much fun for me. I pretty much just use it to get him hard when he's having trouble getting it back up again."

Maggie was careful to try to temper her enthusiasm. "I know what you mean, because that's exactly how I felt when it came to sex with Andy in general. I thought that was good bordering on great too. But I couldn't have been more wrong! If sex with Nick is ten on a one to ten scale, in retrospect, sex with Andy was like a two or a three at best. This is in an entirely different league! I didn't know what true pleasure was until I found love with my son! It's like I said: sparks and fireworks every time! Goose bumps and tingles and orgasms! So many orgasms! And keep in mind I'm mainly talking blowjobs here, and titfucks too."

Sally sighed heavily. "We're definitely getting into too sexually explicit territory here. But I guess I'm a glutton for punishment. I still have to ask: why?! What's so special about going down on him?! And by the way, please don't call him your 'son' while we're talking about this. I'm having enough trouble as it is."

"Sorry. That just kind of slipped out."

Sally went on, "You just admitted you gave Andy blowjobs, but I know from previous discussions with you that you had no special love of doing that, the same as me. What's so different with Nick? Is it the thrill of breaking the incest taboo?"

Maggie stood up and started pacing around as she pondered what to say. "That's a factor, sure. Breaking any sort of taboo is a thrill. Just look at most any porn or bodice-ripping novel. There's usually some kind of transgressive, forbidden element. But, in all honesty, that's just a small part of it."

Sally impatiently asked, "What is it, then?!"

Maggie kept on pacing, but she maintained eye contact all the while. "I think it goes back to what we were talking about before, how Nick and I share an extra deep, extra close bond. I thought I loved Andy a lot, and I did. I did. Sure, things have gone bad with him, but I still remember the good times. But even our best times pale to how I feel with Nick, because I love him with all my heart and soul, and he loves me! It gives me such great joy, and arousal, to know that I'm sending him to sexual heaven with my mouth! And he always makes sure to send me to sexual heaven too. He's a very considerate lover."

She went on, "So there's that. In addition, maybe because fucking isn't allowed, oral sex has become kind of an obsession for me. It's sort of the 'main event' instead of foreplay to the main event, as it is for you."

"I can see that part, I guess," Sally muttered.

Maggie then boldly continued, "But also, he's a DOMINANT lover!" Her eyes flashed with lust and fire. "Who knew?! Who knew that my shy, introverted boy would turn out to be some kind of natural sexual beast? But I mean that in the best way. He's a tiger! So full of cocky confidence! He knows exactly how to make me weak in my knees with just a look! And blowjobs are perfect for that. You have no idea how delightfully dominated I feel when I'm kneeling naked below him, working on his erection with all the talent and energy I can muster!"

Sally stood up and held her hands out. "Okay, hold on! I think I've reached the limit of what I can handle hearing! You're putting all kinds of images in my head of you and him getting it on that are highly disturbing to me. I can't imagine Nick, cute, kind, softie Nick, being a 'dominant' 'tiger' in bed!"

Maggie grinned almost triumphantly. "I don't know what to say, since you want me to censor myself. But he definitely is! Okay? Trust me. He strikes the perfect balance, and he's done that from day one! He is kind and loving, so much so that I have 1000 percent trust in him. That allows me to let go of my inhibitions and let my sexual feelings flower. I know he'll NEVER let me down. It's impossible that we'll ever 'break up' because we'll always be bonded together as mother and son, yes, but also as best friends, and much more!"

She went on, with even more passion, "That said, he's definitely no 'softie!' I could say more about his sexually dominant side, but it would probably freak you out too much, so I won't. But let's just say it turned out he's a natural when it comes to sex. Sparks fly, every time! Gaawwwd! His stamina! And his recuperative ability! He gets so erect so easily!"

Sally spoke reluctantly. "I'm not comfortable with this line of talk, even though I consider myself pretty sexually liberated. But I feel like I have to point out that if he gets erect a lot, that probably has more to do with you than him. Like I said, you're every teenage boy's ideal sexual fantasy in the flesh. I'll bet he'd have fairly typical arousal for a boy his age until he'd see

your gigantic yet firm and high breasts coupled with your stunning face. Any male would pretty much go out of their minds with THAT kind of visual stimulation!"

"Maybe that's a part of it," Maggie modestly conceded. "But there's so much more. I think another key part, especially when it comes to oral sex, is that his penis is so large, and especially so thick. There's something about its perfect size that makes it an endless pleasure to suck and lick. It stretches my mouth wide open in a hurts-so-good kind of way!"

Sally held her hands up in a "stop" gesture. "Okay, definitely TMI on THAT! Please!"

"Sorry." Maggie grinned impishly. She wasn't really that sorry. But she was merciful and tried to change the subject. "And, as part of him being dominant, I've discovered that I'm definitely sexually submissive. I never knew with Andy. He and I tried to be equal and balanced in all aspects of our marriage, including in the bedroom. That's something I still approve of, by the way, except for the 'in the bedroom' part. I've found that sex is a thousand times better when Nick is in charge!"

Maggie had stopped pacing, but now Sally started her own pacing. "Again, whoa! Enough of that! I get the idea."

"But you don't, really," Maggie said. "I know damn well it's the same for you and Drew as it used to be with me and Andy. You have no idea about dominance and submission, and how much fun that can be, if you let go and fully give in to all of your sexual desires regardless of any P.C. concerns."

"And I don't want to know!" Sally said defiantly.

"Why not?! I'm not saying that Nick is somehow superior to me. He's not like that at all. That's one thing that's so great about him. I'm thinking most sexually dominant guys are also macho asshole types. Nick's the opposite of that. I know he'll always respect me and love me outside the bedroom no matter what we do inside of it. He's no misogynist or male chauvinist. In fact, he's a feminist. He thinks women have been held back for ages."

Sally spoke bitterly, "Yeah, except when he's ordering you around in the bedroom, like, like, a loyal puppy! Margaret! Do you realize how tough this is for me? I've been on an emotional roller coaster of my own today. First I'm reeling from the incest revelation. Then you say there's been no actual

fucking, which is a great relief. But then you go off on all this blowjob obsession stuff, plus the dominance and submission stuff. It's like your hitting me with one punch to the gut after another!"

Maggie was chastened. "Sorry." She returned to her seat. "But you asked why sex with him is in another league, so I told you. Look at it another way. Aren't you happy that I've found my bliss? Do you remember how this all started, with Nick hurting for me because I was feeling lonely and sexually wanting? I was stuck in a rut with no way out, because I felt so burned by what happened with Andy that I wasn't able to date and trust new people. He cut right through all that, and now I'm literally happier than I've ever been in my life!"

Sally was deflated. She returned to her chair and slumped down in it. "That's nice, I guess. It's just so damn bittersweet for me that you 'found your bliss' by sucking on your... on Nick's... UGH! I can't even say it!"

Maggie spoke in a more tender tone. "I know it's weird, believe me. Every day, almost every hour, I wonder at how strange my life has gotten. But it works for me! It works! And it works for him too. We're living on cloud nine every single day."

She took a larger perspective. "You know, sex is a very strange thing. Most people have some kind of fetish or kink, I think, though very few will admit it. Maybe they want to be spanked or talk dirty or their feet is their most erogenous zone, or whatever. And those are some of the tamest kinks I can think of. Wouldn't you still be my best friend if I had some strange sexual tastes?"

"Yeah, of course. Within reason, that is. The incest is pushing the limits of my tolerance, even if it's only limited incest."

"I get that. But imagine I was still with Andy and it turned out I totally loved to give him blowjobs and we had a dominance and submission thing going on. Would you stop being my friend?"

"Of course not," Sally said. Her eyes widened with realization. "Ah. I see what you're doing. You're trying to argue that those things are irrelevant and I shouldn't be any more upset by them."

"Exactly. Yes, I can see why you're upset that Nick and I have turned our relationship sexual. But the fact that we get a lot of enjoyment from some

unusual things doesn't make the incest worse."

"But it does," Sally stated emphatically. "If only because it shows your sexual relationship with him is more intense and serious than I'd previously believed. Which means the odds of it being a 'flash in the pan' as you said are much less. Which means I might be stuck with you 'going out' with your very own son for years and years to come! God forbid if you two somehow end up together permanently!"

Maggie felt a secret thrill from that last comment Sally made, because that had become her secret great desire. But she ignored that, and said, "If you put it that way, then yes, it does magnify the problem you have. But this is me. This is my life. As you can tell from the intensity of my feelings, there's no way in hell you're going to talk me out of it. You need to take me warts and all, or not at all. I know there are reasons to be concerned when it comes to any incestuous relationship. But if Nick and I are in love, and we're happier than we've ever been, is that really such a bad thing? It is still worse if we find great sexual joy with each other for years to come? Would you rather I was still alone and deeply unhappy?"

A sad and frowning Sally replied, "No, of course I don't wish that. And yes, if you find more love and happiness, I guess that would lessen my objection some. But still, you're going to walk a very difficult path, and I worry about you. And him. Assume you get completely freed from Andy before too long. That shouldn't be too hard. What then? Will you fully become 'Maggie' and leave the rest of your old life behind?"

Maggie responded, "Generally speaking, yes. I'll keep the few good things from my old life and incorporate them into the new one. And you would probably be the main thing I'd want to keep. In just a few weeks, I already have fallen into a new life. Nick's friends and acquaintances know me entirely as Maggie, a 21 year old college student. They have no clue I'm really a 33 year old mother. And they never will. Why can't I just run with this new persona? I already have a fake ID. My goal is to BECOME Maggie, fully! Forever! Then Nick and I will just be another young couple with a three-year age gap going through life."

In Maggie's mind, she also wanted Hillary as an equal partner in that future, but she deemed it extremely unwise to mention anything about the Hillary factor.

Sally gesticulated as she complained, "But you're not 'Maggie!' Not really. You can pretend all you want about being almost a teenager again, but you ARE 33 years old! You may look younger, and you do, and you may get other people to believe it, as you already have, but that doesn't actually make you that age! There will always be a 16-year age gap between you and your son until the day you die!"

Maggie said defiantly, "I know. But so what? The incest factor won't be a problem with society at large as long as nobody knows. And yeah, there will always be a danger due to government records and such, but as long as we're smart we should be fine. And as long as people don't know about the real age gap, that won't be an issue either. These things really only matter to Nick and me, and if we're okay with it, who cares about the rest?"

She went on, "Naturally, you're an exception. I don't have a lot of living family to hide this from, and I don't have a lot of friends worth keeping enough to dare share this secret with. But you, I definitely want to keep you in my life, so I'm actually glad the truth slipped out right away. Yeah, you'll be in a weird position of knowing our secret, forever, but I hope in time you'll get used to it. Why not just embrace the cover story and treat us like that's real? What's the harm?"

Sally emphatically responded, "The problem is, I know the truth!"

"Yeah, but, ultimately, so what? History is full of people who successfully reinvented themselves. I can't help the fact that Nick and I are related. I can never, ever change that, I know. But I'm not going to let that accident of history ruin my life. Like I said, I'm living on cloud nine! I've never been so happy, so loved, so fulfilled! Should I just throw all of that away and pretend like it never happened due to some unlucky genetic fate? If he and I truly love each other, and we never have kids, and we're convincing with our new personas, who is harmed by our reinvention? Who?!"

There was a long pause before Sally could answer, because she couldn't think of a good answer to that. "I have to admit, my first instinct is to say 'me.' I'm harmed. Because I'll still know the truth and it's going to effect how I feel about you and him forever."

Maggie asked with irritation, "So I should give up on finding my true love and my bliss just because you'll have a sad feeling about it? Really?!"

Sally sighed heavily. "I didn't say that. No, you shouldn't. Obviously. But still, I am a glitch in your reinvention plan. I'm going to try my best to be tolerant and accepting, since it clearly means so very much to you, but I can only meet you so far. Maybe in time I'll be able to adjust better, but right now, it's looking pretty rough. I worry that our friendship is going to be severely hurt because I can't totally see eye-to-eye with what has suddenly and clearly become the most important thing in your life."

Maggie stood back up, causing Sally to do the same. Then she held both of Sally's hands. "I understand I've put you in a rough spot. I'm very sorry about that. And yeah, our friendship may well take a hit. But I believe it's strong enough to survive even this."

Sally forced a smile. "I hope so." She supportively squeezed Maggie's hands.

Maggie said earnestly, "I also believe that, in time, you'll come to believe that true love really does conquer all. Yes, my relationship with Nick is intensely sexual, but ultimately that sexuality is just physically expressing and rejoicing in our love! That's the main reason that the sex is so out of this world, because it's based on such a profound and unshakable love."

She searched her memories to come up with something to make Sally better understand. "Think of your younger life, like your college years, when you had one-night stands with some very talented dudes. You've told me how you had some really great sex at times, yet you also said it was ultimately hollow and unfulfilling, because they were strangers and there was no love there. You soon gave up on the one-night stand life and only had sex with guys you could get emotionally serious with. And wasn't that sex ten times better, at least?"

"It was," Sally admitted.

"Now, imagine the best sex you ever had with someone you deeply love, and multiply that by some number. I don't want to argue what the exact number would be, but the general point is that's how I feel about sex with Nick. How could I EVER find someone else I love nearly as much as him?! It's impossible! I would throw myself in front of a truck to save his life, and you know I would. I used to love Andy a lot back in the day, but I honestly don't know if I ever would have done that for him."

She concluded, "Incest isn't for everyone, for sure. It's wrong for most people, due to power dynamic issues and other issues. But when it comes to Nick and me, it works! I KNOW for a FACT that I will NEVER be as loved and as happy with anyone else as I can be with him! Do you doubt that?!"

Sally thought that over very carefully before speaking. "I suppose, given you've gone this far, and already broken the incest taboo, you will feel a deeper connection and deeper love due to your history together. So, yeah, the odds of you ever finding something like that with someone you've never met are very, very low."

Maggie felt triumphant. "So what do you want me to do?! Do you want me to break up with him and settle for much less? Heck, dating regular guys would be so dissatisfying in comparison that I'd probably end up all alone. Is that what you want?!"

Sally felt emotionally torn and pained. "No! Obviously not! I love you and I want you to be happy. It's just tough for me to accept that this is what will give you your 'bliss.' I'm still in shock, to be honest. Give me some time to adjust, please. It's going to be tough to see you two together, especially if you act all cuddly and flirty with each other. But, I suppose, over time, if I can see just how much you two love each other, and everything between you continues to go well and get stronger, that will help me a lot. I'm trying my damndest to see this through your eyes, but it's just so hard!"

Maggie stepped forward and gave her a warm hug. "Thank you! Thank you so much just for being understanding and trying your best. I won't let you down. I promise, in time, you'll come to see that this really is the best of all possible worlds for him and me."

Sally asked, "You two have been together for such a short time. What, three weeks at most? Is there any chance you two might break up?"

"None. Trust me. Already, I know I need Nick as a lover in my life like I need air to breathe. I know this will shock you, but it would break my heart to go a single day without feeling his thick erection sliding back and forth between my lips!"

Sally broke the hug and stepped back in shock. "Margaret!"

Maggie raised her hands questioningly. "What? I'm keeping it real. And by the way, remember that I'm 'Maggie' now."

"Sorry."

"This is part of the new me. I'm sorry, but expect a lot of that sort of talk from me from now on. I love him with all my heart, and I love physically expressing that love with him. I've been trying to hold back sharing the details since you're still in shock, but I wish I could yell from the highest rooftops just how much I love having sex with him! Unfortunately for you, there really is no outsider I can talk to about this except for you. So please warm up to the situation soon, so I can vividly describe the highs, the higher highs, and the even way higher highs of the absolutely best sexual experiences of my life!"

Sally chuckled ruefully. "Oh dear. It sucks to be me! What have I gotten into?"

Maggie stepped forward and hugged her again, and wasn't rebuffed. "Sorry. I'll try to restrain myself, I promise. At least for a while." She pulled back enough to make eye contact, and winked.

"Great." Sally rolled her eyes. "This is so bizarre. I'm having to remind myself to be upset. Your enthusiasm is addictive."

"That's the spirit!" Maggie cheered.

"Ugh," Sally griped, but mildly. "I'm such a soft touch."

They mutually broke the hug again.

Sally walked to a front window and looked out into the darkness, lost in thought. Then, after a couple of minutes, she walked back.

She let out another heavy sigh. "This is hard for me to admit, but... I think you did move me some today. The fact that you two aren't actually going all the way helps a lot. But also, just seeing how passionately you are in love with him. And in lust with him. If I have to force myself to choose, I can't advise you at this point to break up with him. Which means I'm agreeing with you that you should stay with him."

Maggie's face lit up like she'd just won a million dollars.

"But! I'm not exactly thrilled about it!" Sally wagged a disapproving finger. "From my point of view, it's more like the least bad of two bad choices. Maybe in time my attitude will change, but even though you win me over with your logic as well as your passion, there's a part of me that keeps

saying 'It's wrong!' So please, do have mercy on me and give me time to adjust to this new reality. Hell, just remembering to call you 'Maggie' instead of 'Margaret' is going to be hell. It'll probably take me ten years to get used to that."

Maggie stepped forward and enveloped Sally in yet another hug. "Oh, Sally! Thank you! The mere fact that you're keeping this secret and you're trying your damndest to keep our friendship means the world to me! I don't know what I'd do without you. As you know, I'm down to so few friends, but when it comes down to it, you're the one and only friend I know I'd want to keep through thick and thin. Please don't give up on Nick and me. Please! You'll see in time that love does conquer all. I swear it!"

Sally sighed again. "I sure hope so. But in any case, it looks like you're still stuck with me." She grinned impishly as they broke the hug.

She went on, "I guess I should go now. I feel emotionally drained. But I suppose we should meet again soon so you can fill me in on more of the details. Not the sexual nitty gritty details. Please, no! But all this stuff about you reinventing yourself, and acting like a college student, and hanging out with kids Nick's age, and so much more. It sounds like you have a lot of remarkable stories to tell."

"I do!" Maggie was beaming, because Sally's ultimate reaction was better than she'd hoped. "I've got great stories. But I should warn you, most of those involve copious amounts of cocksucking."

"MARGARET!" Sally shook her fist. But she wasn't really that upset. "Er, I mean Maggie. Now you're just trying to provoke me, aren't you?"

Maggie let out some naughty giggles. "A little. But it's also true. Still, I promise to try to give you the censored versions. Well, mostly, that is." She winked.

"UGH!" Sally grumped.

However, as she walked towards the door to leave, she added, "You know, I wasn't sure about this before we talked tonight, but I have a good feeling you and I are going to be okay. It will be a rough road for a while, but we'll get through this. I feel a lot better than I did this afternoon, when I feared the worst."

Maggie decided it was best not to ask what the "worst" was. Instead, she raised a fist into the air and said, "That's the spirit!"

Sally opened the front door to let herself out.

Maggie followed her to give her one last good-bye hug.

Once Sally was out the door, she turned back and said, "Let's talk again soon. But not too soon, okay? Give me a day or two, at least, so I can try to better adjust. Then I want to hear more about your 'reinvention.'"

"Sure thing. And Sally, you're the best! I love you!"

"Love you too." Sally turned away again and walked out of sight to her car.

Maggie closed the door and then leaned against it with a smile still on her face. *Phew! That was emotionally grueling, but so worth it. I feel like I really got through to her. I'm so happy!*

Not only did she lessen her objection to the incest, but I also was able to be honest with her about the submission and my love of blowjobs. Well, okay, not totally honest. I didn't go all the way in explaining my "total oral submission" attitude. I wish I could freely talk to her about the profound joy I feel whenever I kneel naked below my standing son, with my hands caressing his balls and my lips straining with the struggle of serving his huge cock! I swear, I feel shivers race up and down my spine every time! Plus, the glorious slurping and sucking is like an orgasm that never ends! And that's not to mention the rapture of feeling his hot cum blasting onto my face!

Okay. I didn't go that far with her. But I planted the seeds so I could at least be more honest later. And I didn't outright lie.

Except of course for some pretty big lies of omission. Most especially, I'm frightened to tell her the full story about Hillary's role. She's going to freak out all over again about that. I should give it time until she fully warms up to the incest before going there. And heaven forbid if my studly son seduces Anushka too! Yikes! Or even if the sex games with Debra continue. I can hear Sally's voice now: "Margaret, what the HELL?! Are you out of your mind?!"

But that's all for the future. Today's been a raging success, at least compared to what could have been. In retrospect, accidentally revealing the incest secret to her is almost certainly going to work out to be a positive. I'd

much rather have her know and be somewhat disapproving than having to keep her in the dark forever.

I should go upstairs and check on my sweet love, and see if he's doing his homework.

She started to walk up the stairs. I'm oh-so-tempted to throw my rules out the window and tell him we should go to the garage and celebrate how the discussion went with a nice long suck session. Hell, I'm totally in the mood for another deep throating try! And I love a good titfucking too. But I can't. I really can't. If nothing else, Andy's going to call me anytime now to get picked up. I still need to be responsible and restrained or this great thing will fly off the handle and end in disaster.

But tomorrow! Oh God! Tomorrow! I'm going to do EVERYTHING to his cock before school, including more deep throating! And after school, maybe we can go to Hillary's house. Then it'll be just like what she and him did today, except I'll be there too so she and I can serve and adore his cock for hours and hours!

And that's not all! Later, I'll get to cook with Anushka again and we'll have our Bollywood movie night! If it's up to me, I'm going to cuddle with him under a shared blanket on one side of the room while Hillary and Anushka can cuddle on the other side of the room. And then, fuck the movie! I'll have my head in his lap and my lips around his shaft for the entire length of the film, and woe be to anyone who tries to stop me!

Now, THAT is going to be a great day! MMMM! I can almost taste the sweet sperm squirting into my mouth already!

She went to his room and checked on him, but she maintained a very motherly Margaret mode. She was pleased to see that he was making great strides with his homework and getting caught up. She told him a very basic version of what happened with Sally, just enough to let him know that things were looking up with her and he shouldn't worry. She promised to tell him more tomorrow when she actually was in Maggie mode.

The rest of the evening passed uneventfully. Nick stayed up until 10 o'clock, working like a fiend on his homework the whole time so he'd have more time for the Bollywood movie night and other fun adventures.

Maggie spoke to Anushka on the phone, but it was a relatively brief and sedate phone call, in part because she'd already picked Andy up by that time. But they talked enough to finalize their Bollywood movie plans, after Anushka had consulted Hillary about that as well.

This is a work in progress.

Check for additional chapters and updates at:

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