

SPACER **X** STORIES

presents

Mommy Takes Me to the Doctor

an e-novel by

Spacer X and Tacocarnitas



presents

**Mommy Takes Me
to the Doctor**

an e-novel by

Spacer X and Tacocarnitas

Note from Tacocarnitas:

My stories aren't for everyone. If you don't like huge breasts, incest and totally unrealistic scenarios, go elsewhere. Otherwise, welcome and leave a comment!

Chapter 1

I walked into the doctor's office, following my mother, with my head hung down. It hung down because I knew what I would see if I looked up: my mother's unbelievable body, encased in a tight, dark blue business suit. If my eyes drifted upwards, I'd see her tiny, four-inch-heel-encased feet, her curvy, tight legs, her full, slightly swaying ass. And, framing her petite torso, her gigantic, round breasts. Yes, from the back. Her breasts were so massive that they poked out from either side of her body.

At only 5' 3", she was completely out of proportion. Even though I was only 18, I was a good six inches taller.

I shuffled along, my aching, erect penis pushing out visibly from my shorts.

It had been over half an hour drive to this small clinic, located all alone in the middle of a forest, of all places. But we'd heard this place was the best of the best for our special problem. In fact, it was the only place to even take our situation seriously.

We stopped at the reception desk.

My mother muttered, "Ms. Mary Pepper, here with my son Brian."

I was not just her son, but her only child. She was unmarried, so we made for a very tight team.

The receptionist, a very busty and beautiful young blonde wearing a tight sweater, looked at me.

I raised my gaze to her brilliant blue eyes, but only got as far as her ample chest. She was seriously hot! I guessed she was in her early twenties, though that was just a guess. I noticed a name tag with the name "Rebecca" on it. I suddenly realized that I was staring wantonly at her enormous boobs and snapped up to at least try to maintain eye contact.

The sexy receptionist smiled warmly at me. "Hi, Brian."

I stammered back, "Uh, er, hi... uh... Rebecca."

"So you noticed my name, did you? I wonder why you were looking there." She winked knowingly. "Don't worry. We know all about you here. You can stare at my big breasts if you want to. I'm proud of them."

Her breasts were exceedingly large! They weren't as big as Mommy's, nobody's were, but they were at least in the same ballpark. I guessed they were F-cups, or maybe even G-cups.

"What?!" My mother inhaled sharply, making her cartoonishly swollen chest bulge outward. "What are you talking about?!"

"Ms. Pepper, it's fine. From the questionnaire you filled out on-line, plus your phone calls, we already know about Brian's special condition. We're going to help him. Please have a seat." She gestured at two of many empty chairs sitting along the walls of the waiting room.

My mother shook her head at me and took me by the hand. "Come on, then, Son," she said, and then looked down shyly.

I followed her gaze and found my huge erection tenting outward, and a wet spot forming on my shorts.

My "special condition" - well, let's put it this way. Every kid goes through puberty. When mine came, it came with a vengeance. I had a hard-on more often than not. I masturbated every chance I got - probably five or six times a day. And I came in copious spurts, even after a marathon session. I was obsessed with sex and masturbating, to the point that my mother was seriously concerned.

There may have been a medical or genetic explanation, and that probably explained some of it. But in my mind, there was one overwhelmingly obvious reason I couldn't stop playing with myself: Mommy! I was obsessed with her face and her body. I thought about her constantly, and there were frequent reminders of how insanely buxom and shapely she was, even when she wasn't around: guys at school wouldn't shut up about it, there were occasional comments from construction worker types, and the one girlfriend I dared to ask out turned me down because she said she felt so intimidated by her beauty.

Mommy and I lived with just the two of us, and we'd been that way as far as I could remember. Strangely, even though she looked like a goddess come to earth, with a stunning face and outrageously voluptuous body, she hadn't been on a date in years. She claimed she was tired of all the cat calls and groping and unwanted attention. But one

result was that we spent much more time together than most mothers and sons, and we were very, very close. The fact that I thought of and called her "Mommy" instead of "Mom" or the like was one example of that.

Now that I was eighteen years old, things hadn't really changed. I was still obsessed with my mother's amazing body. In fact, things had only gotten worse, until Mommy had insisted on this appointment to "cure" my problem.

We sat and waited. My eyes, as usual, wandered over to stare at my mother's tremendous bust. Not only were her tits simply gigantic, they were perfectly round and sat high and proudly on her chest. It was insanely tempting!

Once again, she caught me. "Brian! For goodness' sake." She looked angry, but also confused and sad. "I didn't know what to do. I mean, I know boys your age have needs. And I also understand that my body" - she looked down, and slowly, to my astonishment, plumped her huge breasts with her hands from below - "is somewhat... unusual. But, even so, you definitely shouldn't be looking at your mommy that way."

"Uhhh," I groaned, my cock pulsing. I thought, *Whenever she refers to herself in the third person like that - I don't know, it just kills me! She's the one who's always insisted that I call her "Mommy," so it's not like I can stop. Does she realize that even saying that word can give me an erection?*

She smiled warmly. "It's okay, Sweetie. We're here to get you some help. Doreen said Dr. Morgan is a specialist in... this area." Doreen was Mommy's best friend, similarly gorgeous and busty (though not nearly as busty!) and had a son with a similar problem. Apparently, whatever Dr. Morgan did had helped her son a lot, although I'd never found out what the "cure" was exactly.

"Thanks, Mommy."

She smiled even wider.

I blushed and looked down at my erection again.

Her eyes followed mine, until she saw the outrageous bulge in my shorts. Then it was her turn to blush and turn away.

A nurse came out from the hallway with a clipboard. She walked over to us. "You must be Brian and Ms. Pepper. Welcome!"

I looked up and couldn't believe who I was looking at. It was Bethany, a girl who had graduated from my high school a few years before. She was probably 21 to my 18 years. She was just the kind of curvaceous older girl that I secretly pined for. In fact, she had fueled many of my masturbatory fantasies. She had long, straight, brunette hair, like my mother, but unlike Mommy, she was tall. And, of course, she was busty. Nothing like my mother, but she was seriously endowed for her age.

She squatted in front of me, her breasts bouncing in her tight white nurse outfit as she did. "Hi Brian. I remember you. You were a senior this year, yeah?"

I was dumbstruck. Once again, I couldn't stop staring at a large pair of breasts in front of me.

"Brian," my mother said authoritatively, "the nurse is asking you a question."

"Um, sorry, yeah. Hey, Bethany." (I knew from school that she hated to be called "Beth.") " You graduated a few years ago, right?"

"Yup. You've really grown up a lot, haven't you?" Bethany winked. "Anyway, we're going to take very good care of you here. The first thing I need you to do is take off your shorts and your underwear."

I looked at my mother in disbelief.

Mommy looked even more shocked than I was. "Here, in the waiting room?!" she said incredulously.

Bethany replied matter-of-factly, "Yup. Unfortunately, both examination rooms are currently occupied, and our time is limited. But don't worry, Ms. Pepper, we'll have a full exam with the doctor in a moment. This is just a preliminary procedure. I happened to notice that your son's penis is fully erect. It is, right, Brian?" She turned to me.

"Yeah. It's been hard for a while." My face was red with embarrassment, because I couldn't will my erection to go away.

Bethany looked to my mother's chest knowingly. "I'm sure it has." She turned back to me and winked in a playful, friendly way. "Now, let's get you out of those shorts."

I looked at my mother helplessly. To make matters worse, I glanced again at the sexy blonde receptionist Rebecca.

She was looking through her window into the room, and staring right at me!

I thought, *What's with this place?! Even through the window, I can tell she's smoking hot and busty too! And I have to expose myself in front of all three of them?! Shit!*

Seeing no other alternative, I started unbuttoning my shorts. I was naturally shy and introverted, and this was light years out of my comfort zone. I felt like I was dying of shame.

Mommy was deeply embarrassed, with her face even redder than mine, but all she could do was sit and stare while clutching at her massive rack from below.

I muttered, "Mommy, I'm sorry for putting you in this situation. But, uh..."

Bethany smiled brightly. "Oh, you call her 'Mommy?'" That's so adorable!"

I sighed. At least this issue was distracting me from my embarrassment some. "I know, laugh all you want. I get a lot of grief about that. But, dammit, I can't help myself! She's always been just 'Mommy' in my mind."

Bethany said, "Oh, I'm not making fun of you at all. Actually, you'd be surprised how many of the boys your age who come in here call their moms the same thing. Even older men sometimes! We like to encourage them to use that very word, if they aren't already. It's a great thing, a sign of a very powerful love."

That left me almost speechless. "Oh! Um, uh, nobody's ever reacted like that before."

"Yeah, well, we do things a little differently here." She winked. "As you'll soon see."

As if to prove her point, Bethany grabbed the top of my shorts and slid them off, pulling my underwear off with them. She kept going until both my shorts and underwear were all the way off my legs, then put them on an empty seat to the side of me.

My dick was large in its fully engorged state. That was obvious from Bethany and Mommy's reaction. I didn't think it was huge, but they were impressed. I was surprised that I could be erect when I was feeling so very nervous, but the thought of fully exposing myself in front of three total knockouts, especially Mommy, was simply too thrilling.

"Well, you've gotten quite big in more ways than one, Brian!" Bethany smiled. She reached over to the table next to me and grabbed a bottle. "This is just lotion. It's going to help me help you ejaculate. I'm going to put some on your penis now."

I barely had time to absorb those words. I gasped as she took hold of my stiff dick with both hands. "Oh!"

Bethany's smile grew. "Don't worry. This is going to feel good, Brian."

Mommy was even more incredulous. She asked the nurse, "What are you planning on doing?! It sounds like you're going to... to... stroke his penis until he ejaculates!"

Bethany nodded tolerantly at her. "That's exactly what I'm going to do. As I understand, you say he has a problem with an 'overactive penis.' Naturally, one of the first things we have to do is get a sperm sample. You understand the need for that, don't you?"

Mommy stammered, "W-w-well, y-y-yes. But... right here?! In the waiting room? In front of me?!"

"Sorry, it can't be helped." Bethany started stroking her fingers up and down my shaft. Her two very feminine hands were in constant motion, it seemed.

"B-b-b-but..." Mommy stammered some more.

"Just relax. Ms. Pepper," Bethany said, turning to my mother as she continued to stroke my cock, "I know this may be a tad alarming and unusual, but I assure you the doctor knows what she's doing. We've handled plenty of cases like Brian's."

I looked at my mother as she nervously looked around the room until her eyes locked on the receptionist Rebecca. Her alarm and embarrassment grew, because although Rebecca had some papers in front of her, she was ignoring them and staring wantonly at my boner getting jacked off. Even when the woman made eye contact with Mommy, she wasn't deterred in the slightest.

Mommy looked away, and wound up staring at Bethany's two-handed handjob action instead. Her entire body squirmed nervously in her seat. Her face was getting redder and redder and it looked like she was gasping for air, which set her tits heaving. She had to pin both arms under her huge rack to stop her twin boulders from swaying around too much.

Bethany looked to Mommy as she stroked my throbbing thick meat, and said, "Ms. Pepper, I can tell this is making

you feel uncomfortable, but really, there's nothing to be bothered about. Your son masturbates many times a day, doesn't he?"

"He does," Mommy reluctantly admitted.

"And from the notes I just read on this case, you've accidentally walked in on him playing with himself many, many times. And you always stay and secretly watch. So seeing this sort of thing isn't unusual for you."

Mommy was aghast, her mouth agape.

But Bethany continued on, seemingly oblivious. "In fact, it's pretty clear your peeking sessions aren't really 'accidental,' are they, since they happen so often."

Mommy looked like she was going to pass out from too much shame and embarrassment. "Nurse! Please! That's private information! He wasn't supposed to know that!" Somehow, her face turned even redder, with the blush spreading down her neck.

Bethany said, "Oh, sorry," even though she didn't seem that sorry. "I guess that's why I'm only a nurse. But don't worry, since this bothers you, I'll try to make it fast."

"Thank you!" Mommy continued to blatantly stare at my stiff cock. It seemed she'd given up on trying to look anywhere else. She seemed increasingly uncomfortable though, judging by the way she was squirming in her seat. Her business jacket had opened up, giving me an even better look at her enormous knockers.

Without looking up at my face, she remembered to tell me, "Son, I swear, I haven't peeked on you that much. And every time was an accident! Really!"

Bethany smirked. "Sure." She started to ask, "Then how is it you-"

Mommy urgently and loudly interrupted, "Nurse! Please! Can't you stop talking about that already?!" She even looked up pleadingly at Bethany's face.

"Sorry," Bethany relented. "Although I don't think you did anything wrong. Your son's penis is simply extraordinary! So thick AND long! And it feels soooo good!"

Mommy barked, "Nurse!"

Bethany seemed slightly annoyed, but she relented again. "Sorry. I'll be quiet."

Mommy seemed to breathe a big sigh of relief. All of her attention returned to Bethany's hands slipping and sliding up and down my throbbing hard-on.

Several minutes passed. Bethany really was a cock stroking pro. I would have cum in just a minute or two, except that I'd built up considerable stamina due to my long daily masturbation sessions, plus she knew when to ease up just enough to keep me on the edge.

I was so overwhelmed and aroused by Bethany's handjob that it took a few minutes for me to come down from an insane high enough to even think about Mommy peeking in on me. *Holy crap! Mommy's been spying on me?! I usually just lie in bed without any covers on, and my eyes closed. She's been able to see everything!*

Oh my God! Does that mean she's sexually aroused by ME?! That can't be! That would be like the homecoming queen falling in love with the ugliest boy in school. Mommy is a goddess!

I soon put that whole issue out of my head, because the possibilities were too astounding and dizzying to even contemplate. Besides, Bethany's talented hands were taking all my attention already. I generally kept my eyes closed, because looking at her or Mommy would have been too much sexy stimulation at once.

More time passed. It occurred to me that Bethany had said she was going to make this quick, but it was more like the opposite. In fact, at one point I was sure I was going to cum, but she squeezed the base of my shaft with surprising force and seemingly stopped my ejaculation before it could really begin. I was in heaven!

From time to time, she used one hand to play with my balls. It wasn't something I regularly did in my masturbation sessions, but it felt incredible when she did it.

As Bethany continued to jack me off, she whispered things like: "That's a good boy. Such a big, BIG boy too! God, what a magnificent member!" and "Open your eyes and look at my big breasts, Brian! Don't they make you want to ejaculate?"

She was especially persistent in getting me to look at her. Eventually, I found I could stare wantonly without needing to cum, and she didn't seem to mind the gawking at all. Her big tits were in constant bouncy motion, thanks

to all the movement in her arms.

She continued to coo at me, "Brian, you love big tits, don't you? Even more than most guys your age, I can tell, and that's a lot!" She giggled. "Would it help you cum faster if I take my top off? And my bra off too?"

That suggestion seemed to upset Mommy. She protested to her, "Do you have to talk to him like that?!"

Bethany glanced her way, seemingly a bit miffed. "I'm trying to make this go as fast as possible, thanks to you being uncomfortable about it. See how I'm stroking him with both hands? I'm playing with his balls and using every trick in the book short of using my mouth, and he still isn't cumming! Do you have any suggestions on how I can jack him off better?"

Mommy bit her lip. "Um... no."

Bethany continued to adoringly slide her fingers all over my hot and needy pole. "His stamina is damn impressive, I must say. When you spy on him jacking off every day, does he always take this long to cum?"

Mommy was so transfixed that her answers were slow. "Uhhh... yes. As a matter of fact. But with you doing it with your two talented hands, it should go a lot faster." Then she did a double take as she realized something. "Not that I watch him every day! Oh my God! Son! You didn't hear that!"

She stared into my eyes with a horrified expression. Her face was cherry red and her massive tits were heaving even more than before. She was constantly squirming in her chair too.

It finally dawned on me that the smell of sex was heavy in the air! And it wasn't all or mainly from me. It was a distinctly feminine smell, like wet pussy. But who was it coming from, Mommy or Bethany? Or both?! (I have no idea if Rebecca was still watching, since I had forgotten all about her for a while, mostly due to having Bethany between my legs.)

Bethany responded, "I stand corrected. 'Most every day' is what it said in the notes, as I recall. But in any case, my point is, I'm trying some 'pillow talk' to speed things up. Isn't that what you want?"

Mommy sighed. "I suppose. It's just that it's so..." Her voice trailed off.

"What?" Bethany asked, even as she leaned in and lightly blew on my cockhead.

"Never mind!" Mommy was writhing in her chair even more than before. "Just make this go fast, please!" She'd switched to holding her huge tits from below instead of just using her arms to press up against them. But as time went on, it looked more and more like she was caressing them.

Bethany looked back to my cum-soaked cock, and her fingers sliding on them. "Well, I could use my mouth. But some might see that as unprofessional. It's so against the rules, my personal rules... And other patients could walk in or out at any time... But... maybe..." There was a powerful look of longing in her eyes.

She glanced at Mommy. "Is that what you want me to do, to use my mouth on him, to speed this up?"

I had been trying to cope with the "most every day" spying revelation. But that thrilling thought flew out of my mind, thanks to Bethany's latest suggestion! I waited on pins and needles to see what would happen next.

Mommy looked like her blushing face simply froze, with her jaw hanging open. Her eyes were the size of saucers. Only her hands were still moving, and they were wandering all over her acres of tit. Her dark blue jacket was sliding down her upper arms.

Bethany looked up at my face with a sultry smile. "Is that what you want, Brian? For me to suck on your erection?! It would be kind of breaking the rules, I must admit. I've never done it for any patient before. Really! But I always liked you and thought you were a real cutie. I wish I could! Your cock is so thick and so long! I'd love to wrap my lips around it! God, how I wish I could wrap my lips around it!" She licked her tongue all the way around her sexy red lips.

Unfortunately, that kind of talk was making her continued stroking far too effective. In a matter of moments, it became amply clear to me that I was on the verge. I frantically squeezed my PC muscle, but I knew that could only be a delaying action, at best.

Bethany pulled out a contraption from her pocket, a large vial of sorts, which she attached to the top of my throbbing boner. It was obviously meant to capture my ejaculate. Then she asked Mommy, "Excuse me, Ms. Pepper, but could you please take your jacket all the way off?"

"Sure, I suppose." Mommy pulled it the rest of the way off her arms and put it on the seat next to her. "But why?"

Bethany gave her a playful wink. "You'll see in a second." Then she whispered something shocking to me: "It's

okay, you cutie. Your mom is such a total knockout! Like a seriously stacked porn star! To help you cum faster, like your mother wants, you should look at her enormous breasts now!"

So I did. Actually, I'd been looking at them, and the rest of her, off and on, but being told to do it made it even more overt, especially since we all knew I was seconds away from cumming.

My mother gasped, as she realized I was going to cum while staring at her titty bounty. Her hands were still clutching at her melons, but she seemed to arch her back and thrust them out, even as her face turned still redder.

I screamed, "I'm sorry, Mommy!" I came hard, filling the vial.

In fact, it began to overflow, so Bethany removed it and clamped her mouth down over my spurting cock!

I couldn't believe what was happening: one of the hottest, most stacked girls in town was suckling the cum from my cock while I alternately stared at her sliding lips and my mother's massive chest!

Mommy certainly couldn't fail to notice when Bethany stretched her lips around my thick pole. She screamed, "Oh my LORD! Dear God!" Then her entire body began trembling. She kneaded her tits through her light blue blouse even more aggressively than before. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and her head tilted way back for good measure.

I didn't know much about women's bodies, since I'd been too shy to ever go on a date, but it was hard not to conclude that Mommy was cumming, hard, while watching Bethany suck me off!

At first, I was so overwhelmed by my orgasm that I wasn't paying much attention to what Bethany's mouth was doing to me. All I knew was that it felt really, really great. Even though I'd finished cumming already, Bethany slid her lips back and forth relentlessly, like she was trying to coax every last drop of cum out of my balls.

But then a minute passed, and then another.

I felt shivers all over as it occurred to me, *Holy Toledo! I'm not going flaccid, and she isn't stopping in her sucking! Her motherfucking incredible cocksucking! This has become an honest-to-God blowjob!*

After another fantastic minute or two went by, Mommy stopped her trembling, though her hands couldn't seem to stop blatantly caressing and fondling her gigantic globes. From time to time, she glanced to the receptionist Rebecca, as if hoping she would do something to stop this.

But Rebecca only stared at Bethany's sliding lips with intense interest. Even from across the room, I could see her huge tits were heaving up and down with arousal, just like my mother's!

Eventually, Mommy quietly asked, "Why aren't you stopping, nurse?! What you're doing is so... lewd! Unprofessional! And unnecessary. Surely his orgasm is long over by now!"

But Bethany couldn't answer, because her mouth was full - of my cock! Furthermore, her eyes were shut and she had a blissful look on her face, so it wasn't clear if she'd even heard the questioning. At first, she'd been sucking frantically, her head bobbing almost into a blur, but as time passed and it became clear that my cock was staying stiff, she had slowed down, as if settling in for the long haul.

This allowed me to pay more attention to what she was doing, and better savor the experience. I had nothing to compare Bethany's oral skills to, except my own masturbation. As good as that felt, this was a thousand times better! She was using both hands on my lower shaft and balls, while doing simply incredible things with her lips and tongue.

As if that wasn't arousing enough, it was almost too much for me to look at Mommy. Still, I couldn't resist taking a peek her way from time to time. It seemed she was nearly as affected by the oral action as I was! Not only was she blatantly staring and just as blatantly fondling her huge tits through her blouse, but one of her hands had migrated down between her legs. I couldn't see what that hand was doing, but the arm attached to it was rhythmically moving. Furthermore, there was sweat trickling down her forehead, and she was constantly licking her lips!

After a couple more minutes passed, it occurred to me, *Mommy stopped complaining because she's ON FIRE! She's totally horny! Staring at me getting my first blowjob from one of the hottest girls I've ever known!*

I glanced at my mother's gorgeous face and saw her repeatedly licking her lips. *She's doing that because she's thinking of sucking me! She wants to take Bethany's place! It can't be! That thought is too fucking hot to handle, but just look at her! It has to be true!*

I don't know how long I was in seventh heaven like that. It seemed like ages, but it probably was only a few more minutes. I have no idea how I managed to avoid cumming through that time, except that Bethany seemed to have a

knack for keeping me on the edge of cumming, but only teetering there on the edge.

Unfortunately, the incredible joy came to an end when I heard someone clear her throat from high above. It was the receptionist Rebecca, who had entered the room and was standing a couple of feet behind and to the side of Mommy.

That throat clearing caused Mommy to freeze again, like she'd been struck by a freeze ray. Then she ever so slowly turned her head to the sound of the voice, with a look of horror on her blushing face.

I hadn't been able to see much of the receptionist through the window between rooms. But now that she was standing up, she was a vision of voluptuous, blonde beauty. Her tits were possibly even larger than Bethany's, though they still couldn't hold a candle to my mother's. However, the rest of her body was equally amazing, with a narrow waist and wide hips.

I thought, *Why do both women working here look like porn stars?! Busty porn stars! Holy Toledo!*

Despite the receptionist making her presence known, Bethany didn't stop her sucking for even an instant. In fact, if anything, she started sucking faster and deeper, with her cheeks repeatedly caving in.

Seeing that she'd gotten at least the attention of two of us, the receptionist smiled at me and said, "Sorry for breaking up the fun, but... Ms. Pepper and Brian, the doctor is ready to see you now."

Mommy finally snapped out of her freeze. She muttered, "Oh, thank the Lord!" and started to stand up.

At least, she tried to. It turned out that her legs were so wobbly that she nearly fell right back in her seat.

Luckily, Rebecca was right there and used both hands to clutch at her arms and keep her standing. She said, "Easy there! Steady now. That's it..."

Somehow, her huge breasts ended up pressing into Mommy's even larger ones. The two of them wound up in a friendly hug.

I felt a rush of arousal as I realized how much stronger the feminine sex smell got once Mommy stood up. *Most of the smell is coming from her! Whoa! That's further proof that she has to be extremely hot and bothered! And I get to watch that hug while the sexiest girl in school sucks my dick!*

Another minute passed, while Rebecca quietly whispered into Mommy's ear. Then the blonde receptionist turned slightly and smirked down at Bethany. "Okay, girl, Enough of that. I know it looks delicious... You must be in total huge cock heaven! Mmmm.... But you know that's technically against the rules."

Bethany finally stopped sucking my cock and pulled her lips off. She looked up at me with a pouty expression. "Oh, shoot! I was getting so close!" Drool and cum was dribbling down her chin.

Mommy had recovered enough to stand on her own, yet Rebecca still had her hands on her shoulders, and their fantastic racks continued to lightly press together, and even seemingly rub together! She was staring down at Bethany in disbelief. It probably didn't help that Bethany was still stroking my raging boner with both hands.

The hourglass-shaped blonde receptionist said, "Ms. Pepper, don't mind Bethany. That may have seemed unprofessional to you, but in fact she was going the extra mile. One sperm sample is good, but two samples are better. We can perform more tests that way."

Bethany wiped the pre-cum from her chin, and looked up at me. "Yeah. Very well done, young man." She kept on jacking me off!

Rebecca added, "And Brian, you have no idea what a rare honor you just experienced. You must be a very special boy with a VERY special penis. Since Bethany started working here, I don't recall her EVER using more than her hands on any of the patients!"

Bethany smiled at me. "That's true. I've NEVER done that to anybody here, but then again, we never had a patient overflow the sample cup before. I can see that you're a special case. With a VERY special penis!"

She still had both of her hands on it, and she still hadn't ever really stopped stroking it. She leaned down and gave the fat cockhead a few kisses.

Rebecca laughed and walked a step or two over to Bethany, which meant her tit rubbing with Mommy finally came to an end. She leaned down and tugged on Bethany's uniform to pull her up. "Come on, girl. If you start in on that, you'll soon have your lips stretched widely around it again and you'll NEVER stop."

She gave Mommy a friendly nudge. "You don't want to be bored watching her give your son another prolonged blowjob, do you? I'm sure you must be bored, watching all that slurpy, impassioned sucking and stroking."

Mommy seemed to drift out of her daze in order to answer. She was still transfixed from watching Bethany's fingers slipping and sliding all over my hot and pulsing shaft. "What's that? Uh... right."

Bethany finally disengaged all the way from me and stood up. She staggered back and seemed wobbly on her feet, as if she was tipsy from too much lust.

The sexy receptionist looked at my boner, still fully exposed and soaked with pre-cum and saliva. She shook her head. "Bethany! You can't leave him like that!"

Rebecca dropped to her knees before me. Then she fiddled around for my underwear and shorts, and carefully pulled them back over my feet and onto my legs.

As she did so, she looked into my eyes with her bright blue eyes, "In case you forgot, my name is Rebecca. Nice to meet you."

I was in a lusty daze. It was beyond bizarre to meet someone in this circumstance. But I rallied and said, "Uh, er, hi! I remember. Nice to meet you!"

She chuckled knowingly, as she pulled my underwear and shorts well up my thighs. "I'm sure. Bethany, can you get us some wipes? We've got a messy situation here."

Bethany quickly turned and walked away.

To my total shock, Rebecca took my boner in hand, both hands, and started stroking it. With a twinkle in her eye, she said, "Now, as for you, young man, do you think you'll be okay in this condition with the doctor? Is there any chance your penis can go flaccid?"

I stared in disbelief. "Seriously?! Flaccid?! NO WAY!"

Rebecca laughed heartily, causing her huge tits to sway up and down inside her tight top.

I glanced over at Mommy. She seemed jealous and frustrated. Her hands were at her sides, but clenched into fists. Her face was still beet red. She also appeared more than a little horny, judging from the way she was still licking her lips, staring at Rebecca's hands sliding up and down my shaft, and how her immense orbs were heaving inside her blouse.

Bethany came back and handed Rebecca one of the "wipes," which looked more like a small, thin, silky towel.

Bethany remained bent over just behind the receptionist, giving me a great view of her tanned globes hanging down towards me. Her white nurse uniform had a front zipper on it, and it had somehow unzipped down to the very edges of her nipples.

Rebecca began cleaning my cock of all its wetness. It felt just like how she'd been jacking it off, but the silky smoothness of the towel more than doubled my pleasure. Only one hand held the towel, while she generally rubbed my most sensitive spot with her bare fingers!

As she did that, she told me with a sly smile, "No, I don't suppose it would be reasonable to expect you to go flaccid, with all this stimulation!" She chuckled. "Just look at your mother. So sexy!"

I glanced to Mommy.

Her face seemed permanently red as a tomato, due to a combination of lust and embarrassment, but she shyly looked away for good measure.

Rebecca added, "But at the least, we can clean you up. And please do your best to pay full attention to the doctor and her words of wisdom, no matter how aroused you are. Okay?"

"Okay," I muttered. I was so astounded, alternately staring at Bethany bending over enticingly and Rebecca effectively jacking me off, that I felt downright dizzy.

A couple of minutes silently passed. It soon became clear that Rebecca had gotten my boner as clean as it was going to get, but she didn't stop or even slow down. In fact, she kept on wiping my stiff cock clean for another minute or two, until Bethany loudly coughed.

Even that wasn't enough to get Rebecca to stop, but Bethany pointedly asked her, "Isn't the doctor waiting?"

"Oh, that's right." Rebecca finally pulled away and stood up next to Bethany, causing Bethany to stand all the way too. The bombshell receptionist muttered to me, "I'll leave it to you to do the rest."

Mommy sighed heavily. "Finally! Well, let's go, Brian."

I got up and pulled my shorts up the rest of the way. The bulge in my shorts looked absolutely outrageous.

Mommy, Bethany, and Rebecca were all staring at it with what looked to be ravenous hunger in their eyes! I'd never felt so sexually desired, and it was strange for someone as shy and unassuming as me.

I stood in front of Rebecca, and said, "Thanks for the, uh, cleaning help."

Her eyes lit up with delight. "Thank you! My oh my, what a polite young man. It really was my pleasure. And I do mean that!" She giggled, causing her rack to tremble and wobble.

Then she stepped forward and gave me a very affectionate hug. I could feel her huge mounds pressing tightly against my chest. She also brought a hand back to my bulge and gave it a very blatant squeeze or two!

Unfortunately, she pulled away after just a few seconds.

I looked to Bethany. "And thank you. It's such a treat to see you again. Thanks especially for the... uh... you know."

Her eyes flashed with mischief. She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around me, allowing me to enjoy another enormous pair of tits pressing against me. She whispered in my ear, "For the... oral assistance?"

I blushed slightly. "Yeah!"

"Like Rebecca said, it's MY pleasure! I sure hope you become a regular in here. If you do, I hope we can continue where we left off!" She boldly stuck a hand into my shorts, grasped my boner, and resumed stroking it!

Mommy saw that and loudly gasped. She protested, "Nurse!"

Bethany responded, "You're right. I'm sorry. I'm not acting very professional. Please forgive me?"

My mother was a softie at heart. She muttered, "It's fine."

However, Bethany kept right on with her renewed handjob. As her hand made a lewd display through my shorts, she sighed in what sounded like ecstasy. "Gaaaawwwwd! This erection... it just feels so... perfect! It's like my hand NEEDS to stroke it! Like I can't stop! And that's coming from me, someone who regularly gives many handjobs every work day. You think I'd get tired of this, but no! It's like I've found the ultimate cock to hold and stroke, making all the others seem blah and boring in comparison!"

She looked apologetically to Mommy. "Oh, shoot. I'm sorry. There I go, babbling and rambling. It's just that I'm so excited!"

Mommy gave her a chagrined look, complete with hands on her hips. "And it seems a lot like you're stalling for time too." She glared at Bethany's hands in my shorts.

Bethany said even more apologetically, "Guilty as charged!" But she still didn't stop her highly arousing handjob action!

Instead, she whispered into my ear, but loudly enough for the others to hear, "I know you may find this hard to believe, but I meant it when I said I have NEVER sucked off a patient. It's my firm rule. Yes, taking sperm samples is a key part of my job, but hands only. It's true that I loooove to suck cock, but I only use my mouth on my boyfriends. But your cock is just so thick and so long and so... perfect! And you had so much overflowing cum... I couldn't resist! I guess that kind of makes you my boyfriend now, in a way." She began sensually licking my ear, even as she kept on stroking my cock.

I was struck speechless.

She whispered some more, as she licked my ear still more, "I hope I'll get to see more of you later. All of you. Sometimes, the doctor needs special assistance. I really want to finish that blowjob, so you can cum on my face or down my throat!"

She added with a burst of shyness, "That is, if you don't mind?"

I was still in a daze, tripping out on incredible arousal. But after a long pause, I managed to mutter, "Uh, no! Not at all!"

"Oh, goody!" She looked back to Mommy, who seemed on the verge of having a conniption fit. "Sorry, again. Are you offended that I said I long for him to cum on my face or down my throat? Again, I realize I'm being totally unprofessional... Look! I still can't take my hand off his thick dick! But it's like I can't help myself. There's something about your son. So sexual! So mesmerizing! And of course, his size. Just look at the size of that bulge, especially with my hand in there. Can you please forgive me? Again?"

Mommy rolled her eyes. "Fine. I can... understand... your... urges." She winced. "I know exactly how you feel... about how you can't... you can't take your hands... If... if I... if I were... I wouldn't... I can't!" She licked her lips

hungrily as she continued to ogle Bethany's hand moving inside my shorts.

She finished by shamefully muttering, "So uh... Well, now I'm the one who's rambling. Ugh! Let's just go, already! Please!"

Bethany suddenly pulled away from me, including taking her hand out of my shorts. She seemed to regain her professional demeanor, and told us, "Come, you two, let's take you inside."

I was floating on air as I watched my mom and her gigantic tits jiggle toward the office.

Chapter 2

Bethany led us into Dr. Morgan's office, where we sat down side by side on a couch, since we'd been guided right to it. I noticed Mommy had calmed down a lot, but she was still frazzled, blushing, breathing heavily, and even trembling slightly. It was like she was recovering from running a long race.

Surprisingly, Bethany stayed with us, and even sat down on the couch right next to me. I noticed the powerful sexual smell followed us. *Mommy's panties must be totally soaked! And I can see why she's constantly blushing, because she knows I must have noticed, yet she can't do anything to fix the problem.*

Despite the pungent smell, I was able to get a relative breather, because the doctor was talking on the phone with a patient.

It wasn't much of a breather though, because my breath was taken away by how very stunning the doctor was. She looked to be slightly older than my mother, and she was wearing a doctor's coat, but that didn't hide her outrageous curves much.

I thought, *Holy Toledo! That's THREE total bombshells working in this place! What IS this place?! It's incredible! Why would they all work here when they could make lots of money from just standing around and looking beautiful?!*

Dr. Morgan had been facing away, but she turned around to face us and give up a patient smile while she continued to listen to a patient talking. She'd been leaning against her desk, and continued to do so.

I was flabbergasted again as I got a good direct view of her chest. Not only were her breasts very large, but her doctor's coat was wide open in front, and her white blouse showed off a surprising amount of deep cleavage.

I was just as staggered by her face and hair. At first glance, I was struck by how much she looked like Debra Messing from the neck up, the female lead in the TV show "Will and Grace." She had a very similar face, and her hair gently curled and flowed in the same way, with the same length, going nearly halfway down her back. Very penetrating and sultry blue-green eyes. But there was one key difference: her hair was platinum blonde instead of reddish brown. In fact, it almost looked silver, even though that clearly wasn't due to age.

With that hair alone, she was a real head turner. But then you add her face, bust, and overall body... whoa! Again, I thought, *Seriously, what is she doing as a doctor?! She could be a famous actress, even if she can't act a lick! This is seriously intimidating, having to talk to a raving beauty like her.*

Then I started listening to her phone call, and I was thrown for a loop yet again. "Mrs. Rockwell, please calm down. Just because you've masturbated your son to climax three times doesn't mean he won't get another erection. Try sucking it some more for a while. You know how much he loves that. And for God's sake, let him play with your big breasts. You know how much he loves those. My directions were very clear. Follow them and Billy's penis will eventually soften. But really, it's a MUST that you use your mouth on him more often. Otherwise, you'll spend half the day stroking him."

She gave us an apologetic look while the mother she was on the phone with talked some.

I looked to Mommy. Her eyes were bugged out and her jaw was nearly on the floor from what she was overhearing. She had both arms crossed over her chest, but that didn't stop the renewed heaving due to her increasingly heavy breathing.

It occurred to me that her dark blue jacket was nowhere in sight, which meant it had been left in the waiting room. I decided not to mention it, since I loved watching the way her huge globes stretched her light blue blouse nearly to the bursting point.

Despite all the distractions, I tried hard to focus on the phone call. The doctor was saying, "Don't feel guilty that you love sucking him off so very much. That's only natural. But it's a moot point. What you're doing is a medical treatment, just like if you were massaging a sore muscle after an injury. In fact, that's exactly what you're doing, except that you're naked and 'massaging' his love muscle with your lips, tongue, and fingers. Please DO enjoy it, and don't feel ashamed! That'll help with your stamina."

I lost track of the conversation for a minute when I glanced over at Mommy. She was shocked. It was as if she'd just seen a ghost. No, a ghost shaking hands with a space alien. It almost looked like she'd lost her mind! Her mouth was hanging wide open, and her eyes were bugging out almost comically.

Then, the doctor said into the phone, "Okay, then, call me if there are any additional problems. But remember, there is no ultimate 'cure.' This is your life now, taking care of him and tending to his stiff erections." Then after a short pause, "No, thank you. We'll see you and your son in two weeks for your next appointment. Good-bye."

She put the phone down and gave each of us a tolerant smile, as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "I'm sorry about that. Bethany, who do we have here?"

Bethany put her hand on my head. "This is Brian Pepper and his mother Mary."

Dr. Morgan smiled again, and stood all the way up. "Of course. Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Pepper." She held a hand out for a handshake.

"Um... " My mother was clearly highly flustered from hearing the doctor's phone call. But she managed to stand up and shake hands. "Nice to meet you as well. It's actually Ms. Pepper - I'm not married."

"Oh, that's right," said the doctor. "And Brian, you went to school with my daughter, didn't you?"

My flustered mother tried to cut in, "Um, doctor... About that phone call... I really must object..."

The doctor waved a dismissive hand. "Just a minute. I'm asking Brian a question here."

I asked her, "Your daughter?"

"Yes. Bethany, my daughter. She's come to work in my office now that she's graduated."

Bethany stood up too, and smiled down at me. She even did a bit of a courtesy.

Oh wow! That explains why they're both so stacked and sexy. Like mother, like daughter.

I stared up at Bethany, past the shelf of her large breasts and at her radiant face. Whoa! At first glance, they don't look related. That must be because of the doctor's platinum blonde hair compared to Bethany's blonde hair. But on closer inspection, their faces are very similar. So sultry, with extra sexy eyes! And from the neck on down... WOW! So busty and just all around curvy and fit! If I wasn't used to being with Mommy so much, I'd go to pieces trying to talk to these total goddesses!

I muttered to Dr. Morgan, "I, um, didn't know she was your daughter."

Bethany giggled. "Well, I am! Mom, Brian has had his penis ejaculated once already today." Then, after a pause, she reluctantly continued, "I hope you're not too upset, but.. I helped him with my hands at first, until he climaxed. But he came so much that I ended up using my mouth to avoid a mess after he completely filled up the sample." She took the sample out of a pocket and handed it to the doctor.

Dr. Morgan raised a curious eyebrow. "I see. You know that's against your rules, and my rules too."

Bethany sheepishly continued, "I know. I'm sorry. But you kind of had to have been there. His penis was so very enormous and stiff, and he completely filled the sample cup, and the flood of cum kept coming! What else was I supposed to do?!"

The doctor folded her arms under her large breasts, causing them to thrust forward. "Then...?"

"Then... he didn't go soft! So I kept on sucking and sucking, and slurping and stroking, hoping to get a second sample out of him. Probably for another ten minutes, or longer! I didn't plan on it, but once I got started, it was like I couldn't stop! His penis is just the perfect size for sucking. I could bob on it for hours and hours! It tastes delicious too, and so does his cum. But we got called in here before I could finish. His stamina is incredible! Especially for his age!" She gave me a sultry, hungry look.

I glanced at Mommy and noticed she was getting even more worked up. She kept on gulping and licking her lips while staring at the bulge still prominently tenting my shorts.

Dr. Morgan seemed even more intrigued by her daughter's words. "Hrm. I've never known you to use your mouth like that or get so excited. He really must be a special case."

Bethany looked away sheepishly and flopped her hands up and down helplessly. "Oh, he is! I'm so sorry, but... his penis is just so large, and thick, and... suckable! It's like I couldn't NOT suck it! Literally! It's totally addictive!"

Dr. Morgan smiled knowingly. "I'm sure." Then she glanced at the bulge in my shorts, and smirked. "Yes, I'm very sure."

Bethany glanced at Mommy. "I'm so, so, so very sorry! I keep screwing up! Can you possibly forgive me?!"

Mommy was transfixed by the lump in my shorts. After an awkwardly long pause, she rallied to respond, "Um... yeah. It's okay."

Bethany breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank you! I must admit, even now, I have this craving to get back down on my knees between his legs and just... GAAWWWD! Just... suck it! So much! But I'll behave. I promise."

Those words seemed to affect my mother even more. It looked like there was a wild fire in her eyes.

The doctor looked back to her daughter. "Technically, I supposed there's no hard and fast rule about not doing that. But you do realize that now that you've done it to him once, he's going to expect to enjoy your sweet lips in all his follow-up appointments."

Bethany gazed longingly at my bulge, and ostentatiously licked her lips. "Yes, I'm aware. And believe me, I don't mind! Just the opposite!"

She gave me an even more sultry stare. "Brian, does that sound okay with you?! Next time you're here, if I could take the sperm sample with my mouth, straight from the start? I promise you, I'll make it worth your while!"

I was blown away that she was acting like I'd be doing HER a big favor to allow that. All I could manage was an approving grunt.

The doctor nodded in amusement, still smirking. "Thank you, sweetheart. You can go now."

"Sure thing, Mom. Great seeing you again, Brian!" She smiled and shook her huge rack at me. "And good luck with everything. I can't wait until I get to see you again! We have some unfinished business!" She licked all the way around her lips.

I noticed my blushing mother frown and clench her hands into fists.

Once Bethany had left, Dr. Morgan opened a folder and said, "Okay, let's begin."

The busty doctor leaned back against the desk behind her, rather than go around the desk to sit in her seat. "Now, the first thing I need to address is that phone call you overheard."

It seemed my mother had forgotten about that. But that reminder caused her to react with renewed resolve. "Oh, yes! That. Doctor, I really must object!"

The doctor waved a dismissive hand. "Don't worry. I know what you're going to say. I'm sorry. That shouldn't have happened. But Brian, I'm afraid the joy of bobbing on your exceedingly large penis has frazzled Bethany and made her forget the privacy rules. Still, what's done is done, so I need to explain what you've heard."

Mommy and I were on the edge of our seats.

My mother complained, "I can't believe what I heard! It sounds to me like you were recommending... well... incest! As some sort of treatment!"

The doctor responded in a calm and patient manner, "I'm all about getting results, not making moral judgments. I don't have any particular rule against incest."

Mommy gasped, loudly.

"I specialize in nymphomania and satyriasis. Brian, I've talked to your mother about this already, and I imagine you know what a 'nympho' is, but do you know the word 'satyriasis?'"

I shook my head, because I didn't.

"It's the male version of being a nympho, basically. A man who has so much sexual energy that it potentially interferes with the rest of his life and becomes a problem. From what your mother has told me on the phone, you're a classic satyr, though you may not realize it."

I looked to my mother in surprise.

She sadly nodded back at me.

The doctor went on, "Now, the question is what to do about this. For better or worse, the amount of sexual energy each person has is more or less fixed. There's no magical pill that can make the problem entirely disappear. So my treatment is more about finding ways to deal with the problem, and maybe bring your lust down to more reasonable levels. I'm all for whatever works. An ideal solution would be for every satyr like yourself to find a nympho girlfriend, but that doesn't always work out, for whatever reason. For instance, the boy may be painfully shy, especially when it comes to dating girls."

I blurted out, half in alarm but half in excitement, "But I'm painfully shy! Especially with girls!"

The sultry doctor just nodded. "So I've gathered already, from what your mother has told me in our phone calls."

We'll deal with your case in a bit. As for the case you heard on the phone, the son has a rather extreme condition. He needs to cum five or six times a day, every single day. And if he doesn't, the 'blue balls' pain he feels becomes almost unbearable. To make matters worse, he's never had a girlfriend, AND he broke both of his wrists!"

I thought, *That sounds exactly like me, minus the broken wrists part. Exactly!*

She added, "I looked for other options, but in the short term at least, there was nothing to be done except for his mother to help him cum with her hands and mouth."

Mommy was so shocked that she stood up. "But... that's incest! INCEST!"

Dr. Morgan nodded. "Indeed. But what else could be done? Luckily, the mother is unmarried, and remarkably attractive and... endowed." She briefly looked down to her own stacked chest to make her meaning clear. "Plus, she loves her son dearly, and decided she was willing to make a sacrifice to save him from extreme suffering. I can tell that you love your son dearly. If he was suffering from painful blue balls to the point that he was writhing in agony, wouldn't you do anything in your power to help him?"

That hit Mommy like a sucker punch, and it showed in her face. She sat back down on the couch, almost because her legs became too unsteady for her to stay standing. No doubt she realized, just as I did, that the situation she had described was exactly the same as her and my situation, minus the broken wrists.

Mommy dodged the question. Instead, she said, "I can't believe it! Isn't that illegal?!"

"Technically, yes, but there hasn't been a single case prosecuted in this state in over twenty years. Only vaginal intercourse is illegal, and proving penetration takes place is next to impossible. But anyway, before you're so quick to judge, you still haven't answered my question: what if YOUR son broke both of his wrists, and it turned out the only options were him writhing in agony from the need to cum, day after day, or helping him with your hands and mouth? What would YOU do?!"

Mommy stared at me with her jaw hanging open again. "I... I... I don't know! Please don't make me answer that!"

Dr. Morgan pressed, "I think you do know. In fact, I believe it would be a no-brainer, wouldn't it? Would you really let him suffer?"

Mommy slumped down the couch slightly in defeat. "No. I guess not." Her chest was still heaving with arousal. In fact, her huge tits started wobbling in her light blue blouse even more as she pondered that scenario.

Dr. Morgan stared intently at my mother. "So, because you love him so much, you would be willing to strip all your clothes off, crawl between his legs, take his huge erection in hand, and slide your lips around his remarkable girth. Then you'd steadily bob on him, delighting him with your tongue and your suction, and so much more, because you love him so very dearly. Wouldn't you?"

My mother stared into space, panting heavily. She seemed lost in another world.

The doctor prodded, "Wouldn't you?"

Mommy snapped back to attention and buried her face in her hands. "I would! God help me, but I would!"

Dr. Morgan spoke encouragingly. "Good! Good! There's nothing wrong with that. Nothing! Sometimes people are forced into very difficult circumstances. But it's my belief that love conquers all. So please don't harshly judge that mother you heard on the phone, even though she's probably slurping on her son's member as we speak."

Mommy lifted her head up and looked at the doctor imploringly. "But that's just... It's so... so... GOD!"

"I know. It's a lot to take in. As I said, we deal with very special cases here. Just think: she doesn't merely suck him off once a day, she has to do it five or six times a day, each and every day. She spends so much of her time on her knees! She hardly bothers to wear clothes at home anymore, due to all the cum flying at her face and chest. Can you imagine the poor thing, having to kneel naked with her son's stiff penis in her mouth, seemingly endlessly bobbing on it? What a trooper!"

Mommy seriously looked like she was going to swoon, or even pass out altogether!

The doctor looked to me. "And what about you? Would you mind if your mother helped you in that way?"

My first reaction would have been to say, "*HELL NO! Not at all! Let's do it right now!*" But I didn't want to appear too eager in front of my mother. So I at least tried to sound reluctant. "Well, I don't know... If that was really the only choice..."

Mommy was shocked. "Son!"

"What?" I stared at her, and especially at her heaving breasts. "What? You just said you'd be willing, so why can't I also be willing?"

That seemed to quiet her, as well as further trouble her.

But the doctor said to me, "Brian, maybe not so fast. Remember that you cum five or six times a day, from what I hear. Just like that boy from the phone call. And Bethany says that you have remarkable stamina. That means a handjob alone probably wouldn't do it. Your mother would probably end up kneeling naked between your legs, bobbing on your thick erection that many times, each and every day. That would be a lot to ask her."

She appeared to frown with concern. "That would be an entirely new lifestyle for you both. Why, she might end up just like that mother on the phone, naked and kneeling, with creamy cum on her face and chest. She would practically have to dedicate a large part of her life to pleasuring your enormous member."

For some reason, Mommy was having an even harder time breathing than before. She clutched at her immense breasts from below, rhythmically squeezing and even caressing them. She stared exclusively at the bulge in my shorts as she kept on licking her lips.

I wanted that to happen more than anything in the world! But I also wanted to be a good and loving son. So I forced myself to say, "Well, if it was that tough for her, it wouldn't be for me to judge. I wouldn't want to push her into that. It would have to be her decision."

"But you wouldn't object," the doctor prodded.

"No, I guess not. In fact..."

Mommy actually squealed in apparent alarm.

"What?!" Dr. Morgan eagerly asked.

"Well, to be honest, I would be honored, and deeply touched, that she cares about me that much, to make that kind of sacrifice. And... and... would it be so bad if we both enjoyed it?"

Mommy gasped and stared at me in disbelief.

The platinum-haired doctor looked to her and grinned slightly. "Well put. And no, there's nothing wrong with enjoying it, nothing at all. Like I said, please don't be so quick to judge. And, speaking of not judging, my methods may be unusual, but as you know, I come highly recommended. So please be patient. I'm the doctor here, and I make the orders. Is that clear?"

Both Mommy and I nodded.

"Good. Now, before we start, speaking of blue balls, Brian, it looks like you're in considerable pain with your erection trapped in your shorts. I don't suppose you're going to go flaccid anytime soon, so I'd like for you to unzip your fly and give your penis some air."

I was disbelieving. "What?! Right here?! Now?! In front of my mother?!"

Mommy complained, "I must object! That's outrageous!" She was still panting and flushed, not to mention blushing.

Dr. Morgan just smiled wider, and seemed to ignore my mother's protest. "Where else? Bethany mentioned a bit about what happened in the lobby, and your mother saw all that. Compared to having a sexy nurse bob on your shaft for several minutes, this is nothing. Besides, I'm going to have to visually examine your penis eventually as part of diagnosing your condition. I'm going to see it all anyway."

I looked to my mother uncertainly.

After a pause, she reluctantly nodded.

I noticed her blouse's top button or two had come undone, maybe due to the way she was holding breasts her while they heaved up and down with arousal. I don't think she realized it, but it looked to me like she was pinching her erect nipples! There was a wild, almost crazy look in her eyes. I realized she was probably aroused far beyond any normal level, maybe close to some sort of breaking point.

The smell of her wet pussy seemed to only grow stronger. It was filling the entire room.

I closed my eyes and shyly unzipped my fly. I reached in and pulled my boner out. It was embarrassing, knowing that the gorgeous Dr. Morgan could see it, and Mommy too, but I must admit it sure felt a lot better that way.

As if I wasn't embarrassed enough already, the doctor said, "My oh my! That's quite a penis! As a doctor, I see plenty, believe me. But that's one of the largest and thickest teenage penises I've ever seen in my life! And it's so

smooth and nicely shaped, with just the right amount of bend. No wonder Bethany is so taken with helping you."

There was a long pause as all three of us stared at my exposed crotch.

Then the doctor asked me, "So, do you feel more comfortable now?"

"I do," I simply replied.

"Good. Try not to think about what Bethany was doing to you before. You know, what she was doing with her hands. Or even what she did with her lips and tongue. We don't want you to get too distracted and overheated. And for Pete's sake, please don't think about your mother doing that sort of thing to you! I know it must be tempting, especially because she's so exceptionally gorgeous and busty. It really would be a sight to see her naked and kneeling, right between your legs. But thinking like that would get you too overheated, for sure. It's okay to stay aroused, but keep calm and pay attention, okay?"

I nodded. Just her words were arousing me far too much.

She looked to Mommy. "Anyway, let's get started trying to solve your problem. Ms. Pepper, can you please summarize the situation for both me and your son? I may have missed something, and he's largely in the dark, I gather. And while you do so, don't feel shy about staring at his stiff erection. It's so extraordinarily large that anyone would be curious, even family members."

Mommy looked to the doctor with determination, as if she wasn't going to get caught dead staring at my boner any longer. "That may be so, but I'd rather not."

"Your choice," the doctor said. "My point is, you're not being judged here. Anyway, please go on."

My mother carefully explained the situation to the doctor and me. Mommy had caught me masturbating dozens of times. Each time, I apologized, but I kept doing it. I just couldn't stop. Being around her, seeing her adorable, giant-breasted body every day, feeling her chest press against mine every time we hugged, kind of made me crazy. My dick was constantly erect, and when I came, I came all over the place. Every single time. It took many orgasms in a row for me to see any decrease in the volume of my semen. Mommy thought my behavior was far from normal, and was looking for a "cure."

By the time Mommy was done talking several minutes later, she was staring at my exposed boner more often than not. It seemed she simply couldn't help herself, no matter how determined she was. That kept her breasts heaving constantly, despite her hands still holding them from below. It was clear she had been very hot and bothered even before she gave her explanation, and she was probably yet more worked up by the time she finished.

"I see," said Dr. Morgan, when Mommy finally ran out of things to say. "Ms. Pepper, now that I've heard about Brian, let me ask you a few questions. First, your age."

"I'm 36, Doctor."

"Goodness! You must have been quite young when you were pregnant with Brian."

"Yes, I was 17."

"And when did you start to develop?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Develop, Ms. Pepper. When did your breasts begin to grow?"

"My breasts?" My mother gestured at her massive chest. She realized how she'd been holding them for many minutes now, and finally let go.

Dr. Morgan said, "Well, obviously, a part of Brian's problem is your figure. And frankly, I have a theory about Brian that I'd like to explore. When did your breasts begin to develop?"

"Well, quite suddenly, actually. I was normal as a young teenager, probably a C-cup by the time I turned 16. But when I became pregnant with Brian, they grew quickly. After my pregnancy, I was a... " - she looked at me for a moment - "... an F-cup."

I gulped.

"And you kept growing, didn't you?"

"Yes. By 18... well, I got to my present size."

"Which is?"

Mommy looked uncomfortable and paused. I noticed she kept shifting in her seat, even though she'd calmed down somewhat from before. "Doctor, really, I don't-"

"Ms. Pepper, please. I'm asking questions that need to be asked. What bra size do you wear now?"

"I wear... I wear an I-cup!"

Oh my god! My dick was throbbing as never before, and I had cum not that long ago. My mommy has always been a giant-busted woman. I knew that. But I-cup?! I've never heard anything as erotic in my life! I didn't even know such a thing existed, at least on normal-sized, thin-waisted women!

"I see," said Dr. Morgan, very calmly. "And yet you're below average in height. To be that endowed, given your height and weight, is... well, frankly, it's truly extraordinary! Not to mention your fit hourglass figure. You must get people joking all the time that half of you is your breasts."

Mommy sighed sadly. "I get that sort of thing practically any time I go out."

The doctor nodded. "Do you know your other measurements?"

"I'm afraid I don't, exactly."

"That's fine. I'll soon need to examine both you and Brian." She glanced at my still very stiff boner, sticking up through my fly like a flagpole.

"Examine?" my mother asked nervously.

"Yes, examine your bodies. You see, Ms. Pepper, I believe that you and Brian both suffer - no, suffer is the wrong word. You have a condition, a genetic one. I suspect that it goes beyond mere nymphomania and satyriasis."

"We do?! Both of us?!"

"Yes, both of you. Can you unbutton your blouse a bit more, so I can get a better look at just how large your breasts are?"

"Um, is that really necessary?" Mommy was blushing even more.

"Yes, it is. I'd say three more buttons."

Mommy gulped. But she undid the buttons. That left her unbuttoned down to her belly button! Her chest had never stopped heaving, and she reluctantly kept her hands at her sides.

It was an incredible, inspiring sight! I could get peeks at the shapes of her erect nipples from time to time, since her chest was still constantly heaving. I was sorely disappointed that her heavy-duty bra prevented me from seeing those nipples directly.

The doctor nodded knowingly and almost grimly. "It's as I thought. Look." She got up from leaning against the desk, and leaned forward over us. With the way her blouse was so low cut, her boobs threatened to fall out of her clothes entirely!

Maintaining that sexy pose, she said, "You and Brian both have extremely exaggerated sexual characteristics. You would agree with me that his penis is exceedingly large, yes?"

My mother looked at my exposed hard-on and gulped. "Yes, yes it is. Very large. Especially for his age."

Without warning, the doctor dropped to her knees between my legs and took my boner in hand!

Mommy practically shrieked. "What... what are you doing?!"

Dr. Morgan gave her an impatient look. "I'm a doctor. I have to examine his penis. Do you have a problem with that?"

"N-n-n-no... But this is all so... improper!"

"Good." The doctor had me lift my ass up a bit, and slid my underwear down my thighs, nearly to my knees. Then one of her hands started fondling my balls while she began jacking me off with her other hand! She muttered, "His testicles are equally large. Extraordinary!"

Mommy's eyes were saucer-sized again. "You're... you're stroking his penis!"

She had a point. The doctor had mentioned visually inspecting my boner, but not this!

The doctor gave her an even more annoyed look. "Of course I am. We've talked on the phone, and remember how we discussed his problem is physically located in his penis. No?"

"Yes, but... you're just... stroking and stroking!"

"Of course I am. Bethany mentioned that he has unusual stamina, and of course I need to test that too. Do you have a problem with that? Or do you want to do my job?"

Mommy blushed still more. "Sorry!" She unthinkingly clutched at the undersides of her great globes again.

I thought, *I can't believe this is happening! Everything is so sexual! Dr. Morgan is such a gorgeous fox, and she's truly jacking me off, trying to get me to cum!*

She was alternately cupping each of my balls with one hand while steadily rubbing my most sensitive spot just below my cockhead. The whole appointment had been a mind-fuck so far. I decided to try not to think and just roll with all the extreme pleasure.

"Anyway, getting back to my theory, Your breasts are gigantic, aren't they, Ms. Pepper? Completely out of proportion with your body. You are a petite woman - I'd guess a 30 waist and a 34 or 35 in the hips. And your breasts are, what? A 34 I?"

"36 I."

"36 I. Wow! Again, so extraordinary. Now, I want you to take your clothes off so we can get precise measurements."

My mother nearly had a heart attack. "Excuse me?!"

"You heard me. This IS a doctor's office. Haven't you ever gotten naked for a doctor before?"

Mommy stared at my crotch. "Yes, but... not while my son is in the room! And while the doctor is giving him a handjob!"

Dr. Morgan glared at her with annoyance. "This is not a 'handjob,' it's a testing of his penile stamina. Are you going to question everything I do?!"

Mommy shrunk slightly. She spoke meekly. "No. Sorry."

"I'm unhappy with your attitude, but that's better. Brian, what do you think? Do you mind if your mother gets naked for us?"

"Ummm..." "I didn't want to seem too eager, even though I was dying for that to happen."

Dr. Morgan smiled with understanding. "It's okay. I know what you're thinking. You'd like to see your mother's huge, swollen breasts, wouldn't you?"

I couldn't hold back any longer. "Yes!"

The doctor let go of my boner and stood up. She complained, "Ms. Pepper, since you're being so reluctant, I guess I'll have to help you."

As my mother sat and watched, aghast, the doctor opened her blouse the rest of the way and then took it all the way off.

Mommy just sat there, letting the doctor undress her, like a doll. A massive-busted sex doll. The doctor undid the last of the buttons on her blouse. That revealed the ridiculously large I-cup bra.

With my mother topless except for her bra, the doctor glanced back at my crotch. "Brian, please masturbate at least a little. I don't want you to go flaccid, or we'll have to start over."

I almost guffawed out loud. *That's crazy talk! Why the hell would I go flaccid right as one of my greatest fantasies is about to come true?!* But I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. I eagerly started sliding a hand up and down my thick shaft. I realized that would make the "big reveal" even more astounding and arousing for me.

Mommy said, "I really must protest that this is all so unorthodox and, and... strange!"

"Your objection is duly noted," the doctor replied blandly. "Relax. I know what I'm doing."

Time seemed to slow to a crawl, because instead of taking off Mommy's bra next, the doctor had her briefly stand up and then helped her out of her dark blue skirt and underthings, until she was left in nothing but her panties from her waist down.

As Mommy sat back down, she had to fight the urge to cover her privates, even as her huge tits kept on heaving and swaying. She griped, "I feel so exposed!"

Dr. Morgan pointed out, "You ARE very exposed. And you'll get more so. Soon, you'll be completely naked in front

of your son!"

Mommy groaned loudly and erotically.

I suspected she'd never felt so aroused in her entire life. I knew that was the case for me!

The doctor reached around Mommy's back to unclasp the bra. She paused, and glanced back at my crotch to confirm that I was masturbating. Even though my eyes were bugging out like a comic book character as I ogled Mommy's chest, she asked, "Brian, are you watching? I'm going to release your mother's breasts now."

"Oh god!" Mommy was blushing fiercely and twisting on the couch. Her entire body was twitching in anticipation.

I thrust my boner into the air. I had to go slower in stroking it, for fear of cumming, and at the worst possible time.

"You're going to see Mommy's bare breasts now, Sweetie!" my mother said in a humiliated yet highly excited voice.

The doctor unhooked the bra and slowly peeled it off, revealing the largest breasts I had ever seen in my life! I'd seen them countless times in some amount of clothing, and I'd had plenty of sneak peeks seeing this or that part that I shouldn't have, but I'd never seen them in all their naked glory. And how glorious it was! Her narrow waist looked like a girl's compared to the massive tits just above. Her nipples were small, pinkish, and crinkled... and very erect. Whenever my mother shifted in her seat or while standing - which she was doing constantly - the breasts would jiggle and sway.

I was overwhelmed. I didn't know if I would start hyperventilating or pass out first. I was so damn horny that I actually refrained from further masturbating, because I was embarrassed to ejaculate immediately after Mommy exposed her bare breasts.

Dr. Morgan stared at Mommy's chest with even more appreciation. "Extraordinary! Truly extraordinary! They say some, but not nearly as much as one would expect. And yet, they're clearly all real!"

She knelt down between Mommy's legs. Then she reached out and lightly grasped those gigantic orbs with both hands from below. She experimentally hefted them up and down.

I yelped and moaned. How I wasn't cumming like a geyser already was a mystery. It helped that I was so overwhelmed that I was forced to close my eyes briefly in order to not totally lose my mind. Plus, I wasn't even touching my cock anymore for fear of losing control.

Not being able to see helped less than expected though, because apparently Dr. Morgan was still hefting Mommy's tits, causing Mommy to continuously moan like she was in the throes of a big orgasm. It sounded so fucking sexy!

Finally, after a minute or two, things seemed to calm down somewhat. I dared to open my eyes, just in time to see the doctor let go and stand back up.

Mommy looked at me and silently whispered, "I'm so sorry!"

The doctor saw that, and asked, "What should you be sorry about? You're here to help your son's problem, which I think is VERY admirable."

I was still in an erotic daze, holding my boner but not stroking it since I was teetering on the edge of a great climax. *I'm staring at Mommy's tits! Her bare tits! And they're amaaaaazing! Damn! She's panting so hard! That means she's super horny! And she can't stop staring at my boner, and my hand wrapped around it! This HAS to be a dream!*

Dr. Morgan went back to leaning against her desk. "Now, let's get some questions answered. Ms. Pepper, Brian spends a tremendous amount of time masturbating, correct? 'Many hours a day,' as you told me on the phone. He doesn't cum easily."

"Yes." Mommy was almost slack-jawed, she was so transfixed by my erection.

"And you spend a lot of time masturbating as well, isn't that right, Ms. Pepper?"

"What?! I don't..." That caused Mommy to snap out of her fugue and glance over to the doctor. She blushed redder. Her bare tits heaved even more as well.

"Please, Ms. Pepper, there's no point in hiding it. We'll never get anywhere here without honesty."

Mommy looked at me, then looked away. "Yes, I do. Many times a day."

"And you usually do it while thinking about your son's big erection, don't you?"

Mommy was aghast. "Doctor! I told you that as a secret!"

"Sorry, but again, we're trying to solve a problem here, and Brian needs to know the truth. Does he know how often you've secretly peeked in on him jacking off?"

Mommy was even more horrified and incredulous. "Oh no! This is a nightmare! Bethany mentioned that, and now you're talking about it too! I could just DIE! Please tell me this isn't happening!"

"It's happening," the doctor said matter-of-factly. "The truth will set you free." She crouched down between Mommy and me. Then she took my mother's hand and slowly moved it towards my crotch!

Mommy gave no resistance, so her hand quickly ended up hovering over my throbbing pole.

As if in a dream, the most fantastic dream, I let go of my erection in hopes that Mommy's hand would take over. But that couldn't possibly happen, could it?!

The doctor said, "Before we begin the exam, I think Brian needs to be relieved again. And my guess is, so do you, Ms. Pepper." She lowered Mommy's hand onto my hot and needy hard-on. "I'd like for you to relieve Brian. Brian, would you like your mother to masturbate you?"

"Oh god, yes!"

"There, there." Dr. Morgan made sure Mommy's fingers were curled around my shaft, with both hands. Between the smallness of Mommy's hands and the size of my cock, there was plenty of room. Then the doctor let go and sat back.

Mommy looked at me. A few tears were leaking from her eyes. "Son! I'm so sorry! So very, very sorry! But I'm so hot for your, your... penis! I'm obsessed! It's like something inside me has snapped! I can't help myself! I can't stop!" She began sliding her fingers up and down my thick and needy pole.

Hearing that Mommy was "obsessed" with my cock completely and utterly blew my mind! I'd had no idea! But hearing that at the same time she started stroking me truly drove me insane! There was no way in hell I could control my lust any longer!

"OH!" My cock began erupting, spurting high into the air.

At the last second, just as I started to spurt, Dr. Morgan leaned forward, placed her hand over one of Mommy's hands around my shaft, and subtly changed the angle of my boner, so that the tip was pointing in Mommy's general direction.

I watched in sheer disbelief as ropes of my cum shot up high and then came down right on my mother! Due to the high arc, the cum was flying wide by the time it came down. The result was that it splattered seemingly everywhere, but especially all over the top half of my mother! Some landed in her dark brown hair, some on her face, but most landed on her incredible tits because they really were that big in proportion to the rest of her body. They created a jutting shelf, resulting in very little cum landing on her tummy or further below to her panties. But some hit her upper arm, shoulder, collar area, neck and so on.

It was all so intense that I well and truly saw stars! I felt dizzy and it was all I could do not to pass out.

Mommy wound up a cummy, naked mess! When my orgasm finally came to an end and I was able to look around again, I saw her staring down at herself in total disbelief, with her hands still wrapped around my shaft. At first, I worried she was distraught. But she seemed strangely happy, maybe even deliriously so. It was hard for me to tell, because I'd never seen that exact expression on her face before.

Finally, I glanced back to Dr. Morgan, still crouched just in front of Mommy and me, with her gorgeous platinum blonde hair hanging down over her chest.

"Good job, Brian!" The doctor beamed at me. "Now, let's get you cleaned up and into the exam room."

Chapter 3

Both Mommy and I were left in a strange state, dazed like we'd just suffered concussions. We managed to stand up, but it seemed that was all we could do. I simply stared and stared at my cum splattered all over her, but especially on her tremendous bare tits.

Doctor Morgan called in Bethany for some help.

Bethany didn't even try to talk to Mommy or me, knowing we were in some sort of zombie-like daze. Instead, as I stood there, she got down on her knees before me and cleaned my crotch using another one of the silky, thin towels that Rebecca had used on me earlier.

That made me realize, *Four women have stimulated my dick today! FOUR! That's totally nuts! Rebecca and the doctor didn't play with it for that long, but they did play with it some! From zero to four in my life in one day. Wow! What'll happen next?!*

Unfortunately, I'd finally gone flaccid, but it still felt great, especially when she thoroughly cleaned my balls.

After a couple of minutes of that, Bethany tapped me on my tummy, getting me to at least partially come out of my lusty daze. She looked up at me and we made eye contact. "Wow, Brian! I'm so impressed! You cum like a fire hose! God, can you just imagine if you directed all of this cum at my face?! Wait, what am I saying? Not 'if,' but 'when!' I'm getting SO HOT, thinking about it! I've always wanted a boyfriend who can put me in my place with a hot and creamy cum bath!"

Dr. Morgan said, "Okay, girl, that's enough. You're not being very professional with that sort of language. Why don't you give him a break? His mother needs cleaning too."

"Bummer!"

I was still too out of it to respond. But I definitely felt a jolt of electricity when Bethany leaned in and gave the tip of my flaccid cockhead a kiss.

She stood up and pressed her ample tits against my chest, and whispered quietly to my face, "I still say we have unfinished business!" She licked her lips lavishly, making clear what she meant.

Mommy had been staring into a void the entire time, as if she'd mentally snapped and gone into another place and time.

But Bethany got another silky towel and started wiping Mommy's skin clean, and that seemed to revive her some. After a while, she was even smiling and moaning with pleasure.

Eventually, Dr. Morgan came to Mommy with a new bra. She put it on her and stood back.

Like the good doctor, I had to stop and just admire my mother's voluptuous body. The new bra fit well, but it was completely see-through! It was almost better than total nudity, because it caused her tits to thrust up and out even more than they naturally did.

For the first time since I'd climaxed all over her, Mommy dared to look my way. We made eye contact, and that caused her to blush profusely yet again and turn her head away. But I was pleased that she kept her hands at her sides instead of trying to cover her nipples and/or pussy mound.

Dr. Morgan walked over to Mommy and put her hands on her shoulders. "Ms. Pepper, you have an INCREDIBLE body! You're like a goddess of sex, in a dynamite petite package. So I'm glad you're not covering up. Keep your sexy body fully exposed for your son to enjoy, and that's an order. Understood?"

Mommy muttered, "Yes, doctor." She still seemed fairly out of it, but her tits had finally stopped their constant heaving, thanks in part to the sturdy see-through bra.

I finally managed to look away from my mother long enough to find out what Bethany was doing. She was holding the silky towel over a cup on a desk. She was twisting and squeezing it, causing a surprising amount of cum to drip down into the cup.

She noticed I was staring at her, and leaned over in a cheesecake pose, better exposing her own impressive cleavage through her surprisingly revealing white nurse outfit. She smiled at me, and said, "Looks like you were a really good boy, Brian. I'm collecting as much of your sperm as I can, if you hadn't noticed. We'll want to see what your total production is for the day later."

She stared at the cup as she continued to drip more cum into it. "Wow! I didn't even get a lot of it, but this is already, like, double the normal male ejaculation!"

I looked over to my mother again. I noticed for the first time that the new bra was slightly undersized, causing her tit-flesh to bulge obscenely out of it. Her nipples, which looked painfully rigid, pushed out of the thin material.

I also noticed upon closer inspection that Bethany hadn't cleaned all of my cum off of my mother. Far from it, in fact. There were smears and splatters here and there, including inside Mommy's "invisible" bra. There were some cum gobs in her hair that stood out, since they were pearly white and her hair was dark brown.

Mommy took another peek my way, but down at my crotch, apparently afraid to make eye contact with me again.

My dick was half-hard, at best. But seeing her stare at it caused it to start to revive a lot more.

She mumbled to Dr. Morgan, "Oh goodness! Oh my. Um, doctor, now that Brian has... um... ejaculated, might there be an opportunity...?"

The doctor was writing some notes on a pad of paper. "Yes, Ms. Pepper, we'll get to you in a moment. Let's just get you both into the exam room." Then she walked through a doorway, beckoning for Mommy to follow.

Mommy seemed to be reviving more. She managed to walk into the other room without trouble. That was saying a lot, considering the state both she and I had been in after my ejaculation!

With just Bethany and me remaining, she walked over to me and helped me finally get out of my T-shirt, leaving me buck naked. Then she leaned into me again, making sure to rub her big - though still covered - tits against my newly bared chest.

She took my partially erect dick in hand and got busy stroking it. As she did that, and whispered into my ear, "Do you want to see Mommy cum, Brian? Because that's what's going to happen next!"

Needless to say, my penis got rock hard again in a hurry.

She continued to whisper, "Mmmm! It's getting so STIFF! I wish I could stay here and just drop to my knees and finish off that blowjob that got so rudely interrupted. But, unfortunately, now is not the time. Later, hopefully! Let's go see what your naughty mommy is up to."

She led me into the exam room next door, holding and stroking my boner until we got to the open door.

Once I went through the doorway, my gaze went right to my mother. She was effectively completely naked except for the see-through bra (which hardly counted), her panties, and the high heels on her feet. I felt my cock lurch and worried that I might explode again, right there, even though I'd just gotten erect again. But I was able to contain myself.

Bethany sat me down on a chair and went over to a drawer. As she pulled out lotion and another cum-receiving vial, she asked the doctor, "Mom, since I've gotten so intimate with Brian here, I feel like I'm overdressed. Is it okay if I strip down some?"

The doctor gave her a doubtful look. "Some, I suppose, is okay. You can strip down to your undies, if you must."

"Yeay!" Bethany immediately stopped what she was doing and performed a sexy striptease of sorts right in front of me. She stood directly before me, blocking the view of my mother, probably intentionally, in order to keep my full attention.

Once she was down to just her panties and bra (which were frilly and unusually revealing), she took my boner back in hand and resumed jacking it off. She used her other arm to pin it just under her tits, causing them to push up and out.

She whispered, "Brian, you're making me so tingly! I often get flirty with the male patients, since I almost always need to jack them off, and I like doing it! But with you, I feel different, like you're not a patient at all. I totally loved sucking you earlier, but I was kind of daunted by your thickness and I felt like I was only warming up by the time I had to stop. I wish I could totally get naked, drop to my knees, and show you just how great a cocksucker I can truly be! Maybe later?"

By this point, I felt I'd fallen far down Alice's rabbit hole. *It seems like Bethany is trying to sexually impress me. Bethany! Fuck me! And she's talking about sucking my cock some more! I don't even know what to say to that, but I guess I should say something.*

I managed to smile, and mutter, "I'd like that."

"Cool!" She beamed, like I'd just done her a big favor. She moved to the side slightly, allowing me to have a good

look at what Mommy and the doctor were doing, even as she kept on steadily jacking me off.

I noticed that my mother was standing on the kind of professional weighing scale that also allows one to accurately measure height.

The doctor was standing next to her, and told her, "Hrm. Looks like you are about 105 pounds. Amazing for a woman as voluptuous as you are. Let's get those heels off for a minute, Oh, and while we're at it, take your panties off for the most accurate measurement."

Mommy was incredulous. "Doctor! Is that really necessary?! Things are getting way out of hand here!" She glanced over at Bethany and me. "Everyone is naked or practically naked except for you. Surely, the weight of my panties is insubstantial!"

Dr. Morgan used all of her professional authority as she firmly responded, "We strive for accuracy here. Besides, he's already seen your enormous breasts. I doubt he'll even bother to look at the rest of you... much. Regardless, I'm the doctor and I'm giving you an order!"

Mommy seemed distraught. She muttered, "God, I can't believe this! I'm doing this under protest!" But she bent over to pull her panties all the way off. Then she remained in that position as she took her high heels off.

Just then, Nurse Bethany knelt down below me in her undies to better stroke my big dick again. She whispered to me, "Your mother has an incredible ass too! I'm jealous. Just look at that ass!"

Believe me, I was looking! Her ass and upper thighs were smooth and firm, no doubt due to her diligent daily exercising. An airbrush artist wanting to touch up a photo of her would have nothing to fix. I could see her glistening pussy peeking between her legs, and that aroused me even more.

Once Mommy was standing back up, she glanced at me again. "Son, please! Promise me you won't look in my direction when I'm like this. It's not right!"

Then she looked lower and saw that Bethany was on her knees before me, nearly naked, and had two hands on my cock again. "Oh dear God! Doctor! Your daughter! She's... she's... Why does she have to keep playing with his penis?!"

Dr. Morgan calmly answered, "Obviously we don't want him to go flaccid. That would ruin everything. Now, let's see here." She turned her full attention to the measuring. "Okay, your height... Five feet even! That's truly amazing for someone with I-cup breasts! Ms. Pepper, you are built like a petite sex doll, aren't you?"

Mommy looked over at me where I was sitting, and blushed still more.

"Doctor, please," said Mommy, her face as red as ever. "Do you have to talk like that in front of my son?"

I was glad that Mommy didn't complain any more about Bethany helping me with a handjob, or why a professional nurse was down to just her frilly underwear. The doctor never explained why it was so necessary that my dick remain erect, and I guessed that she didn't actually have a reason.

Perhaps Mommy figured she couldn't complain about that sort of thing, given that she was the one jacking me off when I'd climaxed last time. Or maybe she was simply too horny and distracted to think straight.

Dr. Morgan replied, "Oh, come now. It's something he's obviously noticed on his own. How could he not? I'm sure he's literally ejaculated gallons of cum while thinking about your remarkable, sexy body and all the different things he'd like to do to it. Now, please put your high heels back on."

My buck naked mother petulantly whined, "Do I have to?"

The doctor folded her arms and looked stern. "Yes. Now. Please don't waste our time."

I held my breath as I watched Mommy bend all the way back down again to do that. Once again, it put her bare ass on phenomenal display.

Bethany whispered to me again while she adoringly slid her fingers up and down my shaft, "God, I can't get over how gorgeous your mother is! She's so much more than a huge pair of breasts. That ass! That ass! Can't you just imagine giving those ass cheeks a firm spanking?"

I furrowed my brow in confusion. "A spanking?"

"Sure. I've seen it many times before. Busty and beautiful women like your mother have a hard time understanding their proper role. They often need reminders putting them in their proper place. It'll be up to you to give her a good spanking whenever she misbehaves."

Bethany's words were so strange to me that I didn't know what to make of them. *"Proper place?!" What's that supposed to mean, for starters? But if her intent is to arouse me yet more, it sure is working!*

Bethany tilted her head down closer to my crotch. "Damn! I wish I could suck you some more! Or at least lap all over it. But I don't want to upset your mom too much. And it's like I have this NEED to take my bra off and let my tits bounce free in time to my stroking!"

She carefully looked all around, then whispered, "Maybe if I just slide my bra straps down some, maybe that can satisfy my craving for now." She proceeded to slide each bra strap down a few inches until the edges of her pinkish nipples were showing. But she stopped there.

She muttered, "Aaaah! that's much better." She gave me a saucy wink and went back to fully focusing on her stroking.

My eyes must have grown to the size of dinner plates. Between Bethany on her knees just barely contained by her bra and Mommy bending over nearby while completely naked, I didn't know where to look. *This can't be happening! I feel like Dorothy in the Land of Oz, We're not in Kansas anymore, that's for sure! Jesus!*

Mommy eventually stood back up.

The doctor said, "Good. Now, let's get your true measurements." She pulled a measuring tape out of her pocket. "Turn around and face me."

Since getting on the scale, Mommy had been careful to keep her back to me. But she couldn't disobey a direct command from the doctor. She reluctantly turned back around while keeping a hand over her pussy mound.

The doctor just stared disapproving at that hand until Mommy wound up with both hands at her sides.

Mommy shut her eyes and weakly protested, "Don't you have a protective screen or something?! My son is going to be psychologically scarred seeing me like this!"

Dr. Morgan smirk-smiled as she responded, "Somehow, I think he'll recover. Trust me, I know what I'm doing."

Mommy griped, "Why is everything so sexual?! I keep thinking about that mother I overheard on the phone. What if I wind up like her?!"

Rather than reassure her, the doctor just let a telling silence stretch out.

My mother visibly shivered. I could see it from across the room.

Then the doctor said commandingly, "Stand up straight, please."

Mommy arched her back, causing her insanely huge, round bust to thrust forward. It was such an insanely arousing sight that I found it hard to sometimes look down to check out her fully exposed pussy as well. But even from a ways away I could see the sheen and glistening of her cum on her pussy lips.

Bethany paused in her handjob to glance over. She turned her head back, resumed her stroking, and muttered to me, "Sweet Jesus! Brian, I think your mother is the sexiest woman I've ever seen! And I see a LOT! You wouldn't believe the quality of gorgeous, stacked moms we have in here every day. But her tits simply defy gravity and genetics!"

I muttered back in a kind of breathless awe, "Tell me about it!"

Dr. Morgan continued to take my mother's measurements. "Okay, it looks like I was about right: 29 waist. 36 hips. Please remove your bra and we'll take your bust size."

Mommy protested again, "Do I have to?"

The doctor just gave her a disapproving, impatient glare.

Mommy sheepishly looked down, reached back, and undid her bra. It popped off, and her monstrous chest was again directly exposed. It didn't make much visual difference, but her tits did sag down a little bit. Even her sexy body couldn't entirely escape the effects of gravity.

She whispered urgently, "Doctor! I'm completely naked!"

"Indeed you are. So?"

"It's just that my son... his penis is so stiff and huge, and he's sitting right over there! He can see all of me! And the nurse, she's stroking him! Your daughter!"

"Indeed," Dr. Morgan replied in a matter-of-fact voice. "But there's a perfectly good reason. We need to measure

just how much he can ejaculate in an hour. I have a theory about that."

Mommy whimpered helplessly, since nobody was coming to rescue her from this sexually intense situation. She was having a very hard time standing still to be measured.

The doctor first took a measurement of her tiny torso, and then around her rock-hard nipples.

And all the while, the hottest girl in my high school was slowly jacking me off!

Dr. Morgan frowned. "Ms. Pepper, I'm afraid you were way off. Your bra is simply the wrong size! No wonder the bra I got for you is so tight."

I gulped. I felt the cum again welling up in my balls as nurse Bethany stroked my steel hard cock faster and faster.

The doctor commented, "According to the measurements I'm getting, you should be wearing a 36 J!"

"Oh my goodness!" shrieked Mommy. "I had no idea I was that big!"

Dr. Morgan had been acting more or less like a dispassionate doctor most of the time. But that mask seemed to briefly slip. She cupped both of Mommy's huge tankers from below and hefted them up and down, while asking her in a husky, sultry voice, "Can you just imagine what it would feel like to wrap these J-cups around your son's huge cock and reward him with a nice, long titfuck?!"

I had no doubt Mommy had been very wet for a good while, if only due to her potent sexual smell. But right then, for the first time, I noticed a trickle of cum running down my mother's leg as well.

She was shuddering all over, about to cum, apparently just from having her body measured and examined by the doctor while I watched.

The doctor's lewd words seemed to push her over the edge. Mommy looked right at me and cried out, "Oh GOD! SON! I'm so sorry! I'm too horny!" She reached out and gripped Dr. Morgan's shoulders tightly. She tilted her head back and her eyes rolled into her head again as she started to tremble and scream.

It was too much! I hadn't expected I would cum again after getting erect not that many minutes earlier, but watching Mommy cum hard like that affected me in a deep and powerful way. I wanted to see her cum again and again, thanks to what my hands and cock would be doing on and in her body! The fact that Bethany was jacking me off all the way made it impossible for me to hold out any longer.

This time, Bethany wasn't ready, especially since I didn't have time to warn her. My cum blast spurted onto her face and all over her upper body. I couldn't control it, since my hand wasn't on my boner, and she didn't think to try to direct the cum flood until it was half over. As a result, the cum flew out willy nilly, but since she was kneeling right in front of me, virtually all of it landed on her somewhere.

Mommy couldn't fail to notice what was happening to me due to my loud orgasmic moaning, even though she was distracted by her own orgasm still shuddering through her body. She yelled, "Oh no! Doctor, look! He's cumming again! It's too HOT!"

That seemed to send my nude sexpot mother into some kind of orgasmic overdrive. She tilted her head back and screamed and wailed without restraint.

The good doctor had to step forward and hug her to keep her from falling down. Even then, her arms flailed in the air helplessly.

Somehow, I kept cumming and cumming! Seeing Dr. Morgan's rack press tightly into Mommy's even larger rack helped send my arousal to an even higher dimension, even though the doctor was fully dressed. Actually, her clothes made my mother's nudity even more shocking and titillating somehow.

When the cum flood finally ended, Bethany looked down at herself in amazement. After another minute, once my mother stopped screaming so she could be overheard, she said to me, "Oh my! Please try to warn me the next time you are going to ejaculate!"

She didn't say anything about it, but it was pretty clear that her lacy, expensive bra had been ruined, despite the fact that it was barely clinging to her boobs in the first place. I really had splattered her good, all over.

I felt bad. "I'm sorry! That took me by complete surprise too. It's just that seeing my... my mother like, like... When she cums, she's so... And then, with you..."

She chuckled. "I know. Don't worry. It's fine." She looked up at me and flashed me a brilliant, toothy smile, despite the fact that her face was splattered with my cum like a Jackson Pollock painting.

She began scooping up all my cum and filling the vial. "I totally get it. Your mother is, well, she's one hot mama." She giggled at that. "Let's just make sure we get all of this."

I'd heard the rest of my mother screaming her way through her orgasm, but I didn't get to see it, since I'd been looking down at the way my cock was painting Bethany's gorgeous face and chest.

By the time I looked back up and around, the doctor was leading my still twitching and wobbly nude mother to an exam table.

Dr. Morgan said, "Ms. Pepper, I'd like you to lie down here and put your feet into these stirrups."

Mommy gulped, no doubt seeing what a sexual position that would put her in. She looked down at her fully nude body, with just her high heels on her feet. "Can I... do you have a robe for me to wear?"

"Sorry, no," Bethany's mother said flatly.

Mommy did as she was told. Her stunning face was so red, it looked like it would catch fire. Even as she settled into position, she complained, "But... but... my son will see me... in such a lewd position!"

The stern doctor was unmoved. "Think of that as a plus, not a minus. Hopefully, that'll help him get stiff again soon. As I said, I want to see how much he can cum in a single hour. So far, he's quite impressive. Bethany, dear, can you turn around and face us, please?"

"Sure thing." Bethany stayed where she was, but twisted her upper body so they could see all the cum on her.

Mommy gasped, loudly. "OH MY GOD! SO MUCH CUM!" She stared and stared with wide eyes. Her enormous bare tits bounced up and down in time to her labored breathing.

Meanwhile, the buxom doctor went over to a drawer and pulled out a large, penis-shaped object. I suppose it was a dildo, but looked somehow different - like it could contain liquid.

I couldn't resist gawking at my buck naked Mommy, not counting her high heeled feet in the stirrups. Her giant breasts still stood up proudly, only flattening partially despite the fact she was mostly lying down. The bed was tilted up slightly, allowing me to see all of her body, especially since I was standing.

But, for once, I was even more interested in gazing at her tiny vagina, which was visibly twitching. It looked red and swollen, like she'd just been thoroughly fucked. But the most arresting sight was the rivulets of cum dripping down her inner thighs. There had only been one or two there before her latest orgasm, but now she was soaked! That was further proof that she had to be extremely aroused.

In fact, when she got a look at that device that was presumably about to enter her, her hips began to thrust upwards obscenely.

"Oh goodness," she whispered. "Doctor, what's wrong with me?! I can't seem to control myself!"

Chapter 4

So there was my slim, short, yet massively stacked mother, her petite, muscular body writhing on the exam table, causing her enormous chest to shimmy and jiggle in constant motion.

Luckily, my dick never went completely flaccid. It helped that Bethany was right there and continually stroking my painfully erect cock to make sure it stayed full-sized.

Bethany had positioned herself on her knees to the side of where I was sitting so she could usually face my crotch, but still look back with ease to where Mommy was lying down.

The cum-soaked nurse looked that way again, and commented, "God, your Mommy's body really is unbelievable, isn't it?" she asked, now playing with my balls with her other hand. "I mean, I've always been curvy. Boys are always staring at my breasts, like you used to do in high school" -- she briefly looked back at my face and winked - "but, like I said, I've never seen anyone quite like your mother. We specialize in busty, nympho women and well-hung, satyr men, a lot of them mother-and-son combos. There's something about having oversized sex organs and oversized sexual appetites. But still, you two take the cake!"

She shook her head in wonder, and gazed again at my mother. Then she returned her focus to her hands playing with my cock and balls. "To give you an example, my mom, I mean, um, Doctor Morgan, is an F-cup. I'm also an F-cup. Pretty impressive, right? Those are the sorts of breast sizes we usually deal with, give or take a cup size or two. But your mother is a J-cup! And on such a little body! Look at her pussy. I mean, vagina. It's so small. I'm not even sure this big thing" - she shook my throbbing cock slightly - "would fit inside her."

She whispered extra quietly, "I'll bet you're going to find out one way or another soon, though!"

I gulped and shrieked like she'd spilled a glass of ice cold water on my bare chest. That suggestion of hers just about drove me to insanity. *Could she be right?! We're talking about ME fucking my MOM! That's totally nuts! But things are getting so sexually crazy. I suppose I have to admit anything is possible, even that!*

Bethany giggled and kissed me on my cockhead, but just once. "God, you're so cute! I wish I had known you better in high school. I bet we would have had a really good time."

She stuck her tongue all the way out, surprising me by its almost freakish length. She purred sexily, "I seem to be 'orally fixated.' That mostly means I like to suck cock a lot, unless you give me a lollipop to work on instead!" She giggled. "Can you imagine if we went out? With your thick pole and my long tongue, we'd be a perfect match. I'd spend so much time on my knees that I'd have to buy kneepads!" She giggled some more.

I gawked with my mouth agape. *Good Lord! I don't know where to look. A gorgeous young woman I've lusted after for years is talking dirty and jacking me off, but my equally gorgeous and much more wildly buxom mother is lying naked mere feet away from me, and with her legs spread wide in stirrups, no less!*

Mommy was whimpering and writhing as the doctor approached her with the dildo-like object.

"Do-doctor? Would it be okay if I... um, if I masturbated?" she pleaded. Instinctively, she had begun squeezing one of her huge, J-cup breasts with one hand, as the other was pressing down on the flesh near her pussy, which was visibly engorged.

The doctor looked very professional in her white coat, in dramatic contrast to everyone else in the room. "One moment, Ms. Pepper. Brian, I want you to watch this. Bethany, you watch as well. You might learn something. I'm very confident that my theory about Brian and his mother is correct. I won't bore you with medical jargon, but the gist is this: Brian and Ms. Pepper are what I call hypersexual beings. Pretty much all my patients are hypersexual to some extent, but you two are like a quantum leap more so. First, you've developed startlingly over-proportioned sexual characteristics."

She put her hand on my mother's free breast and tweaked one of her rock-hard nipples, causing Mommy to moan and buck her hips higher into the air. "These sexual areas - in Brian's case, his large penis - which we'll measure later, though I'm pretty sure a length of eight or nine inches is about right - and in his mother's case, her massive chest and compact yet easily soaked vagina - are extremely sensitive. Both of you must orgasm many times a day - your bodies demand it. And as we've seen, when Brian orgasms, he cums in remarkable quantities. Bethany, have you seen any decrease in the quantity of sperm he produces when he cums?"

"No, doctor. He always cums a huge amount."

"Well then. And my guess is that his mother is the same." She moved Mommy's hand down to her vagina and began

to help her masturbate herself with the dildo, causing Mommy to scream in pleasure.

She went on, "I don't think we'll have to wait long for this. Ms. Pepper, I want you to masturbate yourself with this implement as you continue to stare directly at your son's huge erection. As you do so, I want you to imagine how his thick cock-meat would feel in your mouth, with your tightly sealed lips sliding back and forth on it, and your tongue slobbering all over it!"

Mommy gasped through her whimpers. She protested, "But... but... that's so obscene!"

"It is, but I want to test your arousal. Fantasies don't matter, so you can think of anything you want, even that. Can you come up with something more arousing to think about?"

My blushing mother shook her head. Then she closed her eyes and did as the doctor said.

Dr. Morgan whispered to her, but just loud enough for me to hear, "Okay, tell me what you're imagining right now."

Mommy was trying to whisper back, but she was too excited to keep her voice all the way down. "Doctor! It's so shameful and wrong! But I'm imagining what it would be like to feel... to feel... his thickness! So thick! Stretching my lips painfully wide! So HOT! And throbbing with life! Inside my mouth!"

The doctor played dumb. "'His thickness?' Who do you mean?"

Mommy hissed, "You know! HIM! My SON! Oh my God! I can't believe I just said that! Or that I'm thinking it! I'm so ashamed! But I can't help it! I'm too hot and horny!"

Dr. Morgan muttered, "Good. Good. Let it all out. And where are you? How are you positioned?"

"In... in our house! Our living room! He's sitting in the big easy chair and I'm... I'm... I'm kneeling between his legs!"

"What are you wearing?"

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing!"

"Except for some sexy high heels, right?"

"Oh, yes. How did you know? But doctor! It's all too hot! And arousing!"

"Very good. We're measuring your arousal, remember? Keep thinking along those lines. Imagine that he's in charge of your body and you're his obedient busty sex doll. I dare you to even imagine how incredible it would feel to slurp and suck on his thick member! The more outrageous your thoughts, the more aroused you'll get."

Mommy whimpered, but shyly nodded.

For the next minute or two, her naked body humped and shook as if she was getting fucked, which wasn't far off, given the way she was plunging the dildo in and out of her cunt. She clearly had lost all control and was letting her sexual urges run wild.

Dr. Morgan stepped back to better stare at Mommy's entire incredible nude body. She was still wearing her white doctor's jacket, but she joked, "Is it just me, or is it getting really hot in here?" Then she took her jacket off and set it aside. She unbuttoned quite a few buttons on her blouse after that, even though she already was showing off a surprising amount of cleavage.

However, I only barely noticed what the doctor was doing, and only because she was standing so close to Mommy, almost blocking my view.

My "sex doll" mommy was thrusting her hips high into the air, her enormous breasts bobbling and swaying, her pussy contracting around the dildo.

I didn't know how much longer I could hold out, with Bethany still jacking my prick, though her gaze was fixed where mine was: at my insanely sexy Mommy's body, since she was clearly about to orgasm yet again.

Bethany whispered to me as her fingers played up and down my raging erection, "Doesn't she look exactly like she's getting fucked? With her legs splayed out wide and her titties wildly bouncing? Are you thinking about how that could be you, how that could be YOUR cock sliding in and out of her tight, hot tunnel?"

I didn't answer, because I didn't know what to say. Of course I was thinking that! But it would be so embarrassing to admit it. Besides, I was going out of my mind! My head was reeling from too much mental and physical stimulation all at once. It was a true wonder I hadn't climaxed once more already.

Sensing how Mommy was on the cusp of a big climax, the doctor moved in, put her hand on Mommy's, and helped her push the dildo in much deeper.

My sweaty and wildly shaking mother groaned like she'd been stabbed in the gut.

Dr. Morgan exclaimed to her, "Talk sexy!"

"But... but... he's listening!"

"Good! Remember, we need him to cum a lot! Tell your son how you feel!"

With her eyes still shut tight, my bombshell mother said to me, "Oh, Sweetie, I love you so much! And not just as a mother, but, but... as a woman! As a woman with, with... needs! BIG needs! Sexual needs! Mommy's going to cum for you, baby! While I'm sucking... sucking your big fat cock! Or even, even... taking it between my tits! AND my mouth, together! I want it everywhere! MOMMY'S GOING TO CUUUMMM!"

Then I saw something amazing - even more amazing than the pornographic sight already in front of me. As Mommy came, I saw streams of female ejaculate spew onto the table in front of her. I couldn't believe it.

"UHHHHH!" Mommy's orgasm continued. It looked like she was peeing, only we all knew it wasn't pee. "I'M CUMMING IN FRONT OF MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY! SUCH A WELL-HUNG STUD! OHHH GOOOOOODDD!"

I couldn't believe that I felt an uncontrollable urge to cum again, but it seemed that every time I saw Mommy have a huge orgasm, I just about lost my mind. I was squeezing my PC muscle frantically, but it was no use. At least this time I was able to warn Bethany, "I'm going to cum too!"

"Okay, Sweetie!" my heavenly handjob helper said, quickly attaching the vial to my pulsing, red, engorged cock. She hissed, just loud enough for me to hear, "You show your mommy how much you want to cum for her! How much you want to cum INSIDE her! Pretend your thick cock is inside her and you're drilling her! Pounding her! Fucking her good! Filling her with your hot seed!"

And I came - even though it was my - God, I was losing count - fourth? orgasm in under an hour, I came with a fury. spurts filled the vial, until it was almost overflowing.

I was forced to keep my eyes closed for a while as I felt utterly destroyed. However, I heard loud and almost agonized screaming for the next minute or two as my mother's great climax went on and on.

"Uhhhh..." Mommy's body twitched and shook as she slowly and finally came down from her orgasm.

I looked up at Bethany. I realized from my blurry vision that I actually had tears streaming down my face from the intensity of what had just transpired.

"Oh, my cutie!" Bethany said. She reached up to my face and wiped a few of my tears away, helping me to see better. "You did so well! You came even more than last time. And even more intensely. I know your mommy is very proud of you."

I muttered in awe, "That was so intense!"

"Mmmm, it was," Bethany agreed. "But it's not over, by a longshot. In fact, I'll bet the fun has just begun!"

I shook my head in disbelief.

With my cock still stiff and soaked with cum and saliva, Bethany pointed it straight up and got busy licking it clean.

The doctor withdrew the dildo from Mommy's vagina and looked at it. "Amazing," she said. "So much cum! Like mother, like son." She emptied its contents into a jar.

"Uhhh... yes, Sweetie," my almost-passed-out mother said, turning her head to me while she squeezed both of her gigantic breasts for my visual benefit. She must have seen the way Bethany was licking my shaft, since she stared directly at my crotch. If she had a problem with what she was seeing, she didn't express it.

Instead, she simply gasped, "So proud! So proud of my little boy!"

With that, she passed out altogether.

Chapter 5

Several minutes passed in near total silence.

Nurse Bethany continued cleaning my dick with her surprisingly long tongue. It seemed she was locked in a battle to keep it erect. Unfortunately, I felt so destroyed that it was a battle she was slowly losing.

Dr. Morgan revived my mother by tweaking her distended nipples.

Mommy slowly woke up and she groggily let the doctor help her into a new, massive, see-through J-cup bra, then a new pair of panties. They were more like a G-string, and semi-transparent too.

The doctor tilted the exam table up more, giving Mommy a better view of what Bethany was doing to me.

My exhausted mother was content to stay like that for a while, even though her other clothes were nearby. She shook her head in amazement at what she was seeing.

My dick was still erect, just so long as Bethany lapped on my most sensitive spots. She still had it held up at a dramatic angle, and was careful to keep her head at a side profile from where Mommy rested, as well as her hair out of the way, almost like she was most interested in putting on a sexy show just for her.

I heard Mommy quietly ask, "Doctor, how is it possible that he's still erect?! It can't be!"

The doctor chuckled. "It can be, believe me. Your eyes don't lie. Your son is a very virile, sexual stud. Just imagine if you lived a life like that mother I talked to on the phone. Can you imagine how much time you'd spend naked and kneeling, with his incredible thickness filling your mouth? Or taking his hot pole between your gigantic breasts? Or, better yet, doing both of those things at once, just like you loudly suggested while you climaxed last time!"

Mommy certainly must have realized that it was way beyond inappropriate for a professional doctor to use that sort of language, but it was like she'd mentally snapped. She was so far gone into her erotic delirium that I doubt she cared. She just mumbled approvingly and lewdly licked her lips while she continued to stare at Bethany's busy tongue.

I felt shivers race up and down my spine, because it was so very clear that Mommy was heating up with thoughts of giving me blowjobs, tiffucks, or both at once!

"Oh, Bethany," Dr. Morgan said, "please take some measurements of Brian's penis. We need it flaccid first, then fully erect."

Despite the fact that my eyes were still glued to my mother's cartoonishly erotic body, and Bethany was still valiantly licking it to try to keep it erect, I had come so many times in such a short period that I knew I would go flaccid as soon as she stopped with her talented oral attentions.

Bethany went to a drawer and pulled out a ruler.

Just as I'd surmised, as soon as she disengaged from my dick, it went completely flaccid in a hurry.

Apparently Bethany made the same assumption, because she seemed to have expected that. She grabbed my cockhead and pulled it up. "Five inches," she said.

Mommy was paying attention, and proudly said, "That's how long some men are when they're fully erect!"

The doctor nodded. "Indeed. Now, girl, let's see how much longer he gets in an erect state."

Bethany frowned. "Hmmm. Mom, I mean, doctor, his penis is... well, obviously, it's not hard."

"Oh come now, Bethany," the doctor said with a smirk-smile. "Be creative. I think you're developing special feelings for him, and we're well beyond the usual doctor-patient relationship. Give him a special treat."

She looked to Mommy. "That is, unless you object?"

There was a long silence as she considered that. Her face was soaked with sweat and she seemed exhausted from her big orgasms, but there still was a lusty fire in her eyes. She weakly complained, "This is so wrong. All of it. Insane!" She looked up to Dr. Morgan. "But... you are the doctor. And this is medically necessary, right?"

"Oh, definitely."

Somehow, I highly doubted that. But I wasn't about to complain!

The buxom doctor smiled at her daughter. "Go for it, girl!"

Bethany thought for a moment, then smiled at me. "I have an idea. Of course I'm going to want to play with your cock some more. That goes without saying." She grinned impishly.

Then she became more uncertain, and almost shy. "But, while I'm doing that, Brian, would you like to look at my big breasts? I know they're not gigantic and all-around perfect like your mother's are, but they're really big F-cups. Did I tell you that already? Boys are always coming on to me, and I know you really like them big."

I nodded vigorously. Even though she was down to just a bra with straps that still barely clung to her shoulders, it would be a very different thing to see her topless.

That wiped away her uncertainty and put a beautiful smile back on her face. She sat up straighter and proudly thrust her chest out. Just doing that caused one strip to finally give up and slide down, fully exposing one nipple.

She reached back to fully remove her bra. "Here they come, Brian!" She pulled off the bra and revealed all of her huge, young breasts. I had dreamed for years about seeing them, and they were bigger and more beautiful than I had imagined (probably in part because they'd grown since then). But my penis was still soft.

She frowned. "Hmmm. I guess these don't look so big compared to your mother's."

"No!" I said. I put a hand on her head and tenderly stroked her dark brown hair. "It's not that. They're - they're amazing! And so big! I think you have - well, had - the biggest breasts in our high school. You were THE busty beauty that I longed for, and you're even more beautiful now."

She still seemed surprisingly unconfident in her extraordinary looks. "Really?!"

"Really. Now, they're even larger! And you're... um, so beautiful, all over! Even your smile knocks me down."

She smiled widely and stroked my face. "Oh, thank you, you cutie!" She turned to the doctor. "Mom, isn't he the best?"

Dr. Morgan grinned too. "He does seem to be a special one. Maybe it's time you give him a special reward."

Bethany giggled. "Definitely! A special, slurpy reward!" She stared longingly into my eyes and licked her lips lasciviously.

I noticed the doctor had unbuttoned her blouse all the way down to her belly button. Even as I looked her way, with Mommy looking elsewhere, she reached into her blouse and somehow quickly pulled her bra out of it. She gave me a wink, then shook her platinum blonde hair. I couldn't quite see her nipples, but still, she was doing a very nice job trying to help me get erect.

My sexy nurse looked down at my crotch and frowned to see my penis was still flaccid. She took it in hand and started to stroke it, but it seemed limp and dead.

I looked back to her. "It's just that I've... um, ejaculated so many times. I'm just really tired."

"Of course, I understand. But we have to get that measurement." She let go of my penis while she pondered deeply.

Then she came to a decision. "Of course I can't wait to suck you off some more, and maybe that'll be enough. But maybe not." She took both of my hands, and to my shock (and my mother's, judging from the gasp I heard), placed them on her large young breasts. "Just to be sure, I want you to play with my big, bouncy boobies while I make your cock really hard again with my lips and tongue, okay?"

My hands were overflowing with the biggest 21-year-old breasts I had ever seen.

Her hands went straight back to my crotch and resumed gently massaging my flaccid penis.

I groaned with pleasure.

To my surprise and delight, so did she. "Oh, Brian, that feels so good! I love the way you're feeling up my breasts. Mom, Brian's hands feel really good on my tits. It's like he has a natural touch. And I can tell he's having fun because his cock is starting to engorge again already."

Dr. Morgan looked to Mommy. "Did you hear that? It seems like your son loves playing with big titties as much as he loves looking at them. Can you imagine what he could do to you? Playing with your J-cups while you alternately suck and titfuck him, all evening long?"

Mommy didn't verbally respond to that, but she sat up stiffly. She brought her hands to her huge globes, and seemed frustrated to find she was wearing a bra, even though it was a see-through one. She also seemed frustrated that Bethany was only jacking me off so far.

She suggested, "Bethany, please listen to your mother! What are you waiting for? He'll never get stiff unless you use

your mouth too."

She said that even though we all could see that my penis was rapidly growing merely from the handjob plus the tit play. In fact, it already was about more than half-erect.

Bethany replied, "Oh, I'm getting there, but I'm having such fun enjoying his hands on my buxom chest. He has such enthusiasm!"

Mommy asked impatiently, "Can't you suck him off while he continues to play with your sexy body?"

"Ooooh! Good idea!" Bethany immediately leaned in and swallowed my entire cock in one go, since it wasn't fully engorged yet.

I moaned and groaned as a great erotic rush washed over me. I had to let go of my sexy nurse's wonderful globes and put my hands on her head instead, because the pleasure was literally too much for me to cope with.

Sitting up on the exam table, Mommy didn't have a good view, due to Bethany's head being in the way.

The doctor walked to the side of where Bethany's head was bobbing, and she leaned in. She soon reported, "Ms. Pepper! It's growing! I can see your son's cock growing inside her mouth! So fast!"

Mommy got excited hearing that. "Good! Very good!" She let her bra straps slip down her shoulders, to better fondle herself. "Son, if it helps you, look at me playing with my big breasts! As I'm sitting here, I'm thinking how wonderful it would feel if I were in Bethany's place!"

I couldn't believe that she'd just made that confession. "Mommy! You're thinking about sucking my cock?! For real!"

"I am! And not for the first time! Like I said, I'm kind of obsessed!" But after she said that, she seemed to have regrets, and turned her still-blushing face in shame.

Dr. Morgan saw and heard all that. "Ms. Pepper, that's good! Honesty is good! I think we're having a breakthrough here! And does he always call you 'Mommy?'"

My blushing mother could only silently nod to confirm that.

"Good! That's a VERY good sign in my office. I heartily approve. Tell us: have you masturbated to thoughts of sucking his big fat cock?"

Mommy breathlessly panted, "I have! So many times! I'm especially obsessed about that! It's my favorite fantasy!"

The doctor urgently asked her, "And how often do you masturbate to a big climax after deliberately spying on your son when he jerks off? Thinking about your lips wrapped around his pole and sliding relentlessly while you diddle yourself!"

Mommy didn't hesitate this time. "Oh! Every time! Every single damn time!" She said this while staring intently at Bethany's increasingly difficult oral struggle.

I was even more stunned and amazed by my mother's words. My heart thumped like a pounding hammer. I'd had no idea she'd been spying on me at all, much less having those masturbatory fantasies too! I clutched at Bethany's head with my hands while I fought the urge to cum with all my might.

My cock engorged the rest of the way so quickly that Bethany found herself deep throating it! She had to pull back some, but still, her lips were far enough down that she was past her gag reflex.

Mommy leaned forward eagerly, still fondling her bouncy orbs, but still unable to directly see much due to Bethany's head. "What's happening?!"

Dr. Morgan proclaimed, "It's getting stiffer and longer! I think it's fully engorged! Not only that, but it looks like my daughter is deep throating him!"

"NO!" Mom exclaimed, getting even more excited.

"YES! Kind of by accident, I think, because it was partially flaccid in her mouth and then engorged so quickly. But she's hanging in there as it grows and grows, even though tears are coming to her eyes!"

"WOW! Son, did you hear that?! I think you need to give Bethany a special thank you! Deep throating a cock YOUR size must be next to impossible!"

I still had both of my hands on Bethany's head, although the danger of an imminent cum explosion was slightly receding. I ran a hand through her gorgeous hair. "Um, thank you! Holy Toledo! That feels so incredible!"

Bethany doggedly hung in there. More and more tears were streaming down her cheeks, but it seemed she was determined to impress me.

Mommy urgently complained, "Bethany, please! Can you move a little so I can see?!"

Somehow, even with tears of struggle streaming down her face, Bethany managed to tilt her head as well as brush her long hair out of the way, allowing my mother to have a full, direct view.

Mommy all but screamed, "Oh my God! Oh my GOD! Would you look at that?! So much cock! Plunging straight down her throat!"

I was hanging on for dear life, as the urge to cum returned with a vengeance and nearly overwhelmed me. I had to shut my eyes tightly and clench my pelvic muscles. Talk about insanely wonderful pleasure!

But despite all that, I managed to hear the doctor tell my mother, "Can you imagine if YOU could do that? How proud you would be! Such love, such pleasure, such dedication!"

I heard Mommy reply, "Oh, I know! But it must be impossible!"

"Not true!" the doctor firmly replied. "If she can do it, you can do it too. It just takes practice, practice, practice! Suck on his cock every chance you get it, and you'll do it, I promise!"

My excited mother squealed, "Oh! FUCK ME! That sounds incredible!" She never ever cursed, so that was a sign of how far gone into her lust she was.

Finally, after what must have been close to a full minute, Bethany was forced to pull all the way off. She clutched at her throat, panting. There was still plenty of my cum dripping down her face, but she seemed to have forgotten all about that.

I wanted to say something in gratitude, but I was forced to just sit and pant too, because the rush of pleasure from her tight throat was almost too much to take.

Mommy loudly and enthusiastically clapped, and so did Dr. Morgan. It seemed my mother had turned some sort of corner in terms of admitting and accepting her true sexual desires for me.

I kept my eyes closed, but I carefully peeked in my mother's direction while I slowly recovered from that pleasure blast. She was still lewdly splayed out in the stirrups, gloriously sweaty and naked. She had one hand at her pussy and another on a nipple, and was definitely masturbating herself to bliss.

After another minute or two, a still panting Bethany looked over to her mother. "Mom! Did you see that?! I'd never deep throated anybody, much less something as thick as he is, but I did it! I'm so psyched! That was a total trip!"

The doctor only slightly smiled. "That's very nice, Bethany, but make sure you get that measurement. Don't let him go flaccid while you recover."

"Oh, darn!"

My mother said from the bed, where she was still freely fondling her huge tits and sopping wet pussy, "Bethany, if it makes you feel better, I'm VERY impressed!"

"Thank you!" Bethany said. She released my cock with one hand and put the ruler next to my now fully erect pole.

I belatedly told her, "And I'm very impressed too!"

Bethany stared up at me and beamed. "Now, that's what I want to hear most. See, Mom? Some people around here appreciate quality cocksucking!" She stuck her long tongue out provocatively.

Dr. Morgan was leaning in to look at the ruler's measurement. That caused her open blouse to open a bit more, allowing me to get a peek at her erect nipples. She said, "I'm very impressed too, believe me. But we have to remember that we have a job to do."

"Nine inches exactly!" Bethany said, proudly, closely looking at the ruler.

The doctor chided her, "Wait! Don't forget to measure the width. That's even more important than length when it comes to giving a woman pleasure, as you well know."

"Mmmm, I sure do," Bethany said happily, licking her lips. "When it's in my mouth, it's almost TOO thick! But it's just right!"

There was a brief pause, because the doctor had to get a tape measure for Bethany to be able to measure the circumference, in order to get a good sense of the width.

Mommy very reluctantly stopped playing with her pussy, because I kept looking her way while we waited for the tape measure. But she was so worked up that she couldn't stop caressing her huge globes, even when I stared right at her.

Bethany did the measurement, and found my dick was between six and a half and seven inches in circumference.

The doctor whistled in appreciation. "Wow! Incredible, again!" She looked into my eyes as she explained, "That may not sound as impressive as nine inches in length, but believe me, it's way more impressive. There have been studies where women rated the pleasure they got from different sized penises, and the best numbers were for a penis about eight inches long and six and a half inches around. So, Brian, you have close to the perfect penis size, plus a little extra!"

Bethany cheered. "Yeay! The perfect cock! I think I'm in love!" She giggled.

She handed the ruler off to her mother and stared up into my eyes even more adoringly than before. "What a big cock for a boy like you!" Not only did she resume stroking my boner, she pinned it up against the side of her face at the same time. "Mmmm! I could really get used to having fun with this monster!"

I didn't know what to say to that, so I tried to respond non-verbally as best I could by continuing to run a hand through her hair.

She purred contently while licking as much of my cock-meat as came within reach of her tongue. And she had a very long tongue! In fact, I was shocked to see just how much of it there was while she had it sticking out of her mouth, and I guessed that it would look still longer if she stuck it out as much as possible.

After about a minute of that, Dr. Morgan said, "Very good. Now, put Brian's big cock away and put your clothes back on."

Bethany looked to her mother beseechingly. "But Mommy! Don't you think Brian needs another cum?" Bethany said, almost begging. "I only got to suck him off a little bit earlier, and I kind of promised him I'd finish him off later. I was working up to that again."

The doctor rolled her eyes. She turned to Mommy. "What do you think? Should we watch while she sucks him off again?"

"YES!" Mommy said with undisguised enthusiasm. Then she lamely tried to hide her feelings. "Er, that would be okay by me. I guess. I mean, she did promise him earlier. It would be rude not to."

I thought back to Bethany's amazing deep throating effort not that long ago. Wasn't that the fulfillment of her promise? But hell, once again, I wasn't about to complain!

The doctor looked to her daughter. "Very well, since you promised. But be quick. We have another appointment in a few minutes."

Bethany again gave me a radiant smile and squeezed her own breasts through my hands. "Okay! Sweet! Brian, I'm going to suck on your cock now. And not just a little bit, like I've been forced to do sometimes earlier. I'm going to go all out! You can keep feeling up my bare breasts if you want. I really like your magic touch! Or I suppose you could fondle them while you look at your mother's naked body again, and imagine you're playing with her. That always seems to make you cum fast."

She started to lean in, and opened her mouth wide. But then paused, and added, "Don't cum TOO quickly though, okay? I really love sucking your cock, and I want to thoroughly enjoy this!"

I looked to the doctor, who was still showing off peeks of her erect nipples, due to the way her blouse was unbuttoned so far down.

She rolled her eyes again, but grinned too. "Very well! I guess today's the day we throw away all the usual rules. I suppose we have more than a few minutes, if you think he can last that long!"

Bethany squealed, "Yeay!" Not wasting any time, she engulfed my cockhead and started frantically bobbing on it.

Again, I was impressed by the length of her tongue and just what she was doing with it to my boner inside her mouth.

I looked over and saw Mommy, now much more alert, bring a hand back to her pussy mound, even as her massive chest continued its sexy heaving and wobbling while she fondled herself there too.

Dr. Morgan also looked back at Mommy. She said, "Ms. Pepper, please come here."

"There?!" Suddenly my mother got shy.

"Yes, right here." She nodded to a spot on the other side of Bethany's bobbing head. "I want you to see this up close as I tell you something important."

Mommy reluctantly got up and then knelt down on the spot the doctor had indicated, just on the outer side of one of my legs. That put her so close that she could have easily tilted her head in and helped Bethany lick my shaft!

Dr. Morgan said, "Okay, good. Ms. Pepper, I hope your attitude towards helping your son has evolved during our appointment. Because that's all we can do, help. I'm convinced that both you and him are not just nymphos and satyrs, but downright hypersexual, though I'll have to run some tests on your sexual fluids to be sure. There's no cure for that. Instead, it's much like having a kind of permanent poison ivy. You can help it with an ointment to cool things down, but it'll never go away."

Mommy looked to her in confusion. "An ointment?"

"Yes. Here, let me get it for you." The doctor got up to get the ointment.

Mommy leaned in closer and licked her lips hungrily as she watched Bethany bobbing and sucking from up close.

Frankly, I was more aroused and interested watching my mother's blushing and lusty face than even watching Bethany's sliding lips. But I kind of was able to do both at once, because I immediately noticed that Mommy started imitating everything Bethany was doing, including keeping her mouth open absurdly wide. For instance, when Bethany's cheeks caved in from intense suction, Mommy's cheeks would do the same, puckering up while keeping her lips open in a perfect "O" shape.

That continued for a minute or two, until Dr. Morgan came back and resumed kneeling on the other side. Mommy sheepishly closed her mouth, and blushed redder.

The doctor held up a large tube of cream. "Here's the ointment." She looked right at Mommy as she said, "It's very special. I made it myself, based on the results of my research. It can help with both of your conditions. I want you to apply it to his erection at least three times a day. At least! And I say 'erection.' It'll do no good if you apply it when he's flaccid. But if he's erect more than that, and you're around to help him, you should apply more. Oh, and it helps to regularly apply to it his testicles as well."

Mommy looked at the tube in wide-eyed wonder. "How does it work?!"

"Well, there's no immediate effect at first, to be honest. But if you rub it in thoroughly, and then keep rubbing it in until he cums, and you do that on a daily basis, eventually, it should cool his libido some. He'll end up cumming maybe three or four times a day instead of five or six."

Mommy furrowed her brow. "Wait. You said rub it in until he cums! How is that different from a handjob?"

"In practical terms, not at all. Except for the long-term effect of the cream. But don't worry, if handjobs aren't your thing, the cream is edible and even has a nice cherry flavor. So you can rub the cream in and then suck him off until he cums if you like. Or, you can get creative and dab it on both sides of your cleavage and titfuck him until he cums. I recommend a variety of methods, to make sure the cream works."

Mommy's jaw dropped as those words sank in. "Holy mother of...!"

But then she frowned even more. "But... but... all cream aside... when it comes right down to it, what you're telling me to do is to stroke, suck, and titfuck my son's cock many times a day until he's all out of cum! And then do it all over again the next day!"

The doctor nodded in a matter-of-fact way. "Yes. If that's how you want to look at it, that's one way to look at it. But I see that as a positive, not a negative. You complained that he spends many hours a day masturbating, to the point that his grades are suffering. I'm sure that's true, since he is hypersexual. No doubt, his stamina has reached a point where it takes him a long time each time just to cum. But... if YOU help him, he'll be much, MUCH more excited! He'll cum in, say, ten or fifteen minutes, instead of an hour or more. If you consider how he cums five or six times a day, the time quickly adds up. His satyr urges will be satisfied, leaving him plenty of time for homework."

She finished by asking, "As his loving mother, isn't it your duty to help him in that way?"

Mommy just knelt there in nothing but her high heels, staring at Bethany's sliding lips as she pondered the issue. "If I agree to this... I could end up doing what she's doing to him right now! I might find myself bobbing naked on my knees every single day!"

The doctor corrected, "Except for some sexy high heels presumably. Those are a must. Don't you feel extra invigorated wearing them right now?"

Mommy furrowed her brow. "It's strange... but I do! It makes me feel... I dunno... extra naughty."

Dr. Morgan grinned knowingly. "Exactly. And that's a good thing because, yes, you could end up bobbing on his thick pole over and over, every single day. The naughty thrill of your high heels can help you get an extra burst of energy when your mouth is tired out from so much endless sucking."

Mommy seemed to be having great difficulty breathing. "What... what are you saying here?! If I agree to all this, I could end up my son's cocksucker slut!"

Dr. Morgan said sternly, "It's not a matter of 'if you agree.' These are doctor's orders! You MUST agree. Do you understand? And yes, you may well end up as your son's big-titted, cocksucking mommy slut. But you've already admitted that's your longtime fantasy. Your obsession even."

The doctor reached out and put a hand on Bethany's constantly bobbing head. She stroked her daughter's hair while we all watched the steady sucking. "Just look at what Bethany is doing. Tell me in all honesty: aren't you constantly salivating, wishing you could be in her place? Aren't you going out of your mind, getting to see my daughter suck him so much without you getting to do it at all?"

Mommy sighed heavily. "You got me. I'm so horny! It's all I can think about! I'm so ashamed of my desire. I can't stop blushing. But at the same time, I'm almost angry at you that for not letting me even lick him yet!" She realized what she'd just said, and sighed again, "God, I'm so awful!"

"No, you're not," Dr. Morgan said definitively. "It's only natural to feel that way. Look at her go! Look at the sheer joy on her face! She's had boyfriends, but this is different, I can tell. She's discovering the pleasure of serving a truly superior cock!"

Mommy sighed again, but this time with intense longing.

All was silent for the next minute or so except, of course, for Bethany's loud and lewd slurping.

Finally, the doctor asked, "So, given what a wonderfully suckable cock your son has, would it REALLY be such a hardship for you?" She raised her eyebrow again, and smirked.

Mommy continued to stare at Bethany's sliding lips, not to mention her frequently caved in cheeks. "No... I suppose not... It's just that... Well, it's going to be such a lifestyle change! For both of us! And it feels wrong. Sinful, too!"

The doctor reached across Bethany and patted one of Mommy's bare shoulders. "I know, I know. But, just like that mother you heard me talking to on the phone, the one with the son with the broken wrists, a loving mother does what's needed to be done for her son. Right?"

"Right," Mommy replied, but she still looked uncertain and unhappy. "Except her son has broken wrists. My son's wrists are just fine."

The doctor replied, "True, but that boy is a mere satyr. Your son is a full-on hypersexual being. An extreme situation sometimes requires extreme solutions."

"I don't know..." Mommy bit her lip in worry

The busty, platinum blonde doctor tried a different approach. "I've only just met you today, but I know your type. I believe you love your son deeply, so deeply that you'd take a bullet for him. Wouldn't you? Would you trade your life to save his?"

Mommy answered without having to think it over, "In a heartbeat!" She looked up at the doctor. "You know he's my only child. He's my pride and joy, my entire life! Nothing matters more to me than his well-being. Nothing!"

Dr. Morgan smiled. "Just as I'd figured. So if you'd take a bullet for him, certainly stroking or even sucking his big cock would be a breeze in comparison. I'm positive you both will come to enjoy it." She pulled her hand off Mommy's shoulder, then handed her the tube of cream. "Here. Put it on him now."

Mommy's face had finally stopped blushing, but that quickly changed. "What?! Me?! Now?!"

The doctor chuckled. "Yes, you." She tapped Bethany's shoulder. "Sorry. I'm going to have to deny you again. The needs of our patients come first."

Bethany pulled her lips all the way off my throbbing cock-meat, but glared at her mother almost angrily. "Damn! That sucks!"

Mommy put her free hand on Bethany's shoulder, causing her to turn the other way. "Bethany... God! You look so beautiful!" She clarified, "I'm sure you always look like a knockout, but I'm talking about my son's cum still splattered all over your face. It's so sexy that I can't even think straight when we're up close like this!"

The sexy nurse smiled from ear to ear. "Thanks! But you're the lucky one. You get to live with him. He's gonna paint your face with his pearly seed every day!"

Mommy was startled at first, but then she looked my way and gave me a big smile. "Mmmm. That's true, isn't it? Wow! That gives me goose bumps!"

Believe me, I felt goose bumps too, and a thrill rushing up and down my spine.

Chapter 6

Mommy looked to Bethany almost nose to nose, and tried again to speak to her. "I feel bad getting in your way. And... I feel awkward doing this to him for the very first time. So, what if we do it together? Four hands can rub the cream in better than two, can't they?"

Bethany turned eagerly to the doctor. "Mom?! Please?! Don't totally cock-block me here!"

Dr. Morgan chuckled. "'Cock-block' isn't exactly a doctor's office kind of word. But I suppose that's an agreeable compromise. However, I want to see you both use your tongues, not just your fingers!"

Mommy protested, "I don't know if I can do that! I mean... a part of me can't wait, but I have to work up to that."

The doctor flat out refused to accept that. "You can and you will, right now! You need to get used to it, starting now. If you love your son and want him to cope with being hypersexual, you're going to have to become an expert at pleasuring his cock with your mouth. Daughter, show her the way!"

Mommy covered her red face with both of her hands. "Oh no! I can't believe this is happening! I had no idea today would go like THIS!"

Seeing my mother's continued reluctance, the doctor simply took one of her hands from her face and moved it until her fingers were wrapped around my hot shaft.

She offered no resistance! In fact, within seconds, she had her other hand on it and both hands were sliding up and down my cock!

Bethany was forced to mostly just watch for a while, although she did idly use one hand to play with my balls.

Mommy muttered, "Wow! It's so hot! And alive! I got to stroke him earlier, but that was so frustratingly brief. This seems totally different."

The doctor noted, "That's because you were so excited and nervous then that you barely knew up from down. And it was only for a minute, since he came so quickly. You couldn't truly appreciate it. But now you can! Revel in the joy of being a naked, big-titted, cock-pleasuring mommy! Lean in closer and give in a good whiff!"

Mommy frowned in consternation, but then changed her mind and did exactly that. She smiled blissfully as she kept on sniffing with her nose against the side of my shaft. "Mmmm! It smells so good! So manly! So tasty!"

"If you think that's fun, just try licking it! Do it!" The doctor subtly pushed on the back of Mommy's head.

Mommy's mouth was already only an inch away from my cock-meat. She quickly wound up with her lips pressed up against it. Without hesitating, she stuck her tongue out and started to lick.

I swear, sparks flew at the contact of her tongue on my skin! Well, it seemed that way to me at any rate. It was even more electrifying than anything that had happened to me so far, and that was saying a hell of a lot!

Bethany beamed, and patted her on the back. "There you go! Now, isn't that great?! Forget that you're his mother. Or don't. I'll bet it's more delightfully naughty if you remain VERY aware that you're his mother. But his cock is just so... MMMM! So delicious! How can you not drop to your knees, strip, and suck every chance you get anyway?!"

Mommy shut her eyes tightly, as if trying to shut out Bethany's words too. But she kept right on licking. She even began purring with pleasure as she did so.

Dr. Morgan ran a hand through Mommy's hair. "There, there. It feels divine, doesn't it? Just work on that for a while. I promise you, sucking him will feel ten times better still, but he's so very thick that you need to work up to that. Plus, you offered to share."

With that, Bethany leaned in and began licking my shaft too! But she was very generous and ceded all the best, most sensitive territory on and around my cockhead, at least for a while.

Mommy was lapping on my most sensitive spot with a feverish passion! The sheer stimulation was out of this world, but the fact that SHE was doing it, my divine mother Mary Pepper, was what made me truly delirious with joy!

Then Dr. Morgan laughed. "Oh yeah! Let's not forget the application of the special cream too!"

A couple of minutes later, I found myself in paradise! Mommy had a hand at the base of my shaft, slowing stroking the cream into my skin there. Bethany was fondling my balls after thoroughly applying the cream there too. That was incredible enough. Both of them had already covered the top half of my boner with the cream exceedingly thoroughly.

I don't know why, but the cream made all subsequent contact even MORE arousing! It seemed to have a touch of menthol in it, like Vick's VapoRub, but just a touch, enough to further awaken and stimulate all the nerves without being painful. Plus, it basically greased up my pole, allowing their fingers to slide all over it with ease. And the cherry smell was strong and pleasurable.

But what was even better was that Mommy experimentally licked an area already covered by the cream, and decided she liked the taste and texture. Before long, applying the cream was totally forgotten as both Mommy and Bethany totally focused on lapping all over my cock together!

So wild! So incredible! All my dreams were coming true at once, impossible dreams. I was truly in heaven!

I just about died from too much pleasure the first time both of their tongues reached my super sensitive spot under the inner side of my cockhead. Bethany's tongue got there first, which wasn't surprising since her tongue was twice as long as a normal one, and seemed to be everywhere at once. But it was feeling Mommy's tongue touch the tip of Bethany's right on top of that spot that sent me to the moon! I felt such a rush of pleasure that it was a wonder I didn't pass out altogether!

I think I would have cum on the spot, but Bethany appeared to have anticipated that. She moved Mommy's hand away and squeezed the base of my shaft almost painfully until my urge to cum passed. I remembered how she'd done that once before to me, in the waiting room, and it worked just as well this time.

After that, I lived on Cloud Nine! It seemed the two of them spent most of their time lapping on my super sensitive spot nearly all the time, heedless of the fact that that meant their tongues were in near constant contact. Meanwhile, their hands stayed busy too. The pleasure was well and truly a thousand times better than my solo masturbation, and I had always thought that was pretty great. Consider that at times I felt FOUR HANDS on my cock and balls, plus their tongues working together!

I thought, Man, I can't believe it! The two of them are lapping and stroking freely, like they were born and bred to pleasure my cock! Since I've climaxed no less than four times in a relatively short time, my stamina is better than ever, despite the fact that my fucking MOMMY is LICKING my fucking COCK! And with my teenage big-titted goddess Bethany helping too! Good God! How can both of those things be happening on the same day?!

I'm not sure how much time passed, because I was lost in some blissed out, far off erotic wonderland. But eventually I noticed Dr. Morgan's arm reaching just over my boner to tap on the side of Mommy's face, a couple of inches away.

It took quite a few taps, since it seemed Mommy was deep into some kind of lusty daze too. But finally she looked up and asked the doctor a bit peevishly, "What?!"

The doctor replied, "Now that you've given the cream a test run, will you promise me to apply it to your son's cock as many times a day as necessary, and then stimulate him all the way to orgasm?"

"Yes, of course! With pleasure!"

My heart sang, hearing that!

The doctor added, "Good. I knew you'd say that, because I see how much you love and care for your son. As you'll see, there are more important things than the incest taboo." She smirked, and asked, "By the way, whose pleasure?"

Mommy replied as she shamelessly continued her lapping around my cockhead, even as she tried to maintain eye contact with the doctor, "His pleasure. But my pleasure too. Our mutual pleasure. That's what's so great, that we can both love the experience together!"

Dr. Morgan smiled like she was approving an ace student. "Exactly. Well put. I hear that sort of thing a lot. You'd be surprised how many mothers come to me with problems that can be solved by regularly sucking their son's cocks, and how much it improves the lives of everyone involved."

"Mmmm," Mommy agreed as she kept on with her licking and stroking. The tip of her tongue was constantly bumping against the tip of Bethany's, but neither of them minded.

After a pause, the busty doctor added, "But I've only explained half of your necessary daily regimen."

Mommy was keen to get back to her licking and stroking without any distractions. But that comment got her full attention. "Oh?!"

"So far, we're only dealing with HIS satyriasis. But we need to try to lessen your nymphomania too. To that end, I expect him to apply the cream to your breasts, ass, and vagina at least three times a day. Each time, you need to be

fully aroused first. As with his condition, more times, if you get highly aroused more often than that."

Mommy gasped, and complained, "But if I'm going to play with his cock a lot, then I'm definitely going to get horny a lot!"

The doctor couldn't resist grinning. "So be it, then. You two can kind of do it together."

My mother paused in her lapping as she tried to think through this latest news. "If I do that, this will go way beyond just the joy of cocksucking. I'm going to be naked a heck of a lot! Not only that, but he's going to have free reign over my entire body!"

"That's true. But you'll need to get naked each time you use the cream anyway. It's wonderful stuff, but it has one drawback: once it gets in fabric, that sweet cherry smell is almost impossible to get out! The only safe thing to wear is plastic and/or metal high heels, but not leather."

Mommy still kept her tongue from my shaft as she seriously considered all this information.

Meanwhile, Bethany had a near monopoly on my entire erection. She was taking full advantage! In particular, she seemed determined to impress me with all the amazing things she could do with her extra long tongue. It was working, believe me.

My mother asked the doctor, "You keep talking about wearing high heels. Why is that?"

"High heels are a must! You're hardly the first woman to use this cream. Trust me, when you wear high heels around the house, with sexy lingerie or the like, or nothing at all, his cock WILL get stiffer faster and more often, giving you more chances to apply the cream."

Mommy seemed surprisingly docile about that. She just nodded, and said, "Okay. I have some plastic high heels. That should work. But, uh, why does he have to rub the cream into my ass, but I don't have to rub the cream into his ass?"

"Good question. You can if you want. It might help. But studies have shown that male arousal is highly concentrated in his penis, while it's more complicated for women. In fact, whatever erogenous zones you have, it doesn't hurt to have him rub the cream there."

Mommy nodded. "Okay. Boy! My life is going to change so much!" She looked up into my eyes, even as she resumed jacking off a part of my boner currently neglected by Bethany. "OUR lives, I should say. What do you think, Sweetie? Are you ready to give all of this craziness a try?"

I was almost deliciously ecstatic, but I tried to stay at least somewhat calm. "Are you kidding me?! ... Er, I mean, yeah! That sounds great! After all, it's doctor's orders, right? It's not like we have a choice. Not if we want to get over being nymphos and satyrs, or even worse."

Dr. Morgan smiled widely. "Listen to your wise son. Now, we really are running out of time. If you and Bethany can hurry things up, I'd appreciate it." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. "Maybe you could use your lips too."

Unfortunately, even though Mommy had pulled away for a little while, I was close to the brink already, and Bethany had kept on going. Between Mommy resuming her licking and the doctor making the suggestion about using lips as well, I suddenly realized I was past the point of no return! All I had time to do was shout, "Cumming! I'm gonna cum!"

Bethany acted quickly and even forcefully. She stopped licking, held my boner firmly and used her other hand to move Mommy's head into position, until their faces were plastered together literally cheek to cheek.

That gave me a wide and tempting target. Suddenly though, I felt such a rush of arousal that I went totally out of my mind, leaving me incapable of aiming.

Luckily, Bethany was still holding and stroking my shaft, and knew just what to do. She shouted, "Mary, close your eyes!"

Mommy shut her eyes tight, and just in time.

I couldn't believe I still had any cum left in my balls, given this was my fifth orgasm in only an hour or so. But, incredibly, my cum load turned out to be at least as big as my last one! I guess extreme stimulation leads to extreme results. I just kept on cumming and cumming and cumming! I closed my eyes and saw so many stars that it was like I took my own private tour through the galaxy! Jesus Christ, it was an orgasm for the ages!

The only downside was that I was so overcome by lust that I missed getting to watch my cum rocket onto Bethany's face and especially onto Mommy's face. Still, what an incredible rush!

Unfortunately, another problem happened when I finally finished my incredible orgasm. I opened my eyes to see what I'd missed, and was staggered by the sight of Mommy and Bethany with their cheeks still pressed together. With their faces plastered with a seemingly endless amount of cummy streaks and cum gobs, I literally couldn't take it! I passed out altogether! But what a great way to go!

When I woke up, much had changed. For starters, I felt different - clean and refreshed. I opened my eyes and looked down at myself. I discovered that I was still slumped in the same chair as before, but someone had fully dressed me. My penis had gone flaccid and was safely tucked inside my shorts and underwear. Furthermore, it appeared someone had used handiwipes on most of my body, because all of my cum and sweat was gone. It felt strange, but good.

I looked up and around, and found that I had been left alone in the exam room. But I heard voices nearby.

I had to do a mental double check. *Jesus Christ! Fucking hell! Did all of that really happen?! I would say it must have been some freaky dream after I passed out from too much stress during our appointment or something. Except I can feel that isn't true. Especially my penis. It feels... weird. Sore, yeah, but not in a bad way. And tingly!*

Hot damn! It's all REAL! All of it!

That gave me a jolt of energy and confidence. I got up and walked to the doorway back to Dr. Morgan's office.

I saw that Mommy and the doctor were also fully dressed and appeared clean and revitalized too. Mommy even had found her jacket and put it back on. The two of them were talking to each other. Just looking at them casually converse, one would have never suspected so much sexual wildness had taken place. Even the constant blush on Mommy's face had finally faded away.

Everything seemed so normal that I almost couldn't believe that all that HAD taken place. I did a mental check list to reconfirm I wasn't dreaming. In addition to the strange feelings in my penis, I decided there was no way I could have mentally created the incredible pleasures I recalled, because they were so far beyond anything I'd ever experienced while masturbating.

I didn't see Bethany anywhere, which was sad. But as I continued to watch the two of them talk, they finally noticed I was there.

Mommy made eye contact with me and immediately blushed and turned her head. That was more good news, since it helped confirm that I hadn't been dreaming.

The doctor, by contrast, was back to her professional ways, including having her clothes all buttoned up. She just gave me a nod and a slight smile, then went back to talking to Mommy.

Unfortunately, I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I got the feeling that they'd been talking for a good amount of time while I'd been sleeping.

Just as they were wrapping up, the doctor scribbled a note onto a piece of paper, folded it up, and handed it to Mommy. That seemed a strange thing to do, since I could see the note came off a large yellow notepad and wasn't a prescription of some kind.

To make matters stranger still, Mommy stood there holding the folded note for an entire minute, if not longer. It gradually dawned on me that she was struggling with the decision to read the note or not, while the doctor patiently waited.

Finally, she opened the note. She gaped at the doctor in shock, her jaw dropping. Her blush from seeing me had started to fade, but it came back with a vengeance, turning her face cherry red. Then she glanced at me, where I still stood in the doorway, and seemed to get even more embarrassed! She hastily folded the note up and stuffed it in a pocket.

We left a short time later. I briefly said good-bye to Dr. Morgan, but she was fully back into professional mode, and all we did was exchange pleasantries. She did explain that Bethany was with another patient, but wanted to pass on the message that she "couldn't wait" to see me next time.

Walking back into the waiting room, I saw a couple sitting next to each other, clearly waiting for their appointment. Judging from their ages and the way they interacted, it was easy to guess that they were mother and son. In fact, the boy appeared to be around the same age as me. Furthermore, the mother was stacked and gorgeous! And while the boy didn't look like an Adonis, one could see a very sizable bulge in his shorts.

I could only wonder what was going to happen to them. *Whoa! Talk about deja vu! What was it Bethany said to me?! Something about how they specialize in nymphs and satyrs, and those who have oversized private parts also*

have oversized libidos. That makes sense, but what's going to happen to them?! Is Dr. Morgan going to prescribe the "incest cream" to them too?! Somehow, I bet she will!

I looked at Mommy who was also staring at the mother and son with unusual interest. But she remained silent.

We went to the receptionist window to deal with paying our bill. Remarkably, it turned out Mommy's health insurance fully covered us. While we were there, I got another good look at Rebecca, the busty blonde, through the window.

She smiled at me knowingly, and asked, "So, Brian, how did your appointment go? Enjoyable, I hope?"

I couldn't help but reply, "VERY enjoyable!"

She smirked even more knowingly. "I'll bet!" She leaned towards me, and whispered conspiratorially, "I heard screams! And Bethany showed me her face before she cleaned up. Boy, did she look sexy, getting painted like that! I wish I wasn't just a receptionist!" She licked her lips suggestively.

Mommy seemed to want to get us out of there in a hurry after that, like she was getting territorial over me. And the mention of the way I'd "painted" Bethany's face made her own face turn cherry red again.

I barely had time to tell Rebecca good-bye, and for her to pass on a good-bye to Bethany.

Chapter 7

We drove home silently. It was a long drive. Mommy was almost defiantly silent, and avoided even making eye contact with me.

Furthermore, I couldn't stop staring at her. The odds were strong that I had a lusty look in my eyes as I did so. How could I not, after what had happened? This made her feel more uncomfortable, and she pointedly asked me to look elsewhere.

Thankfully, she turned on the radio and let the rock and roll play, or things would have gotten super awkward.

I understood her desire to want to process what happened first and only talk about it when she was ready. Frankly, I felt the same way. I was totally blown away.

My penis remained flaccid for most of the ride home. But mentally, I only got more and more aroused as I recalled all of the wild and wonderful things that had happened to me during the appointment.

I must admit that I "cheated" and stole glances at her as often as I could, especially at her outrageously large rack. My head was dizzy from thinking, *Chances are, I'm gonna get my hands on her twin mountains soon again, maybe even before the end of the day! And not just for a little while. After all, I've got to thoroughly apply the cherry cream there, right? Sweet!*

And she's totally gonna suck my cock! She was so eager about that idea earlier. How could she not, even if she calms down and gets a little shy again? Hell, maybe I'll end up titfucking her while I get to play with her nipples! AND she licks the tip of my dick on top of that! Later today or tonight!

WHOA!

Regardless, great things are going to happen. From today onwards, it's like I'm starting a new life. Both of us are. It's gonna be so great that I can't even think or breathe or do anything! God bless Dr. Morgan and her weird treatment ideas, and Bethany too!

By the time we reached our home neighborhood, I could have used the boner in my shorts to hammer through concrete! I squirmed anxiously in my seat and did my best to hide my arousal, but it was impossible to hide, given the size of the lump in my shorts, which I now knew was nine inches long. I knew my penis was larger than average, but I honestly had never measured, and I'd had no clue that it was considered the "perfect" size!

Once we got close to home, Mommy said, while staring straight ahead at the road, "By the way, I talked to the doctor about many things while you were having your little nap. You may have heard her say that I should apply the cream to you, and you should apply the cream to me. Well... I'm a little bit uncomfortable with that second part, especially when it comes to you putting your hands on my... on my..."

"On your vagina?" I helpfully suggested.

She winced. "Yes. That. So she said we could start with me putting the cream on myself for a while, and see how that goes."

I was seriously bummed about that. But I didn't want to easily give up. I asked, eagerly, "What if we just start with me putting the cream on your breasts?! I touched them earlier. Played with them, even. And you were okay with that."

She winced again. But, after a long pause, she said, "Well... we'll see. Okay? I'm not making any promises."

"YES!" I punched a fist in the air, and started bouncing around in my car seat.

She chuckled, and finally smiled for the first time since we'd gotten in the car. "Did you hear me? I said I'm not making any promises."

"Yeah, but you also said 'we'll see.' That gives me hope!"

She chuckled some more, as I continued bouncing around joyfully. Somehow, that greatly eased the tense mood for the rest of the way home.

As soon as I got home, I raced up to my room to masturbate to what had happened. As usual, I shucked my shorts and underwear off and sat in the middle of my bed, with my head propped up against some pillows and the headboard behind them. It was my usual masturbation position for when I was wide awake in the middle of the day in my bedroom.

Needless to say, I had plenty of vivid images and exciting ideas to masturbate about!

After only a minute or two, I heard some rustling in my mother's room, down the hall. That made me wonder, but I kept going.

Soon, maybe a couple of minutes after that, there was a knock at my door. I just had time to cover my cock and balls with my hand, and barely enough time to do that, because my mother simply opened my door and strolled into my room! She never did that until I told her it was okay to come in.

In walked Mommy, but as I'd never seen her before! Instead of her normal business suit, or jeans and baggy T-shirt, or the like, she was wearing a short summer dress that was way too small for her already petite body. Every curve was hugged. Partly because of the four-inch high heels she still wore from the appointment (made out of plastic, I noticed), her luscious ass pushed the skirt out obscenely in the back, exposing her lovely, muscular legs.

And her breasts! Oh my lord, her gigantic breasts! I could see her bra - a black one this time - peeking out from the dress. Her tit-flesh was overflowing the bra, swelling out over the cups.

"Hi, Sweetie," she said as if nothing was different. She walked to the side of my bed. "We should probably talk a bit about... you know. I hope you don't mind what I'm wearing. I just thought it would be a nice change. Dr. Morgan... well, she told me I need to be a little bit of a sex toy for you." She blushed and shyly turned her head.

I thought her bashfulness was adorable. I reached out for her, even though she was standing just out of reach.

She smiled at that, but held her hands up defensively. "Not to touch! Not yet."

She giggled nervously. "But it's okay if you look at me while I help you out with my hands. And even though we found out that I'm actually a J-cup in the chest area," she said, plumping her gigantic breasts with her hands, "I think you like seeing them in this too-small I-cup bra. You do, right?"

"I really do, Mommy. It's making me super horny!" I still carefully covered my hard-on, but I'm sure she could tell it was stiff as a board just the same.

"That's good, Sweetie, because we need to apply this cream to your penis now. Why don't you take your hands away, and Mommy will kneel in front of you and massage this cream into your huge hard-on? You can look at Mommy's big, swollen breasts while I do that. See how I picked my most low-cut dress?"

She stepped right to the edge of my bed, as close to me as she could get without getting up on it. Then she leaned way forward over me, causing her giant tits to swell towards me. I could see acres of tit-flesh, all the way to the outer edges of her nipples!

Still leaning towards me provocatively, she added, "And when you cum, the doctor said it's okay for you to cum on Mommy's face and chest! Just be careful not to mess up my dress though."

I was all over that like white on rice! "Okay! Sweetness! Let's do it!" I pulled my hands away from my crotch, revealing that I already was as erect as I could get.

Mommy smiled from ear to ear, and stared at my cock with undisguised hunger in her eyes. Her tits were still practically hanging in my face as she moved closer, climbing up my bed.

But then something occurred to me. "Wait!"

She had just knelt on top of the bed, next to my crotch, while somehow still leaning over my chest. "What?!" Her enormous tits looked like they were going to fall free at any second.

"I just remembered! Dr. Morgan said we can't wear clothes! Remember? The cherry smell of the cream can easily get into the fabric, and then it'll never come out."

There was a long pause as she considered that. She frowned at first. But then she said, "Oh, yes. That's right." She still seemed lost in thought.

Thankfully, something else occurred to me. "Plus, when I cum, it's hard to control where it goes. The odds are pretty good that I'm going to get a bunch on your dress. It makes a ton of sense for you to take that off first, and your bra too."

She nodded and frowned again. "Hrm... True... This is... highly embarrassing, but I guess there's nothing to do but follow the doctor's orders. I suppose I'll have to strip for you."

Inwardly, I thought, YESSSS! I wanted to pump my fist in triumph. But outwardly, I tried to keep my cool by staying silent. However, I must have had a smile a mile wide.

Mommy, by contrast, seemed to get even more frustrated and sad. "Son, I'm so sorry. I'm new to this sort of thing. I was just thinking that it would help get you in the mood if I did a little striptease for you first. But I've never done that for anybody before, and I'm just about ready to die of embarrassment! Is it okay if I just take this sundress off?"

"But of course!" I was ready to fly to the moon, I was so thrilled.

"Oh, and by the way, please don't be too shocked, but I'm not wearing any panties underneath!"

I smiled from ear to ear. "Mommy! You naughty girl!"

Her blush turned redder. She explained, "I didn't expect my dress would come off, and... and... I got so wet even before I came in here, thinking about what we had to do. Is that okay?!"

I took a big whiff and smelled her pungent arousal. How could I have missed it before? I told her, "Of course that's fine with me. I'm just so very happy that you're willing to help me like this. I love you so much!"

She smiled almost grimly at that. Then a look of determination crossed her face, right before she closed her eyes. She somehow reached inside her dress and pulled her black bra out of it after just a few seconds. She tried to make a joke out of it, even though she was dying of embarrassment: "Ta-da! Magic trick!" She tossed the bra aside.

I clapped appreciatively. "Woo hoo! Mommy, you rock!"

She smiled briefly, but then went back to her rather grim look. I could almost read her thoughts as she gathered her resolve to take the next step. Then, after she took a deep breath, she suddenly and dramatically brought both hands to the bottom of her sun dress and rapidly pulled it up her torso.

I held my breath in awe and my heart was pounding like a hammer as her bare hips and pussy mound came into view. Not only could I clearly see her pussy lips from up close, but I could see cum glistening off them, and a couple of rivulets running down her inner thighs.

Sure enough, she was soaked down there, even before we started! That was proof that she had to be extremely horny, even though she was trying hard not to show it.

After the silent ride home, I'd been worried that she'd been having some major regrets. But it looked like her true feelings were different than the way she'd been outwardly behaving.

I must have breathed at some point, but I held my breath even more and my excited heart seemed to stop beating altogether while Mommy's struggled to get her dress over her tremendous rack. There was a lot of wiggling and squirming going on, because the dress was so tight. Even though I could see her wet pussy, I was more interested in gawking at her taut tummy, showing off her firm abs.

Plus, that was the place to be looking as the bottom of her round melons started to come into view! Despite having seen her topless earlier, my head spun and my body trembled as her giant tits were revealed in all their bare glory, inch by inch by inch.

I thought that was as visually thrilling as it gets, but then it got better! She seemed to have even more trouble getting the dress up over her head. Her incredible globes were fully exposed and bounced and swayed outrageously, even as her face and head was entirely covered by the dress.

I just about came on the spot! The only reasons I hadn't yet was because I'd developed great stamina thanks to all my daily masturbation, especially by squeezing my PC muscle, and because I wasn't about to cum right before Mommy was going to directly stimulate my cock! I would have rather lost an arm! I struggled with all my might, though I couldn't bear to lessen the danger by closing my eyes or looking away.

Finally, after what must have been at least a minute or two, she got the dress all the way off and put it aside. Her embarrassment was even greater, because she must have realized that she'd put on a sexy striptease of sorts, after all. She was too shy to speak.

I still had my hands over my raging erection. But it occurred to me that if she was brave and bold enough to fully undress down to just her high heels, it would help if I could reciprocate. I moved my hands to my sides and muttered, "Mommy, look! Look what you do to me!"

She looked, for sure. In fact, she was so transfixed that she almost stumbled and fell. Her mouth hung open, and her eyes widened in shock and awe.

Then she whispered almost inaudibly, "My God! My God! Look at that! I'm so horny!"

I couldn't actually hear her, but I was able to read her lips.

She turned around to get the tube of cream while remaining kneeling up on the bed right next to me. That meant that

her bare ass was suddenly within my view, as well as my easy reach. It was all I could do not to grasp and fondle it with both hands! It wasn't really a viable option for me though, because my dick was still on a hair trigger.

Mommy turned around with the tube of cream in her hands. Her face was literally tomato red, and it seemed she was about to pass out with embarrassment. But she was bravely pressing on. "Okay, Son, there's nothing to do but do it, so let's get this over with! I'm so nervous. We need to do it before I completely lose my nerve."

My eyes must have been the size of dinner plates! I didn't know where to look, because it seemed every inch of her naked body was orgasmically mind-blowing! She was both voluptuous yet fit and muscular - a rare combination. The mere fact that she still had her high heels on - and nothing else! - practically caused me to hyperventilate.

Mostly to stall for time, I said, "Um, maybe it's better if you get between my legs? You can get closer that way. I can spread my legs for you."

"Oh. Right. Sorry. I'm new to this. And I'm trembling. This is too scary!"

"Don't worry, Mommy. I love you. Everything is going to be just fine."

"I sure hope so," she fretted. "The shame is just about killing me!"

We rearranged ourselves. But when we were done, I looked up and down at her flawless, outrageous naked body as she knelt right up to my crotch, and I found myself even MORE dangerously aroused!

I had to shut my eyes. "Sorry, Mommy! It's no good!"

Her voice was full of concern. "What's wrong, baby?! Did I do something wrong?!"

"No! You're doing everything great! The problem is, you're TOO great! Too gorgeous! Too stacked! I'm soooooo horny! If you so much as touch my penis right now, I just know I'm going to explode!"

There was a long silence. Then I heard her clearly disappointed voice say, "Oh. If you cum that fast, then the treatment will be ruined."

"I know!" I complained in frustration. *I certainly don't want to blow it right when I'm on the cusp of erotic nirvana! But what can I do?! Arrrgh!*

She went on, "But it's worse than that. When Dr. Morgan talked to me in private, she repeatedly emphasized that each application of the cream needs to be exceedingly thorough! It only takes a minute to cover your cock in cream, but she said I need to stroke and lick and suck it for a long, long time, to make sure the cream gets thoroughly absorbed, deep into your skin!"

Just hearing those thrilling words was keeping me teetering on the brink, despite the fact that my eyes were closed and I was untouched.

I thought, *God bless Dr. Morgan! Seriously. This is like a gift from the gods! I need to calm down so we can do it!*

I dared to ask, "Are you talking about more than using your hands?!"

"I'm afraid I am. In private, she told me that if I only use my hands, that would be tolerable, but just barely. She said if I'm going to do it right, it's really necessary to use my mouth too! Pretty much every time. Can you believe that?! Yeesh!"

I groaned. Again, the anticipation alone was going to make me cum!

She misunderstood my groaning, apparently. "I know! It's so weird, but what choice do we have?! We have to obey the doctor's orders!"

I realized that the situation was hopeless in the sense that nothing would be able to get me back from the brink of cumming at this point. Even with my eyes closed and total silence, my imagination would run wild. But I came up with an idea. "Mommy, I'm sorry! I'm gonna cum fast, and there's no way to stop that. But I have an idea."

"What's that?"

"You get started on me, just with your hands. No point in using the cream yet. Then I'll cum like a geyser! But don't worry. I'm so extremely worked up that I'm sure that I'll stay stiff, and I'll be a lot more calmed down. So you can proceed with the application of the lotion then."

I heard her ask, "Are you sure?! What if you cum, and that's it? Keep in mind that you came so very many times at the doctor's office. Five times, wasn't it?"

I continued to speak with my eyes shut tight. I could feel her body between my legs, which was beyond frustrating. "Believe me, I remember! But I really can cum many times a day, and you inspire me so much that it's INSANE!"

Plus, it was a long drive home. I guarantee I'll stay hard, as long as there's no delay and you keep working my cock the whole time."

"Well... okay. If you say so. I guess we don't have much choice. I willing to give it a try."

I dared to open my eyes again. The sight of my nude mother kneeling between my splayed out legs took my breath away and then some! Her gigantic globes were dangling down, like she was getting into position for a titfuck. Her hands were actually hovering close to my boner, as if she couldn't wait to hold and stroke it. My heart was thumping like a hammer.

I gave her a serious, determined nod. "Let's do it! But be ready for, well... lots of cum!"

She nodded almost gravely in return. Then, without delay, she brought her hands together and wrapped her petite fingers around my thick shaft.

I was more than a little bit surprised that I didn't erupt into a cum fountain as soon as she made contact there, but I suppose keeping my eyes closed and trying to calm down for a while had helped.

But then she began to stroke! *Holy Toledo! It feels fantastic!* Technically, I'd felt much greater sexual stimulation at the doctor's office, but there was something extra special having this happen at home, in private, and even on my very own bed. Both of us knew this was going to happen daily from now on, probably many times at this very spot. Plus, there had been the growing anticipation during the long ride home. All my senses seemed greatly magnified.

A full minute or more of fantastic stroking passed, and I still wasn't cumming. It helped that I was squeezing my PC muscle with all my might, but I was surprised just the same. I could feel her hands were trembling slightly with nervousness, but she was bravely hanging in there. I was beginning to think that I'd be able to avoid quickly cumming after all.

Then I looked up to Mommy's face. That was a mistake, because I saw such an intense expression there. She was fully focused on stroking my boner, like it was the most important thing in the world to her and she wanted to do it right. But the real killer was when I saw her licking her lips hungrily. It looked like she wanted to do more than just use her hands!

That was the final straw. I shouted, "CUMMING!" But I was taken by surprise, so cum began firing out of my cock at the exact same time as my shout.

It seems Mommy was so focused on her stroking that she was taken by surprise too, despite the fact that I'd warned her I was going to cum very soon. She was leaning in close, and my cock was pointed directly at her face. She just barely managed to close her eyes when my first rope of cum smacked her on her nose!

All I could do was sit there up against the headboard and stare in wide-eyed wonder as more and more of my cum flew into Mommy's face. The pleasure I felt was beyond incredible, but I managed to stay fully conscious and even keep my eyes open. I didn't want to miss one second of this insanely arousing facial.

At first, Mommy's mouth opened wide in surprise, but then a goodly amount of cum flew directly into it. She shut her lips tight after that. But then something strange happened. She could have pointed my cock anywhere, even away from her body altogether. But as my orgasm went on, it looked like she was subtly changing the aim, causing my cum to splatter across her forehead, temples, cheeks, eye sockets, nose, chin, and neck!

But then came the clincher that she was "painting" herself on purpose. Even after all that, I still wasn't done, so she redirected the "fire hose" down to her huge, heaving tits and got a fair amount of my cum all over them too, especially around her cleavage. She did that without seeing, since so much cum had landed on her eye sockets.

Chapter 8

Suddenly, the room was silent, except for the sound of the two of us panting heavily.

When it was all over, Mommy seemed to come out of a deep trance. She let go of my raging boner, carefully wiped her eye sockets clean, then opened her eyes and looked down at her chest. She appeared to be puzzled by all the cum there. Then she put a hand on her cheek and swiped through many cum streaks there, making her even more confused.

She muttered, "Oh my! Son! You came... so much! I thought you'd be close to running out, after everything that happened in the doctor's office."

I was flying high. "What can I say? You inspire me! But don't stop now! I need to stay stiff for the treatment."

She swiped a finger through her other cheek. "But I need to freshen up and get all this cum off me! It's gross!"

I lied, "Mommy, if you do that, I'll go flaccid for sure! Even now, I can feel my lust level crashing!"

She furrowed her brow with concern, and immediately grasped my boner with both hands. She resumed fondling and stroking.

I sighed blissfully as my pleasure soared again. But I tried to console her, "Sorry, Mommy. I know it must feel weird to be, er, painted like that. But if it makes you feel better, I think it makes you look super sexy! And seeing all that cum on you will help me stay stiff!"

She didn't seem happy. She was frowning and her sperm-splattered cheeks were blushing red.

So I added, "Remember Bethany? She kept the cum on her face for a really long time. And... come on. Didn't you find that kind of arousing?"

She shyly nodded. But then she complained, "Even so, it feels humiliating. I'm not brash and bold like she is. It's like, like... you marked me. Like a dog peeing here and there to mark its territory."

I was so horny, especially from seeing so much of my cum on her face, that I just spoke my mind. "Well... maybe I am! I mean, we're going to do this sort of thing a lot from now on, aren't we? We might as well get used to it. I think it's a safe bet that I'm going to cum on your face or your big tits a lot. Probably both, every day, multiple times. After all, where else can it go, except in your mouth?"

She looked down at her sliding fingers. There was a long pause before she said, "I suppose that's true. It's just so... obscene though!"

"So I kind of am marking you, because you're going to smell of my cum pretty much all the time. Oh, sure, you'll thoroughly clean up afterwards, but somehow that won't matter. When other men are near you, they'll know on some subconscious level that you've been marked! By me!"

"SON!" Her hands were slightly trembling around my thickness.

"What?! Is that not true?"

"I don't know. It probably is. But it makes me feel... weird." She was rubbing my cock intently, focusing on the most sensitive spot just under my cockhead. "I mean... this is so far from how a mother should behave! I feel like I'm going crazy!"

I asked, "Come on, be honest. Doesn't it make you at least a little bit hot from knowing and feeling how spermy your face and breasts are?! Can you imagine looking at your face in the mirror right now?"

She shuddered and winced. "Son!"

"What? Come on! Think back to Bethany and how sexy she looked with her painted face. Feel my cum on you. Doesn't it arouse you?"

She shuddered again. She brought a hand to her face, swiped along her chin, and then stared at the cummy mess on the tips of her fingers. "Let's not talk about that or think about it now, okay? Besides, what am I doing here? I haven't even put the doctor's special cream on you yet. Let's just focus on that."

"Okay," I said. Then an idea came to me. "But only if you lick that finger off with your mouth!"

She was still holding her cummy fingers up to her face, while she firmly gripped my boner with her other hand. She looked up at me with renewed shock. "SON!"

"What?! Come on, just one taste. Bethany said it tastes good. Just seeing you do that will help keep me stiff, and I'm in danger of going flaccid due to inaction."

Mommy shook her head, and even glared up at me with annoyance. But she muttered, "One taste. That's it!"

"Yeay!"

She brought her index finger to her lips and slipped it into her mouth.

I waited with bated breath.

Her face was inscrutable. She furrowed her brow and stared off into space as she tested the taste. But then I got a very good feeling, because she pulled that finger out and cleaned her middle finger instead. She proceeded to quickly lick all the fingers on that hand clean!

As she was finishing with her pinky, I eagerly asked, "Well?!"

She gave me another annoyed look. "You hush. Consider yourself lucky I'm doing any of this. But, if you must know, okay, it does taste pretty good. In fact, it's surprisingly... well. it's downright delicious! Very fruity and sweet. But still, it's cum! It's gross!"

"YEAY!" I raised my arms in triumph and pumped my fists in the air.

She laughed ruefully. "Did you not hear me? I said it's yummy, but gross. Don't expect me to... UGH! You're an incorrigible case!"

She jacked me off with both hands for about a minute after that, to make sure I wasn't going to go flaccid any time soon.

Naturally, it felt great. I told her, "Mommy, that feels incredible!"

She just rolled her eyes and grumbled, "You would say that. I must be insane to be doing any of this. But I suppose it's time to see the rest of this bizarre ritual through."

Then she let go of my erection and picked up the tube from where she'd dropped it on the bed. She squeezed some of the cream out of the tube and onto her hands, then rubbed her hands together. I noticed she rubbed my cum on her fingers into the mix! She had a lot of it on her hands too, since they'd just come from my erection and it was soaked with pre-cum already. It was hard to notice the mixing though, because the cream looked mostly white, but also pearly and slightly translucent. In other words, the cream looked pretty much exactly like male ejaculate!

If she noticed the resemblance, she didn't comment about it. But I didn't see how she could miss that. It was as obvious as the countless gobs of my cum splattered all over her face and chest.

She put the tube back down and returned her hands to my still very stiff cock. She'd used copious amounts of the cream, so her hands were soaked.

I sighed and felt jolts of arousal race up and down my spine when she began stroking the cream into my skin. Somehow, it felt even better than before. As I'd noticed in the office, the cream seemed to have the perfect amount of minty menthol, or something like that, that caused all of my nerve endings to come alive without being painful.

Plus, the cherry smell was very pleasant. I suspected that it wouldn't be long before I'd develop a Pavlovian association and the mere smell of cherries would make me horny. Already in just one day, it had become my favorite flavor.

She seemed to enjoy her stroking more than before too, judging by the smile that grew on her cummy face. And it wasn't long before her fingers were sliding up and down with ease. That felt much better than before for both of us too.

I loved the way her vigorous stroking kept her giant bare boobs in constant motion. *I really am in paradise! How can one woman be so fit and firm everywhere, yet so curvy and soft in the most important spots at the same time?!*

At first, we proceeded in silence. But after a few minutes, I could tell that both of us were starting to relax and enjoy this more and more. I felt the urge to say something. "By the way, Mommy, I just want to say thanks. I know this is medically necessary, but it just so happens I'm having the time of my life!"

She looked up at me and made a chagrined face. "Yeah, I can see that. This thing is as big and stiff as the Eiffel Tower!" She gawked at her fingers sliding through the pre-cum on my shaft.

"It feels that way," I noted. "I sure hope you'll be able to get your lips around it."

She visibly shivered with arousal upon hearing that.

That encouraged me, I pointed out, "Didn't the doctor say something about putting the cream on my balls too?"

"Oh yes, that's right. Let's do that." She pulled her hands off my hard-on again. Then she picked up the tube and squeezed another large amount of the white cream onto her hands.

Just watching her move around aroused me beyond reason. *This is too awesome! Not only are her giant tits in constant motion, but the tops of them are covered in my cum! I can hardly wait to give them a good fucking. That's gotta happen soon, given what we were doing now.*

As she continued to smear the cream into her hands, I asked, "Aren't you worried you're going to run out of cream, if you keep using that much?"

She smiled, even as a big gob of cum dripped from the tip of her nose, "That's not a problem. Did you see the bag I was carrying when we left? Let's just say I have enough tubes of cream to cover an army! It can't be bought in stores, but Dr. Morgan says that if I ever start running low, I can just call and another big batch will be delivered to our door."

"Oh." Even hearing that excited me greatly, because it implied this would happen so frequently from now on.

Neither of us talked as she spent the next couple of minutes lathering up my balls with the cream. But as surprisingly good as that felt, I preferred when she was fondling my cock, and it seemed she did too, because she quickly went back to stroking my boner with one hand as she continued to play with my balls with the other one. Then, a minute or two later, she had both hands back on my throbbing pole, all but forgetting about my balls as a result.

I was very psyched, because my recent orgasm meant that I wasn't in imminent danger of cumming, despite the extreme stimulation I was enjoying. Not only was she doing incredible things to my fat boner with her two hands, but the way she was leaning forward over my crotch kept her enormous, cum-splattered tits dangling down in full view. I was in titty heaven!

After a few more minutes, with my arousal slowly but steadily rising, I commented, "I didn't realize you have an entire bag of the cream. Do you know what that means?"

"What?"

"Nothing, but, it's just... It seems symbolic to me about how often you're going to be playing with my penis from now on."

My mother muttered, "Let's not call it 'playing.' This is a medical procedure." But even as she said that, the excitement and arousal in her blushing and oh-so-cummy face was obvious. She was totally fascinated by my boner and simply couldn't stop stroking it.

I was tripping so high on lust that my confidence was off the charts. I boldly continued, "Whatever. Let's call it 'stroking, licking, and sucking it' then. You're going to be doing that many times a day, until that bag of cream is empty, and then you'll have to get a new one. That's hundreds of times for one bag, probably! Hundreds of facials! And then another bag, and another, and another! Think how many hours that means you'll be spending naked, kneeling, and bobbing on my shaft!"

She gasped, but she kept right on stroking. In fact, she slid her fingers faster and faster. The increased speed caused a few gobs of cum to drip off her jaw line onto her still heaving tits.

I went on, "When will it end?! Maybe never! I can see why the doctor said you need to try to think of yourself as my sex toy from now on, because isn't that what you'll be? You might as well enjoy it and get really good at it!"

"BRIAN!" she complained indignantly. A long dangle of my cum threatened to drip from her chin.

"What?! Isn't it true?!"

"UNGH!" She moaned surprisingly loudly, and very erotically. It was like she had a spontaneous orgasm right then, and maybe she did. Her huge tits quivered, swayed, and shook even more than they already were doing, which said a lot. The cum dangle finally fell, landing on her shelf of tit as well.

Then she surprised the hell out of me, because while she continued to hold my thick pole with both hands, she angled it towards her mouth and dramatically engulfed my entire cockhead in one fell swoop!

Instead of shutting her eyes tightly with shame, her blushing, cummy face stared up at me with something that looked like defiance, or even anger. But regardless of how she was feeling, her lips started slipping and sliding up and down on my hard-on with a vengeance! It was like she was trying to "punish" me for my bold words by forcing me to quickly cum with her mouth!

I realized, *This is the greatest moment of my life! At least so far, 'cos this is just the start! It feels even better than when both Mommy and Bethany licked my dick together back at the doctor's office, and that's saying a hell of a lot! Just looking at the intense expression on her cummy, blushing face, with her lips stretched wide around my shaft, is a total mind-fuck. And that doesn't count the incredible physical pleasure her mouth is giving me!*

I decided, *I have to go all out to make sure this total ecstasy lasts as long as possible! It's a MUST! Given that I've cum six times already, maybe this will be my last orgasm until tomorrow. I might as well try to make it an epic event to remember for the rest of my life!*

To that end, I shut my eyes tightly and tried to calm my mind. I took deep, slow breaths to prevent myself from panting. I made a deliberate attempt not to think about all my cum dripping down her blushing face and heaving tits, since those thoughts drove me wild. I also steadily clenched my PC muscle - my favorite trick to delay orgasm.

But perhaps most importantly, I firmly grasped the sides of Mommy's head and did my best to keep her head from bobbing on me more than an inch or so at a time.

At first, she fought my attempt to control her head motion. She really was determined to make me cum fast, and I was frustrating her in that. But after about a minute, she gave in and more or less kept her head still. A few tears leaked from her eyes, apparently due to her struggle dealing with my thickness.

I was surprised though, because at the same time, it seemed that the way I'd "tamed" her bobbing head aroused her to no end! Although her head stayed relatively still, the rest of her body trembled and even thrashed around more than ever before. I could feel her giant knockers bouncing up and down against my thighs. Thankfully, nearly all of my cum was on their upper slopes, which wasn't touching me.

At first, I worried that my head-holding effort had backfired in trying to lessen my arousal, because her tongue went wild in her mouth, and her cheeks caved in as she sucked with much greater suction than before. Her hands flew up and down the rest of my shaft in a near blur too. Although her head wasn't moving much, the overall effect was that she was sucking me closer to the brink of orgasm, regardless.

Then she began screaming! Since her mouth was crammed full of my cock, it came out muffled, but she was screaming just the same. It was easy to figure out that she was having one hell of an orgasm!

That went on for a minute or two. It would have given my boner a respite, except that even her lips trembled and hummed in a thrilling way. It was touch and go, but I desperately hung in there until her orgasm finally faded away.

To my great relief, she was as gentle as a lamb for a while after that. She kept my boner in her mouth, but merely suckled on it for a while.

That gave me some time to come down from my very close call. I forgot all about keeping her head in place, and actually stopped holding it altogether.

From time to time, she opened her eyes and looked up at me with love and even adoration.

I tenderly ran my fingers through her hair. "That was great, Mommy. I love that you're getting such pleasure from this, and we're not even done yet. I can tell you're going to be a great cocksucker. You're already totally blowing my mind!"

She was incapable of speech, due to her mouth being full. I gathered that it was a serious ordeal to get her lips around my shaft, so she couldn't just pull off for a moment or two to say something. But she looked up into my eyes some more and reached up with a hand.

I took that hand and squeezed it.

She squeezed back, firmly.

When she let go, I commented, "I like that. I guess we're going to need to work on our non-verbal communication, since your lips will be so busy sliding up and down my cock so very often."

"MMMM!" Her eyes went wide and she shivered all over. It seemed like my words hit her entire body like an electric cattle prod.

Encouraged, I said more while resuming a stroking motion through her hair. "You like that? Do you like the idea of being my personal cocksucking mommy from now on? Are you thinking of how much time you'll be spending naked and kneeling between my legs with your lips stretched painfully wide, exactly like you are now?"

"MMMM!" That came out as an urgent and loud growl instead of a sexy moan. In a flash, she was even more re-energized.

She immediately resumed her active sucking, but with a different attitude and energy. It was as if some wild beast inside her had been tamed. Her desperate, even angry attempt to get me to cum right away was over. She sensed I wasn't going to cum for quite a while, so she settled down for a more prolonged and relaxed experience.

God damn! I can't use enough superlatives to describe how great it felt! Again, the mere visual stimulation of her cum-splattered face, blushing cheeks, lusty expression, and stretched open mouth was a total mind-blower. Her hands never stopped sliding up and down my shaft. The cherry cream kept it slick, with copious amounts of drooling saliva helping more. Her lips also kept up their steady bobbing and sliding, which was incredible in and of itself. But she also began experimenting more and more with differing amounts of pressure and suction, not to mention varying her angles and depth.

However, the undisputed highlight that even beat all that was the heavenly things she managed to do with her tongue! Bethany may have had an improbably long one, but Mommy had a remarkably dexterous one. Now that she was bobbing a lot slower, that allowed for more tongue work, and she was showing a truly extraordinary natural ability.

After a few minutes, I couldn't help but say, "Mommy! You're so GOOD at this! What your tongue is doing is simply incredible!"

To my surprise, she pulled her lips all the way off to talk, while continuing to jack me off. I knew it wasn't easy for her to pull on or off, but it appeared she needed to give her mouth a brief rest in any case. She smiled widely, as she wiped the drool running down her chin. "You like that, do you?"

"Are you kidding me?! It's the greatest thing in the history of the world!"

She chuckled at that. She got busy licking on my most sensitive spot, with a huge smile on her face. But she talked at the same time. "I feel so utterly ashamed, especially that I had an orgasm while doing this. But... hearing you say that makes me feel so good that it's like... it's like... I can't help myself!" She appeared to be incredulous about what she was saying and feeling.

She adoringly lapped all around my cockhead. She seemed lost in thought, or maybe she was intensely concentrating on savoring the experience.

Then, after another minute or two of steady lapping, she resumed talking. "This is really, really, REALLY tough going! Your cock is just so very thick! I even shed a few tears at first. I just had to stop just now, because this is a total physical ordeal and I'm desperate for a break. But it's kind of... fun too! There, I said it!"

She went back to just licking and stroking for a while, as she rested her tired lips. Then she added, "I've been thinking about what you said, about all those bags full of tubes of cream I'll be getting in the future. That means I'm going to be sucking you thousands of times! Countless thousands! Maybe even thousands of times each and every year, since you cum so many times every single day and I don't think you'll ever stop being hypersexual! So I might as well enjoy it, right? That makes it a really lucky thing that I happen to love it."

She pressed my boner against one of her facial cheeks and seemed to revel in sliding it against her skin. "Mmmmmmm!"

"Wait! Did you just say you 'love it?'"

"Did I?" She looked startled, and pulled my hot cock away from her cheek. Then several expressions crossed her face. It seemed as if she considered lying, but then changed her mind.

She resumed lapping around my cockhead as she pondered what to say next. "Well, I don't know about 'love.' Let's just say I find it highly enjoyable, even as tough as it is." She couldn't resist breaking into a big smile. She added in an almost giddy tone, "I get so happy, knowing that I'm making you feel really good!"

"You are!" Seeing that loving and enthusiastic smile on her face made my heart soar.

She looked up at me with renewed fire in her eyes. "Are you ready for more? More... cocksucking?!"

"Hell, yeah!"

"Good! Me too!" Her face was brimming with lust and excitement, which almost brought tears of joy to my eyes.

After a few more tasty licks, she engulfed my cockhead again.

I had to let out a long, lusty moan, because it felt so great. "Aaaaaah!" I put my hands back on her head as I tried to cope with another surge of pleasure. I had to close my eyes again for a while, because seeing her cummy, constantly blushing face was sometimes just too much.

Another few minutes of pure erotic joy passed. I started to get closer and closer to the edge, causing me to say some unrestrained sex talk. "Mmmm! Mommy, you're my sex toy now, aren't you? That's what the doctor said, so it must be true. My petite but ultra-busty cocksucking queen!"

That seemed to turn her on, judging from the way she let out a long and lusty moan.

In terms of prolonging the joy, it was a mistake for me to say that, because it was as if she suddenly turned on some previously unknown "turbo power" and began bobbing rapidly, with tremendous suction.

However, I didn't mind that much, because I knew I'd been getting close to an unstoppable orgasm anyway. This just sped things up slightly, and I loved seeing her passion soar still higher.

So far, she'd mostly been keeping her eyes closed, but she stared up at me with a ravenous hunger in her eyes. However, even that ultra-sexy look couldn't begin to convey the cauldron of insanely arousing pleasure I was feeling from all the action taking place inside her mouth. There was no doubt that she had totally surrendered to her lusty desires, and she was loving every second!

Soon, I could feel my balls tightening and I knew I'd reached the point of no return. This time, I had a little more warning, so I yelled, "Quick! I'm gonna cum! Pull off, and pick! Do you want it on your tits or your face?!"

She immediately pulled her lips off again. She completely let go of my boner and sat up. She clutched her huge, cummy tits from below, making them an even more tempting target. Then she excitedly replied, "Both! Can you do both again?!"

The time to reply had run out, since I'd already started firing my cum ropes at her the second she said "Both!" I answered her with action. I started cumming on her tits, because she was holding them up in such an irresistible way. I probably blasted more of my cum there, since most of it had ended up on her face last time. But I still had plenty of cum left to further douse her face before I was done.

She ended up looking like a bukkake victim! (That's where many men cum onto one woman.) However, it didn't look like she minded in the slightest. She was totally tripping on sheer lust, like it was the best drug in the world!

I slumped down slightly, panting like I'd just run a race.

However, I managed to keep my eyes open, and I saw her experimentally rubbing her huge orbs together. The experimental part was because there was so much cum there that she was smearing it into her skin. She seemed fascinated.

I had to close my eyes and tune out for a while, because, again, it was more than one guy could take!

When I resumed looking a few minutes later, she was still kneeling between my legs, like no time had passed at all. She remained completely naked, except for all of my cum glistening on her skin.

My penis had gone flaccid, and she wasn't paying it any attention. Instead, not realizing I was watching, she was furtively sweeping my cum off her cheeks and onto her fingers, and then scooping it into her mouth. Clearly, she was enjoying the taste, or the "wickedness" of doing that, or both.

I decided to give her a shred of dignity, and closed my eyes again. I moaned loudly, to let her know that I was coming around.

This time, when I opened my eyes, she was just kneeling there, acting innocent. But her face was still red with embarrassment, even more than usual (usual since the doctor's appointment began, that is). Upon closer inspection, I could see a lot less cum on her face, including areas where it was almost cum-free.

I smiled at her and reached out for her hand.

She wiped her still very cummy hand on one of her thighs, and then took my hand.

I said, "Thanks, Mommy! That was incredible! One of the best times of my life! No, THE best! By far!"

She beamed and squeezed my hand. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. That means a lot to me. But don't get too carried away with the praise, because this is just... normal now. Right? I mean, we're going to be doing this a lot from now on, so it's good if you can get used to it."

I felt shivers race up and down my spine due to the implications of what she'd just said. "I know. The first of 'countless thousands.' But still, the first time is extra special. I'll never forget it!"

She beamed. She purred, "Neither will I!"

I reached out to her face, but stopped, because she was so thoroughly covered in my cum. I ended up putting my

hands on her still clean upper arms. "I wish I could touch you. Kiss you!"

"Hold your horses, mister! I'm still not ready for that, okay? Let's not get carried away. What we just did was... intense! I'm exhausted. I'm going to take a long hot bath, and turn in early tonight."

Then she realized something. "Oh. But first I've gotta call Dr. Morgan. I promised I'd give her an update after our first cream application. I'm excited to tell her it was a total success!"

I furrowed my brow at her "turn in early" comment. "Wait. What? What if I get erect again? As I almost certainly will. Can't you help me with the cream some more?"

She stared at me wide-eyed, going back and forth between my flaccid penis and my face. "AGAIN?! But son! I gave you my all and I have nothing left. You've climaxed so many times today! You can't possibly cum again!"

I said with growing confidence, "I can, and I will! Yeah, today will probably be a record-setting day, but that's because you inspire me so much! Just look at you, all naked and firm and curvy. You're the sexiest thing in the history of the world! Look at your sexy, cummy face and tits. It makes my heart soar. We should take a picture!"

She winced and closed her eyes tightly. "NO! Please! You're embarrassing me! I would just die!" Her blush had faded while I was resting, but it came back quickly. I decided that's how I wanted her stunning face all the time in a perfect world, blushing and dripping with copious amounts of my cum.

I relented on the picture taking idea though. I knew there would be other times for that. "Okay. Whatever you want. But you need to look at yourself in the mirror. You'll have to do that when you go to the bathroom to clean up anyway."

She moaned and groaned with distress, but she got up to go to the bathroom a short time later.

I almost had to smack my own face in disbelief as I watched her bare ass cheeks undulating up and down when she walked away. She looked as good from behind as from in front, especially because I could see a lot of "side-boob" wobbling with each step she took. Plus, I got an extra kick out of seeing her in her sexy high heels.

I kicked back on the bed while she was gone, marveling at my new life. *I can't believe things have changed so dramatically for the better in a single day. All thanks to Dr. Morgan and her sexy assistant Bethany! Wow! I literally can't believe it!*

Mommy came back to my room a few minutes later. She was clean and refreshed, and was fully dressed in a blouse and skirt, but with her heels still on. Since my door had been left wide open, she walked in without knowing, and said, "Aaaah! I feel much...."

Her voice trailed off and her jaw nearly dropped to the floor, because she saw that I was still in the exact same position as before, still buck naked, and my penis had become fully erect again! It was standing up at a jaunty angle.

She clutched at the sides of her face and squealed in alarm. "SON! What the HELL?! How is that possible?!"

I grinned from ear to ear. "It's you, Mommy! All you! Now, the big question is, do you think you can help me again, or are you too tired out?!"

She calmed down a little, and lowered her hands, but she was frowning intensely. "I honestly don't know! My jaw is really sore. Honestly. My whole mouth is crying mercy. My hands are tired out too! Oh, and my tongue. UNH! Son, I'll admit that I like helping you. Heck, if I'm totally honest, I love it! But it's an ordeal too!"

I told her, "Well, I don't want to force you. I want you to be happy. Maybe we could just start out taking it easy? You could just rub the cream in, and see how things go from there? We're in no hurry..."

"Well... maybe... Okay..." She started to undress, pulling her skirt down her sexy legs.

I couldn't believe my good luck! It was all I could do not to leap around the room.

She grumbled as she stripped, "Good Lord! This is my life from now on, isn't it? Getting naked and serving your cock, over and over again. Like your personal sex doll, but a real human one."

My lust soared. "Yep! That's exactly true! But you can't tell me you don't love it."

She chuckled. "I just said that, didn't I?"

"Yeah, but I know you're not just saying that to make me feel better, because I can see it in your eyes. And I love you more than words can ever say. This will make me love you even more!"

"Oh, Son!" She quickly shed her clothes down to just her high heels. Then she rushed into my arms.

Once we were pressed close together, with her huge knockers rubbing against my bare chest, she purred, "I love you

too! So much!"

We kissed on the lips for the very first time! It was my first French kiss with anyone, and boy was it fantastic! My joy was multiplied because I had one hand freely fondling one of her great orbs while my other hand explored her ass cheeks.

I thought, *She's mine! She's all mine! After what's happened today, there's no going back! I love her so much, AND she's a busty sex goddess AND she's a cocksucking queen! And she's my MOTHER! Talk about a great day!*

In the end, we did start out taking it easy, with our necking session slowly morphing into a mellow handjob. It seemed she simply couldn't keep her hands off my dick!

Her arousal grew and grew at about the same rate as mine. She finally broke the kiss, then started to slither down my body. "Mmmm! I love kissing you so much! I might as well admit that I'm a total slut for my son, because I love all these naughty things we're doing to each other. But I especially love pleasuring you with my mouth. I'm going to see if I can give it another try, but I should warn you I'm so tired out that I might not last long."

She took my cockhead back in her mouth. Within seconds, her cheeks were puckered in again.

Not only did she not tire out, she ended up giving me a blowjob that was even longer and better than last time! And she didn't even try to pretend she disliked it when I ended up cumming all over her face and rack again.

I have to admit that I was more than a little impressed at her stamina and determination. It was clear from the start that she was exhausted from the previous blowjob, but she did her best regardless. In fact, she sucked me even better, as she started to get to intimately learn the unique aspects of my penis. The only noticeable effect of her tiredness was that she needed to take more breaks. But then again, I needed to take more breaks too, to keep from cumming too soon.

Once we were finally all done, she did take that long hot bath she'd mentioned, and she said it helped a lot.

But about halfway through, I walked in and brazenly sat down on the edge of the tub, just to admire her wet, nude body.

To her sheer disbelief, my penis soon got erect one more time! Even I was a little surprised. But she was simply that inspiring.

She basically cried uncle that her mouth was way too tired out. However, she jacked me off while we talked about our doctor's appointment and what we thought it meant. I didn't end up cumming, but it was a highly arousing and fun experience just the same. I loved how she'd already come to be so comfortable with stroking my thick pole.

After her bath, she went to her room and called Dr. Morgan on the phone. She said into the speaker, "Doctor? Is this a good time? You said I should call you just as soon as... I did it."

There was a short pause while the doctor replied, then she said, "Did it go well?! You have no idea! Let's put it this way: I sucked his cock to orgasm TWICE! And I loved it! Then I gave him a prolonged handjob while I took a bath. He didn't cum that time, which means he's still horny. I know that for a fact, because I'm sitting here buck naked on my bed with my son's huge cock in my hand! I can't get enough of it!" She giggled with giddy glee.

Indeed, I was right there listening to the phone call while she slowly jacked me off some more. I'd talked her into letting me listen, since I argued it affected me as much as her. I think she agreed more because she didn't want to get away from my penis as long as it was fully erect!

I didn't hear the doctor's reply, but then Mommy exclaimed, "GOD, YES! Thank you so much! Everything has changed. I'm not even feeling guilty. Even as we speak, my son is lying on top of my helpless nude body with his head between my breasts and his fingers toying with my stiff nipples, and all I can think is 'more, more, more!' You were SO RIGHT! Sucking his cock IS the absolute best! It's even better than intercourse!"

After the doctor said something, she went on, "Sure. I think about tomorrow, and how I'll have to suck him off who knows how many times, and I feel daunted. I mean, five or six times! But more than that, I can hardly wait! I get goose bumps all over!"

The phone call continued in that vein, with my mother so happy that she was practically floating on air. Naturally, Dr. Morgan was very encouraging. In fact, the phone call soon turned into more of a "how to" lesson, with the doctor giving her lots of useful cocksucking tips.

Mommy was so worked up from hearing those that she had to cut the call short so she could try them out right away. Even though she was even MORE exhausted, she sucked me off for a third time, right in the middle of her bed! I kicked back with my head on the pillows while she laid between my legs. Just thinking of the two of us positioned

like that was a heady rush for me.

I must admit that this time I didn't last very long. I was pretty exhausted too, and I didn't have the energy to delay orgasm like usual. It was probably for the best. Both of us were running on fumes, pushing ourselves to our sexual limits because we were just that out-of-control horny.

Somehow, we made it through dinner fully dressed and acting normally, while my penis stayed flaccid. We both definitely needed a sexual break. Despite the lack of a sexual mood, we clearly shared a new bond. In fact, it was almost like we were honeymooners. For instance, we couldn't stop touching each other, even if it was just touching hands across the table through our meal. And we couldn't stop staring deeply and lovingly into each other's eyes as well.

At one point during the meal, she said to me, "Son, I can't stop thinking how much everything has changed. Forever! Of course I've always loved you with all my heart. You're my pride and joy; you know that. But tonight... it's like I'm feeling like... I'm... I'm falling IN LOVE with you too! Do you know what I mean?"

I squeezed her hand, since we were still holding hands across the table. "Of course! I know EXACTLY how you feel, because I'm falling in love with you too!"

She shivered all over. "Oh, Son! That means so much to me! I wish I could just rip these clothes off and drop to my knees and suck you for hours and hours, to show you just how much I love you!"

I wiggled my eyebrows suggestively. "Me too! Unfortunately, I'm still down for the count. But maybe after dinner you'll get your wish."

"Mmmm!" She lasciviously licked all the way around her lips.

I had to laugh at that, simply because I was so overjoyed. "You really love 'applying the cream,' don't you?"

Her eyes lit up. "Oh, you have no idea! You know I'm hardly a virgin. I gave birth to you, after all. But it's like all previous sex pales in comparison to nothing. I feel virginal, because everything seems brand new. Because it's with you! My son! My love!"

She let go of my hand and gave me a stern look while nodding at my plate. "Eat up! The sooner we finish, the sooner we can get to your post-dinner surprise!"

My smile was a mile wide. "Let me guess: coffee cake? Rocky road ice cream?"

She growled with frustration. "NO! Think less in terms of 'food' and more in terms of 'naked mommy.'"

I rubbed my chin, pretending to ponder this deep. "Hmmm. I'm stuck. Some kind of naked mommy-shaped ice cream cake?"

"Oh, YOU!" She playfully threw her napkin at me.

Then we both burst into laughter. We resumed holding hands and staring deeply into each other's eyes.

She had come to dinner dressed very conservatively, with even her arms and legs completely covered. But before we finished eating, she unbuttoned the front of her blouse more and more, in hopes of getting an early start on reviving my erection. By the time the meal was over, she was unbuttoned down to her belly button, and giving me all sorts of flirty come-ons, in a way she'd never done before.

Unfortunately, despite all that, my penis still wouldn't get erect. Mentally I was raring to go, but I'd cum too often in a short time period for my penis to be able to comply.

She was visibly disappointed, if not downright crushed. She admitted to me that despite her continued tiredness, she wanted to play some more with her "new toy."

However, all was not lost. When she came to check on me about half an hour after dinner finished, I got erect again in a hurry.

I was sitting at my desk and typing on my laptop, trying to work on some homework, but without much success. Needless to say, I had other things on my mind.

Then she strolled in wearing absolutely nothing but a smile and her red high heels!

Whoa! I just about had a heart attack.

There was no hesitation or guilt on her part. She sashayed across the room in a sexy way that I'd never seen her do before, her bare hips swaying outrageously from side to side. Then she spun me around in my desk chair on rollers and dropped to her knees between my legs. Her hands were visibly trembling with excitement as she unzipped my

shorts and then pulled my shorts all the way off for good measure.

She still hadn't said a single word to me, but she gave me a saucy wink right before she took a big breath and engulfed my entire cockhead into her mouth!

Remarkably, her fourth blowjob that day was even better and much more prolonged than the first three. She was getting better at an impressive rate, and whatever reluctance she had was fading away. Most of all, it was her sheer enthusiasm that made it so pleasurable, for both of us. She was truly in her element, reveling in her sexual desires with no inhibition whatsoever. It was damn inspiring!

She's always been a shy and retiring type, never cursing or doing anything she deemed immoral or improper. I loved her dearly, but she was tightly wound. However, once she got naked and bobbing on my cock, it was like she became emotionally liberated. She let her hair down and lived in the moment in a way I'd never seen her do before. It was all I could do to keep up and try my best not to cum too soon.

When that blowjob ended and we were both recovering again, she sat between my legs, with her face and tits splattered in cum once more. She stared into my eyes, and said, "Would you look at me?! Boy oh boy! I suppose I'm going to have to get used to this, because this is our new life now."

I asked her, "What do you feel about facials and pearl necklaces now?"

She frowned in confusion. "What's a 'pearl necklace?'"

"That's when a guy cums on a woman's tits. Think of the white splats like a pearl necklace hanging down your chest."

"Oh! Well, I wish I could say that I object to that sort of thing. Demeaning to women, blah blah blah. But who am I kidding?!" She broke into a big smile. "As long as it's YOUR cum, I love it! I wish I could thank Dr. Morgan a thousand million times for helping us love each other in this new way. AND it will keep your 'hypersexual' tendencies in check to boot!"

She looked down at her own "pearl necklace" and beamed with joy. She swiped up a particularly big cum gob and slipped it into her mouth. "Mmmm! Yum!"

She went on, "I can only imagine how tomorrow's going to go. You'll wake up with a big, fat, hot, raging erection. I'll have to strip naked and bob on you until my jaw hurts. But when you come down for breakfast, you'll see me walking around and you'll get fully erect again! And I'll have to get naked and take care of you again! And then it'll keep going like that, all day long!"

Her eyes bugged out as she thought more vividly of what tomorrow would bring. "After school, you're going to be soooo very stiff and needy! I'll probably have to suck you off twice just to get back to normal. Heck, who knows? I might spend most of the afternoon naked and kneeling, steadily bobbing away! Thank God that you're still going to school, or I'd get no rest at all!"

I asked her, "Does that bother you?"

She smiled lovingly up at me, and then crawled up my body until we were face to face. "What do you think? Can we kiss again, even though my mouth is slightly cummy, and my face is VERY cummy?"

I answered that by planting my lips on her lips. We were in love!

Chapter 9

What Mommy predicted would happen the next morning was exactly what happened. She showed up in my room wearing nothing but a see-through teddy, plus her high heels. Soon, even the teddy was gone. She sucked me off twice before I had to leave for school, once before breakfast and once after.

She never put any clothes on all morning, except for a sexy apron while she cooked the meal. Even when she saw me off with a kiss, we had to do it with the front door still closed, because we made out for several minutes while she was completely naked and I was fully dressed.

Needless to say, she was taking to her new lifestyle like a fish to water! I couldn't believe my great luck.

Then, when I came home, it seemed she spent the entire afternoon bobbing naked between my legs on my bed. And then some more after dinner! All the while, she was improving her technique and stamina. Her dedication and determination to serving my cock was simply breath-taking!

I don't know how she managed, but somehow, she was always ready and willing whenever I got another erection.

At some point in that heavenly afternoon, she gave me my first titfuck in order to rest her mouth. What a joy! Both of us enjoyed that nearly as much as the blowjobs.

And so life continued like that. Over and over again for the next week. She would frequently dutifully rub the cream into my cock and balls, but that was just the warm up for her hot and hungry mouth. Luckily, we both loved the cherry smell and the way the cream served as lubrication to help her hands and lips slide up and down my shaft.

So much cocksucking and titfucking! When she'd wake me up in the morning. At the breakfast table. Before I left for school. When I got home from school. Later in the afternoon. Before dinner. After dinner. While watching a movie together. Before going to bed. And so on. Admittedly, it wouldn't happen every single one of those times every single day, but it would happen at most of them!

I could honestly say she soon became completely addicted. She loved it as much as I did, or even more!

I'd been cumming five or six times, on average. But once Mommy started helping, I orgasmed about seven or eight times a day! It was incredible!

And most of the time, Mommy would start out dressed in some different, insanely erotic outfit, before eventually stripping naked for fear of getting some of the cream on her clothes. It wasn't long though before it became clear that we were both doing it for the sheer joy of it, and the cream was only a small part of it.

I loved how excited she would get for my penis. Sometimes when I came home from school, she would greet me at the door with a chaste kiss on the lips, push her enormous breasts into my chest, and immediately begin massaging my boner through my shorts. Soon, my stiff cock would be out, her clothes would be completely off (except for her sexy high heels), and she would be stroking my hard-on with the cream. Often, I wouldn't even make it past the foyer by the front door until I'd shot my cum load all over her.

At first, it was all about the cream and the cocksucking. It was like she literally couldn't get enough of her mouth on my cock, to the point she wasn't interested in anything else. But, by and by, we started to vary things up. But before long, she learned that titfucking was just as much fun for her, if not more so, because she could suck on my fat knob while the titfucking was going on, effectively giving both of us "two-for-one" joy. Plus, I could also play with her huge tits all the while.

By and by, titfucking became even more common than cocksucking. A big part of that was that she soon trained herself to take my entire cockhead and then some into her mouth and bob on it with ease for surprisingly long amounts of time. It really was a two-for-one joy.

My ultra-busty mother had turned into an unabashed sex freak, and I was the main beneficiary! I was walking on air nearly all the time. Even when I wasn't with her, I usually had a grin on my face from thinking about her.

We soon developed a routine we both loved. Typically, she'd start things off with a sexy striptease to get me fully aroused, even though I was almost always stiff as a steel bar already. Then, I'd get some cream and rub it into her gigantic globes while she rubbed more cream into my cock and balls. After a few minutes, once the cream was thoroughly massaged into my privates, she would switch to titfucking, or cocksucking, or her favorite and mine, a cocksucking-titfucking combo. I'd still play with her tits, so long as they were within reach. Often, mere minutes later, I'd be cumming all over her face and body. But other times, the two of us would revel in how long she could suck and stroke at a slower, more relaxed pace.

It was amazing how long the two of us could go at it sometimes. Dr. Morgan had suggested that her helping me out would give me more time for homework, but that didn't turn out to be the case at all. In fact, I clearly spent more time in sexual bliss than ever before!

Still, Mommy didn't seem to care, and I didn't either. However, I did work harder at other times to do better on my homework, just to make sure she'd never have a good excuse to limit the time on our sexual fun. Luckily, it was near the end of my senior year in high school, so grades didn't matter much at that point

Bit by bit, other barriers came down. For instance, for the first few days, she was reluctant to engage in French kissing, even though we somehow did it a fair amount anyway. She claimed that it was "romantic" and not in any way related to helping with our treatments. I didn't like that, because I could tell she was feeling torn and guilty about that part.

Luckily, I sensed that Dr. Morgan was on my side, which was the side of letting our sexual inhibitions run wild. So I had Mommy call her, and the doctor assured her that kissing, even French kissing, was all part of the "general treatment regimen." She argued that anything and everything she could do to get my cock stiff and keep it that way was "therapeutic" for me, because the more times I climaxed each day, the more that would "clear my mind" the rest of time, allowing me to do better in school and other mundane things.

After that, it was like we couldn't keep our lips off each other, or our hands off each other during our necking sessions. That helped us fall even more in love, seemingly falling deeper every single day.

My favorite time of day was after dinner. Typically, she'd wear something highly titillating, and we'd flirt shamelessly all through the meal. Then we'd get naked and cuddle on the love seat in our living room. At first, we'd just make out and fondle. But before long, she'd wind up on her knees between my legs, and she would get serious about pleasuring my cock. The rest of the evening would be a blissful blur of kissing, fondling, cocksucking, and tiffucking, with both of us cumming and cumming.

Slowly but surely, other taboos fell by the wayside. Pretty much her entire body became my personal sexual playground. I grew to love caressing her ass and especially her ass crack almost as much as playing with her great tits, because she thought her ass was "extra naughty" and any ass play would get her hot and bothered.

Anal sex was out of the question though, due to the sheer size and girth of my penis.

Dr. Morgan continued to be my ally. Within a matter of weeks, the idea of Mommy being my "sex toy" went from an arousing but shameful "sex talk" fantasy for her to something she was serious and actually proud about. Although we hadn't gone back for a second appointment yet, Mommy talked to the doctor on the phone a surprising amount. It was clear they had "clicked" and were becoming good friends, not just doctor and patient.

Dr. Morgan increasingly emphasized that it was healthy if Mommy "let her submissive desires flow" and think in terms of "serving" my cock with all her love and devotion. She told her that our relationship could never be a normal one, or even close to normal. There could be no "balance" or "equality." Instead, Mommy would be even happier if she would embrace her "sex toy" status with open arms.

Surprisingly, Mommy had very little resistance to these ideas. She told me that she found it comforting as well as highly arousing to think of herself as my personal busty sex toy. In fact, more and more, she openly thought in terms of "What would a good sex toy do?" She often asked me what she could do to better sexually serve me. Needless to say, that always worked out fantastically for me!

Dr. Morgan and Mommy got on surprisingly well, to the point that it soon became clear they'd gone from just being doctor and patient to being good friends. After a few weeks, they wound up talking on the phone almost every evening. It seemed they spent most of their calls talking about sex in one way or another, usually to help Mommy adjust to her new "sex toy" life, allowing her to become yet more sexually liberated.

The only downside to this I could see was that Mommy was getting so much good advice from the doctor that we didn't have much need to come in for more appointments. I especially couldn't wait to see Bethany again.

However, despite all these positive developments, Mommy still maintained one taboo: no vaginal fucking! No matter what I said or did, she wouldn't budge on that. She claimed it was "real incest," and immoral, and against the law, and all sorts of other things.

For several weeks, she resisted letting me play with her vagina, worrying that would be a slippery slope that led to fucking. But I must admit I was devious and "accidentally" touched her there more and more. I had plenty of opportunities since we were naked together so often every day. Eventually, she gave in and let me touch her clit and slit as much as I wanted, so long as I promised not to fuck her. I could even fingerbang or lick her pussy sometimes,

when she got really hot.

But actual vaginal penetration with my cock was still strictly forbidden. That was extremely frustrating, believe me, because she was the perfect "human sex doll" in every other possible way. And we were falling deeper in love. I longed to fuck her more than I'd ever wanted anything in my entire life!

Chapter 10

This all happened within the course of only one month. One month was a big marker, because that's when we had our first follow-up appointment with Dr. Morgan. (Despite all the phone calls between Mommy and Dr. Morgan, the doctor said there were some things that just couldn't be done over the phone.)

I couldn't wait.

I was hit by a big disappointment once we got there. I was dying to see Bethany again, and she happened to be out sick. She sent her regards to me but, apparently she was sick as a dog for the entire week.

I at least wanted to see the receptionist Rebecca and talk with her some. Heck, I was hoping for some heavy flirtation, or even more, given what had happened last time. But I was disappointed again in that we were ushered in to see the doctor as soon as we walked into the waiting room.

Still, merely getting to see Dr. Morgan was like an erotic dream come true. She was dressed professionally, just like last time, but she looked totally hot just the same, especially with her stunning platinum blonde hair. She often wore a sly smile that made me think she would be a ravenous tigress in bed, if only I could get things started with her.

The highlight of the meeting was that Dr. Morgan asked us to demonstrate how we typically applied the cream, to "make sure we were doing it correctly." Mommy tried to act relatively restrained at first, given that she knew the doctor would be closely watching. She was wonderfully sexually uninhibited at home, but that was in private. We still acted completely "normally" whenever we were with anyone else, without even a hint of flirting. Mommy had gotten pretty hot and bothered talking to the doctor on the phone at times, but that was on the phone. Letting go in person was a very different matter.

But once Mommy got completely naked between my legs, with my thick cock in her hands, her libido had a mind of its own. We started sitting side by side on a couch while the doctor sat behind her desk writing notes on her notepad. It wasn't long before Mommy was naked and kneeling on the floor in front of where I sat, bobbing and slurping on my cock like her life depended on it! Having the doctor watch and silently judge her seemed to only send her lust soaring, and she channeled all that energy into sucking me off like a crazed succubus.

The doctor didn't say much, and stayed restrained and fully dressed in her usual business suit. But I could tell that she'd gotten more than a little sexually worked up from watching us. She couldn't entirely stop her body from writhing in place as she watched.

I was hoping for more of that, a lot more. For instance, she'd touched and stroked my penis last time. Certainly, she would do that again, no? I even had visions of a steamy threesome.

Instead, Dr. Morgan acted just like a professional therapist the whole time, without touching my body at all. Even while Mommy loudly slurped on my cock, the doctor carried on asking me questions, just like it was a normal medical appointment.

She asked, "So, Brian, how are you enjoying the changes in your life over this past month?"

I was incredulous. "Are you kidding me?! Just look at me!" I waved my hands in the air. "Even as we speak, the woman of my dreams is blowing me, giving me such extreme pleasure that I can't even put it into words! And it's like that all the damn time! The whole month has been one non-stop perfect, living dream. I swear, I literally can't believe it! I keep wondering when the other shoe is going to drop, but it never does. It's all awesome!"

The doctor smiled approvingly. "That's good to hear. Are you satisfied with your mother's oral efforts?"

Again, I had to gesticulate with waving hands, because I was so incredulous. "Seriously?! Seriously, you have to ask me that?! Don't you have eyes to see?"

I tried to calm down, and ran my hand down my mother's shapely bare back, all the way to her ass. "You know what they say, that any blowjob is a good blowjob. That's definitely true. But just look at her. What physical perfection! She truly is my dream woman. Just getting to see her naked and caress and fondle me all over to my heart's content has been a dream come true. But on top of that, she's an incredible cocksucker!"

The doctor asked me, "How can you say that for sure though? Your only point of comparison is when Bethany blew you last time, and I'll bet you were so excited that that was happening at all that you weren't paying close attention to her technique."

"That's true," I admitted. "However, I could just tell from the get-go that Bethany has to be one of the very best of

the best, right? How could she not be, especially with her long tongue? Isn't that what you hear?"

The doctor conceded, "I obviously can't know directly, but that's my general impression, yes."

"Good. Well, that day, Mommy wasn't as good. There's no shame in that; she simply didn't have the experience. I noticed the difference. But ever since then... MY GOD! She works so hard to get better! She sucks me so much, and for so long, that she's bound to get better simply due to all that practice. But she's constantly asking for feedback and trying new things. She says she wants to be my 'perfect personal sex toy!' And SHE IS!"

Hearing that clearly excited and aroused Mommy. She began bobbing faster, and with even more suction than usual. The loudness of her slurping doubled.

It was increasingly hard for me to talk, or even think, but I pressed on. "Everything she does shows how much she loves me and loves serving me. I mean, just look at her!"

I still had a hand on her ass, and I gave it a playful slap. "Look here at her tan, for instance. Just in the last month, she's been tanning in the nude while I'm at school, and her tan lines have faded away. With a richer tan, she looks even hotter than before! Plus, she's been exercising like a demon possessed. It's already having an effect, in my opinion."

Dr. Morgan nodded. "That is impressive. You're right; she looks even better. I think her body is firming up some more."

I nodded. "And it's not just that. She still hasn't been able to really deep throat me, but it's not for lack of trying. She's been doing some trick of rubbing the back of her mouth with a toothbrush to get rid of her gag reflex. It took most of the month, but that reflex is gone! Now, she can take me a couple of inches deeper in her mouth with ease, and she does that all the time! It feels awesome! She's still having trouble getting my cock down her throat, but she works on it every single day, and practices more when I'm not around."

The doctor said, "Interesting. Mary, would you mind demonstrating your progress on that for us right now?" (Over the past month, thanks to their frequent phone calls, she had taken to calling Mommy by her first name.)

Mommy simply nodded. She'd gotten good at getting air through her nose, so she took some deep whiffs. Then she started going down on me.

I knew an all-out pleasure blast was coming. I had to pull my hand back from her ass and brace myself, with both hands on the sides of her head.

Sure enough, the sounds of intense struggle ensued, with lots of choking and gagging. It wasn't long before tears were profusely rolling from my mother's eyes. Sometimes, she would have to pull back up to breathe. But she wouldn't give up.

After a couple of minutes of this, I said, "See?! She can get a couple of inches down her throat, but I'm just too thick. She has to pull back and try again. But she's so determined! She just keeps trying and trying! It makes me love her even more than before!"

Even as I spoke, Mommy was continuing her loud and teary struggle.

For once, Dr. Morgan was the one who looked shocked and bug-eyed. She muttered, "WOW! That is impressive! I've heard all about it through our phone calls, but to see it is something else altogether!"

I'd been paying full attention to my mother's bobbing head, but I glanced over at the doctor sitting not even ten feet away behind her desk and I realized with a start that one of her hands was below the edge of her desk. I couldn't see what that hand was doing, but the way the arm was positioned, plus how it was rhythmically moving up and down, made it clear that she had to be rubbing her pussy!

My lust soared even higher from seeing that, especially because Dr. Morgan was such a sultry, stacked babe. Not like a typical doctor at all!

I wanted to call her out on it, maybe in hopes of pushing her towards that threesome, but I grew shy. All I could say was, "Listen to the sound of her struggling. Isn't that hot, all that choking and gagging? It shows such desire! She NEEDS my cock, all of it! More cock! Deeper! Deeper! She won't give up! She's got practically my entire cockhead lodged in her throat right now, and it feels incredible! You know what I mean?"

The doctor was getting carried away from her masturbatory pleasure. I could tell by the far off stare in her gaze and the flushed look on her face. She was startled to realize that she was expected to answer my question. It took her some moments to gather her wits. "Uhhhh... Yes. Uh, I do. I must admit, uh, that does sound pretty, uh, hot. Er, mentally stimulating, I mean."

"Exactly," I said. "So getting back to your question about her oral talent, yeah, I don't have much to compare it with, but can there be any doubt that she's great?! She tries so damn hard! All she wants to do is please me, like a true sex pet. And it pays off, big time! I'm so grateful. So in awe. And so in love! How can I not love her more and more every day, when she goes all out for me like this?!"

Dr. Morgan belatedly realized that I'd been looking at her arm motion. It wasn't hard to miss, since she was pumping that arm up and down in an increasingly blatant way the longer Mommy continued with her loud gagging deep throating efforts. She reluctantly stopped and put both hands on her desk to prove she had stopped. She looked somewhat embarrassed, and wouldn't make eye contact, but it was also obvious that she wasn't about to admit what she'd been doing.

Instead, after taking some deep breaths to try to calm herself, she said, "Okay, Mary, I think that's enough. If you're trying to impress me with your oral skills, well, I must say... I'm very impressed! Why don't you sit up and take a little rest? You deserve it!"

It took another minute, but Mommy eventually stopped her oral exertions. She pulled her lips all the way off my cock and returned to sit on the couch next to me.

I muttered, "Love you, babe!" and wrapped my arms around her.

She wiped some of the tears from her cheeks, and muttered back, "Love you too!"

Then the two of us shared a scorching French kiss. Naturally, as usual, her hands went to my cock and she kept right on jacking me off. I returned the favor by fingering her sopping wet pussy.

I don't know how long Mommy and I made out and fondled each other, but we had to stop when the doctor gave us some loud coughs.

Dr. Morgan said, "It's touching to see you two so intimate with each other. But unfortunately, my time is limited and I have other patients waiting. Mary, may I ask you some questions?"

Mommy reluctantly pulled her lips from mine, but we remained entangled on the couch, and her hands certainly never stopped stroking my boner. She finally managed to look the doctor's way. "Certainly."

The platinum blonde knockout of a doctor smiled at her. "After your little deep throating display, I have to say I'm forced to agree with your son. If you weren't a great cocksucker already, you must be by now!"

"Thank you!" Mommy beamed. She briefly kissed my lips again.

"How does that make you feel? What drives you?"

Mommy looked to the doctor as she answered, "It makes me feel like the queen of the world! Like I'm walking on sunshine or walking on rainbows. I'm so happy all the time. Deliriously happy! As for what drives me, boy, where to begin? For starters, the love for my son!"

She turned her head and stared deeply into my eyes as she continued, "I love him so very much! And it seems that every time I take his cock into my mouth, or deep into my cleavage, or both at once, our love only grows stronger and stronger! I get to show the intensity of my love for him by the sheer amount of effort I put into serving his cock!"

I said with all the heartfelt passion in the world, "And I love you so much for it. You make me the happiest guy in the world. Literally!"

"Mmmm!" Mommy leaned her head in and we resumed necking.

Dr. Morgan chuckled. "Okay, you two. Please, if I let you kiss like that, we'll never finish our conversation. Mary, I noticed you just mentioned 'serving his cock.' Why do you use the controversial word 'serving?'"

Mommy broke the hot kiss to answer, "Sorry, I didn't get around to answering all of your last question. The love we share is just one reason I love serving his cock so much. There are many others, such as the sheer joy of the physical act. Or the satisfaction of succeeding with a difficult challenge. And it's a serious struggle, every single time!"

She went on, even as she stroked my boner and I fingered her pussy, "And yeah, I do use the word 'serve' deliberately, and proudly. I've come to see myself as his personal sex toy, or sex pet, or sex doll. I love all those terms, and more! Doctor, you've really helped me see that there can be no balance or fairness in my relationship with him, nor should there be. I love that he has all the power, and my role is to submit and serve and obey!"

She continued with emotion, "It's so liberating! It makes everything simple and easy. There can be no power games or any of the usual high maintenance bullshit I used to play with my ex-husband or other previous lovers. I LOVE

that if he snaps his fingers, I need to drop to my knees and brace for an incoming cock-meat missile!" She giggled. "I wouldn't want it any other way!"

The doctor couldn't resist smiling widely. "My goodness! That certainly is interesting. You know, it's funny. Brian, you may not be caught up on all the things your mother and I have talked about on the phone. But, as you know, I specialize in problems that are helped with sexual solutions. If that's not the case, I'll refer them to someone else. I've explained to Mary that nearly all the mothers who see me end up sexually intimate with their sons. And, interestingly enough, pretty much all of those end up sexually submitting to them and greatly enjoying it. It makes my job easy. Basically, all I have to do is give them the okay to overcome their taboos, and the rest happens naturally."

This didn't surprise me at all, since Mommy had talked to me some about her many phone calls with the doctor.

My mother said to her, "You've helped me so very much to realize that it's okay to dedicate myself to keeping my son's cock throbbing with pleasure all day long! Mmmm! Even as we speak, it feels so hot and alive in my hands! But anyway, you're right, I didn't need much convincing. Somehow, it seems perfectly natural. Who better to submit to than the boy I love more than anyone else in the world? Every time I make him cum... GOD! I feel like the queen of the world all over again!"

She looked down at her outrageous, fully exposed chest. "Furthermore, I feel like I've been gifted with this body and especially these breasts so I can arouse him with ease. It seems that every time I so much as bend over, or stretch, or lick my lips, his cock engorges with the speed of a rocket ship! And then the slurpy, spermy fun begins for me all over again!" She giggled her eyebrows suggestively.

I noticed that one of Dr. Morgan's hands had slipped under the desk again, and the tell-tale arm motion had resumed, although less obvious than before. I decided to let that slide.

Mommy unexpectedly disengaged from my embrace and slid off the couch. I was surprised, until I realized she was repositioning between my legs for more blowjob action.

As she did that, she said, "Doctor, do you mind if I resume doing what big-titted mommies do best? All this talk about the joy of serving my son's cock, well, needless to say, it's got me hot to suck!"

The doctor chuckled. "I can see that. But I do need to keep talking to you. What if, instead, you lay face down on the couch with your face in his lap, and just lick it? That way, you can maintain eye contact with me."

Mommy didn't have a problem with that, so she repositioned as requested. She began happily lapping up and down my shaft while stroking it too.

Dr. Morgan resumed talking. "Everything is going so swimmingly with you two that you hardly even need my assistance. You've made more progress in one month than most of my mother-and-son patient teams make in a year! That said, there are some tricky issues still to address. Mary, you know I've talked to you about this next one with you on the phone, but I think it's good to discuss it with Brian present: what do you think about him seeing other women?"

Mommy kept right on licking my boner as she carefully replied, "Well, that is a tricky issue. Doctor, you and I have talked about how it's important that he date girls around his own age, and I agree. He and I will never have a normal romantic relationship. I will always be his sex pet, worshiping and adoring his cock at every opportunity, instead of, you know, dancing with him at his senior prom or something like that."

Surprisingly, Dr. Morgan let her professional demeanor slip briefly as she suggested with a naughty grin, "Although, if he were to come home alone from that senior prom with a bad case of blue balls thanks to some bitchy date who wouldn't put out..."

Mommy's eyes up. "Oh boy! I'd be naked and kneeling in a heartbeat! I'd console him by squeezing his cock with my pillowy tits and sucking it from the top until every last inch was feeling loved and well taken care of! And I wouldn't stop until his balls were completely drained dry, and withered down to the size of raisins!"

She and the doctor shared a hearty laugh at that.

Then Mommy added more seriously, "But, getting back to what I was saying, the mere fact that I'm his mother makes it impossible for me to be his girlfriend or even his wife."

This startled the heck out of me, because we'd never talked about this so far. I protested, "But Mommy! I love you so much! And I'm IN LOVE with you! We've fallen in love!"

She had been trying to look towards the doctor as she licked from her prone position but, with that, she tilted her

head up and smiled at me. "And I'm in love with you too, Son! I wouldn't be such a dedicated big-titted sex toy if I didn't love you with all my heart. But Dr. Morgan has explained... Oh, shoot! Doctor, can you please tell him? I have something I need to do! All this love talk makes me too hungry!"

With that, she unexpectedly crammed my cockhead in her mouth and started fervently bobbing on it!

I had been groping and caressing her shapely bare back all the way down to her ass, but I was forced to sit up and focus my attention on simply not cumming yet as a great surge of arousal washed over me. I clenched my teeth and raised my hands into fists as I hung on for dear life!

The doctor chuckled. She continued to not-so-secretly play with her pussy just out of view under the table edge. She said with amusement, "Sorry, Brian. But when your mother gets hungry for your cock, it looks like we've just gotta roll with the punches. Let's wait a minute or two to see if things settle down before I attempt to keep the discussion going."

I put my hands on my head and shut my eyes tight. It felt like an "ice cream freeze" in my head, except instead of an overwhelming rush of cold and pain, it was an overwhelming rush of pure sexual pleasure. Still, it was something I had to "endure" without cumming.

Somehow, I made it through. It helped that my stamina was getting lots of daily training, with so many great blowjobs and titfucks.

Once Dr. Morgan noticed my heavy breathing calm down, relatively speaking, she resumed talking, even though I still had my hands on my head and was flying high on Mommy's continued awesome cocksucking work.

"Brian, as your mother requested, let me tell you what we've been talking about. I know you and her are deeply in love, and that's great. But remember that I've had many, many other mothers and sons come through this office, just like you two, so I know a few things. There are dangers of getting too attached, because you ARE technically committing incest many times a day, after all. The ideal situation is if you can find a nice girl roughly around your age who you fall in love and lust with AND who knows your mother is your personal sex pet yet is perfectly okay with that."

I was incredulous. "Well, yeah! I'd love a tree that grows dollar bills too. But what are the odds of that?! The first part is tough enough - I've never had any success with girls, period. I get too shy. But the second part is downright impossible! What girl in their right mind would possibly be okay with that?!"

The doctor gave me a curious, inscrutable look. "You'd be surprised. Remember my experience helping with these matters. By the normal rules of social behavior, yes, that would be well-nigh impossible. But you've already gone way past those rules. The key is that there are many, many, many beautiful, wonderful girls who are naturally submissive. In fact, I'd guess that most beauties are like that. It's just that they don't know it because they're never been tested in that way, or if they are aware, they fight it with all their might because it's seen as scary and socially unacceptable."

I complained, "I don't know if there are that many. But, on a practical level, it sounds like it doesn't matter, not so long as they're keen on fighting it."

"Yes, you would think," the doctor continued, while still furtively playing with herself as she watched Mommy's lips sliding up and down my thick shaft. "But that's assuming you passively accept the status quo. The truth is, you're an incredible catch! With your enormous, thick cock and your non-stop sexual stamina, you've got what it takes to satisfy an entire harem if you want!" She was breathing rather heavily as she said this, causing her huge rack to rise up and down inside her blouse.

I surprised even myself by saying, "I don't want! I'm in love with my mother and she's all I could ever want or need."

Mommy cooed happily upon hearing that. As a kind of a reward, she began using some of her most effective oral tricks on my hard-on.

The doctor nodded. "I understand. It's your choice. I'm just pointing out the option is there. You don't have any idea of your sexual power or appeal yet, but you will in time."

She paused, then made a decision. "Look. Brian, let me be frank. I'm going to tell you something I normally wouldn't say unless you'd been a patient of mine for a year or more. But you two are extraordinary, exceptional cases, so I'll take the risk. As each day passes, you and your mother are falling deeper into a mutually satisfying symbiotic relationship: you are learning to better dominate her, and she's learning to better submit to you. It's just a matter of time before you become an expert dominant, whether you realize it or not. Once that happens, you'll be

able to win most any girl or woman you want."

"No way!" I protested.

The doctor smirked knowingly. "Yes way."

"Not every woman is naturally submissive."

"That's true. But you'd be surprised how many are. Many or most don't even know until they get seduced by some stud like you. I've seen it a thousand times. Literally. Remember how many other cases I've seen just like yours."

"Yeah, but I'm totally sexually satisfied as it is. And emotionally satisfied too. Mommy is all I could ever want or need." I tenderly ran my hand through my mother's long hair.

Mommy cooed contentedly as she continued to suck.

The doctor smirked. "I'm sure you are satisfied. But believe me, it can get even BETTER for you! When it comes to mothers and sons alone, in virtually every case I've been involved with, the son is pleased as he can be with his mommy pet, yet he eventually finds a suitable girlfriend too. One who knows all about the incest and is not only okay with it, but takes part in hot threesomes on a daily basis."

I flopped my hands in the air in confusion. "But how?! That's just so impossible!"

"Yes, and one month ago, you thought getting your mom to suck your cock was an even more impossible dream. And now look. She's expertly blowing you even as we talk, and that's become your new normal. So please don't tell me what's impossible. At least keep your mind open to the possibility."

I felt strangely defeated. "Well, you've got me there about my expectations on what is or isn't impossible. And you have seen way more than I have, so you're probably way ahead of me. But even if you're right, I'm totally happy the way things are. I'm in love with Mommy, and she's in love with me, and we spend all our time together having so much fun. Cumming and cumming all day long. Any change would only mess things up! Right, Mommy?"

My mother realized an answer was needed. She slowly but surely pulled her lips off my shaft. She continued to lap my most sensitive spots as she said, "Right. I totally agree that we're living the dream. Except, Son, couldn't it be even BETTER for you if you had a girlfriend too? Think about it. We do need some sort of cover, or people will eventually start to suspect. And further down the road, who is going to bear your children? And I do want you to have children!"

I confessed, "But Mommy! I was thinking that could be you! If I could ever talk you into fucking, that is."

"Awww! Son!" My mother looked up at me with shining, loving eyes. "That's so sweet! You're going to make me cry! But we need to be practical. Incest is a problem. We haven't even fucked yet due to my issues about it, as you know all too well. Besides, can't you imagine how much MORE FUN we could all have if there were two hot tongues lapping up and down your cock all the time?!"

"Well, yeah," I admitted.

Her eyes lit up. "Remember when Bethany and I briefly shared your cock at the last appointment? I've been thinking about that a lot lately. I've been talking about it with the good doctor a lot as well. She tells me that two mouths is way better than one!" She started writhing in place. "UNGH! Just thinking about it... So HOT!"

She dramatically engulfed my cockhead again and resumed bobbing on it.

I had to pause for a minute to adjust to another pleasure blast while also trying to think this issue through.

Unexpectedly though, Dr. Morgan said to me, "That's enough about that topic, I think. You don't have to make any big decisions on it today or even anytime soon. But just try to keep an open mind about it, okay? Your mother and I have discussed it a lot over the phone, and we agree it would be for the best, if you find the right girl. But, obviously, nothing need happen unless and until you're on board with the idea."

I said, "But Mommy! Wouldn't you feel jealous, having to share me like that?!"

The doctor replied, "Let me answer for her, since she's having such a ball slurping on you." She snickered at that. "I know what she'd say thanks to our phone calls. Yes, she IS going to feel jealous. Very jealous. But she loves you so very much that she's willing to overcome that. It helps that I've explained how so many other moms have been down the very same road she's starting down, and they've all wound up living the dream of a big-titted sex pet to their son, even when he has other girlfriends, mistresses, concubines, and/or wives. There's a joy of sharing in the pleasure of total submission to cock that she hasn't even started to explore yet. Trust me, as great as it is for you and her now, it gets even better with three. Or four, or more!"

I clutched at my head, feeling mentally overwhelmed. "Whoa! Seriously?! That's too much for me to handle!"

Somehow, the discussion petered out after that, maybe because Mommy got even more worked up, causing me to become too breathless to be able to keep talking.

Dr. Morgan wound up just sitting and watching, and still not-so-secretly masturbating, until I climaxed onto Mommy's face and tits.

I had hoped that was just phase one of a longer meeting, but as soon as I recovered from my wonderful climax, the doctor sent me back to the waiting room so she could have a private chat with my mother.

I was seriously disappointed, because the blowjob / discussion had only taken about thirty minutes, and we had an hour appointment. Sure, Mommy's oral work had been wonderful, as usual, but we did that at home all the time.

I resigned myself to sitting alone in the waiting room for the rest of the hour.

Even the sexy and busty blonde receptionist Rebecca was busy with actual work. She was very apologetic and said she wished she could get to know me better, but she had no time to chat with me. It seemed that since Bethany was sick for the week, Rebecca was running ragged, forced to do her job too.

While I waited, I thought over the whole previously undiscussed issue of me getting a girlfriend. I realized that my thoughts were very confused on the matter. *On one hand, I've been keen to go to this very appointment in hopes of seeing Bethany again, and getting to enjoy her talented mouth and long tongue again. Failing that, or maybe on top of it, I've also had vague hopes of getting sexually intimate with Dr. Morgan and/or Rebecca. So I haven't exactly been averse to the idea of getting sexually involved with other women.*

But on the other hand, when it comes to long-term romance and commitment, I only have eyes for Mommy. She's ideal in every way. Sexually, obviously, she's a living dream. But we've loved each other deeply even before that part started. We've been best friends since forever. Who could be a better mate than her? Nobody!

I guess I have to admit that I'm interested in playing around some, if the circumstances are right and Mommy approves, but I have no real interest in seriously dating anyone my age. How could I? No mere girl could come close to holding a candle to my mother, certainly not physically, but also not in any other way.

My thoughts went back to Bethany. Again, it's too bad she's not here. *If there's a girl worth dating, it would be someone like her. Or, hell, her! I'd be psyched to date her, for sure! In a heartbeat! But she wouldn't be interested in me, not in more than a sexual way. She's three years older, for starters. At our age, that's more like ten or twenty years.*

Huh. Dr. Morgan says that a guy like me is bound to get a girlfriend who is in on the incest eventually. I don't have any reason to doubt her. She knows her stuff. I guess it is possible, if I keep looking high and low for a long, long time. And yeah, that would be better all around, if it was somebody really great and Mommy was totally on board with it. But so many ifs! I'm not going to worry about it right now. That's putting the cart way before the horse.

When Mommy finally came out to the waiting room after our hour was up, she was very tight-lipped about what had been discussed. That left me even more disappointed.

Chapter 11

However, things got a lot more interesting when Rebecca saw that Mommy and I were leaving.

She looked up from her paperwork and spoke through her window to us. "Wait! Don't go yet!"

We waited while she left her little room and walked through the back rooms until she was out in the waiting room with us.

She walked right up to me with a sultry smile on her face, but she spoke to my mother. "Ms. Pepper, the doctor has been keeping me appraised in a general way of how well you and your son have been doing. I'm very happy for you both! Congratulations!"

"Why, thank you."

Rebecca looked anxiously to Mommy. "Is it okay if I congratulate your son with an extra friendly kiss? On the lips?"

Mommy put her hands on her hips. "Hrm. As I recall from last time, you cleaned his penis with a tiny little towel."

Rebecca started to get embarrassed. "Er, yes."

"While his penis was fully erect, mind you. And you started stroking him with two hands even before you got the towel. Then you kept rubbing his best spots with your free hand even after you got the towel. I was there, you know, so don't try to deny it."

Rebecca began blushing. "Um. I guess that's all true."

"That sounds VERY suspicious, now that you made me think of it. Isn't that against your workplace rules?"

Rebecca confessed, "Very much so. To be honest, your son pretty much turned this whole office upside down last month. We've never seen anything like it before or since. And I've been working here for four years, so I know."

Mommy stared at her sternly and suspiciously, with her hands still on her hips. "May I ask you your age?"

"Sure. I'm 23. To answer your next question, I've been working here since not long after high school because I couldn't afford to go to college. It pays very well." She wound up gawking at Mommy's gigantic boobs. Like most people, she was too fascinated to look away.

"I see," my mother said, with a mysterious look on her face. "Hrm. Since you asked me to be the decider, I'm going to make full use of my power. I'm leaning towards letting you kiss him, but only if you answer some questions first. It so happens that your timing is good. I'm trying to get my son to see that he should start to date girls roughly his age. I guess you're a little too old for that, but it would be good for him to see that kissing a total knockout like you isn't exactly torture."

Rebecca straightened up and smiled, managing to resume eye contact. Her nervousness lessened thanks to those promising words. "I'll be glad to help in any way you like."

"Good. You can start by giving us your measurements."

Rebecca's smile widened. Clearly, she was proud of her body, and had good reason to be. She stepped back and struck a more provocative pose. "No problem. I'm five foot seven, and 38-24-38." She turned around to show off her backside. "My blonde mane goes all the way down to my waist, as you can see. Anything else? Oh, I'd tell you my weight, but you know women don't share that." She turned back to face us, and gave a saucy wink.

I'd been dying to find out Rebecca's bra size, and I saw what was probably my one and only socially acceptable chance to ask. "Um, if it's not too rude, can I ask your bra size too?"

She grinned at me. "That is a bit personal, but for you, I'll tell you. These are G-cups!" She proudly thrust her chest out, and then even briefly cupped her tits from below.

Mommy narrowed her gaze, looking almost annoyed. "No. No, they're not. You wear an F-cup at most." Her hostile attitude was highly unusual for her, since she was unfailingly kind and loving.

Rebecca got defensive. She put her hands on her hips too, just like Mommy. "I'm telling you, it's G."

Mommy challenged, "Okay, then prove it! Let's see what it says on your bra!" She held her hand out, like she expected Rebecca to hand the bra to her.

Rebecca looked nervously all around the waiting room. "You want me to take my bra off? Here?!"

"Yes, I do. And keep it off! As I remember, you 'cleaned' my son's cock quite extensively last time, in this very room. If you want to give my son a proper good-bye kiss, you need to do it topless! Oh, and let's make it more interesting: bottomless too!"

I was staying out of this as best I could, but my lust soared to the stratosphere! Not only was I thrilled at the prospect of hugging and kissing this exceptional bombshell while she was naked, but I got an extra kick that Mommy was trying hard to make it happen.

The blonde beauty kept looking around even though the room was empty. "Not here, please! I could get fired! And anyone could come in at any time!"

Mommy smiled almost wickedly. "That makes it more interesting. And look: my son approves." She glanced down to my crotch with a knowing smirk.

I looked down too. I didn't realize it until just then, but I saw my penis had fully engorged again and was lewdly tenting my shorts. Then again, considering how thrilled I felt, it would have been shocking if I hadn't gotten erect already. It made no sense for a sex goddess like Rebecca to be a mere receptionist.

Rebecca bit her lip. "Oh shit! I know the next mother and son couple is due to come in at any moment! I'm so screwed! I'm going to be exposed, for sure!"

Mommy just folded her arms under her massive rack and waited. She was driving a hard bargain.

Rebecca came to a decision. "Okay, but only if I get to play with his penis some too! If I'm getting busted, I might as well go for broke! And I get to keep my panties on!"

My jaw dropped. *Did she just say that?! That's a deal I can get on board with!*

My mother counter-negotiated, "Yes to the handjob. That should help him realize dating other girls can be lots of fun. But no to the panties! My son will want to play with your body without any hindrance, I'm sure. However, you can keep your high heels on."

Rebecca gave her a chagrined look. "Gee, thanks."

To my great surprise, she tacitly agreed to the deal, because she began stripping on the spot. "Fuck! I can't believe how this has gotten out of hand already! I'd better be fast!"

Mommy casually unzipped my fly and whipped out my now fully erect cock. Naturally, she began stroking it.

Rebecca was taking her clothes off with startling speed, like it was a timed race.

But even that was taking some time so, as she did so, I asked her, "I've got a question for you. Earlier today, you barely even gave me the time of day. You said you were piled under with paperwork. And now, this! What gives?!"

She already had her blouse unbuttoned. She explained, while dramatically yanking the blouse all the way off, "Tell me about it! I AM piled under, since Bethany is out for the week. So I could get totally busted for this! But I thought back, and I had soooooo much fun cleaning your cock last time you were here, and it occurred to me, 'if not now, then when?' I'm not going to see you for a whole 'nother month, and I'd never do this with any other patient!"

She mysteriously added, "I have a situation at home, and well... It's complicated. But let's just say I can't just normally date. So this is a rare opportunity for me to have some fun."

I had no idea what the heck she was talking about, and I don't think Mommy did either. Only later would I discover what her very important "situation at home" was. At my age, it never occurred to me to check her hand for a wedding ring, especially since there were so many other stunning parts of her body to look at.

As she talked, she took her bra all the way off. She tossed it to a nearby chair, the same as she'd already done to her blouse. She paused in her undressing and proudly cupped her tits from below. "You see? G-cups! 36-G's! If you don't believe me, check the bra tag."

Mommy eyed her critically while speaking to me. "I don't know. And I don't believe in tags, because she could be wearing the wrong size. Son, I'm afraid you're going to have to conduct a tactile inspection."

I was surprised my mother could keep a straight face for that. She knew as well as I did that the "tactile inspection" was just code for "play with her huge tits to your heart's content!" Which I definitely planned to do!

Rebecca yanked her skirt and panties down in one fell swoop, stepped out of them, and tossed them to the chair as well. Then, obviously scared out of her mind to be naked in the waiting room, she rushed to me and wrapped her arms around my upper torso. At least her front side wouldn't be exposed if our bodies were pressed together.

Mommy let go of my cock. She stepped back, still with a victorious smirk on her face.

As soon as Rebecca was in my embrace, I locked lips with her. I could feel that she was trembling with nervousness, and her face was tomato red from blushing. I figured some comforting kissing and fondling would help calm her down.

Apparently, she also was horny as all get out, because within seconds of starting to kiss me like her life depended on it, her hands found my boner and she began frantically stroking it. She was so worked up that she was exciting me more than I was calming her down.

Caught up in the frantic spirit, I brought my hands to her huge, bare G-cups (and yes, they had to be that large), even though they were mashed against my chest. They were so massive that there was plenty to play with from the sides, and I'd become something of an expert at doing that lately, thanks to all my practice with Mommy.

She looked down towards my cock in her hands, though I didn't see how she could see much, what with her immense tits pressing against me. She said, "I can't get over how BIG you are! Even by the standards of the satyrs who pass through here. And, good God! Compared to my... my..."

"Your what?"

"My... Uh... the guy I'm with... Compared to him, your penis is twice as long AND twice as thick! Well, just about!"

I had a feeling that I was missing something important about what she was saying, but I couldn't figure out just what. I was highly distracted, to say the least.

Technically, Rebecca and I were supposed to be kissing, and our lips finally met. She all but attacked my lips with a desperate passion, and I responded in kind. She was extremely nervous, but it was clear to me that her shame in being buck naked in the waiting room had her hotter than an oven.

I figured that our time could be limited, because who knows if she'd chicken out and run off, or we could get interrupted somehow. I wanted to strike while the iron was hot, and push her past the point of no return, where she would do anything. As a result, I soon took my hands from her huge tits and brought one to fondle her ass cheeks. But my real go-for-broke move was that I brought my other hand to her pussy. Within seconds, I started vigorously fingerbanging her.

She broke our kiss to gasp out, "What are you doing to me?!" But before I could even respond, she plastered her lips back onto mine and kissed me with even MORE intensity than before!

A few seconds later, I could feel she was having an orgasm. I was surprised, because I felt I'd only just begun with my ass and pussy play, but it seemed the rapid pace of events had overtaken her. She moaned and groaned into my mouth, but she wasn't so far gone that she couldn't keep jacking me off all the while.

Mommy looked pleased as punch by the whole situation. Standing to the side of us, she actually put a hand on my back and a hand on Rebecca's back. "Just look at the two of you! Son, see what I mean? Variety is the spice of life. Wouldn't you like to have a girlfriend much like Rebecca here?"

"Bethany is going to be so disappointed that she's sick and is missing out."

Mommy, Rebecca, and I all froze with alarm. Those words couldn't have been spoken by Rebecca or me, since we were still engaged in a sizzling lip-lock, and the voice wasn't coming from where Mommy stood, and didn't sound like her either.

The three of us looked around. Rebecca started to pull away from me, but then apparently decided it would be less embarrassing to keep our embrace going, since that still covered up much of her front side.

It turned out the voice belonged to Dr. Morgan. She stood at the door from the waiting room into the inner offices, with her hands on her hips and an amused smile on her face.

I had two fingers in Rebecca's pussy. I pulled them out and covered her ass with both of my hands instead. Or at least I tried to - her bare ass cheeks were larger than what my hands could completely cover

Rebecca let go of my boner and kept it pointing up against her lower abdomen, trapped between our bodies so it would be hard for it to be directly seen from any angle. She turned in place somewhat, effectively using my body as a shield so the doctor couldn't see much of her nudity from where she stood.

Then she wailed in distress, "Oh SHIT! Dr. Morgan! Oh no! I'm so, so very sorry!"

The doctor looked dead serious. "This IS a violation of my office policies, you know."

"I can explain!" Rebecca started to say.

I wanted to hear that, because what acceptable explanation could she give? Would she claim her clothes fell off and she was huddling against me for warmth?! I wasn't too concerned that the doctor would be mad at me, at least not after the initial shock, based on her previous sexually permissive behavior. So I felt I could watch this almost as an innocent bystander.

I noticed Mommy was taking a similar attitude. She took a step or two back, but otherwise seemed unperturbed.

Dr. Morgan somewhat defused the situation by holding her hands up and telling her receptionist, "Don't worry, I'm not mad."

"You're not?!" Rebecca's face was getting red from blushing.

"No. In fact, I'm very glad and encouraged! Given your home situation, I've been rooting for this very thing to happen for a couple of years now. Actually, I've been pushing you so much that I'm wondering what's caused you to take the next step with Brian, given that we have so many tempting, young, and well-hung satyrs pass through here every day."

I could feel Rebecca's body relax against mine. However, she continued to hold me tight and position me as a shield from the doctor's point of view.

The nude receptionist said, "I don't know. I guess it just all exploded last month, when I saw Bethany take Brian's super thick cock in her mouth and have so much fun with it. I figured, 'Hey, if she can do it, why not me?' Then, I don't know if you know, but I cleaned his cock for a couple of minutes."

Mommy snickered, She told the doctor, "She had this tiny little napkin of a towel, and she used TWO hands on his fat boner. It was a handjob, plain and simple."

A red-faced and ashamed Rebecca admitted, "Yeah, I guess it was. And Bethany saw it all, and she and I have been talking about Brian a lot in private ever since. She really sings his praises, and I kind of got swept up in that, wanting more of him. Then, I just... I don't know! I see so many women pass through here living in sexual paradise, serving big cocks, having such fun. It's finally kind of broken me!"

"Well, good!" The doctor clapped. "It's about damn time, I say!" She walked further into the room until she stood right next to Rebecca and me, but on the opposite side of Mommy.

I still had both hands on Rebecca's ass, and I must admit there was something about how helpless and embarrassed she was acting that was turning me on something fierce. With the doctor coming close, I realized I was not only holding her ass cheeks, but fondling and even kneading them too!

I tried to do the right thing. I took my hands from her ass and put them in the middle of her bare back instead. Since her long blonde mane reached down to the top of her ass, I found myself stroking her silky hair.

The doctor started closely visually examining us. She told Rebecca, "Let's see what we have here. It looks like you've been jacking him off. Don't stop on my account. I was just passing down the hall to check with you on who the next couple is and if they were late. I noticed your office was empty, and I'm so glad I did. Now I can help you out. What are you waiting for?" She nodded towards my crotch.

Rebecca was incredulous. "You want me to resume jacking him off?"

"And resume kissing him," the doctor said, while trying to peek between our bodies. "I see the lipstick smears."

As soon as I heard those words, and still figuring I wasn't in the doctor's firing line, I resumed fingerbanging Rebecca while also fondling one of her great melons.

Dr. Morgan saw that and snickered. "There you go! That's the spirit! Now, you too, girl. You've worked here long enough to know what a busty babe such as yourself should do to a stiff, superior cock."

Rebecca's embarrassment was still soaring. But she took my erection back in hand, even as it stayed pressed tightly against her up towards her tummy. She muttered shamefully, "She... she... always pleasures it.. and... and... serves it!"

"Exactly. And don't forget the kissing. Let's see a really steamy lip-lock." The doctor stared expectantly until Rebecca resumed making out with me while also getting into a good handjob rhythm.

I glanced over at Mommy. She flashed me a toothy smile and gave me a thumbs up. There was no sign of jealousy whatsoever.

The doctor seemed satisfied and unthinkingly nodded with approval. She told her receptionist, "Consider this the start of YOUR therapy program, free of charge, since I'd love to see you solve your problem, with Brian's help. I

wish you would have told me about that secret handjob you gave him last month. Then I could have-"

Her talking came to a sudden halt, due to the sound of a door opening!

Mommy, Rebecca, and I all froze again.

I took my hands off Rebecca's pussy and breasts in a heartbeat, and she did the same with my penis. I wound up with my hands back on her ass cheeks, trying to cover up there.

Even Dr. Morgan seemed startled. But luckily, she had a quick mind and was used to being in command in her office. She barked, "STOP!"

I didn't see what was happening, because someone was entering the waiting room from the outside hallway, not from the inner offices. I happened to be partially facing that direction, but I shut my eyes tightly before I could see anything more than a partially open door. In the panic of the moment, I must have been acting as if I couldn't see them, they couldn't see me.

The doctor quickly strode across the room to the door.

One could have heard a pin drop, except for the sound of excited breathing from Rebecca and me, and Mommy too.

With my eyes still closed, I heard Dr. Morgan say, "Good day, Martha and Trevor. Would you mind waiting outside for a minute? We're having kind of a therapeutic breakthrough in the waiting room with one of the other mothers. She, uh... she's finding she gets off on sharing her son with, uh, his other busty sluts."

A female voice, presumably Martha's, said, "Oh, so the clothed one is his mother and the nude one is one of his girlfriends?"

Dr. Morgan reluctantly replied, "Yes."

I hadn't been that perturbed even by the latest arrivals, once the initial shock wore off (again). After all, I was fully dressed, except for my erection sticking out of my fly, and that couldn't be seen from where the others were standing. Rebecca was in a much more precarious position, since she was buck naked except for her high heels. But I must admit I was startled and disturbed to hear Martha's comments, since I had hoped and even assumed the doctor had moved fast enough to stop Martha and her son Trevor from looking in.

Curiosity got the best of me and I took a careful peek. The door was only open about a foot, and Dr. Morgan was standing in the way to prevent the two strangers from opening it further and coming in. But both mother and son were being shamelessly nosy, sticking their heads into the room to check out the scene.

I'm sure Rebecca would have been mortified to be identified by them. As the office receptionist, she had a reputation of never getting involved with any of the patients, and this would blow that all to hell. But she also had to be aware that since she happened to be facing away from that door, they wouldn't be able to see her face.

Martha said, "Oh my goddess! This is exciting! Is it okay if I meet-"

Dr. Morgan interrupted, "Ms. McCoy! Please! This is a delicate situation and I'd rather you not meet anybody, or come in, period. The, uh, girlfriend, she's new to the submissive slut life and she's very shy."

"Oh. I see. I understand," Martha said. "I remember when I was like that too."

I continued to peek through narrow slits. I couldn't see anything of Martha and Trevor McCoy but their heads. Both of them looked to have stereotypical Irish or Scottish complexions: pale skin, rosy cheeks, green eyes, and reddish hair. From Martha's face alone, one could tell she had to be a total stunner, despite having what I considered a frumpy name.

Trevor looked to be around my age. His jaw as practically hanging to the floor, since he was so psyched and aroused by the sexy sight he was witnessing. He was equally interested in looking at Mommy - since she was so very stunning and her tits were so extraordinarily large - and Rebecca. I imagine he would have naturally ogled Rebecca more due to her total nudity and remarkable beauty, except that she had her back turned to him and he couldn't see much. Even her ass cheeks were mostly covered with my hands, and her blonde hair covered most of her back.

Dr. Morgan told the McCoys, "To minimize embarrassment, why don't you two wait outside for a few minutes? I'll talk to the others and smooth things over. Then I'll let you in, okay?"

"Sounds reasonable," Martha said. "Sorry to cause trouble. This probably all happened because we were a little late."

The doctor shooed them away and closed the door.

Then she walked over to us. "I'm sorry about that. What awful timing. I guess our main problem now is how to get

you out of here" - she meant Mommy and me - "without them realizing that Brian's 'girlfriend' is actually the receptionist!"

Rebecca was still clinging to me for dear life, with her arms wrapped around my back. She asked, "Is there any chance they recognized me already?!"

"None, I'm sure. All they could see is that Brian is hugging a voluptuous woman with fair skin and long blonde hair. Nearly all my female patients have the same outstanding hardbody hourglass figures. Your height and weight are nothing unusual around here. The only truly distinctive feature is your hair."

"But that's the problem!" Rebecca wailed unhappily. "My hair is so straight and long; not a lot of women have hair like that. And they already know 'the receptionist' has hair like that."

My raging boner was still tightly pressing against Rebecca's bare skin, but I was trying my best to ignore that.

The doctor told her, "Yes, but remember that I only take extraordinary beauties as patients. Blondes are way more common here than in the outside world, and very long hair is common too. Off the top of my head, I can think of a dozen current patients who would look exactly like you from the back, complete with your fabulous and firm bubble butt. Don't worry. All you have to do is quickly dress, wipe that blushing look off your face, return to your office, and pretend like everything's normal."

Rebecca complained, "But I can't wipe my blush away; I'm dying of embarrassment! I feel like a total slut, Brian's naked slut! And what about my clothes?! They were looking into the room for so long that they probably saw them on the floor. Then they'll see me wearing the same clothes through the window!"

"Hrm. That is a problem, I must admit." Dr. Morgan furrowed her brow. "But luckily, I've got several changes of clothes in my inner office for various emergencies. Since we have pretty much the same exact figures, you can wear some of my clothes. That'll make them way less likely to realize who you are. Come with me." She started to walk away.

But then she remembered Mommy and me, and stopped. "As for you two, we could hide you in another room for a while, or you can just leave."

I pointed out, "If we leave, the McCoys are waiting out in the hallway, right? We'll run into them for sure."

"That's true," the doctor agreed.

Mommy said to me, "Don't worry, I've got this. We can stop by and make some small talk. I can refer to your 'girlfriend' by another name. Oh, say, 'Summer.' That'll throw them further off track."

Rebecca asked, while still clinging to me, "That sounds good, but what about me?! If I don't leave with them, then what will they think happened to this Summer?"

Dr. Morgan shrugged. "We'll just tell them you were super shy so you left by a back door."

"But there is no back door!" Rebecca pointed out.

"True, but they don't know that, and they're not going to know. Trust me."

So Rebecca walked off with Dr. Morgan into the inner offices, after picking up her clothes.

It happened so quickly that she and I hardly had a chance to say good-bye. Right as she was about to leave the room, she paused at the door, clothes bundled in her hands, and said, "Bye, Brian! I'm sorry about getting caught like that, but I'm not sorry about kissing you. Can we keep this kissing tradition going when I see you in the future?"

I gave her a big smile. "Sure. I'd really like that."

"Okay. Bye! And good-bye, Ms. Pepper."

Mommy made a friendly wave.

My dick had stayed fully erect. Despite the lack of sexual activity, just standing there with my boner pressing tightly against Rebecca's flawless naked body was plenty arousing for me. Naturally, I zipped up before we left, but I couldn't will my erection flaccid again.

Chapter 12

Mommy and I ran into the McCoys as soon as we left the waiting room. We did our best to act cool and collected, like everything was normal. There were handshakes and greetings all around.

Martha asked straight away where my girlfriend was.

Mommy, replied for me, giving the cover story of "Summer" leaving by a back door due to her embarrassment.

Then Mommy and Martha chatted for several minutes as if they were old friends already. I suppose they had a powerful natural bond, since they were both admitted big-titted, submissive mommy sluts.

Meanwhile, Trevor and I stood and waited. We normally would have wanted to talk to each other some, but what the two mothers were talking about was plenty entertaining. For instance, even though they'd just met, it wasn't long before they were talking about all the different ways they loved to pleasure their son's cocks.

Plus, I enjoyed the opportunity to simply gawk at Martha, and I'm sure Trevor felt the same about gawking at Mommy. Martha was so smoking hot that just being near her kept my cock like a steel bar in my shorts.

I found myself thinking, *Where does Dr. Morgan FIND these women?! Holy cow! Including the doctor herself, Rebecca, Bethany, and now Martha, they ALL at least compete with Mommy in terms of sheer beauty AND breast size! Like Martha here. Her boobs aren't as big as Mommy's, but only a couple of bra sizes smaller is still way off the normal scale, especially coupled with her hardbody and sexy, wanton face. Are ALL of the doctor's female patients like that?! If so, how?!*

The conversation between Mommy and Martha morphed into the two of them talking about their own feelings about being naked and performing sex acts on their sons in front of the doctor. It turned out Martha had been a patient of Dr. Morgan's for over a year and had only just started doing that. She was fairly shocked by how much "progress" Mommy had made for only her second appointment.

They chatted away like close friends for about five minutes or so, with much of it focusing on their mutual love of cocksucking, including talking about their favorite techniques. They probably would have gone on much longer, except Dr. Morgan peeked her head out into the hallway and told the McCoys that it was time for them to come in and start their appointment.

(Mommy would later find out from talking to Dr. Morgan on the phone that Rebecca successfully dodged a bullet. The doctor quickly led the McCoys through the waiting room without saying a word to Rebecca, while she sat just barely in view with her head down, pretending to be buried in paperwork. There was no sign the McCoys even suspected that she was my naked so-called "girlfriend.")

Mommy and Martha got on so well that they exchanged telephone numbers and promises to keep in touch. Martha had just started to explain to Mommy all the difference ways a blowjob could be improved with some whipped cream, and promised to finish her explanation on the phone.

Trevor and I hardly said a word to each other, but we shared a few knowing looks, as if to ask, *Can you fucking believe our incredible luck?! We both especially knowingly grinned at each other when the two mothers gave each other good-bye hugs and kisses. The sheer combined tit power involved was mind-blowing!*

Dr. Morgan's clinic was a small building all by itself in the middle of some woods pretty much out in the middle of nowhere. I'm sure that was on purpose, for maximum privacy. Since there were no other offices in the building, it was a short walk down the outer hallway to the outside parking lot.

Mommy and I walked hand in hand to her car.

She was in a great mood. "Well, that was nice! Aren't they a great couple? I'm so glad things worked out that way. I don't feel ANY guilt doing what I do to you, because I love it so much. Still, sometimes it's tough knowing we're going against the grain of normal society. It's nice to meet another buxom cocksucking mommy to know we're on the right track."

She added, "Oh, and wasn't that great, with Rebecca? Nice 'kissing' tradition you got started there with her, stud!" She looked at me with an extra big smile and squeezed my hand.

I nodded, but I was distracted. I asked her about the gorgeous receptionist, "What do you think the deal is with her? I got the feeling that something's going on that I don't understand. For instance, Dr. Morgan mentioned how happy she was to see her fondling and kissing me because she wanted to help her 'solve her problem.' What do you think

that problem is?"

We had reached Mommy's car. It was one of only four currently in the parking lot, and I was confident I'd seen the owners of the other three cars in the last ten minutes or so. She and I unlocked and opened our doors and took our seats in the front.

As we were doing that, Mommy replied, "Oh, I think that's pretty obvious: she has some sort of sexual intimacy issues. Some kind of lingering reluctance to really let go and bask in the joy of serving superior cock. As she should, by the way, given the body she has. So, on top of everything else, I think you did her a good turn!"

"Wow. Are you jealous at all?"

She flashed me a toothy smile. "Let me answer that in my favorite way. Unbuckle your seatbelt, please."

I did so, right as I noticed she'd just unbuckled her seat belt, which normally went into place automatically.

My heart started to race, due mostly to the hungry look on her face.

She smirk-smiled. "Oh, and please unzip your fly and tug your shorts down."

"What's going on?!"

She giggled, with a knowing and naughty look on her stunning face. "What do you think?! Mmmm... I'm so hungry... Mommy needs to SUCK!" She undid her blouse and dramatically pulled it all the way off. She quickly got rid of her bra too. Then she started wiggling out of her skirt and panties for good measure!

I gawked at her undressing, with my mouth hanging open. "Here?! Outside, in the open!?"

"We're hardly out in the open," she said breezily as she worked on getting out of her skirt. "We're at the end of a long private road, surrounded by woods. It's almost as if Dr. Morgan specifically picked this place precisely for some slurpy, spermy, head-bobbing parking lot fun. In fact, now that I think about it, I'll bet hundreds of sexy, busty mommies have blown their sons in their cars here over the years. Isn't that exciting?!"

"Jesus H. Christ!" I muttered, as I finally got into gear and began working on my shorts. It felt divine to release my almost painfully aroused hard-on.

I realized she almost certainly was right about blowjobs and other sex acts in the parking lot. I could easily imagine other incestuous couples getting extremely worked up either coming or going from seeing Dr. Morgan and thus craving some immediate sexual relief.

Once Mommy was down to just her high heels, she took my boner in hand and bent over, dropping her head into my crotch. "Aaaah! Now, this definitely hits the spot!" She took a few loving licks on my cockhead, while stroking my shaft. "Anyway, this is my answer as to whether I was jealous watching you dominate Rebecca's incredible naked body. Yes, I was, but that was nothing compared to how totally damn HOT it's made me!"

With that, she opened her mouth wide and engulfed my cockhead.

What followed was a cock pleasuring for the ages! Using her mouth and tits, Mommy seemed intent on proving herself to be the best mommy pet on the planet, better than Martha or anyone else. She played me like a fiddle, repeatedly bringing me right to the cusp of climax and then easing up or taking a brief rest. More than once, she used a special squeezing trick around the base of my shaft when I'd accidentally started to cross the line.

It was incredible! I could have fretted how I was unworthy, which was true. Hell, nobody was worthy of her and her oral talents. But I was out of my mind with lust, and unable to have any negative thoughts whatsoever.

After a while, even Mommy could get tired from her non-stop adoration of my cock, especially since she'd gotten so good at keeping me hanging on the cusp of cumming seemingly indefinitely. Luckily, we'd run into this problem before, and I'd developed some "counter-measures" to help give her a second wind. My main "weapon" in such a situation was simply talking.

That's what I did this time. Luckily, the unique location and situation gave me lots to say that I knew would inspire her. As she continued to slowly slurp on my thick shaft, I tenderly ran my hand through the hair on her bobbing head, and purred to her, "Mommy, do you feel part of something bigger today? I do. Think about Martha and her son Trevor, for instance. They're so similar to us, don't you think? Martha is seriously sexy! And, of course, she's uncommonly busty. I'm sure Trevor had a big, thick penis. Can you picture them hanging out at home, with Martha kneeling naked between her son's legs, endlessly choking and gagging on his thick one, probably crying from the sheer effort of trying to deep throat him again? I can see it in my mind so clearly."

Already, my words were having a noticeable effect. Mommy revived right away, as if she had to do her best because

Martha was right there in the car with us and watching her every move. Her tongue started flitting here and there on my shaft like a hummingbird, while she achieved a tight lip-lock and sucked me deeper and harder. One of her hands got busy fondling my balls as well.

I had the good idea to simply tell her my latest thoughts, and elaborate on them. "Hey, can you imagine if Martha was watching us this very minute? I'd bet she'd be impressed at what a good and loving mother you are. And I'm sure she'd get all horny watching you fully submit to your son's cock!"

Mommy moaned loudly and approvingly.

Increasingly inspired, I went on, "And it's not just you! I'll bet she'd get to thinking about the hundreds of other mommies and sons who have had sexy fun in their cars in this very parking lot either coming or going from seeing the good doctor. It's like we're part of some greater scheme, some flow of history where mommies learn to take their love for their sons to a whole new level. Not just here, but all over the world!"

Mommy was so excited to hear that that she had to pull her lips off my boner briefly to say something. "Oh my gosh! Son! That's too exciting! We are part of a movement, a historical movement! I feel so proud! Like I'm an early pioneer! So many busty, nude mommies, worshiping their son's fat cocks with all their hearts!"

With that, she engulfed my cock again. I soon realized I'd kind of created a monster in the sense that I had probably inspired her a little too much. For the next ten minutes, I rode a wild roller coaster ride.

Eventually, it was too exciting for all my orgasm-delaying tricks, and I blasted a load right down her throat. But I must admit that I'd excited myself a lot too, so I stayed stiff and the roller coaster ride continued with almost no let up whatsoever.

Eventually both of us settled down to a more sustainable pace, including an emphasis on titfucking to help rest her tired mouth some. But now I knew the sorts of things to say that would easily set her off like a firecracker.

Mommy spent so much time blowing and titfucking me in the car that we were still at it nearly an hour later when another car pulled into the parking lot. It was a roomy four-seater, like ours.

Just one glance at the passengers in that car confirmed that they were another mother and son couple, roughly the same ages as Mommy and me. As with the McCoys, the familial resemblance was uncanny, even though both of them were wearing dark sunglasses.

After seeing Martha McCoy, I'd wondered if all of Dr. Morgan's female patients were that gorgeous. Seeing this other unnamed mother, I thought, *Yes, yes, they are. They must all be like that! It's like nothing but beauty contest winners are even allowed here. And she's seriously stacked! Holy shit!*

There were over a dozen empty parking spaces the other mother could have parked in, but she chose to park in one right next to ours. At first, I thought that was rude, like another guy using the urinal right next to yours when all of the others were empty.

Mommy and I tried to act like they weren't there. I was sitting up and had nowhere to go, other than ducking down, which seemed shameful and silly to me. So I just shut my eyes and hoped they'd be gone soon. Mommy was in the middle of her cocksucking bliss. She kept going like she was oblivious they were there, even though there was no way she could have missed hearing them, especially since our windows here partially rolled down.

I listened carefully for sounds of doors opening and closing, talking, and/or walking, so I could sense when they were gone and the coast was clear. But I didn't hear any of that.

Instead, after a few minutes, I heard a surprisingly loud sexual slurping sound. I peeked through narrow slits and saw nothing but a young guy who looked a lot like me, kicking back in the front passenger's seat with his seat tilted way back, his hands behind his head. He wore a smug look on his face with his sunglasses pushed up his forehead and his eyes closed.

Then I leaned more that way to look closer, and saw a little bit of blonde hair moving up and down in his lap.

I was so tickled pink that I laughed out loud. I whispered to Mommy, "They're doing the same thing we are! She's sucking him off!"

Mommy gleefully muttered to me, "I know already." That came out clearly even though her mouth was full with my pulsing cock.

I felt foolish from seeing how comfy the other boy looked, because I'd been in this seat for a long time and I hadn't thought to do what he was doing. I tilted my seat back and then put my hands behind my head in a way that deliberately mimicked the other boy's pose.

Gentling stroking Mommy's dark brown hair, I thought, *Good fucking God! This is what I call living! How awesome is this?! We really ARE part of some kind of movement. I wonder how many other boys are getting their dicks sucked by their gorgeous moms today, thanks to Dr Morgan. Hundreds, I'll bet. I swear, I don't know how she does it, but she should win some kind of Nobel Prize for total awesomeness!*

Our car windows were partially open because it was a hot afternoon and we'd had no idea anyone would intrude on our privacy like this. It was the same for the other car. As a result, we could clearly hear just what was happening to them, and it had to be the same for them with us. It wasn't long before the two busty moms were "competing" to make the loudest, lewdest sexual noises. Both of them resorted to lots of choking and gagging.

There wasn't a clear winner, unless one were to argue that both the other boy and I were endlessly winning from all the extreme pleasure! Although it looked like Mommy was "winning" a lot too, in that she kept fingering herself to orgasm.

At one point, I had to quietly share some of my thoughts with Mommy. I whispered to her, "Remember what I was talking about earlier, with Martha and Trevor, that we're all part of a movement? Seeing and hearing what's happening in the car next to us kinda proves that, don't you think?"

"MMMM!" Mommy enthusiastically replied, while sucking her cheeks in mightily.

I had to gasp and even clutch my fists in the air, because what she was doing to me felt so incredible.

After another minute, I managed to calm down just enough to talk some more. Looking to the other car, I said to Mommy, "I wish you could see what I can see. All I can really see is a mass of blonde hair bobbing in his lap, but that's enough, don't you think? And you should see the look on his face. He's so smug! Clearly, he's fully tamed his mother. He knows he can count on her sweet sliding lips whenever his dick so much as feels a tingle of arousal! Does that excite you?"

At first, Mommy just responded with another muffled yet hearty "MMMM!" But then, after another minute or two passed and it became clear to her that I wasn't going to say anything else (for fear of arousing her too much), she actually pulled her lips all the way off my hard-on just long enough to say, "More!"

I chuckled, but also tried to play for time by asking, "More what?"

She whispered eagerly, "More of that talk! Tell me more about all the naughty things that boy sitting right over there is doing to his huge-titted mommy!"

I was dangerously close to cumming already, but I got swept up in her excitement. I could resist whispering some more, "Chances are, she's married. But does that stop her from doing what's most important? NO! I'm sure she sleeps in bed with her son every night while her poor husband has to sleep on the couch, listening to the sounds of her screaming her head off getting royally skewered over and over again!"

Mommy looked up to me with a particularly intense fire in her eyes. Her jam-packed mouth moaned around my shaft, "MORE!"

I glanced over to the other car, worried the boy might be able to hear. He seemed lost in his own blissed out world. In fact, his teeth were tightly clenched and he was panting hard. I knew I was flirting with orgasmic disaster since Mommy was liable to get carried away. If I had another climax, the parking lot fun was probably going to be over. But, once again, I simply couldn't resist.

I put both hands in Mommy's hair in hopes of controlling the vigor of her bobbing. Then I quietly whispered, "And you said, she has huge tits. She does! I'm sure that when she serves her son dinner, she serves him dinner, titfucking him naked under the table while her hubby sits across the table burning with jealousy and frustration! She feels bad, but she's part of a movement. For busty and beautiful mommies all across the land, serving their son's cocks comes first!"

Those words just about drove my mother completely insane! Sure enough, we took off on another wild roller coaster ride. But at least I was more prepared this time. Thanks to the way I firmly clutched her head, I was able to keep her in check just enough not to erupt in orgasmic ecstasy. It helped greatly that I'd climaxed not that long ago.

As it happened though, she never really did settle down again after my latest words got her so worked up. I rode that "roller coaster" for another five minutes or more. But Mommy had been working on my cock for a long time before the other couple showed up, and my endurance could only last so long in the face of her enthusiasm and talent. I tried to hold out as best I could, but I eventually lost my willpower and blasted another cum load directly into Mommy's mouth.

Mommy was happy as a clam after she came down from the euphoria of her simultaneous orgasm. She hummed contentedly while apparently swirling my cum around inside her mouth.

She was still flying so high that I'll bet she would have been delighted to keep going like that all afternoon! But it was clear that my penis was done for a while after two climaxes, so there was nothing to do but get ready to leave.

She generally stayed low while putting her clothes back on, but it didn't matter much since the boy remained lost in his own erotic bliss, still leaning back with his hands behind his head.

I leaned towards that car again and saw a mess of blonde hair continuing to bob in the boy's lap. Clearly, he wasn't in danger of cumming any time soon.

Before we'd started seeing Dr. Morgan, Mommy had been shy and demure, and she generally was still that way when it came to interacting with strangers. So it surprised the heck out of me when, after she was fully dressed and ready to drive away, she reached out of her driver's seat window and knocked on the window on the passenger's side of the car next to us!

That was the side where the boy was sitting. He was close enough that Mommy could have stretched out, stuck her arm through his window, and touched him.

The boy came out of a deep erotic reverie and looked around in shock and confusion. He was even more startled when he saw Mommy and me sitting in our car and looking his way.

Mommy said to him with a knowing smile, "Hey, there, young man. Are you having a nice day?"

He relaxed and broke into a big smile. "Very nice! The best!"

"Good! Remember, don't be late for your appointment. Oh, and tell your mom that I think she's great!"

He frowned with worry, and started to say, "How do you know she's my moth..." But then she changed his mind and resumed his smile. "Duh! Of course you know. Sorry, I'm a little out of it. I'll tell her, but I'm sure she heard anyway. Oh, and, uh, same to you! I was enjoying the sounds of you slurping up a storm. Your son must be a very lucky guy."

"Thanks!" Mommy briefly turned my way and gave me a loving smile. "He is!"

I nodded emphatically at that.

The boy looked past Mommy to me and we shared a knowing look. We also gave the thumbs up sign to each other.

Then my shy mother surprised me with another not so shy move. She raised herself up in her seat until she was almost standing up on it. Clearly, that was so she could have a better view looking down into the other car. She already had a better view than I did, since her seat was closer than mine was. But rising up like that, she was liable to be able to see everything.

She maintained that position for a few seconds, then sat back down. She smiled from ear to ear, and muttered "Nice!" to the other boy.

He smiled back, but he already seemed highly distracted from whatever his mother's mouth was doing to his erection.

Mommy finally drove away. As we left the parking lot, both of us looked back. The boy was back in the same pose as before, complete with closed eyes, hands behind his head, and a wide smile.

Mommy smiled even wider. "Boy, that warms my heart, knowing that mommy is on cloud nine from orally serving her son's big cock. Have I told you how much I love this place? Or how much I love Dr. Morgan? And especially how much I love you! And I love what you said about there being a secret movement. I think you're right! I have this feeling like we're part of something big, something special and exciting! It's like the doctor has started her own little social revolution!"

I nodded in awe, because it was a pretty mind-blowing concept. I muttered, "Yeah, I guess that's true, though only for the very lucky few who look a certain way and are nymphos and satyrs."

"That's true," she nodded as she drove. "I thank my lucky stars many times a day that we're part of that lucky group!"

After a pause, I couldn't resist asking, "So... what did you see when you rose up to peek down into their car?"

She glanced my way and grinned knowingly. "What do you think?" She winked. "It was exactly what I expected: lots of sexy sucking. Mainly, I just wanted to confirm that she was completely naked, and of course she was. That

makes me feel so good and tingly inside. It helps confirm that we are part of something bigger. Oh, and I'm not completely sure, but I'm pretty sure she was deep throating him too! I couldn't directly see the action, but her face was buried so deep in his crotch!"

She looked my way again. Her eyes were flashing with renewed lusty fire. "Just you wait, Son. Just you wait until I get really good at taking you all the way to your balls. You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" She laughed joyfully, then focused back on driving the car.

I thought, *Holy shit! What a life!*

Chapter 13

Back at home that same evening, Mommy entered my room wearing just one of her J-cup bras and a tiny pair of panties. Her breasts looked bigger than ever on her tiny body. Plus, of course, she was wearing high heels. That had become such a standard that it was rare for me to ever see her without them. Sometimes, she'd even wear them when we played around naked in the shower!

She sat down on the edge of my bed. I was already sitting against the headboard with my T-shirt on but my shorts off. (I rarely wore anything to cover my crotch anymore, since Mommy wanted easy access to my penis.) As had become her habit, she put her hand on my penis, even though it was flaccid.

She stared earnestly into my eyes. "Hi, Sweetie. I have something very important to tell you, which is why I'm keeping my undies on."

I reached out and cupped the underside of one of her immense boobs. "Just for now, I hope?"

She grinned almost wickedly. "Yes, just for now, of course. I'll go back to being your naked and naughty mommy pet shortly. But first..." - she reluctantly moved her hand away from my crotch - "...the doctor told me some very interesting things after you went back to the waiting room. For instance, did you know the cream we've been using can actually make a woman's breasts grow larger?!"

That got my attention. "No way!"

She nodded. "Apparently, it happens sometimes! Not all the time, mind you, but sometimes. I got measured at the office, and mine were about the same size as always, but these are still very early days. She recommended that you spend even more time playing with my big titties! Er, I mean, rubbing the cream into them. Do you think you can do that?"

I gulped. "Hell, yeah!" My penis started to suddenly engorge, thanks to this great news.

She grinned widely, and started stroking my dick. "I thought you'd say that. Anyway, I have an idea. As you know, either your or I have to rub the cream onto my pussy every day, and of course I have to rub it onto your cock many times a day. Not that I mind in the least!" She chuckled, then looked down at her sliding fingers.

Already, I was fully engorged.

She noticed. "Wow! Such a BIG boy you are!"

There was a prolonged silence. She simply stared at her hand pumping up and down my erection as she gathered courage to say more. "Dr. Morgan gave me a suggestion... I was thinking... to save time... what would you think if I masturbate you with the cream, but then you apply the excess to my vagina with your big cock?"

She blushed shyly and turned her head. But she added, "We could sort of kill two birds with one stone, as it were."

I didn't know what to say. Holy Toledo! Did I hear that right?! Here is my insanely voluptuous, almost naked mother, her body twitching with horniness, basically begging me to put my erection in her vagina. In her vagina?! Is she asking me to fuck her or is there some misunderstanding?! She's been so against even the talk of real fucking that I fear to hope! I don't know what she means exactly, but I'm up for it, whatever it is!

My heart started thumping a thousand miles an hour. But I tried my best to play it cool, for fear of freaking her out. "Okay, Mommy. I can do that."

Her entire body rocked up and down a little bit, causing her chest to wobble and shake. "Goody! We should start that tonight, don't you think?"

"Definitely!" I thought, *Pinch me, I'm dreaming! The one grey cloud is moving away. I'm finally going to get to fuck her!*

She beamed brightly, her radiant smile filling the room. "Agreed! Now, first I'm going to play with your fat cock a little bit - I mean, apply the cream. As usual."

She covered her other hand in the cherry cream, then rubbed her two hands together. She licked her lips hungrily as she began slathering my stiff pole with both hands. "Mmmm... It's so big tonight, Sweetie! It seems even bigger than usual. I'm so proud of you. Are you staring at Mommy's breasts?"

"Yes, Mommy, I'm staring at your giant breasts."

"Good boy." She momentarily took her hands off my engorged cock, got up, and removed her giant bra and little

panties.

As had become her habit, she put on a sexy show as she stripped. For instance, she bent forward and pressed her massive knockers together with her upper arms as she wiggled the bra off. As her nipples came into view, she purred, "Aaaah! Son, I love coming to you with clothes on, only because it's so much fun for me to take them off! It gives me such a submissive thrill! Every time, it drives home that I'm your exclusive busty sex pet!"

With that, she dramatically stood up straight with her hands on her head. Then she cocked a hip and struck a classic cheesecake pose. "You see? My body was made for you. To pleasure and please you!"

My heart leapt to my throat. I was so overcome with lust that my boner stood up straight like a flagpole and twitched repeatedly, as if it was a living creature.

She saw that and giggled. "Oooh! Is that all for me?! We're going to have even MORE fun with this new and better way. I can't wait to have you all the way inside me!"

She bent forward dramatically and started pulling her panties down her legs.

I just about passed out, thanks to that "all the way inside me" comment! I literally had trouble breathing. For a moment, I was so worried that I would start hyperventilating that I was forced to shut my eyes and try to gather my wits, despite the fact that she was putting on a sexy show just for me.

When I opened my eyes a few moments later, there she was, totally naked yet again but for her sexy heels, striking another titillating cheesecake pose. She spent so much time naked with me that sometimes I wondered why she bothered to wear any clothes at all.

She was bursting with excitement. "Now, you get to apply some of that cream to my breasts. My huge, swollen breasts! But let's do it our favorite way." Her face shone with delight, and there was a lusty fire in her eyes.

She knelt in between my legs again, took my cock back in hand, and began to move it gently across her breasts, over her nipples, around the sides, until they were fully coated. She rubbed and stroked my cock the entire time, and usually fondled my balls as well. She spent even more time applying the cream to her cleavage with my cock, which was identical to me titfucking her.

It took a while to get the inner slopes of her huge tits thoroughly covered, as usual, but I wasn't in a hurry. I figured whatever would happen would happen. Besides, she'd gotten so good at pleasuring my cock that I knew pretty much anything we did together was going to be a great time.

I "helped" her by fondling and caressing the outer sides of her mighty globes. Actually, it wasn't any help at all in terms of spreading the cream, but it was a lot of fun.

Normally, the titfucking was accompanied by her slurping on my cockhead. She'd gotten so good at doing that during titfucking that she could slide her lips all the way down to my super sensitive spot nearly the entire time. But this time, she just held her fun bags in place, squeezing them tightly and sliding them up and down, because she needed her mouth free to talk some more.

She said coyly, "I'd bet you'd like to know some more about what Dr. Morgan and I talked in private today, wouldn't you?"

"I sure would!" I admitted.

"Mmmm! So many things! Really nice things. She made me feel a lot better about my new lifestyle of serving your cock. She said she's proud of me for having fully embraced the 'sex toy' or 'fuck doll' label. But even more importantly, she's proud that I'm walking the walk and not just talking the talk. She told me that it sometimes takes some of her other mommy patients two years or more to fully accept the fact that they're their son's personal sex toys, whereas you and I did it in only one month!"

I muttered, "I remember her saying something similar in the appointment today, but she only said one year, not two."

"Oh, that's because sometimes it takes a busty mommy up to a full year before she even starts sucking or titfucking his cock on a regular basis, if you can believe it. What a shame! Then it can be another year or so for the mommy to fully accept her personal sex toy fate. She said we're some of her best patients ever! Isn't that nice? She said that our rapid progress is further proof that we're both 'hypersexual beings,' whatever that means."

I was very thrilled to hear this, but all I said in response was a grunt. I must admit, I was more than a little distracted by the titfucking going on. I couldn't get enough of seeing my cockhead repeatedly popping through the top of her tit tunnel. It was unusual for me to get a clear view of that, since her head was usually craned down for the added

cocksucking action.

She went on to tell me that, "Unfortunately, no matter how much we apply the cream, our libidos may never go down. And even if it works, it only goes down some. Given that you've been cumming seven or eight times a day, I guess we'd be lucky if we got it back down to five or six, like it used to be."

I grunted again. This time, I was thinking, *I wouldn't consider that "lucky" at all. I love cumming so many times a day. I would cum more, if it was physically possible. All I want to do is have sex with Mommy all day long! I want to keep her face and tits splattered with my special "paint" 24 hours a day!*

She continued, "So she said that you and I were basically stuck in our highly sexual conditions for life, or at least until old age. We just have to cope with it. And the easiest way to do that is if I fully accept that I truly am your sex toy and you own me on an even DEEPER level, just as if I'm your sex slave!"

She started panting heavily, even though the titfucking action remained steady. Clearly, that idea aroused her greatly.

"Also, she said I should obey ANY order you give me, and if I don't, then it's your right to spank me! And furthermore, maybe you should regularly spank me even if I haven't done anything wrong, just to remind me who's boss! Can you believe she said such outrageous things?! What do you think?"

"Well, uh..." All those things blew my mind, especially that a professional doctor would recommend them. But I didn't know what to say.

Luckily, Mommy quickly went on, "Naturally, I told her I would try even harder to please you and pleasure your cock. I'm trying to obey your every order and whim already. The more I do that, the more orgasms I have, so both of our 'hypersexual urges' are satisfied." She grew strangely shy, and even paused her titfucking rhythm. "That said, maybe we should try out her spanking idea. What do you have to say to that?"

I spoke my thoughts out loud. "I honestly don't know. I've never thought of that in a serious way. Although I have been playfully slapping your ass some, and that's been fun."

She wiggled her eyebrows approvingly. "Great fun!" She shyly added, "I don't think I've told you just how much I enjoy that. It sends shivers down my spine pretty much every time, because it's such a vivid reminder that you're in total control of my body."

I felt a mental rush just from hearing her say that. After a long pause, I said, "I can easily see enjoying spanking you. But what do YOU think? I don't want to do it if you don't like it."

"Thanks for asking. That's a good example of why I love you so much." She flashed me another brilliant smile. "As for my opinion, I agree with the doctor that it would help reinforce that you're in charge and my role is to obey and serve you. So I want to try it out for that alone. You have no idea how much it puts a spring in my step all day long just from knowing that I totally belong to you. I'll never have to hassle with dating or worry about getting remarried or any of that bullshit ever again!"

She tilted her head down to lick the tip of my fat knob as she kept talking. "But on top of that, she says submissive beauties like me love getting spanked! She said pretty much all of her female patients do it, and they have some of their biggest orgasms that way!"

I sighed with relief, since that settled a tricky issue. "Let's do it then!"

"Great!" As if to seal the deal, she craned her head down more and spent the next couple of minutes bobbing on my cock. As usual, even though the active titfucking continued, she was able to keep all of my cockhead in her mouth, allowing her lips to tightly slide against the most sensitive area just below.

I swear, every last inch of my entire erection was getting actively stimulated all at once!

Eventually, she pulled her lips back off and went back to "mere" cock licking and titfucking. "But... now we have to get to the most important thing she and I discussed, which I brought up earlier. She told me there's one area I've failed you as your sex toy mommy, and that's my 'no fucking' rule."

My interest soared sky high upon hearing that! *What did the doctor recommend, then?!*

But instead of explaining, she pulled my throbbing erection out of her cleavage. Then she got up, her massive, shiny breasts wobbling as she did, and stood up above me. That practically put her pussy in my face, since I was sitting forward and she was leaning in.

She brought both hands to her pussy mound and parted her pussy lips slightly. "If you apply the cream to the insides

of my hot cunt, it'll be just like fucking! In fact, I'm on two kinds of birth control, so while you're at it, you can deposit your own special 'cream' inside me too!"

I was so excited, and I was panting so hard, that it was a lucky thing I didn't pass out for lack of oxygen!

She laid down on the bed that I was sitting on. "Now, get in front of me and put your huge cock at the entrance to my vagina!"

A-ha! So that's what the doctor told her to do! Duh! Man I must be really slow on the uptake. I can't believe we're actually going to do it! We're going to FUCK!

As if her meaning wasn't obvious enough, she spread her legs invitingly, and gave me an expectant smile.

I was shaking all over as I did what she told me to do. I climbed up on top of her and positioned my hard-on an inch or two from her drooling slit.

There was still plenty of cream on my cock, but Mommy reached over and squeezed some more out of a nearby tube, and re-applied it to my stiff pole. "Now push it inside of me, Sweetie! Put your cock inside of Mommy!"

I couldn't help but warn her, "You know, if we do this, it's going to be a lot like fucking."

She laughed. "Son, it's going to be EXACTLY like fucking! My longing for you to penetrate me and own me this way too has been growing day by day until I could hardly stand it! So, go ahead. DO IT!"

I did! I pushed in slowly but steadily until my bulbous cockhead was all the way in her.

We both groaned in utter satisfaction. It was the day I had been dreaming of. Of course, my fuck need had been especially acute in the past month, as it became more and more of a real possibility, but this was something I'd been fantasizing about for years!

It had taken a minute or two just to get that far in her. Sweat was starting to trickle down my brow, and she was both tearing up and sweating too. But she was determined, and was clearly doing her best to hide her initial pain.

As a concerned son, I had to ask, "Are you okay! I see tears."

"I'm very okay! Never better! These tears are tears of joy! Yes, some of them are from the struggle and the pain too, but I know from sucking you and, especially, all my deep throating efforts how quickly the pain turns to pleasure and even accentuates it. Don't be shy! Fuck your mommy!"

The words "fuck your mommy" inspired me like nothing else, practically turning me into a wild animal. But I kept the animal at bay, at least for the moment, for fear of hurting her. I pressed in deeper, steadily, but slowly.

She encouraged me, "That's it! But you're only covering a little bit of my insides. Push in deeper! Much deeper! All the way in! I want you balls-deep!"

My heart was thumping like a big bass drum as I steeled my resolve and pushed in deeper.

Her eyes bugged out. "That's it! That's it! MORE! Mommy's cunt is built to take all your cock, I'm sure of it! Every last inch!"

I pushed in still deeper. Unexpectedly, I slid in another two inches all at once.

She screamed loudly, in what seemed to be a combination of ecstasy and agony.

The tight squeeze felt so fantastic that I kept going. I knew she was in pain, but the look on her face showed great erotic joy as well, plus lots of love.

She kept on screaming off and on for a couple of minutes until I was truly balls-deep in her.

With that, I took a little rest, in order for both of us to adjust. I had to stay fully sheathed in her, since her cunt felt practically as tight as a vice.

I was content to lie on top of her. Since her J-cups were so ridiculously large, my hands naturally drifted to those soft pillows to squeeze them a little.

She ran a hand through my hair and playfully ruffled it a little bit. "How are you feeling, kiddo?"

I lifted my head enough to look down into her eyes. I could see tears streaming down her cheeks, but there was a giant smile plastered on her face, so I knew she couldn't be in too much pain. "I think I've died and gone to Heaven! No, I'm on a rocket ship shooting way past Heaven to an even better place! I'm looking back at all the angels on their clouds and yelling at them, 'Suckers!'"

She laughed. "That good, huh? I'm right there with you! I'm just so overjoyed that your cock is all the way inside

me! Even if it hurt worse than breaking every bone in my body, I would love it because it's bonding us that much closer together, forever!"

She grew more earnest. "And I do mean 'forever.' Son, as far as I'm concerned, I'm yours until the end of time, as your mother, lover, best friend, personal cocksucker, sex pet, and any other way you'll have me! Plus, starting today, your exclusive fuck doll!"

My heart swelled with joy. "Oh, Mommy! That's so sweet! How can I love you more, but I am loving you even more than before! We're going to be together forever, just you and me!" I dropped my head down and planted my lips on hers.

The kiss we shared was possibly the best one yet, which said a lot since we made out practically every time our faces got close. It was totally electric! And, as it went on, it got even better because she started rhythmically squeezing my cock with her cunt walls.

I quickly caught on and began slightly churning my thick pole inside her. It wasn't quite a full-on fucking motion yet, but it was close.

As we kept that churning going, that kiss was broken. She held my head in place just above hers and stared up into my eyes. "I couldn't agree more on the 'together forever' part, my love. But not the 'just you and me' part. Remember what the good doctor said about you taking at least one girlfriend? That's a must, in my book."

I griped, "Mommy, let's not worry about that right now, okay? I just want to revel in this timeless moment."

"Fair enough." She panted, "Now pull it out and push it back in! We want to make sure you get all that cream all over the inside of Mommy!"

That made me laugh out loud, and she laughed too. At this point, it was abundantly clear that the application of the cream was just a ruse, but it was a ruse we were both having fun with.

I started to thrust in and out. It felt even better than the subtle churning and squeezing we'd been doing. Way better!

I could tell her pain was being overwhelmed by her pleasure, if only by her increasingly lusty and enthusiastic moans and groans. There still were fresh tears leaking from her eyes, but I surmised those were tears of joy.

Already, I felt the cum welling in my balls. "Mommy, are we fucking now? Am I fucking you?"

Mommy paused, breathing heavily, and looked me in the eye. She then grabbed both of her massive tits, pushed them together up against my chest, and screamed, "Yes! Yes, you are fucking me, Sweetie! You are fucking your big-titted Mommy! Your personal sex toy! It's what you do to sex toys; you fuck them! So please don't stop! Please keep fucking me until you cum inside me!"

Talk about inspirational words! I picked up the pace, and also pulled out further and thrust in deeper with each pass. Before long, I had about four or five inches of cock sliding in and out each time.

Mommy was over the moon. She tilted her head back and the eyes rolled into her head as a nice orgasm hit her.

Then she squealed, "Oh, YES! Son, I've been such a FOOL! Why did I wait a whole month to start fucking?! Hell, why didn't I submit to the power of your cock way before then?! We need to make up for lost time! I need you to fuck me all night long! And tomorrow! And all the time! I want to be your suck toy AND your fuck toy forever and ever!"

My arousal and inspiration rose higher and higher. I began fucking her still harder and deeper, and faster too. I knew that put me on an unsustainable path - surely I would cum before long if I kept it up. But I was ready and eager to blast a load of hot cum deep inside her cunt for the very first time, and I sensed she longed for that to happen soon too.

I did try to prolong the joy as long as I could, even with the frenzied pace. But after a couple more minutes, I finally gave up and yelled, "GONNA CUM!"

She eagerly screamed back, "CUM! CUM INSIDE ME! OH, BABY! KNOCK ME UP!"

On some rational level I might have realized I couldn't "knock her up" since she'd told me earlier that she was on two types of birth control. But in the heat of the moment, I thought I was going to impregnate her there and then! It was even more thrilling, and even delightfully scary!

I blasted a copious cum load inside of her with all the energy and emotion I had. Pregnancy or not, I was deeply grateful that we weren't using a condom, because the joy of freely releasing my cum all the way inside her simply couldn't be matched.

She must have felt the same, because the two of us screamed and screamed like stuck pigs! It was the best orgasm I'd ever had so far, a worthy first fuck for us to treasure and remember the rest of our lives.

Then it got even better, because after we both came down out of orbit, we realized that my cock was still erect and balls-deep in her. We were too exhausted at the moment to resume our thrusting, but just remaining fully sheathed inside her felt fantastic. Plus, we knew more great fucking would happen soon.

Mommy knocked me out with another sizzling kiss just as soon as both of us had recovered our breaths.

By the time that electric French kiss ended, she already was starting to churn her hips slightly on my stiff pole. She said, "Son! Son! I'm so in love with you! So in love with being fucked by you! Cherry cream or not, we need to do this ALL THE TIME! Don't you agree?!"

I smiled from ear to ear. "I agree in spirit. In the flesh, there are some, er, practical problems." I chuckled.

She giggled. "Okay, technically, maybe not all the time. Let's say half the time then. Because the other half is for cocksucking and titfucking, plus both of those combined!"

I started to assist with the fuck-churning by moving my hips in time to hers. "What about sleeping? Or eating?"

"Fuck sleep! Sleep is for losers!" That was shocking, since she so rarely cursed. But she giggled some more, showing that she knew that demand was wildly impractical.

Or was it? At least for that night, we tried our best to fuck each other to death. The sheer duration and intensity of our coupling was astounding. It was like we discovered the best mind-altering drug in existence and needed to stay high on it every single minute.

For what seemed like hours, we fucked. I came inside her at least five or six times! I honestly lost count after a while! Mommy had who-knows how many orgasms, but it was a lot more than I did.

It was like some kind of marathon. We sweated copiously and shamelessly, and burned up who knows how many calories from all our passionate thrusting. I was pretty proud of myself that I rose to the occasion and was fit enough to keep going that long.

But she put me to shame with her endless energy! Later on, it became harder and harder for me to get erect yet again. (Keep in mind I'd already cum on her and down her throat six times earlier in the day, not knowing we'd be having a fuck marathon for the ages that evening.) So she resorted to reviving me with her mouth, and once she got started sucking, it was like she couldn't stop. We spent nearly as much time with our usual sucking and titfucking as fucking. She later told me this was mainly because her pussy could only take so much "abuse," since it was "out of practice."

Afterwards, she passed out on my bed, with my cum dripping out of her slit.

I stumbled to the bathroom, and I do mean stumbled. I could barely make it there. *God DAMN! Mommy is a relentless sexual dynamo. And she talks about me taking a girlfriend too. HA! As it is, I'm lucky if she doesn't fuck me to my grave!*

I managed to empty my bladder and washed my hands. I began staggering back to bed. But something in my mother's bedroom caught my eye as I walked past. It was the paper Dr. Morgan had given her at the end of our appointment, placed on the middle of her bed. I hadn't seen it since the appointment, even though curiosity about what it said drove me to the point that I'd searched all over her room for it. She must have taken it out to give it another read before we fucked, or maybe she just wanted me to find it.

I picked it up. All it said, in large letters, was: "The cream does nothing! The only 'cure' is that you need to become your son's petite sex toy! Forever! Our future appointments will be all about helping you become the best sexy slut for him that you can possibly be!"

I just about passed out! I'd had my doubts about the usefulness of the cream from the get-go. We'd never even been given a plausible explanation about how the cream was supposed to lessen our sexual urges. Furthermore, since we'd started using it, both of us were cumming more than ever before, which suggested it had no effect, or even an opposite effect. But still, seeing my suspicions confirmed in the doctor's writing was shocking.

I thought, *The most shocking fact of all is that it means Mommy knew the cream was useless since the very first day! And that didn't deter her in the slightest! Whoa!*

Chapter 14

"Oh my goodness!" Rebecca found herself gasping out loud. She openly gaped at the massive bosom in front of her. Those breasts - amazingly round, enormous and taut, belonged to Mommy. She wasn't wearing a business suit for this appointment. Instead, she was wearing a body-hugging blue Lycra workout suit, under a sweatshirt and sweat pants so as to not cause a public scene on the way to Dr. Morgan's office. Her breasts were giant spheres, her nipples hard and visible, and her body tiny but tight with muscle.

I was very happy to see that the receptionist was Rebecca, the same busty blonde that had been there at our two previous appointments. From her face, it looked like she was excited to see us again. She especially loved to marvel at Mommy's figure. She'd mentioned to me at the last appointment that she had seen hundreds, if not thousands, of seriously busty women in her time at the unusual clinic, but that my mother "takes the cake."

Mommy entered the room first, while I trailed behind her. She peeled the sweatpants off, revealing the bottom half of her skin-tight Lycra outfit.

"Sweetie," she said, turning to me as I was openly staring at her body, "would you help me out of the sweatshirt? You know I always have trouble getting stuff over these." She gestured at her enormous bust, puffing it out even farther.

I nodded my head vigorously and grabbed the bottom of her shirt. I slowly peeled it up, as my mother put her arms up into the air. Soon, I was struggling slightly to get the shirt over her cartoonishly massive bosom, but I was ultimately successful and revealed the most voluptuous yet petite body one could imagine. Tit-meat bulged out of the incredibly tight top.

"Thank you, Sweetie," Mommy said, smiling warmly at me. She arched her back, making her mind-blowingly large chest swell forward even further.

She walked to the receptionist's window, and said to Rebecca, "Mary and Brian Pepper, here to see Dr. Morgan."

"You... you can take a seat," Rebecca sputtered, still gawking at my mother's outrageous curves. "And there's no need to formally state your names. As if I could ever forget who you two are! Good grief!" She shook her head in wonder.

Mommy smiled at that.

After a pause, Rebecca added, "By the way, please behave! I've seen how hot you are for each other."

Mommy just looked back to her and grinned. "We'll try. Kind of. Maybe." She winked playfully.

Rebecca rolled her eyes, but she smiled widely too.

I started to walk to a chair, but Rebecca looked my way, and said, "Wait!"

I stopped and turned back to the long-haired blonde beauty.

The receptionist struck a cheesecake pose, including a sexy pout. "Is that how it is? You're not even going to say 'hi?' After the way we kissed good-bye last time, I was hoping at least for a similar greeting. I thought we were starting a nice tradition."

I felt abashed. "Sorry!"

Rebecca leaned out as far as she could through the open window between her room and the waiting room. Her big tits hung just above the flat shelf below the window.

I turned to Mommy. "Can I? Should I?"

Mommy smiled almost wickedly, with some kind of strange motherly pride. "Can you? A total stud like you takes what he wants! As for should you, heck yeah! I want to see you spread your seed and share your sexual gift with worthy busty beauties. Rebecca definitely qualifies. Knock her out with your best kiss! And who knows, if she likes it, maybe you'll inspire her to do more."

I thought back to my previous appointments. Rebecca had given me one very brief handjob under the guise of cleaning my erection. Then she'd given me another handjob while she'd been standing fully naked, though again that had been frustratingly short, due to us getting interrupted. But, given that history, the odds of our kissing turning into something more looked very good!

I'm sure Mommy was aware of those same previous interactions, and she was rooting for us to go further.

Rebecca coyly told me, "You heard her, kid. You wouldn't want to disappoint Mommy." She held her arms open wide in open invitation, and puckered her lips again.

I walked up to the window and reached through it to wrap my arms around her. I must admit that my heart was beating fast. I had incredible sexual fun at home every day, especially since Mommy and I had started fucking, but I hadn't kissed another woman since the last time I'd kissed Rebecca, at our last appointment here.

My lips met hers and one of my hands wound up on the back of her head, while my other hand found the middle of her back. We started to seriously swap spit. Thankfully, I was "tongue-dueling" with Mommy every day, so I felt confident with my kissing skills, even with this blonde goddess.

Mommy walked up right behind me and pressed her great tit pillows into my back. "That's it, Son! Kiss her good! And what are you doing with your hands? This lovely lady has the hots for you. Would you rather hold her back and the back of her head, or play with her big breasts?"

I broke the kiss to look at Rebecca for approval.

Rebecca smirked at me. "Like I said, listen to your mother!" She laughed. Then, to make sure I wouldn't chicken out, she brought both of my hands to her ample rack and left them there. "Trust me, I never allow this with ANY other patients, but considering what you and I did last time... Besides, Bethany and Dr. Morgan can't stop singing your praises. I have to find out more of what the fuss is all about."

I frowned in confusion, even as I started to explore her impressive twin knockers. "Dr. Morgan?"

Rebecca chuckled, while looking down with approval and amusement at my wandering hands. "Oh, not from direct experience. But she talks to your mom on the phone so much, I get to hear bits and pieces. She considers you two her 'model patients,' you know. You're like the 'golden boy' around here. Believe me, we've heard all about what this thing can do."

Right as she said "this thing," she reached out the window and angled an arm down so her hand could reach all the way inside my shorts! My penis was already fully erect before we entered the office, if only due to anticipation of the great fun likely to take place there. Before I knew it, she was blatantly jacking me off!

I opened my mouth to say something, although I didn't know what to say. But as soon as my lips parted, she locked lips and we were off to the races again!

Mommy laughed. She was still right behind me, with her huge tits mashing against my back. "That's the spirit!" She reached into my shorts as well, and put her hand on Rebecca's. But instead of pulling it away, she found an unoccupied spot a little further down my shaft and joined in the handjob action!

I was shocked. *What if someone else comes in?! Hell, I didn't even have time to take a good look around the room, since I've been ogling Rebecca from the start. What if some other patients are in here right now?! Oh, hell. Fuck it! I'm too damn horny!*

I gave in to lust. My hands had never left Rebecca's ample globes. I began eagerly fondling them through her blouse. I also kissed back with more passion. Feeling emboldened, I started unbuttoning her blouse so I could directly play with her incredible globes. True, they weren't as massive as Mommy's, but it was a rush to play with another seriously stacked woman's knockers.

A minute or two later, Rebecca unexpectedly broke the kiss and disengaged. She took her hand out of my shorts and stepped back. Since she was on the other side of the window, I couldn't step forward.

She wagged a finger at me with a playful tease. "There, there. I think that's a friendly enough greeting. Other patients could come in at any time, and I'm sure you remember the close call we had with that last time!" She laughed. "Plus, I wouldn't want to upset your mommy by monopolizing you too much."

Mommy still had her hand inside my shorts, and slid it up my shaft to rub the most stimulating parts just under my cockhead. She told Rebecca, "Thanks for that consideration, but if you ever want to kiss my son like that, you definitely have my permission. In fact, you don't even need my permission. When it comes to busty beauties such as yourself, he does what he wants. I'm just his mommy pet and I have no say in such matters."

I felt obliged to protest, "Mommy!" She made it sound like I seduced women of Rebecca's caliber all the time, when I'd never seduced anybody ever. In truth, I was painfully shy, and only behaved differently with the likes of Mommy and Rebecca because they were so encouraging and friendly.

"What?" My mother finally took her hand out of my shorts, and gave me a lopsided grin. She ostentatiously licked up some of my pre-cum from her fingers, making a provocative show of it for Rebecca. "Is it not true? Am I not

your personal cock pleaser?"

I was flustered, "Well, uh, no... but... you've never said that kind of thing out loud in public before!"

I nervously looked around the room. To my immense relief, I confirmed that there were no others in sight.

Mommy said confidently, "This isn't 'in public.' Right, Rebecca?"

"Oh, definitely," Rebecca said with a sultry smile. "Your secrets are safe here with me."

"You see? Let's go sit down." Then, looking back to me, Mommy wiggled and jiggled her completely on-display body and sat down in a chair. She patted the seat next to her and motioned for me to come over, her gigantic tits shaking as she did.

Of course, I was no dummy. I did as I was told. My big dick was painfully stiff and needy as I sat in the chair she'd suggested.

Rebecca had one parting shot to me before getting back to her work. "Oh, and I'll expect a similar good-bye kiss when you leave!"

Mommy laughed. "Uh-oh, Son! You're in for it now!"

Mommy began by rubbing my crotch with one hand and lightly tweaking one of her magnificent nipples with the other. Biting her lower lip, she stared into my eyes and smiled, then she pulled my head toward hers. She whispered, "Now, kiss me like you just kissed your new big-titted slut!"

I thought, Rebecca is far from my "new big-titted slut." I know next to nothing about her, except that she's totally hot and seems sexually interested in me, for some strange reason. Surely she sees plenty of mothers and sons like Mommy and me most every working day, so why me?!

But I must admit my mother's words further inflamed my lusty desire.

Mommy and I began to kiss, slowly at first, then more aggressively, like two young love-struck teenagers. Soon, we were all over each other, with Mommy's hand inside my shorts, directly stroking and rubbing my increasingly excited and erect cock.

At the same time, I fondled her giant-titted yet little body to my heart's content. To me, it was like something out of a fantasy, except this was my everyday life.

Occasionally, I glanced through the window to Rebecca. Apparently, she didn't have any urgent work to do, and was just staring at us. It was unnerving, but flattering.

She seemed a bit chagrined. Was it because we were being so bold in the waiting room? Or because I was kissing Mommy instead of her some more? Or something else? I couldn't be sure. Regardless, she gave me a smile each time, letting me know that it was okay to continue.

After a while, Mommy instinctively began to obscenely thrust her hips lightly into the air, as if fucking a cock. My cock, of course.

A few moments later, Mommy suddenly got up, leaving me moaning in my chair. She walked back to Rebecca, her ridiculously curvy body jiggling and twitching all the way.

She told the hourglass-shaped receptionist, "Um, excuse me. I know you have some unusual rules here... I'm wondering if it would be okay if my son and I make love here in the waiting room?"

Rebecca gave her an even more chagrined look. "'Make love?' Seriously? You mean 'fuck?'"

Mommy blushed and nodded slightly.

"So you want him to just up and drill you with that big, fat, perfect cock of his? Right here? Right now? Heedless of who might come in and see?"

Mommy nodded much more eagerly.

Rebecca sighed, and brushed some of her long blonde hair behind an ear. "Can't you content yourself with a titfuck or blowjob?"

"Normally, yes, of course. But right now I'm feeling so very, very horny!"

Rebecca rolled her eyes. "From what I hear, you're always feeling 'so very, very horny.'"

Mommy giggled. "True! And I love it. But right now, I feel this aching need deep inside my pussy. Do you know what I mean, when you just HAVE to have it, all of it, balls deep? I really, really want him to make love to me!"

She began fondling a giant breast with one hand and rubbing her crotch with the other. "And I think he wants to make love to me too." She giggled and pointed at me, specifically at my erection poking up outrageously in my shorts.

Rebecca's jaw actually dropped. "Damn! That looks absolutely massive when it's sticking up like that!"

Mommy beamed proudly. "It is! He's been fucking me nearly all the time lately, it seems. I love it so much! It's kind of part of our therapy, too."

Rebecca furrowed her brow. It was clear that she was undecided about giving permission.

Nevertheless, Mommy was so horny that she added another request, even though her face was turning redder and redder from thoughts about fucking in the waiting room. "And, um, if you don't mind, I'd like to get totally naked first. It's kind of become a habit that I always get completely naked no matter how I pleasure his cock, thanks to the danger of the cherry cream getting on my clothes. Well, except for my high heels, of course. Please?"

It was clear that very little flustered Rebecca in her job. No doubt, she saw wild, sexual things take place in the waiting room most every day. But my stunning young mother's request took her aback. "Um, Ms. Pepper, blowjobs are okay in this room, and actually they're fairly common here. Ditto with handjobs and titfucks. I always turn a blind eye, since it's a sign the patients are making progress. But actual fucking?!"

She frowned and bit her lip, while looking back at the outrageous tenting in my shorts. "I just don't know. I'd like to say yes, because this is progress too, but we could get in trouble if some newbies come in. Some of them are fairly new to things like the cherry cream therapy, and they could get TOO shocked. I'll have to check with the doctor."

She was interrupted by another voice. "It's fine, Rebecca. Ms. Pepper can get fucked by her boy."

Mom and me both looked over. We recognized the young woman standing in front of us, though it had been two months since we had last seen her. My heart skipped a beat, because it was Bethany, Dr. Morgan's gorgeous daughter!

It looked to me like she was wearing the same revealing white nurse's uniform as the last time we here, but a couple of things were different. For some reason, she was wearing her brown hair in pigtails, making her look far younger than her 21 years. But belying that was her chest. It was significantly larger than before.

I thought, with my heart thumping fast, *WHOA! Such a BABE! So stacked! If she was a F-cup during our last visit, she's clearly a G-cup now!*

"Hi, Brian!" she said, swaying towards me in her four-inch heels. The way her hefty tits wobbled inside her nurse's outfit made me guess that she wasn't wearing a bra. They would have swayed much more except that her outfit was so tight.

She added, "I told your mommy on the phone that I couldn't wait to see the two of you! Especially you." She gave me an extra-sultry smile. "You both look like you've really benefited from treatment."

I stood up for a hug.

To my very pleasant surprise, not only did she give me a big hug, we kissed on the lips too, and with plenty of tongue. In fact, before long, she had a hand on the bulge in my shorts while we continued to make out.

Mindful that both Mommy and Rebecca were watching, I tried to keep my hands in the middle of Bethany's back. But the kiss was so passionate that I kind of lost track and wound up firmly gripping her ass cheeks through her clothes with both hands. At least I stopped myself from playing with her firm boobs, tightly pressing against my chest.

Bethany broke the kiss and looked down at my bulge, and then over to my mother's insanely, illogically voluptuous body, standing a few feet away. "I mean, you both look really nice," she said, staring back at me. "I kinda missed you two since your last visit. But I especially missed you, Brian!"

Mommy showed no signs of jealousy, despite the fact Bethany had clearly started fondling my erection through my shorts. In fact, both the hot young woman and my gorgeous mother were beaming at me. Even Rebecca was smirking and smiling.

I blushed. Then I spoke bashfully. "I missed you too. I was really bummed that you were out sick the last time we were here."

Bethany groaned in frustration. "Tell me about it!"

Mommy spoke up. "Girl, what are you doing with your hand on my son's bulge?!"

Bethany was taken aback, and pulled her hand off in a flash. "Oh! I'm so sorry!"

But before she could apologize more, Mommy broke into a big smile, and clarified, "You can stroke it so much better if you stick your hand INSIDE his shorts. That's what Rebecca did when she gave him a welcome back kiss on the lips a few minutes ago."

Bethany breathed a big sigh of relief that she hadn't offended anyone. She grinned wickedly, then looked over to Rebecca through her window. "Oh, really? Interesting!"

My heart went to my throat. Would Bethany get upset?!

Now it was Rebecca's turn to be embarrassed. She held her hands up as if in surrender. "Guilty as charged!"

Bethany wagged a finger at her though, again, she looked more delighted than upset. "We'll talk later."

Then she returned all her attention back to me and gave me a knowing, naughty smile. She boldly stuck her hand inside my shorts and immediately started stroking my boner directly. "Aaaah! That's better. I see so many big cocks here, every day. But they all remind me of yours. Sometimes, I get seriously tempted to suck off one or another of the really well-hung and/or handsome patients. But I've kind of made a pledge that I'm saving my mouth just for you!"

I secretly let out a big sigh of relief that she wasn't upset that I'd just been making out with Rebecca.

Mommy smiled benignly. "Awww! That's so sweet! Did you hear that, Son? It sounds like she's interested in being your girlfriend."

Bethany got very embarrassed. She turned her head away and blushed, though she kept her hand pumping up and down my shaft. Finally, she said, "I wouldn't presume... I know you two have a really special thing going..."

Mommy said, "That's true. And that's not going to change for all the tea in China, believe me! I'm my son's sex toy mommy, now and forever! And that's at your mother's professional recommendation, mind you."

"Mmmm," Bethany easily agreed, with her fingers sliding up and down my boner. She was writhing in place some too, causing her huge tits to move against my chest.

Mommy suddenly changed tone though. "That said... he does need a girlfriend closer to his own age, as well. Your mother is strongly encouraging it, as I'm sure she'll tell you. Partially for appearance's sake, but also because I think two sexy sluts could take much better care of his cock than just one. He and I have talked about this a lot lately. Unfortunately, he's been strangely reluctant about the idea."

I shyly nodded to confirm that.

Bethany frowned with concern.

Mommy went on, "But not me. Sure, I'd get jealous, but I've increasingly warmed up to the idea. I think it could be a big improvement with the right girl." She added teasingly, "If any sexy, fun, and busty girl knows about our incestuous secret and is still willing to share him with me, well, who knows what might happen!"

Bethany bit her lip and excitedly looked back and forth between Mommy and me. Her fingers kept on sliding up and down my pre-cum soaked shaft. She finally remembered to say, "What about me?! I would be willing to share! So very willing!"

Mommy chuckled. "I thought you might say that. I've been talking that very idea over on the phone with your mother lately. She's given me a few hints to help that along, including explaining about your powerful feelings for him."

That's news to me! How could she have "powerful feelings" for me when we only met once? Although... what a meeting! Gaawwwd! I still remember the way she sucked my dick with that freakishly long tongue of hers. Yeow!

Bethany seemed to get even more embarrassed, to the point that she hastily tried to change the subject. She asked both of us, "Um, I hope your therapy is going well?!"

Mommy stepped closer and answered that. "Oh, it's going wonderfully! It used to be much more about sucking his cock. In fact, it kind of became my whole life. I love it so much! And titfucking it too. Or both at once."

Bethany said, "I heard something about that. My mom says you've really mastered the art of sucking and titfucking him at the same time."

Mommy said proudly, "This is kind of my specialty lately. I love it! But lately, we make love... um, fuck... all the time, it seems!" She bent over and unzipped my fly, making it easier for Bethany to stroke my shaft.

With the zipper unzipped, my shorts slid down to my knees.

"I hope you still suck and titfuck him a lot too," Bethany said, looking down at her sliding fingers. "A powerful cock like his needs a lot of variety."

"Oh, I do! Believe me, I do! We still spend most of our time together with my tongue slurping on his thick pole, for sure, usually while his shaft is also buried in my cleavage. But I love having his big cock deep inside my pussy, balls deep! It's the best feeling in the world! And he spends so much time groping and suckling my tits. I swear, all of his attention on them is actually making them grow a little bit. At least, I hope so. Speaking of which, your breasts are much bigger since last time, aren't they, Bethany?"

Now it was Bethany's turn to blush even more, even as she stared at her own hand sloshing up and down my increasingly pre-cum soaked pole. "They are. I grew A LOT in the past couple of months. I kind of hoped they'd stay just... big. But not, like, super big. No offense intended, of course."

Mommy said, "None taken. And I think that growth spurt is great! I'm sure my son loves it. Can you please step back so we can have a good look?"

Bethany still had her hand on my fully exposed boner and was energetically stroking away. But she completely disengaged from me, stepped back, and stood up straight. She was still a bit nervous, but she did her best to strike a sexy pose for my benefit that showed off her ample chest to good effect.

In the past few months, I'd grown more assertive while my mother had grown more sexually submissive. But that was with Mommy; I was still shy with everyone else. So I surprised even myself by telling Bethany, "Nice! Very nice. They definitely are larger. But let's see them in all their naked glory."

Bethany looked around nervously. Her eyes locked on Rebecca's through the receptionist's window.

Rebecca just waved a hand dismissively. "What are you doing looking at me for? Yeah, it's risky, but this is the chance to impress him that you've been waiting for. Go for it, I say!"

Bethany glanced at both doors, on either side of the room. Then she shut her eyes tightly. She undid her bra first under her tight top, somehow. (I was surprised she was in fact wearing one, given all the wobbling I'd witnessed.) She handed it off to Mommy, with her eyes still closed. Then she dramatically pulled her top up to her armpits, fully revealing her larger, improved breasts.

I was in awe, and my heart thumped fast. I sputtered, "I think... your breasts look AMAZING, Bethany! They look... well, just really beautiful! Like the rest of you, including your kind heart. All of you looks beautiful, inside and out!"

Bethany's face turned red with embarrassment in a matter of seconds. She finally opened her eyes. She was beaming with pride, and yet nearly teary eyed, for some reason. She gave me a stare that was so sexy and sultry, it nearly knocked me over.

Then she looked to Mommy.

I don't know exactly what non-verbal understanding passed between them, but Mommy said, "I'll go use the restroom. To, uh, powder my nose." As she walked out, she passed right by me, and stopped for a second to whisper in my ear, "This is the perfect moment to ask her out! Do it!"

She looked back to Bethany, and told her, "By the way, you look gorgeous!" Then she kept on walking out of the room.

Once she was gone, Bethany walked up to me and tugged my shorts down some, causing them to slide to my ankles. I stepped out of them altogether and left them on the floor.

She moved in close, causing her huge, and now fully exposed, tits to press against my chest.

Then she took control of my erection with both hands. As she resumed stroking it, she looked up into my eyes. "You're so sweet, Brian. I love what you said about me having a 'kind heart.' I don't know if I've ever liked a boy as much as I like you. Of course, I'm in lust with your huge cock, and I constantly think about sucking it and titfucking it! And sitting on it, impaling myself down on it, and churning on it!"

She began stroking my turgid pole faster and more intensely, still with both hands.

My hands had been at my sides, but I finally couldn't resist, and brought my hands up to fondle her wonderfully bare tits.

She smiled at that. "Aaaah! That feels good! I know I'm older than you, but... I don't know... I think you're funny and cute. And I keep hearing stories from my mom about how you treat your mom. You've really taken charge with her!"

You're the man of the house, and her new role is to serve you and pleasure your cock. Period! It's all so... hot!"

I asked quizzically, "You approve of that?"

"Oh, yeah! Definitely! I especially love how you took control of her in record time. That's how I want my boyfriend to treat me, someone who's not afraid to be bossy with his girl." She looked down between her huge bare tits to her hands pumping on my shaft.

I couldn't resist saying, "Really? Most girls would find that offensive."

"True. But most girls don't work here. I see it here over and over, every day. The kind of relationship that works best is when the boy takes total control of his woman. And the sexual chemistry? My God! As much as I'd love to drop to my knees and suck your cock all on my own initiative, I would turn into a wild, insatiable animal if you ordered me to do it!"

I thought, Come on! Man up! I need to get over my shyness, and fast. I'm never gonna have a more clear opportunity to ask her out. I already thought she would be the ideal girlfriend, and this stuff about her wanting me to boss her around is almost too remarkable to be believed! Although it does make some sense. Her mom has encouraged my mom to be my "sex toy," and she works in this very unorthodox clinic with her, so it stands to reason that her sexual attitudes would be a little... unusual.

I gathered up my courage, and asked, "Bethany... Would you like to go out with me?"

I was very, very shy about this sort of thing, but the fact she was topless and jacking me off with two hands certainly helped!

She looked up at me and beamed like a searchlight. "Like, a date?!"

"Yeah!" I was beaming too. I was cupping her massive tits from below, freely fondling them.

Her fingers slid up and down my shaft faster and faster, reflecting her growing excitement. "I'd love to, Brian! I'm totally sick of boys hitting on me - I can tell they are just looking at my chest and assuming - well, whatever. Probably that they want to fuck my tits and cum on my face. It only annoys me. But with you... I want you to do all of that to me... and MORE! You're so sweet and kind with me, and yet I can see how you decisively control your 'sex toy' mommy. It's such an intoxicating combination! I never thought I'd go out on a date with a boy three years younger than me, but yeah, I really, really want to. With you!"

"Great! Why don't we do it tonight?!"

She frowned. "Tonight? I won't have time to get ready. It's already late afternoon."

Hearing her agree to the date sent my confidence soaring. I didn't consider myself a really dominant guy; it was more that Mommy was the perfect submissive slut. But I'd caught on to what Bethany wanted in a man, so I tried to play the role. I gripped her stiff nipples firmly and twisted them a little bit as I said, "Okay, I'm not asking you, I'm telling you then. It's happening tonight."

I had no idea how she'd react to that. Did I completely misread her?

Thankfully, no! There was a pause as she processed that, then a lusty fire took flame in her eyes. She growled, "Oooh! I like that!" She took a hand off my boner to wrap one of her arms around my back and pull me in close for a kiss.

We necked for the next minute or two. Our kisses were sizzling hot! She continued to jack me off with at least one hand all the time, as I continued to glory in exploring her huge bare boobs.

Also, she had started the kiss still clothed from the waist on down. But halfway through, I reached for her ass and felt nothing but bare flesh! Some further exploration revealed that she still wore a thong. But I was feeling so aroused and emboldened that I tugged that down too, until it was well below the bottoms of her ass cheeks.

I worried I might have gone too far, but her impassioned moaning into my mouth encouraged me that I was on the right track.

After a while, I was so very excited and confident that I brought my hand fondling her bare ass cheeks around to her front side and started diddling her clit and pussy lips. Boy, was she wet!

She apparently approved, because she responded by pressing my exposed cock right up against her pussy mound. Soon, we were fairly close to fucking, with my boner repeatedly sliding up against her clit and slit!

My cock-meat was getting wetter and wetter with her copious pussy juices. I was tempted to simply readjust slightly and fuck her standing up, but I wasn't that bold. Especially since we were in the waiting room, of all places, with

Rebecca looking on.

I'd forgotten all about Rebecca until I had those thoughts. I'd generally had my eyes closed while losing myself in the bliss of our necking and fondling, but I briefly tilted my head between kisses to see what the blonde goddess of a receptionist was doing.

Rebecca hadn't been expecting that. She was startled, like she'd been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Except it was more like she had her hand in the "pussy jar" - due to the window between rooms, I couldn't directly see any part of her body below her waist, but I could see the way her arm angled to her pussy mound and the way it was rhythmically moving up and down. Furthermore, she was pinching a nipple through her blouse with her other hand.

I thought, *If she isn't masturbating, then she's scratching a poison ivy itch right on her pussy lips! OF COURSE she's fingering herself!*

Her face was flushed already, but she blushed profusely on top of that. She smiled sheepishly at me and quickly put both hands on the shelf at the bottom of the open window.

I just gave her a friendly smile, to let her know that I wasn't bothered at all. I went back to making out with Bethany, while alternating between fondling her tits, pussy, and ass.

When our kissing finally ended, Bethany breathlessly asked me, "Since we're going to date tonight, can we start the date early? Maybe around seven?"

"Sure! But why?"

"You're so adorable to ask. It's because there's so much I want to do to you, and with you! I haven't seen you in two full months, and all kinds of needs have built up. I'm pretty sure you won't be able to keep your hands off my huge breasts, and I don't want you to!"

We both looked down at the way I happened to have both of my hands on her tits, so I could roll her nipples between my fingers. We shared a good laugh over that.

She went on, "And I'm going to have to touch and taste your cock! A lot! And suck and slobber all over it! A lot!" She giggled.

I thought, *Jesus Christ! If we're having this much fun talking about our date, how much better will it actually be?! I might even get to fuck her!*

She added in an extra sultry purr, "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if I spend MOST of our date with my lips locked around your thick shaft! Is that what you want in a girlfriend? One who spends lots of time on her knees, with her head bobbing up and down?! A hot and sexy slut who has an insatiable oral craving for huge, thick cock?!"

My head seemed to swim, I was so overcome with lusty anticipation. *Fuck me! That sounds too awesome! Especially considering her long tongue!*

With anyone else, I would have figured that she was asking a trick question. But given the intense fire in her eyes, plus the way she was behaving overall, I just grinned and said, "Yeah! You'd better buy some kneepads!"

Her smile lit up the room. Clearly, that was the answer she wanted to hear. "Cool! Trust me, that's exactly what I want too. Heck, I probably WILL need kneepads!" She laughed. "I know from my mom what a great cocksucker your mom is, and I want to prove to you that I can at least hold my own with her. She's got the experience edge, but I have my own secret weapon. You want to see?"

"Um, sure."

She dramatically stuck her tongue all the way out. Way out!

I just about passed out. *I know she had a long tongue already, but... good GOD! That's positively freakish! Like a lizard! But, damn! That's gotta be the perfect cocksucking tongue!*

She seemed pleased by my startled reaction, and flashed a toothy smile. Then she went on, "I still remember that one time I managed to deep throat you, and I can't wait to try it again! I believe that it's essential any good girlfriend is a talented deep throater. Don't you?"

"Of course!" I was flying a few inches off the ground. I couldn't believe this young sexpot was saying such things to me, even as she stood basically buck naked in the middle of a doctor's office waiting room!

She beamed at my response. "Of course you do. Most any other guy, he'd be perfectly satisfied with normal cocksucking, but I know that with a total stud like you, no deep throating is a deal breaker. Don't worry, I can't wait to prove myself with that!" She stuck out her freakishly long tongue enticingly again.

Then she went on even more eagerly, "And I want you to fuck my tits, which you have NEVER done before, which is a crime! And I want to give the titfuck-blowjob combo that your mom is so good at a try or two, for starters, so I can get really good at it too. There are so many things I want to do with you! Not only that, I have a feeling that I'm going to want you to fuck me! Maybe tonight!"

That took my breath away.

She must have seen the surprise on my face, and got shy. She still had a hand pumping up and down my shaft, but slower than before. "Is that okay? Is it too much pressure for a first date? Can you imagine what a date would be like if we couldn't get naked? Or even touch each other in intimate ways? I don't know if I could stand it!"

I was trembling with lust. "It's totally fine. Seriously, totally fine. Actually, it sounds like a great date." I thought, *Understatement of the year!*

"Good!" she said, kissing me softly on the mouth again.

We necked for another minute or so while we fondled each other. At some point, she let go of my erection long enough to yank her top all the way off her head and toss it aside. Even though it had been hanging up above her great breasts, she seemed to think it was an affront to be wearing any clothes at all!

I was able to briefly glance down her hardbody while she was doing that, and noticed that I didn't see any sign of her thong down her thighs. She was nude from the tip of her head down to her tottering high heels!

Seeing that I was checking her out, she took a step back to give me a better look. But then she reached back to my crotch to resume fondling my cock and balls. Within seconds, her huge boobs were pressed against my chest once more, with my hands back on her ass cheeks.

She tilted her head, and bashfully asked, "I know I have some unorthodox ideas. When I think about you, and your perfect cock, I have all kinds of ideas. Like the two of us showering naked together. Gaawwwd! I'd want to do that all the time! And then, once you'd had your fill of rubbing sudsy soap all over my nubile body, you'd just silently push my head down so I can get to work bobbing on your cock. Because that's what a good girlfriend does most of all: serve her man's cock!"

She was getting increasingly worked up, which could be seen by the way her entire body was writhing up and down mine. We truly were just about fucking standing up! In fact, maybe the only thing stopping that from happening was that she had both of her hands sliding up and down my thick pole.

She seemed to worry that she'd gone too far too fast with her words. She shyly added, "My sexual, er, attitude... Does that make me too much of a slut?"

I surprised myself again by saying, "It makes you a slut, yes. So does the fact that you're jacking me off in the waiting room right now. While completely naked, mind you."

She frowned, and all but stopped her cock stroking.

I hastened to add, "But that's NOT a bad thing! It's actually a great thing. I'm a slut too, or a satyr, or a mimbo, or whatever you call it. My mother is a slut. I just take that to mean someone who has a very ravenous sexual appetite, not a person who will sleep with just anybody. That deserves another name, like a tramp or a skank, maybe."

"Oh! Cool!" She grinned at that, and resumed vigorously jacking me off. "Then, yeah, I'm a slut! And tonight, I want to be YOUR slut!" She stared at her hands as they resumed sliding up and down my thick shaft. "I'm going to have soooo much fun with this thing!"

I joked, "And who knows, maybe we'll even find time to eat dinner and talk some."

Happily, she took that the right way. "Maybe! But who needs food when I've got much better things to consume!" She licked her lips hungrily. "In fact, all this talk of cocksucking... I don't even care where I am or who sees! I can't hold out any longer!"

She started slowly sliding her body down my body. She playfully joked, "Aaaargh! Help me! A tractor beam of sexiness is pulling my mouth down to your huge cock! Help!"

I put my hands on her head as she lowered more, and gently pushed her further down. "Sorry, I can't help there." I laughed with pure joy.

She purred, "Mmmm! I love how you take charge! I hope you push my head down to your cock a lot tonight."

"I will!"

"UNGH! Yesssssss! You'd better! Like Mom always tells me, a good girlfriend must be a good cocksucker, first

and foremost!"

I thought, *Holy Toledo! Is her attitude great, or what?! But I could totally see how she gets that from her mom. I gather most every woman that walks in here ends up becoming a dedicated cocksucker for her man!*

Bethany settled down on her knees. She looked down at herself and smiled at what she saw. "Mom has also often told me that the best way to suck cock is when you're wearing nothing but high heels!"

I didn't know what to say to that. But it was further evidence of Dr. Morgan's strong influence and highly unorthodox sexual ideas. Obviously, Mommy had come to feel the exact same way.

Once that was done, after taking a few long licks around my cockhead, Bethany said, "You must think I'm such a total slut! I spend my job fluffing up big cocks, and I've totally fallen in lust with your huge, perfect cock!"

My confidence was still soaring. "Yes, you are a slut, but I'm going to make you MY slut!"

She looked up at me, her eyes wide with excitement and lust. "Oooh! Shivers! I love that answer! I can tell you're going to be the kind of boyfriend to keep me on my heels with your sexy commands - literally! And that gives me goose bumps all over. You're gonna keep me on my knees, working your cock until I'm exhausted, probably with your naked mommy by my side!" She pressed her ample tits together with both hands, creating an even more titillating vision than before.

I was panting heavily. *What a lusty fox! And could her submissive attitude work out any better for me? NO! Ha! Maybe her mother has kind of brainwashed her into having some bizarre beliefs, but I'm not about to complain!*

She added, "I think you need a serious reward for knowing just what to say!" She followed that dramatic pronouncement by engulfing my cockhead. She started fervently bobbing on it.

I practically had to scream out loud, but I screamed in my own head. *JEEESUS! HOLY FUCKING FUCK! That feels so GREAT!*

I clutched at the sides of her head, trying to control the sudden rush of intense arousal I was feeling. There wasn't really anything I could do though except enjoy the ride and steadily squeeze my PC muscle in an attempt not to cum.

After a couple of minutes, the initial surge lessened.

She slowed her sucking style as she settled in for a more prolonged blowjob. I thought back to the last time Bethany had blown me. That had been my very first blowjob, so I didn't have anything to compare it to. Plus, I was so utterly astounded that the whole experience was kind of a vague though wonderful blur.

Now, I could compare her sucking technique with Mommy's. Clearly, she didn't have to worry about holding her own. She was a true sucking queen! Her extra-long tongue was definitely an advantage, and she knew just how to use it. But the main thing was that she had the same lusty passion Mommy did. It was clear in everything she did that she loved her "work."

At first, I just stood there with my hands still on her head. But as my imminent urge to cum eased, I was able to pet and stroke her hair instead of clutching the sides of her head.

As more blissful time passed, it finally occurred to me that I was getting blown while still standing in the middle of the doctor's waiting room! I opened my eyes and looked around. I didn't see anyone else at first because I was rather disoriented, but then my eyes locked on Rebecca's, through the receptionist window.

The beautiful blonde was caressing her own very sizable breasts through her white blouse as she stared at Bethany's energetic bobbing. It so happened that Bethany and I were standing at a side angle from her, so she had a good view of just how far down Bethany was bobbing on me.

Once my eyes locked on Rebecca's though, she let go of her big tits and gave me a friendly smile. Then she even gave me an approving thumbs up.

Despite that encouragement, I was a bit panicky. "Rebecca! Um... is it okay that we're doing this here?! Doesn't Bethany have to go back to work?!"

Rebecca waved a hand dismissively. "She does, but I've informed the doctor what's happening, and she says this takes higher priority. She's very happy for both of you that you're going to date. She's been rooting for you all along."

That took me by surprise. "Oh. Cool. But, uh, what if some other patient comes in?"

Rebecca immediately glanced at a spot in the room somewhere behind me.

Chapter 15

I turned my head to see what Rebecca was looking at, and discovered Mommy standing there!

I quickly realized that my mother had located a good spot to watch Bethany's cocksucking without being seen by me. It looked like she was very approving of the situation too, judging from the way she was looking and acting. She was still wearing her skin-tight Lycra workout suit, except she'd pulled the top up to her shoulders, allowing her to freely and directly fondle her giant tits with one hand. Her other hand had slipped down inside her Lycra shorts to her pussy. I could see a lot of rubbing going on there.

I smiled widely and exclaimed, "Mommy!"

Now that she'd been discovered, she walked around in front of me to make conversing (and gawking) easier. She kept right on playing with her fantastic body with both hands.

I glanced to Rebecca again. She was back to playing with her immense breasts as well, although still through her blouse. I figured she was probably playing with her pussy too sometimes, like before, but she was switching back and forth from time to time, since she only had two hands.

She briefly gave me another thumbs up and an encouraging smile.

"I see you two got reacquainted," Mommy told me with a happy smirk, causing me to look back her way.

"How long have you been standing there?!" I asked her.

"Pretty much the entire time!" She chuckled. "Actually, the entire time. I never really had to go to the bathroom, and I just opened the door and stayed on this side when I closed it. I couldn't resist watching my big boy asking his first serious girlfriend out on a date. I hope you don't mind."

"Uh, no, that's okay. But we can't call her a 'serious girlfriend' yet."

Mommy looked down at Bethany's steadily bobbing head, and said gleefully, "I beg to differ! She's a seriously talented cocksucker, at the very least. I can see that much!"

I looked down at Bethany too, and ran my hand through her long brown hair some more. *God DAMN! It's hard to deny that something special is happening between Bethany and me. At the very least, we have some powerful sexual chemistry! What an endless rush! It's like she's born to suck cock!*

However, as much as I adored Bethany, there was nothing more important to me than my relationship with Mommy, and I didn't want to cause problems there. "Um, Mommy, can I talk to you for a sec? In private?"

Mommy said, "In private? Son, there's nothing you can tell me that you can't say while Bethany is slurping on your fat cock. In fact, I much prefer it that way." She snickered with glee.

Before I could think up a response to that, Bethany pulled her lips off my boner. She suddenly stood up, and wiped the drool from her chin.

My jaw must have hung open from seeing her in her naked glory all over again. I mostly stared at her bare pussy. I was fascinated by all the rivulets of cum leaking from it - proof of just how aroused she had to be.

She said, "That's okay, Brian. This is a good time for you two to have a private chat because, unfortunately, I really do need to get back to work. Mom would let me take a long break out here, it sounds like, but I'm trying to be a real, professional nurse, and I know I'll get to see plenty of you later tonight. Right?"

"Definitely!" I said. "Say, around seven, like you said?" I reached out and fondled her impressively large and round tits, now that they were within easy reach again.

That made her let out an erotic groan. She arched her back and thrust her tits forward. "Oh GAAAWWWD! I love it when you do that! You like my tits in their larger size? I know they're not half as big as your mom's..."

"I love 'em! You should know that by now. They're the ideal size for you." I fondled and kneaded them even more possessively.

"UNGH!" She moaned still more erotically. "That makes me so happy!" She brought both hands back to my crotch and resumed jacking me off. "I thought so much about calling you in this last month especially, but then I thought, 'No, better to wait until my breasts finish this growth spurt. I need to make my best impression next time.'"

"You sure did that," I said, in the understatement of the year. "We're gonna have a great time tonight, I'm sure."

She wiped off some drool and/or cum that had rolled down her chin. "Cool! I'll call you as soon as I get off work. We'll make more detailed plans then. Already, I can't wait!" She kissed me on the mouth one more time, then spun around to leave the room.

I gasped loudly as I saw her bare ass suddenly thrust up towards me. Without thinking, I reached out and grasped it with both hands. It felt as good as it looked!

She chuckled at that. "Aaaah! Feels nice. I like a guy who isn't afraid to take what he wants, without asking."

Unfortunately, I had to take my hands away as she moved out of reach.

She picked up her skirt, bra, and top from where they had fallen to the floor. But she merely held them in a bunch as she walked away.

I must have gawked like a clueless rube as Bethany swayed her ass towards the door to the other rooms of the office. I loved the fact that I could see plenty of side boob, since she was still topless and her two huge tits had grown wider than her upper torso.

She glanced back to us, and said, "You two feel free to get VERY comfy! Mommy, since I can't help him right now, I want you to take VERY good care of him, and finish off what I started!"

Mommy stepped towards me, with hunger in her eyes. "Oh, believe me, I will!"

Right as Bethany put her hand to the door to leave the room, I noticed her torn thong still lying on the floor. It was easy to miss, because it had been carelessly tossed under some of the other chairs. I said, "Wait! Your thong!"

Bethany grinned wickedly. "Keep it as a prize. The first sign that you're making me yours. Of course, that means I'll have to work the rest of the day 'going commando.' But that's okay, because I'll be constantly leaking down there anyway, thinking about you and our date." She licked her lips ostentatiously. "Consider what I just did to you a little taste of the wild suck-fest to come!"

I continued to simply gawk at her.

Bethany bit her lip. "Gaawwwd! It's so hard to walk away. I just want to drop back to my knees and... UGH!" She clutched her head with both hands in frustration. "Later! Tonight! Just you wait! It's all finally starting to happen. I'm going to prove myself to you, just you wait and see!"

She gave me one last smile over her shoulder and then walked out of the room.

I pulled my mother close, until her enormous bare breasts were pressed tightly against my chest.

My big stiff cock was hanging free, soaked with Bethany's saliva. It wound up rubbing against her body, tilted up above her pussy.

Mommy responded by stroking my face with one hand and my boner with the other. She put her mouth just inches away from mine. "Congratulations with Bethany! You know, I really, really LIKE that girl! She's got the right attitude."

I responded with wide-eyed awe, "You could say that again!"

Mommy giggled. "'Wild suck-fest to come.' That sounds so hot! This is a big day for you, isn't it?"

"It is."

My heart was still thumping fast. I thought about Bethany, *I can't believe my good fortune. I literally can't believe it! I know she is mainly interested in my "perfect cock," but I don't have a problem with that! We can build off that, I hope.*

Mommy still was smiling from ear to ear as she thought more about Bethany. "Wow! Like I said, I really do like that girl. Her mom raised her right. She's exactly the kind of girlfriend you need, the kind that knows that oral adoration of your massive cock is the key to a good relationship!"

I shook my head in wonder. *It's all too crazy, especially since it's clear Bethany isn't putting on a front. Obviously, her mother has passed on all her wildly unusual ideas about sexual submission. I would feel conflicted about that, except I could benefit so very handsomely!*

My mother seemed to snap back out of her Bethany-focused reverie, and remembered that I'd asked to talk to her alone. "What do you want to talk to me about, baby?"

"Mommy... You know I love you more than anything in the world, right? You know I'd do anything for you."

"Of course, sweetheart. I love you too. I'll always love you. And I'll always want you to make love to me. I never

want our 'therapy' to end. As far as I'm concerned, I'm your sex toy mommy from now until the end of time!" She brought the hand caressing my face down to my privates to fondle my balls.

I smiled widely at that, even though she'd said similar things to me many times recently. My heart beat faster just from knowing that she was willing to say all that despite knowing that Rebecca had to be overhearing every word.

I told her, "You know how much I love you too. But, uh... Well, I was kinda hoping... maybe, it'd be okay if I ... I hope you don't mind if..."

She was smiling from ear to ear as she stroked my cock and balls with both hands. "You want to make sure that I'm okay with you going out with Bethany, right?"

I sighed with relief that she seemed to understand and accept where I was going with this. "Exactly! I don't ever want to stop our therapy either, but I really like her a lot, and I can't believe she likes me too. She's so pretty and..."

"Has such huge, young breasts?" Mommy asked, giggling. She briefly stopped jacking me off, but only to take my hands from my sides and bring them to her incredible rack, so I'd get a clue that she wanted me to fondle her tits some.

I immediately got the message, and started my usual caressing and even kneading.

I sheepishly said, "Yeah, I kinda noticed that."

She chuckled. "Good! I love her perfectly shaped G-cups. I would hope and assume that any girlfriend you have would be super stacked and all around gorgeous, like her. I would want nothing less for my precious baby!"

She eased back slightly so her tits weren't pressing so tightly against my chest. She went right back to her two-handed cock stroking. She added, "I'll bet you can't wait to slip your fat sausage in between her twin watermelons. Am I right?"

I couldn't resist letting out a loud and lusty moan, which was a clear answer, even though it was partly caused by what Mommy was doing to me.

Mommy chuckled. "Good answer!" She chuckled some more. "Believe me, I fully approve. Plus, don't think I didn't notice her impressively long tongue. Did you see when she stuck it out of her mouth all the way?"

"You saw that?!" My memory of recent events was a blur, since it was all too much to take in.

"I saw everything. You two were practically fucking standing up. How can I not adore her, especially after all she said about a good girlfriend belonging on her knees with a mouth full of cock? I wish I'd been that enlightened at her age."

I knew it sounded absurd that she would call that "enlightened," but then again, she'd never been as happy as she'd been since she'd started frequently sucking me off.

She added, "So, if it isn't clear enough already, Sweetie, OF COURSE you have my full approval to go out with Bethany. I don't mind at all. I helped set things up for you to ask her out, remember?"

I thought back, including to how she'd (supposedly) left the room at just the right time. "That's true, you did. So you're not jealous?"

She said, "I'm VERY jealous! But don't worry. I've given this lots of thought." She paused to show how serious she was.

She stared earnestly and deeply into my eyes as she kept on jacking me off. "It's not fair that I keep you all to myself. I'm twice your age. You need a hot, busty, submissive slut around your age that you can show off to your friends and such. Bethany is perfect for that. Her very own mother agrees that you two are an ideal match, and she's a professional doctor, so she should know! I really like her, like I said. I'm sure you two will get very serious very fast, and she'll be your dedicated slut in no time. She has the right attitude about how a girl should treat her man. That's very, very rare in this day and age."

I thought, *Her extreme attitude must be rare in any day and age. Good God!*

I frowned as I pictured Bethany in my mind. *She's so incredible, maybe too incredible for a normal guy like me. This just can't be!*

I said, "I don't know about her and me lasting very long. She's older, and so gorgeous!"

Mommy said as her hands steadily pumped on my thick shaft, "Trust me. Of course she likes you. Your foot in the door is that you have an unusually large and THICK cock for your age... or any age. As the doctor's measurements

proved, it literally is the perfect size! She's already fallen in lust with it. I know exactly how she feels, and trust me, those feelings won't fade. My own lust just grows stronger and stronger. It's like an addiction!"

She looked down at her hands. "See? I can't stop stroking you to save my life. It's too much fun!" She giggled. "Plus, she's naturally deeply submissive, and craves a dominant guy like you to rule her."

"But I'm not really that dominant," I confessed.

"Oh, you are! Believe me. It's just that you're kind too. That's a great combination. You're still coming into your own in terms of fully discovering your dominant powers, but that's fine. Plus, you've got plenty of other great qualities. You're funny, smart, caring, and much more. Gosh, if I were her, I'd want to be with you all the time. Not that I don't do that now."

She giggled, and looked down at her stroking hands again.

Suddenly, she decided that a handjob wasn't enough. She dropped to her knees in a flash. She pulled her top the rest of the way off, apparently feeling bothered that her shoulders were still covered. But she went further and started squirming her way out of her Lycra shorts too.

I couldn't help but glance over at Rebecca again. I remembered how she had been busy with paperwork most of the time at our last appointment. That clearly wasn't the case today, because she was still blatantly playing with herself! In fact, now she had one hand inside her blouse, while her other hand was angled out of sight towards her pussy.

Maybe she was getting used to being caught by my glance, or maybe she was getting too horny to care much, or both. But she just smiled and waved at me, then kept right on playing with herself!

I shook my head. *Man! I love this place. This crazy, crazy place! What if someone else comes in? Oh, but who cares? I'm too fucking horny!*

I looked back to my ridiculously curvaceous mother as she wiggled out of her Lycra shorts, slowly revealing her shaved pussy mound, I said, while feeling increasingly distracted, "But it's really important to me that you and I keep... that we keep up our... therapy. I don't want Bethany to change that one bit!"

"Oh gosh, baby," she said. She was bending way over and finishing working the shorts down her legs and off her feet, causing her bare J-cups to dangle dramatically. "Of course! I NEVER want to stop our therapy! Even if the doctor says we don't need it, I'm gonna need your cock inside me a lot! In every orifice." She opened her mouth wide and swirled her tongue around her lips.

Then she added, "My body belongs to you, now and forever. Like I always tell you, I'm your sex toy mommy until the end of time! And that's true no matter how many other sluts I have to share you with."

I smiled widely. "You're the best!"

She finally got her shorts all the way off, and tossed them to a nearby chair. Since she wasn't wearing any panties in the first place, that left her buck naked except for her red high heels.

She spread her legs dramatically, striking a provocative pose.

Seeing her wet pussy reminded me to take a whiff of the pungent sex smell in the air. It was a heady smell that made me dizzy.

She took my erection in hand, then she glanced over to Rebecca through the receptionist's window. "Is this okay?"

I glanced over to Rebecca's sultry face as well. She was the same as the last I'd saw her, with one hand inside her blouse and the other angled down to her pussy. However, her blouse had opened up even more, and her bra was long gone. I could nearly see both nipples on her impressively large and round tits.

She knew we could see her masturbating, but she didn't seem to give a fuck anymore. She smiled at us as if all of this was perfectly normal doctor's office behavior. "Not really, but it's not like I'm going to stop you."

Realizing that still left us uncertain, she added, "Go for it! It's fine! Plus, it's totally hot! If there's any problem, I'll smooth it over."

Mommy flashed her a big smile. "Thanks!"

Rebecca then said, longingly, "Believe me, if I didn't have to man the fort here, I'd be over there in a flash to help in any way I could!" She boldly let her blouse slip off one shoulder, and then the other, fully exposing her huge breasts!

Mommy saw that, and said, "By the way, nice rack!"

"Thank you!" Rebecca replied. "And the same to you, times two, since you're twice as endowed!" She laughed. That would have caused her tits to wildly wobble, except she was back to fondling them with both hands.

My sexy, nude mother looked back up at me, even as she started lapping her tongue around my cockhead. "Where would we be without our therapy? I don't know what I'd do if I didn't get to start the day in your bed, waking you with my mouth slurping hungrily on your cock. I need it like I need air to breathe! And I'd just cry if I didn't get to shower with you every morning... and you know how that always ends up!" She chuckled.

I felt a giddy rush as I thought back to our daily showers. Rebecca was totally forgotten for now, despite her impressive bare-chested display. Mommy and I always started our showers relatively calm, since we inevitably had just climaxed together back in our bedroom. But after lots of sudsy soaping up (with edible soap), and lots of French kissing, I wound up with my cock in her mouth, her cleavage, or her cunt, every single time. Sometimes all three, one after another!

Mommy was somehow both smiling widely and licking my cockhead as she went on, "Or what about the way I like to suck you all through breakfast? Isn't that fun? Or how you like to bang me on the front door right before you leave for school, leaving me with a red, sore, and sperm-filled cunt? Not to mention all the other fun things we do all day long!"

I said with passion, "I don't want any of that to change! Never ever, ever!"

Her eyes sparkled as she looked up at me, with her tongue lapping right above her slipping and sliding fingers. "Trust me, it won't! I'm your sex toy mommy! Your big-titted fuck doll! My sole purpose is to love you and serve you! With Bethany, we'll have all of that, and MORE!"

She was forced to stop talking, because she suddenly engulfed my cockhead.

I felt such a surge of arousal as she began a deep bobbing rhythm that I felt a bit dizzy. Luckily, I could clutch at her head to help me stay standing until things settled down somewhat.

A few minutes later, once we were in a steady cocksucking groove, I glanced over at Rebecca again.

To my mild surprise, she'd taken her blouse all the way off. To my greater surprise, she was so hot and bothered that when she saw I was looking her way again, she stopped masturbating in order to heft both of her big tits together. Clearly, that was done just to further titillate me.

"Whoa!" I exclaimed to her in lusty delight.

Rebecca replied shyly, "Yeah, well, what can you do?" She laughed. "I'm technically not supposed to do any of this, but you and your mom are just so fucking HOT with each other that I can't help myself! I'm just standing back here, totally naked and cumming and cumming!"

I couldn't visually confirm that she was totally naked, due to the size limitations of the window she was looking through, but I had no doubt. She was hot to trot!

I had to ask, "But don't you see lots of blowjobs in this room? I remember you saying that."

She responded while continuing to hold her huge tits together. "It's true. It happens at least once a day on average, I'd guess. But this is different. It's so much hotter, for starters. You're just such a dominant STUD! Especially just after seeing you get blown by Bethany. And your mother is completely naked! That pretty much NEVER happens here. But she needs to suck you that way, and she doesn't give a fuck if it's in a public place! I remember when you got me naked for a good-bye kiss, in nearly the exact same spot. I was way too scared. Your mom is so brave!"

"That's true," I admitted. "Although I think it's more sheer unstoppable lust than bravery. Thanks to the whole thing about the cream ruining clothes, we've kind of got a tradition going. We've had some pretty crazy adventures in public sometimes. Some close calls."

Rebecca laughed. "I'll bet!" She was still hefting her bare breasts up to put on a good show, but she was rubbing them together with orgasmic delight on top of that. "What about the cream getting on YOUR clothes?"

I looked down at myself. I was still wearing my T-shirt. I muttered, "Oh yeah. For some reason, we've never really had a problem with that."

Rebecca laughed some more. "I'll bet! I think it's TOTALLY HOT when a dominant guy like you forces one of his sluts to suck him off while he's fully dressed and she's completely nude. Especially when he's standing and she's kneeling. Don't you agree?"

"Um, yeah." I looked down at Mommy, who happened to be loudly choking and gagging on my cock, perhaps in

hope that Rebecca would get more turned on by her lewd noises. I realized we were exactly in the situation Rebecca had just described, except my shorts had come all the way off and I certainly hadn't "forced" Mommy to do anything.

I realized, *Jesus! It sounds like Rebecca is totally into female sexual submission too. I guess that's no surprise, considering that she works here. If Dr. Morgan was foolish enough to hire anyone who didn't have that attitude, they wouldn't last for long. Worse, they could go to the authorities and get everyone in trouble.*

Rebecca enthusiastically added, "You two are so great! I could cum hard right now just from listening. It sounds like she's trying to deep throat you to the root, which is too hot! You go, girl! But what I want to know is if and when I'd get a crack at playing with your monster cock again. I got to stroke it a little bit here and there, but we kept getting rudely interrupted. I thought you two were exclusive, but now that you're dating Bethany too, does that mean I might get a shot too?"

"What, you mean, like, dating me?!"

"Oh no! Not that! I'm married, actually, but my hubby is into the cuckold lifestyle. Do you know what that means?"

Her words shook me up. My gaze darted to her hands and I saw a sparkling wedding ring! *Whoa! You're kidding me, right?! I feel like a fool for not noticing before, or even thinking to check. And she's given me two handjobs already, brief though they were.*

I was so shocked that my excited heart started to race a lot faster. I hated cheaters. I didn't want to help break up someone's marriage.

I simply answered, "No." I knew "cuckold," but not "cuckold lifestyle."

I got increasingly nervous from hearing that she was married. *Good Lord! I was just French kissing her earlier! And we were seriously fondling each other! I don't want to be a cheater.*

She explained, "It means he gets off on seeing me have sex with other men!"

I was shocked all over again. "Are you serious?!" I kept staring at her wedding ring, like it was a loaded gun. That thought made me think of angry husbands holding guns.

She said, "Of course! I have the perfect job for him, because all day long, handsome and well-hung boys like you pass through and I get to flirt with them. Every time he and I have sex, it starts with a talk about one of those boys flirting too heavily and things spiraling out of control. He can't even get erect without thinking of me with someone else. Except it never happens - I'm all talk but no action. Bethany gets to do all the fluffing of the cocks. Except with you, that is! Especially today! Boy, is he going to ravage me tonight when I tell him what you and I did together!"

I was even more shocked. *There are actual, real husbands like that? How bizarre.*

That revelation started to make some mysteries clear for me. Last time I was here, I remember some cryptic comments about Dr. Morgan wanting to help her get over her problems at home by giving in to have sexual fun with me. I'd thought that was a reference to her having trouble enjoying sexual pleasure or something like that. In retrospect, it seemed she was having trouble acting on her husband's cuckold fantasies instead of just role-playing about them.

I nervously asked, "He... he wouldn't be upset at me? Like... try to beat me up or something?"

She laughed freely, while provocatively running a hand through her long blonde hair. Then she went back to fondling her bare boobs. "Oh, no! Just the opposite. He'd be fawning and deferential towards you. Bizarre, I know, but that's how it is. You'd be surprised at how common his fetish is. He's part of a large on-line community. But anyway, I'm not talking about something serious with you and me, just... having fun!" She licked her lips suggestively.

I looked down at my gorgeous mother, happily bobbing away. Then I looked back to Rebecca's wedding ring. "Well, uh, that sounds fantastic, but... uh... I wouldn't want to risk changing things..."

To my surprise, Mommy suddenly pulled her lips off my boner. She looked Rebecca's way, and spoke to her. "We haven't talked about it yet. I'm not big on sharing him beyond Bethany. There are all sorts of potential problems there, including potential pregnancies and sexual diseases. But you already know about the incest. And I like the whole cuckold situation. That's safe, and limits the emotional commitment."

Her voice grew more excited. "Perhaps we could make an exception or two, with you, if it's part of our therapy here at the office!"

Rebecca's eyes lit up. She was aggressively pinching her stiff nipples. "Oh my goodness! What do you mean by that?!"

Mommy just smiled enigmatically. "We'll see. All I'm saying is never say never, especially if we're talking about you helping me suck him. Two mouths are better than one!" With that, she engulfed my cockhead again.

Rebecca squealed with delight and clapped her hands together. "Ohmigod! That sounds perfect! I've NEVER shared a cock with another woman! But I would soooo love to do that with you, Ms. Pepper!"

The stacked blonde pushed her exposed tits together again, apparently to better tempt me. "Brian, what do you think?! Already, you and I are starting a tradition where we kiss on the lips to say hello and good-bye. What if that's just the warm up, and every time you come in for an appointment here, your mommy and I work on your big fat cock together?! Slurping and sucking, our hands slipping and sliding on all that thick, hot, pulsing cock-meat! OH GOD! That's so very hot!"

My head was spinning. I was trying to cope with listening to Rebecca and ogling her firm body while Mommy drove me absolutely wild from sucking me off.

Somehow, slowly, I managed some coherent thoughts. *I can't believe an hourglass-shaped BABE like Rebecca would be so interested in me. With Mommy, we're family and best friends. With Bethany, we've had a strong emotional connection from the very start somehow, and we're closer to the same age. But with Rebecca, her interest in me seemed to be 100 percent about lust.*

God dammit! Mommy's mouth feels so divine! What a trip!

But anyway... Back to Rebecca... Why me, when she has a parade of satyrs passing through here? She's so far out of my league! I wonder if it has to do with Bethany claiming that I have the 'perfect cock.' Probably. Boy, am I getting a lot of mileage out of that!

Rebecca's comments seemed to have inspired my mother, because she began bobbing and licking with even more passion and energy.

I had to close my eyes, clench my teeth, and squeeze my PC muscle as I tried to ride out that wave of intense stimulation.

Rebecca wasn't done talking, though it seemed she was more talking to herself and no longer expecting an answer. "Or what about titfucking?! Damn! Your mom is so stacked! But I'm pretty well endowed too, if I do say so myself. We could take turns titfucking you while the other one sucks from the top! OOOOH! UNNNGH!"

I couldn't see anything, since I was forced to keep my eyes closed as I struggled with all my might not to cum just yet. But I certainly heard it when Rebecca started screaming in orgasmic ecstasy. The sound wasn't that loud, because she put a hand or something else to her mouth to muffle the sound. Probably, she didn't want her boss, Dr. Morgan, to hear. But I could hear, and it was sexy as hell!

Thankfully, after a couple of minutes, things calmed down enough for me to relax again. I opened my eyes and looked back to Rebecca.

She was in a much calmer mood, since she obviously had gotten her rocks off with that big orgasm of hers. But she was still watching and masturbating, with her blouse still no longer in sight. *Damn, she has an impressive bare chest! So stacked! And her blonde hair, and that face... FUCK!*

I glanced again at her wedding ring. But this time, for some reason, it aroused me more than it scared me.

Seeing me look her way once more, she gave me a naughty grin, and said, "You lucky son of a bitch!" She rested her round tits on the deck at the bottom of the receptionist's window. That caused them to swell forward and look even bigger.

I couldn't resist asking her with a knowing grin, "Did you have a nice cum?"

She brushed her long blonde hair back in a flirty manner. "Hell, yeah! The best in ages! And what's really great is that I know I'll have some fantastic sex tonight, reliving every moment with my cucky hubby. Actually, my stories from today will probably keep him and me sex-mad for weeks, at least, because for once they'll be all true!"

I didn't know how to respond to that. I still couldn't wrap my head around the willing cuckold concept. Besides, Mommy's talented tongue and lips had me lingering on the cusp of a powerful climax.

Rebecca started to say, "By the way, congratulations about you and Bethany. She talks about you all the time. You really made a big impression on her. I'm sure you two will..."

Her voice trailed off as something out of the corner of her eye caught her attention.

Chapter 16

Rebecca's voice trailed off, because just then, two people walked out of the inner offices into the waiting room.

I'd never seen them before, but just one glance their way made clear that it was another mother-and-son pair. Their physical resemblance was uncanny, especially since both of them had the exact same shade of light blonde hair. The son was about my age, or maybe even a year or two younger. The mother was beautiful and seriously busty, though not in Mommy's league when it came to chest size.

I was caught flatfooted, to say the least! True, at least I was wearing a T-shirt, but I was standing in the middle of the room getting my cock sucked from my mother! And she was completely naked! Plus, I didn't even know where my shorts had wound up.

Surprisingly, the mother and son were so absorbed in a conversation that they didn't even notice Mommy and me, at least not yet. The son was saying, "You see, Mom? I told you. Dr. Morgan says there's no such..."

However, after just a few seconds, his voice trailed off and his eyes bugged out as he first saw me, and then looked down and saw Mommy's flawless completely bare backside, with her head at my crotch. He muttered, "Oh SHIT!"

His mother started to chide him, "What did I tell you about cursiii..." She too trailed off, not even finishing her word, because she saw me and then looked down to Mommy, just like he had done.

Luckily for Rebecca, they hadn't looked towards her receptionist window yet, or she would have been caught in a very unprofessional condition. She quickly scrambled to stand all the way up and put her white blouse back on. No doubt realizing that would take some time, especially to button the blouse up properly, she took several steps to the side until she could no longer be seen through the window.

The mother's jaw just about hit the floor as she stared at Mommy and me in disbelief.

I stared right back at her. My face must have turned red, fast, but I bravely kept my eyes open. I muttered, "Hey there," and gave a half-hearted wave.

I thought Mommy would stop her cocksucking and try to make herself presentable. But no! She did seize up in surprise at first, and she managed to turn her head just enough to see who'd entered the room without having to pull her mouth all the way off my throbbing boner. But then she just turned back to her previous position facing me and resumed her sucking, and her obvious stroking too!

After an exceedingly long and awkward silence, the unknown mother practically yelled at me, "What the HELL is happening here?!"

Luckily, by then, Rebecca ducked her head back into view from one side of the window into her office. I don't know if she had her blouse all the way back on or not, but she tried to act normal as she said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Adams. That just... happens sometimes. They're patients, just like you. You suck off your son every day too, do you not? Many times a day, am I right?"

Mrs. Adams glared at her. "Yes, of course, but... In the waiting room?! That's outrageous!"

Rebecca bravely stood her ground, even as she curiously was only showing her head, and part of one arm - which was covered by her blouse, thankfully. "Trust me, it's not that unusual. I know you're relatively new here. This is what, your sixth appointment?"

"Our seventh," Mrs. Adams testily corrected.

Rebecca nodded, even as she doubtlessly continued to try to calm herself down and look normal. "Right. As you keep returning here in the months to come, assuming that you do, you'll see this sort of thing from time to time. That's Brian Pepper and his mother Mary. They're using the cream-based therapy, just like you."

The Adams son spoke up to his mother. "Why are you so freaked out? So what if she's sucking him off naked? You always get naked before you suck me off. Not counting your high heels, of course. So what's the difference?!"

Despite the somewhat panicky situation I was in, I couldn't help but grin at the "high heels" aside. I thought, *Dr. Morgan strikes again! I don't know how she does it, or why, but she definitely has a sexual dogma of sorts that seems to be spreading like wildfire!*

Mrs. Adams put her hands on her hips and glared indignantly at her son. "We do it in the privacy of our own home, for starters! Plus, I've warned you to NEVER talk about that sort of thing in front of strangers! Never!" She looked around the room with renewed worry.

The boy defiantly said, "Sorry. But, to be honest, I don't see much difference. They're just doing what we do all the time. Heck, are you already forgetting how you got so worked up from thinking about our appointment here today that you had to pull the car over by the side of the highway halfway here in order to blow me?"

Mrs. Adams was similarly defiant. "Hush your mouth! You're just making matters worse! That's OUR private business!" She hesitated, then added, "Besides, that little incident was YOUR fault because you got so stiff and tempting, and then you unzipped your fly while I was trying to drive. How could I resist?!"

She blushed some more as she realized what she'd just admitted to, but it was too late to take it back.

Rebecca finally moved into view through the window, with her white blouse thankfully all the way on. I surmised that she'd hastily finished buttoning up while the mother and son were talking to each other. She said, "Relax! Mrs. Adams, you're not 'in public' here. This is a safe space. All of the other patients today are mothers and sons, just like you. There's no judging here, because who can throw the first stone? As I said, what you're seeing here is fairly common."

"In the waiting room?! Come on! I can't get over that part!" The irate mother glanced over at Mommy's steadily bobbing head. She stared in fascination, then turned back to Rebecca.

The patient receptionist continued, "Don't be so surprised or shocked. When mothers and sons come here for their appointments, the sons are almost always excited and horny. Imagine sitting next to your son for half an hour or longer while his stiff erection threatens to rip a hole in his shorts. Would you really want to do that without orally helping me some?"

"Well..." The mother frowned with new uncertainty. She bit her lip and briefly glanced towards her son's crotch.

Rebecca asked her, "If there's a long wait, why not just bend over into his lap and give him a little suck? Remember, this is a safe space. No one would mind, especially me!"

The son said enthusiastically, while alternately looking at Mommy's bare butt and her bobbing head, "Yeah, Mom! Why not?! In fact, I'm seriously aroused right now! I could use some help!" He looked down at the bulge in his shorts, and even framed the bulge with his fingers to make it look more prominent and tempting.

His mother was clearly startled to see that bulge there. "Again?! You're erect again?! But you just climaxed THREE TIMES in front of the doctor! Plus once on the way here, which you couldn't help just telling everyone here, to my eternal shame! My tummy is full of your sperm, and my pussy is leaking too!"

Her eyes went wide as she realized what she'd just admitted to in front of three strangers. She clamped her hands over her mouth, as if she could belatedly trap those words before they left. Yet the horrified look on her face showed that she knew it was too late.

Rebecca leaned forward through the window, and reached out to touch Mrs. Adams' shoulder, startling her slightly. "Relax! Like I said, this is a safe space. VERY safe. The Peppers have been through everything you've been through, and then some. Do you really think they're scandalized by what you just said?"

Mrs. Adams looked back at my face and then down my mother's bobbing head again. She bit her lip once more, as she further gazed up and down Mommy's bare backside, all the way to her high heels.

I gave them another shy wave. *Yikes! Talk about awkward!* I wanted to run and hide, but Mommy was bobbing on my cock like her life depended on it. I think knowing the other mother and son were in the room and watching (plus Rebecca!) was turning her on something fierce.

The son complained, "Yeah, Mom! Geez! Why do you have to be such a prude about this when you're my naked cocksucking mommy pet at home pretty much all the time?!"

Mrs. Adams stiffened up. "For God's sake! Don't call me that in public! EVER!"

Rebecca interjected again. "It's okay! We're all on your side, like we keep saying. 'Mommy pets' are very common here. I happen to know that Mary over there proudly considers herself her son's 'personal big-titted mommy pet,' and his 'human sex toy,' and his 'busty cocksucking mommy,' and much more besides."

My mother didn't stop her sucking in the slightest, or even try to turn her head to make eye contact. But she took one hand off my cock and held it up dramatically, making a thumbs up sign.

"You see?!" Rebecca implored. "We're all friends here. We're all on the same side. This place is all about helping you and your son coming to grips with your mommy pet lifestyle and learning to love it."

Mrs. Adams pondered all that while staring at Mommy's bare backside, and especially at her rhythmically bobbing

head. Finally, she let out a long, defeated sigh. Her shoulders slumped too. She muttered, "Okay, okay. Good point. It's just that this new lifestyle is taking me some getting used to. Home is one thing, but... in public..."

The son looked at her with love and understanding. "That's cool. I understand. But consider the plus side. All this open talk about you being my mommy pet has really turned me on!"

Then he took her nearest hand and brought it to the bulge in his crotch. When he sensed she wasn't going to pull her hand away, he let go of it.

She stared in wide-eyed wonder at her hand holding his bulge. She grasped it firmly, and then started stroking it up and down, although it was through his shorts. She stared at her hand with an agonized look on her face, as if she couldn't believe her lack of willpower.

The son said, "See, Mom? That's not so tough, is it? Feels good, doesn't it? Admit it. I know from your blushing face that this talk is embarrassing you, but it's turning you on something fierce too, isn't it? When you look at that mom over there, don't you wish you could be doing what she's doing?"

The mother's mood had changed, and even her voice softened. Clearly, lust was taking over. But still, she complained, "I'm so weak!"

Luckily, Rebecca forcefully pushed back against that idea. "No, you're not! Mrs. Adams, I've seen many mothers come through here like you. The weak ones are the ones who are afraid to let their sexual side come out, who run from their naturally submissive natures. What you're doing is BRAVE! You're brave and bold to dare down the path less traveled. But it's the one with incredible rewards and incomparable sexual pleasures at the end!"

Rebecca could tell that her words were having an effect. She added, "Just look at Ms. Pepper over there. Can't you imagine the incredible thrill she's feeling right now, with her mouth crammed full of hot son-cock? Don't you wish you were in her place?"

Mrs. Adams unthinkingly nodded. But she muttered, "But the humiliation..."

Rebecca finished that thought for her. "...Makes the pleasure twice as intense! You know it's true!"

Her son chimed in. "Yeah, Mom. Don't you want it? Isn't your mouth salivating like crazy right now?"

She fondled his bulge with growing enthusiasm. "Oh, Son! Of course it is. You know how much I love your cock! I can't believe it's this stiff after you came straight down my throat or my face three times in the last hour! I'm so impressed!"

The son was triumphant. "Yeah, that was pretty great, wasn't it? Four, if you include the car incident. That's a new personal record! It's because you inspire me, especially with the sexy doctor watching. Why don't we make it five?!"

He put a hand on the top of her head and started to push her down to her knees.

Mrs. Adams started to go down, but then she glanced over to Mommy and me, and then back to Rebecca, and she freaked out. "NO!" She suddenly jerked back and up, twisting out of his reach. She let go of his bulge too. "Not here! Please! I'm not ready for that!"

The son complained, "But Mom! I'm soooo horny!"

She whined unhappily, "I know! Now, I am too!"

He asked, "If not here, how 'bout in the car again? We have tinted windows!"

She looked all around, and bit her lip again. Then she said with clear relief, "Well... okay! The car! Quick! Let's go! I'm horny as fuck too!" She grasped his hand and started pulling him out of the room.

The son laughed gleefully. Clearly, having fun in the car was perfectly fine with him. As he was hustled out of the room, he gave another look at my cocksucking mother, and asked me, "Hey! This is the life, isn't it?"

I smiled from ear to ear. "It sure is!"

As the boy reached the door, he paused, even though his sexy mother was tugging at him to leave. He asked me, "By the way, what's your name?"

"Brian. What's yours?"

"Evan. We should get together and compare notes. I can't tell any of my friends ANYTHING about my new lifestyle. It drives me crazy."

"Yeah, good idea!" I enthusiastically replied. I had the same problem.

Rebecca spoke to all of us, because Evan was literally being pulled through the door into the hallway. "I have all your personal information. I'll call both of you later so you can share phone numbers, okay?"

Evan and I said, "Okay!" at the same time.

Mrs. Adams tugged at her son Evan even harder, causing her big tits to sway. "Come on! Now that you've got me started, Mommy's really hungry! And... and... I need a creamy facial too!" Her face was cherry red from admitting such feelings.

Evan stopped resisting, and thus practically flew out the door, "Later, man! Have fun!"

"The same!"

Once the incestuous couple was gone, I heard Rebecca snickering. I looked her way.

The busty blonde smiled at me. "That was fun, wasn't it? I love my job!" She started unbuttoning her blouse again. "That sort of thing happens a lot. And you and Evan will become good friends, I'll bet. You're both nice guys of about the same age, but mainly, you're both satyrs with your own personal big-titted mommy sluts. There's a lot you can learn from each other and talk about when it comes to taking good care of your slut."

I nodded. "I'm sure." I looked down at Mommy, and muttered, "Man! This is so crazy!" I ran my hands through her long dark brown hair. "Mommy, I can't believe you didn't stop or even slow down with your sucking, through all of that."

She just snickered, right through her tight lip-lock.

I looked back to Rebecca. She had her huge tits all the way out and she was keeping them on the shelf at the bottom of her window again. However, she kept her blouse on enough for it to cover her shoulders, probably so she could get presentable faster if there were further surprises. She already resumed masturbating some more as she gawked at us, fondling her heavy tits with both hands.

I thought back to Martha and Trevor from the last appointment, as well as the unnamed mother and son that parked next to us in the parking lot. I asked Rebecca, "So, I noticed those two are mother and son, and I've seen other mothers and sons pass through here. Are all your patients like that?"

"Technically, I'm not allowed to speak about other patients, but I guess I can speak in a very general way, since you're one of my favorites." Rebecca flashed me a big smile, and ran a hand through her long blonde hair in her usual flirty manner.

She said, "As you know, we specialize in nympho-satyr pairs. Mothers and sons are the most common, and we get lots of fathers and daughters too. But we get all kinds. For instance, siblings, or aunts and nephews, or same-sex couples sometimes, or various threesomes. And more! Just yesterday, we had a boy in here about your age who's turning his mother and his two older sisters into his little personal harem. Oh! And yesterday we also had a college-aged kid who's turned his mom and his aunt into his sex slaves. Like I said, all kinds."

I just nodded. Mommy was really going to town on my boner, so I was too out of it to continue to carry on a serious conversation. I was tripping out, imagining a world where the incest Rebecca was talking about was commonplace.

Then a question came to me that I just had to ask. "Do all of your patients have some sort of taboo relationship, er, to them?"

"Sure. Because if they're just friends or classmates or the like, why can't they get together in the normal way? We help people who belong together but are in denial about it."

Rebecca added, "We tend to schedule blocks of similar types of patients. Today actually is another all mother-son day. That often leads to new friendships and other pleasant surprises. In fact, Mary, if it's okay with you, I'll give you Amber's phone number later. That's Mrs. Adams' first name. Does that sound good?"

"MMMM!" Mommy muttered approvingly as she continued to slurp and stroke.

"As you can see, you're further along into the lifestyle than she is, even though you're a relatively new patient too. In fact, they've had over twice as many appointments as you, but you've leapfrogged them in a big way. Mary, maybe you could help show her the ropes on how to be a better sex toy mommy."

Mommy nodded. But since that was nearly exactly the same as her bobbing, she gave her the thumbs up sign and another "MMMM!" to be extra clear.

I closed my eyes and resumed running my hands through Mommy's hair. I was ready to bliss out on her talented cocksucking for a while. But then I opened my eyes in near alarm as I belatedly realized something. I asked

Rebecca, "Wait! MRS. Adams?! She's married?!"

Rebecca was unfazed, and didn't even pause in her tit fondling. "Yeah, that happens sometimes. We don't condone cheating, but you'd be surprised how many husbands of nymphs get off on being cuckolded. Especially by their sons."

"Like you and your husband?" I asked.

"Exactly. Although we don't have any children, and we're too young for teenage kids anyway, so we've gone a different route. Usually, the husbands have known for years that they can't keep up with their wives' great sexual appetites, and they get the idea that someone else should help his wife find sexual pleasure. Then things go from there, often to the point where the husband has NO sexual contact with his wife, and likes it that way."

I shook my head in disbelief and disgust.

She saw that and added, "I know, it's weird. But it's real. You should talk to Dr. Morgan about the psychology of it all. The bottom line is, Mr. Adams fully approves. He's been here to talk to the doctor about it too, so I know."

"Ah, thanks," I just said. I was getting close to the edge, and still was in no shape to talk much.

After a long pause, Rebecca asked me, "You seem doubtful about the whole cuckolding thing, right?"

I merely nodded. I was even more dangerously close to the edge, so any sort of talking was becoming a problem. For the same reason, I was forced to keep my eyes closed, even though I would have loved to watch Rebecca play with her big, bare boobs.

Rebecca explained, "It IS a real puzzler. I don't fully understand it myself. With my own husband, I've decided that he's just a naturally sexually submissive guy. Unfortunately, we love each other a lot, but we're a horrible match sexually, since I'm submissive too. He knows I need a dominant man to truly bring out my sexual side and make me go wild. Since he can't really get the job done, he loves to watch and/or hear about someone else who can do it."

She continued, "A lot of Dr. Morgan's patients have that cuckold aspect going on. We've NEVER approved of going behind someone's back. If the woman is married, we make sure the husband is on board from the start. In fact, the husband usually is the one to make the first appointment here. In Mrs. Adams' case, I'm sure the first time she sucked her son's cock, her husband was right there in the room, watching and jacking off, or at least peeking through a spy hole. That's our standard procedure."

Even though I was nearly delirious from such fantastic stimulation, I blurted out, "You can't be serious!"

"Oh, but I am. Heck, my husband would KILL for me to be willing to suck someone's cock where he could watch or even just hear about it later. But I've been too chicken. We haven't been married that long, so I'm kind of new to the lifestyle. Maybe me taking this job is my way of helping myself get over that hump, from seeing so many others who have successfully done it."

I didn't reply to that. My face was straining with the struggle of delaying the urge to cum a little longer.

Rebecca chuckled. "Sorry for my rambling. I can see you're a little.... distracted... so I'll let you be."

I couldn't reply to that either. In fact, I clutched at the sides of my head as if my brain was in danger of exploding. I was tripping out on a total lust overload!

Mommy kept on with her slurping and sucking for another five or ten minutes, until I finally erupted into her mouth. She took my load straight down her throat in order not to make a mess.

I was thankful that no other patients came through the waiting room. Even though Rebecca was treating us like we were much more experienced with that sort of thing than the Adamses, we actually weren't. I'd just about had a heart attack when I saw the Adamses come into the room! We were definitely still getting used to our new lifestyle too.

Chapter 17

Compared to our waiting room adventure, our actual appointment with Dr. Morgan was relatively tame in comparison.

When Rebecca ushered us in, she didn't even bother to have us dress first (although she carefully put her own blouse and bra back on, in case the doctor would see her). Not one minute after Mommy and I sat on the couch, Mommy was lying flat on her tummy with her face in my crotch, so she could alternately lick and/or suck my cock while sometimes talking or at least looking towards the doctor.

Mommy's nudity was sharply contrasted by the fancy dark blue jacket and skirt Dr. Morgan was wearing, with a white blouse on underneath. The blouse was buttoned up a middling amount, but she still put on an impressive cleavage display. She looked beyond gorgeous, as usual, especially with her arresting, flowing platinum blonde hair.

The doctor sat behind her desk, as usual. She seemed to be on the verge of a smirk much of the time, while staring at us with her penetrating blue-green eyes.

The discussion went much like last time, with Mommy and I updating the doctor about all we'd been doing together since our last appointment. Actually, I did nearly all the talking, since Dr. Morgan already knew most everything about Mommy's perspective due to their continued relatively frequent phone calls.

Plus, Mommy's mouth was nearly always busy with my hard-on! She much preferred sucking on me to licking, so she was put out every time she was forced to say something.

At one point, I asked, "Doctor, is it typical that you keep in such good touch with your patients on the phone, like you do with my mom?"

She replied, "Definitely NOT normal. I do take a lot of phone calls in the evening for various emergencies or big news updates, like when a mother gets fucked by her son for the first time. But I have so many patients, I can't keep up with them all in a close, personal way."

She went on, "I guess from the start I've felt a very special connection with your mother. Partially, I must admit, it's based on looks. Quite simply, she's my physical ideal! So very busty, so very beautiful. And her breasts... they aren't just exceptionally large... they're so perfectly shaped... so round... and firm..."

The doctor stared at Mommy's breasts, even though they were partially covered up due to the way she was lying on the couch. She seemed so transfixed that her sentence slowed down and then petered out altogether.

Just when I was beginning to wonder about Dr. Morgan having a desire for my mother, she snapped back to attention and resumed calmly talking to me. "And you're my ideal too, especially with your perfectly sized cock. So I've had an extra interest in seeing you two succeed, due to that alone. But, on top of that, it turns out your mother is pretty much my ideal when it comes to her attitude. Heck, if every mom took to submitting to their sons with the zeal she's shown, I would only need to work one day a week!" She laughed.

I looked down at Mommy. She had her eyes closed, and I wasn't even sure if she was paying attention to the conversation, because she was so intently focused on sucking me off. As usual, it felt beyond incredible. I definitely could see the doctor's point about her zeal!

Dr. Morgan continued, "So that more than doubled my interest, right there. Then, it turns out she and I have a lot in common as well. We're so like-minded that it's uncanny. We've gone from talking about 'professional advice' to just, well, everything! So that's all a personal first for me. And then, on top of all that, she and I are in total agreement that you and Bethany are just about made for each other. We're plotting and scheming to make sure you two hear wedding bells one day!" She smirked knowingly, and even winked.

That took me aback. "Are you serious?!" I looked over to my naked mother, all the way down to her bare butt, just out of reach. It was bizarre, to say the least, to think of her plotting for me to get married, especially when she seemed so addicted to my cock pretty much all the time.

The doctor said, "Just kidding about the 'wedding bells' part. Although... you never know!" She laughed again. "But we're definitely plotting to get you two to start dating. Which is why I'm simply flying over the moon about today's big news!"

She was referring to the fact that I'd asked Bethany out on a date for later this same night. It turned out Bethany had told her mother all the details before our appointment even began.

I asked, "Okay... That's cool... But why are you so keen on us dating?"

Dr. Morgan just grinned enigmatically. "That's for me to know, and for you to find out!"

I rolled my eyes, although I was enjoying how the normally stern doctor was showing a more playful side. "Come on. Can't you give me a little more to go on than that?"

"Let's just say that every mother wants the best for her children. I've seen a lot of boys your age come through here. In fact, we kind of specialize in that age, since we don't want to get into issues about people having sex when they're too young. Out of all those guys, there's nobody else I think who could make my daughter happier than you, both in and out of bed. Pretty simple, actually."

"But why me? I'm not that great."

"That's one thing I like about you, that you're modest."

I was baffled. I was modest because I figured I didn't have much to brag about, except for the size of my penis, and that was a genetic stroke of luck. But I let the issue slide, and the conversation moved on. I was tripping out on oral pleasure so much that it was a struggle for me to ask questions anyway.

Dr. Morgan mostly wanted to know how I felt about fucking my mother, since that was the big new development since our last appointment. Needless to say, I couldn't have expressed any more enthusiasm about it.

But apparently that wasn't enough to satisfy her, because she wanted to see it with her own eyes.

Thus, only ten minutes into our meeting, I went from getting my cock sucked by Mommy on the couch to royally fucking her while she was bent over that very same couch!

The rest of our appointment was more or less a non-stop fuck-fest. From time to time, Mommy and I would take breaks, and then Dr. Morgan would resume her questioning about this or that issue.

One obvious theme that came up was that she was trying to encourage me to have a serious girlfriend who approved of the incest with Mommy. In fact, she was not too subtle in suggesting that Bethany would exactly fit the bill. One point she repeatedly emphasized was that I could find many gorgeous, buxom girls, but Bethany was highly unique in that she'd taught her the "proper role of serving her man with all her heart."

I couldn't disagree with that. Clearly, Bethany had an amazing and highly unusual attitude about what her girlfriend role should be. I wasn't going to find that anywhere else, unless maybe it was with one of the doctor's other patients.

But mostly, the rest of the meeting was just lots of fucking, with heaping helpings of cocksucking and titfucking too.

I noticed early on that the doctor sat behind her desk which allowed her to furtively masturbate with her hands out of sight. She played with herself pretty much the entire time, and she wasn't even that subtle about it either!

In fact, she was so obvious that about halfway through the appointment, I called her out on it while Mommy and I were taking a prolonged break just after I'd had my first climax. I started by asking her, "Tell me, do you always masturbate while you watch your patients have sex with each other?"

She said with amused chagrin, "Darn it. You noticed, huh?"

"How could I not?! You're still doing it now, even after I just brought it up. Your arm motions are totally obvious."

"Shoot. I thought I was more subtle than that. Anyway, no, I don't. It's kind of like how your mommy and I have become close friends because I discovered a special connection with her. Thanks to that friendship, my feelings about you two are greatly magnified, so I get way more aroused. I'll admit I do masturbate to some other patients, but only rarely, and very carefully."

The doctor's enthusiasm soared in a visibly obvious manner. "But with you two, it's like I can't control myself! The more I see her go deeper into the lifestyle of serving your cock, the more pleasure I see on her face, the more excited I get! I can practically taste the... well, let's just say I can kind of vicariously experience things through her. And then I think about how you're going to be dating my daughter tonight, and I get even MORE excited!"

"Me too," Mommy chimed in.

She could talk freely since she and I were resting for the moment. She was sitting on my lap with her back resting against my chest. I was idly caressing her huge tits from below but, other than that, we were behaving ourselves.

Dr. Morgan asked us, but mainly me, "Since I've been busted, do you mind if I take my jacket off? Heck, and my bra too?"

I happily replied, "Sure, why not? What about your blouse? Take that off too."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that. I have to maintain a certain professional demeanor. I have my own self-imposed rules, weird though they are. In fact, I shouldn't even do this much, but I get so worked up thinking about Bethany kneeling naked while you stand there all powerful and demanding and thrusting your thick organ down her throat that I MUST at least pinch my nipples through my blouse!"

"Me too, again!" Mommy added once more. "I wish I could be a fly on the wall for their entire date! I just know she's going to fall heads over heels in love with serving his cock! She'll probably spend the whole time lashing it with that freakishly long tongue of hers. If it's not buried deep in her perky tits, that is!"

"Mmmm!" Dr. Morgan said blissfully. She already had her jacket and bra off (taking the latter off from inside her blouse somehow), and she was pinching her nipples through the fabric, just as promised.

Mommy continued, "And sucking my son's cock is like a gateway drug, believe me. Once she gets addicted, she'll never get enough! Then she'll fall for the rest of him too! Deeper and deeper! Into sexual bliss! Into love! Into total adoring sexual submission!"

"Mmmm!" the doctor moaned again, with even more lust and bliss in her voice. "God, I sure hope so!"

Mommy's hands drifted down to my crotch. My penis was flaccid, but she started stroking it back to life. No doubt, this talk was turning her on in a big way.

I said to the doctor, "I just have to ask: why are you so in favor of that? 'Total adoring sexual submission.' Is that really what you want for your daughter?"

Dr. Morgan gave me a slightly peevish look. "I know that sounds strange to you now, maybe even very bizarre, but you don't know what I know. I specialize in helping a certain kind of woman find happiness with a certain kind of man. All my patients are VERY carefully pre-screened with extensive psychological tests and by other means to make sure they fit the profile. And it just so happens that Bethany fits that profile."

She went on, "If she ever had a 'normal' boyfriend, it would never work out. It would be a problem in any case, but the fact that she's so self-aware about her condition makes it completely impossible. She knows that she needs a guy who can sexually dominate her in order for her to be truly happy. I know it too. So why would I try to force her to be someone that she's not?"

Once again, I didn't know what to say to that. That seemed to be happening to me a lot lately, due to so much sexual strangeness in my life.

But bizarre was my new normal. As a case in point, Mommy and I soon got back to fucking. And now that I outed Dr. Morgan's masturbating, she played with herself even more overtly than before, although she was careful to keep her blouse on the whole time.

Stranger still, nearly the whole time, Mommy and the doctor chatted away about all the things they were fantasizing Bethany and I would do together on our date. They went on and on about it almost like I wasn't there, even though I was humping and churning, seriously fucking my mother the entire time!

Then, to top it off, after I came a second time, right as it was time for our appointment to end, I wanted to see Bethany again before I left the office. But she wouldn't see me! She passed the message through her mother that it would be bad luck and bad form to see each other in person right before our date. Plus, she claimed she wanted to build up my anticipation.

I wondered about that. I was rueful of the fact that I'd just spent the last hour fucking Mommy into oblivion. It was great, but would it leave me any energy to impress Bethany later that same evening? At least I'd sexually abstained nearly the entire day leading up to the appointment, on doctor's orders. That was a lucky coincidence, if indeed it was a coincidence. (Maybe she'd been part of a plan to get the date started?)

So not seeing Bethany again was a big disappointment for me.

Chapter 18

Yes, it was a disappointment not getting to see Bethany again before having to leave. However, getting to "say good-bye" to Rebecca more than made up for it!

I'd barely even stepped out of Dr. Morgan's office (after already being given the bad news about Bethany) when Rebecca met up with me in the hallway that led to her receptionist office and the waiting room.

She was dressed in her same white blouse and dark skirt from earlier. The blouse was dramatically unbuttoned in front though, all the way down to her belly button. That was more than enough to make clear that she wasn't wearing a bra.

She looked fantastic! I felt shivers race down my spine, and my heart started to thump fast. I even repeatedly licked my lips, imagining the pleasure of making out with her once more.

With my mother fully dressed beside me (for once!), and with me fully dressed as well, Rebecca simply walked right up to me in the middle of the hallway and wrapped her arms around my waist. She pressed her enormous tits into my chest and said in a pouty, playful manner, "Leaving so soon? I'm not going to let you get away without a proper good-bye kiss!"

I looked over to Mommy.

My loving mother was all smiles. "What are you looking at me for?! Kiss the woman already! You know you want to. She's a total babe!"

I stalled for time, musing, "Every woman around here is a 'total babe.'"

"There's a reason for that, you know," Rebecca said. She pulled back slightly, apparently so she could unbutton her blouse the rest of the way.

"What's that?" I asked, like a lamb to slaughter.

"Think about it," she replied, while starting to work on her buttons. "We're a VERY selective clinic. No woman gets in here to be treated unless she's a 'perfect ten.' And that's just one of many prerequisites."

"And why is that?" I asked, feeling genuinely curious.

She explained, as she continued to slowly and seductively unbutton her blouse, "Millions of people live within driving range of our office, even if many of them have to drive for hours to get here. Since Dr. Morgan only has a relatively small number of new patients every year, she can be very choosy. Plus, we only deal with nymphos and satyrs. They're almost always very attractive, with greatly exaggerated sex organs to go with their supercharged sex drives. It would be weird to employ someone who didn't fit the profile."

"That's true," I muttered. I wasn't able to say much, because I was in awe at what I was seeing as more of her fantastic globes came into view. I felt like drooling and shouting "So hot!" or "Huge tits!" or the like.

Rebecca finished unbuttoning all her buttons, but paused to build up anticipation, with her erect nipples already in partial view. "Plus, and this is just between you and me, I've noticed over time that Dr. Morgan favors patient couples that include a woman a lot like the doctor herself. The more like her, the better. And you know what a goddess she is! She even picks out an uncommon number of blondes, due to her own platinum blonde hair."

Having finished her explanation, the nurse dramatically opened her blouse wide in front. The blouse was left barely clinging to her shoulders.

I knew what was coming, but I had to gasp in awe just the same. True, her tits weren't as large as Mommy's, but they weren't that much smaller, and they had the same firm, high, and round shape. And who doesn't love some variety?

Then, before I could speak or otherwise react, she kissed me hotly on the lips!

I couldn't resist kissing back with lots of lust and feeling, despite the fact that my penis was flaccid since I'd climaxed into my mother's cunt not ten minutes earlier. Maybe a lot of it was the thrill of the new, but Rebecca aroused me in a very powerful way. I knew my penis wouldn't be able to stay flaccid for long, if we kept kissing like this!

Mommy put a hand on my back and gave me an encouraging rub there. "That's the spirit, Son! Rebecca is married, but that doesn't stop you, does it? No, sirree! Nor should it! She's a sexy and stacked blonde bombshell, and she's hot for your big, fat cock! You need to take full advantage! Make her suck you off, at least!"

Rebecca moaned loudly into my mouth immediately after that last comment, but I couldn't make out her words, even if she was trying to speak intelligibly. All I could tell was that she had a powerful emotional reaction to the blowjob suggestions.

At first, I thought, *Why not? Why not have her suck my cock? Everything here is so sexual and so great. It would be kind of rude NOT to.*

But even as our kissing got hotter and hotter, I found myself thinking, *Oh no! That's right, she IS married! But she's got that weird willing cuckold thing going on with her husband, so doesn't that make this okay? In fact, maybe she's using me for more cuckold story fodder for him. Heck, I could actually be improving her sex life with him! So why feel guilty?*

But I still felt guilty. Or at least my mind did - my hands had other ideas. Before I consciously knew it, I wound up with my hands full of soft and warm tit-flesh. It felt so good that even when I realized what I was doing, I couldn't stop.

To make matters "worse," my penis somehow revived, despite the fact that I'd climaxed for a second time in an hour just a short time ago. Again, it had to be that thrill of the new. Plus, Rebecca was just that hot and curvaceous. Even her sexy feminine smell overwhelmed me. I was one lucky son of a bitch!

And Mommy certainly was no help! First, she helpfully pulled Rebecca's blouse all the way off her shoulders and arms and put it aside somewhere.

It seemed Rebecca approved, or at least didn't disapprove, because she made no move to stop her while she and I kept on kissing and kissing. She repeatedly moaned erotically into my mouth, suggesting that she was getting quite worked up.

Then Mommy got to work on Rebecca's skirt.

I didn't even realize what had happened with the skirt until I brought my hands down to fondle Rebecca's excellent ass cheeks for a while, for variety's sake, only to find no skirt there! And no panties either!

But I didn't have time to think about that, because Mommy unexpectedly unzipped the fly of my shorts and then yanked my shorts way down my legs!

That was too much for me, especially because right at that moment I belatedly thought of Bethany and our date plans. *OH NO! Again! Things are spinning out of control, and with a married woman!*

I rather insistently broke off the necking and gasped for air. I asked Rebecca, "What's happening to our clothes?"

Rebecca replied with a naughty grin, "I don't know. It seems an uncommonly curvy little sex elf is helping out."

Mommy raised a hand for a high-five and Rebecca gleefully slapped it. Then they shared a conspiratorial laugh.

At the exact same time, Rebecca took my newly stiff cock in hand and started stroking it. She overwhelmed me by also asking, "What's the matter? Aren't you enjoying our good-bye kiss?"

I exclaimed, "This is a lot more than a good-bye kiss!"

"Mmmm! It is!" Rebecca replied dreamily. "I have a confession to make. I couldn't resist putting my ear to the door and hearing the sounds of you fucking your mommy in the doctor's office. It got me too hot to resist you! Maybe you can cool me down with a creamy cum load on my face!" She started to slip down to her knees.

But I aggressively grasped her bare shoulders, forcing her to stop going down on me. "Wait! Wait! We can't just do that! We have to be responsible!"

She raised a curious eyebrow, even as she continued to jack me off.

With my heart pounding with arousal, I urgently asked, "For starters, what about your husband?!"

She smiled at my concern. "Oh, that. How nice of you to ask. Don't worry. I called him up while you were with the doctor and gave him an update about our hello kiss earlier and other such things. He just about completely flipped out!"

"Uh-oh!" My heart was thumping wildly with fear and lust.

"No, I mean that in a good way. A very good way. He already knows you from before."

"Wait! What?!" I wasn't thinking clearly, especially because she continued to jack me off while my mother just stood by, for once, smirking with glee.

Rebecca explained, "I'm talking about our good-bye kiss from your last appointment. Remember that, complete with

an all-too-brief handjob? Plus the way I jacked you off for a couple of minutes under the ruse of cleaning you off with a towel from the time before? Oh, and if you didn't realize already, that 'cleaning' definitely was a ruse so I could get my hands on your incredible cock!"

I had to roll my eyes, because Rebecca and my mother shared another gleeful high-five.

Still, my heart was pounding hard and fast, and I was nearly delirious with arousal. *God DAMN! Just look at her. How could a blonde bombshell like her be so hot for me?! I know I've got a big dick, but I'm hardly the only one.*

Rebecca continued, "As I was telling you earlier, my husband has been dying to get me to be sexually ruled by a bull, but I've been too shy to go ahead with it just yet. That nude 'good-bye kiss' last time was the most exciting thing I've done to cuckold him in real life and not just fantasy since he and I got married. By far! He hasn't been able to stop talking about it, and you, ever since."

I had to ask, "A bull?"

"Oh, sorry, you don't know your cuckolding lingo yet. That's the guy who 'hangs the horns,' meaning he regularly fucks the cuckold's wife. And he generally owns her sexy ass, forcing her to satisfy his every sexual whim! Kind of like how you're owning my sexy ass right now!"

I realized she was probably referring to the way I was rather insistently kneading her firm ass cheeks. Rebecca was a classic "hardbody," even more muscular than Mommy, and her ass felt divine.

Mommy was panting with excitement. She asked me, "Did you hear that?! Wouldn't you like to own her ass? And the rest of her?! I heartily approve!"

But I was freaking out too much to even allow myself to think about that. It all sounded too incredible to be believed, especially given what a jaw-dropping knockout Rebecca was. I reflexively pulled my hands away and left them hanging in the air behind her back.

Rebecca pouted, "Now, why did you do that? Anyway, the bottom line is, I told him I was planning to ambush you like this. He's already rushed home from work and he's frantically beating his meat as we speak, I'm sure! His mind is going wild about all the things a 'superior' man like you is going to do to my helpless, sexy, naughty body!"

She arched her back and tilted her head back like she was having a big orgasm. But she didn't cry out, so I don't know if she actually had one or was just emotionally overcome.

I felt hands taking control of mine. It was anatomically impossible for Rebecca to be doing that, since both of her hands were actively sliding up and down my boner. I realized the two new hands had to belong to Mommy.

Sure enough, my mother gently but firmly brought my hands back to Rebecca's bare ass cheeks and left them there.

I was too horny to resist, especially with the fucking arousing way my own mother was helping me seduce another woman. (Or was Rebecca seducing me?)

Rebecca calmed down some, and continued, "Tonight, he's going to fuck me to death! Well, as best as he can, with his tiny little pecker. Oh, that's another thing about willing cuckolds: they often have small penises."

I blurted out, "Why the hell would a total bombshell knockout like you marry a guy with a small penis?!"

She laughed. "Boy oh boy! I can't wait to tell him this conversation, word for word! He's going to love it! He especially gets off on being humiliated about his penis size, you see. Anyway, true love goes where it goes. A marriage is a complicated thing. It's not all about penis size."

"But it should be!" my mother chimed in teasingly, overcome by lust in her own way.

Rebecca laughed some more. "Easy for you to say, Ms. Personal Sex Pet to the Perfect Cock!" She laughed still more, and kept on jacking me off. "Speaking of which..." She started to sink to her knees again.

But I gripped her shoulders and stopped her, exactly the same as before. "Wait! Wait! It's not just your husband, although that's super weird. What about Bethany?! I'm trying to go out with her. I have plans for this very night, for crying out loud! My God! She must be somewhere here, really nearby! We have to stop now, before she sees us!" I started to forcefully disengage.

Then I heard a feminine voice from someone who wasn't either Rebecca or Mommy. Thankfully, it didn't sound like Bethany either, or I would have had a heart attack on the spot.

The voice said, "Relax, already. She went home an hour ago, at least. I let her off early, specifically so she could start getting ready for her big date with you."

I realized who the voice belonged to before I realized where it was coming from. It had to be Dr. Morgan. I looked all around, and finally noticed her standing in the open doorway to her office. She'd been easy to miss, because although she was only five feet away, that doorway was behind me.

I craned my head around. (I couldn't turn my whole body because Rebecca had plastered her naked body up against mine again.) "You?! Doctor, what are you doing here?!"

She looked fabulous with her platinum blonde hair, white blouse, and matching dark blue skirt and jacket, the same as earlier.

She chuckled. "I work here, remember? The better question is, what are you doing taking advantage of my receptionist? And in my own damn hallway, no less!"

Rebecca finally realized the implication of her boss walking in on us. She disengaged from me in an instant, like I was a giant hot potato. She held her hands up defensively. "Dr. Morgan! I can explain!"

Then she thought better of where to put her hands, and covered her pussy with one and crossed her other arm across her stiff nipples. She suddenly blushed as she became ashamed of her total nudity.

Dr. Morgan just smiled her way. "You relax too! Sorry to yank your chain. I'm just giving you a hard time. I was going to tease you some more, but you're freaking out too much. Please proceed! I'm totally in favor!"

Rebecca frowned in confusion while still keeping her privates covered. "You are?!"

"I am." The doctor stepped closer, and more into my forward field of view. She had her hands on her hips.

Rebecca asked, "But... what about the rules against sexual interaction with our patients?!"

"You pretty much blew past that with your earlier hello kiss of him, not to mention the good-bye kiss from his last appointment."

Rebecca furrowed her brow as she thought back. "Okay, I momentarily forgot you were there with what happened last month. But how'd you know about today's hello kiss too?"

"Dr. Morgan knows all and sees all." The sex goddess doctor played that up with a smirky smile on her face. "Like I said, relax. Brian is a very special case, even compared to all our other sexually extraordinary patients. The usual rules don't apply to him."

Incredulous, Rebecca had to ask, "But, but... what about Bethany?! Brian has a good point there that had totally slipped my mind. I don't want to get in the way of her and her hot date with him tonight, if that's what happening!"

"It is. And yet... here you are." Still smirking, the doctor folded her arms under her very ample rack. She added, "So close to that huge, perfect cock. I can tell how much you want to get it in your mouth, and even down your throat!" She seductively licked her lips.

Rebecca was still freaking out, and didn't know how to respond to that. She was blushing as red as a cherry tomato. Yet she repeatedly licked her lips as well, despite her frowning face.

The doctor relented. She sighed. "Don't worry, already! Relax! I'm just yanking your chain some more. It's too tempting to resist. I know you talked to her about what happened last time, as well as the hello kiss earlier today. She talked about it with me briefly before she left. That's how I know about the kiss."

Rebecca only calmed down slightly, and her brow was furrowed with worry. "Yeah, but now that I think about it, today I only talked to her about the kissing tradition. I didn't know about her date plan for tonight at all! Maybe she and I talked before he asked her out?"

Dr. Morgan waved a hand impatiently. "Probably. But it's good. It's all good. I'm your boss AND her mother, and I say it's okay." She glanced over at my crotch. "In fact, I'll be downright upset if you don't polish his pole with your sweet lips and tongue until it gleams and shines."

My uncovered erection was sticking almost straight out, without anyone up close to me to block the view.

She pointed at it. "Would you look at that? Brian, you really are hypersexual. How you're managing to stay erect through all this drama is beyond me. Rebecca, how can you NOT take all that hot cock-meat in your mouth and orally love it? For God's sake, drop to your knees already and give him a good suck before he starts to go flaccid!"

Rebecca reluctantly dropped her hands from her privates, and longingly licked her lips again. But there still was a worried frown on her face. "Really?! You're not just saying that? You're not trying to trick me as an excuse to fire me or something?"

The doctor put her hands on her hips and said even more impatiently, "If I wanted to fire you, I would have had ample reason already, especially after I caught you 'saying good-bye' to him last time he was here."

The receptionist shuddered all over. It was likely she was thinking about my last appointment, when Dr. Morgan caught her jacking me off while she'd been standing buck naked in the middle of the waiting room.

The doctor added with a lopsided grin, "Come on, already! I'm going to fire you if you DON'T start sucking his delicious cock right away! That's an order!"

Possibly more afraid that aroused, Rebecca quickly dropped to her knees and took my cock back in hand. Then, after taking a deep breath and shutting her eyes tightly, she engulfed it into her mouth with startling speed.

I had to gasp. It felt like my brain was blown into a million pieces, because I couldn't believe the remarkable sensations I was feeling. I felt like I had to be going insane that a blonde bombshell like Rebecca actually had willingly put my dick in her mouth.

Maybe it was because she didn't give herself time to mentally prepare herself first, or take a deep breath, but she had much more trouble with getting all my cock-meat into her mouth and keeping it there than Mommy or Bethany ever did. In fact, after just a few moments, her eyes opened wide and even bugged out. Worse, she started to tear up.

She valiantly struggled for the next minute or so, and even swallowed all of my cockhead.

I was flying high on sexual ecstasy, mainly due to looking down and seeing that it really was Rebecca slurping on me.

But it didn't get easier for her. She was forced to pull all the way off and pant for air.

She exclaimed in dismay, "Jesus fucking Christ! It's even thicker than I'd imagined! Good Lord, Mary! How the hell do you manage to bob on this fat fucker for hours every day?"

Mommy had faded back, trying to turn into wallpaper in order to avoid Dr. Morgan's possible ire. But she instantly flipped modes to a concerned helper. She dropped to her heels next to where Rebecca was kneeling, and put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "There's a simple answer to that: practice, practice, practice. The more you suck it, the more you'll love it, believe me. Is it true that your husband has a small penis?"

Rebecca nodded. "Not, like, tiny, but slightly below average, yes. About five inches long, if you must know."

"That's too bad. So you're not used to a thick, superior, monster cock, obviously. But I wasn't either, and I took him into my mouth without your trouble from the very first time. The main thing, I think, is determination! You have to want it more! MORE!"

Rebecca complained, "But I DO want it! Just looking at it up close like this is making my heart race and my mouth water like you wouldn't believe. I've never felt so aroused and so excited about ANYTHING, ever! Since his last appointment especially, I've been fantasizing about him all the time. Bethany and I talk about orally serving it nearly every chance we get. And since last month, my husband and I role-play about him dominating and using me, pretty much to the exclusion of everything else."

She was panting hard as she looked down at herself and especially at my boner in her hands, still only inches from her mouth. "Look at me kneeling naked here, my hands trembling and my face red with shame. And look at this fat monster almost at my nose. It's so perfect, so delicious! This is a dream come true for me, literally. I've dreamt this very thing so many times! I'm practically obsessed!"

I was startled to hear all that. *She is?! That's so fucking weird! I guess she said that kind of thing before, but I can't really believe it. Aside from the freaking bizarre cuckolding thing, it feels like the hot homecoming queen pining for the dweebi-est, ugliest nerd in school. I'm so not worthy!*

Mommy spoke emphatically. "Then prove it with your mouth! Remember, this is not an ordinary cock, like your husband's."

The doctor chimed in, "Your attitude has to be completely different."

My petite yet voluptuous mother took part of my boner in hand and started lightly stroking it while pointing it directly towards Rebecca's mouth. "That's right! This is a superior cock! A powerful cock! Treat it like royalty! Don't just suck it; worship it with every fiber of your being! Consider yourself damn lucky that you even get a chance to so much as kiss it!"

Mommy leaned in and planted a small kiss on my cockhead. "Mmmm! Yum!"

Rebecca leaned in closer, with rapt interest. She licked her lips hungrily yet again.

Then Mommy went on, as she ostentatiously stroked the shaft further down from where Rebecca's fingers still grasped it. "So what if your lips stretch and it hurts like hell? So what if it feels wrong to have your mouth crammed that full? Those are GOOD things, not bad! And so what if you shed some tears? Think of those tears as a badge of honor! Every big-titted submissive sex pet feels those things and learns to love them! This is your chance to go 'full slut' and totally submit to a boy, and a cock, worthy of your great busty beauty! Now, fucking DO IT and make us all proud!"

Rebecca was suddenly all psyched up, thanks to Mommy's inspirational mini-speech. She smiled from ear to ear. "Yes, ma'am!" She took full control of my shaft with both hands, as Mommy's hands fell away.

Then, after taking a proper deep breath this time, the hardbodied nude nurse lunged her head forward and engulfed all of my cockhead and then some in one fell swoop.

She got busy bobbing on my thickness, like her prior attempt, but the difference between that and this was like night and day. Before, she'd been afraid and hesitant. Now, the fire in her eyes showed her sheer determination. Her cheeks were still blushing red, but she didn't let her embarrassment deter her.

I'd enjoyed her earlier effort because, hell, it was Rebecca blowing me! How could I not love that, no matter how much she struggled? But this was on an entirely different level. All of a sudden, she was practically as inspired and energetic as my mother!

Mommy noticed the difference right away. She heartily patted Rebecca's bare back several times. "There you go! That's the spirit!"

Rebecca just kept on with her loud slurpy noises. Her eyes were almost comically wide open, like she couldn't believe what was happening to her.

Mommy's back patting turned into more of a sensual back rubbing. "Look at you! You're starting to feel what it's like to be dominated by a huge cock! Just think of your husband, how happy he'd be to see you like this!"

The hot nurse shivered all over and let out an especially impassioned moan. I could feel her lips trembling around my shaft.

Mommy added, "Now, mind you, it doesn't get any smaller, or easier. It's a non-stop challenge! You probably will cry some more, since all you know are small penises. But don't give up! It IS worth it, I promise you! The greater the ordeal, the more you'll cherish the cum load he squirts on you or in you. One drop of his cum is more precious than a gallon of your husband's, I'm sure."

Somehow, I could sense Rebecca's enthusiasm step up another notch or two. She lunged forward with her next pass and managed to slide her lips another inch down my thick pole.

"All right!" Mommy cheered. She was stroking Rebecca's long blonde mane down her back. "Better! But what about your tongue?! That's the key."

Rebecca began her first tentative efforts to get her tongue involved. It still was nothing like Mommy's active tongue in her magic mouth, but she was trying, and her energetic effort counted for a lot.

Mommy continued to advise, "And don't just hold the shaft. Stroke it too! You can't coast on your stunning looks. Not anymore. Not with him. Think of the competition. You're in the big leagues now!"

Rebecca belatedly started trying to follow that advice as well. Again, her efforts were crude compared to what I was used to, but she was getting an 'A' for effort. The strain was clear on her face as she struggled to take my thickness a little deeper.

Mommy advised her, while still stroking her hair, "I'd be happy to help you, but I want you to learn to do it all yourself. Remember, if you find yourself thinking of pulling off, I do this to him for a total of three or four hours, every single day! Sometimes less, but sometimes even more! And it's soooooo worth it!"

Rebecca glanced Mommy's way, as if to double check that she was being sincere. Her cheeks repeatedly caved in with every bob.

It was clear Mommy was as sincere as she could be. She continued, brimming with enthusiasm, "Think about all the busty hot moms who pass through the waiting room all sad at first, but soon find new life and purpose from constantly serving their sons' fat cocks on their knees! That can be you! Tamed by a young but powerful BULL! That should be you, submitting to a bull who fucks the living daylights out of you in any hole whenever he feels like it, your husband be damned! But first, you need to find your cocksucking bliss! Oral adoration is the KEY to serving your new master!"

I must admit that I was getting off on Mommy's words, which were driving my arousal still higher. But I twitched with surprise when she said "new master." I worried she was getting carried away with her submissive enthusiasm and Rebecca would be offended.

However, Rebecca didn't seem to mind at all. She paused in her bobbing, then gave a brief nod in Mommy's direction to make clear she understood and agreed to all that. She'd been keeping her eyes open so far, if only to better pay attention to Mommy. But now she shut her eyes tight, refocused, and then resumed slurping and sucking up and down my shaft with even more resolve and passion than before!

The effect on me was immediate. Somehow, my pleasure soared still higher, even though her overall efforts remained worse than Mommy on her worst day. She definitely had the right spirit, but she needed to get used to my size, plus she needed more experience in general.

Still, even an "okay" blowjob from the likes of Rebecca felt awesome for me! The mental thrill I was feeling alone made it way, way better than okay.

She'd already been shedding some tears, but tears were soon freely flowing down her cheeks. Clearly, my size was a bigger problem for her, especially my thickness. Perhaps she had a smaller oral cavity than Mommy and Bethany did. Sometimes her moaning sounded like suffering more than pleasure. But she didn't pull her lips off, not even for a moment. She kept right on plugging away.

I had all but forgotten that Dr. Morgan was there, since she'd been standing silent and out of view. But I was reminded when she walked up right behind Mommy and reached down to put a hand on her head to get her attention. "Mary, have I told you lately how much I like you? That was beautiful! I wish I'd recorded your speech so I could play it to all my new mothers, right when it's time for them to start to suck their sons. It makes my heart swell with pride, and gives me confidence that my controversial techniques are spot on. Vitally important, even."

Mommy stood back up, satisfied that Rebecca was doing well enough not to require close supervision. She didn't look back at the doctor, but the two of them wound up standing side by side holding hands. They stared down at Rebecca's sliding lips and newly tear-soaked cheeks like approving parents watching their child become a sports hero.

I was wowed just seeing both of them together like that, looking fantastic from their varying hair colors down to their high heels. *So fucking sexy, even with both of them fully dressed! And Rebecca's sliding lips are multiplying my enjoyment of the stunning view many times over. This is paradise!*

After a long pause, Mommy replied to the doctor, "They are! I believe in your techniques with all my heart! They changed my life, for sure. And just look at Rebecca go! Look at the tears sliding down her cheeks! Doesn't that emotionally move you? She's not just sucking my son's cock; she's adoring it and worshiping it, just like I told her to! You can see the joy written on her face, along with the struggle. She's throwing her heart into it, showing him with her tightly sealed sliding lips and busy tongue that she's worthy of being a busty slut who adores superior cock."

Dr. Morgan just murmured approvingly as she stared down at Rebecca's active lips and teary cheeks. Then she added, "So true! I'm so very happy for her. When I hired her, I didn't just want a good receptionist; I wanted to help her get over her issues so she could fully cuckold her hubby. She was one of my very few failed patients originally."

"Oh really?" Mommy asked, while staring just as transfixed at Rebecca's bobbing face and her rhythmically caved-in cheeks.

"Yeah. Long story. She had some unusual barriers to overcome. But the upshot is that I knew from the first time I met her that she was meant to serve superior cock, as we can both see from just watching her loving life with every loud and sloppy slurp right now. I knew the receptionist job would help slowly break down her barriers as she met more and more mothers and sisters and such who found their joy with total oral submission, and all the rest. And it's finally happening!"

"Nice," Mommy said with a big grin. "Total oral submission is definitely where it all began for me. And it's still the core of our new relationship. Even now, with my son fucking my cunt raw every day, I still keep coming back to the simple joy of shamelessly worshiping his cock with my mouth about as much as I can physically stand it. Naked and kneeling, of course, just like Rebecca here. She's even got the high heels for it, thank goodness."

Both women glanced at Rebecca's feet and nodded approvingly at the sexy high heels Rebecca was wearing.

Mommy resumed gawking at the oral action. "Aaaah! Just look at her go! I swear, I know exactly how she feels. I can practically taste the pre-cum dripping off his hot skin, and feel my jaw and facial muscles straining with the

constant effort to keep him deep inside my mouth. Aaaah!"

She went on, enraptured, "But more than that is the endless rush of being dominated and humiliated. Magnified by the sheer shameful joy of being completely naked in front of two other fully dressed people! Look at her, basking in the joy of REAL sex, submissive sex, for the very first time. I'm sure she already knows she can never go back, that 'normal' sex with her hubby will never fully scratch her itch ever again. It almost brings tears of joy to my eyes!"

"Me too!" a surprisingly emotional Dr. Morgan. said. "Me too!"

Rebecca must have heard every word, even though they were talking like she wasn't able to listen. And whether intentional or not, those words clearly were helping to inspire her to step up her cocksucking game again and again.

Time passed, with the two MILFs just silently watching and holding hands.

Given what a big cock novice Rebecca was, I was surprised and impressed at how quickly she started to get a better hang of things. She slowed down and stopped trying to lunge so far down my shaft each time. Instead, she discovered that less was more, in that a slower approach allowed her to get more active with her tongue, as well as add more variety to the rhythm and action of her lips.

The improvement after just ten minutes was obvious to me. I found myself having to constantly fight to urge to cum. But I was used to teetering on the brink of orgasmic release.

Clearly, Dr. Morgan and Mommy noticed too.

Mommy was the first to say something, after many minutes of the two of them just silently staring with approving eyes. "Look at her now. See the difference? She's starting to get the hang of it."

"She sure is," the doctor agreed. "This is one of the favorite parts of my job, when I get to see the woman at the exact moment she discovers the true joy of serving big cock. She's working soooo hard to get him to cum! Then she's gonna have a huge cum herself, I'm sure."

"Mmmm!" Mommy said. "It's making my mouth water like you wouldn't believe. She's addicted to big, thick cock now, for sure. Tonight, I'm gonna have to slurp and bob on my son for AGES as I relieve all of this in my mind. I wish her husband could see this. Are we on a security camera or anything like that?"

The doctor raised an eyebrow and rubbed her chin. "Actually, now that you mention it, we are! And with sound too! Every room is covered, even a hallway like this. What an excellent idea. Maybe her husband WILL be able to enjoy this later!" She smirked with an almost wicked delight.

Rebecca had been keeping her eyes closed as she concentrated intensely on her cocksucking task, but they opened wide with surprise. She apparently tried to say something. "MRPMPH! WAANOR MAGAMAARRG!"

Mommy glanced to Dr. Morgan. "Did you catch that?"

"Not at all." The platinum blonde doctor grinned, clearly delighted that her employee was unable to make herself understood.

Mommy asked me, "What about you, Son?"

I was startled to even be addressed, since they'd been talking like I wasn't in the room. But I cleared my throat, and said, "No, not a clue."

"Too bad," the doctor said to me. "I'd love to hear her thoughts, especially on how much she's enjoying orally serving your big cock." She reached down and tapped the top of Rebecca's head, to make sure she had her full attention.

Rebecca had already resumed her bobbing, completely with tight lip-lock, but she looked up towards the doctor as best she could.

Dr. Morgan asked her, "What do you think of that? Would you like your husband to watch a tape of this? Maybe someday soon?"

Rebecca tried to speak again, but all that came out was more "MARNAGANTTTH!" She let go of my cock and flopped her hands up and down in frustration.

The doctor suggested to her, "Maybe it's time you take a break. I'll bet your mouth is dying for relief. There's no shame in that. Even Brian's powerful cock needs to take a break from time to time too, especially since I can see you've got him riding right on the brink of cumming. Now that you've got the spirit, you'll be able to pick up where you left off. Trust me."

Rebecca pulled her lips all the way off with startling speed. Apparently, she really had been needing a break, but she'd been pushing herself to the limit, and beyond. She sat back and closed her eyes, trying to mentally and physically recover.

Mommy squatted down next to her again and put a comforting hand on her bare back once more. "Good job! I'm VERY proud of you! VERY impressed! Believe you me, I know just how tough it is. I suck him many hours a day, and it doesn't get any easier. His cock certainly can't get any thinner, and if the stretching of one's lips increases, it's only a tiny fraction of an inch. That said, you'll learn to love the sheer difficulty of it."

Rebecca finally spoke. She opened her eyes and looked to Mommy with a face soaked with tears. "Really?!"

"Really. Trust me. Do you love it now?"

Rebecca vigorously nodded her head, sending her gorgeous long blonde hair in motion. "Oh God! You have NO idea! SO MUCH! I'm in heaven! But that's despite the pain and difficulty."

Mommy chuckled. "Believe me, I have some idea. But trust me, part of the reason you love it so much is BECAUSE of the difficulty. I could NEVER suck a normal-sized cock again. Not even a slightly smaller one. Why ever settle for any less than the very best?"

Rebecca nodded in full agreement while wiping her chin free of drool. Then she gasped, and brought her hands to her mouth in shock. "Oh my God! What about David?! That's the name of my husband, if you don't know. I still suck him off sometimes!"

Mommy gave her a sad yet sympathetic look. "You won't anymore, unless maybe it's a rare pity suck. But that's okay, isn't it? That's what he wants and what you want, that you'll totally submit to a sexually superior bull. Right? Doctor, correct me if I'm wrong because I'm mostly just guessing, but pleasuring one's bull is mostly about oral servitude, isn't it?"

Dr. Morgan, still standing, answered, "I'm not so sure about in the wider world, but when it comes to my patients, most definitely. Oral servitude is always the main element, as you know, Rebecca. You know what I tell all the moms."

Rebecca repeated from memory, "'A good mommy pet is first and foremost a good cocksucker.'"

To my surprise, Mommy joined in, word for word, from the very start. It seemed to please her to say that in perfect synchrony with the nude receptionist.

Rebecca appeared to get off on that too. She muttered, "Oooh! Goose bumps!"

"Right," The doctor said with an affirmative nod. "I think Mary is right. Rebecca, I'm sorry, but I don't think you'll ever feel sexual pleasure going down on your husband again. In fact, any sort of sex with him will be a pale shadow of what you'll enjoy whenever you sexually submit to the likes of Brian."

"Oh no!" Rebecca still held her hands over her mouth in alarm. "I didn't mean to go this far! I just meant to test the waters with Brian. I figured he was already taken, so I could experiment with some light cuckolding without going all the way in. When I stroked his cock before, it was great, but it wasn't THAT big of a deal. Then, today, I only planned to give him a longer and better handjob, plus more kissing and fooling around. But things somehow got out of control."

Her teary and sweaty face reddened once more as she looked down on her total nudity in the hallway.

Dr. Morgan said, "Yes, but cocksucking is VERY different. If you do it right, with the proper submissive attitude, there's a kind of deep bonding that takes place. I believe you've crossed the point of no return."

Rebecca was even more distressed. "No! Say it isn't so! I love my husband!"

I was feeling awful for her. I wondered if I was at least partially to blame. But I was still so very aroused (with my raging erection poking out towards her face) that it made it hard for me to say or do anything to help. Plus, I had no idea what would help, if anything at all.

Mommy took my cock, which hadn't flagged at all, and started lightly stroking it. But, at the same time, she lifted up one of Rebecca's hands and brought it up until she was holding and then stroking it too. Then she let go, leaving all my thick cock-meat to Rebecca.

As Mommy did that, she said to her, "I think the doctor is right. But look on the plus side. Life is about change. You close one door and open another. You'll lose that joy of having sex with your hubby, but you'll discover a much, much greater one serving superior cock, starting with your mouth. You KNOW that it's your fate, don't you?"

Rebecca just bit her lip, looking uncertain.

Mommy went on, "Come on. You see what happens to all the mommies and other busty beauties who pass through this office. You're meant to be one of them, for sure. And it'll actually improve your marriage! Chances are, you'll never give your hubby another blowjob again."

"Oh no!" Rebecca fretted.

But Mommy said soothingly, "Don't worry! That's a GOOD thing, even for him. In fact, from what I understand, if your husband is a true willing cuckold, he'd get off on not having sex with you at all. Isn't that so?"

"It is," Rebecca admitted. "I'm sure he'll love all of this. He even wants me to put his penis in a 'cock cage.' If you don't know, that's exactly what it sounds like: a small cage that prevents him from playing with himself or ever having an orgasm while he wears it. But I just can't do it. It seems too cruel."

Mommy insisted, "But this is what he wants! He wants you to serve a bull, not him. And you can see why, can't you? It's ten times better, at least. Don't you love sucking my son's cock?"

Rebecca had been frowning with dismay, even though she was still holding and idly stroking my cock. But upon hearing that, her face lit up with joy. "Oh God! So much! It's the absolute best! I've only just started, and I haven't even made him cum yet, and it's already a MILLION times better than giving my hubby a blowjob! And it's not just the physical aspect, although that's great. You're so right, the sheer difficulty of it is somehow deeply satisfying. But the mental aspect is even better!"

"I know!" Mommy said with much emotion. "Believe me, I know. Every single time I kneel naked before my son, like I'm bowing before some easily angered and mighty Mayan god, I feel such a RUSH! Even though I'm his mother and supposed to be in charge, I'm submitting to HIS power! It gets me every time. Shivers all over! It never gets old, trust me. And the whole time I suck him off, I love to revel in the injustice of it all. It's just so WRONG, especially for a woman with MY looks, plus the fact that I'm his mother and I should be in charge. But that makes it oh-so-right! You know what I mean?!"

"Do I ever!" Rebecca was so excited by those words that her head lurched forward and she engulfed my cockhead all over again. She resumed her bobbing, possibly with even more feverish intensity than before. And she definitely had more energy after her brief rest.

Dr. Morgan bend down and said to Rebecca, "I know you must be listening to me. Before you get too upset about your marriage being 'ruined,' think about all the women who come here who have willing cuckolds for husbands. Not to mention the sisters whose bulls are their brothers, the mothers serving their sons, and so on. Think about what happens to them. As you know, we have a near 100 percent success rate, with everyone involved ending up much happier than before."

She went on, "Mary is right: things will change for you, but for the better. You'll end up having frequent INCREDIBLE sex serving a well-hung young bull, and your marriage will be stronger and happier for it. Plus, you'll be happier 24 hours a day, knowing you've finally found your proper place in this world. Trust me."

The sex bomb doctor's huge tits were nearly falling out of her blouse as she leaned way over to get close to Rebecca's head. "So suck Brian's cock with wild abandon! Completely surrender to your lust and the power of his cock! Because this is your fate. Your life. One could even call it your natural destiny, as a gorgeous, buxom woman, married to a sexual wimp. Of COURSE a bull like Brian will claim you and tame you and own you. And there's no going back! What do you think of all that?!"

We all closely looked at Rebecca's face to gauge her reaction. But this time, it was almost impossible to tell how she felt. She just kept on bobbing steadily on my boner. A constant stream of muffled yet lusty moans came from her mouth, but she'd been vocal that way already. There were copious tears streaming from her eyes, but it was impossible to be sure of their emotional cause.

Despite the lack of a clear response from Rebecca, I felt a lot better after hearing the doctor's words. She obviously knew her stuff. In fact, she almost certainly was the world expert in improving the lives of dominant satyrs and submissive nymphos. If she said it was going to be an improvement for both Rebecca and her husband, then I believed it. Plus, it sure was working for me!

Dr. Morgan chuckled while standing back up with her hands back on her hips. "So much for more conversation, I guess. And I never even got to ask her about showing the videotape to her husband, which was the whole point of freeing her mouth to talk in the first place."

Mommy stood back up and curiously resumed holding the doctor's hand. She was smiling widely. "Oh, I wouldn't

worry about that. Rebecca, I know you're listening. If you think it's a good idea for your husband to watch a video of this very event someday, your discovery of your addiction to superior cock, moan just once. If you disagree or don't know, moan twice."

"MMMM!" Rebecca moaned.

"See?" Mommy asked the doctor.

Dr. Morgan smiled from ear to ear. "Mary, you're too much. I think I should hire you as my assistant. Or second doctor, even."

"Seriously?!"

"I wish. Unfortunately, you wouldn't have the schooling for either of those things."

I'd been silent for a long time, minus one or two brief comments. I decided to speak up. "Hey, can I say something?"

"Please." Dr. Morgan looked at me expectantly.

I spoke with growing concern. "What about my date with Bethany tonight? Like Rebecca was saying, she didn't plan for more than some handjob fun with me, but things got out of control. Look at how she's going down on me now! It's gotten super intense!"

That was true. I found it hard to believe I'd been thinking her oral efforts were just "okay" earlier.

The doctor raised a curious eyebrow. "Do you disapprove? Is she not up to your usual high standards?"

"Just the opposite. She's great! What she lacks with talent gained from experience she makes up with sheer enthusiasm."

"Then show her how you feel! Don't limit yourself with just words, but put your hand on her head and pet and stroke her hair, like you do with your mom. I have yet to meet a nympho cocksucker who doesn't greatly enjoy that."

Mommy chimed in, "Son, she's so right. Every moment you do that to me, I feel extra loved and appreciated, not to mention extra dominated. And my pussy gets extra tingly!"

So I put a hand on Rebecca's head and ran my fingers through her long blonde hair.

Sure enough, the nude blonde immediately began purring contentedly, on top of her continual erotic moaning.

Dr. Morgan snickered. "You see? She's probably going to cum, just from thinking about being your sex pet."

I don't know if Rebecca came just then, but she shut her eyes tightly and stopped her bobbing for a few moments, as if she was trying to cope with something. Then, even as she resumed her sucking, I felt her lips tremble around my shaft in a delightful manner for a good minute. That made me strongly suspect she was cumming, though I had some doubt since she remained remarkably quiet through it all.

I tried to get back to what I'd been wanting to say, but it was tough. It was as if I was deep in an erotic fog, thanks to feeling so much great and constant sexual stimulation. But my feelings for Bethany were strong, so I pushed on through.

Finally, after the trembling of Rebecca's sliding lips subsided, I said, "Getting back to Bethany, I feel bad. I should be going home to get ready for my big date tonight... with YOUR daughter! Don't you want that? Instead, I feel like I'm cheating on her."

Instead of answering me, the doctor turned to Mommy and gave her a big smile. "Isn't that precious? Even as Rebecca is having her breakthrough erotic moment feasting on thick, delicious cock, her new bull is thinking about ANOTHER hot, busty slut he's planning on seducing! Talk about putting her in her proper place!"

Mommy was all smiles. "I know! It's adorable. I think he just won her forever!"

The doctor nodded approvingly.

I was totally confused. It didn't help that the blowjob pleasure was so intense that I couldn't think straight. I protested, "It's not like that!"

Dr. Morgan said, with more sly amusement, "It IS like that, but don't worry about it. You're doing fine. First off, you're NOT cheating on Bethany. You haven't even had your first date with her yet, so how can you be? And before you say you feel like you're cheating on her in spirit, remember that she already knows she doesn't have any exclusive rights on you. You're not even close to 'going steady.'"

"That's true," I admitted. "But I still feel bad. I mean... even as we're talking, I'm getting blown by her coworker!"

"That's sweet of you to be concerned. But also keep in mind that she knew about Rebecca starting the hello and good-bye kissing tradition with you, and she fully approved. It's true she probably didn't expect THIS to happen today, but she knew about Rebecca's handjob fun with you and she approved of that too. She knew this would inevitably follow before long."

It dawned on me that all of that was almost certainly true. However, it didn't make much sense to me. "But why would she agree to all that, if she's trying to be my girlfriend?"

"Several reasons. First, she knows Rebecca isn't really a threat in a permanent girlfriend way, since she is happily married. To a cuckold, yes, but still married. Plus, she and Rebecca have become very good friends in the time they've worked together, and she wants Rebecca to get over her resistance to truly cuckolding her hubby just as much as I do or anybody else in the know does. Especially HIM! You're the ideal guy to help with that."

All this talk of cuckolding reminded me to look down for Rebecca's wedding ring. It was easily visible on her top hand holding and stroking my shaft. I must admit I got an extra erotic rush from seeing the shining gold there.

The doctor went on, "Also, and this is probably the most important thing, my daughter is VERY sexually submissive. That means she thinks about sexual matters differently than you, in ways that probably will baffle you."

I struggled to stay focused and ask good questions, despite Rebecca's tight lip-lock and loud, slurpy bobbing. "What do you mean? Can you give me an example?"

"I'll give you the most relevant example. If you can get Rebecca to suck your cock, my daughter is going to totally love that! It's further proof that you're a super stud, someone worthy of her to not just date, but to fully submit to. She's been looking for someone worthy of her sharp mind and extremely sexy body for a long time, and nobody has cut the mustard. Since Rebecca IS sucking your cock as we speak, if you don't believe me, tell Bethany all about it near the start of your date. I guarantee she won't storm off in a huff. Just the opposite. Don't do it in a restaurant or some public place like that, because she'll immediately go wild for you and want to suck your cock like she's been possessed by a succubus!"

I furrowed my brow in confusion. I looked to Mommy. "Is she right? What do you think?"

"She's totally right! Son, the mere fact that you're calmly having this discussion with me and the doctor while Rebecca is crying tears of effort and joy and loudly slurping on your thick pole is driving ME totally wild right now! There's something about having another woman suck you off that's like the greatest aphrodisiac imaginable! I know you must feel some of it too, the thrill of taming more than one busty bombshell at once. How is it you're not cumming already?!"

I had to ponder that, even though it was probably a rhetorical question. I realized I wasn't even teetering on the brink. I decided, *It must be because, as much as Rebecca's efforts are improving, they still aren't up to the level of Mommy's magical mouth that I've gotten used to. Plus, Mommy and I always enjoy the extra thrill of breaking the incest taboo together. That NEVER gets old. Talk about being utterly spoiled rotten!*

My mother continued without waiting for my answer, "You're setting my entire body ON FIRE without even touching me! I can scarcely believe that I'm managing to stand here fully clothed. The only reason I'm restraining myself is because I believe it's vital for Rebecca to experience her first true blowjob completely solo, so she knows all of your pleasure is 100 percent due to HER eager mouth. That's going to boost her confidence with serving superior cocks like you wouldn't believe."

She added, "And by the way, yes, I know she said she sucks her hubby's little penis sometimes. But this is her first TRUE blowjob just the same. You can see it in the fresh tears that continue to stream down her face."

I looked back down at Rebecca. I hadn't been paying attention to her face for a while, but, sure enough, she was silently crying some more (with her eyes closed), and just as much as earlier.

I winced. *God! What a physical ordeal this must be for her! She's a perfect ten, with an hourglass figure and a stunning face. Plus, she's kneeling naked in total humiliation in front of two other people. Why would she put up with this?!*

Mommy was one step ahead of what I was about to say. "Don't feel bad. Yes, she's suffering some, but those tears are a badge of pride, like I was telling her before." She gently tapped on Rebecca's head. "Isn't that right, you sexy slut?"

Rebecca enthusiastically moaned, "MMMM!"

That tap reminded me to resume stroking Rebecca's lovely hair, so I did.

The contented purrs of the buck naked nurse immediately resumed, like I'd pressed a button to play a song. I could feel her huge tits light slapping against my thighs.

Mommy stepped forward and held my free hand. "Son, I know all of this is very hard for you to understand. You feel like you've stepped into a sexual Twilight Zone every day. I get that. Don't over-think it, just enjoy it. Trust me, Bethany WILL flip her lid when she hears Rebecca is on the path of total addiction to orally serving your cock."

"Wait!" I exclaimed, barely able to think straight. "'Total addiction to orally serving my cock?!' That's a VERY different thing than what we've been discussing up until now!"

Dr. Morgan stepped closer to me and chuckled knowingly. "Your mommy is right. Didn't you hear what she said about how once she had the best, she could never settle for anything less? Why would Rebecca feel any differently? I think you're just going to have to suffer through her giving you very, very special hello and good-bye greetings every time she sees you. Plus who knows what!" She flashed me a grin, and then lasciviously licked her lips.

Mommy smirked with glee. "Agreed! Especially on the 'who knows what' part. And my son and I are going to have to come here much more often from now on, don't you think?"

"Oh definitely," the doctor said, smirking even more. She put a hand to her forehead, as if she was receiving a message directly into it. "I feel... I feel some kind of complicated problem coming on. I don't know what it is yet, but it's effecting you two and the only possible cure is if you both come in for appointments once a week. No, wait. Make that twice a week!"

Mommy was so excited that she bounced on her heels, causing her huge tits to wobble up and down inside her top. "I love it! I love it!"

Even Rebecca let out a loud and lusty moan of approval at that idea.

That moan reassured me that she had to be feeling more pleasure than pain, if she seemed keen to do this sort of thing again, and even do it frequently.

The doctor added, "Of course, it wouldn't be fair to charge your insurance company for all that time, especially since I don't even know what the problem is. So we'll have to do it right at the end of regular hours, and I won't charge a dime. Unfortunately, that means Rebecca will have to go home late. Her sad hubby will sit at home alone, waiting for her to come and cook him dinner, and all the while she'll be kneeling naked in front of you, probably with your mother naked at her side, and the two of them will have sperm-splattered faces as their tongues race up and down your thick cock endlessly, trying to coax yet another delicious cum load out of you! Then, when she comes home, she'll kiss her hubby on the mouth with spermy breath!"

Rebecca abruptly moaned so loudly that it sounded like she'd been stabbed in the gut. And that was even with the sound muffled from her lips so tightly sealed around my shaft. Her eyes opened wide, and her hands briefly left my shaft so she could flail them around in the air like she was swimming in place.

I couldn't fully understand what Rebecca was feeling, but whatever it was had to be intense.

My mother bounced up and down even more. "Good Lord! Too hot!" She asked the doctor, "Is that just a great fantasy, or are you talking for real?!"

Rebecca kept on with her loud moaning. It became increasingly clear to me that she was experiencing a major orgasm, especially since I could feel her lips trembling around my hot and throbbing hard-on. That made me feel even better, as it was proof she was enjoying herself.

I very nearly slipped over the orgasmic edge myself. I probably would have, except that I wanted to impress the others, especially my sultry platinum-haired doctor. She held me up as some kind of "hypersexual" ideal, and I was trying hard to live up to the praise.

Dr. Morgan waited a minute or two until the orgasmic noises petered out and Rebecca was able to resume her bobbing. Then she stared deeply into my eyes, almost transfixing me with her penetrating blue-green eyes, like an irresistible hypnotist. She smirked knowingly as she finally answered Mommy's question, "I'm not sure. It all depends. Especially based on what our resident perfect-cocked stud here wants."

The conversation died out after that, mostly because Mommy had to leave the room. She claimed she had to get away because she was too worked up, to the point that she was tempted to tackle me to the ground and have her way with me. The only problem with that was she was determined not to ruin Rebecca's first "true blowjob" experience.

She must have really meant it, because she didn't return. I would later find out that she spent most of her time patiently waiting for me in the waiting room, naturally enough.

Dr. Morgan seemed to plan to stay for the duration, but she also had to leave shortly thereafter when some voices were heard coming from the same waiting room. It turned out more patients had finally arrived, or at least they'd been there a while and eventually started to loudly speak out, probably after wondering what happened to the receptionist and everyone else. The doctor left to deal with them while also making sure they wouldn't leave the waiting room, since Rebecca and I were in the hallway only a few feet away from that door!

That made me wonder what exactly those other patients were hearing, and what they possibly thought about it. I had previously noticed that all the rooms in Dr. Morgan's clinic were soundproofed, probably deliberately so due all the sexual activity.

Chapter 19

With Mommy and Dr. Morgan gone, that left me with just Rebecca and her passionate mouth. But even that soon changed, because her mouth simply wasn't used to a very prolonged sucking effort, whereas I had developed a seemingly impossible sexual stamina. That was especially the case when it came to "enduring" blowjobs, thanks to Mommy practicing on me for so long every day.

The blonde beauty was forced to pull her lips off a mere minute or two after Dr. Morgan left, but she was far from finished with me. She had the very good idea of switching to a titfuck instead. That gave her mouth a rest yet kept my arousal level sky high.

Needless to say, I was totally psyched! Her titfuck felt fantastic, and it was an extremely arresting visual delight!

The switch also meant that her mouth was free to talk. She was shy to speak at first, or even look up to make eye contact. In fact, she didn't say a single word for a long time, and let her titfucking do all the "talking."

She spent the next ten minutes fully preoccupied with getting the basics of how to pleasure a cock my size mainly using her huge tits. Luckily, they were as similarly oversized as my penis, so there was plenty of tit-flesh to keep my boner in a soft-yet-tight squeeze.

At first, she stared intently at my cockhead with a furrowed brow, concentrating intently as it repeatedly poked up through all the tit-flesh. But it wasn't long before she relaxed and had a big smile on her face.

That helped me relax and smile too.

She also quickly caught on to licking around the top of my cockhead while keeping the titfucking action going (though she was nowhere near capable of engulfing my entire fat knob like Mommy regularly did).

More time passed.

I was fine with not speaking, since, as usual, I wasn't sure what the right thing to say was in such a time anyway. Besides, I enjoyed hearing her constant heavy breathing.

I'd learned my lesson about the value of providing feedback and encouragement through petting or stroking her silky blonde hair. I did that nearly all the time, and it kept her purring contentedly. I also was vocal with my lusty moans to let her know when she was doing something particularly effective. Plus, I clutched at her head and did my best to slow her down whenever she brought me too close to the edge of climax.

Eventually, she found her courage to talk to me, even though she kept her eyes closed or looking down at the titfucking action.

She started out shyly, and quietly. "You must think I'm really weird."

I'd been lost in a reverie, basking in the erotic joy. I had to ask, "What?" due to trouble hearing her over the wet and squishy titfucking noises.

She spoke louder. "You must think I'm really weird."

"No, I don't. Why would you say that?"

She suddenly found her voice, due to wanting to vent her concerns. "Because I AM weird! Being married to a willing cuckold, for one. Which definitely is weird. I knew he was that way even before we got hitched, believe it or not. He actually wanted some other guys to fuck me on our wedding night! For real! I had a hell of a time keeping them out of our hotel room. And our marriage has only gotten stranger since then. But I really do love him. We were best friends since forever. And I do get off on cuckolding him. A lot! I've gotten really good at coming up with hot stories about things that supposedly happen to me. It's just that I'm having trouble moving from fantasy to reality."

"Huh." Once again, I was stumped on what to say, especially since she was titfucking me all the while. "That's, uh, tough."

"It is. And then I'm weirder still 'cos of me having this job. I know this is no ordinary medical clinic. Obviously! If the authorities ever found out what we really do, we'd all be in serious trouble. But I really, really love it here. It makes me feel totally psyched to see these couples or threesomes or what have you come in at first so clearly frustrated and unhappy. You can always easily tell they're deeply in love and lust with each other, but they're resisting their urges with all their might."

She kept speaking as one huge tit went up and the other one went down, and vice versa. "Dr. Morgan is brilliant. I

don't know how she does it, but she gets them to release and express their true feelings physically. Especially the women, learning the profound joy of sexually submitting to and pleasuring their men. Especially orally! Mmmm!"

She paused in her speaking and tried her best to engulf my cockhead in her mouth. She only managed about an inch, but it felt great all the same.

However, she couldn't maintain that for long, since she was keeping the titfuck going. Soon, she pulled her lips off and resumed talking. "And everything follows from that like a living dream! You should see those same couples a year or two later. It's like they've been reborn! They wind up even MORE in love with each other, by the time they graduate from needing Dr. Morgan's help. Time and time again, cocksucking is the essential bond."

She briefly looked up at me with fire in her eyes, then got shy and went back to lapping on my cockhead with her head tilted down.

I looked down and almost grew weak in my knees from seeing her nude busty beauty. *Whoa! I've gotta watch out, or I'm going to fall to the floor. That keeps happening to me most every time I looked down at her. She's just too hot for the likes of me!*

After a couple of minutes, I had to ask, "Does the incest taboo bother you?"

"In the 'real world,' yes. But Dr. Morgan screens her patients so cleverly. These are the ones who are meant for each other. You can just tell. Especially the moms. Boy oh boy! Usually, they've been around and have been beaten down by life some, with divorces and heartbreak and crushed dreams and all the rest. Then they discover the simple, pure joy of sucking their son's cocks. WHOA! Stand back, Wonder Woman is coming through! They're generally even MORE reborn than most, such as the sister sluts."

She briefly looked up into my eyes. "I didn't really understand how they truly felt though, until today, with you. Sucking your cock! GAAAWWWD! And titfucking it. I've done these things with my hubby, but it's completely different with you. Night and day!"

I wanted to ask, "Why?!" But I tried to let it go.

She shyly looked back down at the on-going titfuck. Then she paused her talking for a minute or two to try to swallow as much of my cockhead into her mouth as she could. She made more progress this time, because she largely gave up on the simultaneous titfuck. She sucked and slobbered on my cock for a good while.

Then she went back to mainly titfucking so she could resume talking. "MMMM! So satisfying! I get it now. Your mom is very wise. I already can feel in my heart that she's right, there is no going back! How can I go without feeling this feeling?"

I had to ask, "What feeling?"

She frowned, as she struggled to find the right words. "I can't explain. Something about... being dominated. It's so demeaning, but... MMMM! Intoxicating! It's like... an endless heady high. I'm yet another sexy big-titted slut who belongs on her knees in just her high heels, serving superior cock! Mmmm!"

I had to wait even longer for more words from her, because she engulfed my entire cockhead and then some this time, and gave up the titfucking altogether for the next few minutes.

I thought, I'm not so sure about her latest comment. It sounds demeaning that she's calling herself "yet another sexy big-titted slut." How can she enjoy that? But it turns her on something fierce, and it looks like it's giving her a second wind. God DAMN! Just look at her! She bobbing with such suction and intensity that fresh tears are flowing from her eyes yet again. Fuck, this is awesome!

However, she had more to tell me, because she eventually switched back to titfucking plus licking. She went on, "Mmmm! That was even better! It's so, so satisfying making you moan with pleasure. Gaawwwd, I love this so damn much! I felt jealous of your mommy. I could do this all fucking DAY! Mmmm... Like she does..."

Her voice trailed off, because she slurped most of my cockhead into her mouth and sucked on it while stroking my shaft.

But she soon freed her mouth enough to resume, "I wonder if my hubby will really end up watching a video of this someday. I hope so. It's so hard to explain how I feel. This... this... erotic ecstasy! I don't see how I could convey my feelings to him. But if he sees the tears of joy streaming down my face, hopefully he'll get it too."

"Wait. I thought those were tears of struggle?"

Her huge tits steadily slid up and down each side of my boner. "Oh, that too. Especially at first. But, somehow,

crying opens the floodgates and makes it easy for me to cry for another reason. It started as tears of struggle, but it's eventually turned into pretty much ALL tears of joy! I could turn on the waterworks at will right now, because I'm still so ridiculously overjoyed! The titfuck is a dream come true too. In fact, I think I will!"

I didn't know what she meant with the "I think I will" comment at first. But she was silent for the next minute or two, intently lapping on my cockhead while perfecting the moving tit-tunnel.

I finally glanced down and got another great shock to see fresh streaks of tears streaming down her face.

I exclaimed, "Whoa! You weren't kidding about the crying part!"

She smirked with delight at my reaction. "No! And these are ALL tears of joy. And that's just with the titfuck. I love this, but I love sucking your cock even MORE, because the sheer difficulty of it makes it way more emotionally intense!"

I pointed out, "For my mom, I think they're both equally intense, because she always tries to swallow my cockhead whole when she's titfucking me."

"OH!" Rebecca looked back up at me in surprise, like I'd just shared with her a winning lottery number. "Great idea! Why didn't I think of that? She can do both at once? Full-on?!"

"She can, but I've gotta warn you, it's not easy. It's taken weeks of daily practice on me for her to master that."

Rebecca's face turned in a mask of determination. "Hold on! I'm going to prove myself to you. Just you wait and see!"

All conversation died out again, because she was suddenly obsessed with learning how to suck while titfucking. I'd kind of created a monster. But it was much more pleasurable for me, as well as more of what I had become accustomed to, so I certainly wasn't going to complain. Unfortunately, she was nowhere near as talented at it as Mommy was. She couldn't get all of my cockhead inside her mouth even once, much less keep it there and go down another vital inch or two to the really sensitive spots.

Still, it was the thought that counted, and her great passion inspired the both of us. Although taking an extra inch of cockhead into her mouth off and on didn't add that much extra physical pleasure for me, it seemed to do wonders for her, because it made into a nearly impossible struggle that she seemed to enjoy from the sheer difficulty of the extra cocksucking effort. If nothing else, it kept her tears flowing, and that seemed to open the emotional floodgates and keep them open, helping her completely give in to her lusty desires.

More time passed. I'd been standing in the middle of a hallway for a long while. I looked down at her yet again, and asked, "I'm starting to get tired from all this standing. Would you mind if we move to somewhere with a chair?"

She paused with her licking, though not the steady titfucking, and made a rare glance up towards my face. "Could we please just stay like this? Please?! The whole symbolism of you standing clothed with me naked and kneeling is very important to me. I've been working here for four years, and I've heard so much about it, and see so many dozens of women do it. I tried to do it with my hubby, but I only felt a little weird. I didn't like it. I didn't get it at all. It felt wrong. Now, I know just how wrong it is, with him."

She was frowning from those thoughts, but her face turned joyful in a flash. "But with you... WOW! I feel this non-stop humiliation that's almost like an endless orgasm! I want to remember this time forever!"

I said, "If it means that much to you, it's the least I can do."

"Thanks!"

She took a deep breath, signaling that she was about to resume some serious cocksucking.

But before she could do that, I had to ask, "Um... before you get going... what do you think about being naked? Especially in a place like this?"

She was miffed at first at having to delay her oral action, but she grinned widely as she considered the question. "I hate it! But I love it even more!" She surprised me by looking up into my eyes, something she was usually too shy to do. "The way I figure, as long as I'm completely naked with you, that means I'm your helpless... helpless..."

She struggled to find the right word. Then it came to her: "Sex toy!" She flashed a toothy smile. "Yes, that's it, 'sex toy.' You could do ANYTHING you want to me, and how could I resist you, because I've already given my body over to you. You could up and fuck me right now! Even in the ASS!"

Her eyes went wide with alarm as she seemingly considered that as a real possibility for the first time. But she steeled her resolve, and went on, "Yes, anything. Even that! And I wouldn't dare stop you. How could I?! I've seen

what happens here. I don't think there's a single female patient who's come into this office who I haven't seen buck naked at one time or another, usually while they're sucking on cock. So, believe me, I know what nudity means. GOD, what a RUSH, that I'm in their place right now!"

She closed her eyes and went right back to doing her thing.

I thought, Man! Her submissiveness is super hot. Especially because she's such a total fox. But at the same time, it's kind of daunting. Her feelings for me are really intense, thanks to her cocksucking epiphany or whatever it is. What'll that mean for her and me in the future?! No offense, but I want Bethany as my girlfriend. Rebecca would be insanely awesome too, except that she's married!

I decided to worry about all that later, and just bask in the erotic pleasure for now.

After who knows how long, maybe another ten minutes, she switched back to regular, full-blown cocksucking. I don't know if she considered the titfuck a respite that allowed her to recover, since she wound up getting so oral with that too, but whatever it was, she came at it with yet another renewed burst of energy.

In fact, she was so very inspired, plus I was starting to flag myself, that after another five minutes or so, I gave up the struggle and decided it was time to cum.

I thought, I'm gonna feel slightly bad about letting go, because that's gonna mean less cum and sexual energy for my big date with Bethany later. Why do both great things have to happen on the same day, so close to each other?! But I feel I have no choice in the matter. Rebecca would be crushed to end our "good-bye kiss" without getting the cummy reward that she's worked so hard for. Plus, I really need to cum, right now!

When the time came, I simply told her, "Okay, it's time! Get ready! I'm gonna cum on your face!"

She gave my thick pole a few last frantic bobs. Then she pulled all the way off, sat back, shut her eyes, and braced for the cum blast. She used her hands to hold her massive tits up and squeeze them together.

I'm happy to say that I didn't disappoint when it came to cum volume. I pretty much covered her face with a particularly copious load. I had so much cum shooting out of me that I was able to aim the second half of the cum explosion at her ample chest. I shot an equal amount of what I'd deposited on her face in or around her deep cleavage.

When it was all done, I wasn't sure what would happen next. Normally, Mommy fingered herself to an orgasm at just the right time, so we always shared a mutual orgasm. It didn't look like Rebecca thought to do that. Would she be disappointed, or guilty, or what?

I was left befuddled, because she looked down at her cummy tits and just stared in seeming disbelief for a minute or more. She held her hands up and away from her body like my cum was suddenly untouchable.

Then, even more strangely, she abruptly stood up and silently rushed out of the hallway! She hurried back into her small receptionist office, of all places.

Oh, great. I have no idea what to do now. Should I rush in after her and comfort her? I remembered the voices from the waiting room, as well as the open window to her receptionist office. I decided that the prudent thing to do was pick up my shorts and put them back up to at least make myself presentable first.

Just as soon as I'd done that, and then started tentatively walking towards the receptionist's office, she came rushing back out of it, still gloriously naked, with her huge globes bouncing freely. But she rushed right past me, again without a word! Then she went to the door leading to the waiting room and opened it just enough for Mommy to slip through!

My confusion only increased when she and my still fully dressed mother began hugging each other while also bouncing up and down excitedly, as if they were celebrating the announcement of a pregnancy or wedding. Stranger still, it seemed they were extra careful to do all that wordlessly and very quietly.

I put my hands on my hips and complained, "Can someone please tell me what's going on?!" I kept my voice down since they were being so quiet.

Mommy remained in a loose embrace with Rebecca. I noticed she was carefully pushing Rebecca's immense tits up from below with both hands, so all the cum on Rebecca's top slopes wouldn't smear into her own even larger, clothed breasts. She said to me, "We're celebrating her first facial from a REAL man!"

Seeing the continued baffled look on my face, she added, "You're not a submissive busty slut, so I'm sure you don't understand. Trust me, it's a VERY big deal! Not to mention her first real blowjob! AND titfuck!"

The look on Rebecca's face could only be described as "euphoric." But I asked her, just to be sure, "So, you're not upset by what we did?"

She passionately answered, "Upset?! Are you blind?! This is the greatest day of my life! I was trying to tell you before. I get it now! I know what I want now. No, I know what I NEED! I need to be ruled by a bull! Preferably by YOU!"

Maybe I should have known better, but that surprised the heck out of me. "Me?! Are you serious?!"

I noticed Mommy smirking triumphantly.

"Why not?" Rebecca completely disengaged from the loose hug from Mommy and struck a provocative pose, with her legs out straight and wide and her back slightly arched, causing her huge tits to thrust forward. She put both hands behind her head for good measure.

It was a breathtaking sight, especially with all my cum on her face and rack. Even the sexual smell coming from her soaked pussy was enough to knock me over.

She asked me boldly, and almost defiantly, "Am I not good enough for you? I know you have very high standards. I can't possibly match your mom. Nobody can! She's inhumanly sexy! But compared to normal women, I know I'm a 'perfect ten.'"

She brought her hands down and cupped her hefty tits from below. "And don't you like my breasts? Again, I can't compare with your mom. I hear she's a J-cup. That's crazy! But I'm a G-cup. Compared to virtually anyone else, that's almost absurdly large!"

She still didn't mention it, but on top of all that, the fact that my cum was splattered all over her face and tits was driving me wild with desire.

I said, "It's not that. Not at all. You're a knockout! But you're married too!"

"That's a GOOD thing!" she insisted, still maintaining that lewd pose. "Remember, I don't want all your time or all your cum. You've got your mom sleeping in your bed every night for that. I just want to help her out from time to time. Would that be so bad? And don't worry about Bethany either, if she becomes your serious girlfriend, which I'm sure she will. I'd be happy to be your number three. Your married mistress, if you will."

I shook my head, not in disagreement, just in shock. "*Number THREE?! HER?!*"

Mommy stood behind her and even took over holding her big tits up from below. That allowed her to resume the more sexy pose of keeping her hands behind her head.

Mommy told me, "That's a good offer, Son. You should take it! Look at her pussy. See how it's all swollen and wet? That's 'cos she's lubed up to take you deep! Don't you think it would be a blast to fuck her every time you see her?"

The idea of fucking Rebecca even once in my life nearly made me lose my balance and stagger to my knees. I had to shake my head to stop myself from staring wantonly at her inviting slit.

I finally managed to rouse myself from my lusty stupor to ask, "That's not the point. She's married!"

Mommy couldn't stop smirking and smiling. "Like she said, the fact that she's married is a good thing, because it means she can't afford to spend too much time with you to steal most of your cum. That means I approve. And look at this body of hers. I mean, come on! How can you resist?!"

Mommy let go of Rebecca's tits and slowly drew her hands down Rebecca's tummy towards her pussy. "You already know what a naturally talented cocksucker she is."

Rebecca added earnestly, "And that's just my first try with a real cock! I'll get a lot better, I promise!"

"She will too," Mommy said, with her hands sliding closer to Rebecca's pussy lips. "Because she's learned from Dr. Morgan. She knows submission starts with total oral submission."

Rebecca chimed in some more, "It does. Whenever I fantasize about you, I'm almost always kneeling and bobbing in just my high heels. Just thinking about how I was actually doing that for real nearly makes me delirious! I need a lot more of that in my life. And I'm totally cool with sharing! In fact, I'd prefer it! Can you just imagine what the doctor was describing before, your mom and me endlessly pleasuring your cock together? Why not?!"

Mommy nodded. "Why not?! Son, you rule the roost! Take what you want! WHO you want! Bethany is great, I know, but don't limit herself to just her. You need to play the field! And what about this?"

Her fingers finally reached Rebecca's pussy lips. She spread those lips wide. "Don't you want to fuck her? Because

she needs you to fuck her!"

"I do!" Rebecca agreed. "I need it! Sadly, my hubby will never really sexually satisfy me again, not after today. Not after you." She stared intently into my eyes.

I actually took a step back, almost frightened by the sexual possibilities, as well as the intensity of her feelings for me. "If I do that, then there really will be no going back! You'll end up even more hooked on me!"

"Probably true," Rebecca agreed again. "Almost certainly true. That would make you my bull, for sure. But just think! You could have your mom, Bethany, AND me too!"

Mommy nodded emphatically.

I clutched at my head, which I tended to do when I'm stressed. UGH! *That sounds fantastic in theory, but I doubt I could handle it in reality. I only have so much cum to give, and all of it belongs to Mommy! Well, almost all. Bethany would take care of the rest, I'm sure, if things work out with her.*

I griped, "I don't know. Don't make me think about this right now. I feel like events are spinning out of my control. I'm due to date Bethany for the first time tonight, for crying out loud! This is all backwards!"

Meanwhile, Mommy let go of Rebecca's pussy area and took a step back.

Rebecca seemed to come to a decision. She nodded. "You're right, that is strange. I can see why you're confused. I'll tell you what. You go on that date and rock her world. Enjoy her saliva bath all over your hot pole, because I'm confident she'll spend most of her date on her knees, as she should when dating Mr. Perfect Cock."

She grinned impishly at that. "We'll talk sometime later, okay? But don't forget about me."

I nodded wearily. The great sexual temptation somehow left me emotionally exhausted. My heart was still racing wildly just from looking at her flawless voluptuous naked body, and especially at my cum dripping down her sultry face.

Mommy hugged Rebecca from the side. "Come on! Let's find a spare room and talk all about your first facial! And of course the cocksucking that led up to it!"

"Okay!" Rebecca was suddenly giddy with glee. "But don't make me wash it off just yet!" She playfully swiped a cum gob off her chin and sucked it into her mouth.

"That's not going to happen. At least not until we can take some pictures," Mommy replied. She also wiped a cum gob from Rebecca's face, right from the tip of her nose, and consumed it. She giggled, as if they were making a cake and playing with some icing.

Rebecca was ecstatic. "YES! Pictures! What an idea! And I can show them to my hubby, as proof!"

The two of them practically skipped off down the hall, until they reached a door and went into that room.

I was left alone, more confused than before.

Lacking anything else to do, I went to the waiting room to sit down.

As it happened, there was another mother and son couple there, sitting and talking with Dr. Morgan. The mother was unusually stacked and sexy, though maybe not unusually so compared to the type of women who normally came through this office. She had ivory skin and very long blonde hair. Her son had the same complexion and hair color, except he had a buzz cut.

The three of them were fully dressed and engaged in deep discussion, except that the boy's fly was undone and the mother was slowly jacking him off! His stiff dick seemed quite long, maybe even longer than mine.

When I opened the door, Dr. Morgan sensed I was there without turning around and quickly repositioned her chair to block my view of the handjob, but I'd seen it already.

I realized that the doctor was holding a meeting in the waiting room since she couldn't go through the hallway to any of her usual rooms, due to Rebecca and me blocking the way. Furthermore, I glanced at the mother's face and saw that she was unusually embarrassed, even mortified, because she could tell I must have witnessed her incestuous handjob action before Dr. Morgan had been able to block my view.

Plus, it looked like her blouse was fully opened in front and she wasn't wearing a bra. Her massive boobs were jutting forward, totally exposed! I had enough time to notice how erect her nipples were.

I pretended to be confused, and tried to avoid eye contact. "Oh, sorry. Wrong door." I quickly closed the door. I walked down the hall to the bathroom at the end of the hall, just to have somewhere to go. I waited inside there a

few minutes, and ended up deciding I actually had to pee.

When I came back out, I was much more careful. I noticed the door to the receptionist's office was partially open, and of course Rebecca couldn't be in there since she was down the hall in another room, presumably still buck naked and talking excitedly with my mother about facials and such. So I peeked inside and confirmed it was empty.

Then I peeked through the open window into the waiting room to confirm that it was empty too. Only then did I go back through the hallway so I could finally sit in one of the waiting room chairs.

I didn't know where the doctor, mother, and son went to, but they were gone.

As I waited, I had a little time to chill out and think. *Man, I'm not even going to try to figure out what the hell just happened with Rebecca. Too fucking strange! That was one hell of a blowjob, though, especially for her "real" first time. Not to mention all the titfuck action too. Phew! But she's married! And my mind should be on Bethany now anyway.*

Jesus. What a mess I somehow stepped into. An embarrassment of sexual riches!

I looked around the waiting room. *And what about this place? Dr. Morgan must be a magician or hypnotist or something. How does she get all these incredibly gorgeous women to come here and want to have sex with their sons or other relatives?! Just a few minutes ago, some total fucking blonde fox was sitting in that seat over there and casually giving her son a handjob like it was perfectly normal. And I'm sure for her it was, if her home life with her son is anything like Mommy's home life with me. Which I'll bet it definitely is, though maybe they're not as far along as we are yet.*

And what about Mrs. Adams and her son? What's his name? Oh yeah. Evan. Same deal. Uncommonly stacked and gorgeous. AND clearly her son's sex pet! And then there's Martha and Trevor. Not to mention the mom and son in the parking lot. Whoa! I'm gonna need to recalibrate my idea of what feminine beauty is when it comes to the women who come to this clinic. Every mom I've seen so far looks like a classic full-figured beauty, like Jane Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe, or Jane Russell. Only even MORE stacked than any of those stars!

I don't know whether to be bummed that Mommy and I aren't unique, or to be psyched that we're part of some kind of secret growing underground movement! I suppose the latter. But it's freaking wild, either way.

After another five minutes, Mommy came to the waiting room alone, still fully dressed. She gave me a big hug and kiss. We directly left the office.

She was in a great mood. As we walked to the car, she teased me, "Sorry, I was going to have Rebecca come out and give you an actual good-bye kiss, but you know what would have happened next. We would have spent at least another hour trying to separate her mouth from your stiff cock!" She giggled.

I thought, *The crazy thing is, she's probably right! It's all so nuts! I need to stay humble.*

I pointed out, "You seem pretty happy about that."

"Damn straight! My son is the BEST! Just look what you're doing. That office is used to a parade of well-hung, handsome studs passing through every day. But after just a few appointments, you're turning the entire place upside down. You're well on your way to taming the super stacked receptionist, AND you're about to date the doctor's sex bomb daughter! Yep, I'm pretty damn smug and happy!"

Chapter 20

It was a half-hour car ride from the doctor's office back home. I felt so emotionally worn out, not to mention totally sexually satiated, that I immediately fell asleep in the car and slept like a log the whole way home.

Dinner passed rather uneventfully. Mommy and I were fully dressed - which was highly unusual inside our house lately - and we kept the flirting and sex talk to a minimum, even though we had a lot of new developments to talk about.

This was deliberate for both of us, due to my upcoming date with Bethany. Mommy and I were on the same page: I'd used up a lot of my sexual energies at the appointment, and I needed time to recharge my batteries so I could impress Bethany on our big date.

As a result, after dinner, Mommy left me and my penis alone for a while, which was highly unusual in our new sexual life. But I appreciated the chance to chill out and recover some more.

However, an hour or so after that, our resolve to keep our hands off each other before the date pretty much totally broke down. The two of us got emotionally worked up about the imminent date. Eventually, I found myself busy making out with Mommy on the living room couch, each of us feeling up the other's body.

It had been three months since our incestuous joy began, and I still couldn't believe how gigantic my mother's breasts were. For a boy like me who loves large tits, she's a walking dream. Spongy yet firm J-cup breasts, bursting off her curvy, teenage-like body.

I ran my hands all over her, and we kissed passionately.

I was wearing a dress shirt and pants for my date, and she had a yellow sun dress on. It was highly unusual that we'd keep our clothes on while playing around with each other, but I was insistent, due to my evening plans with Bethany. However, it probably didn't matter much, because the fly on my pants was unzipped and Mommy was going to town jacking me off, while the straps to her sun dress had slipped down just enough to give me full access to her bare breasts.

Still, we were trying to restrain ourselves compared to our usual behavior. For instance, she was using a lot of restraint in only stroking my cock instead of sucking or titfucking it.

Technically, we were doing one of our doctor-prescribed treatments, but it had been so many minutes since she'd rubbed the special cream into my cock and balls, and I'd rubbed it into her massive tits, that the strong cherry smell of the cream had faded away.

After a while, I asked her, "Mommy, what'cha thinking about?"

She answered, "Funny you should ask. I was just thinking about how much I want my handsome, well-hung son to fuck me silly."

I laughed. "You're always thinking about that!"

She flashed me a toothy smile. "Because I love it so much! But that's not all. Thinking about how you're going to rock Bethany's world tonight has me hotter than an oven!" She kissed me long and hard yet again.

But then she pulled back, and said, "Sweetie, are you sure you don't want to fuck Mommy, right now? Maybe it's best if you start your date all calm and relaxed, like you get after a really big orgasm. I can feel how hot and needy your big cock is. Gosh, I can feel it throbbing so much that it's making my cunt gush like a river!"

I chuckled. "You're only saying that because you want to get fucked!"

She grinned, knowing I'd caught her. She said in a little girl voice, squeezing and stroking my rock-hard cock. "It's true. Mommy wants to get fucked so very badly! I've been almost insanely aroused all day, ever since the doctor's visit, and especially what happened with Rebecca AND Bethany. Having to restrain myself is TORTURE! I need your cock in me, baby!"

I almost came on the spot, thanks to her sheer lusty enthusiasm and her fingers sloshing up and down my shaft, not to mention memories of how incredible it felt to fuck her, every time.

Unfortunately, I had to say, "Mommy, I really, really want to." I was staring at and squeezing her massive tits, and it was tempting to stop there and get busy fucking. However, I continued. "But you know I have my date with Bethany tonight. I just... I just want to store up my cum for her, to help make it extra special for her."

Mommy looked a bit sad and frustrated, but she said, "I understand. I know how excited you are for this."

I nodded.

She replied, "Okay, no fucking... for now. You do need to save your cum for Bethany. She's a very attractive and very lucky young lady. I can't wait to see her face dripping in your seed. Plus, she knows our incest secret and is willing to share you with me, AND her mom has trained her well on how a busty slut should behave. I'm rooting for you to win her, big time!"

As if on cue, the doorbell rang.

I gulped, and my heart started to race. I knew who that had to be.

My scantily-clad and insanely voluptuous mother was still jacking me off. She whispered, "Don't worry, you'll be fine." Then she tilted her head down and gave my cockhead a kiss while continuing to stroke the shaft.

That gave her an idea. She shouted towards the door, "Hold on! Just a second!" Then she engulfed my cockhead and started frantically bobbing up and down on it!

It felt great, as usual, but I had to quietly complain, "Moooooooooommy! Not now!"

She reluctantly pulled her lips off and sat back up. "Darn it. You're right." She stood up and then jiggled to the door. She pulled her shoulder straps back into place as she went.

I looked down and realized my hard-on was still sticking out through my fly. I quickly zipped up, and just in time, right as Mommy opened the door.

Sure enough, it was Bethany. She took a step into the house and closed the door behind her.

She said "Hi!" to Mommy.

She was looking radiant, but also more than a little nervous. She was wearing a dark blue miniskirt and a soft red sweater. It had blue suspenders on either side of her huge chest, making her breasts seem even larger and rounder. She also had her arms pinned behind her back, a shy gesture that also drew even more attention to her remarkable G-cups.

All in all, it was a fairly casual outfit. However, that was belied by the shiny red high heels she was wearing, which looked to be five inches high, at least. It was a wonder she could walk in them. They were an inch or two taller than the red high heels Mommy currently had on.

I loved the fact that their high heels almost matched, especially due to their very similar shades of red.

"Hi, Bethany," I said from where I sat on the couch, I was reluctant to get up from the couch at first, since I still had a raging erection from playing around with my mother's incredible body. The sight of two gorgeous and seriously stacked women standing side by side, one a former cheerleader; the other my very own mother, didn't exactly calm me down.

However, there was nothing to do but stand up and be polite, so I did. I walked to the front door to give her a hug and a kiss. I knew my nine-inch long erection had to be tenting my pants like crazy, especially since I wasn't wearing any underwear, but I didn't dare look down to check.

Bethany wasn't so reluctant. Her eyes immediately darted down to my crotch. She smiled as she gawked at the large bulge there. She joked, "Brian! Did you smuggle a stolen, oversized cucumber out of the grocery store, or are you happy to see me?"

"Oh!" My mother exclaimed, seeing my large erection through my pants. "Um, Bethany, Brian and I were just doing one of our... treatments." She paused, then added, "But he didn't, um, finish. Or, I should say, I didn't finish him. I hadn't even started to use my mouth yet, much less my pussy. Oh gosh, I should just stop talking." She giggled nervously.

Bethany turned to Mommy and laughed. "Oh, it's fine. So, you mean you were just playing with his cock when I rang the doorbell, giving it a good stroking?"

"Yeah." Mommy shyly answered, as she started to blush. "Are you offended?"

Bethany laughed some more. This discussion seemed to be relaxing her. "Not at all. I'm sure you two spend a lot of time on treatments. As you should."

She walked over to Mommy and looked down at her lovely face. Bethany was a good five inches taller than my tiny mother, with both of them wearing high heels that added another inch to Bethany's height in comparison. "It's good

to see you again, Ms. Pepper."

"Oh, please, call me Mary, like usual. Don't get all formal with me just because you're in my house. It's good to see you too, Bethany. You look lovely. Brian's very excited for your date."

She giggled, twisting her upper body in a little-girl kind of way that made her breasts sway. Looking to my crotch, she ran her fingers up and down the bulge in my pants. "Obviously!"

Both buxom ladies laughed heartily. That seemed to ease more of the nervousness that had appeared when Bethany showed up.

"Mommy!" I complained. I didn't mind the lewd talking, but I thought her fingering my bulge right in front of my date was too much.

Mommy pulled her hand away, reluctantly, but she said to me, "Oh come on, it's true. And it's only right that you should be quite worked up. Look at how very pretty Bethany is," she said, brushing Bethany's long brown hair.

Bethany stood straighter, like she was a soldier on parade. She still had both hands behind her back. She even arched her back slightly, causing her huge tits to thrust out still more.

Mommy brought her hand to Bethany's face and started caressing it here and there. "What a stunning face! It could be on the cover of a magazine! Son, look at her sultry, shining blue eyes. Mmmm... and these lips." She touched Bethany's lips, causing them to part.

She went on, "Perfect, full, red, cocksucking lips. Son, does it excite you to think that, one way or another, your big cock is going to slide into this sexy mouth of hers tonight, and spend a lot of time plunging in and out of it?"

She boldly stuck three clumped-up fingers into Bethany's mouth.

Bethany was surprisingly unfazed by that intrusion. In fact, she seemed to welcome it. She stared intently right into my eyes even as she ostentatiously sucked on Mommy's fingers.

My mother liked that a lot. "Aaaah! What suction! Son, she's going to make you feel soooo good! I'll bet you're thinking about the last time she sucked you and her active tongue, plus the tight seal of her sweet, full lips."

Needless to say, I was thinking about all that, and more! I couldn't believe how audacious my mother was acting, or how acquiescent Bethany was acting.

Mommy directly addressed Bethany, and pulled her fingers out of her mouth. "And of course I know about your unusual long tongue. May I please see it again?"

Bethany's face lit up. "Certainly!" She stuck her freakishly long tongue all the way out.

Mommy gasped. "Oh my goodness! Son, she's a keeper! Wow! That tongue is even turning ME on!"

Bethany continued to impress us with her tongue length by running her tongue around her lips, and then trying to touch the tip of her nose with it. She just barely made it!

Mommy was even more impressed. "OH MY! Son, can you imagine the kind of pleasure a tongue like that could give your cock?! Actually, you can, since she's blown you already. But just think about what she'll do to you later, with no time limits!"

Bethany replied to my mother, but seemed to really be delivering a message to me. "My body's heating up like a furnace. Mary, I love how you crammed your fingers into my mouth like that, because I'm soooooo ready to suck!" She stared right into my eyes as she said that.

Then she looked to Mommy and continued, "As I've been getting ready for this date, I've had a one-track mind: I want to prove to your son what a talented cocksucker I am! I want to show him how much I LUUUUVE to slurp on a really fat slab of hot cock-meat!"

Mommy pretended to fan herself. "Oh my goodness! Girl, you're making my mouth water! My 'furnace' is starting to heat up too! No, make that I'm positively SLOBBERING!"

Bethany moaned like she was experiencing a small orgasm. "Mmmm! I love that word, 'slobber.' I can't wait to coat every last inch of your son's fat cock with my saliva!"

I could see Mommy's arousal level soaring higher by the second. She hungrily licked her lips. Then she shyly yet excitedly asked, "Um, Bethany, would you mind if I said hello in a more... intimate way?"

Bethany's eyes sparkled with delight. She asked, "Do you want to kiss me, Ms. Pepper? Er, I mean, Mary?"

Mommy giggled again, nervously. She looked down at her feet (or, more accurately, her giant rack) as her shyness

got worse. "I guess I do. I'm not that way, but I'm just so curious to see what it would be like to kiss a tongue like that. And you're so very beautiful..."

"Sure thing," said the huge-breasted girl. "I think you're really pretty too. Gorgeous, actually. Brian, do you mind if your mommy and I kiss a little?"

I could only grunt out a response that kind of sounded like "Yes." I did everything I could not to grab my throbbing cock through my pants.

Bethany paused and then leaned down and kissed my beautiful mother on the lips. Naturally, their massive racks had to make contact.

Mommy was momentarily taken aback, but soon she was fully engaged in the kiss, drawing her curvy, little body toward the young lady.

They began making out, kissing tenderly, then more passionately.

Bethany was obliged to bend slightly, to make up for her additional height and taller heels.

Mommy, who looked more like a sex toy than ever, with her tight sun dress and high heels, began to grind her body into Bethany's, causing their giant breasts to mash together.

Needless to say, witnessing this from close up did nothing to help me control my erection. I'd never had any clue that my mother was sexually attracted to other women! I was sure this was the first time my mother had ever French kissed another woman, especially since the kiss went on and on and grew more intimate and sexual all the time!

I couldn't see what was happening inside their mouths, but their heads tilted this way and that, showing a lot of action was taking place as they strove to take better angles with each other.

Meanwhile, the meeting of Mommy's J-cups with Bethany's G-cups had to be one of the greatest "clashes" of gigantic racks in history! And I got a front row seat to the spectacle. Although they were both fully dressed, seeing them rub their racks together in an increasingly overt and sexual way was better than just about any professional pornography I'd seen.

Then Bethany brought her hands to the undersides of Mommy's giant knockers, while Mommy did the same to Bethany's at almost the exact same time. They used their hands to increase the amount of tit rubbing, probably including rubbing their erect nipples together.

I just about freaking lost my mind! I clutched my hands at my side, not in anger, but in a desperate attempt to control myself. I wanted to tackle them both to the floor and start a three-way!

Finally, after about two minutes, the two bombshells disengaged from their kiss. Both of them were panting hard.

Mommy sheepishly said, "Sorry about that, Bethany. You just look really pretty, and I'm pretty much always, um..."

"Horny?" asked Bethany, smiling. She wiggled a little bit, no doubt enjoying the fact that her enormous rack was still tightly pressing against Mommy's even larger one.

"Yes. It's part of my... condition. Our condition," she said looking at me. "It's not easy being a 'hypersexual being.'" She looked down at the epic meeting of their massive racks, and realized she was still holding my date's G-cups up with both hands. She let go.

Bethany said in an extra sultry voice, "True, but it does have its... extraordinary pleasures, doesn't it?" She was still holding Mommy's tits from below, and appeared to have no intention of letting go.

Mommy beamed at that comment. "That, certainly, is true!" She turned her head to me, while I was nearly shaking with lust, "I apologize to you, Son. Bethany is your date, not Mommy's girlfriend. You should be doing more of the welcoming her to our house." She disengaged from the epic tit rubbing, and stepped back.

I stepped in closer and touched Bethany's hand. "It's great to see you, Bethany. My mother is right, you really do look beautiful tonight. You took my breath away!"

"You look great too. Look at you, all dressed up to go out for a night on the town!" She asked Mommy, "Gosh, how did you raise such a sweet boy?"

Mommy smiled at me. "He's as sweet as he is handsome. Trust me, he's a keeper too."

"I'm sure he is!" Bethany leaned in and kissed me on the cheek. It was strangely tame, given the sorts of things we'd done to each other already. But then she pulled back, took my slightly trembling hand in hers, and leaned back in. This time, we shared a sizzling kiss on the lips.

Mommy beamed at us.

Bethany pulled her head back from mine, but she left her huge breasts pressed up against my body. My erection was firmly lodged against her stomach.

She giggled from noticing that. She reached to it with her free hand and gave it a squeeze through my pants.

I almost came right there! In terms of sexual activity, this was nothing compared to the sorts of things I did with Mommy every day, but the fact that it was happening with my date Bethany made all the difference, especially after witnessing their hot lesbian make-out session.

I lowered my hands down to her ass and firmly squeezed her ass cheeks through her clothes.

She let out a little squeal of delight.

Mommy smirk-smiled at my ass grab. "I'll go get you kids some drinks. You two, please get more comfortable with each other." She giggled out of the room and into the kitchen.

As soon as she was gone, Bethany rested her twin peaks on my chest. She boldly stuck a hand into my pants and wrapped her fingers around my shaft. "Oooh! No undies! I like!" She giggled.

I was still feeling somewhat daunted that I was on an actual date with one of my longtime fantasy girls. But at least I had my hands on her ass. I squeezed her ass cheeks through her miniskirt a little more.

Feeling uncommonly nervous, I tried to make some small talk. "I made a reservation at the nicest restaurant in town. I figure we'll go top class all the way, because you're worth it."

"Brian," Bethany said softly, as she started to directly stroke my boner, "That's really sweet. It sounds lovely. But... I have a confession to make. I really want to spend time getting to know you better, but right now, I'm feeling like I don't want to go out in public tonight at all."

"Really?" I squeaked excitedly, guessing what was coming next.

"Well, after seeing and... feeling you... I kind of was thinking we could stay in." Her fingers pumped faster and faster up and down my shaft, perhaps to help me agree with her.

I didn't need much convincing. "Sure! Um, that's fine with me."

She smiled brightly at my response. She explained as she continued to jack me off, "Some other night, let's definitely do the fancy restaurant thing. But tonight, we can get to know each other in a different way first. Brian, I'm really smitten with you! I can't believe I'm so deeply in lust with a boy three years younger than me, but you're just so great. I think about your huge cock pretty much all the time. Remember how we measured it in my mommy's office, and she said it pretty much had the perfect size?"

"Yeah?"

She looked down at her hand disappearing into my pants. "Well, that's true! From the first time it slid into my mouth, I knew it was 'the one.' I see and touch all sorts of other penises as part of my job, but now they almost make me laugh."

"Laugh?"

"Yeah, I think, 'I guess that's an okay one, but it's not like Brian's.' And then I get so hungry, thinking about the way yours perfectly fits my mouth, and the way you make your gorgeous mom spend all her time on her knees!"

Her hand began pumping up and down my shaft faster and faster. She unzipped my fly because it was an annoyance. That allowed her to get her second hand involved in the stroking too. "I can't wait to suck it some more! A lot more! I want to deep throat it again too! The whole journey here, I could hardly drive because I was thinking so intently about throat fucking it! I AM going to do that again tonight, I'm making a vow right now!"

I gulped.

"But I also totally love how you treat your mom. Most of the sons who come into our clinic, they have a lot of trouble taking firm control of their mothers. And of course the moms put up all kinds of resistance over the role reversal upon finding out they've become their son's fuck toys, or sex pets, or whatever you call it. My mom does a lot of therapy along those lines, helping mothers and sons adjust to their new roles. But Mom told me it's like you two are three years along after just three months! You put your mommy in her proper place so fast that she had no chance to resist! I think that's totally hot!"

"You do?!"

Her fingers were sliding even faster on my cock-meat. She used her other hand to push my pants down enough to get better access to my balls as well. "I sure do! Ungh! Just feel these balls! So large, so full of cum! I've been looking for a well-hung and kind yet dominant young guy to fully submit to for a long time, but nobody really thrilled me. Nobody seemed worthy. At least not until you came along."

"Wow!" I had no idea what to say to that. But it sounded fantastic!

She let go of my balls and took my hand. "Will you do something for me?" Her other hand kept on jacking me off.

Before I could answer, she placed my hand on one of her massive, young breasts. "Would you feel me up while you kiss me some more?"

I was happy to comply. We began kissing again, as I squeezed - kneaded, really - my date's big breasts through her sweater with both of my hands. Then I had a better idea and brought my hands under her sweater, only to find that was all she wore underneath. No bra, no shirt, nothing!

I was so thrilled that I pulled her sweater up to her armpits. Thanks to her suspenders, the sweater was easily pinned in place.

My mother walked back into the room immediately thereafter, carrying two glasses of iced tea. She took a look at the way Bethany had my fly unzipped, my pants sagging down slightly, and her two hands on my cock and balls, then to how I'd already gotten my date effectively topless. She could have frowned with jealousy, but she didn't.

Instead, she smiled with genuine warmth. "Wow! Look at you two go! I'd better leave you alone for a while, so you two can feel free to have more fun." She put the iced tea down on a nearby table.

Bethany said, "Actually, Mary, it's totally okay with me if you stay and watch. Brian and I are just going to get to know each other a little better, physically, before we think about going anywhere tonight." She gave me a devastating "come hither" look and licked her lips suggestively. "That is, if we go out at all."

She looked beseechingly into my eyes. "Is that okay, if your mommy stays?"

"Um, yeah, I guess that's fine. If it's cool with you, Mommy."

"Sure! I'd love to watch you two go at it." Mommy sat down on the couch right in front of where we stood, as if she was about to watch a live show from the best front row seat.

Bethany took my hand and led me to the couch, and we sat down right next to my mother. I wound up sitting in the middle, with Mommy on one side and Bethany on the other.

I couldn't see my mom, since I pivoted as much as I could to face my date, but the couch was small enough so that her massive chest brushed my back.

I thought, I need to date more often. I feel like my whole body is throbbing with horniness, and we're just getting warmed up. And this is my first "official" date ever!

As we repositioned, Bethany took advantage of the lull in the action to take her sweater all the way off, and let her suspenders fall away too. That left her in just her miniskirt and high heels.

I similarly slid my pants off my ass, exposing all of my privates in front.

Bethany resumed jacking me off, while fondling my balls too. "Brian, have you been looking forward to our date as much as I have?"

"Well, I only asked you out a couple of hours ago," I pointed out. I cupped her newly bared G-cups from below and resumed exploring her fulsome chest.

She pouted, "I know, but I've been waiting for you to ask me out for TWO MONTHS!"

"Damn! I wish I'd known! Of course, I'm excited. I mean, my life has changed so much since I first, um, saw Dr. Morgan and you. I was... I didn't feel good about myself, you know? But now... Mommy and I have gotten so much closer. I loved her with all my heart already, but now that she's my fuck toy, it's like that love has grown more than words could say!"

I turned for a moment to face my mother.

Mommy had such a loving look on her face that it brought my heart to my throat. She looked like she might cry. She mouthed the words, "I love you too, Sweetie!"

I smiled at her and turned back to my date.

Bethany spoke while still stimulating my cock and balls. "That's so hot, that you casually call her your 'fuck toy' like

it's an undeniable fact. And Mary, it is, isn't it?"

Mary replied matter-of-factly, "Oh, for sure. And not just 'fuck toy.' I'm his 'personal, exclusive, big-titted fuck toy mommy!' That means I'm not allowed to so much as touch another man, but of course my studly son can do whatever he wants with the likes of you. A fuck toy thinks only of serving her man, especially keeping his cock throbbing with pleasure nearly all the time!" She was practically bursting with pride as she said this.

"UGH!" Bethany groaned erotically. "That's even hotter!" With her fingers dancing up and down my turgid pole, she asked me, "And do you make good use of your fuck toy mommy?"

"Sure. I cum in or on her seven or eight times a day. Sometimes more! But I have to admit, I've been thinking about you a lot too. Especially lately, since your mom has helped me warm up to the idea of having a girlfriend."

"I've thought about you too, as you know, but more than I've ever admitted before!" Bethany said, her fingers relentlessly rubbing and sliding all over my thick shaft. "Now that we're dating, I need to tell you that I fell for you the very first time you came in. I was kind of giddy over how cute you were, even before I saw your huge, perfect cock. You were so nervous." She giggled.

I blushed.

"No! It was cute. Really. And seeing you ejaculate so many times. Your cock is really amazing! I think about it a lot too. And then of course you crammed your cock into my mouth on your very first appointment, and that was all she wrote! I knew then that no other boy would do!"

She leaned forward and looked over her huge bare tits down to my crotch. "Look at how my two hands are holding it, and there's still room left over! Room for Mommy's hands, if she wants! Remember the time she and I licked and stroked it together?!"

I heard my mother gasp slightly under her breath. Then I felt her hands running up and down my back. That sent shivers down my spine.

I groaned lustily. "Oh, yeah! That was the best!"

"I'm so obsessed about sucking it," Bethany said, now blushing herself. "I think about that all the time! You know that I have a pretty unusual job that causes me to touch and even stroke penises every day. Most of them are big, since oversized body parts tend to go with oversized sexual appetites, and we're all about treating the latter. Some of them are easily as big as yours, or even bigger, if you can believe it!"

She continued, "But I'm fiercely loyal to you and yours. I was actually seriously dating a guy when I first met you, and sucked you, but I broke up with him about a week later and I haven't sucked a cock since. He has a big cock and I used to be his suck queen, but I lost all interest, because he wasn't you. Hell, I haven't even gone on another date since then. I've been saving myself for you!"

"Wow!" I exclaimed, truly impressed. I was completely incredulous that she was so into me, but she seemed sincere.

I had to ask, "What was wrong with your boyfriend?"

"Well, he was sexually impressive in lots of ways, but... normal. Let's just say he doesn't have his own personal mommy pet. I realized I can't date a guy like that, someone who hasn't been one of my mom's patients and thus doesn't know how to properly treat a woman."

She paused. She looked down at her sliding fingers. "You may think I'm all about the sucking, and I am, but there's so much more! For instance, I long to feel your great thick meat inside me too. I haven't been fucked in three months either. And that's been driving me crazy!"

I noticed that, like my mother often did, Bethany was subtly moving her hips back and forth, her horniness causing her to involuntarily fuck an imaginary cock.

I said, "Double wow! Why didn't you call me up or something?!"

"I told you that I wanted to, but I've been waiting for you, dummy!" She took a hand off my cock to reach up to my face and slap it. But it was more like a love tap. "I'm very traditional that way. The guy is supposed to ask the girl out. He's supposed to take control, all the way." She placed particular emphasis on "all the way."

She leaned over to the side, to look past me and make eye contact with Mommy. "Don't you agree?"

"Oh, definitely!" Mommy replied. "I've never been so happy as when my son takes total control and makes me his helpless little fuck pet! He skewers and drills me, making me scream in ecstasy until my voice is hoarse! I completely submit to his sexual power. It's the best feeling in the world. I end up a rag doll, a wet noodle, a sweaty

mess, totally FUCKED in every sense of the word! And that's the best feeling too!"

"There you go!" Bethany giggled. "I've seen it over and over again at work. Busty beauties who only discover true bliss when they learn to fully submit. I've got it all worked out, of how I want things to go in my life. It's my great dream to be the best slut for a big-cocked, dominant master I can possibly be!" She looked deeply and meaningfully into my eyes as she said that.

The intensity of her gaze gave me shivers.

She continued, while looking back to Mommy, "The only problem is finding the right guy to submit to. I tried to get my last boyfriend to man up, but he never got it. He was too worried about hurting my feelings." She rolled her eyes and spoke in mocking tones when she said "hurting my feelings."

I had no clue what to say to that. So, to avoid talking at all, I leaned in and planted my lips on hers. However, I thought, *Note to self: get more aggressive with her, or you'll lose her!*

After she and I started to kiss, Mommy scoffed. "What a loser! Good riddance to a guy like him. You'll see the difference with Brian. Even though he doesn't often give me a direct order, the mere way he looks at me makes me feel helpless and owned all the time. I'm sure it'll be the same for you."

Bethany moaned lustily into my mouth. Apparently, she really liked those comments.

Bethany and I necked for the next few minutes. It was fantastic, especially since Bethany continued to jack me off and I continued to explore her unclothed upper body all the while.

The only problem was that I felt Mommy was being neglected. She couldn't even see much from where she was sitting.

Luckily, Mommy wasn't the wallflower type, at least not anymore when it came to having sex with me. She got up off the couch and disappeared for a minute or so. Then I felt her settling back on the couch behind me. She unbuttoned my dress shirt in front and then pulled it up to my armpits, leaving most of my back bare. She quickly followed that by pressing her huge tits against my back. I could feel her skin on skin! I couldn't see when it happened, but she must have gotten topless.

Furthermore, she'd put more of the therapy cream on her huge globes, because they slid back and forth on my skin with ease. I could tell what kind of cream it was from the cherry smell.

But she didn't stop there. She wanted to lay claim to all of my backside, and my ass was fully exposed since I'd pulled my pants down my thighs. Normally, she was a bit squeamish about playing with my anus unless she was wearing a glove. I found out why she'd briefly left the couch, because I felt gloved fingers starting to explore my ass crack!

It wasn't long before she'd homed in on my anus, even as she continued to slide her creamed-up tits against my bare back. Luckily, she only poked into it a little bit, because I knew from experience that if she stimulated my prostate for very long, I was helpless to stop myself from cumming fast!

Eventually, Bethany pulled away from me entirely and sat back to show herself off. In doing so, she was able to look past me, over at my mother. She obviously had to have noticed that Mommy was topless and sliding her massive tits all over my back, if she hadn't realized it already, but she showed no sign of minding that at all. In fact, she gave her a big smile.

But Mommy seemed abashed. She said, "Um, Bethany, I hope you don't mind, but I got too excited from just watching. I figured I could help out a little. Is that okay with you?"

"Oh, sure!" Bethany said breezily. "I can't see much. What are you doing to him back there?"

"I've got a glove on one hand and I'm poking into his anus a little bit."

"Oooh! Kinky! I like it!" Bethany's smile was a mile wide.

Then my "new girlfriend" repositioned a little bit, causing me to pay more attention to her body.

Seeing I was looking at her chest, she said, "Brian, you probably noticed that I went through a little... growth spurt." She gestured to her huge bare breasts, then pushed those globes in from the sides. "When I first met you three months ago, I was still a F-cup. Remember? You saw them!" She giggled.

My hard-on was tingling with pleasure as I fondly recalled that time.

She commented, "Well, they are bigger now. Not nearly as big as your little Mommy's gigantic breasts, mind you." She looked past me and smiled warmly at her.

Mommy smiled back, but modestly didn't say anything. However, seeing that my privates were currently completely untouched, she reached around my upper torso with her un-gloved hand and took over jacking me off.

A few seconds later, she remembered to ask, "Um, Bethany, is this okay? I don't want to take over your date. But I'm thinking he can enjoy looking at your impressive tits more this way."

"No, it's fine," Bethany replied. "I appreciate it. And it's exactly what a good sex toy mommy should do."

Bethany stretched her arms up high, to show off her boobs in a different way. "But still, I'll immodestly say mine are really big for a girl my age. Well, any age, for that matter. I know how much you love big tits, so I hope that makes me the kind of girl you're looking for."

She lowered her hands and used them to cup her tits from below. "Brian, I'm a G-cup now! 32-G! I have this pretty thin torso..." - she shook her chest for emphasis - "...and these improbable G-cup breasts. Does my body please you?!"

I couldn't stop myself from gushing, "Oh, for sure! You're like my ideal dream girl!"

"Really?!"

"Really!"

She sighed with great relief. "Do I have the kind of body that's worthy of being your long-term girlfriend?"

I didn't even hesitate. "For sure!"

She let out another relieved sigh. "Thank God you said that! I've been so worried!"

"What? Why?" I couldn't understand why she'd have any doubts about her looks. She could stand toe to toe with any Playboy centerfold, without any exaggeration.

She flopped her hands up and down in frustration, causing her massive globes to rise and fall too. "Look at your mommy! I may be a 'perfect ten,' but if I am, then she's a '20'! I can't compete with her in any way. I feel so unworthy!"

"No, you can't," I started to say.

She looked crestfallen.

But I hastened to add, "But you don't have to! This isn't a competition. You're totally sexy and amazing, but in a different way. It's not all about sizes and measurements. I remember you saying that, as part of your job, you've come across penises that are even bigger and thicker than mine. So why not just date the guy with the biggest penis you can find?"

"That would be stupid," she started to say.

I cut in, "Yeah, it would. You see? So don't worry about breast size or anything else. Your tits are in my Goldilocks zone: not too big, not too small, but just right for me. Mommy's are too. End of story. I like you as a person too and I think we naturally click. I believe the more we get to know each other, the more we'll like. So yeah, you're totally potential long-term girlfriend material."

It seemed I'd said the exact right thing. She squealed and clapped her hands. Her smiling face beamed like a searchlight. "Oh, Brian! That makes me so happy!"

She threw herself at me. We hugged and shared an extra hot and electric French kiss. As we did that, she seemed to make a point of rubbing her bare tits up and down against my chest.

At some point during our necking, her hand went down to my crotch and she discovered Mommy's hand was still there and still stroking up around my cockhead. She just lowered her hand a bit more and did her best to slide her fingers all over the lower half of my shaft.

I was pretty blown away by everything. *Look at me! I'm making out with my dream girl on our first date, while she and my mother jack me off together! And the night is still young!*

Eventually, the kissing ended. It looked like Bethany had something serious to say to me.

Mommy must have sensed that, so she finally withdrew her hand from my boner. But she kept on playing with my ass crack and anus with her gloved hand.

Bethany slid her fingers up and took over rubbing my most sensitive spot just below my cockhead. "I know it's just our first date, but..." She turned her head away and blushed.

I asked more urgently, "What is it, Bethany?"

"It's going to sound silly. I just really, really like you. My mom has told me more about you and your mom than you realize, probably breaking some patient confidentiality rules along the way. But it's just... sometimes you just know when something feels right, you know what I mean? And I'm kind of hoping you'd want to go out with me."

"Aren't we on a date right now?!" I asked in confusion.

"Yes, of course! And it's awesome! Best date ever already, because it's so real. We're letting our lust flow instead of playing mind games and beating around the bush. There's no BS about 'equality' and 'fairness.' Your eyes tell me that I'd damn well better do a good job serving and pleasuring your cock, even if it takes all evening, and that's exactly how I want all our dates to go. But I'm talking about something much more serious than just dating around."

She blushed cutely, even as she leaned back to better show off her enormous tits. She shyly looked down at her fingers slipping and sliding on my hot pole. "I'm thinking, like, um... if you'll be my steady boyfriend... If you are, I'm totally ready to pledge myself to you!"

I heard my mother behind me squeal. She had her huge tits on my back already, obviously, but she leaned up until her mouth was right next to one of my ears. She quietly whispered in my ear, "I knew it! Oh Sweetie, I'm so proud of you! You're such a lucky boy! Please do tell her 'yes!'"

I didn't need Mommy to prod me, since it was such a no-brainer. Bethany was awesome, in all sorts of ways! I exclaimed, "I would love that!"

Bethany leaped in her seat a little, her huge breasts bouncing as she did. "Yeay!" She let go of my cock and wrapped her arms around my back so we could hug and kiss some more. My chest was enveloped by her soft tit-flesh.

Chapter 21

However, my mother spoke up. "Wait!"

Bethany broke the hug and sat back in confusion.

Mommy took her glove off, then reached around my torso until both of her hands were on my boner. As her fingers started sliding up and down it, she rested her chin on one of my shoulders, allowing her to make eye contact with Bethany.

She said, "Bethany, before you go to the next level, are you fully willing to share him in every way?"

"Yes, of course!"

Mommy added, "As his mother, I consider myself his number one slut. Always. Forever. Can you handle that too?"

"Sure! That's how I see it too. You two have a very special thing going on. I just want to be a part of it."

As Mommy continued to ostentatiously stroke my erection, she said, "And I assume you understand it won't be a typical boyfriend-girlfriend relationship. You'll need to be totally loyal to him, including not touching any strange cocks at work anymore. You shouldn't even kiss or hug another man. Your body belongs to Brian, period! Meanwhile, he can play with or even fuck whomever he wants!"

I stiffened up. I thought Mommy had gone too far.

But Bethany was still unfazed. "Of course to all that too! I'm so glad you said that, because that's how I've always envisioned my dream man. In fact, I wouldn't have it any other way, including having to share him with you and with other hot sluts. If he's not the dominant sort of man who knows how to keep me in my place, he's not the guy I'm looking for."

Mommy smiled from ear to ear.

Something occurred to me. "Oh shit!" I blurted out.

"What?" Bethany and Mommy asked at the same time.

I explained to Bethany, "I've been meaning to tell you since our date started, but I got distracted and forgot. As I was getting ready to leave your mom's office today, I ran into Rebecca in the hallway. She said she wanted to give me a good-bye kiss. Well, one thing led to another and... um... she, uh, lost all her clothes, and. uh... and she kind of ended up sucking my cock. A lot. Until I came on her face." I lowered my head like a convict facing the hangman.

Bethany frowned and waited for more. "So... what? Is that it?"

"Isn't that enough?!" I sadly asked. I hardly even noticed how Mommy was still stroking my boner with two hands. "Oh, and she titfucked me too, for even longer."

"What's the problem?" Bethany asked me, still confused. "I already knew she had given you two handjob, though sadly not all the way to completion."

"Yeah, but that kinda felt just like playing around. Ya know? This felt different, really different. For one thing, both of those previous times were brief, but this was, like, way longer. The better part of an hour, even. And it was really emotionally intense."

Bethany broke into a huge smile. She truly looked overjoyed. "I think that's GREAT!"

"You do?!" I was genuinely baffled.

"Sure! Well, not if it's just anybody. I assume you have some standards. But Rebecca? Wow! That's really great news for her!" She stared off into space, probably imagining what Rebecca did to me. "By any chance... did she suck you and titfuck you while she was completely naked?"

"Yes."

"Except for her high heels?!" The excitement in her voice was rising.

"Yes."

"And were you wearing clothes?"

"Um, I had a shirt on, so yeah, I guess."

She squealed with glee. "And were you standing while she knelt in submission before you the entire time?!"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

Mommy and Bethany looked at each other like I'd just announced they were co-lottery winners. Mommy briefly took a hand from stroking my cock to high-five my new girlfriend. They even let out some whoops and hollers.

I had to chuckle at their extreme reaction. I wanted to ask what they were so excited about, but I decided that silence was more prudent.

Despite my silence, Bethany could see from my face I looked somewhat confused. She explained, "I know it may seem strange to you, but that's fantastic news on all sorts of levels! For one thing, that's the ULTIMATE way to serve cock! I'm so psyched her first real sexual experience was so perfect, and it was with you! I'm sure she'll be imprinted on you in a big way from now on, which is awesome!"

Mommy and Bethany shared another high-five. Then Mommy resumed her wrap-around handjob.

I thought, "*Imprinted?!?*"

Before I could think that through, Bethany went on, "But also, my mom and I, we've been trying every trick in the book to get her over her hump so she can fully cuckold her hubby in reality and not just in fantasies. You know about that stuff, don't you?"

"Yeah, I think she told me the basics." I felt my heart race faster as I recalled seeing Rebecca's shining gold wedding ring on the hand of hers that had happened to be jacking me off at the time.

That reminded me to look down at Mommy's two stroking hands. *Jesus! I'm so fucking horny! I could cum at any time. This whole conversation and situation is surreal!*

Bethany nodded firmly. "Good. I already knew how she'd started the hello and good-bye kissing with you. She asked for my permission for that because she knew my feelings for you and, of course I said yes. I thought it was totally cute, and a really positive step for her. And I was even more psyched when she got to jack you off a little bit those two times. But this is a waaaay bigger step! Sucking your cock is like... a religious experience! Sorry if that sounds corny, but I don't know how else to put it. 'Transformative,' maybe. There's no going back for her now!"

Mommy chimed in, "You nailed it on the head. My son is modest, or maybe he just doesn't understand his effect on women. I was there, and I saw it all. It's even better than you think. Rebecca didn't just suck his cock; she WORSHIPPED it, for nearly an hour! Tears were streaming down her face nearly the entire time! Tears of joy AND struggle! She even admitted later that there was no going back. She considers him his bull now, even though he doesn't."

"Oh, WOW!" Bethany exclaimed with wide eyes and even a wide open mouth. It took her a long moment before she recovered enough to speak some more. "That is big news! Really big news! That's even better! Way better!"

I was incredulous, both about Bethany's attitude and Mommy's shocking claim that Rebecca considered me her "bull" now. "Are you serious?! We were just talking about going steady!"

Bethany corrected me, "No, I said 'I'm totally ready to pledge myself to you.' ME to YOU. Not you to me! That would be silly! You're a total fucking stud! Like your mommy told me a few minutes ago, 'You'll need to be totally loyal to him, including not touching any strange cocks at work anymore. You shouldn't even kiss or hug another man. Your body belongs to Brian, period! Meanwhile, he can play with or even fuck whomever he wants!' Don't worry, I've memorized every word."

"And you'd agree to that?!"

"Of course! I told you I wouldn't have it any other way! God, if you insisted on some sort of going-steady-both-ways bullshit, then I'd know I was all wrong about you and you're not the man for me. I need a man who's going to put me in my place, every single day! Including by making me burn with jealousy when he fucks other hotties. I want to be part of the fuck toy or sex pet lifestyle, just like your mom! Exactly like her, in fact!"

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I decided I'd better stay silent before I said something to fuck things up.

I must admit her extreme submissiveness turned me on a big way though. It seemed too good to be true. She was like a luscious fruit ripe for the picking.

Mommy took a hand off my hard-on and reached out for Bethany.

Bethany took that hand and tightly clasped it. Apparently, the two of them shared a moment.

Then Bethany let go. But her hand was newly wet from having held Mommy's pre-cum soaked hand. She brought

her wet fingers to her mouth and sensually sucked them clean, one by one, while staring intently into my eyes.

Mommy saw all that. As she continued to slide both her hands up and my throbbing boner, she quietly whispered into my ear from behind, "She's the one, Son! Trust me, she's the one I most want to share you with. You can't do better!"

I didn't reply to that, but it was easy to see why she felt that way. They clearly were of the same mind when it came to their sexually submissive beliefs. There was no way Bethany could be putting on an act about this, especially since Dr. Morgan was her mother and she worked at the clinic.

I finally gathered my wits enough to ask my new girlfriend, "So you wouldn't mind if I keep having sexual fun with Rebecca?"

Bethany seemed almost confused by the question. "'Mind?!' Of course I don't mind! What you told me about her is great news, because not only is that a breakthrough for her and her cucky hubby, but she and I will be able to share you and have so much fun together! She's one of my favorite people, and I'm sure she'll be a worthy slut for you. I can't wait to feel her tongue sliding alongside mine as we lick your cock as if we're one! It'll be a great bonding experience, every single time!"

I felt woozy thinking about Rebecca and Bethany licking my shaft together. How much better could life get?!

Mommy's head was resting on one of my shoulders. I heard her moan in lusty approval. She even sensually licked one of my ears (while continuing to jack me off, of course).

I had to ask Bethany, "But how far does this attitude of yours go? What if I seriously want to seduce other women too?! For real?!"

She shrugged. "That's above my pay grade. That's YOUR prerogative, and I can't say no. I'm just one of your sex pets. Or at least I will be, if you want me. You're the stud. As your mommy said, you get to fuck whomever you want. I just hope that you and I will really get along and get closer and closer, so you'll want to spend most of your free time and your precious cum with me. Well, me and your mommy, of course."

She bit her lip, and then plunged ahead. "I'm rashly putting all my cards on the table, but here it goes: my big dream is that, if all goes well, your mommy will be your number one fuck toy, and I'll be your number two! And not just for a month or a year, but maybe forever!"

Her face turned red from saying that. Having confessed that much, she bashfully added, "I'm the kind of girl who wants to pledge herself to just one guy. That's why I've been waiting and waiting. Now that I've found you, if you want me, I can't imagine ever betraying you or leaving you. Those aren't the values my mom taught me. A sex pet's loyalty to her man is absolute!"

Mommy was still erotically licking one of my ears. As she did so, she quietly whispered into it, "Gosh! This is some first date, isn't it?! Son, just look at her! She's a keeper!"

I took a good look at Bethany, from the top of her head down to her tottering red high heels. She was still dressed from the waist down, which was rather odd given everything that had happened on our date already. But that just directed more of my attention to her awesome bare G-cups.

Seeing that I was staring at her chest, she cupped her knockers from below and hefted them up and out seductively. At the same time, she shyly bit her lower lip.

I thought, *Best first date ever! And it's just started. Whoa! I'm really in the driver's seat here. Of course I love it all! But it's all TOO easy. I need to be careful and ask questions to make sure I get the best deal without any misunderstandings.*

I asked, "What if Rebecca wants to be my number two?"

Bethany shrugged that off, even as she started temptingly sliding her massive orbs against each other. "She can't. She's married. If you're her bull and she's your secret mistress, that's cool with me. I figure you'll be fucking around a lot regardless, because studs like you love to spread their seed. If you're going to fuck anyone else, not counting your mom, I'd rather it be her than anybody else. So it's win-win for all of us!"

Then she had another thought, and added, "But, once I pledge myself to you, it doesn't really matter what I want. A sex pet can't make any demands on her master. If you decide Rebecca is your number two, I'll just have to try that much harder every day to love you and serve you!"

Those words shook me to the core, especially because I could tell she was completely sincere. *Holy hell! Her mother has fully indoctrinated her into this mindset, and I'm the beneficiary!*

Mommy still had her bare tits on my back and her two hands on my cock. She'd been going slow with stroking my boner because all her attention was on the conversation. She leaned in closer to my ear which she was sometimes licking. "Son, if you don't tell her right now that, yes, you'll accept her pledge to you, then you're the biggest fool in the world! She's perfect! I love her! Say yes, or I'll kill you!"

Obviously, the "kill you" was a joke, but it was a sign of the strength of her feelings.

I was about to fall over myself in my eagerness to tell Bethany yes, but then I had a better idea. I remembered how she wanted a dominant man. I needed to assert myself more.

So I told Bethany, "I'm definitely intrigued by your offer. But before I agree, I need you to prove yourself a little more. For starters, what are you doing still wearing any clothes at all? I like my sluts buck naked."

She looked down at her own body and saw her miniskirt still around her waist. She seemed aghast. "Oh my God! I'm so sorry!" She started to quickly yank it down.

But I said, "Whoa! What's the rush? A good slut doesn't undress in front of her man; she strips."

I didn't know where my sexual confidence to say that sort of thing was coming from, but I liked it a lot. I guess all the daily sex with Mommy was changing me.

Bethany took a deep breath, and realized she was rushing things too much. Her mood changed to seductive. She smiled with lusty desire. She put her hands on her hips, and flipped the front of her skirt up. "Look! No panties! And see how wet I am?!"

Sure enough, there were rivulets of cum dripping down her inner thighs, nearly to her knees! Plus, her pink pussy lips were swollen and soaked.

Mommy switched to resting her head on my other shoulder, probably so my other ear could get equal time with her sexy licking. She quietly whispered in that ear as she started to lick it, "Son, that cunt belongs to you now! It's YOURS! Maybe forever! I hope you give it a good, solid fucking tonight. Make her beg for mercy AND beg for more! Then it really will be yours forever! And she will be too!"

Those words gave me such a rush that I unexpectedly started to cum! I hadn't even realized I was that close to the edge, since there wasn't that much "action" going on compared to what I was used to, but the overall situation was just too arousing.

Luckily, Mommy was one step ahead. She firmly grasped the base of my shaft and squeezed it tightly until my urge to cum passed. Then, after only a brief pause, she resumed jacking me off and licking my ear. But she stroked me at a much slower pace, knowing I'd need to recover a bit after that close call.

I doubt Bethany even noticed my near "accident," because she was really getting into taking her miniskirt off. She slowly slid it down her hips. She bent over lewdly as it reached her knees, causing her huge tits to droop forward dramatically.

I continued to watch her sexy striptease until the miniskirt was all the way off and tossed aside. She stood back up, making sure to spread her legs straight and wide. She even pinned both hands behind her head and arched her back to highlight her round G-cups.

My jaw hung open in amazement. *WHOA! Just look at her! My own young submissive centerfold! What a firm, flawless body. Yet so curvy. She's a living dream!*

As she maintained that obscene pose, she said, "Aaaah! Brian, this is EXACTLY how I was hoping our date would go so far. I've been dreaming and masturbating about this, every night for weeks! The details are a little different, but the overall thrust is the same. I knew I'd end up naked and helpless, standing for inspection when your mommy jacks you off, and that's EXACTLY what's happening right now! I'm so HOT and WET! You don't even know!"

Mommy teased her, while licking my ear, "So... better than your last boyfriend?"

Bethany snorted with derision. "Please! Don't even remind me! He'd be totally freaked out if I acted like this. But Brian, he expects it and even demands it. That makes all the difference!"

Somehow, she stiffened up more proudly while maintaining that outrageous pose. "Okay, Brian. Do you have more questions for me?"

I scrambled to come up with something. I wanted to project the aura of dominance she craved. But it was hard to think, especially after my orgasmic close call, and Mommy's continued stroking of my hot shaft.

Luckily, I managed to say, "Yes, I do. How do I know you're really all you say you are? For instance, when it comes

to cocksucking, are you just a long-tongued wonder, or do you have what it takes to go the distance?"

She stiffened up, arching her back to better thrust her tits forward. She also lowered her arms and resumed holding them from below and slowly rubbing them together. "I have what it takes! I promise! You'll see! I'm been practicing and dreaming. I want to be just like your mommy: the perfect sex toy!"

She certainly looked the part, especially with her legs spread out straight and wide on her high heels, like she was on the verge of doing the splits. I could see how hot and bothered she was by the fresh cum leaking from her pussy, even though there was no touching there. Her face was blushing red, and I surmised she got off in a big way from the humiliation of being "forced" to pose like this.

"That sounds promising," I said, pretending to play hard to get. "But I'll want you to prove your oral skills to me all over again tonight, including your stamina."

She eagerly licked her tongue all the way around her lips. "YESSSS! I can't wait to get started! That's why I said we should skip dinner at a restaurant. I want to spend the whole evening bobbing between your legs!"

My head reeled, because I could tell she was completely sincere. *That's actually going to happen! Right now, tonight! Fuck me!*

But I remembered I needed to play hard to get, to strike a better deal. So I just nodded knowingly, and went on, "Also, I haven't fucked you yet. We might not even be a good match that way. Hell, my cock might not even fit. I'm willing to call you my girlfriend now. One of them, at any rate. But before I make a deeper commitment, we need to make sure we're fully sexually compatible. I'm hypersexual, you know. I have big needs."

I had a gut feeling that I'd said the right thing. She seemed impressed by my restraint, almost in awe. I could see a new determination in her eyes. She was going to redouble her efforts to please me!

She said, "That sounds fair. In fact, now that you put it that way, I totally agree. But don't worry, I WILL rock your world! You'll see! I'm going to make you proud to call me one of your fuck toys!"

She pinned her hands behind her head again, apparently because she felt even more submissive that way.

I was surprised that my mother was staying silent. I took that as a sign that I was on the right track and she didn't feel the need to correct me. I also sensed that my words aroused her, because she began stroking my hard-on with both hands in a much more active way, as well as lapping on and around my ear.

Bethany leaned in towards me and puckered her lips. "Brian, would you kiss me now?"

I leaned in too.

She finally had to break her splayed out pose and step closer so we could make out.

I began to hug and kiss my busty and nude new girlfriend. Thanks to her high heels, her lips were at about the same level as mine, which made necking easy.

She took one of my hands and placed it beneath one of her large tits. She non-verbally encouraged me to squeeze it.

I resumed feeling her up while we made out. I even diddled her clit some with my other hand.

Meanwhile, my mother let go of my boner and pulled both of her hands away from my crotch. She even backed off from me entirely, taking her soft tits from my back.

That surprised me, because I could sense she was hot to trot, thanks to seeing the start of Bethany's enthusiastic submission to me.

But she wasn't done with my cock, not by a long shot. She quietly got down on her knees in front of me, right between my legs.

Bethany had to break off making out with me to make way. Surprisingly, she didn't seem upset. She didn't even stop smiling.

I hadn't been able to see much of Mommy's body for a good while, since she'd been sitting directly behind me. I looked down and was startled to see that not only had she gotten topless, she'd gotten bottomless too! All she had on were her high heels. That made my heart thump a lot harder and faster.

She reached up and began tugging my pants further down my legs.

Realizing what she was doing, I shuddered with lusty need. I was rather amazed I still had the pants on me at all.

Bethany stopped in closer, so her legs were up against Mommy's back. She put her hands on my shoulders and smiled. "Looks like your Mommy is taking your pants all the way off. I guess that means I'm going to get to see

another woman suck your cock on our first date!"

My mother pulled my underwear off while piping up in a little-girl voice, "That's right! Son, Mommy is going to suck on your cock while you kiss Bethany. Oh, I should ask."

She looked to Bethany. "Is it okay if I suckle on my baby's cock while you two make out? I'm just so horny, it's all I can think about!"

"Of course, Mary," Bethany said happily. Again, there was no sign of jealousy or even annoyance. She leaned down slightly and grasped my cock with one hand. She wiggled the rock-hard cock toward Mommy's face, encouraging her to put it in her mouth.

As she dangled my erection there temptingly for her, she said, "I wouldn't have it any other way! It feels so good and so right that my new boyfriend is putting me in my place right from the very start! I still haven't been able to suck his cock tonight AT ALL, but I've gotta watch you do it instead! Even though I've put my heart on the line and fully submitted myself to him, I'm STILL denied! God, that's so fucking HOT!"

Mommy moaned erotically, like she was getting fucked. "Mmmm! It is! Girl, I love the way you think! I can already tell we're going to make a great team! I can hardly wait until we're lapping on it together all the time, our faces sticky with his pearly goo! There's just SO MUCH COCK for us to please. I swear, it never gets flaccid!"

Mommy leaned her head in closer and began to lick just the tip of my fat knob.

Bethany groaned in frustration while still holding and stroking my shaft. "Ooooh! Mommy, please, don't be a tease! You can do better than that! Suck him deep and hard! With lots of suction and lewd noises! Please!"

I was so overcome by lust that it was a wonder I somehow caught the fact that Bethany had called my mother "Mommy" instead of "Mary," probably for the first time. Just hearing that sent shivers down my spine.

My sex pet mommy still took her time, despite Bethany imploring her. She swirled her tongue all the way around my cockhead several times before she finally slid the tip into her mouth.

Bethany practically cried in frustration, "What are you waiting for?! Take him deeper, please! Take it all! I want to hear you choke and gag, like a true shameless slut! Show him that serving his cock is the most important thing in your world!"

Perhaps those words made Mommy impatient, because she suddenly engulfed all of my cockhead and then some.

Bethany shrieked like she was watching someone score the winning goal in a playoff game as time ran out. "YES! YESSSSSS! Fucking finally! Gaawwwd, how I wish that was my mouth getting fucking stuffed to the brim!"

I was bursting with confidence. I told her firmly, "Your turn will come soon."

Apparently, those simple words pushed Bethany over the edge. She frantically reached to her bare pussy mound (located directly behind Mommy's head) and urgently rubbed her wet labia and clit. She started cumming, causing her to scream and squeal some more.

I lost track of Mommy for a minute while I watched Bethany's body shiver and writhe through her orgasm. I also had fun heightening my girlfriend's arousal by twisting her nipples. However, I definitely was enjoying my mother's oral talents as she went to town bobbing on my shaft.

When I finally looked back down at my busty bombshell of a mother, I saw her eyes looking up longingly at my face. Her head was twisting this way and that as well as sliding forward and back, since she was varying her movements along with her tongue work, like the serious cocksucking expert that she had become in recent months.

Luckily, I had "trained" with her. I had essentially gotten to be an expert in getting my cock sucked. I could handle a great amount of stimulation without having to cum. But I knew I was going to be repeatedly pushed to my limits tonight.

I looked beyond Mommy to inspect Bethany as well as I could. Once again, I took note of her shiny red high heels spread wide of either side of Mommy. I was secretly amused that they were now "dressed" in identical "outfits," since red-colored high heels were the only things both of them had on after losing all their clothes.

Seeing that I was looking back in her direction, she stretched and preened provocatively. Then, since she was within easy reach of me, she began to run her hands across my chest and kiss the side of my face.

All the while, my own mother continued to use a great amount of suction on my rock-hard pole.

"Aaaah!" Bethany purred, as I fondled her ass with one hand and one of her massive tits with the other. "It feels so good to be naked and fondled! THIS is what I've been dreaming about, ever since I first sucked you three months

ago: teaming up with your mommy to serve your cock, the perfect cock, together!"

I asked, "Really? Mommy figured in your dreams?"

"Oh, for sure! The way I see it, you two are an inseparable pair. I want to be a part of the special thing you share, to ride that wave. I think I told you that half of the reason I've fallen for you so hard and so fast is seeing how you took ownership of your mommy from the very start. You're a natural! That's how I'm feeling now: OWNED! Owned by the guy I'm meant to serve! It's soooo good!"

She tilted her head way back, apparently luxuriating in the way I was fondling her tits and ass at once.

I was so blown away by her comments that I didn't know what to say.

Luckily, my silence only impressed her more!

She wiggled her ass as I firmly gripped it. "This is what I've been missing with all my lame boyfriends. They tried to be all macho and manly, but they didn't get it. No doubt, they'd try to say something tough, like, 'You'd better believe it, bitch.' Their efforts to impress me were just pathetic. But you, you own me without even trying! You say more than they ever could by staying silent, taking your control over me as a given! It's just in you, like an inner fire!"

I had no idea what she meant by that "inner fire." I didn't even know what to do to encourage that impression. I decided, *I'd better simply keep being myself, because whatever I'm doing, it sure as hell is working!*

She and I began to make out again. I used all my willpower not to blow a wad into the mouth of my hugely busty mother, who was performing some great tongue work while wiggling her horny little body beneath me.

After a moment or two of this, with my mother still fervently sucking my cock, Bethany withdrew her face from mine and suddenly looked just a little shy.

"What is it, Bethany?" I asked, noting to myself how bizarre it was to have a conversation with my naked, stacked girlfriend while my naked and even more busty mother kept on expertly sucking my cock.

I realized I still had my dress shirt on, hanging up around my armpits. I pulled it down in order to unbutton it all the way.

She looked down at my mother's bobbing head. "I don't know how to say this. I don't want to sound greedy or demanding. But... I just want to suck your cock so very, very, very, very much! Seeing and hearing your mommy do it so enthusiastically is driving me to the point of true insanity!"

"In general?" I asked.

"In general, yeah, that too, but I'm talking about my need to cram it in my mouth this very instant! I can't stop salivating and licking my lips. It's a real problem. Can I pleeeeeeasse have a turn?! Please?!"

She brought her hands to her huge tits and folded them in a begging pose. "I promise, I'll be soooo good to you! Ever since the first time I saw you, when I got to suck you a little bit, I've been thinking and dreaming about all the things my tongue and lips could do to your thick pole! Please?! I know I'm not as talented a sucking slut as your mommy is, but I just need it so much! I'm begging you!"

I was so overjoyed that I felt I could truly fly. *I'm the king of the world! Bethany, my dream angel, is standing naked before me and literally BEGGING to suck my cock! How can I say no to that?! This is crazy! I'm so unworthy of her. But it's happening! I need it too!*

But, then again, playing aloof and hard to get seems to be a winning strategy. And Mommy is really outdoing herself. Hmmm... Oh! I know! I'll split the difference!

I said, "I'll tell you what. Since this technically is your date, it's not fair if Mommy monopolizes my cock all evening long. But it would be rude to interrupt her at this point. What if you two share my cock for a while, kneeling side by side between my legs?"

She brought her hands to the sides of her head and clutched tightly as she screamed and shook her head. "AAAAAIIIIIIIIII!"

"What?" I asked when she'd at least stopped screaming.

"It's just... that's even better! You have no idea how often I masturbate while thinking about that very thing! That's my favorite fantasy, your mommy and me kneeling naked between your legs and pleasuring your cock as a team! When I dream about being owned by you, this is always what comes to mind, what we'll do the most! And now, it's all coming true!"

She shook her head some more while still clutching the sides with both hands. She squealed some more too.

Then she looked down at Mommy's head in my crotch. She practically yelled, "Just look at you! You're casually talking to me about this while she's fucking blowing you like she's some kind of fucking demoness or succubus, out to steal your soul! She's so great! But you're cool as a cucumber! Do you know how that makes me feel?!"

I grinned, and guessed, "Horny?"

"Hell, yeah!" She lowered her hands and seemingly took some deep, slow breaths, just to calm down.

Then she added, "This is what my mom talked about to me for so many years, the joy of submission and service. I've seen so many sexy sluts come through Mom's office with that special look in their eyes. And now it's finally MY turn!"

I felt shivers race down my spine, because her enthusiasm was so powerful and genuine. I just hoped I could hold up my end of her fantasy. I asked, "Will this be the first time you've ever shared a cock?"

"For sure! I've SEEN it lots of times. You'd be surprised how many of my mom's patients end up in threesomes or foursomes or the like. Usually not at first, but after a year or two, it's the usual pattern. For instance, sons with mommy pets almost always end up getting serious girlfriends, just like what's happening with you and me. So my mom has them all come in later in the therapy process and helps them learn to get along and share their master's cock harmoniously. So yeah, I've seen a ton of it, and it's almost become my ultimate fantasy! That alone is why I can never go normal."

""Normal?""

"You know, outside people. In other words, dating guys who aren't my mom's patients at some point. But 'the real world' is so fucking boring! Nobody, absolutely nobody, is in a genuine, lasting threesome out there. And all the so-called 'dominants' do it all wrong. They think acting like an asshole makes you a man."

Chapter 22

Bethany started to scramble off the couch. "I need to shut up. I'm rambling. Make me stop talking already so I can get in position to SUCK!"

I didn't have to make her do anything, because Mommy was listening and she was already making room for Bethany to kneel right next to her.

I swear, my heart stopped beating for what felt like a minute while I watched Mommy and Bethany press their busty, nude, and ridiculously fit and curvy bodies together side by side in preparation of sharing my cock!

Mommy pulled her lips off and pointed my cock towards Bethany's face. "Here, quick! Talk later. You need this!"

Bethany ravenously gobbled up my cockhead until she had all of it plus an extra inch or two in her mouth. She immediately began swirling her exceptionally long tongue against it inside her mouth. Then she added her sliding lips, with an almost painfully tight lip-lock, and extra suction.

Mommy saw all that, and exclaimed, "You GO, girl! Wow! Impressive!" Seeing that Bethany wasn't using her hands, she said, "If you don't mind, I'm gonna hold it and take care of the rest."

Bethany gave her the thumbs up sign, since she was unable to talk.

I thought back to the trouble Rebecca had initially with my thickness. Bethany wasn't having that trouble at all. She was going at it like a pro, right from the very start. Not surprisingly, it felt incredible!

Mommy tilted her head down and started by licking and fondling my balls. But she could talk while licking, so she said to Bethany, "Girl, I told you before I really, really like you. But I changed my mind... I think I'm falling in love!"

Bethany's lips froze when Mommy said "I changed my mind," then burst into relieved, muffled laughter when she finished her sentence. Her eyes sparkled with delight as she gleefully resumed her slurpy sucking.

Mommy went on, "Unless you're putting on an Oscar-worthy pretend performance, you're EXACTLY the kind of girl I want my son to date! So many girls your age are high maintenance drama queens. They demand 'balance,' like 'I won't suck your cock if you don't lick my pussy.' But look at you! You understand a good girl serves her man unquestioningly! You know the greatest joy a busty beauty can enjoy is the pleasure of being OWNED!"

"MMMMMMMM!" Bethany emphatically agreed.

Mommy went on, "More than that, I'm impressed at how well you're bobbing on him. You've been practicing a lot, haven't you?"

Bethany nodded emphatically. But she also flopped her hands up and down in the air, frustrated that she couldn't explain things clearly.

Luckily, Mommy understood her well. "Don't worry, I know you're not talking about practicing on other cocks. That would be disloyal, ever since you decided in your heart that Brian is the one. I'll bet you've been practicing with your mother's help, using a fat dildo so you'd get used to his thickness. Am I right?"

Bethany nodded emphatically, even as she kept on sucking me with caved-in cheeks.

Mommy went on with renewed passion, "Show him! Show him what you've learned! Show him that you'll make a good sex pet. That you're worthy of his cock! That you're the best of the best! Then we'll get to share him every night!"

"MMMMMMMM!" Bethany agreed again, possibly even more forcefully than before.

The talking died out after that. Mommy was the one of them who could talk to begin with, and it seemed she wanted to stay silent so Bethany could prove herself without distractions.

And, man oh man, did Bethany prove herself! I can't even begin to describe the things she did to me with her mouth! She was a relentless demoness! Plus, Mommy was always right there, assisting with her hands and mouth, usually focusing on my balls.

My new girlfriend orally monopolized my cock for the next ten minutes. She played my raging erection like a fiddle, steadily working me up into a lather until I was helpless to resist the urge to cum, despite the great stamina I'd build up in the last few months with Mommy.

Sensing the inevitable was imminent, I announced, "I'm ready! I wanna cum on your face!" Then, remembering my

helpful mother, I changed that to, "Both of your faces!"

The two of them sat back and pressed their heads together, until they were literally cheek to cheek. They shut their eyes tight and opened their mouths wide.

I let go with a loud, feral roar. I usually wasn't that vocal, but Bethany's sweet lips and her freakishly long tongue inspired me, taking my pleasure to a rare, lofty plateau.

The rest of my climax was a bit of a blur for me. Chances are, I may have passed out for a few moments. At the very least, I literally saw stars! That was rare, even with Mommy, who had turned cocksucking into both a science and an art. She was still the best, but Bethany was close, and the thrill of the new was an extra kick.

Unfortunately, I was so physically and emotionally overwhelmed that I drifted in and out of consciousness for a little while after that. Sometimes, I could hear joyous female voices, but I wasn't paying enough attention to make out words. On some level, I knew I was missing out on the sight of both Mommy's and Bethany's faces thoroughly splattered with my pearly cum. But I was heartened to think that there would be a lot more of that from now on, maybe even later tonight.

By the time I roused myself enough to sit up and look down, things had changed. Most of the cum on their faces had disappeared. And I could tell where it went, because they were swiping cum gobs off each other's cheeks and chins and then French kissing! There was a lot of hot snowballing going on, for sure! In fact, I surmised they'd been happily doing that for a while, maybe ten minutes or more, judging by the pace of their cum consumption and the fact that their faces were mostly clean.

I was happy to just watch and recover for a while without them realizing I was up and looking. It was a treat to see how much they were enjoying themselves without me having to lift a finger.

I couldn't see much of their gorgeous figures, due to the way they were wedged in between my legs and pressed up near the couch. But I could see enough of their upper bodies to know that they were freely playing with each other's hefty racks too, even though there was no cum-sharing excuse involved there. I'd shot all of my cum just at their faces, since I had two faces to "paint."

I certainly didn't mind watching the mutual tit play. Actually, I loved it. I figured we were a de facto threesome now, so the more intimate they got with each other, the better that would be for all three of us. And the tit fondling sure looked fucking hot! In particular, Bethany seemed to all but worship Mommy's gigantic yet flawless J-cups, and she couldn't keep her hands off them.

I thought, I had no idea Mommy was bisexual before tonight. Actually, she probably wasn't. Maybe she's just got a "Bethany-sexual" exception. Or maybe it's mostly about loving my cum, and the joy of sharing it. It could be. But Bethany's way into it too. I should ask her if she's bisexual. It's funny that I still know so little about her. But sexually, whoa! We're such a match!

What a joke, my pretending that I'm still undecided until we fuck. There's no fucking way I'm not going to accept her pledge to me, even if she has a Venus fly-trap instead of a pussy. She's fucking amazing! Mommy's right: she's the ideal girlfriend. It's true there are lot of girls who even have her looks and maybe even her huge tits, assuming one looked far and wide enough. But how many have her attitude, thanks to her mom's weird, submissive ideas? She can't wait to live the sex pet life! For ME!

That said, I sure as hell am going to fuck her before I tell her the news. Why not fuck her tonight?! I had to wait for what seemed like years to do that with Mommy, but why should I wait another hour with my new girl, if she's willing? And I'm sure she's willing!

After more minutes of cum cleaning and snowballing, Mommy happened to look up and saw my eyes were open. She did a double take, then started blushing in embarrassment as she realized she'd been busted acting in a "lesbian" way.

Before she could get too freaked out about that, I told her, "Hey, there. I've been sitting here and watching. I love what you're doing with each other. It's sexy!"

Bethany was startled too. She immediately took her hands off Mommy's immense tits and tried to disengage completely. However, she couldn't do that, because there wasn't anywhere for her to go unless she tried to stand up, which she didn't. One side of her body was pressed closely against Mommy's side, and there was no wiggle room, due to my legs boxing them in.

A concerned Bethany was the first to regain her voice. She asked, "How long were you watching?!"

"Long enough. I'm making a new rule: Bethany, I don't know what your 'official' status with me is yet, but whatever it is, you're going to be serving my cock a lot. And Mommy will probably be with you most of the time, sharing the fun. Whenever that happens, I expect you to kiss and snowball and generally fondle each other."

Mommy asked me with surprise, "You like that?!"

"Oh, hell yeah! What's not to like?! It brings us all closer together. And if I'm ever in need of having to get erect again, I can't imagine a sight more inspiring!"

Mommy and Bethany both seemed secretly relieved that I wasn't upset. Clearly, they were still feeling their way with their lusty feelings for each other, as well as my feelings about it.

Trying to make light of the situation, Mommy teasingly told me, "I guess we're not very good at that, then, because just look: you're as flaccid as a popped, wrinkled, old balloon."

It was true my penis had gone flaccid. But I could sense that I'd be able to engorge just as soon as I mentally let it happen. I'd been holding back to make sure my penis got a decent rest.

I said, "True, but here's a challenge: I want to see the two of you directly face each other, so you can really get into the tit rubbing and fondling, and even some pussy and ass play, if you want. Then, I want you to take most of what's left on your faces and have a kissing and snowballing extravaganza! Right here between my legs. I guarantee that by the time you're done, my penis will be proudly sticking up like a flagpole."

It took a little more convincing that I actually really wanted them to do that, and that it wasn't somehow "wrong." But, a minute or two later, they got in position and pressed their gigantic bare racks together.

They remained like that for some long moments, hesitant to take the next step. They stalled for time by swiping cum gobs off each other's faces.

Their faces drew closer, but they were still hesitant to go wild right in front of me, now that they knew I was fully awake and aware.

I could see the lust and desire in their eyes as they shared a deep, soulful look.

Bethany spoke up, perhaps to stall for a little more time. "Whoa! Mary, I knew this date night would be epic and wild, but I certainly never expected we'd wind up like this!"

"Me neither," Mary replied. She brought her cum-soaked fingers to Bethany's mouth and slowly fed her.

Bethany sensuously sucked my mother's fingers clean, one by one. It looked even more intimate and sexual than before. It was downright romantic.

Mary asked, "By chance, are you bisexual?"

Bethany waited until she finished sucking the last finger clean before replying, "No. Not at all. Honestly! Well, not before tonight, that is. I wasn't planning it or even hoping for it, but when you kissed me on the lips when I first came in, I dunno... That really triggered something inside me. I'm not into women, but I am into you!"

Mary eagerly replied, "That's EXACTLY how I feel! I'm not bisexual either, not the least little bit. But it's different with you. If my son is too fucking stupid not to accept your offer to be his sex pet, let me know and I think I might take you up on that!"

"Oh my God!"

The two of them shared a delighted giggle.

Then it was Bethany's turn to bring her cum-covered fingers of one hand up to Mommy's mouth. She carefully fed her fingers in, one by one, and Mommy sensuously sucked them clean.

The "come hither" look they were sharing the entire time was seriously intense! I would have been jealous and worried they were falling for each other instead of me, except that I knew better.

Apparently, they kept most of the cum they'd been fed on their tongues. Then they had no choice but to start French kissing, before the cum faded away.

Like the last time they'd Frenched, I obviously couldn't see what was happening inside their mouths, so I could only guess what they were experiencing and feeling with that. But I could see the passion on their faces, as well as the way they finally started rubbing their bare racks together.

I don't know how they could have been any hotter for each other! Clearly, their barriers had come down and they were simply letting their lusty desires run wild.

As the minutes slowly passed, they went from merely rubbing their tits together to fondling them and deliberately handling them in ways meant to arouse. There was a lot of nipple pinching and other nipple play, at least when their nipples weren't pressed deep into another tight tit rubbing.

I couldn't directly see what was happening below breast level, but I doubted I was missing much because both of their hands were generally in view. I figured they probably were still shy about direct pussy play. But hopefully that would come later.

By the five minute mark, my penis had fully revived. I didn't even need to touch it to help it along, because the kissing, snowballing, and tit play was that smoking hot.

I needn't have worried that they would get so into each other that they'd forget me. Mommy soon noticed my erect condition out of the corner of her eye. Without breaking the lip-lock with Bethany, she reached out with one hand to jack me off.

Seconds later, Bethany saw that movement and reached out to help with one of her hands too.

Watching the rest of their little lesbian show was much more enjoyable, once they were stroking my cock in tandem!

By and by, their interest in kissing each other lessened and their interest in my cock increased. Before long, they found themselves directly facing me again. Mommy leaned in first to start lapping on and around my cockhead, and then Bethany did the same.

It seemed obvious that another long double cocksucking session would ensue. I was all on board!

Sure enough, after just a minute or two of their combined licking, Bethany paused and shyly asked Mommy, "Er, uh... Mary... I hope I'm not being too pushy here, but would you mind if I... well... if I monopolize the top half of his yummy cock for the next minute or two? You see, I totally love licking it, but I really, really, REALLY need to suck on it some!"

Mommy chuckled good-naturedly. "Sure thing, sweetie. I can totally relate, because I feel that way nearly all the time. I'll tell you what. You suck him for a minute while I lap around his balls and lower shaft, and continue stroking him too, of course. Then we'll trade places."

Bethany's eyes lit up, as if she'd just been given a million dollars. "Really?!"

"Of course! After all, we're going to be doing that a LOT from now on. Probably every day. So let's get started. And by the way, I appreciate you being polite."

Bethany could only nod in reply to that, because she was so eager that she engulfed my cockhead even more Mommy finished talking.

The resulting bliss I felt was way, way off the charts. Bethany had already shown an ability to suck my cock nearly as good as Mommy's, and she certainly was showing just as much passion and energy, which was saying a lot. But my pleasure was multiplied, because at the same time she slurped and bobbed like her life depended on it, Mommy went to town on my balls with just as much fervor. She didn't just lick them, she took turns sucking them, one by one.

Then, after a few minutes (definitely more than one or two), they finally switched. And the pleasure was just as great with Mommy unleashing her mouth on my cockhead while Bethany took over slurping on my balls!

They switched back and forth like that a few times. I'm not sure how much time passed, because I was transported to some kind of erotic nirvana land. As good as it felt in the here and now, and I was even more jazzed to consider that this almost certainly would become the "new normal" for me! They loved to lick and suck my cock together, and of course I loved being on the receiving end, so why not do it all the time?!

But eventually Bethany had another idea. After her latest turn monopolizing the upper half of my boner, she pulled her head back, wiped the drool from her chin, and looked up at me. "Um, Brian?"

"Yes?" I prodded.

Mommy also stopped sucking and licking my balls and lifted her head to see what was going on. (She and Bethany kept their handjob motion going though.)

Bethany continued, uncertainly, "I know this has been kind of an odd first date, to say the least! I don't know exactly what got us here, but, um... as much as I would love to lick and suck your cock more, a lot more, especially sharing with your mommy... So much more! I sure hope we'll do just that for most of the evening. But first, there's something I want to do even more than that! Something I NEED to do!"

"What's that?" I had no idea.

She seemed to gather her courage, then blurted out, "I really, really want you to fuck me!"

I felt like I'd been slapped upside the head. *What a great idea! Duh! I've been having so much fun getting my dick soaked in their mutual tongue bath that I forgot all about that!*

She looked down at my mother, non-verbally asking for approval.

Mommy stared back at the lovely girl and smiled. Clearly, she was on board.

Bethany gazed up at me beseechingly. "I'm sorry if I seem so demanding tonight, but you've gotta realize I've been fantasizing and dreaming about this for three months now. Dreaming of getting stuffed like a turkey with your big fat cock! I just can't stand it anymore! I want you inside me. No, I NEEEEEED you to take me and claim me as yours! Please?!"

Mommy shook her head in wonder. "Bethany, you continue to amaze. Once he starts fucking you, I'm sure he'll wind up fucking me a lot less. There's only so much stiff cock to go around, even for him. But I actually don't mind, because I just know it in my bones that we're going to have even MORE fun overall by sharing him!"

"Oh, I hope so!" Bethany said earnestly. "That's my big dream. Mom always tells me that you two are like the 'Platonic ideal,' her prize patients. I completely agree. I just want to be part of your special magic."

Mommy told her confidently, "You are already. It's happening here and now. And you're multiplying the magic. Sharing is way better!"

The two of them leaned in and shared another sizzling French kiss.

I was a little impatient to get fucking, now that Bethany had brought it up, but I was okay with waiting.

Luckily, they didn't kiss long. Apparently, they were keen for the fucking to begin too.

The three of us had been in the front living room even since Bethany's date had begun. We'd hardly moved from within arms-length of the couch. But we finally got up and moved together to Mommy's bedroom. That's where I slept with her each night these days, since it had a much bigger bed.

A couple of minutes later, we were repositioned. I laid in the middle of the bed, face up and with my legs splayed out wide.

Bethany was sitting up on me. She had requested that we fuck in the "cowgirl" position for our very first time, so she could control the speed of the insertion. I was fine with that. To me, any position would be great.

Mommy laid to the side with her face near the joining of our crotches, so she could have a "front row seat" to the action.

Mommy positioned my cock to point straight upwards, as if to beckon Bethany to impale herself on it.

Just as we were about to get started, Bethany asked me, "So... have you fucked Rebecca yet?"

"What?!" I was startled.

"Didn't you hear me? I'm curious if you've plowed her married pussy yet."

I was incredulous. "What kind of time is it to ask that question?!"

"Sorry. I'm just curious. I'm kind of hoping that you'll say yes. I think it's super hot that you're making her one of your sluts! But I also feel jealous. But the jealousy makes me even MORE aroused somehow! Like, like... you can fuck whomever you want and I can't stop you!"

I reluctantly told her, "Like I told you, she sucked me off and also titfucked me today. But that's it."

"Oh." There was a pause as Bethany pondered that. "So... does that mean I'm going to be your second, after your Mommy?"

"Yes."

"Cool!" Her face lit up with joy.

Mommy reached over and squeezed her hand. They shared some kind of moment as they smiled at each other.

Then, without further comment, Bethany swung her naked body over mine. Her huge breasts wobbling right in front of my face as she did. Without waiting, she slowly lowered herself down onto my massive erection.

But, just as her pussy lips made contact with my cockhead, she froze. It seemed her body was suspended in mid-air

in a difficult pose, but that's how she stayed. She said, "Um... before we go any further, there's something you both need to know: I'm a virgin!"

"WHAAAAT?!" I sat up and did a double take, my head snapping back and forth like a comic book character.

Mommy was nearly as shocked. She slapped hands on her cheeks and her jaw hung open wide.

There was a long silence. Bethany shifted positions slightly to get more comfortable. She knew we'd have to talk this out first.

I asked, "Are you serious?!"

"Why would I lie?! I'm very serious! Oh, I don't have a hymen, so you won't see blood. I lost that long ago to a dildo."

I stuttered, "But... b-b-b-but... you told me you've had a bunch of boyfriends. Guys who tried to act like macho assholes and all that. You even said your last boyfriend was pretty serious."

"That's all true," she replied. "But I love Mom dearly and I follow all her advice. She told me in no uncertain terms that I should save my virginity for that 'special someone.' So I did. That's a big reason why I'm a really good cocksucker, because that's how I kept my boyfriends happy. And with my looks, and breasts, and my long tongue, I could set terms."

Mommy found her voice. "I could see all that, but still! In this day and age, that's remarkable!"

I added, "Yeah! Especially given your looks and your sexual enthusiasm. And why me? Why now? This is our very first date!"

Bethany sighed. "I know we're just getting started, but in a way I feel like we're having a thousand dates in one. Why take it slow, step by step by step, when it's so clear that you're meant to rule me and I'm meant to serve you? I feel it in my heart, in my soul! This is my destiny! This is all I want, to be one of your sex toys, with your mommy, of course, plus Rebecca and who knows who else to come."

She went on, "I told you earlier that on your very first appointment with Mom, when I sucked your cock for the very first time, I sensed then and there that you were 'the one.' That feeling has just grown and grown since. There's nobody else I'd want to lose my virginity to than you!"

Mommy switched into a cautionary mode. She put a hand on one of Bethany's knees, and said, "That's very touching. I think I'm loving you even more, so my blockhead son better damn well feel the same!"

She and Bethany shared some nervous giggles over that. The overall mood was still tense though, because the virginity declaration had raised the stakes.

Mommy continued, "But keep in mind that no matter what he decides about making you one of his busty sex pets or not, there's something very emotionally powerful to losing your virginity. You'll always feel a special pull, a special bond, with the man who deflowered you. Consider what happened with Rebecca when she sucked him for the first time earlier today. Her mouth basically 'wed' itself to his cock. She'll always be his willing cocksucker, no matter what, because he basically 'deflowered' her mouth with his superior size and sexual power. He's her bull now, whether he's willing to admit that or not! Expect a similar effect, only much more intense!"

I thought, *Is she serious about this Rebecca stuff?! What the hell have I gotten myself into?! What's rousing sex talk, or wild fantasy, and what's reality?! I don't have a clue anymore. But, given how crazy things always are at the doctor's office, not to mention what I do every day with Mommy, what if this ALL is reality?! What if even Rebecca really is somehow "mine" from now on?! WOW!*

Bethany said impatiently, "I know all that already. The exact same thing happened to me when I sucked his cock too. But that's why he needs to fuck me tonight! I'm already his exclusive sex pet in my heart! I've been that for a while now, it just took me time to admit it to myself. But he still doesn't realize it, and he says he won't even consider accepting my pledge to serve him until we've fucked. I need to show him that he's won my heart! AND my body! AND my soul! I'll never be happy again until I'm TRULY FUCKED! And OWNED! And stuffed to the gills with the big fat cock of the boy I love!"

Both Mommy and I were stunned into silence by that emotional declaration. Personally, I was reeling and giddy from, well, all of it, but especially hearing her call me "the boy I love!"

While we were still reeling, Bethany took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and repositioned her pussy lips at the tip of my cock. Then, before I could figure out what to say or do, she simply and slowly sunk herself down.

Within seconds, my entire cockhead disappeared inside her.

She grunted and then cried out as if she'd been stabbed in the gut.

I looked up at her perfect nude body, and especially G-cups hanging up high, seemingly defying gravity. Then I looked lower to where she'd just impaled herself on me. I almost swooned at the sight of just my thick shaft in view below her split sopping wet pussy lips. Virginal pussy lips!

But she didn't stop or even slow down to give me more time to absorb what was happening. Inch by inch, she settled down on me. She used the power of gravity to make it happen much faster than it otherwise would have. It was obvious now why she'd chosen the cowgirl position, so she could end the virginity issue on her own terms.

By the time she had about half of my thickness in her, she was screaming and wailing as if someone had just hacked her arms off. I was sure we would soon see blood trickling out, because how could this not be injuring her? But the extreme pain seemed to only give her more resolve to push down the rest of the way, to finish the deed in one fell swoop.

I had to close my eyes. I couldn't bear to watch, because I felt like it was a slow-motion train crash. She was suffering too much! The last I saw, tears were streaming down her face and her arms were flailing helplessly in the air.

Mommy would have done all she could to help, but she didn't know what to do.

But then it was done. I felt her bottom out, and I knew she was fully impaled on me.

Mommy finally sprang into action. She moved quickly and wound up wrapping her arms around Bethany, as well as helping to hold her up. "Oh! You poor dear! That must have been awful! What a nightmare! But the worst is over! The worst is over!" She began trying to wipe away the tears, as well as kissing them away, but fresh ones kept streaming down my new girlfriend's face.

I felt terrible. But I didn't know what I could have done. She was so determined, and once she started sinking down, it didn't seem possible to physically stop her without perhaps making matters worse.

Several minutes passed. I could feel my stiff cock tightly sheathed by her pussy walls, and it was an extremely tight fit indeed. That had to be the main reason it had hurt her so much. But I couldn't enjoy the squeeze because I kept hearing her sobbing, as well as the sounds of Mommy cooing and whispering reassuring sweet nothings. I kept wincing, with my eyes closed.

Eventually, after maybe another five minutes, I heard the sound of sobbing lessen. I opened my eyes and dared to look at where we were joined. I was genuinely surprised not to see any blood there, given the way she'd been screaming in agony.

I looked up to her face, only to be hit by surprise and see her looking back at me. I shyly told her, "I'm really sorry..."

She spoke with a startling amount of conviction. "'Sorry?' Why should you be sorry? That was all on me. And I'm glad! Some people, when they step in a cool pool, they take it slowly. I'm the kind to dive right in. The shock is much greater, but then it's over in a few seconds instead of many minutes. That's what I did here."

Mommy was holding her face to face, almost nose to nose. They were both so ultra-busty that their tits were mashed together. She purred, "That... works. Personally, I would have done it the other way, but what's done is done. The main thing is, how are you feeling now?"

I added anxiously, "Yeah. How are you feeling?!"

Bethany was crying, but just a little and not sobbing like before. "I'm okay. It still hurts like hell! HOLY FUCK! But I can feel the pleasure too."

She experimentally churned her ass on me a little bit. It was only a few seconds, but it was enough for her to say, "Yeah! That's more like it! I think I'll be fine in a few minutes."

Mommy counseled her, "Well, thank God that a cunt is very flexible. It's not like your mouth. My mouth can't get any larger, no matter how much I suck him. But the longer you rest here like this, the more your cunt will adjust. And so long as he keeps fucking you on a regular basis, your cunt will stretch, so it'll be waaaay easier, if, say, he fucks you again tomorrow."

Bethany tried to make light of that. "Did you hear that, stud? According to Mommy, you're pretty much required to regularly fuck me from now on, or I'll be in too much pain!"

I tried to play along, even though I was still feeling too concerned for her to be very jovial. "Well, then. I guess I'm stuck. Sounds like I'll have no choice but to make you my young fuck doll."

She joked again, "No, I'm the one who's stuck! Believe me!" She bounced a little on my boner, as if trying to free herself.

That got a big laugh from all three of us, and helped to ease the tension.

Then Mommy said brightly, while still staring into Bethany's eyes from inches away, "By the way, congratulations! You're no longer a virgin! Instead, you're a full-on sexy, big-titted, submissive slut!"

"I am!" Bethany seemed heartened by that, and even managed a big smile. "And not only that, but I'm bonded to your son forever! You said it yourself."

"That's true," Mommy agreed. "There's a very special bond. Why, given how you feel about him already, I wouldn't be surprised if his cock is the ONLY cock that will ever plunder the depths of your cunt!"

"Oh, you can take that to the bank!" Bethany said with even more confidence. "Like I said, I'm all about finding the one guy I want and sticking by his side, serving him faithfully, for life! He doesn't know that yet, and I'm sure he thinks we're talking crazy. But I'm going to prove it to him, starting by getting him to accept me as his second fuck toy!"

Mommy said with similarly growing enthusiasm, "You know I'm rooting for you all the way! Show him what a good slut you can be! Show him that you're ready to totally submit!"

Bethany nodded vigorously. "To be OWNED!"

"Exactly!" Mommy was getting even more worked up.

Suddenly, Bethany was almost manic. "To obey! To serve! To endlessly pleasure his superior cock with my lusty, busty body!"

"MMMRPH!" That was all Mommy could say because their lips were suddenly and irresistibly drawn together. They began to make out like they'd been possessed by out-of-control succubi.

It seemed as if I'd been completely forgotten, but that wasn't true. In fact, as soon as the lesbian kissing began, not to mention some vigorous tit rubbing between their impossibly large bosoms, Bethany began bouncing up and down on my cock!

It was subtle at first, only an inch or so each time. But it didn't stop. In fact, as the necking went on and on, and intensified in passion, that passion got channeled down her body, causing her to bounce even more.

The "bouncing" wasn't that bouncy at first, since it was slow going, due to all the tight friction. It was more like a slow up-and-down impaling. But time passed - five minutes, and then another five. Bit by bit, the friction lessened, and she was able to raise and lower herself a little more.

After at least ten minutes had passed, I still hadn't heard another word from either of them, because they continued to kiss nearly non-stop. But I had no doubt that Bethany's pain had been swamped by pleasure. If nothing else, I could hear it in her voice. Although she wasn't speaking words, she was constantly moaning into my mother's mouth, and the sound of that grew increasingly erotic and excited.

Naturally, Mommy responded in kind. She sounded every bit as passionate.

Their hands also began to get very active. It seemed they were exploring each other all over at once, as if two hands just weren't enough.

Not long after that, they had to stop kissing because Bethany especially was getting winded and needed her mouth free to breathe heavily.

As soon as I saw that happen, I asked, "Bethany! How are you feeling now?!"

"Oh my fucking GOD! Soooooo much better! It's like night and day! I'm still feeling pain, a lot of pain, but the pleasure is like ten to one!"

After a few more bounces up and down my throbbing cock, she remembered to ask me, "How are YOU feeling?!"

"How do you think? I think 'oh my fucking GOD!' says it for me too!"

She laughed at that.

I added, "This is really great! I guess the 'dive right into the pool trick' is not a bad way to go."

Mommy cut in, "Bethany! Girl! That's good, your constant bouncing is good. But I think it's time to take it to the next level. A good fuck is just like a good cocksuck: you've gotta keep him guessing by constantly varying it up. Start by instead of going up and down all the time, do some churning too."

"Like this?" As Bethany said that, she started churning and grinding her hips on my throbbing shaft.

"YES! Exactly like that!" Mommy asked me, "How does that feel, Son?"

"Fantastic! More churning, please!" I couldn't even begin to deserve how incredible it felt. The only thing I could compare it to was fucking Mommy!

Naturally, Bethany began focusing on the churning, while also testing out what moves felt the most pleasurable. "Uhhhhhhh!" she moaned. "That's so good! I've wanted this for so long!"

After a couple more minutes, Bethany went back to slowly bouncing up and down on my erection, except the bounces were even more exaggerated and thus more pleasurable for both of us. She squealed, "Please fuck me! Please fuck your new girlfriend!"

Then she began to wail, almost like a police siren. It grew louder and louder, like a police car coming near. But it was her orgasm coming, bringing her to a fever pitch. She wound up screaming with utter abandon.

I was already going out of my mind, and just doing my best not to cum too soon. But knowing that I was helping her have an epic orgasm like that made me feel like I was on top of the world, even if I wasn't doing much more than acting as a human dildo.

She never really stopped her bouncing all through her prolonged orgasm. Then, as soon as it ended, she started right in again with the churning and more. It appeared she had boundless energy.

Then things got even better for me when my mother disengaged from hugging Bethany and sat next to me instead, up near my head.

"Sweetie, would you like to suckle on Mommy's gigantic breasts while you fuck your new girlfriend and generally plow her into permanent submission?" She cupped her breasts and offered them towards my face.

I double-checked the situation. Bethany was doing fine on her own. Even though she was a virgin, she had a natural knack when it came to varying up her churning and grinding with bouncing. Plus, she seemed to have endless energy. Although she was moving around very vigorously, my upper body was essentially still, so I surmised some suckling would be safe.

I began to suck on a nipple, causing Mommy to moan in pleasure. I loved caressing both of her boobs at the same time. They were extra fun to play with when they were dangling down and only lightly resting on me.

We continued like that for another five minutes or so. But then, between the gorgeous 21-year-old energetically bouncing up and down on my erection and my insanely top-heavy mother feeding me her giant breast, I knew I couldn't hold out any longer.

"I'm going to cum!" I yelled between sucks, and soon I was, filling Bethany's pussy with my hot, sticky seed.

I could sense that Bethany was on the edge. I was relieved when I heard her yell back, "I'm cumming too!"

Then another wailing scream-fest issued from her mouth. I was learning that she was a very vocal lover when it came to cumming, even more so than Mommy.

Bethany wound up lying flat on my chest once her latest multiple orgasm finally petered out.

Mommy had just stopped the suckling anyway, and carefully moved to the side to make room.

Chapter 23

I closed my eyes and drifted off to a very happy cloud for a while. I managed to stay awake while luxuriating in the feeling of Bethany's athletic yet voluptuous naked body lying on top of me. At the same time, I could sense Mommy was sitting nearby from the way she gently ran her fingers through my hair.

I was blissing out to memories of how good it felt to blast my cum deep inside my new girlfriend's cunt when I had such a startling thought that it caused my entire body to jolt like I'd just been shocked. I opened my eyes in alarm.

Bethany sensed something was wrong from the jolt sensation below her. She opened her eyes too, and looked down at me. "What's wrong?"

"I just realized! We didn't use a condom!"

Bethany relaxed, and smiled. "Oh, shoot. It's that time of the month for me. I guess you're going to be a daddy."

"SERIOUSLY?!" My body seized up in panic.

She couldn't resist giggling. "No! Not seriously! Sheesh! Gotcha! You should have seen the look on your face!" She laughed more heartily, and Mommy joined in.

I wasn't entirely mollified. "Yeah, but... we didn't use a condom. I dumped, like a gallon of cum inside you!"

"It sure feels that way!" She sat all the way up on me so I could see it when she patted her tummy. She tried to make it bulge out, as if she had an instant baby belly. (My penis had gone flaccid and fallen out of her.)

Seeing the concerned look on my face, she hastened to add, "Don't worry. I've been anticipating this. The day after your second appointment, I asked Mom to put me on birth control, and she did. Two kinds at once, so you're covered."

I thought back. "But... that was the week you were sick! I didn't even see you."

"True. I was soooooo bummed that I was as sick as a dog. But boy oh boy did Mom come home with stories about you! For instance, you know she watches moms suck their son's cocks most every working day, sometimes many times a day. But she said that there was something different about you two, something extra passionate and inspirational. I remember she even used the word 'magical.' She said she was 'absolutely astounded' that your mother not only valiantly tried to deep throat your remarkably thick cock, but she was having some success with it!"

She added, "And that was the first time she suggested that I should consider dating you! That was huge for me. I mean, she sees hundreds of boys around your age each year, and she NEVER made a suggestion like that to me before. You'd already become my main masturbation fantasy after your first appointment, but that's when I started to think I could and should really fall in love with you!"

"Wow!" was all I said. I thought, *There she goes again, talking about love! How great is that?!*

She said, "Plus, that was the first time you gave Rebecca an 'extra special good-bye kiss.' You'd already been her main fantasy man since your first appointment, when she got to jack you off a little bit. But after that second incident, watch out! She couldn't stop talking about you! In fact, looking back, even back then I sensed it was inevitable that you'd become her bull."

I grumbled, "Would you stop saying that? I never agreed to be her bull. I don't even know what that is."

Bethany snickered, "Yeah, whatever. Try telling her that. But let me explain being a bull this way: her heart still belongs to her cucky hubby, technically, at least, but her body belongs to you. If you call her up and tell her to come over to suck your cock while you watch a movie, she'll come over with lightning speed, even if she's in the middle of an anniversary dinner with her hubby."

Mommy commented, "That sounds really hot!"

"I know!" Bethany agreed. "And he wonders why I approve of him taming her today. Can you imagine if he actually did that?!"

Mommy excitedly suggested, "Better yet: he's at a fancy restaurant with you and me, and sees them celebrating their anniversary at a nearby table. He calls her over to suck him off then and there, under the table! With her hubby watching, his heart breaking, along with everyone else!"

"Oh, YES!" Bethany groaned erotically. "MUCH BETTER!"

The two of them shared another giggle session.

I complained, "Would you cut that out? That's just mean. Especially the 'heart breaking' part."

Bethany said, "That's only because you don't understand. I've talked to Rebecca a lot about this. We're really good friends. If that happened, David, her hubby, would hate it AND love it! Mostly, he'd get aroused like crazy! Overall, it would be the highlight of his life! Willing cucks get off on humiliation and emotional torment like you wouldn't believe!"

I griped, "Maybe so, but can we change the topic?"

Mommy couldn't resist adding, "He'd probably spontaneously cum in his pants as he peeks under the table and sees the gleam of your golden wedding ring while her fingers pump up and down her bull's thick shaft, just below her passionately sliding lips!"

Bethany giggled gaily. "Oh, definitely! I know them both well, and I can guarantee you that would happen for sure!"

Mommy's eyes were shining with lust. "That sounds seriously hot!"

"Way hot! I can't wait to see that sort of thing happen! It's win-win all around."

I groaned. "Let's change the topic already. How did we get from a condom scare to that?"

Mommy teased me, "Speaking of condom scares, that was thoughtful of you to remember about the condom... AFTER you'd deposited your gallon of extra fertile seed pretty much directly into her cervix! If she hadn't taken precautions, you'd be a daddy right now!"

I moaned in dismay. "Thanks for reminding me. That is NOT the plan!"

Mommy turned into her motherly advice mode. "No, but it's a good lesson. Think of that before you just up and fuck some other busty and beautiful woman. Now that you're starting to discover your sexual power, you need to learn how to use it wisely. For the time being, it's safer if you just fuck your new girlfriend and me. Oh, and Rebecca, of course. She's safe."

Bethany raised her fists triumphantly. "Hear, hear! That's the best idea I heard all night!" She giggled. "Fuck me an extra bunch, just to be extra safe!" She giggled even more.

I couldn't resist smiling. "So I take it you enjoyed losing your virginity?"

She rolled her eyes, even as she couldn't stop smiling. "Geez! What do you think?!" She dramatically repositioned, getting up on all fours, only doing it directly above my body. She did it in a way so her huge tits dangled down towards my face, actually resting against my neck up to my jawline on each side.

Then she said with a smirk, "I'll give you two guesses: either 'I loved it' or 'I totally loved it.' Oh, make that three. You can also pick, 'I totally fucking loved it!'"

I smiled widely. "Hmmm. I think I'll have to see what's behind door number three."

"Smart man! I was starting to worry about you!" She giggled.

Mommy repositioned, while Bethany stayed in that position. She said, "Girl, you have no idea how damn sexy you look, up on all fours like that! I have visions of him making you crawl around the room before he lets you feast on another spermy snack!"

Mommy wound up lying face down between my spread out legs, with her head at my crotch. She'd noticed that seeing Bethany in that provocative pose had caused my penis to start engorging. She took it in her mouth to help it along.

Bethany said, "Ooooh! I like the sound of that! Of course, he'll have to make you crawl too. And Rebecca. Can you picture the three of us all on our hands and knees, side by side by side, in nothing but high heels? I can! And then we'd suck him off together!"

That vision was secretly arousing me too. I could vividly picture looking down at three bobbing heads, with Mommy's dark brown hair, Bethany's brown hair, and Rebecca's blonde hair all in a row.

But I complained, "Can you stop mentioning Rebecca already? She's married. I'm not her bull, whatever that is."

Bethany rolled her eyes dramatically. "Whatever!" she huffed. But then she giggled, showing she was just playing a pouty pose. She started swaying her entire body back and forth slightly, apparently for no other purpose than to further turn me on. It caused her tits to move on my neck, but in a pleasant way.

I was mentally overcome as I looked up at her flawless naked teenage body hovering over me. *Jesus fucking Christ! Between her and Mommy, I have to be the luckiest guy on Earth! And I'm not even going to think of Rebecca too,*

because nobody gets to be THAT lucky!

I reached up and grasped her ass cheeks with both hands. "You, girl, are a real case!"

She teased me, "And you, sir, are a real stud! I can feel the hair on your mommy's head tickling me between my legs, which tells me she's starting to suck! But, hey, Mommy, er, I mean Mary, before he gets fully engorged, speaking of Rebecca, do you think we should send her some of our pictures?"

I interrupted, "We're not speaking of Rebecca. And what pictures?!"

Since I wasn't fully erect yet, Mommy switched to just stroking and licking my cock for a bit so she could explain, "You know when you passed out after our first ever double blowjob?"

"Yeah?"

"We were so excited about our matching facials that we decided we just HAD to take some pictures before we ate all your cum away."

Bethany interjected, "Oh, and I don't think I've told you yet, stud, but your cum tastes absolutely delicious! Or maybe it doesn't, and I'm just hopelessly biased. But either way, I love it, and that's what counts!"

"Same here!" Mommy agreed. She explained to me, "We used the self-timer with my really good digital camera so we could take pictures of the two of us kissing and snowballing your cum and whatnot. They look amaaaaazing, if I do say so myself!"

Figuring she was done talking, she went back to sucking my cock. She slurped extra loudly to let Bethany know what she was doing.

Bethany explained, "I totally wanted to send at least one of them to my mom. We could trust her, because she's seen and knows everything. Plus, she's my mom! But your mommy warned me now that we belong to you, we need to ask your permission before doing something like that."

Then she added, "But I'm thinking just now that Rebecca would really love one too! Now that she's sucked your cock AND taken a heavy load on her face, she'll know exactly what that means, how it feels like, and how hard we worked to earn that reward!"

Mommy added, "Since her mouth is wedded to his cock, I can't imagine anything that could give her more joy. Short of her getting to take his thickness back inside her oral lip-lock, of course. If you send her the pictures, she could masturbate like crazy while her hubby looks on in frustration, unable to touch her."

"Oooh! Sounds sexy!" Bethany was on fire with lusty eagerness.

I growled, "No more talk about Rebecca tonight. That's an order! And Mommy's right, don't send pictures to anyone without asking me first. Furthermore, I'm fully erect. Let's see you put your mouth to good use and give my mom some help!"

Bethany giggled with delight. "Yes, sir! Right away, sir!"

She'd still been on all fours above me, preening and swaying while I fondled her ass. But she quickly scrambled into position, lying face down next to Mommy between my legs.

Bethany took a few slurpy licks on "her side" of my shaft, while Mommy did the same on the other side. But then my goddess of a girlfriend stopped and looked up at me, "Before we really get into this, I just have to announce that I'm happier than I've ever been in my entire life! This is what I call 'living the dream.' I've just been given the fucking of a lifetime. I already know that my cunt has been wed to your cock, Brian. I feel so ecstatic, knowing that I waited until you came into my life so you could take my virginity and be the only man to EVER fuck me until the day I die!"

She stared up into my eyes with such intensity and sincerity that I had to believe she really meant that.

She went on, "Furthermore, my pussy feels soooo damn sore, but it's the good kind of sore. The best kind! And I have your huge, hot cock in my tiny fingers and your sexy, wonderful mommy is naked beside me, holding and stroking it too. Best of all, we've got hours and hours ahead of us! This is going to be a jawbreaker of an epic evening, and I love it! Ever since I set my heart on you, my mom has helped me train my already quite talented mouth so I could go the distance on these suck-a-thons."

She looked into my eyes with an almost apologetic concern. "But even so, I know I can't hold a candle to your mom. So please, be patient with me. I'm all about orally pleasuring your thick pole. It's my absolute favorite thing to do next to getting fucked by you, and my cunt can't handle any more of that right now. But as much as I love it, I need

to warn you that I'm probably going to run out of endurance long before your mom does."

I thought about what to say. My first inclination was to gush over how I wasn't worthy to even have her as a girlfriend in the first place. But I remembered that she wanted a dominant boyfriend, not an awed one. So I gathered my wits and said, "As long as you try your absolute best. That's all I can ask."

It seems those were just the sort of words she was looking for, because she responded by greedily gobbling down as much of my erection as she could cram into her mouth!

Mommy smiled tolerantly at that, then directed her attention to licking my balls.

A very, very prolonged double blowjob session ensued. It was even better than the last time, as Bethany grew more familiar with what my dick "liked" the best. Plus, this time, there was more equitable sharing. They generally took turns sucking me off for a couple of minutes each time, though they weren't religious about it. There was plenty of "freestyle" double licking as well.

Incredibly, they went at it for a solid hour, if not longer. There were many times when I reached the end of my rope and gave into the urge to cum, only to have Mommy use one of her tricks to "reset" my orgasmic need.

Eventually though, my desire to cum became so extreme that those tricks didn't work anymore, or maybe they weren't applied in time. Either way, I finally blew my load. Naturally, I squirted all over both of their faces.

That led to yet more lesbian kissing and snowballing while I laid there like a dead man. And the sight of them doing that was so arousing that I somehow got erect again about ten minutes later.

I could see a pattern developing. They would suck me together for ages until I finally came. Then the cleaning of the cum would be such a sexy sight that I'd get stiff again and we'd repeat the whole process again. Since all three of us enjoyed the dual cocksucking so much, why the hell not do that over and over until we dropped from exhaustion?!

Eventually, after still more licking and sucking, Mommy asked Bethany if her pussy was ready for more fucking, and Bethany admitted that it was.

Bethany begged off, saying that it was Mommy's turn to get fucked next.

However, Mommy insisted that tonight was Bethany's special night, since this technically was still all part of our first date. So she absolutely put her foot down that I should only fuck my new girlfriend, at least as long as she could handle it.

And fuck her I did!

Over the next couple of hours, Bethany and I fucked in a variety of positions: on the couch, with my huge cock plowing into Bethany's vagina from the front; with Bethany bent over an armchair and me fucking her from the back; and in missionary position, with the two of us kissing and whispering things like "This is amazing" and "You feel so good" to each other.

All the while, Mommy was right there with us. She urged us on, positioning my cock, rubbing Bethany's huge breasts, posing for me in lewd positions that emphasized her massive tits when she knew I was on the verge of cumming, and so on.

After the second time I blasted a cum load into Bethany's cunt, it was clear that fucking Bethany some more would be off the menu for a while until her pussy had another prolonged chance to recover.

Naturally, the logical thing to do to "pass the time" was yet more dual cocksucking, and/or maybe some titfucking.

However, Mommy got even more selfless and insisted that she would just watch so Bethany could do the honors of sucking my cock until it was fucking time again.

However, Bethany had more fun sharing, and she came up with a clever trick to get around Mommy's new attitude without having to argue with her. She claimed that she'd climaxed so hard that she nearly passed out, and she needed a "long time" for her entire body to recover.

This "forced" Mommy to suck me off for a while. She reluctantly agreed, saying it was necessary to keep my boner "stiff and warm, and ready for action."

But Bethany was just playing possum. Once she saw Mommy was fully engaged with the oral fun, she "revived" with startling speed and declared that "two mouths could keep my cock even stiffer and warmer."

Mommy knew she'd been tricked, but she was too far gone in her blowjob lust to complain. Besides, she clearly was enjoying the sharing of my cock anyway. She would later tell me that she felt she was working with a clone of herself, and whenever Bethany would make me moan lustily, it was as satisfying to her as if she'd caused it herself.

They spent the next half an hour or so orally pleasuring me as a team. This time, it was nearly all freestyle. Generally speaking, one of them would bob on my cockhead while the other one licked and stroked the rest, but there was no pattern to it, and oftentimes they would both lick together, with their tongues often meeting directly over my most sensitive spot.

The oral sharing finally came to an end when Bethany decided she needed to get her "cunt stuffed one more time" before the night was over.

Needless to say, I was happy to oblige her.

At one point, during one of our breaks, the two sexy vixens talked me into letting Mommy email a photo of Mommy's and Bethany's cum-splattered faces pressed together to Dr. Morgan. Then they immediately called the doctor up, not caring about the lateness of the hour, to make sure she got it and get her reaction.

I stayed off the phone because I was resting at the time and needed to calm down from the emotional roller coaster. But judging from the way Mommy and Bethany carried on excitedly, it seemed Dr. Morgan thought that was the greatest thing since sliced bread.

As I watch my two buck naked and cum-splattered goddesses gleefully share a phone, I thought, *Holy Toledo! What a great first date! To say it exceeded my expectations... Well, let's just say I couldn't even have fantasized it would go this well. Especially the part about Bethany permanently pledging herself to me.*

I know that's crazy on our very first date, but I also understand it. When it feels right, it feels right, and nothing has ever felt more right. It already feels like the three of us have been doing this for years. It feels so natural, like this is some kind of shared destiny!

After the phone call with Dr. Morgan ended, Bethany and Mommy just cuddled up against me for a while, because we were all still recovering. We talked some, even as we kissed and fondled some too.

Bethany seemed keen on talking about Dr Morgan. She told me, "You know, I owe all of this to my mom. She's so great. First off, she raised me with the right values. She taught me from way back that the greatest pleasure a busty submissive slut can have is pleasing her man, especially by pleasuring his cock. Of course, she couldn't be more right about that. I felt some of that with my previous boyfriends, but that was just a pale reflection of the intense feelings I've been having with you tonight."

She stared lovingly into my eyes from mere inches away. "I feel such a sense of purpose, a sense of belonging. It's just like she always told me it would be. I've seen it happen to countless women passing through mom's clinic. It was soooo frustrating! I thought I'd literally turn green with envy. But now, it's happening to me! Finally! I can't tell you how overjoyed I feel!"

She was so emotionally worked up that a few tears actually came to her shining eyes. She turned her head to Mommy. "And you. You! Sharing it all with you makes it not just twice as good, but ten times as good. At least! I don't even mind waiting my next turn to suck him because I'm so happy just watching you work your magic with your lips and tongue."

Mommy was all smiles. She teased, "That, and the fact that there's still plenty of hot, thick cock for you to play with while you wait, plus his heavy balls to have fun with."

Bethany laughed. "You got me! That too." She laughed some more. "God, it's all so good! Can we please do this all the time?! Like, every single minute of the day?!"

Mommy chuckled at that. "I wish! You know there are limits, practical limits. But don't worry, I know exactly what you mean. I promise you, you'll get so much of my son's cock that your cunt and your mouth will be permanently aching!"

My teenage bombshell sighed longingly. "Oh God, I hope so!"

The conversation ended for a while then, because the two of them had a prolonged make out session with each other even as they cuddled into me with their faces almost on my chest.

The great sex marathon continued. The two of them took turns titfucking me, then they managed to both titfuck me at once by trapping my boner between the sides of their tremendous racks. That was fun, but not ideal. The three of us enjoyed it more when one of them vigorously titfucked me while the other one sucked my cockhead from the top.

By and by, we got so sweaty and cummy that we decided to take a shower together. That was even more fun, if such a thing was possible. Mostly, it wound up being another prolonged double blowjob session, but with warm water cascading over us all the while. We eventually had to stop when the hot water ran cold.

At some point, we even managed to eat some dinner. Mommy whipped up something quick and easy in the kitchen for all of us during one of my long fuck sessions with Bethany.

I sat in my usual dining room chair and Bethany sat on my lap, facing me while fully impaled on my thick pole. We spoon-fed each other like we were deliriously in love, which was becoming more and more true with each passing minute. All the while, Bethany slowly churned on my shaft, and/or rose and fell on it.

I felt bad that Mommy was being left out of the dinner fuck fun, and I told her so, since she was always there in the room with us.

Once again, Mommy explained much as she did earlier: "Son, I really appreciate you wanting to include me. I truly do. But this is HER night. You and I have been fucking every day and every night for many weeks now. This is the night that she's going to remember first and foremost when she's old and grey."

Bethany passionately interjected while staring deeply into my eyes, "And still one of your sluts!"

Mommy smiled at that. "Yes. Let's hope. Not only is it the night you deflowered her, it's the night you took total ownership of her. For sure, I'll expect you to fuck me a lot tomorrow and beyond. But for now, I'm overjoyed simply from watching her ride your cock and share your food and your love. I know exactly how it feels, believe me, so when you're fucking her, it's like you're fucking me at the same time."

That made me feel a lot better, and I could tell that it helped Bethany's attitude too.

After dinner, the fucking and sucking continued. Even though Mommy was trying her best to be selfless, she really didn't miss out on that much, since there was a lot more sucking than fucking, and there was no reason why she couldn't always help with her mouth. Bethany's cunt could only handle so much, but her oral stamina already was very impressive.

I lost all track of time, but we were at it until late into the night. Dr. Morgan was so supportive that she told her daughter should could come how as late as she wanted, or not come home at all.

Finally, Bethany and I were done, spent, lying on their backs on my bed. We were side by side and holding hands.

My nude mother sat in a chair. All during the latest round of fucking, she'd been masturbating herself and tweaking one of her swollen nipples. She was still idly playing with herself, even though the "fuck show" was over.

Bethany, with her face flushed, sweaty, and splattered with a relatively fresh load of my cum, asked me, "Brian, that was incredible, but I think we're all crying mercy. How many times did you cum, all in all?"

"Five times, I think. But that's not a big deal. I can cum a lot ever since Mommy and I started our regimen. The bigger physical limitation for me is all the vigorous activity I do with all the thrusting and fucking. That really works up a sweat. How about you?"

Bethany giggled. "Oh, I lost count. Countless smaller orgasms. And at least a dozen big ones, maybe more! And I mean BIG, as in the best orgasms I've ever had! It definitely has been the best time of my life, bar none!"

I smiled from ear to ear. It really made me feel good to know I'd made her feel that good. She had a skewed idea of submitting to me, but I figured it was all balanced in the end in the sense that we both got lots of sexual pleasure out of it. It was exactly the same with how things were between Mommy and me, and I'd long made my peace with her submissiveness.

Bethany asked me, "And how many times did you cum today, before our date?"

"Oh God. I don't even know. Let's see. Twice in the morning, with Mommy, of course. Then a long abstention that your mom told me to do to get me worked up for the appointment. Then twice in your mom's office, also with Mommy, while your mom watched. Then once in the office hall with Rebecca, while my mom watched. AND your mom watched, now that I think about it. So five."

"WOW! That's ten times in one day! That's so impressive! I definitely have the best boyfriend in town!" She squeezed my hand.

I was secretly surprised and proud at the orgasm count. Even with all the daily sex with Mommy, I'd never cum that many times in a single day. I didn't want to boast, but I figured that had to be a lot even for a male "hypersexual being."

I pointed out, "I don't think boyfriends are measured by the number of times they can cum in one day."

"No, not usually. But I'm a nympho who has to share you, so it's a little different. It is just one thing, but you're great at that and all sorts of other things too!"

"Thanks."

"Plus, I'm totally impressed at how you spread your seed around with your mommy, me, and Rebecca, all in one day! That's super hot, because the two of them are just about the sexiest women I've ever seen, and you know I see a lot. It's like a Miss Universe pageant every day in my mom's office, though maybe it's more like Miss MILF Universe or Miss Mommy Universe, if they have those."

I thought, Now that I think about it, this has been a day for the ages. Between what happened with Rebecca, and now this, it's probably the most important day of my life so far! Well, second, maybe, after the first doctor's appointment with Mommy.

She went on, "My point is, I know you're packing a super weapon between your legs. You can seduce any woman you want with your perfect cock and your hypersexual energy. And yet you want ME as one of your first personal sex toys! That makes me feel so good about myself. You have no idea!"

I thought that it was weird anyone would see being someone's "personal sex toy" as an ego boost, but I kept that to myself.

Instead, I said, "Don't sell yourself short. I think you're pretty damn amazing, on the inside and the outside."

"Thanks! That means so much to me, coming from you. I'm all goose-bumps and tingles right now!"

I added, "You definitely passed all my sexual tests tonight. The way things are going, it won't be long before I'll have to accept your pledge to serve me. You're making it impossible for me to say no."

"NO WAY! ARE YOU SERIOUS?!" She let go of my hand and bolted up in bed, seemingly totally re-energized in a flash.

I sat up too. "Very serious."

"What more do I have to do?!"

"Just be yourself. You're doing great."

She pouted, "Then why the delay?"

"It's too soon to make that kind of commitment on one very first date, no matter what the circumstances, don't you think? We need to get to know each other better in other ways too."

She considered that, then sighed, deflated. "Okay. That's true. Fair point. But still... damn! Now I'm going to be waiting like a kid counting the minutes until Christmas morning is coming, hoping you say the word, that I totally belong to you! I won't be truly happy until you own me!"

I thought, That's the idea! This playing hard to get thing really works.

After we collected our strength, Bethany got dressed. She could have stayed the night, but it seemed she wanted to go home in order to share with Dr. Morgan all the details about what had happened. Clearly, they were closer than most mothers and daughters.

Mommy and I walked her to the door. There was no need for either of us to put on any clothes, so we didn't.

"Well, that was a really unusual first date," Bethany laughed.

"Yeah," I said with a big smile, "but really fun."

"Definitely," she said, leaning in to kiss me. "I like you a lot... obviously. And not just as the boy with the 'perfect cock.' I really needed a royal fucking like that. Gaawwwd! And all the cocksucking! That I got to share with you." She stared lovingly at Mommy. "You helped make it so special."

Mommy smiled from ear to ear, and took her hand. "No, you made it special. You were so very considerate, and not too selfish. I feel we make a good team. There's nobody I'd rather share slurping and bobbing on his cock with than you."

Bethany positively beamed. "Me too! Oh God! I'm feeling goosebumps all over, from just thinking about it. My jaw is soooo sore right now. But I already know that tonight I'll be dreaming of orally serving his cock with you, maybe as much or more as dreaming about the incredible fucking!"

Mommy kept her wide smile. "That's good. Like your mother always tells me, a busty slut must have an endless desire to suck. I promise, we'll do a lot more of that from now on." She glance my way. "Right, Son?"

"Of course!" I thought, *Talk about a no-brainer! Good grief!*

Bethany let go of Mommy's hand and redirected all of her attention to me. "But, Brian... as great as the sex was, I want to get to know you as a person too, since I hope we're going to get really serious and long term. I already told you that I think I'm falling in love with you, and it's like those feelings are getting stronger minute by minute! Even as we speak, I have this great desire to drop to my knees and take you back into my mouth to show you just how much I already love you. Except that we're all wiped out and I couldn't lick another lick. But you're right, we need more time together before we can even start to talk about ownership, or official sex toy status. Can we have a regular date next time? Maybe dinner and a movie?"

I thought, *She just said "talk about ownership, or official sex toy status." And in such a matter-of-fact way. I think she means that in a very serious, literal way! Fuck me! So incredible! I've found a pure diamond!*

Even though my heart was doing backflips, I managed to sound calm. "You bet. You know I like you a lot too, and I want to get to know you a lot better as well. But let's not make our next date TOO normal. We can still have some sexual fun before it's over."

Her eyes lit up and she gave me a mischievous smile. "Oh, totally! I'm one step ahead of you there. For instance, what kind of girlfriend would I be if I don't suck you off a little bit in the movie theater? A bad one, in my book!" She giggled.

Then she added, "Not to mention, I hope you're good at driving a car while there's a head bobbing in your lap!" She giggled some more.

Mommy beamed. "Son, what did I tell you? She's a keeper!"

The girl turned to my shorter, smaller mother. She reached out and squeezed her two massive bare breasts from below. "And thank you, Mary. That was super fun. You raised a really sweet boy. AND you taught him how to make love really well!"

Mommy blushed, but pushed out her chest to give the girl easier access. "Thanks. I'm so glad you had a good time."

Bethany made to leave.

But I said, "Wait! You can't leave yet." I explained to their confused faces, "What about the good-bye kisses? Starting with you two French kissing each other. And yeah, I'm making that a tradition from this time forward, for hellos and good-byes."

Their faces lit up. My mother and my girlfriend then proceeded to not only kiss on the lips, but seriously make out for a couple of minutes!

Naturally, there was lots of vigorous tit rubbing too. I think they did it with an eye towards putting on a sexy show for me. Bethany started out fully dressed in the clothes she came in while Mommy was buck naked, but it wasn't long before Bethany's G-cups were exposed, to make the tit rubbing that much more enjoyable, not to mention visually thrilling.

When they finished, Mommy turned to me with a big smile. "How'd you like that?"

I just groaned. "Too sexy!"

Then it was my turn to kiss them. Bethany was still effectively topless. I started with her, and focused just as much on playing with her bare breasts as the kissing. But I was careful to keep the rest of her clothes on, or it was likely she'd never leave.

At least, that was the plan. But Mommy got tired of waiting for her turn, and the two-way quickly turned into a three-way. I wound up trading steamy kisses with both of them, and they even shared a few more scorchers with each other.

My penis wasn't even flaccid, and we weren't extremely aroused like we'd been practically all evening, but we had a great time just the same. We could have kept going for a long time, but I fingered Mommy to a small orgasm, and that marked a good breaking point.

Bethany tugged her clothes back into place. Then she shyly asked me, "Speaking of dating, when can I see you again?! I don't want to be too pushy, but... how 'bout tomorrow?! Say, tomorrow morning?!"

I smiled and looked to Mommy.

She smiled too, and said, "Don't look at me. You're the big-cocked stud now. I'm happy to see more of her anytime. A lot more of her."

I thought things over. I realized that cumming ten times in one day wasn't sustainable, especially considering all the

energetic fucking we'd done. I was sure I was going to sleep in until noon. Even then, I'd need more recovery time to be at my best.

So I said to Bethany, "I want to see you too, but we should pace ourselves. How 'bout dinner tomorrow night? We could start off with a nice long double blowjob session with Mommy to take the edge off, then go out to a fancy restaurant for real."

Her whole face lit up. "Okay! Great! I'll be counting the minutes." She turned shy. "But... can I ask one thing?"

"Sure."

"Can we come back here after dinner for more suck and fuck fun? I'd feel bad if I monopolize you all evening while your mommy sits at home alone. Plus, I really mean it when I say the sex is at least ten times better as a threesome. I can't wait to see you fuck your mommy while I'm right there, and she and I have soooo much more double cocksucking to do!"

Mommy smirked gleefully. "That is true." She looked to Bethany. "You and I are going to have to work as a seamless team to completely drain his balls before your next date is over."

Bethany actually squealed and bounced on her heels. "Oh my GOD! Too much fun! I can't wait!"

She forced herself to calm down, then looked back to Mommy. "Meanwhile, you take good care of his cock, you hear?"

Mommy's smile grew. "I will. But not too good. We've gotta save up a lot of his cum for the evening."

"Oh, hell yeah! I like how you think!"

And with that, Bethany turned and walked out of the house.

As soon as the door closed, Mommy leaped toward me and enveloped me in a hug, her giant chest pressing against me. "I'm so proud of you!" she exclaimed. "You've got a gorgeous new girlfriend who already can't wait to start dedicating herself to serving your cock! What a start to a night of fucking!"

"Start?" I asked. "Mommy, I fucked her for a couple of hours. I came in her or on her five times already."

"I know," Mommy said, reaching back to unleash her immense breasts from her bra. "Especially since a couple of those times, you splattered your hot cum all over her face and mine." She smiled in fond memory.

I went on, "And then I came five more times earlier in the day. Add that all up, and that at least ties my personal record."

"I know that too. In fact, I think you beat your record. But that doesn't mean you're done for the night. Watching the two of you got me really horny, and it was kind of torture for me to see all the fucking and not be on the receiving end. So now you have to fuck your Mommy at least once before we go to sleep, okay?"

She was so determined, she didn't even wait to make it past the middle of the living room! My cartoonishly top-heavy mother stepped out of her panties and laid down spread-eagled on the carpeted floor.

I sighed wearily and took off my pants once more. "Okay, I'll try, but let's at least go back to bed."

"Yeay! Victory!"

I laughed.

Two minutes later, back in bed, I laid down on top of my mother, who was again wiggling her horny body. Somehow, my penis was erect again, no doubt because she was simply too voluptuous and sexy to ever resist.

I sank my cock into her tight, tiny vagina, while staring directly at her massive, jiggling breasts.

As I slowly filled her up, she exclaimed, "Oh boy! Do I ever need THIS! I tried to be selfless and let you fuck just her, but that's built up such a fuck need in me that I'm sure this will be our best fuck yet!"

"If you say so, Mommy. But let's take it really slow and easy, okay? Bethany wore me out. I'm running on fumes."

"Certainly... at first!" She giggled.

I don't know how, but after a lot of mellow fucking that was more like cuddling with my cock balls-deep in her, I somehow managed to rally for one final vigorous fuck session before I blasted a spermy load deep inside her.

As soon as I finished ejaculating into her tight furnace, I collapsed in bed and slept the sleep of the dead. What a night!

Chapter 24

My first "date" with Bethany hadn't been much of a real date, seeing as we'd spent nearly all of it fucking like bunnies all over the house in front of my mother. The second date the next evening turned out to be much the same. But then she stayed that night, in bed with Mommy and me, and were with us most of the next day. In fact, within a matter of days, she practically became inseparable with us.

Not even we could have sex 24 hours a day, so that gave us time to get to know each other in other ways. The more that happened, the more we realized we were made for each other, in every way, including physically.

Bethany may not have received the same "hypersexual" diagnosis as me and my mother, but she had an extremely high sex drive that at least made her a "mere" nymphomaniac. Plus, she had a wildly erotic body, she knew about the incest secret, and she didn't mind sharing me with my sexpot mother, who "needed" to be fucked by me multiple times a day.

The fact that we were all meant for each other was so evident so fast that within days of our first date, Bethany quit her job at her mother's practice and moved in (to home and bed) with Mommy and me.

She was able to find another job at a "normal" doctor's office right away that was closer to Mommy's house. She was sad not to work with her mother anymore, but her job had involved touching and even stroking penises many times a day, and she wanted me to have complete confidence that she didn't even face that sort of temptation at work anymore.

Two weeks after our first date, it was like the three of us were family and had been family forever, but with the huge added plus that we were also extremely sexually intimate with each other. I'd already felt like my life was a non-stop euphoric honeymoon with Mommy, but now that went equally so with Bethany. And the two of them got along like a house on fire too, including being sexually hot for each other.

So, two weeks after, it was no surprise that Bethany and I went out shopping together. Perhaps the surprise was that Mommy wasn't with us too, but there were times when even sex-mad people like us needed to do errands and chores.

Bethany and I were at a woman's clothing store. It was a lot like Victoria's Secret and focused on lingerie and swimwear and the like. But it was a "mom and pop" shop named Stephanie's. We were there because Bethany wanted to buy a lot more highly sexually arousing clothing to better titillate me, and she wanted my feedback to get a sense of what lingerie and such appealed to me the most. We were still in the "getting to know you" phase, so there was a lot about my tastes she didn't know yet.

Stephanie's wasn't the nearest store of that type by any means. In fact, we had to drive past some Victoria's Secret stores and other similar places to get there. But Bethany was keen to go there for one very key reason: she was friends with one of the employees, a woman in her mid-20s by the name of Tabitha. Furthermore, she knew Tabitha because Tabitha had been a patient of Dr. Morgan's until recently. She'd come in with her brother for two years, and graduated about a year ago after finding total contentment as her brother's personal sister slut.

This was helpful to our shopping trip for two reasons. One, as a friend, Tabitha could give Bethany a 10 percent discount on all purchases, so long as she was the one ringing them up. We'd double-checked with her to make sure she would be working there when we came by.

And two, being part of a loose association of sexy sluts associated with Dr. Morgan's clinic, Tabitha was more than willing to turn a blind eye if Bethany and I got a little bit frisky in the changing room. In fact, Tabitha had been told in advance of our plans, and she fully expected us to get very frisky indeed.

I'd never met Tabitha before, nor her brother-lover, but as soon as we arrived, Bethany took me straight to her and made the introductions. Tabitha was very friendly to me, though of course in a non-sexual manner, since she was her brother's personal sex pet and wouldn't think to even flirt with another guy.

What really struck me about her was her looks: she was remarkably gorgeous, and seriously busty too! You'd think by now I wouldn't have been so surprised, because I was discovering that every single female patient of Dr. Morgan's was a "perfect ten." But I couldn't help but drop my jaw to the floor whenever I actually saw one of them in person. Tabitha had the typical (for the clinic) voluptuous hardbody and gorgeous face. What struck me as different was her long, straight, luxuriant chestnut red hair, and her sparkling green eyes.

Bethany and I had only been in the store for a few minutes and were still talking to Tabitha when another customer

across the store caught my eye: Rebecca! Bethany noticed too, and we quickly cut our discussion with Tabitha short to go see how Rebecca was doing.

I hadn't seen or heard from Rebeca in the last two weeks, despite the intense physical intimacy we'd shared in my last appointment at the clinic. She'd made clear through both Mommy and Bethany that she was "dying" to see me again. However, I was still weirded out by her whole "married to a cuckold" situation. I knew that she and I had a lot of unfinished business, and I was excited by the prospect of having more sexual fun with her, even with the marriage issue. She was just that extremely hot!

I'd passed a message to her through Bethany that I needed some time to adjust before seeing her again. I felt I needed to take things step by step, and the entire last two weeks had been about welcoming Bethany deeply into my life in almost every possible way. That had been such an emotionally intense and sexually satisfying experience that I hadn't had much mental energy left over to think about Rebecca much.

However, in recent days, things had stabilized, especially with Bethany quickly changing jobs and completely moving in with Mommy and me. So the timing of accidentally running into Rebecca seemed very fortuitous.

I wouldn't learn until later that this "chance meeting" was no coincidence!

As Bethany and I made our way over to where Rebecca was looking through a selection of see-through, skimpy teddies, I noticed a man standing near her, wearing a blue polo shirt and tan khaki pants. This was unusual, because all the other customers in the store were female, and it was probably highly unusual to have one man in the store, much less two.

As we drew closer, it became clear to me through some subtle non-verbal interaction between Rebecca and this man that they were linked to each other somehow. Then it hit me: *HOLY SHIT! That's her HUSBAND! What's his name? Oh yeah, David. That's DAVID!*

I was so startled by this realization that I stopped in my tracks.

If I'd had my choice, I would have immediately turned around and gotten out of there. I had no desire to meet David, ever. Talking to him would be all kinds of weird, especially since I'd been told that he knew all about the fact that his wife had given me two handjobs and one prolonged (and awesome!) blowjob and titfuck. Just looking him in his eyes would be way too awkward for me.

But by the time I figured out who he was, we were already practically upon them. Rebecca noticed us, and then David did too. It was too late for me to back out.

When Rebecca saw us, she gave us a big smile. Mostly, it was directed right at me. "Brian! Bethany! Hey, what a great surprise to see you here!" She stopped what she was doing and walked to me with her arms open wide.

I was caught like a deer in headlights, as if I'd lost the ability to move. So I offered no resistance when Rebecca wrapped her arms around me and kissed me! Right on the lips, with tongue. With her husband less than five feet away!

Part of the reason I was stunned into inaction was because Rebecca looked so very attractive and arousing. She was wearing a light yellow top that showed off a startling amount of cleavage for a public place. It covered about the same as a bikini top, with her shoulders bare, except that her tummy and lower back was covered. Plus, just from watching the few steps she took towards me, she wasn't wearing a bra. Given the sheer size of her G-cups, that was positively obscene! She could cause a riot in the shopping mall!

Additionally, she wore a white miniskirt that showed off her fabulous tanned legs, which were firmed up due to her five-inch high heels.

She was like a walking orgasm. No wonder that I could only stand there dumbstruck as she started making love to my mouth with her tongue and lips. I was so blindsided that I couldn't kiss back with my usual vigor. I was half expecting her husband to exclaim, "Hey! Get away from my wife!" or even try to pull us apart or hit me.

But no. Rebecca just kept on making out with me, right there in the middle of the store! Her only concession to public decency was that she kept her hands around my back.

I did the same, pretty much. At first, I tried to keep my hands off her body altogether. But I quickly gave in and wound up with one hand in the middle of her back and another on the back of her head.

My heart was racing a million miles an hour, and my face must have been flushed. I was sweating bullets! On some primal level I was enjoying the tongue dueling, but I was kind of miserable at the same time, from feeling too nervous and awkward.

Then, after about a minute of increasingly passionate necking, I heard Bethany say, "Hi there. I'm Bethany. I've heard so much about you. For years!"

A male voice standing right next to me answered, "Hi, I'm David, but you must know that. I've heard a lot about you the past few years too."

My eyes were shut tight in a vain effort to try to at least limit my embarrassment. But I took a peek through narrow slits and saw Bethany and David shaking hands and smiling, like two strangers meeting at a party.

David was definitely NOT behaving like a husband who was standing next to his wife making out with another man! He was staring at the lip-lock between Rebecca and me with rapt interest, almost to the point of being rude to Bethany. I couldn't quite figure out his facial expression. A confused daze, perhaps. But there was no hint of him looking angry. If anything, he seemed giddy.

It struck me that David was an uncommonly handsome man. He looked to be in his mid-twenties, like his wife, and was in his physical prime, with a solid, athletic physique. He was also over six feet tall, which made him significantly taller than me. In short, he could easily kick my ass! He looked like a man, whereas people still called me "boy" because I was still growing into my body.

To make things more embarrassing for me, I was still in high school! True, it was the very tail end of senior year and I would be done in a month. But still, that meant I technically still was a boy, whereas David was a man.

And his face was startlingly attractive too. He reminded me of a typical cowboy actor from the old "Marlboro Man" advertisements, complete with dark brown hair, a mustache, a decent tan, and a slightly rugged look. Rebecca was a jaw-dropping fox, so he seemed exactly like the sort of healthy, muscular, and charismatically handsome kind of guy a raving beauty like her should be married to.

And yet... I was making out with his wife while he just stood by and talked to Bethany! I still was too flabbergasted to kiss Rebecca back with gusto. On a gut level, I was waiting for the other shoe to drop, even though on a logical level I knew he was supposed to be a willing cuckold.

I felt Rebecca's hands slip down to my ass cheeks. I started to slide a hand down her back to her ass too, but caught myself just in time and went back to stroking her long blonde mane.

I continued to secret peek through narrow slits. I heard Bethany say to David, "As I'm sure you know, this is Brian."

David chuckled nervously. "Yes. Yes, I know. Believe me, I know!" He opened his eyes wide, like he'd just bumped into a famous movie star.

Bethany giggled easily. "I'm sure you do! I'll bet your wife talks about him all the time."

"That she does."

My make-out session with Rebecca was getting more outrageous all the time, especially with the way her hands were running over my body. Yet we were standing in the open in the middle of the store, as opposed to hiding in some corner behind clothes displays.

I was careful to keep my hands safely on Rebecca's back and also prevent my urgent bulge in my shorts from pressing tightly against her body. Even so, I felt naked and increasingly nervous. If David was too much of a cuckold to act like a husband should, would some employee come and tell us to knock it off?

Then I remembered how Tabitha was in the know about Dr. Morgan-related matters. She wasn't the only employee on the floor at the moment, but presumably she would have some say in giving us protection if there was trouble.

That realization raised the sexual heat for me, because it seemed possible nobody was going to stop us! And I have to admit that kissing Rebecca right in front of her husband was turning me on an incredible amount, especially now that I had to sense he wasn't going to say or do anything. I finally began kissing back with much more passion.

Rebecca approved and moaned sensually. Our heads kept tilting this way and that and we varied up our moves. It was incredible that this was technically just a hello kiss!

David kept talking to Bethany while staring nearly exclusively with great fascination at the obviously increasingly lusty kissing. "So... I hear that you're seriously dating Brian now. Rebecca has told me all about it. Congratulations!"

"Thanks!" Bethany replied breezily. "Although, since you know all about what really goes on at the clinic, let's just call a spade a spade: he's made me one of his busty sluts!"

That was such a shocking thing to say to someone you'd just met, and in a public place, that even the bizarrely sanguine David was taken aback at first. He tore his gaze from his wife and stared in surprise at Bethany. "Oh! Uh...

I suppose... congratulations on that, er, too."

"Thank you! These last two weeks have been a whirlwind, but so exhilarating! Did she tell you that I've moved in with him so I could fully devote myself to being his number two personal sex toy?"

David seemed rattled by her direct honesty. But he quickly recovered, and said, "Er, yes. Yes, she did. Congrats again. He's a lucky guy."

Bethany giggled. "Yes, he is! Hey, why don't we interrupt the lovebirds for a minute? I'm sure he'd like to formally meet you."

Right as Bethany said that, Rebecca brought a hand from my ass to my crotch! Then she pulled away from me slightly. That allowed her to clearly show her husband that her fingers were wrapped around my erection through my shorts!

I thought, *Fuck! No! If she's trying to give me a heart attack, it's working!*

Rebecca kept her other hand on my ass. She briefly let go of that hand and waved it in the direction of David. "Brian, meet David, my cucky hubby."

David nervously smiled at me and held his hand out for a handshake. While he could clearly see his wife was holding onto my bulge and starting to slide her fingers up and down it!

Talk about a "Twilight Zone" moment!

I was so astounded that I had no clue what to say or do. But some kind of "default mode" kicked in. Since he was offering a handshake, I reached a hand out and rather limply shook his hand.

It was becoming increasingly obvious that David was freaking out just as much as I was. His blushing was very red, probably even redder than mine, and it looked like he was gasping for air. He could have tried to secretly crush my hand, but even though his grip was stronger than mine, he appeared too frazzled to even think of doing something like that.

Rebecca and Bethany seemed calm and as pleased as punch though.

David gawked at his wife's hand moving on my bulge even as he told me, "Brian. Wow! It's an honor to meet you."

I felt downright embarrassed to hear that. I thought, *Come on, dude! Buck up and show some spine!*

If he'd done so it would have been bad for me, but the whole willing cuckold thing was too strange for me to wrap my head around.

Rebecca said to all of us, "This is so exciting! What great luck! What a big moment! My hubby meeting my bull. I'm so happy that I could just die!"

She slid her fingers up and down my shaft even more ostentatiously than before. The exact shape and size of my boner could be clearly seen, especially since I wasn't wearing any underwear, (Giving that I was living with Mommy and Bethany, I had quickly come to learn that it would just come off soon anyway.)

I frantically looked around. Between the way Rebecca's fingers were playing on my bulge and the words that were being spoken, not to mention the just-concluded prolonged make-out session, I was fairly amazed the other customers hadn't closely gathered around us to be further entertained by our antics. But in fact, nobody else seemed to paying any special attention to us at all. Maybe they'd gawked already and I'd missed it, but all the customers I could see were in their own worlds, busy looking at clothes, usually out of sight or with their backs turned.

Even so, my heart was about to thump right out of my chest. I nervously asked, "Um, could we move to somewhere with a little more privacy?"

"Great idea!" A bubbly Rebecca said. "Come on. This way!" She pulled me along with one hand on my ass and the other still on my hard-on.

I let myself be led, like a lamb to the slaughter.

David broke the handshake with me and followed along with Bethany.

Rebecca only took me a few feet away, but that brought us to an aisle that had lingerie displayed up against short walls on either side. Our heads were still in view to those outside the aisle for anyone who cared to look, but from the neck on down we were okay, unless someone else walked into our aisle. Even then, the four of us wound up standing close together, so that gave us some more cover.

Rebecca was flying high - the lust and euphoria was clear on her face. As soon as we were repositioned, she said,

"Ah, this is much better." She casually reached under her yellow top and pulled her bra out. She handed it to her husband to dispose of, like he was hired cleaning help.

He looked at the bra in his hands like he was holding a live hand grenade.

Rebecca had pulled her top up to help take her bra off, and she briefly flashed her huge bare boobs at me before reluctantly pulling her top back into place. She gave me a hungry, lusty look, and licked her lips for good measure.

Then she glanced at her husband with apparent condescension. "Hey, Davey, guess what? You finally get to see the huge cock that's going to rule my life!"

She looked into my eyes, apparently searching for approval from me to show off my erection.

Once again, I was so blindsided that I didn't know how to react. I was a loss for words. Heck, I was still reeling from her flashing her bare tits at me.

She took my silence for tacit approval. Before I knew what had happened, she'd unzipped my fly and whipped my erection out! She held it with her sliding fingers, pointing it directly towards David.

It seemed that David and I were in a competition to see who could feel more astounded and befuddled. It was a close call, but it seemed he was "winning." The look in his face was one of sheer agony. Yet, for the first time I also really noticed just how great his arousal was. He was panting harder and harder, and even though the agonized expression, it appeared he was on the verge of cumming.

Rebecca knew him and his moods much better than I did, and showed no alarm. She smirked, and said to him, "Oh, so you like that, don't you? Pretty impressive, wouldn't you say? So much larger than yours!"

I felt that if David had even a lick of sense, he would punch me in the face and then drag his wife out of there and straight to a marriage counselor's office. And I would have deserved that punch and then some!

But no, he just stood there gawking and gaping.

Rebecca asked him, "Davey, is your little penis all stiff and excited?"

He nodded shyly, his face burning with shame.

I'd been hit with too many surprises to be proactive. I was still playing catch up. I would have done better, but the fact that this was all happening in the middle of a store sort of fried my brain, temporarily. Mommy and Bethany and I played around a lot, but never in a public place like this, so I felt like I was in uncharted territory.

As a result, I stood there helpless for the next minute or two while nobody spoke and nothing happened except that Rebecca stroked and fondled my exposed cock with both hands while everyone else watched!

Finally, the strangeness of the situation got to me. I looked at David in confusion, and blurted out, "Can't you see what's happening?! How can you be okay with this?!"

He flopped his hands up and down in agitation. "I don't know! I've asked myself that question a million times. I know it must seem insane to you. All I know is, whenever I so much as think of my wife with another man, I got so excited that I can't even begin to explain it!"

I asked him, "But don't you get at least a little jealous and upset too?!"

He stared at Rebecca's hand sloshing back and forth on my fully exposed boner. "Hell, yeah! More than you can imagine! I'm feeling that way right now. But somehow, the emotional angst mixed with the lust, that's what I crave! I want the shame and humiliation! It's like a drug. I can't get enough!"

I could only shake my head. I was left just as puzzled as before, if not more so. I realized that his way of thinking and feeling was so alien from mine that I probably never would understand.

However, I could increasingly understand things for the flipside position, of being the "bull." Simply put, having sex with a goddess like Rebecca was intoxicating and wildly arousing, and doing it right in front of David multiplied the intensity of my emotions.

I simply couldn't fathom that I was standing in the middle of a clothing store enjoying a handjob. Even though we were partially protected where we stood, we weren't fully protected. Anyone could enter our aisle at any time.

And then someone did!

Only a few moments after David gave me that explanation, a female stranger entered our aisle. She could have entered it from my back side, which might have given me some time to make myself presentable. But no, she entered head on. As soon as she walked into view, her gaze locked on my fully exposed erection, and Rebecca's

hand sliding all over it. David and Bethany were standing partially in front of me, but she was able to look right past them.

She didn't seem upset or even surprised. She walked right up to us with a knowing smile, and said, "Hey, Rebecca! Bethany! How are you two doing?"

The eyes of Rebecca and Bethany lit up in pleasant recognition. Bethany was closer. She exclaimed, "Linda!" Then she opened her arms wide and gave Linda a hug once she moved within range of her.

I asked, "You know each other?! All three of you? What are the odds?!"

Linda broke the hug with Bethany, and said to Rebecca with a smirky smile, "I'd give you a hug too, but it looks like your hands are busy with more important things."

Rebecca snickered, "That's true." She blew her an air kiss. She brought a second hand to my hard-on and stroked it even more overtly than before.

Linda then said to me, "You must be Brian. Nice to meet you. I'm Linda, as you can guess. Oh, and you must be David." She shook David's hand, since they were standing close to each other.

David seemed as amazed by this new arrival as I was, while Rebecca and Bethany seemed utterly unfazed, and even amused.

Linda then looked to me, while occasionally glancing down at the handjob action. "To answer your question, stud, the odds are actually quite low. I'm a recent graduate of Dr. Morgan's excellent therapeutic practice. So of course I know these two from the clinic."

I'd been so frazzled from this strange woman walking up to us as if the handjob wasn't happening that I hadn't taken the time to give her a good look. Plus, she was dressed all in black, in conservatively cut clothes. But, upon closer inspection, I realized I was foolish for not realizing already that she was or had been a patient of Dr. Morgan's. She was simply gorgeous! She had the face of a movie star, with blue eyes and blonde hair. I couldn't clearly see much of her body in her black outfit, but I could see enough to know she had to have an hourglass figure and a tremendous bust.

Women simply don't look like that in "real life." But ALL the women I've seen associated with Dr. Morgan's clinic look like that. It's astounding! Somehow, she must have picked the very most outstanding beauties for hundreds of miles around!

Linda further explained, "True, it's chance to meet outside the clinic, but the best odds of a run-in are here. Brian, you may not know it, but this store specializes in underwear and lingerie for VERY well-endowed women. I dare say they'll even have some items in stock for your ultra-busty mother. Plus, most of the employees who work here are associated with Dr. Morgan's clinic in some way. The owner is too."

Something she'd just said hit me. "Wait! You know about me and my mom?!"

"I do now!" Linda chuckled. "But seriously, I was talking to Tabitha a few minutes ago. She kind of gave me the scoop on all of you and suggested I should come over and introduce myself. But don't worry, Brian, your secret is safe with me. After all, I'm owned by MY son." She grinned knowingly. "In fact, I'm here to pick up some lingerie to help keep his big cock constantly throbbing with pleasure. It's a never-ending challenge."

Bethany got all excited about that. She said with wide eyes, "Linda, we need to talk! I'd love to pick your brain on what you do to be a better sex pet. I'm just starting out, and I have so much to learn."

Linda smiled at her. "Oh, sure. I'd be glad to help. Rebecca, you have all my contact info, I'm sure. Please feel free to pass it on." She shook Bethany's hand. "And by the way, congratulations! Wow, a big-cocked stud has finally snagged the doctor's daughter."

She refocused her attention on me. "And look at you, openly cuckolding Rebecca's cucky hubby too. Brian, you must be something extra special."

"Oh, he is!" Bethany said with pride. She cuddled up to my side and gave me a hug from there while leaving my front side open.

She was obliged to hug me like that, because Rebecca was still jacking me off all the while! It was happening in broad daylight and nobody was batting an eye about it, except for poor David, who was continually staring at his wife's sliding fingers, and constantly freaking out.

Linda had been glancing at my crotch here and there, but now she looked down there in a much more prolonged and

obvious way. "Well, he certainly has quite the cock! Why, I think even my son wouldn't mind making a trade. And his is a real mouthful, if you know what I mean." She chuckled.

Bethany and Rebecca chuckled and giggled as well.

Bethany wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. "I do, believe me, I do! I've found such great joy in total oral submission. I've even been working on trying to deep throat him, though I haven't fully succeeded yet."

Linda whistled in appreciation. "Wow, with his thickness?! Impressive! Keep at it. My son throat-fucks me every day, and I think it's my favorite way he dominates and uses me!" She stared off into space, briefly lost in fond memory.

Rebecca said to her, "Sadly, I've only sucked Brian's cock one time, but it was easily the sexual highlight of my life! Sorry, babe." She briefly took one of her hands off my boner and patted her husband's nearest shoulder while giving him a sympathetic look.

He just nodded mutely while continuing to gawk at the on-going handjob.

Then Rebecca brought that hand back to resume the two-handed action. She added to Linda, "That said, I'm going to make up for lost time. I must have masturbated to thoughts of sucking his huge cock a thousand times in the last two weeks alone. Well, it feels that way, anyway!"

Linda chuckled with understanding. "Trust me, I know exactly how you feel. Women like us, we were made to serve superior cock. Even David here can see the truth in that."

David nodded in sad defeat.

Linda looked around at each person in our group, and especially at David's blushing and humiliated face. She resumed ogling Rebecca's ten fingers sliding up and down my exposed shaft, and then said, "Well, I'd love to stay and chat, but I should probably go. It looks like there's some serious cuckolding going on, and I wouldn't want to ruin the fun."

I had to ask, "And you're okay with that?!"

She chuckled, "Okay with it? Young man, I'll have you know I'm happily married to a cucky hubby! Not only is my son my master, he's also my bull! It more than doubles the fun and pleasure. And the three of us couldn't be happier. I highly recommend it."

David had been staring endlessly at the handjob action, like everyone else in our group. But he turned his head to Linda and shyly looked at her face. "Um... ma'am, would it be okay if I could get in touch with you too?! Actually, what I'm really interested in is talking to your husband. I'm part of a vast online cuckold community, but I've never met another one face to face."

"Oh, for sure," Linda replied. "He'd love to meet you and talk, no doubt. And through him, you can meet a few more of your kind, who also are all connected to the good doctor's clinic. Sometimes, we even have small parties where us mommies strip naked and suck our son's cocks in a line while our pathetic little hubbies watch and serve us food and drinks, with their sad small penises stiff and twitching with unfulfilled need. It's lots of fun!"

David gasped and made a curious "URK!" sound. His body twitched and then he almost doubled over. His eyes practically bugged out of his head.

Linda looked to his crotch and smirked condescendingly. "Uh-oh! It looks like David just had a boo-boo in his pants. Did your little pee-pee just have a boo-boo?"

David shamefully nodded while looking down at the growing wet spot over his crotch. He miserably muttered, "Yes, ma'am." He was panting hard and heavy.

It was obvious that he'd just had an orgasm. From the way his body was reacting, such as his heavy panting, it must have been an unusually powerful one.

Linda chuckled. "Oh, this is such fun! But I really should get going. This little chat has made me even more eager to buy some sexy clothes and then put on a sexy striptease for my son while my hubby watches. I have a feeling this afternoon is going to be an epic suck and fuck session for my master and me. But then, what's new about that?" She chuckled some more. "It was nice seeing and meeting you all."

After a little more in the way of good-bye pleasantries, Linda walked away to resume her shopping.

I was mentally reeling from the whole situation. I could emphasize with David cumming. I was so extremely aroused that I was dangerously close to doing that myself. It was only the fact that we were in the middle of a store

and I didn't want to jizz all over the merchandise and floor that gave me the extra impetus to desperately hold out a little longer.

And after our run-in with Linda, I grew even more nervous about other customers walking in on us. In fact, looking around, I saw a couple of women who were standing just one aisle over. They weren't looking our way, but I could have made eye contact if they did, since we were only covered on either side up to about neck-level. But worse, I realized they were within hearing range.

I spoke to the others in our group in a hushed voice, "We need to get out of here! Look at those two women over there. They're going to get wise to us at any moment. And they look like normal women with normal figures; not nymphos connected to the clinic!"

I waited for someone in our group to say something reasonable, such as, "Yeah, that's a good idea. We're too exposed here." But nobody did. I looked around and saw just how much the others were panting heavily, the same as me.

I glanced at David's crotch. His penis may not have been as long or as thick as mine, but it was big enough to make a sizable tenting in his pants, showing that he'd definitely gotten erect again, if he'd ever gone flaccid in the first place.

I noticed the two women in the aisle over were on the move, and coming even closer to us. I spoke, quietly but forcefully. "I'm making a command decision here. I'm zipping up and moving. You can follow or not, but I'm going!"

Rebecca seemed to come out of a deep erotic fog. "Oh! I know just the place: the dressing rooms! And we need to go there anyway, because I have some things to show you."

She let go of my boner and looked around. Within seconds, she found what she was looking for: a pile of clothes that she had apparently picked out before we'd run into her.

I immediately tucked my erection away and zipped up. It was touch and go that I was able to do that without easing up on clenching my PC muscle too soon and thus cumming inside my shorts, just like David's wet spot showed he'd climaxed inside his pants.

Rebecca held up one of her selections, a see-through pink negligee. She said to me, "It's so brilliant that you happened to come along exactly when you did. I was just in the middle of buying a whole range of sexy items for you, and now you can see what you like so I'll know which ones to purchase!" She picked up her pile of selections and started walking away.

She turned back, and said to me over her shoulder, "I'll see you there." She gave me a knowingly, sultry smile, and resumed walking.

I furrowed my brow and looked to David and Bethany in confusion. "Wait! What the hell just happened!?"

Bethany laughed and gave me a hug from the side. "I think she's trying to say she likes you. A lot!" She laughed some more.

I must have come across as slow, but I wanted total clarity about what was going on. I asked David, "You're her husband. Why wouldn't she be buying sexy items for you?"

He answered with more agony written on his unusually handsome face, "I think we all know why. But don't worry, I'm not mad at you. Let's go see what she's chosen." Then he walked off too.

Bethany took my hand in hers and started leading me off in the same direction. "Come on, stud."

Chapter 25

On the way to the dressing rooms, Bethany and I saw Tabitha standing behind a cash register. She'd just finished ringing up a customer, a "normal" woman who was walking away.

Tabitha saw us and intercepted us along our way. As she came up to us, she asked me, "So, Brian, how are you enjoying your shopping experience?"

I clutched the sides of my head as if I was stopping it from exploding. "Don't even ask!"

She chuckled, "That good, huh? By the way, I hope you didn't mind me sending Linda your way, but I heard that Rebecca's cucky hubby is new to being cuckolded in the real world and not just fantasy, and I figured she could help hook him up with some other cucks."

Bethany still clung to my side. She happily replied, "Thanks! She did hook him up. And she's going to help me too, with some general advice on how to be a better submissive sex toy."

Tabitha said, "Oh, well, why didn't you ask me? I'd be glad to help with that too. Us big-titted, submissive sluts need to stick together." She winked at my girlfriend.

"Oh, wow! Sure!" Bethany replied. "That would be great!"

Tabitha then told her, "Here's a tip: it's impossible to pleasure your man's big fat cock enough. Of course, a good slut pretty much lives on her knees, choking and slurping on his thick cock-meat. So if circumstance means you can't use your mouth, at least use your hand."

Bethany replied, "I don't mean to be rude, but... duh! Of course I know that. My entire life is oriented around sexually serving him!"

"Really?" Tabitha looked unhappily at the bulge in my shorts.

"OH! Right! I see what you mean now." Bethany hastily stuck a hand inside my shorts and got busy jacking me off. Only after she did that did she look around to find out if anyone was within view. It appeared we were in the clear, but she blushed profusely just the same.

Tabitha smiled approvingly. "That's better. Now, let's go to where you can do that - and more - in privacy."

We resumed our walking to the dressing rooms. We had to go rather slowly, because Bethany kept stroking my boner inside my shorts all the while. Luckily, our destination was only a short distance from the cash register Tabitha had been at, and behind it. So we didn't run into any other customers.

As we walked, I asked Tabitha, "So, do patients and former patients from the clinic make up a lot of your customers?"

"Oh, dear yes! There's hundreds of 'em! We like to think we've pretty much cornered that market, probably thanks to how we cater to the super- and ultra-busty sizes. We're very easy about giving out discounts to them, like the one I'm giving to you today, but that's not a problem for the store. Our owner Stephanie was one of Dr. Morgan's first graduates, and she very much believes in the cause. Helping her fellow big-titted sluts serve their men is more important than gaudy profit. Don't you agree?"

"Um..." I started to say.

But apparently it had been a rhetorical question, because Tabitha changed the topic right as we passed through a door into the dressing rooms. She made sure to close the door behind her. "Here we are! As you can see, this area is set up for your typical customers to do the typical dressing room thing. But then, go through this door..."

So far, I could see four dressing rooms coming off the hallway we were standing in. Each one just had a green curtain that parted in the middle for a door. But Tabitha walked to the end of the hallway and opened another door, ushering us inside.

After she closed that door behind us, I was able to see that there was a ninety-degree bend in the hallway. After the bend, there were three more dressing rooms, again with green curtains for doors.

Tabitha explained, "Now, THESE are for our more adventurous customers, who are interested in, oh, shall we say, more interactive feedback." She gave me a knowing smirk. "Why, I do believe we have one in use already. It's my favorite, the one I use to 'entertain' my brother whenever he stops by for a visit."

She walked to the most distant changing room, which also was the largest, and boldly parted the curtain without

warning.

We found Rebecca and David standing inside. That was no surprise, since they'd said they were going to a changing room. But Rebecca had already changed into the pink see-through negligee she'd been holding up, and seeing her ridiculously voluptuous and sexy body in it just about knocked me over! It was the same with her as it was with Mommy and Bethany: whenever I saw one of them naked or partially naked after being away for a while, it was a heart-thumping shocker! Such sights never, ever got old.

David was standing next to Rebecca, still dressed in his blue polo shirt and tan khaki pants. It was unfortunate he didn't happen to wear much darker pants, because the wet spot on his crotch was obvious, as was the tenting of his erection. He was just finishing making some adjustments to the back side of her negligee.

However, when he saw Bethany and me, especially me, he stepped away from Rebecca as if she were a hot stove. He held his hands up defensively. "I'm sorry, sir! I didn't want to touch her, but she ordered me to do it!"

That was so bizarre that I practically had to shake my head to try to cope with the insanity. I thought, *What the fuck?! David, you're her husband! Fucking grow a spine already!*

But then I thought, *Wait a second. This is his world of being a cuckold. This is what he wants. I can continue to try to resist it and shake my head in confusion. There's no fun in that. Or, I can run with it as best I can. Step into the role of being a "bull," at least for today. Why fucking not? Everybody wants me to, and it'll be a thousand times more interesting and enjoyable!*

So that's what I did. I resolved to turn over a new leaf on the spot. But it wasn't easy, because I wasn't used to thinking that way. I had to ask myself, *Now, what would a bull say here?!*

I looked around the changing room. I was surprised to realize the curtains had been closed behind Bethany and me, and Tabitha had disappeared without saying good-bye. Apparently, she wanted to hurry back to her job.

I noticed benches on two sides of the room, covered on top by cushiony fake leather, plus some throw pillows on top. Each bench was unusually wide. On the surface level, they just looked like good places to sit. But it also seemed obvious that they could make good beds for fucking! I remembered what Tabitha said about entertaining her brother in this very room. Clearly, it was designed to be a comfortable and private place for sex!

I told David with a new surly attitude, "Damn straight you shouldn't touch her!" I pointed to one of the benches. "Sit! And behave! Or else I'll have to kick you out!"

David nodded earnestly, like a dog eager to obey. "Yes, sir!" He moved to the bench I'd indicated at double speed.

I had to resist the urge to shake my head in disgust. I didn't want to be cruel to him; I just wanted him out of the way. Then I walked forward to Rebecca.

She smiled approvingly at my treatment of her husband. She held her arms up, with her hands behind her head. "'Sir.' Mmmm, I like the sound of that! Sir, how do you like my outfit? Does it meet your approval?"

I gave her a good look-over, from head to toe, while Bethany stood by my side with her hand still inside my shorts and jacking me off. Rebecca's negligee didn't cover much at all, at least not the important parts. It essentially was a short dress that went from the bottoms of her huge tits down to a few inches above her pussy lips. So, it was a very, VERY short dress, and a see-through one for good measure!

I stepped forward and felt her massive globes from below. For some reason, I was feeling unusually possessive towards her, even though we hardly knew each other and we'd only taken part in three sex acts so far, two of them brief and interrupted.

As I caressed and fondled her bare boobs, I growled, "You're MINE from now on, you hear? MINE!"

"Yes, Sir!" She shivered with lust to such a declaration that I could feel her tits trembling in my hands.

I was extremely curious to see what David's reaction to that was. I'd said it because a moment of intense passion overwhelmed me. Only then did I remember her husband was there and listening. At first, I wasn't going to look his way at all, as that would be a statement in and of itself.

But curiosity got the best of me. I thought, *If he wants me to play the role of the bull, then I'm going to be that way with him too!* I briefly looked his way and stared menacingly. "You got a problem with that?"

David was wide-eyed and nearly panicky. He managed to stammer, "N-n-n-n-no! No, Sir!"

"Good," I growled some more. "Stay there sitting on your ass, with your mouth shut, unless someone speaks to you. And I don't want to see your damn penis, period!"

"Yes, Sir!"

I redirected my attention to Rebecca. I kissed her lips while she submissively kept her pose of her hands behind her head. I continued fondling her huge tits, but also began roaming my hands elsewhere. The negligee only covered the top half of her ass to begin with. It was easy for me to push it up and away entirely, so I did.

Bethany wasn't content with just jacking me off. She undid my shorts and pulled them all the way down my legs and off me. Then she knelt down and engulfed my cockhead. She managed to bob on it without getting much in the way between me and Rebecca by angling in from the side.

Rebecca saw what Bethany was doing, and tilted her head back in ecstasy. "Yesssss! Bethany! Oh my God! Suck him good! Oh GOD! UNGH! Together, you and I, and with Mary... we're going to take SUCH good care of him!"

I was feeling a rush of arousal thanks to Bethany starting to work her oral magic. But I was amused, because as much as I was enjoying the situation, it seemed Rebecca was enjoying it much more! She seemed lost in some delirious rapture, mostly due to watching my girlfriend suck me off.

It was clear to me that Rebecca had some plan to tempt me by modeling her lingerie. However, it also was clear that plan had been thrown out the window when she abruptly dropped to her knees next to Bethany. I'm not sure how they non-verbally arranged it, but a few seconds later, my throbbing boner was fully trapped in Rebecca's cleavage, with her lingerie tugged off her shoulders and sliding further down her tummy.

But Bethany wasn't left out: she leaned over from the side and engulfed all of my cockhead and then some.

All of a sudden, between the two of them, literally every last bit of my hard-on was either inside Bethany's mouth or Rebecca's cleavage. It was fantastic!

Normally, I would have started petting and stroking Bethany's hair, or Rebecca's, or both of them. I'd learned that giving feedback was always very appreciated. However, I was so overcome by erotic stimulation that all I could do was clench my fists in the air while shutting my eyes tightly and clenching my teeth.

For the next minute or two, I felt like I was riding on a roller coaster, although it felt even more like I was riding on a careening rocket. It was all I could do to stand there with my fists flailing around while I struggled with all my might not to cum yet.

Just when I felt I was starting to handle the situation, I got a surprise. David stood up and began pumping his fists even more frantically and purposefully than I was.

For a second, I worried that he'd belatedly found his spine and he was going to punch me!

But instead, incredibly, I saw a smile on his pained, emotive face. "This is so MOTHERFUCKING HOT! YESSSSS! Oh, Becky, my darling Becky! Pleasure him with your huge fucking tits! Oh God! As part of a team! You and her, the two fucking hottest foxes I've ever seen!"

Rebecca had her mouth free, since Bethany was the one bobbing on my cockhead. So she shrieked in response, "Oh, Davey! It's happening! All our cuckolding dreams are coming true! How does it feel to be bested by Brian?!"

David brought one hand down and stuck it inside his pants. From his arm motion, it was clear he was frantically jacking off. He exclaimed, "I HATE it! I'm in AGONY! But I love it so much too! It's the fucking hottest thing I've ever seen!" He continued to punch a fist in the air with one hand while jacking off inside his pants with the other one.

His bizarre behavior was distracting me and helping me "survive" the combined sexy efforts of Bethany and Rebecca without cumming quite yet. I had to ask him, "How can you say that?! How can you enjoy being 'in agony?'"

That gave him enough pause to at least stop pumping a fist in the air. But he continued to masturbate to the sight of the titfucking and cocksucking as he answered me, "It's not really 'enjoying' it. I don't know! Why do people go to horror movies just to get scared out of their minds? Doesn't that sound stupid on its face? But millions do it."

I had to admit to myself that he had a good point there.

He went on, "Besides, just look!" Using his free hand, he pointed incredulously at the action on my cock. "Is that not the hottest thing in the fucking universe?! Your dick is twice as long as mine and twice as thick! I could only wish in my wildest dreams to be that endowed! And look at how they're loving it! Adoring it! And they're so fucking SEXY! It's just all... too much!" He briefly pulled his hand out of his pants to gesticulate wildly with both hands.

I looked down, as if to gauge how accurate his comments were. I was glad that Bethany was still fully clothed, for

once. I was uncomfortable with the idea of David seeing her private parts. Even so, she did look incredibly inspired and erotic with the way she was feverishly bobbing on my cock. Her lips repeatedly slid down until they met Rebecca's tits. More often than not, one couldn't see any of my erection whatsoever, since part of it was engulfed in Bethany's hot mouth and the other part was enveloped in Rebecca's deep, tight titfuck. David's praise of my penis size must have been based on what he'd seen of it earlier. Admittedly, there had been plenty of that!

Then there was Rebecca. I couldn't directly see any of the titfucking action, due to Bethany's head being in the way. But her head was tilted back to make room for Bethany, and the look on her face was truly rapturous.

I remembered from earlier conversations with her that she'd been married to David for four years, and he'd been pushing her to cuckold him for their entire relationship, including trying to push her to sleep with someone else on their honeymoon! She'd been wanting to do this for years, but she hadn't had the nerve, or the right situation hadn't come along, or both. Now it was finally happening, and she had a look on her face as if four years of frustrated desire was coming out all at once.

I felt bad for David, but I couldn't feel too bad since this was something he clearly wanted. If he enjoyed doing something idiotic, such as punching himself in the face, it wasn't up to me to stop him. If he was so dead-set on getting cuckolded and I flat out refused to take part, it would happen with some other "bull" anyway. Besides, I was so extremely aroused that I could barely think straight in the first place.

Another minute or two passed in relative silence, with just the sounds of everyone panting hard plus the slurping of Bethany's hungry lips. Rebecca whispered something to Bethany, but I couldn't make it out, since their heads were right next to each other. Then Bethany took over holding Rebecca's huge tits in place, sliding them up and down my throbbing shaft.

At first, I just thought that was a sexy thing for them to do. But then I realized Rebecca wanted her hands free, because she reached out towards her husband, and asked, "Davey, honey, are you SURE this is what you want?! There's still time to back out. I don't want to lose you!"

David sat back down on the bench so he'd be more at her level. Then he reached out and just managed to hold her hand. He said earnestly, "I'm sure. Very sure."

Rebecca asked, "I know you're high on lust right now, like I am. But what if you have regrets later?"

"Oh, I'll have regrets," he said with certainty. "I'll kick myself over this constantly. But that's part of my cuckold fetish. I crave to see an alpha male dominate you! I need to see you reach your full sexual flower, your ultimate ecstasy, serving superior cock! I love you, and want you to be happy. This is what fulfills you; I can see it. This is what you need!"

Still holding David's hand, and with my boner trapped between her enormous tits, Rebecca said, "It's true, this IS what I need. But I worry. Our lives are going to change so much. Now that I've started down this road of serving Brian's cock, who knows where it'll lead or just how far it'll go?"

He squeezed her hand. "I know, but isn't that exciting?! Don't worry about me. You know how Dr. Morgan declared me ready for the full cuckold life two years ago. It's YOU that's been holding us back. This is what needs to happen! You have the exact ideal body for the sex toy life! God, you're so beautiful! It would be wasted on me. Plus, it's your ultimate fantasy. So follow your dream! But remember, it's OUR dream!"

Rebecca nodded, while looking very emotional. "I love you!" She squeezed his hand back.

"I love you too!" he replied, almost teary eyed. He gave her hand one more squeeze and then let go of it.

Rebecca went back to holding her own massive tits and sliding them up and down my shaft, with one usually going up when the other one went down, and vice versa. But she whispered something to Bethany, and that caused Bethany to pull her lips all the way off and sit back slightly.

That "cleared the field" for Rebecca. She immediately engulfed my cockhead while still valiantly keeping the titfucking motion going.

I nearly went cross-eyed as another surge of extreme pleasure hit me. But I clung on. I wanted to be worthy of all the "superior cock" hype.

Once I more or less recovered enough to cope, I looked down to Bethany to see what she was doing. She was starting to take her clothes off. But I also caught sight of David beyond her. Not only was he back to masturbating, but he had unzipped his fly and was directly jacking off, skin on skin. I couldn't see much of his erection, but what I saw suggested he had a normal-sized penis. It wasn't anything to be ashamed of, except perhaps in comparison to a

"hypersexual" one like mine.

I didn't want David to get to see Bethany's naked body. I realized what he'd just started doing gave me the perfect excuse. I barked at him, "HEY! David, are you deaf? Did you or didn't you hear me when I told you to keep it in your pants?! I don't want to see your damn dick!"

He sheepishly muttered, "Sorry," and started to cover up and then zip up.

But I said, "That's not good enough. If you want to do this cuckold thing, you need to learn your place. Plus, the less you see of Bethany's privates, the better. So, go!"

He blanched. "Go?!"

"Yes. Leave this room. If you want to go just outside and listen through the curtain, I don't care. Just get out of my sight!"

Upon hearing that, he went from looking distraught to strangely pleased. He actually smiled. "Yes, Sir!" He stood up and shuffled through the curtains and out of sight without ever fully zipping up.

I had to shake my head. *Pathetic! God, I'm so glad I'm not him!*

I was nearly 100 percent certain what he'd do next: he'd keep on jacking off while listening through the curtains. Heck, it would be surprising if he didn't at least have the balls (or the uncontrollable lust) to part the curtains slightly so he could peek in on us too. I had a feeling that he might even prefer doing that to being in the room with us. I didn't understand his mindset, but it seemed like the cuckold thing to do.

Once David was gone, Bethany took all her clothes off and stood up. As Rebecca continued her combined titfuck-blowjob, Bethany plastered her huge globes against my chest and whispered in my ear, "WOW! I love the way you're hanging horns on that poor cucky hubby. And then the way you're taking control of Rebecca! A married woman! It makes me so HOT for you!"

I didn't get a chance to reply, because she aggressively kissed my lips.

I must say, there's nothing like making out with one big-titted beauty while getting one's dick sucked by another one. It was a pleasure I had become very familiar with in the last two weeks, with Mommy and Bethany giving me the treatment multiple times a day. It was ever more thrilling with Rebecca taking part, and titfucking me at the same time.

Time passed like a heavenly dream. Rebecca was so full of passion and desire that she only had one mode, and that was going all out on my cock. It wasn't long before she was crying profusely, because keeping my entire cockhead in her mouth while maintaining the titfuck was very physically taxing for her. She would have to pull her lips all the way off about every minute or so, try to quickly recover, and then engulf my cockhead yet again.

She was exceptionally noisy. All that pulling her lips off and then back on again was very noisy. Plus, when she was sucking me, she was choking, gagging, and slurping nearly constantly. Whenever she was taking a break, she gasped for air. Even her titfucking made a lot of squishy noise, because my shaft and her massive tits were soaked with pre-cum, not to mention saliva, which continually drooled out of her mouth.

On top of all that, Bethany was very vocal with her kissing, always moaning loudly into my mouth.

The end result was that David must have had a lot to listen to. That was bound to keep him energetically masturbating, even if he somehow resisted the temptation to peek through the curtains (which I highly doubted anyway).

We continued like that for several minutes, with Bethany and I making out while Rebecca continued her tear-inducing combo effort. I had to hold the sides of Rebecca's head nearly all the time, and she and I had some struggles as I physically forced her to restrain her bobbing. It was the only way I could avoid cumming, though I was hanging on the edge non-stop.

Rebecca had several orgasms. There was no way to miss that fact, because she was exceptionally loud and physical each time, usually screaming her head off while continuing to steadily bob on my shaft.

Bethany seemed less aroused, but whenever I could take my hands off Rebecca's head, I tried to finger my girlfriend's pussy a little bit. That helped her have a couple of climaxes, though evidently they were less intense than Rebecca's.

From time to time, Bethany would whisper sweet nothings in my ear. They generally were comments about the overall situation and how very aroused it made her. She said things like, "You realize you're Rebecca's bull for sure

now, right? Whether you like it or not! Mommy and her and me - we're going to have SO MUCH FUN sharing you!" and "I think you're gonna need to spank Rebecca a lot to remind her who REALLY owns her ass! Then send her home with burning red ass cheeks so her cucky hubby can take care of her!"

I was just about floating on air, I was so incredibly aroused from all the sights and sounds around me! Even thinking about poor David behind the curtains increased my excitement.

Eventually, Bethany dropped to her knees to resume cooperating with Rebecca in sucking me off. It was just as arousing for me, but less stressful, because Bethany was becoming an expert on my arousal level, and she took responsibility to make sure Rebecca didn't get carried away, even if that meant physically restraining her sometimes.

A couple of minutes after they began licking and sucking me together, I finally gave up the struggle and climaxed. It was an extra big thrill for me, because I got to paint both of their faces together, for the very first time!

Given how things were going, I knew it definitely wasn't going to be the last time. I'd been reluctant to take on the role of Rebecca's bull, but my resistance to that idea had been completely obliterated. She was simply too sexy to resist, no matter how weird matters were with her and David.

Regarding David, I'd completely forgotten about him for a while, ever since he'd left our changing room. It was "out of sight, out of mind." But after I splattered my cum all over the stunning faces of Bethany and Rebecca, and the two of them lustily rubbed their cummy cheeks together, David made a series of moans and yelps that were impossible to ignore. It sounded clear to me that he'd reached his own limit and climaxed again.

However, I continued to ignore him, and nobody else said a word.

Soon, things settled back down. I fell back to the bench behind me to take a little rest. Bethany and Rebecca lovingly licked my cum off each other's faces and into their mouths in the exact same way Bethany and Mommy did at home every single day. It wasn't long before the two of them were French kissing and snowballing too, as well as rubbing their huge racks together. Again, just like home.

It seemed David got off on that sight, because after another couple of minutes, I heard him breathing heavily and moaning lustily.

I realized he had to be peeking, because there wasn't much to get excited about if he was only eavesdropping. I looked towards the curtains, and sure enough, I saw a gap of about an inch between parted curtains, and a dark shape indicating his face was right up against that gap.

But then my own arousal began to return. Once my dick was fully erect and my two insatiable sluts were lapping on it together some more, I put David out of my mind again.

At least I did for a few minutes. But then he came back to my attention in a way that couldn't be ignored when I heard a female voice exclaim, "What the hell?! Pervert! Billy, don't look at that man's penis!"

I didn't recognize the voice, but I heard David's panicky response. "Wait! Wait! Don't go! It's not what you think! That's my wife in there! This is fully consensual!"

There was a pause, and then the female voice asked, skeptically, "Your wife?! Seriously?!"

David said, "Yes! She's not deaf. She can hear us. Rebecca, please, say something!"

Rebecca happened to be the one bobbing on my cockhead while Bethany was taking a turn titfucking the rest of my shaft. Rebecca pulled her lips off with a loud, satisfied smack, and said, "Yes, Tina, relax. It's me, Rebecca, from the clinic. The man you're speaking to is my husband David."

Tina's voice sounded shocked. "Rebecca?! Oh my God! Is that really you?! And how do you know it's me?!"

Rebecca continued to lap around my cockhead in a calm manner as she said, "The fact that you mentioned your son's name Billy was a vital clue. I figured you had to be one of Dr. Morgan's patients in order to be using one of these secret sex rooms. Then I thought back and recalled your voice."

Suddenly, Tina was on the defensive. "'Sex rooms?' I don't know what you're talking about! We were just, uh, we wanted some extra privacy."

Rebecca chuckled. "Don't worry. Come take a peek through the curtains."

"Can I?! No, I shouldn't. But... oh, hell! I'm kind of dying to find out what's going on. If your husband is out here, what's all the slurpy noises coming from in there?!"

The double oral action on my boner hadn't stopped at all. Indeed, both Bethany and Rebecca were being extra loud with my cock, probably to show off a bit for Tina.

There was a short silence. I kept an eye on the gap between the curtain. I couldn't see much of what was behind it due to the lighting, but I saw one body move away, presumably David's, only to be replaced immediately by a shorter body, presumably Tina's.

Then Tina exclaimed, "OH MY LORD! Rebecca! And is that... Bethany?! It is! And... and... who's the handsome young man you two are servicing together?!"

Bethany spoke up, because Rebecca had taken most of my cockhead back in her mouth. "Hi, Tina! I'd rather not say, because we don't want rumors to go around. But suffice to say that he's my boyfriend and Rebecca's bull. Can you and Billy please keep this a secret?"

"Oh, certainly. But... GOOD GOD! I had no idea... And the two of you look soooo incredibly sexy! And his cock is so... extraordinary! All that pearly cum on your faces!"

Bethany chuckled. "Yeah, it's pretty great! Now, go into one of the other two changing rooms back here and give your son that blowjob you've been dying to give him. Use the sight of our cummy faces to inspire you to serve his cock with great passion until he cums on YOUR face!"

Tina's voice sounded uncertain. "Um... what makes you think..."

Bethany chuckled some more. "Relax! You're with friends! We're all about serving superior cock."

Rebecca pulled her lips off my cock to add, "Exactly. Tina, I happen to recall that you've been your son's sex toy for at least the last year. In fact, you're close to graduating from needing the doctor's help. If you don't get into the next changing room and give him a good, long suck, I'm going to consider you a very naughty mommy!" She giggled.

Tina giggled too, and seemed to relax. "Don't worry, you got me. That's what we came here for. But... I feel awkward with your husband out here in the hall."

Rebecca went back to lapping on the top of my fat knob. "Oh, don't worry about him. He's a willing cuckold. Use the stall that's one over. I promise you he won't peek on you. We can see his shadow peeking in on us."

"Okay," Tina said. "Gosh, I'm glad I ran into all of you! This is so exciting. I feel like I'm part of a movement!"

"You are," Rebecca said confidently. "You are." As soon as she finished saying that, she went from mere licking to fully engulfing my cockhead again.

And that was the last of that conversation. I never heard any more from David after his initial comments. And I never heard a peep from Billy. I also didn't get a chance to see any of Tina or Billy, despite the fact that Tina peeked in on us. However, I'd had enough experience with Dr. Morgan's other female patients to know that she had to be extremely beautiful as well as seriously stacked.

Bethany, Rebecca, and I spent a long time in the changing room. Not long after the conversation with Tina, Rebecca got so worked up that she all but demanded that I fuck her cunt... so I did!

Part of me was so extremely aroused that I couldn't think straight. But another part of me was aware that this was a very big moment in my life and Rebecca's life too. I remembered how I'd been told that her mouth had been "wed" to my dick after that epic blowjob she'd given me. If that was true, then she'd be even more wed to me after we'd fucked.

However, I figured we'd already crossed the Rubicon. It was going to happen eventually because both she and I wanted it so very much, so why wait? Let the chips fall where they may. I'd deal with all the cuckolding weirdness and the rest later.

So we fucked!

And it was great, of course. How could it not be, when she had a body built for fucking, just like Mommy's and Bethany's?

Rebecca's cunt was just as tight and fuckable as theirs were. It turned out she had been anticipating this for the past two weeks, at least, and had been intently working on her Kegel muscle control like never before. She'd never done that for David, but apparently she felt she had to up her game in order to compete with my two other women. Her pussy was already seriously skilled at squeezing my shaft, and she promised she would only get better and better with more practice.

All the while, David continued to pathetically peek in on us while openly masturbating in the hallway. Yes, it was freaking bizarre, but I must admit that it gave me an extra ego boost. I think it increased the arousal level of all of us, especially Rebecca.

I tried to simply ignore David as best I could. I kept thinking what it would be like to be in his shoes, so I didn't want to increase his humiliation even more.

However, Rebecca had other ideas. She liked to say things to him through the curtain that increased the intensity of his cuckolding even more. The most important comment she made was once I was balls-deep inside her. She turned towards the curtains, and said, "Davey, are you watching this? He fills me up so much! More than you can possibly imagine! I'm sorry, but... UGH! You have to understand... my cunt belongs to him now! HNNG! You'll never... never... EVER be able to fuck me again!"

David didn't respond at first, but his loud grunting, moaning, and panting was a clear answer that he was reaching up to an orgasmic peak.

After another minute or two, once I'd started to slowly thrust in and out of Rebecca, David finally managed to say, "I understand, babe. This is what I've been expecting. It's what I want! You look so radiant! But... what if we want to have kids someday?!"

Rebecca grunted. Tears and sweat was pouring down her face from the intensity of the tight fuck-squeeze. "Sorry, hon! I think you know the answer. Obviously, my bull will impregnate me if that's what he so desires, since my body will be his personal playground from now on. There's no way I could use birth control if he doesn't want me to. You know that's how this works, right?"

He grunted reluctantly but affirmatively.

She went on, "You know what Dr. Morgan says: when a busty slut submits to her master, she can't be halfway about it. Whether she's married or not! But don't worry, you'll get to raise the child, who'll call you 'Daddy.' Bulls... UNGH! Bulls can't be bothered with that sort of thing! Oh GOD! Brian! Fuck me HARDER!"

Apparently those words pushed David over the edge. He let out a wordless cry and ejaculated. We would later find out he came on the curtain, which would force him to take part in a humiliating clean up.

But I couldn't blame him, for once, because hearing Rebecca say that caused me to lose control too. I started blasting a load deep inside her, even though I'd only just started fucking her with long, satisfying thrusts in and out.

I didn't cry out much more than my usual erotic moaning and groaning. But once she felt my cum squirting into her, she yelled, "OH LORD! David, it's happening! His fertile seed is filling me up! Maybe... maybe he's knocking me up right now! Oh God! UNGH! Master! Take me! Own me! I'm yours forever! AAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!"

Thanks to that sort of talk, I kept cumming and cumming into her until I felt all of my life force had been utterly sapped away from me. I knew on a logical level that she was on birth control and I wasn't impregnating her at that moment. But on an emotional level it sure felt like I was. Plus, the fact that she was so thrilled by the idea was a major turn-on.

I thought I was down for the count after that. But with Bethany and Rebecca working on me in tandem, I got erect again after only a five-minute break. Then I was able to "finish the job" of giving Rebecca a thorough fucking.

Bethany was very understanding. Far from acting jealous, she cheered me on and repeatedly welcomed Rebecca to "the team."

I don't know how long we spent in there, but it was a hell of a long time. Tabitha even came by to check on us and give each of us bottled waters to help us keep going.

Eventually though, I reached a point where I couldn't get it up again. I might have been able to after another break, if I really pushed myself, but I wanted to save some of my sexual energy for Mommy later in the day. No matter what, she would always be my number one, and Bethany and Rebecca had to understand that.

As we rested, I had to marvel while staring at Rebecca's naked body all in a tangle with Bethany's and mine. Wow! *It wasn't that long ago when I thought Rebecca was just a super hot and super stacked blonde receptionist. So far out of my league that she was in another galaxy. That was even before I knew she was married. And now... this! I would say "don't believe your lying eyes," but I can see her and feel her and smell her and even taste her. This is real! This is fucking real! I'm her bull now. I still don't know what that means exactly, but I know it's awesome!*

When the three of us left (with David staying behind to clean his cum off the curtains), I couldn't avoid hearing the sound of sexual noises coming from the two other "secret" stalls, Feeling cavalier, I let my curiosity get the best of me and I briefly peeked into them. Each one had a gorgeous and seriously stacked naked woman sucking on the cock of a well-hung young man.

I walked on without incident, because I didn't want them to know I'd been spying on them. But once we were out of

the store, I asked Rebecca about them, since she knew all of Dr. Morgan's patients. She didn't give me names, but it turned out one pair was a mother and son (and they weren't Tina and Billy, who had already left), and the other was an aunt and nephew.

I was secretly thrilled, because I felt even more than before that I was part of Dr. Morgan's secret movement or crusade.

Back home, Mommy made a mistake by immediately asking how things had gone with Rebecca as soon as Bethany and I walked inside. That allowed me to finally put two and two together and realize that the "accidental" meeting with Rebecca and David was no accident at all. In fact, it had been carefully planned by Mommy, Bethany, Rebecca, and Tabitha. But by the time I figured it out it was a done deal and I could only be amused at how I'd been "tricked."

Plus, I was relieved that Mommy wasn't upset and was even the "ringleader" behind bringing Rebecca into our sexual "team."

My only problem was wondering how even a "hypersexual being" such as myself could keep up with three incredible, insatiable nymphos!

Chapter 26

One month after my last appointment, I once again found myself sitting in Dr. Morgan's waiting room, ready for my next appointment with her. This time, though, I was flanked by not one but two huge-titted fuck sluts.

On my left sat my girlfriend Bethany, an achingly beautiful young woman, with an immense G-cup rack that jutted out obscenely from her tall, hourglass-shaped frame. Though she was actually three years my senior, at the moment she arguably looked younger, with her brown hair up in girly pigtails and her voluptuous body clad only in a tight T-shirt, along with an extremely short cheerleader-style shirt that flared out, showcasing her toned legs. Plus, less in tune with the rest of her casual outfit, she wore a pair of bright blue high heels on her feet. That was all she had on, since she never wore underwear whenever she was with me.

This sort of outfit was not unusual on her these days. Symbolic of how our relationship had evolved in just one month was the fact that her tight white T-shirt had the words "Brian Owns Me" written across it in big red letters. Those words were impossible to miss, especially due to the way they provocatively stretched out between her jiggy twin peaks.

On my right was my mother Mary, an unparalleled beauty, with a delicate face framed by long, wavy, dark brown hair that went halfway down her back, and bright green eyes that routinely took my breath away. Though barely more than five feet in height and light enough that I could hoist her onto my rock-hard cock by simply grabbing her around her amazingly slim waist (something I regularly did), she was easily the most top-heavy woman I had ever seen.

Just that weekend, Mommy and I had gone shopping for some new clothes for her -- which were getting sluttier by the week. (One result of me having a new girlfriend was that Bethany and Mommy were fighting to "out-slut" each other, and I was always the winner!) Having watched her try on obscene outfit after outfit, I knew that her narrow waist was offset by breasts so massive that the girl at the lingerie shop almost fainted at the measurement: 36-J.

My voluptuous mother had tried on teddies, bustiers, and other outfits for me -- and she was bursting out of all of them. It was all we could do not to fuck right there in one of the shops. We'd had to limit ourselves to her giving me a secret hummer in one of the dressing rooms, but that had seemed to only whet our sexual appetites. We'd ended up buying a bunch of custom-made bras, lingerie, and other items.

Happily, we'd chosen to shop at Stephanie's, the same lingerie shop where I'd had my wild shopping adventure with Rebecca and Bethany about a week earlier. It was the only store in town that carried bras in Mommy's size, so we didn't have much choice anyway. Tabitha had been there, so we'd gotten another discount, as well as protection for the dressing room blowjob.

Then Mommy and I had gone home. As soon as we got through the door, we'd fucked like animals on the shag carpeting of our living room. But that had just been for starters. We'd fucked all over the house until we were too tired to stand. I have a particularly fond memory of drilling her into the side of the couch, with her legs hoisted into the air as I rammed into her, making the dishes shake on the dining room table.

Sitting in the waiting room of Dr. Morgan's clinic, I had to marvel over how Mommy wore one of her newly purchased custom bras, with a simple white button-down blouse over it. It was absolutely bursting at the seams, with her tit-meat bulging out and threatening to blow the whole thing open. She wore a black jacket over that, with no hope of it ever closing over her gigantic bust below. She finished off her outfit with a tight, brown pencil skirt and her usual four-inch high heels (black, this time).

As usual whenever we were waiting in this room to see Dr. Morgan, Mommy squirmed in her seat, constantly fidgeting from horniness. As our "treatments" had progressed, she'd found herself hotter and hotter pretty much all the time - in just about all the connotations of the word "hot." Her body seemed constantly swollen, though more at certain times than others. In fact, her "swelling" was the main reason we were visiting the doctor this time.

However, there was a problem if we wanted to get frisky, because we weren't the only ones in the waiting room! As always, the gorgeous blonde receptionist Rebecca was visible only through the receptionist window.

What had happened between me and her lately was a whole other story!

Things had definitely changed since the encounter I'd had with her and her husband David at Stephanie's, when I fucked her for the first time in one of the dressing rooms. Since then, I didn't get to see her every day, or even every other day. But that meant that when I did get to see her, it was extra intense, not to mention arousing.

I'd finally accepted that I was her bull, possibly permanently. The benefits I got from that role were simply out of this world!

Let's just say as one example that before I could take a seat in the waiting room with Mommy, I had to go off to the bathroom in the doctor's inner offices, where Rebecca gave me a private and very intimate hello kiss greeting.

She'd wanted to "greet me" all the way until I came on her or inside her, but there hadn't been time, due to her having to man her receptionist position. However, she was so overwhelmingly passionate and needy that I let her give my penis a "special kiss" as well. That involved her stripping down to just her high heels and orally servicing me right there in the bathroom until I was on the cusp of a great climax. Luckily, she was so fervent with her tight lip-lock that it only took me a few minutes to get to that condition.

The only way I could get her to stop and put her clothes back on was to promise that I'd have a lot more fun with her before leaving the office.

Getting that "friendly hello" for Rebecca had gotten me hot to trot. Normally, with Mommy and Bethany there, we could have gotten it on right there in the waiting room with Rebecca watching and approving.

But the snag was that there was another couple sitting side by side in chairs across the waiting room. They hadn't said a word since the three of us had arrived, except for some quiet whispers to each other. But looking at their faces, it was clear they were unnerved by our presence, while we were stymied by their presence.

I had no doubt they were mother and son, even if I didn't already know that all of Dr. Morgan's patients were mothers and sons on this day of the week. For one thing, they were both African-American, with unusually dark brown skin. They also had similar faces. Even the styles of their black hair was similar, with her having almost as short a haircut as he did, though done in a feminine style. Plus, their ages fit, with the mother being about Mommy's age and the boy being about my age. Their non-verbal interaction somehow came across as familial as well.

The boy was wearing a T-shirt and shorts, just like me. The mother was in a long, flowing green dress that didn't hide the fact that she was seriously stacked - though not as much as Mommy, of course. Her bra size was more in Bethany's league - around a G-cup - which was still outrageously large by "outside world" standards.

Mommy was acting as if they weren't there, despite the fact she clearly had seen that they were. Without even trying to keep her voice down, she leaned into me, with her chest pressing into my arm, and began to massage the bulge in my shorts. "Sweetie? Can I suck on your cock while we wait? Please?"

I whispered back, "Sssh. Patience."

She grudgingly lowered her voice. "I know Rebecca didn't finish the job in the bathroom, did she? In fact, she was more of a tease." She looked down at the bulge in my shorts and frowned. "She's left you with a big, fat boner, and that's just mean! Personally, I think it's an outrage. What good is it having not one but two personal fuck pets sitting next to you, and another one standing by, if you have to sit there with painful blue balls?!"

I realized she had a point. I was uncomfortably aroused. Just a couple of minutes ago, Rebecca had really worked me up with her fantastic oral loving, not to mention some titfucking fun too.

I couldn't help but grin widely as I thought back to the titfucking, because that had left her free to speak, and she'd said the most arousing things. I could still recall some of her words she spoke as her massive tits slid up and down either side of my throbbing shaft: "Sir, I've missed you SO MUCH! I know it's only been three days, but that's an eternity for me! You're in my heart and my thoughts all the time. Please tell me that your other two sexy sluts have been taking good care of you and especially treating this big fat cock of yours the way it needs to be treated!"

She'd gone on like that for quite some time. Sometimes, heck, most of the time, it was hard for me to fathom that she was married, because she certainly didn't act like it.

I tried to refocus on the problem at hand, the potential danger of having sexy fun in the waiting room. I whispered to Mommy, "What about them?" I subtly nodded towards the mother and son on the other side of the room.

My lusty mother actually raised her voice slightly, now that she wasn't mentioning Rebecca's name. "Oh, don't worry. I'm sure she's a mother who loves to suck her son too. I'll be really quiet, so they'll hardly notice. I promise to swallow all of your cum, so we won't make the usual sperm-faced mess either."

She whispered in her little-girl voice. "Please fuck Mommy's mouth, sweetheart!"

I looked to the black couple to see how they'd react. I couldn't tell if they'd overheard us. Regardless, both of them were staring at Mommy open-mouthed, even as I saw the mother glance at her son and hiss, "Reggie! Don't stare!"

He whispered back, but with enough excitement for me to hear, "Sorry, I can't help it! God, she's so HOT! And so

stacked! How can a woman with a body like that also have a sultry face like that?! I've never seen anything like it!"

Knowing that he was talking about my mother, I couldn't disagree with him there!

The mother then grumbled, "Hey, what about me?! Am I chopped liver?"

Reggie quickly realized his faux pas. "Sorry, Mom! You're the best and I love you with all my heart. You're super sexy too, and an awesome cocksucker. No one else can deep throat me like you do, and that's a fact. It's just that... well... you don't see a woman with curves like that every day. Not even here."

The mother seemed mollified, but she grumbled some more, "I guess that's true."

Bethany was sitting on my other side, and she didn't want to be ignored. She pressed her curvaceous body into mine and started gently stroking my short dark brown hair. She said, with the slight whining tone of a teen not getting her way, "Please fuck MY mouth! I want to feel your cum shooting down my throat. And speaking of throats, I need more deep throating practice! The only way I'll ever get better is if I practice, practice, practice. You can feel up your Mommy's huge breasts while I suck on you. Please?"

The truth was that nowadays Mommy, Bethany, and I had become a nearly inseparable threesome, with Rebecca joining in occasionally. The sex I got to enjoy on a daily basis was truly beyond belief! Many times a day I literally couldn't believe what was happening to me, especially on those special occasions when my three beauties all licked my boner together. We were all either "hypersexual beings" or "mere" "nymphomaniacs," which meant we simply couldn't get enough of each other.

But, it wasn't all just sex and orgasms. Bethany in particular had become a big part of my life in a startlingly short time. I'd fallen deeply in love with the gorgeous young woman I had lusted after from afar during high school. And she'd fallen in love and lust with me, in a deeply submissive way.

Furthermore, Rebecca was rapidly becoming my de facto third sex toy, even though I saw a lot less of her due to her living with her husband. Her marriage also meant that there was a barrier between us growing emotionally closer... at least in theory. In reality, the intense sex we had every few days also emotionally bonded us more and more. I was trying to fight it, but I was slowly falling in love with her too, and I think she felt the same about me!

Rebecca looked up, smiled sweetly at me, and looked back down at her notes. Then, while still looking down, she joked, "I'm the Sgt. Schultz of receptionists. I didn't hear anything about blowjobs. And if one starts to happen, I'm literally going to look away and not notice. Well, some of the time, anyway!" She laughed.

My two ladies and I laughed too. We loved her understanding attitude. We also appreciated that it had to be especially hard on her to pretend that we were just like any other patients when she secretly had to be desperately eager to join in any sexual fun we might have right there in front of her.

I was sorely tempting to let something happen. However, I was still concerned about the couple sitting across the room. If Rebecca had heard the blowjob talk from all the way from her receptionist booth, then they must have heard it too, even though they were politely trying to act otherwise.

I asked Rebecca, "What about them?" I glanced at the mother and son to make clear who I was referring to.

Rebecca responded by asking me, "What about them?"

"Well, I don't want to offend," I said sheepishly. It was weird to talk about the couple as if they weren't there.

Rebecca explained, as if the couple couldn't hear us, "That's Janet and Reggie Jordan. They've been here plenty of times. They're on the cream therapy regimen, the same as you, so they know the deal. In fact, if you do have some oral fun, as I recall, this wouldn't be the first time they've witnessed a waiting room blowjob, although they've been too timid to take part in one themselves so far."

Janet decided to stop hiding behind her silence. She complained to Rebecca, "Yeah, but when we saw that, it was just a normal mother and her son. This is... extreme! He's got his girlfriend with her too! And both of them are... well, just look at them! They're incredibly gorgeous and busty! How am I supposed to compete with that?!"

Rebecca patiently replied, "First off, Ms. Jordan, there's no competition here. But even if there were, you're a very impressive woman yourself. Just look at you! You have an outstanding face and curvy figure, and of course you're remarkably stacked! And your son sings your praises. He says you're an obedient and dedicated mommy slut!"

Trying to help, Reggie chimed in, "It's true, Mom. I'm so proud of you and how dedicated you are at serving me."

Rebecca added, "And, a minute or two ago, we all heard him proudly call you the best deep throater in the world. That's not just talk either. I know from your previous visits that he's had lots of girlfriends but he's always

maintained that you're the best cocksucker he's ever experienced, by a mile! So what are you worrying about?"

Janet was looking indignant, but all those compliments took the wind out of her angry sails. "Well... thank you, I guess. But still..."

Rebecca went on, "I remember last month, or the month before that, he was waiting alone here while you had some kind of special one-on-one meeting with the doctor, and he got to talking to me for a while. He said you've come so far in the last year. He's VERY proud of you! Like how you unfailingly wake him with a nice long blowjob, and always titfuck and suck him through breakfast. And that's just for starters!" She flashed Janet a big approving smile.

Again, Reggie chimed in. "Mom, that's so true too. I love you with all my heart!"

Janet blushed at the praise. She turned to her son and shared a loving smile with him. Then, looking back to Rebecca, she muttered, "Yes, well, that's nice, but... That doesn't mean that, uh, in a place like this..."

Reggie chuckled. "Mom, quit while you're still ahead. Here, I know what always makes you happy." He took her nearest hand and brought it to the bulge on his crotch.

But Janet was not that easily pacified. She took her hand away and gave her son a sharp look. "Sweetie bear! Not here! You know how I feel about helping you in that way in public!"

Reggie pointed out, "This waiting room isn't really public. You're seen what goes on in here sometimes."

She huffed, "It's close enough!" She winced, and reluctantly admitted, "It's true that I'm rather... eager... to give you one of my special hummers as a reward for you saying all those nice things about me."

Reggie sat up stiffly and eagerly in his chair. "Oooh! You mean one of your deep throat specials?! The kind where you do that cool vibrating thing while I fuck your throat?!"

Janet looked around in embarrassment, painfully aware that the rest of us in the room were listening to every word. But she bravely kept on as if they were alone. "Er, yes. But you'll just have to wait until we get back to the car, at least. Besides, I took care of you just before we left home, and then again in the parking lot. I still have a lingering taste of your seed in my mouth, for crying out loud."

He looked down at the bulge in his crotch. "Yeah, but I'm horny and stiff again!"

She gave him an exasperated look. "You're always horny and stiff. Just hold your horses!"

Reggie sighed and looked back in our direction. Clearly, he'd gone through this kind of situation with his ebony goddess of a mother before.

I turned to my own goddess of a mother. She'd just taken her jacket off while she was waiting for me. I felt greatly emboldened after what I'd just seen and heard. I figured if they'd witnessed one waiting room blowjob already, there was no harm in having them witness another one.

I said loudly and commandingly, "Mommy, please kneel down in front of me and begin to masturbate yourself."

Mommy squealed with delight and immediately began squeezing her giant breasts, as she often did when excited.

Bethany groaned in disappointment.

I turned to my girlfriend. "Don't worry, Bethany, you can split the task," I said, smiling.

She looked up at me and, after biting her lip in that little-girl way that made my heart skip a beat, she said, "Okay, love. I'm going to take out your big cock for your mommy to suck on, okay?"

I nodded. I was careful not to look at the African-American couple, even though they were sitting directly across from me, because I didn't want to be daunted by any disgruntled looks from Janet.

Bethany began to undo my shorts. Suddenly, she was so into it that I doubt she had any further thought to the incestuous couple across the room.

Mommy also did as she was instructed: kneeling between my legs, giving me an amazing view of her bulging cleavage. She hiked up her tight skirt in front and put one hand between her legs.

I thought, *To think: just a few months ago, I was a shy 18-year old virgin. Now, I'm brimming with confidence, thanks to fucking and playing with the two sexiest ladies I've ever seen so very often. And now they're going to take turns sucking on my cock in the doctor's waiting room! While my super sexy slut Rebecca gets to watch! Plus, another hot mother-son couple will do so as well. I feel invincible!*

Bethany pulled my now rock-hard cock out of my shorts and angled it toward my mother's mouth, which was wide open, awaiting its prize.

I heard Janet mutter under her breath, "God dammit! That thing is a monster!"

Mommy began to coo at the large cock, rubbing it on her face and kissing it lovingly, as she pulled aside her panties and started to rub her throbbing clit. "Such a pretty cock," she whispered. "But it's such a mean and scary monster too!"

Clearly, she'd heard what Janet had muttered as well as I did, and she was having some fun with it.

She looked up at me with her bright green eyes. "I love you so much, Sweetie. Will you fuck my helpless little mouth now with your gigantic cock-monster, please?"

I simply nodded.

Bethany caressed the petite, busty mother's luscious dark brown hair and then pushed her head down onto my pulsing member. "Time to suck your baby's cock, Mommy! Show Janet just what you can do!"

Mommy moaned as she engulfed my cock with her mouth. Only seconds later, as she masturbated her dripping cunt, she shuddered in orgasm.

But that didn't stop or slow her down. She began to bob her head up and down on my prick.

She was ready to suck like a demoness at any time, day or night. But I figured that she'd be extra motivated with the other couple watching, especially after all the praise Janet got for her sucking skills.

I glanced over at Rebecca. I knew this would be very difficult for her, because with the other couple there, she couldn't let on that she was anything more than a receptionist to me, even though our relationship was evolving into something much greater. To make matters worse, she had to watch Mommy finish off the blowjob that she'd started in the bathroom. It was no surprise that there was pained expression on her face.

I also noticed her arms angling down towards her pussy mound. I couldn't see what her hands were doing, since I only had a limited view of her through her open window, but I was almost certain that she was starting to masturbate already. Hopefully, she could at least vicariously enjoy this without being too obvious about it.

Then I glanced over to the mother and son across the room, to see how they were taking it.

It was going a lot better than I'd expected. Janet still looked upset. But it seemed that Reggie had tried the trick of putting her hand on his bulge again, and this time it appeared to be working much better. He still had a hand on top of her hand, but she wasn't attempting to move her hand away. That meant she had to be aroused already. And since she was a natural nympho, like all the other mothers who were patients of Dr. Morgan, she was very, very easily arousable.

Happily, she kept her hand there on her son's bulge even when she saw that I was looking at her. She looked highly embarrassed. (I surmised her ebony skin was probably too dark for a blush to be seen.) However, instead of complaining, she just closed her eyes and turned her head away without moving her hand from Reggie's crotch.

I turned to my girlfriend, stared directly at the "Brian Owns Me" message on her distended T-shirt, and said to her, "I want to play with your breasts now."

Bethany proudly stuck out her huge rack and plumped her breasts slightly, presenting them for me. She said with a big grin, "Of course, sweetheart. You do own them, after all. Along with the rest of me!"

Reggie couldn't resist blurting out, "Mom, did you hear that?! He owns her!"

Janet responded with a wry, chagrined voice, "I kind of gathered as much from her T-shirt already."

I knew from recent experience that submissive talk like this really got Bethany's engine running, even if the words came from her mouth. I certainly wasn't going to complain! I'd discovered that arousing her at any time was a piece of cake. All I had to do was "take charge" in any way and she would go wild on me.

Unlike my mother, my girlfriend was not wearing a bra. Despite their great size, her tits were so firm that she didn't really need one yet, and she liked to constantly titillate me by going without in public. I began to tweak her rock-hard nipples, pulling up her obscene and very tight T-shirt to get direct access to them.

She moaned with pleasure and moved my head toward hers.

I was mildly annoyed at the thought of Reggie looking at my girl's bare breasts, but since he was across the room from me, I figured all he could see was her backside and imagine what he was missing if he could be on the other side of the room. It was the same for his view of Mommy's blowjob action.

Bethany and I began to make out, our tongues dancing in each other's mouths, while my mother's tongue danced

around my throbbing cock.

After a while, I couldn't resist breaking the kiss and looking past Bethany to see how the couple across the room were handling what we were doing to each other.

I was happy to see that they were getting seriously worked up too. Reggie's fly had come undone and his very sizable erection was poking through. Janet was intently staring at it as she steadily pumped a hand up and down it, skin on skin. Her hefty tits were heaving up and down inside her green dress in time to her stroking.

Reggie, by contrast, seemed visually focused on what was happening on my side of the room. As a result, he immediately noticed that I was looking his way. This time, he was emboldened enough to speak to me. "Hey, man! Nice ladies you've got there!"

"Thanks," I replied with a smile. I put my hand on my mother's head and possessively stroked her hair. "And your mom is a real hottie."

"Thanks." Reggie asked, "I know that's your mom, but is Bethany your girlfriend?"

"Yeah, she is." I thought, *Technically speaking, I guess that's true. Although if she was asked, I'm sure she'd proudly declare that she's my "number two personal sex pet." God, she's great!*

I thought back, and didn't recall her name being mentioned, so I asked, "How do you know her name?"

"Oh, man! I know her really well. I've seen her most every time I come in here. She even jacked me off a few times to get a sperm sample. She's such a babe! So STACKED! Even slightly more than my mom!"

Reggie reached to his mother's nearest breast and gave it a quick caress. Then he decided to keep his hand fondling her there. "But the story was that she never, ever dated anybody. How the hell did you win her?!"

Hearing a reminder of what she used to do to other guys in her job made me feel a twinge of jealousy. But I could put it out of my mind fairly easily, because that was then, and she didn't do that anymore.

I shrugged in response to Reggie, honestly puzzled by how things had come to this. "Hell if I know! It's like what happened with my mom. One day you just look around and are amazed that you're living the dream!"

He laughed. "Yeah, man! I know that feeling! But Brian, hey, sorry for interrupting you."

"No problem." Then I did a double take. "Wait. How do you know my name too?! The receptionist Rebecca said your name, Reggie, but I don't remember anyone saying my name out loud."

He smirked. "Her 'Brian Owns Me' T-shirt was a little bit of a clue." He looked knowingly towards Bethany.

I chuckled. "Oh yeah. That."

I thought our conversation ended at that point, because Reggie pushed his mother's head down to his cock sticking straight up in his crotch.

Janet growled in apparent displeasure at his aggressiveness in a public place, but it seemed her lust for cock was greater than her annoyance. Plus, it was clear that she was profoundly embarrassed, and maybe she found it easier having her face in his lap so she wouldn't have to talk or make eye contact. She engulfed his large boner and began bobbing on it.

I could tell right away that Reggie's talk about her being an expert cocksucker wasn't just idle boasting. I obviously couldn't see what was happening inside her mouth, but all the outside signs suggested Reggie was going to be in for a wild ride, such as the way her cheeks repeatedly caved-in, plus the talented movement of her supporting sliding fingers on his shaft, as well as the intense look on her still partially open eyes.

I continued to gawk at Reggie and Janet. Reggie tilted his head back, apparently trying to ride out the extreme pleasure of the initial blowjob surge without cumming. I knew that feeling well, since it happened to me many times a day.

But even as he closed his eyes while coping with the extreme pleasure, he asked me, "By the way, is it true?"

"What?" I asked.

"That you own her?! Because that's pretty fucking awesome, man!"

I carefully replied, "Kind of, but not really. You know how it is. I mean, I'll bet you call your mom your 'sex pet' or the like, but that's not literally true. But it's fucking arousing!"

Reggie smiled widely as he luxuriated in his mother's oral attentions. He was casually running his fingers through her short, black, kinky hair. He muttered, "Yeah, I call my mom my 'suck toy,' because she's so orally focused. She's

like a human cocksucking machine! She totally loves it!"

"Cool. I can see that. And hear it." I added "hear it" because Janet was becoming increasingly vocal as she let her inhibitions run wild. She was slurping up a storm, and lightly choking and gagging on him too.

Janet's lewd noises were raising my arousal level, and I'm sure they were having the same effect on my two sluts.

I went back to kissing my gorgeous girlfriend. Not surprisingly, my mother had never stopped steadily sucking my dick. In fact, almost as if she was in a sexual sound competition with Janet, she was becoming increasingly and uncommonly loud and slurpy too.

She also had just started mewling unhappily. I tried to figure out what her problem was, and then I realized it. I told Reggie, "By the way, my mom is super orally focused too. She's my 'human cocksucking machine' too." I petted the top of her head approvingly.

Mommy moaned with lust and contentment. It looked like I'd said the right thing.

Groping Bethany's huge exposed tits while we made out while my even more endowed mother mouth-fucked my cock was too much for me to handle for long: I knew I was going to blow my wad soon if we kept it up. The fact that I had an audience of three others was making everything twice as arousing.

I briefly thought of Rebecca in particular. However, I didn't dare look her way, for fear that she was doing something too arousing, such as masturbating in a blatant manner. I was too close to the edge. I hoped at least she was enjoying our little show.

It was tempting to spurt my ropes of cum into my mother's mouth, but I had another plan. Breaking the kissing with Bethany, I said firmly, "Mommy, stop."

My buxom mother pulled her lips off with a loud smacking sound. "Oh, Sweetie, I was enjoying that so much," she said, while wiping the drool off her chin. She continued to stroke my cock with one hand while still masturbating herself with the other.

"I know, Mommy, but it's time to switch. Remember, sharing is caring. Bethany, please kneel, remove your T-shirt the rest of the way, and take over sucking me off."

Bethany squealed in delight. Then she gave me a playful salute, and barked, "Yes, sir!"

"Mommy, sit up here and remove your top -- bra included."

Mommy had just sighed in distress, like she was a toddler and I'd taken away her favorite toy. But hearing me tell her to get topless put a toothy smile back on her face. She knew more sexual fun would surely follow.

Now that she was sitting up, she glanced over at the other couple. She knew what they'd been doing from Janet's extra loud slurpy noises, but she smiled brightly to see Janet's head bobbing with her own eyes. I figured that Mommy shared some sort of unspoken camaraderie with Janet and all the other moms being "treated" by Dr. Morgan, who had come to love the "mommy pet" lifestyle.

Then, following my instructions, my mother unbuttoned her blouse. As she lifted herself onto the seat next to me, her massive tits bulged out of her straining, heavy-duty bra. She reached behind herself, arching her back and forcing her chest out to jut out even further as she did so. When she undid the hooks, her gigantic tits sprang free.

Although I had seen those tit-mountains uncovered the vast majority of the time for a few months now, I gawked at them as if for the first time. They never failed to impress, not just for their size, but also their flawless, gravity-defying shape.

But she wasn't done yet. She proceeded to wiggle out of her tight skirt, leaving her in just her high heels. She'd really developed a skill of provocative stripteasing, thanks to undressing before my eyes several times each day.

I glanced over at Reggie and Janet. I'm sure Reggie would have loved to see Mommy's bare ass wiggle into view, but he had his eyes closed due to him trying to cope with the intense oral stimulation he was experiencing. However, ironically, Janet was getting to watch Mommy strip. Even though she remained busy expertly blowing her son, she was leaning over from the seat next to him, and her angled head allowed her to peek towards us out of the corners of her eyes.

I wondered what she was thinking. Possibly, she was pondering how both she and my mother could get so hopelessly addicted to sucking son-cock that they'd even do it in a place like this in front of people they'd just met. At least, that was what I was thinking. Multiple times a day, my mind was blown thinking how much my life had veered from normality and how much sexual pleasure I got to enjoy. It wasn't fair, but I couldn't let that bother me.

Bethany struggled to get her T-shirt over her own huge tits, or maybe she just knew I'd enjoy the sight of her squirming helplessly while her huge tits wobbled around her chest. Eventually, she pulled it off. Then, taking inspiration from Mommy, she kept stripping until she was down to just her high heels as well.

She muttered to me, "I love getting completely naked for you! AND I get to do it in a public place, with witnesses! AND with the sweet sound of another big cock getting sucked in the background! AND in my former place of work, no less!"

Then, kneeling as if worshiping at my crotch, she took my cock in her hand, plunged her mouth over it, and began to suck.

Several highly stimulating minutes passed for me. I kicked back with my hands behind my head to fully bask in the joy of my girlfriend's talented oral efforts.

By and by, even as I was enjoying that, my thoughts returned to the mother and son across the room. I wanted to check again on how they were reacting to our increasingly outrageous behavior. While they wouldn't be able to see Mommy's awesome breasts, they would get a great look at her similarly jaw-dropping bare ass. Plus, of course, I wanted to see what they were up to.

It turned out my timing was excellent. Janet's head was steadily bobbing up and down, as expected. Unfortunately, even though she was sucking her son from the adjacent seat, her head was tilted in a way that blocked me from directly watching her lips sliding on his shaft. But from what I could see, I surmised she was down enough to be deep throating him.

However, right as I was watching, Reggie, with his eyes closed, fumbled with his hands on the back of her green dress until he found a zipper there. Then he tugged the zipper down, all the way to the top of her ass.

Janet let out a series of loud, distressed moans, though they sounded muffled since her mouth was stuffed full of black cock.

Reggie brought his hands back to the top of her head and resumed running his fingers through her short hair. He muttered, "Come on, my sexy suck toy, you know what I want. I need some help here. Haven't you been listening? Brian has his two sluts completely topless now. I want you to be proud of your huge tits too. You're just as sexy and stacked as they are! Show me what you've got!"

Janet moaned some more, but in a more resigned and sedate manner. As her head continued its steady bobbing, she reached behind herself with both hands and gradually tugged her green dress down until her back was completely bare. That caused her dress to fall down off her front side too, although not by much due to one of his legs being right underneath. Then she got to work undoing her bra in back. Once the clasp came undone, she let her bra fall to the floor, forgotten.

I longed to get a good view of her tits, because they were quite large, about Bethany's size, and they had the novel attribute (for me) of being very dark brown. However, she undoubtedly was feeling extremely humiliated. She positioned one of her arms just so to block the sight of her bosom from my angle.

With her body uncovered from the waist up, she turned her full attention back to her cocksucking. Although she'd sounded reluctant to get topless, doing so much had turned her on even more, because she began bobbing on her son with renewed vigor. She was almost frantic about it.

In fact, the change in her sucking style was so obvious that Reggie laughed about it, and commented, "Okay, Mom, settle down! Remember, you're in it for the long haul. Behave, or I'll have to take your dress all the way off."

That last comment backfired in a spectacular way. Janet moaned much, much louder, and began bobbing up and down on him twice as fast as before! She got so carried away that she forgot to protect her privates, and exposed a good view of one of her full, dangling breasts when she moved her arm to fondle one of his balls.

I was highly curious and aroused. I'd never seen the bare tits of an African-American woman before. I was surprised at how dark her erect nipple looked like. It reminded me of a Hershey's Kiss.

I watched as Reggie had to clench his teeth and moan and groan in distress, no doubt fighting the urge to cum with all his might. I could also see that he'd switched to clenching the sides of her head, no doubt struggling to get her bobbing motion back under control.

I had to chuckle to myself, and think, *That's the story of my life!* I thought that because I had similar "overenthusiasm" problems multiple times every day. I felt almost giddy for Reggie, because I knew exactly the sort of extreme arousal he had to be feeling at the moment, even greater than the "standard" level of blowjob pleasure I

was currently enjoying.

Then I mused more generally, *God, it's so good to be a satyr son with a nympho mommy. God bless Dr. Morgan! I wish I knew how many hundreds of moms and sons she's liberated over the years, not to mention all her other kinds of patients! She's like the angel of sexual awakenings! And her daughter is pretty fucking awesome too!*

I would have liked to keep watching Reggie and Janet, especially to see if he managed to "win" the battle to get Janet to calm down before he was forced to shoot off. Plus, I was still curious if she was deep throating him or not - I usually couldn't see her mouth action directly, so it was hard to tell. However, I turned my attention elsewhere, because Bethany did something unexpected.

My buxom brunette girlfriend was happily bobbing away on me when she suddenly stopped, pulled her lips off my shaft with a satisfying smacking sound, and sat up. She continued to stroke my boner, but looked over to the receptionist's window. She spoke in a breezy tone, "Hi, Rebecca!"

Rebecca was still dressed, mostly, but she'd unbuttoned her blouse all the way down in front to get direct access to her huge breasts. She had one hand inside her blouse, and there was no sign of any bra. Her other hand looked like it was positioned over her pussy.

Rebecca chuckled and waved back. Seeing as she'd only been caught out by us, and Reggie and Janet were still in their own blowjob world, with Jane's face in his lap and his eyes closed, she didn't even bother to try to cover up.

She said with a happy smile, "Hi, Bethany! Nice boyfriend you've got there!" She winked.

Bethany seemed to glow from the praise. "I know! Right?! I'm so lucky!" She paused, then added, "You should get one just like him. I'd highly recommend it." She winked knowingly.

Rebecca rolled her eyes, due to the unspoken subtext. She groaned. "Tell me about it! Too bad I'm married. Or I'd definitely want a boyfriend like yours. Pretty much EXACTLY like yours, in fact."

Her voice turned increasingly sultry and passionate as she directly looked at me. "I would totally devote myself to serving him, even if it means sucking and fucking right in front of my hubby inside the changing room of a clothing store! Gaawwwd, I'd love him so much! There's NOTHING I wouldn't do for him, especially if it involves pleasuring his perfect cock! I'd want to move in with him so I could be with him 24/7 and make him feel good all the time!"

There was even more unspoken subtext to unpack there, since she had to talk cryptically, for fear of Janet and/or Reggie listening in. Rebecca still loved her cucky husband David (in an increasingly platonic way), but she was frustrated that she couldn't spend more time with me. She could only be with me two or three times a week, mostly due to the fact that she lived over an hour away and she had a full-time job. But absence makes the heart grow fonder, and whenever she was with me, she made the most out of every moment. She was a totally uninhibited slut!

Bethany appeared to try to figure out how to respond to that without saying anything that could reveal Rebecca and I were sexually intimate. However, it seemed she came up empty, and figured silence was best. Instead, she just muttered, "We'll have to do something to help with that soon," then tilted her head back down and engulfed my shaft again.

I sighed contently as I enjoyed the sensations of Bethany's renewed cocksucking. I closed my eyes to luxuriate in the joy.

However, apparently, my petite Mommy was feeling neglected. She tapped on my thigh until I opened my eyes again.

When I looked her way, I was greeted by a breath-taking sight.

She cupped her J-cup-sized tits for me, saying, "Here are my huge breasts, Sweetie. Are they to your liking?"

I responded by grabbing one, raising it to my mouth, and beginning to suckle on the nipple.

She moaned, but lifted my chin up. She kissed me hard on the mouth, then brought her giant teat up to her own mouth and began to suckle on herself.

I groaned lustily and began to thrust my thick and needy cock deeper into my willing girlfriend's mouth.

All the while this was happening, I could hear the sound of slurpy sucking from across the room, as well as heavy breathing and erotic moaning. Maybe Janet was trying to show off, or she was simply extremely worked up, or some combination of both, but she was very vocal, all the time.

I'd been delightfully distracted, but a particularly loud erotic groan from there caught my attention.

I looked over and saw Reggie with his head tilted back. No doubt, he was tripping on great arousal, because his mother was still leaning over into his lap from her seat and fervently bobbing up and down on his thick shaft. He had a hand on Janet's head, but it seemed he wasn't so overwhelmed that he was trying to slow her down.

After his surge of pleasure ended, he opened his eyes and looked in my direction. Our eyes locked. He commented to me mirthfully, "Man! It's good to be king, isn't it?"

"Oh, yeah!" I enthusiastically agreed. I looked all around the room. *It's pretty sweet seeing his mother bobbing in his lap, as well as Rebecca mostly topless and fondling herself. But still, I figure my two nude hotties are the stars of the "show."*

Looks like he hasn't noticed yet how Rebecca's blouse is wide open in front. I wonder what he'd think if he knew I'm fucking her too! I don't even want to tell him. It would just make him feel bad.

Reggie said, "This is a pretty epic moment for me. Mom sucks me off four or five times a day at home, not to mention all the other sexual stuff we do, but we live alone. This is the first time she's done anything like this in front of strangers, unless you count the doctor."

I said, "Congrats! Pretty cool. But wouldn't it feel even better if she's fully naked and kneeling between your legs? I know my mom always takes her oral efforts up a notch when she's like that."

His eyes lit up. "YEAH! Great idea! Mom, you heard him! Assume the position!"

His mother Janet pulled her lips all the way off his black cock and looked up at him. "Son, please! I'm dying of shame here! I can't believe you tricked me into doing this much. Can't you have mercy on me?"

He replied, "You know we're here today mainly to talk to the doctor about your hang-ups holding you back from being a better mommy pet. Instead of talking, let's see action! That'll change your attitude faster than anything."

She seemed uncertain, torn between lust and fear. She griped, "But I can't just get completely naked; I'd feel too ashamed!" With her mouth off her son, she was able to sit up and look our way. She either was heedless about the fact she was topless or resigned to it, because I got a much better view of her bare tits this time, and both of them.

I decided that moment was a good time for us to put on a show, to help inspire Janet to get more wanton and wild as well. Mommy continued to suckle herself as she leaned into my chest, and that was great. But I grabbed hold of my girlfriend's pigtailed and, using them as handles, plowed even harder into her willing mouth.

Bethany's blowjob was turning into more of a face fuck. That wasn't unusual. I had gotten more and more aggressive with her mouth as the days had gone by. Initially, I had been hesitant for fear of hurting her, but I'd learned that she could take it, and in fact she preferred being treated that way. It fit in with her notions of a girlfriend needing to be a "willing, obedient slut at all times."

I slammed into her mouth over and over, making her huge tits shake wildly.

Popping her nipple out of her mouth, Mommy alighted at the sight. "Goodness, Sweetie! You're fucking her mouth so hard!"

Mommy asked Bethany, "Do you like that? Do you like how my son fucks your mouth in front of strangers?"

Bethany could only let out a lusty moan that Mommy assumed was a yes. She was especially unable to speak because she began to orgasm simply from the mouth-fucking. Soon, her whole body was quivering in pleasure.

Mommy glanced over at the mother and son across the room.

I did too. I surmised that Reggie had said some things to convince his mother to get completely naked while my attention had been directed elsewhere, because I watched Janet stand up and pulled the straps of her dress off her shoulders and then wiggled out of it until it slid all the way to the floor.

I could only see her backside, but it was an impressive, thrilling sight just the same. I was intrigued by the dark brown color of her skin, as well as how uncommonly fit and muscular she was, maybe even more than Mommy or Bethany. She was a very full-bodied woman. Her waist wasn't narrow, but her hips and shoulders were wide.

It soon became apparent that she hadn't been wearing panties to begin with. That quickly left her buck naked but for her high heels. Her bare ass was just as dark as the rest of her.

I know it's a stereotype that black women have "booties" that are larger and plumper than most, but in her case, the stereotype definitely fit! Her bare butt was a sight to behold!

She squealed and covered her nipples and pussy, as if losing her dress was a surprise instead of something she'd just done herself. "Son! You're so mean. Look what you made me do! I'm NAKED!"

He seemed heedless of her words, and just motioned with his hands for her to stop covering up.

She reluctantly dropped her hands to her sides. But she complained, "YOU! You know I can't control myself once I get to snacking on your yummy chocolate cock. You're taking advantage of my addiction!"

Mommy decided to try to help. "Janet?!"

The voluptuous mother twisted around in place, showing us her face and her ass at the same time. She was so very humiliated that a reddish blush could be seen on her dark brown face.

Now that she was mostly facing us, and standing up naked, it was even easier for me to see how very stunning she was. Her breasts were about G-cups, I estimated, but that wasn't quite as visually impressive as it first seemed, since she was about six feet tall. That made her almost a foot taller than Mommy! She also had wide, muscular legs, like Tina Turner's.

She reminded a bit of the 1980s model and singer Grace Jones in her prime, although her face didn't look harshly angled and intimidating. But she was similarly dark-skinned and hardbodied, and she had a face worthy of a professional model. However, of course, her tits were much, much larger.

Janet seemed horrified that Mommy had called her out, and she stood there silent, trembling in shame. She finally realized what she was showing and quickly covered her privates again, with an arm across her nipples and a hand over her pussy mound.

But Mommy told her, "Relax! And don't worry! This is what we do! We're big-titted mommy sluts! What's more important than serving your son's big cock? Nothing! Quit trying to fight it and keep some dignity for yourself. We have no dignity. When he gives you an order, you must obey!"

Janet sighed in apparent relief that Mommy was encouraging her, not criticizing. She turned around some more until she was almost directly facing us, while careful to keep her privates covered. "I know! I try to be a better slut for him, I really do. There's nothing I want more. But I can't get rid of my inhibitions! For instance, look at me right now." She looked down at her hands. "I'm so humiliated!"

Mommy said, "Humiliation is a GOOD thing! You don't think I feel humiliated every single minute of every day about the fact that I've become my son's busty sex toy, his personal fuck doll? I do! And I'm forced to share him with his hot teen girlfriend to boot! Oh, and he has a secret mistress on the side too."

Janet was startled by the "mistress" revelation. "Really?! That's... impressive!"

"I know!" I'm sure it took all of Mommy's willpower not to glance towards Rebecca in her office to give a vital clue as to who the secret mistress was.

Nobody was paying attention to where I was looking, so I did glance at Rebecca.

The bombshell receptionist was masturbating so intently that she was hunched forward, with both arms disappearing down towards her crotch. Her blouse was wide open in front, causing her own impressive G-cups to dangle forward and down.

It was remarkable that so much else was happening in the room that apparently nobody else but me had noticed her toplessness yet.

She saw me looking and gave me a special, knowing smile. Then she looked down towards Bethany's mass of brown hair bobbing in my lap and ostentatiously licked her way all the way around her lips.

I glanced around in fear that someone else had noticed that, but it still seemed that nobody was paying any attention to Rebecca at all. I felt bad for her, that she was so close and yet so far from the action. Probably she felt the open window she was standing behind was like a cage.

Mommy continued to talk to Janet, "But knowing that he's put me in my place makes me so very hot and horny! And that makes me serve him with more passion and love! Does your son put you in your place?"

"Daily!"

"Do you love it or hate it?"

"I like it." Janet straightened up as her lust and confidence surged.

"Come on. Just like it? Or do you love it?"

Janet couldn't help but grin. "Okay, you got me. I love it!"

Mommy grinned at that response. "I love it too! Isn't it electrifying when he shows you just how dominant he can

be? For instance, if he holds your cocksucking head with two hands and forces you deeper down his throat?"

That seemed to hit a bullseye for Janet, by the way her whole face lit up. "Oh, yes! I absolutely love it when he does that!"

Encouraged, Mommy continued, "Think back to all the times you've sucked your son's cock. Don't you love it the most when you're naked and kneeling in total submission and humiliation?"

Janet answered, "That, or when I'm on all fours." She grew even more embarrassed at that confession, but seemed strangely prideful too.

Mommy moaned erotically in agreement about the "all fours" part. She cheered her, "So don't fight the humiliation! Revel in it! Savor it! Why aren't you on your knees already, where you belong? BE his suck toy mommy with all your heart!"

Janet seemed astounded, like she'd just had an epiphany. "T-t-thank... thank you!"

Mommy added enthusiastically, "Drop your hands! Show the world what a fantastic body you have!"

The ebony goddess dropped her hands, slowly and shyly at first, but then with resolute determination. She was showing off her fabulous body for Mommy, but that meant she was effectively showing off her nakedness for me too. I was surprised to see she had a black bush, neatly trimmed into a "landing strip" shape.

I definitely reveled in the sight, admiring her from head to toe. *God, she's a major babe! It's a wonder I don't blast a cum load into Bethany's mouth here and now!*

I could tell Reggie was feeling uncertain about this latest development. No doubt, he didn't like the fact that I was getting to look at every inch of his mother.

To reassure him, I said, "Hey, Reggie, damn, man! Your mother is a Nubian goddess! I say that as a distant admirer, of course. I'd never try to touch her. But of all the other moms I've seen in Dr. Morgan's office, I'd say she's the hottest!"

That cheered him right back up. "Thanks! Your mom isn't exactly ugly either! Nor is your girl!" His eyes opened wide as he watched Bethany's head bobbing in my lap. "God damn, you're a lucky son of a bitch!"

"I am!"

We shared a good laugh at that.

Janet also appreciated the compliment, judging by the way she proudly straightened up, almost like a soldier on parade. She was still blushing profusely, even with her nearly black skin, but she was smiling widely too.

Mommy wasn't done with Janet. She barked, "Now, turn around and show off your fantastic nude body to your son! Your master!"

Janet turned around. She seemed to tremble slightly from being given an order like that, or maybe it was the use of the word "master," or both.

I was impressed to see Janet spread her legs wide and put her hands on her head. Clearly, lust had taken total control of her. If she even remembered that she was in a waiting room and anyone could walk in at any time, she wasn't letting it limit her behavior one bit.

Her voice was dripping with desire as she asked Reggie, "Son, how do you want your 'Nubian goddess?'"

I was tickled pink that she liked the phrase I'd mentioned enough to use it herself. It was a good example of how we were all inspiring each other to greater and greater erotic heights.

Reggie flashed a toothy smile. "Mom, I think you know the answer. Kneel!" He pointed to the floor between his legs, making clear it was time for her to get back "to work" on his cock in the kneeling position.

I was too fucking horny and distracted to pay much attention to the Jordans after that.

Bethany obviously couldn't see anything that was happening, since her face was buried in my lap, but she had ears to hear, and what she heard was like throwing gasoline onto her sexual bonfire. She was slurping and stroking my cock like a woman possessed!

I had to put both hands on Bethany's head to try to get her to slow her bobbing. I also was forced to close my eyes and squeeze my PC muscle as I struggled hard not to cum.

Luckily, Mommy saw my condition and took it easy on me for a while.

However, after about a minute or two, I recovered enough to open my eyes again.

I looked across the room, and saw Janet was on her knees. Since she was facing directly away from me, I couldn't directly see the action, but the way her head was bobbing up and down on her son's crotch made clear what was happening. So was the way Reggie was writhing in his seat, moaning loudly with his eyes closed. It looked like he was right on the verge of cumming, the same as me.

I thought I'd calmed down just enough to be able to have a second wind for a while. But seeing Janet giving her son his first "public" blowjob pretty much shattered my willpower to hold out much longer. Plus, the sight of Janet's firm yet plush bare "booty" and her wet pussy between her legs was driving me crazy. Even her muscular back looked super sexy.

Sensing that my ability to resist was crumbling by the second, I issued my next command. Yanking Bethany's head back by her pigtails, I pulled her off my throbbing prick.

It exited her mouth with a loud popping sound, making both my mother and girlfriend giggle.

I turned to my topless, giant-titted mother. "Kneel down next to Bethany, Mommy. I'm going to cum all over both of you now!"

The two women shrieked in delight. Cumming on both of them at once had become a tradition that we all adored. It happened at least once a day, but often much more.

My gorgeous mother got onto her knees, her massive breasts swaying erotically as she did. She hoisted them up, presenting them for my pleasure; my girlfriend followed suit.

In front of me were two stunning women, pressed together shoulder to shoulder, each plumping and squeezing their huge breasts in order to stimulate me to orgasm.

I knew that wouldn't take long. I began to stroke my cock, which was plenty wet from the two blowjobs I had just received.

My women began to tempt me in their high-pitched, little-girl voices.

"Please cum on my face, sweetheart," my mother begged. "I need your cum all over me!"

"Don't forget to paint my tits too, love!" Bethany added. "You know how much I love it when you cum on my big ones!"

That did it. With a roar, I began to ejaculate. "I love you so much!" I yelled to both of them.

My cum spurted out in ropes, first hitting my mother squarely in the face, where it dribbled down onto her gigantic tits. Then I turned slightly, and more cum splashed onto my girlfriend. I aimed downwards and coated both of their chests with yet more cum. Slowly, the deluge subsided.

Panting hard, the two women immediately began to lick my cum off each other's faces, necks, and chests. It was all part of a ritual the three of us had enacted many times over, often several times a day, though usually in our own home.

I took one more brief glance across the room. I saw Reggie with his head tilted back and his teeth clenched. It looked like he was on the verge, but still hanging on for dear life. Janet's head was relentlessly bobbing up and down, like a bouncing ball.

I slumped down in my chair and shut my eyes, feeling totally spent.

Chapter 27

It took me a couple of minutes before I recovered enough to open my eyes. I looked down and saw Mommy and Bethany happily licking my cum off each other's faces.

That was no surprise. In fact, they loved eating my cum off each other so very much that I would have been shocked if they had been doing anything else. Normally, there would have been a lot of French kissing and snowballing of my cum too, but apparently they were reluctant to "get lesbian" in front of the others.

I knew that would keep them busy for a good while, based on our usual daily traditions. So I looked up and around to see what else was happening.

Not much had changed with Reggie and Janet since I'd seen them last. Janet remained completely naked and kneeling between his legs, giving me a great view of her uncommonly large and round ass. Her head was steadily bobbing away over his crotch, a lot slower than the last I'd seen of her, while he was petting and stroking her short black hair.

I was impressed that Reggie still hadn't climaxed. Or, if he did while I'd missed it, he'd kept right on going. It seemed they had settled in for a long sucking session and he wasn't in danger of an imminent orgasm.

He had been gawking at my two sluts, which was no surprise, because they were rubbing their massive, cummy tits together while on their knees in front of me, as well as kissing and licking each other's faces clean. But when he saw me looking, he got my attention. "Hey! Uh, Brian, right?"

"Right. From the T-shirt. And you're Reggie."

"Yeah. I'd shake your hand to formally meet you, but, you know." He chuckled.

"I do know. No way am I about to get up!"

We both laughed at that.

He asked me, "Hey, this is pretty fucking insane, isn't it?"

I laughed with sheer glee. "It sure is!"

He asked more thoughtfully, "How the hell did this happen to us? I mean, I don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth, but what kind of place IS this clinic? We've been going here for over a year, and I've seen nothing but totally hot moms and their sons! And all the moms have breasts out to here" - he held a hand far in front of his chest - "though yours takes the cake."

I just nodded.

He continued, "And I don't know about you, but we started out being told by Dr. Morgan that our nymphomania could be cured, but somehow Mom turned into my personal slut instead and we're having way more sex than ever before!"

I chuckled knowingly. "Yeah. The exact same thing happened here. It is pretty weird when you think about it, but I try not to think about it. Why not just enjoy it all?"

Rebecca spoke up. That was unexpected, as was the fact that she'd just come out of her receptionist's room and through the hallway directly into our waiting room in order to better speak to us.

She was wearing a white blouse and white skirt that went down to her knees, but the blouse was unbuttoned down to her belly button and there was no sign of a bra. Obviously, she could have easily buttoned up before joining us, but she must have figured that everyone else had seen her bare-breasted and masturbating in the last while, so why bother? Besides, all the other women were completely naked, and Reggie and I only had our T-shirts and socks still on.

She stood midway between Reggie and me, but to the side so she could look between us without having to turn her head a lot each time. "If you don't mind, I'd like to address that. I feel like you're questioning the doctor's motives, and I want to defend her."

I said, "I'm not, at least. I'm happy as a pig in a poke!" I looked down and put a hand on Mommy's head and another on Bethany's. My penis was flaccid and there was no sexual activity going on, but I guess I was symbolically reasserting my claim to them.

Reggie said, "Yeah, I'm not implying anything bad at all either. I wouldn't change a thing. This is paradise!" He had

been appreciatively ogling Rebecca's fully exposed G-cups. But he too looked down, where his hand was already petting the top of his mother's still steadily bobbing head.

Rebecca said, "Even so, I feel an explanation is needed. You see, there is no cure for certain sexual appetites. All that can be done is learn to live with it as best you can. Dr. Morgan is an expert at making all of her patients happy, even deliriously happy sometimes, and isn't that the most important thing?"

"Sure," Reggie replied. After a pause, he asked, "But since you're answering questions, I'm curious: how is it that EVERY woman I see come in here is a totally hot mom, with jaw-dropping breasts?!"

Rebecca answered, "Dr. Morgan is very, very, VERY selective. As you know, people come here from hours away sometimes, which means we cover some major cities. Some even fly in from other parts of the country. But they're not just moms. You probably know that we have similar patients scheduled on the same days, so for instance today is another mother-and-son day. That's the most common, but we have lots of other kinds of patients too."

Reggie spoke while staring at Rebecca's huge tits. "I knew that already, but still, it's uncanny! I mean, look at Brian's mother over there. I have NEVER seen a woman with those dimensions in my entire life! Not even in professional porn films. She's even more stacked than my mom, yet nearly a foot shorter!"

Rebecca said, "That's no surprise, really. One of Dr. Morgan's theories is that the people with the most exaggerated sexual organs have the most exaggerated sex drives. So you can work backwards from appearance. If a woman has J-cup sized breasts like Brian's mother Mary does, the odds are excellent that she'd be one of the very select few to qualify for the doctor's special therapy program. Women with more normal dimensions are redirected to other, more conventional therapists. Ditto if their male partners are anything less than remarkably well-hung. The doctor is in extremely high demand, so she takes nothing but the 'one in a million' couples that she's most interested in."

Reggie muttered, "I see." Then he looked my way. "Your mom has J-cup breasts?! Jesus Christ! And she's, like, five feet tall! That's insane! How does she not topple forward every time she stands up?!"

I chuckled. "That is one of life's great mysteries. It helps she has a big, wide ass as a sort of ballast. Though I must say, your mother's ass is out of this world!"

Reggie smiled at that. He leaned forward and reached out just enough to caress one of Janet's bare ass cheeks as she kept up her steady slurpy bobbing. "Thanks! It is pretty special. I guess we've all won the genetic lottery to even be here."

He looked up and over to Rebecca again, and even managed to make eye contact with her this time. "Including you. What's your deal? You look exactly like the kind of woman who should be one of the doctor's patients."

Rebecca started to say, "It's funny you should mention that, because when I first..." But she suddenly stopped speaking, because the door leading from the inner offices opened up.

Who should walk through the door but Evan Adams and his mother Amber! I'd first met them the last time I'd been in this waiting room, one month ago, only a few minutes after I'd asked Bethany to go on a date. At the time I'd seen them, Mommy was busy bobbing on my shaft. But Amber had been too shy to do that to her son in the waiting room and had dragged him back to their car to do it there instead.

I figured they had just finished their appointment with Dr. Morgan. They moved to the side, because Rebecca was standing by that door too.

Evan's face lit up when he saw me. "Brian?! Hey! Cool! Good to see you again. And your mom. And that's, uh, Bethany, right?"

"Right," I replied. My flaccid penis was in full view, since Mommy and Bethany were still kneeling between my legs but not touching me or doing anything but resting. I considered covering up, but he seemed cool with everything, so I decided not to bother.

It was no surprise Evan knew who Bethany was. He and I were supposed to get together and compare notes about handling our sex toy mothers, but we hadn't done so yet. The problem was that, as Rebecca had noted, people came from far and wide to come to the clinic, and I lived half an hour away in one direction and he lived an hour and a half away in another direction.

However, we'd had some good, long phone calls instead, and I'd talked to him at great length about my budding romance with Bethany.

He knew exactly who she was since he'd told me he'd seen her a couple of times as Dr. Morgan's assistant before she'd changed jobs. The odds were great that she'd given him at least one handjob in order to collect a sperm sample,

though if that had happened, he was too diplomatic to mention it to me, and I didn't want to ask. I was keen to turn the page and try to forget that she'd ever regularly done that as part of her job.

Before we could say more, he noticed there were others in the room. Rebecca was no surprise, since she was only a few feet from the window to her receptionist room. He might have been excited to see that she was bare chested, but her back was turned and from his point of view all he could see was her blouse covering her back.

So he focused his attention on the other couple. "Hey! Reggie! Nice! And Janet's sucking you off out here in the waiting room! VERY nice!"

Janet started to lift her head to disengage from her cocksucking, probably because she was deeply humiliated by the additional eyes on her bare backside and wanted to flee.

But Reggie took charge by putting both of his hands on her head and keeping it in place. "Hey, Mom. Before you get up, consider that you're completely naked and there's nowhere to run to. It's probably easiest if you just keep your eyes closed and your mouth busy. That way, you can pretend you're somewhere else. And you're actually about as covered up as you can get, kneeling between my legs."

Janet apparently silently considered that. She actually was much more covered than if she tried to stand or do anything else. Only her back and ass were completely exposed.

She'd just pulled her lips all the way off his boner, but she engulfed it again and resumed her bobbing.

I couldn't directly see her face and was guessing what she was doing from the positioning of her head. But I was sure she had to have her eyes shut tight and a very red (though dark) face.

It looked like Evan and Reggie knew each other well, because Reggie replied, "Hey, Reggie! Nice to see you too!"

Then Evan took a few steps over to Reggie and they gave each other a high-five, without Reggie having to get up.

Evan's mother Amber, by contrast, looked very uncomfortable. She gazed all around the room, as if she was planning on making her escape. She was oddly out of place, being the only woman in sight who was actually fully dressed.

I asked the other two boys, "You two know each other?"

Evan replied, "Oh, sure. In, oh, I'd guess our last five appointments here, Reggie and his mom were in the waiting room two of those times. So we got to talking." He looked around some more, and added with a chagrined smile, "Unfortunately, while our moms stayed seated and fully dressed."

Rebecca spoke up to explain, "When I schedule appointments, I try to pair similar patients together. So it's no coincidence if you keep crossing paths. In fact, Brian and Evan, I scheduled you two back to back, since you'd expressed an interest in becoming friends."

"Nice!" Evan said to her. "Thanks!"

I noticed that Rebecca really just didn't give a fuck, because she still hadn't bothered to button up her blouse in front, or even just pull it closer together. Although she was supposed to maintain her cover as a receptionist without any sexual relationship to me, I suspected she'd gotten tired of just watching and masturbating through the open window and wanted to be more directly involved in the fun.

Just then, the door from the inner offices opened again.

I glanced over just in time to see a stunning Asian woman in a tight white nurse's outfit gasp and bring a hand to cover her wide open mouth. In so doing, she dropped a clipboard she was carrying. She stared at the wild scene, going back and forth between the two on-going blowjobs, and squealed, "Oh no! It's happening again!"

I got a good look at her as she stood there gawking. I'd never met her before, but from her outfit I knew she had to be Chun, the replacement to Bethany's nurse job. She looked exactly as I'd expected for anyone working at this clinic: jaw-droppingly beautiful, and with very large breasts.

I knew a little bit about her from Bethany, so I knew she was ethnically Chinese. She looked it, with long black hair done up in a ponytail and dark oval eyes. But she defied the stereotype of Asian women having small breasts. I'd already heard from Bethany that she had F-cups, which was especially remarkable considering that she was only about five foot three, about the same as Mommy.

Chun was extremely embarrassed by what she was seeing, and her face blushed in a hurry. Trying to avoid eye contact with anyone, she bent down to pick up her clipboard. It was a challenging task, since her outfit was so very tight on her.

While she was bent over, I noticed that her skirt rode up her ass, revealing all of it. That briefly allowed me to notice that she wasn't wearing any panties! I was briefly able to see her pussy before she managed to pick up the clipboard and stand back up. I considered that quite curious, considering how shy and easily embarrassed she seemed to be.

She hurried back out of the room, closing the door behind her, without saying another word.

We kept on like before. In fact, nobody had really stopped their sexual fun in the first place. Neither Bethany nor Janet had even stopped their steady bobbing long enough to look up and see Chun was there (though they'd certainly heard her).

As soon as she was gone, I asked Reggie, "I take it that's Chun, the new nurse?"

He shrugged. Clearly, he'd never seen her before.

Rebecca spoke through her window. "I can answer that. Yes, that's Chun. Reggie probably doesn't know her yet because she's only been working here for a week."

"Oh, that's right," I muttered. I'd temporarily forgotten how recently Bethany had been replaced. "So what's she like? Does she give handjobs to get sperm samples, like Bethany did?"

"Of course," Rebecca said. "That's a big part of the job."

Reggie was listening, and he asked, "So does that mean I can look forward to a handjob from her?"

"Probably not," Rebecca answered. "That's only for the new patients. As you probably suspect, it's not really about collecting the sample, but sexually shocking the mother and son, or whatever combo they are, so they'll be more receptive to everything that follows."

I nodded to myself. I'd figured that out long ago.

Evan also was listening. He asked, "So what's she like? Sexually, I mean."

Rebecca said, "She comes across as very shy and easily embarrassed. But don't be fooled. She's hot to trot! Naturally, she's a graduate from Dr. Morgan's program. She's her brother's sex pet. But he gets off on seeing her have fun with other guys, which is why she's perfect for her job. If you play your cards right with her, and she's not too busy with work, you might get her to give you a bonus handie, or even suck you off. But with you boys, it seems like you're pretty well covered with that already!"

She laughed as she looked from the sucking action in my lap to the same in Reggie's lap.

Reggie started to say, "That's true, but you know what they say about variety being-"

He suddenly stopped, because the door to the inner offices opened yet again.

Except this time it was a much more serious interruption, because it was Dr. Morgan who stood at the door.

That caught everyone flat-footed. Nobody had been bothered by Chun. One look at her and one could tell that she was meek. But Dr. Morgan could be very stern and intimidating.

It looked like there would be a mad scramble for people to get presentable. It was even worse for Rebecca, who both needed to cover her partially open top and also needed to get back to where she was supposed to be working.

However, the doctor stopped all that fast by shouting, "FREEZE!"

Everyone froze, almost like statues.

Janet even froze with her lip's still wrapped around her son's big cock.

I'm proud to say that Bethany only stopped sucking me for a few seconds, due to the shock. But when she resumed, she was careful not to bob her head in a visibly noticeable manner.

Then Dr. Morgan said with a smile, "What do we have here? It's like all my favorite patients are having a party, and nobody invited me. Except for Chun, that is. I'm so glad she tipped me off to come look."

That comment eased the tension some, but only some.

The commanding doctor took control of the situation. "Janet, do NOT stop your sucking! I'm glad to see you're doing that here. This is a big breakthrough for you. Congratulations! So please, keep at it."

The rest of us remained frozen, except for Bethany, who already was bobbing on my shaft like before. Then Janet's head resumed its bobbing too, though slower and quieter than previously.

The doctor continued to talk to Janet, "This is a great surprise. We've been planning to spend today's session talking

about how you can lose your inhibitions to be a better mommy slut, and yet what you're doing now is more valuable than any amount of words. Please keep at it as long as you can, until he cums. Then I want you to stay naked. Understood?"

Janet nodded, apparently, though it was hard to tell since a nod looked the same as a particularly big bob up and down her son's cock.

Reggie couldn't resist crowing a little bit, since he'd offered nearly the exact same advice earlier. "See, Mom? What did I tell you?"

His mother didn't verbally answer. But she cooed contentedly when he ran his fingers through her short hair as she kept on slurping and bobbing.

The doctor then looked to Rebecca. She definitely noticed how her blouse was unbuttoned, even though Rebecca had at least just tugged her blouse closed in front so she wasn't actually showing much at the moment.

The doctor pursed her lips disapprovingly, but she didn't say anything about what had to be a blatant rule violation. Instead, she gave an order to her employee: "Please confiscate Ms. Jordan's clothes and keep them until she and her son are ready to leave."

Rebecca nodded and went to pick up Janet's green dress from where it was hanging on a nearby chair,

Dr. Morgan then said to Rebecca, "Once you're done with that, please get back to your room and resume your duties."

Rebecca looked distraught. "I'm so sorry that-"

The doctor cut her off with a wave of her hand. "Don't worry about it. We'll talk about your disobedience later, but I'm not that angry. If I were in your shoes, I'd probably come out here too, where the action and the big cocks are. Just remember that no sexual contact with our patients is allowed for you in your job here. Ever!"

She said that knowing full well that I had become Rebecca's "bull" in recent weeks. She knew, as part of that, Rebecca would do things like blow me in the office bathroom, since Rebecca had already specifically asked for permission to do sort of thing with me. However, all that had to go unsaid in front of the other patients. It was evident she was specifically talking about what behavior was allowed in front of the others.

"Yes, doctor." A chastened Rebecca pushed past Dr. Morgan while holding Janet's dress, on her way back to her usual spot behind the receptionist's window.

The doctor then looked to Reggie. "I'm not sure how this started, but remember that it takes two to tango. Remember how we've talked about your desire to act more assertive. This is a good opportunity for you. Keep in mind that your mother is your sex pet. Treat her like one!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Reggie said.

Wanting to show that he was making progress, he bent forward just enough to reach Janet's ass and then gave it a playful smack. (It probably wasn't a wise idea to give it a harder smack while she had all of his cockhead in her mouth.) Then he said, "Hey, Mom, you're doing great, but where's your famous deep throating? I want to see a lot more of that!"

The platinum-haired doctor waited until she heard some loud choking and gagging noises coming from Janet. I couldn't see how deep she was going down from my angle, but I presumed the doctor could and that Janet took her son's cock into her throat, because the doctor smiled approvingly.

Dr. Morgan then turned her attention to Evan and Amber, who were standing together. "As for you two, I know you're on your way out, but not so fast! This is a good opportunity for both of you to work on your issues too. Evan, I want you to make out with your mother. As she heats up, bring her hand to your crotch so she can stroke your erection."

She frowned, and added to Evan, "Assuming you have one, that is? You did just cum inside her twice in my office, with one of those mere minutes ago."

Evan said, "I didn't... until just now, thanks to your suggestion!" He chuckled.

The doctor smiled at him. "Good. Then, after you do that, see how far you two can go. This is a good opportunity to explore letting go of sexual inhibitions, like we've talked about. For instance, take your mother's clothes off, if you deem that she's hot and bothered enough."

A wide-eyed Amber asked with worry, "All of them?!"

"Of course! Look at Brian's mother Mary, as well as his teenage slut, who just so happens to be my daughter Bethany. And then there's Janet. They're all completely naked, not counting their high heels. If they can do it, why can't you? And you don't have to feel so afraid, because you've got the example of Reggie and Janet in the same room. You two have been having the same issue as them."

Amber gulped and clutched at her prodigious bosom. Her eyes were as wide as saucers as she looked back and forth between the kneeling naked women.

The doctor went on, "Amber, you've told me of your great desire to be a more uninhibited slut for your son. You've got to push yourself out of your comfort zone to get where you want to go. Ideally, I'd like to see you suck him off right here before you go home. And I know that's scary, so just see how far you can push yourself. If you get too scared, that's okay. We'll work on it some more next time. But please, at least try."

Amber sighed heavily. "I'll try."

"Good." The domineering doctor stared expectantly at Evan and Amber until they wrapped their arms around each other and started making out. Within seconds, their hands slid down to grip and fondle the other's ass cheeks.

They both seemed to relax some as they got lost in their lust and love for each other.

Then Dr. Morgan finally turned her full attention to me and my two sluts. "Now, as for you three, you naughty kids!" She laughed good-naturedly. "Please get up and make yourself semi-presentable, because it's time for your appointment. But DON'T get dressed, since you're just going to get naked again anyway."

"What about me?" I asked.

"Up to you," she shrugged.

I decided to put my shorts back on instead of taking my shirt off, even though I knew I wouldn't stay dressed for long. Somehow, I sensed that's what the doctor wanted me to do, although I wasn't sure why.

Rebecca handed the doctor two towels through the window. (Her blouse appeared to be fully buttoned up again, though it was hard to tell if her bra was back on as well.)

The doctor walked towards me and gave me the towels.

I passed them to Mommy and Bethany so they could wipe their cum clean.

Most everyone in the waiting room was busy doing something now, except for the doctor. She stood in the middle of the room with her hands on her hips, looking gorgeous and voluptuous as usual, but also professional and in total control.

She seemed to muse out loud, "Hmmm. This has been very instructive for me. Intriguing. I've always treated my patient couples as separate entities, and kept them apart from other couples, for the most part. But maybe I've been doing that all wrong, at least with my more advanced patients. Hey, everybody, what would you think to having a group therapy session in the near future?"

I had already pulled my shorts up and tucked my flaccid penis away, so I had nothing to do at the moment. I asked, "What do you have in mind, exactly?"

She replied, "Basically, to continue the good work started here. I'm thinking we could get each of you mothers to strip and suck your sons in front of the others. I know it's no different than what you do in front of me, and every day at home, but I think there's value in doing it in front of strangers, to further break down inhibitions. There's another mother-son couple or two who are at a similar stage whom I might invite as well."

I replied, "That sounds great! Just so long as there's no swapping. The way I look at it, my mother belongs to me and me alone."

"That goes without saying," the doctor said.

"Then I'm all in!" Reggie said enthusiastically. He glanced at me. "Sorry, I don't share either."

Evan broke his latest French kiss with his mother to say, "Me too! No sharing. The rest sounds great!"

Bethany was standing up by now, while still toweling off her fabulous nude body. "What about me? Can I take part too?"

The doctor furrowed her brow. "Well, we'll talk about that in private later. It might create a certain imbalance. We're focused on getting rid of mother's inhibitions. You're already plenty uninhibited."

Bethany grumbled, "Darn it! That sounds super fun!"

Reggie, still enjoying his mother's oral effort, said, "It does! Maybe we could even make a game out of it, like a blowjob contest or something." He leaned down and whispered to his mother, but still loud enough for me to hear, "Mom, I know you'd win. Gaaawwwd, this deep throating is fantastic. You're the best!"

The doctor put a hand on her chin. "Hmmm. Possibly. Maybe in a future session, though. We'll see how comfortable your mothers are first. We don't want to push too hard."

Chapter 28

After finishing cleaning up and saying our good-byes to the others, Bethany, Mommy, and I followed Dr. Morgan into her office. We sat down on the plush velvet chairs there.

My mother sat on one side of me and my girlfriend on the other. Both of them cuddled into my side. It felt strange that I still had my shirt, shorts and socks on while they were wearing nothing but their high heels, but I kind of liked the feeling.

The doctor turned first to her daughter Bethany. "Well, it's nice to finally see you again, young lady. Nice outfit!" she said with a wink. "By the way, interesting T-shirt you've got there."

Although Bethany was naked, she'd brought her clothes in with her, and since the T-shirt had been on top, the doctor had noticed the "Brian Owns Me" message on it.

"MooooOOOOooooom," the young woman whined, rolling her eyes like a teen that had been told to clean her room.

Dr. Morgan asked, "When you walk down the street in that T-shirt, probably bra-less, with your huge titties wobbling and swaying with every step, does it ever cross your mind what other people will think? Or what your own mother will think when you get here, for that matter?"

Bethany whined, "Mom, what are you saying?! You're the one who taught me that a big-titted slut's main purpose is to serve and pleasure her man. I'm so proud that Brian owns me. I've never been happier, living to serve his cock with Mary as my sexy partner and new best friend. Now you're talking like that's a BAD thing?"

The doctor said, "That's not what I meant. Of course I approve all that. I'm just worried what OTHER guys will think. A good slut can only serve one man. You know that."

"I do. And I'd NEVER dress like that unless I have my man right by my side. I do it for him, because I do everything for him! As far as I'm concerned, Brian DOES own me, although he says it's too soon to formally collar me as my official master. I'm working on him, though!"

Dr. Morgan nodded. "Okay, fine. Just be careful what you do in public around others. You might want to take it down a notch."

Bethany sighed. "I suppose you're right. It's just that I get so excited about arousing him." As she continued to cling to my side, she felt at my crotch to see if I was showing any signs of getting erect. Unfortunately, I wasn't yet.

The doctor said to her daughter, "I admire your enthusiasm. Your boyfriend is a VERY lucky young man." She briefly glanced at me and gave me a knowing smile. "You know that I approve of your new lifestyle, and I couldn't think of a better guy to own you than Brian. Like you, I just wish he'd make it official." She gave me a wink.

She was referring to the fact that Mommy, Bethany, and I had started talking about having some kind of ownership ceremony, where I would collar them both. That would be kind of a marriage ceremony, officially enslaving them to my cock for life. But it seemed premature to me, given Bethany and I had only been intimate for a month. I already believed that she was "the one," but I wanted to wait a little longer just to make sure before making a life-long commitment.

Bethany griped, "Tell me about it!" She brought her hand to her neck and caressed where the collar would go. "I drop big hints daily about how much I'd love to be officially owned and collared. Such as my T-shirt. I'll admit that was out of hand to wear in public, but it's really a message to him. I long to see and feel his sweet cum splattered all over my slave collar! And yes, I just used the 'S' word!"

She playfully stuck her tongue out at me, because she knew I had issues with that.

She resumed complaining to her mother, "But he stalls for time. What more have I gotta do?!"

The doctor said patiently, "Sweetheart, you are a sex goddess. I know I shouldn't talk about my own daughter like that - especially in front of two friends who are technically still my patients - but I have to acknowledge it. You are stunningly beautiful."

Bethany squirmed in her seat, happy, embarrassed, and turned on. She rubbed her bare thighs together and cuddled herself, pushing up her huge breasts with her folded arms.

The doctor added, "I can't help but think you are the most sexy creature I've ever seen, and I'm not just saying that because I'm your mother."

She looked up and down Bethany's naked body in a very unmotherly manner. "You're gorgeous! Your body is so curvy. You have absolutely huge breasts. And yet you're slender and tall. In very non-medical terms, you are extremely fuckable." She smiled at her daughter.

Bethany looked at me and emphatically added, "And let's not forget my love of cocksucking! Mom, you always taught me that a good slut must first and foremost be a GREAT cocksucker! I love it so much! Mary and I spend so much time on our knees happily lapping and slurping and gagging and sucking, and I wouldn't have it any other way!"

Dr. Morgan smirk-smiled at that. "There's that too. I'm very proud of you. And you too, Mary."

Mommy lightly bounced in her seat with delight, sending her massive globes wobbling. The doctor's opinion meant the world to her.

Then the doctor pointedly looked at me with impatience. "Your future master is no fool. I'm sure it's just a matter of time before he'll claim you and collar you."

"Thank you, Mommy," Bethany said. "I love my new lifestyle so very much! I just want to get more and more into it. It's been super fun wearing slutty clothes for him, making his cock hard... and then working like a randy succubus to make it soft again!" She giggled. "I really love it when it seems like he can't stop himself from fucking me. And when Mary and I team up on pleasuring his cock... that's like heaven on earth for me! She and I have this saying: two cock-hungry mouths equals quadruple the fun!"

The doctor smiled. "I like that saying, and I'm sure it's true."

Then she redirected her attention to me and my naked mother, still cuddling into me from the other side. "And then there's Brian's mommy."

She directly addressed my mother. "Mary, I've told you since your first appointment with me that you're a hypersexual being. Every time I see you, I become even more convinced that's the case. You know I treat busty, sexy mothers and their well-hung sons more than any other type of patients. But I've never had a patient like you. For a boy like Brian, a horny, virile boy with a long, fat cock that always seems to be erect, you are simply a dream fuck toy come to life! Seeing you and your gravity-defying breasts always takes my breath away, especially when you're topless!"

Now it was Mommy's turn to squirm in her seat. She began to lightly massage her huge, round breasts. That was something she had come to do regularly at home in a completely absentminded way, whether at the dinner table or while watching a movie. I knew the look on her face, a flushed face, slightly contorted with lust. I had no doubt that her pussy was soaked, especially since I could smell it quite pungently.

The doctor pulled a file out and held it in front of herself. "By the way, Mary, I have something I think you'll find very interesting. In the first form your son filled out before coming here, he wrote about his ideal woman. It was the woman he had been masturbating about for many years. Given my experience with incestuous patients, I knew right away that he was describing you, but I didn't deem it right for you to know that then. However, I see no problem in sharing it with you now. Shall I read it?"

Mommy looked up at me and shyly smiled. She was still visibly turned on. "I'd love to hear it," she said, licking her lips in anticipation.

The doctor began to read: "'My 'dream girl' is sweet, lovable, and kind. Incredibly pretty. Soft, round face. Soft, full, kissable lips. Sweet eyes, green, shining, and wet. Dark brown hair that goes halfway down her back and falls in front of her face in a way that drives me crazy. A short, tiny body, with a thin waist. But fit and athletic, yet so very curvy. Wide hips. A cushy, round ass. And extremely top-heavy. In fact, she has the largest, roundest breasts I've ever seen. Plus, she should be older, in her mid-thirties.'"

Dr. Morgan paused in her reading. Even though she already knew the answer, she asked Mommy, "What's your age again?"

My newly blushing mother answered, "Thirty-six."

The doctor couldn't resist smirking and smiling. "Hmmm. Sounds like 'mid-thirties' to me."

She added, "Let me share his next answer too, when he was asked what he'd like to do sexually to his ideal woman. He wrote, 'Everything! For starters, I would get her completely naked and then run my hands all over her body!'"

"Wait!" Mommy exclaimed. She stared lovingly into my eyes, and took one of my hands and brought it to the underside of her nearest tit. Then she took my other hand and brought it down to her nearest thigh. Smiling widely,

she told the doctor, "Okay, you can continue."

The amused doctor went on reading: "'I'd be happy to fondle and kiss her for hours, and especially caress her enormous breasts! I'd love her with all my heart. But, eventually, she'd drop her head to my crotch and pleasure my penis with her mouth. I think about her going down on me so much that I must be obsessed. But I'm just as obsessed imagining her giving me a boobjob, sliding my erection between those same large, luscious breasts!'"

The doctor paused to explain, "By 'boobjob,' he means a 'titfuck.'"

Mommy had unzipped my fly and was checking to see if I was starting to get erect, but it was hard going because my penis was exhausted from recent events.

Dr. Morgan resumed reading: "'That's not all though! I also fantasize about fucking her! There, I said it! God, I would fuck her hard and long! I want to make her cum over and over again. Epic orgasms! I have this vision of her riding cowgirl style up on top of me and grinding and churning up and down with her hips. I have another vision of her up on all fours in her bed and looking back at me coyly, eager for me to take her doggy style! I would! I'd drill her deep! I have many more visions like that. There's so much more I could write about, but I'm running out of room on this paper. Basically, I want to do everything with her, forever! I love her with all my heart, and I'm in love with her too!'"

My mother blushed even more. She was squirming in her seat and clutching at her giant breasts from below. It was all true, of course, and she knew that I knew it. But hearing the words I'd written back then made her weirdly self-conscious.

She was almost teary-eyed. "Oh, Son! That was beautiful! I 'want to do everything with you forever' too! Thank you, doctor! THANK YOU SO MUCH! Thanks especially for helping me overcome the taboos and false pride of my dignity, allowing me to revel in the joy of being my son's personal sex toy!"

The doctor smiled widely. "You're welcome! That's what I'm here for. It's moments like this that make it all worthwhile for me."

Mommy was writhing even more, not less. "Oh, God! I'm so horny!" She brought a hand back to my now open fly to check on my penis.

I was starting to finally get aroused, thanks mostly to hearing those words I'd written.

She sensed "blood in the water" and began rubbing my penis vigorously.

The doctor watched my penis stiffening as she said to her, "Do you understand, Mary? You're the embodiment of your son's every sexual fantasy, and have been for years! You ARE a human sex toy, a living fuck doll for your own son! It's so beautiful. And for a boy who seems obsessed with large breasts, your breasts couldn't possibly be more perfect!"

Mommy's face got redder and redder. She looked down and caressed her bare J-cups even more overtly and passionately, though only with her one free hand. "Er... thank you!"

The doctor seemed to be getting increasingly aroused herself, judging by the tone of her voice and the way her own huge tits were heaving up and down under her white blouse. She looked down at her chest, and apparently tried to make light of her obvious arousal. She muttered to no one in particular, "Is it just me, or is it getting really hot in here?"

"It is." The fact that everyone could see my penis steadily engorging in Mommy's hand was good evidence of that. I boldly suggested to the doctor, "Why don't you make yourself more comfortable?"

She gave me a long and very curious look, complete with a raised eyebrow. Finally, she responded, "Maybe I will." She brought her hands to her collar area and started unbuttoning the top closed button on her blouse. She already was showing off a fair amount of cleavage. But after undoing that button, I could see a lot more of her creamy breasts.

She even showed enough for me to see parts of her bra, which was lacy and black.

However, despite doing that, she returned to her professional demeanor, and more or less succeeded in calming her breathing.

While that was happening, Mommy decided that my dick was mostly erect, and leaned her head down into my lap to help it along the rest of the way.

But Dr. Morgan saw that, and exclaimed, "STOP!"

Mommy stopped.

"As much as I enjoy you watching you blow your son, we are here for therapeutic reasons."

Mommy reluctantly sat back up. But she tugged my shorts down some, enough for my balls to be fully exposed. Then she resumed jacking me off.

Without saying anything, Bethany reached over to my crotch from her side and started fondling my balls.

The doctor said, "We're going to do some new tests today, all three of you, but especially you two." She said that while looking at Mommy and me.

She went on, "I'm particularly fascinated by you, Mary. I'm very excited that my daughter has fallen for your son. And I feel the need to study this situation. But I have to be honest. I really want to see you get - and this is again not medical terminology - seriously fucked!" She laughed.

Mommy cleverly asked, "Since I'm 'hypersexual' and all that, you know I can't really sit next to my handsome and well-hung son when he's erect without wanting and needing to suck him. While we're doing whatever, do you mind if I bob on it a little bit?"

The doctor coughed, sounding strangely nervous. "Er... actually, I do mind, this one time. We're here for serious therapy. You can do that at home any time. I need your full attention and your mouth free to talk."

"Oh, shoot!" Mommy sighed heavily. Still stroking my now hot and throbbing hard-on, she asked, "Can I at least lick it some? I promise I'll pay full attention and maintain eye contact with you."

Now it was the doctor's turn to sigh. "I guess that would be okay." She grumbled, seemingly mostly to herself, "I can never say no when it comes to the pleasuring of superior cock. UGH!"

Dr. Morgan's conflicted attitude confused me. I knew she saw many sexual acts between her patients all day long, every day. Plus, she was the one who'd insisted that Mommy and Bethany start the appointment naked already. She'd had no problem witnessing my mother and I fuck and suck in her office in the past. So her nervousness about some mere cock licking this time seemed odd, to say the least.

Then I noticed how much the doctor's huge tits were heaving up and down, as well as the fire of lust in her eyes and the flush on her face. I realized from the way her hands disappeared below the edge of her desk that she was almost certainly masturbating, probably with both hands.

Even all that had happened with us in her office last time. But somehow she seemed more openly emotional, and twice as aroused as ever before. It occurred to me, *Maybe she's worried about losing her cool?! She's always in control and just watches. But it seems Mommy and I have a special connection to her, and of course Bethany is her own daughter.*

I looked directly at the doctor's immense rack. It was heaving up and down, and I could see even more of her lacy black bra than before. *And when I suggested she should get more comfortable, she unbuttoned a good ways down her blouse!*

Before I could continue my thoughts along those lines, I got distracted. Just then, Mommy leaned over and started lapping swirly patterns around my cockhead, while steady rubbing my most sensitive spot just below the fat knob.

Bethany still had a hand on my balls. But seeing that Mommy was getting to do more with me, she brought her other hand over and used it to run her fingers up and down my lower shaft.

The doctor just stared and stared, and licked her lips several times. It was quite a sight, given that there were now three hands and one tongue working on my erection.

Then, realizing the silence was growing awkward, she got serious again. "Er, anyway, Mary... You said on the phone there was something you wanted to talk to me about in person. Here we are. What was it?"

Bethany answered that, possibly so Mommy wouldn't have to be distracted from her more important cock licking. "We think Mommy has another new hypersexual symptom. One that may surprise you. It surprised me."

(Since I called my mother "Mommy" so much, Bethany had picked up that habit too, at least when we were in private.)

"Hmmm! Interesting!" Dr. Morgan was startled and excited, but she remembered her professional protocol. She said to her daughter, "Before you tell me what it is, let me ask you a few questions. I have a rough idea from talking to Mary on the phone a lot, but I'd like to hear the latest, from your point of view. How often do you and Brian fuck these days?"

Bethany pondered that while idly fondling my balls. "What do you mean by fucking, exactly? That's so hard to define. Does that mean any serious, prolonged sex session? What about quickies? Or is it every time he sticks his big cock in my pussy? Or every time he cums? What about titfucking? Or throat fucking?"

"Those are very good questions." Then the doctor did a double take. "Wait! Did you say 'throat fucking?! With HIS cock?! Mary never mentioned anything about THAT! I've known you've come close, and you used the toothbrush trick to get rid of your gag reflex. But are you actually deep throating his thick monster?! Not just a couple of extra inches, but all the way down your throat?!"

Bethany frowned. "Yes... and no. I'm trying really, really hard, every day, but you know how thick he is! I spend so much time choking and gagging on him every single day, and my gag reflex IS totally gone!"

"Mine too!" Mommy said proudly, her two hands slipping and sliding all over my hard-on.

Bethany continued, while glancing repeatedly at my mother's hands and lapping tongue, "So I'm pretty psyched about that. I can take him a couple of inches deeper than ever before, and I'm even more psyched about that! That IS deep throating, definitely. But it's not what I really want, which is to cram his cockhead all the way into my throat and swallow every last inch of it until there's an enormous bulge at the front of my neck! Then I'll be able to literally fuck him with my throat muscles while licking and sucking him with my mouth!"

Mommy cheered her, "Right on, girl!" She and Bethany shared another meaningful look, even as she swirled her tongue around my cockhead.

Bethany had gotten herself all worked up, but added more calmly, "Mommy and I are working on that, but it's slow going. She can actually get his cockhead into her throat sometimes and keep it there for up to a minute! True deep throating!"

The doctor was wide-eyed and increasingly aroused. "Really?!" She folded her arms under her hefty rack and pouted, "Mary! Why didn't you tell me?!"

Mary took her mouth from my cock and sat all the way up, to make sure she made amends. "I've been wanting to keep it a surprise, so I could show you in person. In fact, I was thinking we could do it today!"

Dr. Morgan's face lit up like a Christmas tree. "What an idea! That sounds... good! Let's do it! I'm so excited for you!" She wanted to hug Mommy in celebration, but she was sitting behind her desk and unwilling to move, since that gave her the fig-leaf for her secret (or maybe not-so-secret) masturbation. Mommy also wanted to do the same, but didn't want to go far from my cock. So instead they reached their hands out towards each other, although they were a bit too far apart to touch.

Meanwhile, Bethany dropped down from the side and took over lapping on and around my cockhead.

Mommy still had a hand there, but she slid it down my shaft to make room.

The doctor ogled all the action at my crotch as she excitedly exclaimed, "MARY! Do you know what this means?! Deep throating a cock that big and thick is very rare! But if you can do it, with practice, then Bethany can do it, because I happen to know your throat sizes are exactly the same! That means both of you will be able to take your devotion and adoration of your master's cock to a whole new level!"

"I know!" Mommy said, bouncing excitedly on the couch now that she was sitting up. Her huge tits swung freely. "It's kind of already happening! Just in the last week, she and I have been practicing it a lot more! There have been times I've been able to take him almost all the way to the root! You should see the bulge in my neck!"

The busty doctor looked astounded. "GOD! That sounds SO FUCKING HOT! I can't even IMAGINE what it would be like to take a cock THAT thick THAT far down MY throat! It must be the ULTIMATE in cocksucking submission!" She spoke far more passionately than usual.

She also unthinkingly rubbed the front of her bare neck while staring at Mommy working my raging boner.

That gave me goose-bumps, because it was obvious she was thinking intently about what it would feel like to take my thickness down her throat!

Bethany glanced up from my cock and said suggestively to her mother, "Well, there's only one way to find out! Try, try, and try again!" She waved an inviting hand at my rigid pole, which was sticking nearly straight up in her hand and one of Mommy's hands too.

Dr. Morgan gave her a disapproving look, even as she was panting hard, her immense tits heaving more than before. "Watch what you're saying, young lady. It sounds like you're offering for me to suck your boyfriend's delicious cock-meat! And I know you don't mean that!"

"I AM! And I DO mean it!" Bethany said with sudden great excitement. She stopped licking and sat up to make better eye contact. She slowly and temptingly slid a hand from the tip down to one of Mommy's hands at my balls, and slowly back up. "Why not?! He's kind of taking over the office staff. He's fully tamed me, and he's Rebecca's bull. Why not you too?! Why shouldn't we all get to enjoy the perfect cock?!"

The doctor sat back in dismay. She clutched at her huge tits from below. Her fingers were visibly wet from the cum in her pussy. "ME?! No! You know I can't do that!"

Bethany spoke with lots of lusty passion. "Why not, already?! I don't understand! Just look at it! It IS the perfect cock, you said so yourself. And it's stiff and ready all the time. You know you want it! You can't wait to get your lips around it! I know, because every time I so much as mention my boyfriend, you get wetter than the Amazon River!"

"BETHANY!" Dr. Morgan protested loudly. "Shut your mouth! I do not!" Her cheeks started to redden, and she shyly looked away.

"You do too! I can smell your arousal, every time! Just like I can smell you now! I've heard you and Mary talking on the phone nearly every night. It's exactly like phone sex, because she goes into EXPLICIT detail about what she and I did to Brian, pretty much blow by blow, lick by lick! I dare you to tell me that you don't masturbate as you listen, while you fantasize that you're the one with your lips tightly sealed around his incredibly thick, hot cock-meat!"

The doctor's face got a lot redder in a hurry. She actually covered her face with a hand, as if that would hide her from being seen. She whined, "Bethany! Stop! I order you to! And Brian, don't listen to this! Please!"

But Bethany smelled blood in the water and didn't stop. She could see from the way her mother's huge tits were heaving, even with a blouse and bra on, that she was striking a chord.

She continued, "I know you see big cocks all day long, but how can you not love this one, the very best?! And it's so very delicious. Mmmm! Yum! It's, like, the Platonic form of cocks! It DEMANDS to be served!" She was still slowly and tantalizingly sliding her fingers up and down most of my shaft, except for the very bottom part held by Mommy.

Then Bethany remembered to look to Mommy's face. "That is, if you're in favor of sharing him with her too!"

Mommy was just as excited by the idea. Her bare ass writhed on the couch as her fingers roughly fondled my balls. "Oh, I think that's a GREAT idea! Doctor, you've become one of my best friends and I'm concerned about YOU! Look at you, in your sexual prime, but without a cock to serve. You always tell me that big-titted beauties find their greatest joy by submitting to superior cock, and I've come to see just how true that is. But what about you? Why don't you practice what you preach?!"

"Yeah!" Bethany giddily agreed.

Mommy went on, "It would even be good for your business! After all, how can you understand our struggles with 'the perfect cock' if you don't experience them yourself?"

Bethany giggled at that, and gave Mommy a high-five right in front of my face. "Nice!"

The doctor took her hand from her face. She licked her lips and stared longingly at my boner jutting straight up, as well as Mommy's hands on it. It was like she was watching a tennis match, except her eyes were going up and down instead of back and forth.

But then she seemed to snap back out of it and resume her professional demeanor. "Very funny. You two are playing an elaborate joke on me. Enough, already! This is the problem of having my daughter in the role of a patient. She knows how to push my buttons."

"I'm definitely NOT joking!" Bethany said emphatically. "I want you to join us! As much or as little as you want."

She added to Mommy, as if they were alone in the room, "I have this image of my mom naked and kneeling with Brian's big fat cock all the way down her throat! Tears streaming down her face! What an ordeal! But she's trying SO HARD! She NEEDS a good choking and gagging session on a magnificent slab of man-meat, and she knows it! It's been way too long for her! She talks so much to her busty and beautiful patients about the need to submit to their man, but she's busty and beautiful herself, and when-"

Dr. Morgan interrupted her loudly and sharply, "Okay! That's ENOUGH, Bethany! The problems of my private life are not up for discussion here!"

I'd been trying to stay out of this, but when nobody else asked, I did. "Problems?"

The doctor just moaned unhappily.

Bethany explained, while her mother glared at her, "My dad was a great man AND a great, naturally dominant master. I know he kept Mommy collared and loved and pretty much deliriously happy and well fucked all the time. But he died about ten years ago in a tragic accident. Since then, as far as I know, Mommy has been in mourning for him, saying no one else could ever replace him. Which means she NEVER has sex! Or even companionship! I don't think she's even sucked a single cock since he died, the poor thing. Instead, she lives out her sexual fantasies by telling her patients what they would do, just as if she was in their shoes! When SHE should-"

The doctor barked, "BETHANY! THAT'S ENOUGH!"

I was very intrigued by all that information. I was surprised the doctor let her daughter talk as long as she did.

Things about this clinic started to make sense to me.

Chapter 29

Bethany cowered a little bit at the angry look her mother was giving her. "Sorry, Mom. But it's true. You've built up a wall around yourself, and it's sad. You've helped so many other wonderful women like yourself live the great submissive sexual lifestyle you used to have with Dad, which is awesome, but what about YOU and YOUR needs? Your job has become your entire reason for being, even though you still have a 'perfect ten' body. You're so formal and distant with everybody that I'll bet I'm the only one left who even knows your first name is Evelyn!"

That confirmed just about all the pieces I'd been putting together mere seconds earlier. It makes total sense. And I finally got to find out the doctor's first name!

Dr. Morgan groaned in frustration. She shut her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose, apparently trying to contain her anger. She let out a loud sigh, twice. Finally, she griped, "Did you really have to share all that?! Is nothing private anymore?!"

Mommy couldn't resist asking her, "Your first name is 'Evelyn?!' I had no idea!"

I thought back, and realized that although Mommy talked about the doctor a lot, she'd never mentioned a first name. I'd kind of stopped thinking of her as someone who had a first name.

Dr. Morgan opened her eyes and replied, "Yes, it is, but I prefer 'Eve' with my friends. I guess you can call me 'Eve' now, if you want, since we've grown so close. It's unprofessional to allow that, but what the hell." She let out a heavy, defeated sigh.

She glanced at Bethany's fingers still slowly and temptingly slipping and sliding all over my boner, and quietly sighed again. Then she longingly licked her lips some more. She continued to clutch at and even fondle her huge tits through her blouse and bra.

Mommy smiled widely. "I'd like that... Eve. Actually, I like that a lot! You've given me so much confidence in myself, and in my body. Especially in my breasts!" She took her hands off my balls just long enough to gleefully cup the undersides of her enormous globes, and then set them jiggling.

She resumed jacking me off, sharing my pole about equally with one of Bethany's hands. "You've set me free to live and relish the submissive sex toy lifestyle and, for that, I'll always be eternally grateful. I can't even imagine going a single day without feeling my son's thick pole pulsing in my mouth or filling up my cunt. But it's not just that. I know you try hard to keep your calm professional demeanor so you can help all these people as best you can, but underneath all that, I can see a passionate, feisty, and VERY sexual woman wanting to get out!"

"No!" Eve said, with conflict and dismay in her eyes.

Mommy added, "Yes! It's obvious that you're a natural nympho. And submissive, too! You help so many mothers and other women live the submissive, sexual life that YOU secretly desire more than all the riches in the world!"

"No!" Eve protested again, but this time it came out more like a whisper. It was clear as day from her increasingly meek reaction that what Mommy was saying was true.

Bethany cheered, "It's true! Tell her, Mary!"

My mother continued, "The simple fact is, even though you're my therapist, you're also the mother of Bethany. Given how things are going between her and my son, that pretty much makes you family. I hope we all can become closer and closer with each other. Stop putting up this professional front all the time! Take off your doctor mask so we can know you as just another big-titted submissive nympho with your own fears and hopes and dreams!"

Eve smiled back with surprising warmth. "Oh, hell! I'm supposed to be your therapist. This shouldn't be happening. But in for a penny, in for a pound. I'd like that too! We'll just have to stay in our lanes. Here in the office, I'm your therapist, not your friend, okay? In the outer world, I'll try to let my hair down and get to know you one sexy mother to another. We kind of have no choice, now that our kids are falling deeply in lust and in love."

"Okay. Sounds great!" Mommy replied. Her entire naked body bounced eagerly on the couch.

"That goes for you too," the doctor said to me, startling me. "Like your mother said, the way things are going, I wouldn't be surprised if you end up being my son-in-law, of sorts."

My entire body jerked in surprise. "WHAT?!"

"Oh, don't worry. I'm not talking about marriage. A big-cock stud like you needs to spread your seed and can't be tied down. But when your collar Bethany, then you'll officially own her, and the master-slave bond is even deeper

and more profound than marriage! Speaking as a former sex slave myself, believe me, I know. So you'd be much like a son-in-law to me. It's only natural if we become friendlier, as much more than doctor and patient."

I looked to Bethany.

She smirked. "What are you looking at me for?! You know I feel that way already."

Before I could figure out what to say to that, I had to look back to Eve some more, because she resumed talking.

She rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "Although... I guess it would be more like 'master-in-law,' given the way you're effectively turning my daughter into your willing sex slave..."

Bethany giggled. "Nice, Mom! Nice!"

Eve's constant titty bouncing due to her heavy panting had calmed down some. But her hands had also disappeared below the desk edge again. Her subtle arm motions made clear that she was masturbating some more, if she'd ever actually stopped.

She stared longingly at my erection jutting up high, as well as a hand from Bethany and Mommy each sensually stroking it. She seemed to zone out for a few long moments while she licked her lips and salivated.

But then, after another needy glance at my stiff pole, her professional mask returned, much like an actual mask falling over her face. "Anyway, where were we? We keep getting seriously sidetracked here. These sorts of things can be discussed more outside the office, later. Brian, please disregard some of the things you heard, especially the wild speculation over what I was thinking and feeling. I'm a professional doctor, first and foremost!"

I noticed that she didn't really deny what had been said, though she tried to give that impression. I decided it was best to stay silent, for now.

She stared intently at her daughter's face, trying hard not to look at me or especially my crotch. "Bethany, let's get back to the number of times you and your studly boyfriend fuck each day. How would you define what counts as a sex session? We haven't sorted that out yet."

Bethany put her free hand to her chin. "Hmmm... I'd count every time I have a big role in making him cum, definitely. Now that I've started living with him and Mommy, I have lots of opportunities. We have little quickies here and there. For instance, he might stroll into the bathroom while I'm there, and I'll give him a little titty fuck while he's brushing his teeth!" She giggled.

Eve's eyes grew very wide upon hearing that, for some reason. She fanned herself, and then undid another two buttons on her blouse. She'd been showing lots of cleavage already, but with those buttons unbuttoned, her blouse opened all the way in front! She still had her lacy black bra on, or I would have had a truly mouth-watering sight.

She whispered almost breathlessly, "That's... extraordinary! It's as if... between the two of you, you're pleasuring his cock 24 hours a day!"

My hot girlfriend went on, "Pretty much! Can you imagine how much fun we have?! He's erect practically all the time, and if he is, we're there to help. But it always takes a prolonged sex session to give him the big climax that we're all working for. Mary and I, that is. We really have to work hard for our cummy reward every single time, which is something I totally love!"

She looked to Mommy, and they shared a knowing smile.

Mommy had forced herself to calm down some, but not much. She'd settled in for a prolonged handjob session. That was unusual for her, since handjobs almost always quickly turned into something else like a titfuck or blowjob. She even remained sitting up, despite having permission to lick as well.

It seemed clear to me that Eve was struggling to stay on track with an actual productive therapy session. She seemed to be heating up more and more. By now, she was staring at the two hands stroking my cock nearly constantly, no matter who was talking. She kept on licking her lips as well. There also was an uncommon lusty fire in her eyes.

But she doggedly pressed on with her line of questioning, asking her daughter, "Okay, by that definition, how many times do you have sex with him then, on average?"

Bethany turned to me. "Five? Six? It varies. The thing is, it's almost always with Mommy. Er, I mean Mary. She's in charge of taking care of his cock, and I help out as I can. We usually wake him with two tongues on his cock, and spend a long, long time slobbering and slurping all over his fat pole, and his balls too! It's the absolute best way to start the day! Then, the shower fun! Oh boy, the shower fun!"

Eve's professional mask slipped again. She was almost giddy as she asked, "What's 'the shower fun?!' Mary's never

mentioned that to me." She stuck her tongue out with a playful pout in Mommy's direction. "It sounds really hot!"

Bethany eagerly explained, "Oh, it is! Since there's three of us, it can be anything or everything! A titfuck? Double titfuck? Another awesome double blowjob, with the water raining down on us?! We can't get enough of those. And Mommy's found this special edible sudsy soap that makes whatever we do in the shower such fun! UNGH! We're his two BUSTY SLUTS, just serving his cock with unbridled joy! It's so HUGE! HNNNG! I want it in my mouth right now!"

She stared down at her and Mommy's sliding hands on my raging boner, with fire in her eyes. It was clear she wanted to suck, but for some reason she was restraining herself.

Eve asked her with even more obvious lusty excitement, "Is that all that happens there?! Or does he fuck you in the shower too?"

Bethany lit up like a searchlight, she was so keen to answer that. "OF COURSE he fucks us in the shower! Pretty much every morning! That other stuff is just the warm up. We have SUCH high water bills these days!" She laughed. "The big question is: HOW will he fuck us?! Will I plant my hands on the wall while he fucks me doggy-style? Or will he do that to Mommy? Or both of us, going back and forth with a few thrusts each?! So many sex positions!"

She went on, "It's like we're living inside the Kama Sutra, but with lots of water pouring down on us!" She laughed at that. "You never know what'll happen in the shower, except it'll involve his massive cock dominating our helpless, sexy, busty little bodies! But that's just the start of the day! It just gets better from there!" Bethany giggled.

The doctor sighed longingly while still staring at my exposed boner. "That sounds so... heavenly! Gaawwwd! Sometimes, I lie alone in bed and..."

Her voice faded as she remembered her professional role. "Sorry. Forgive me. I guess I'm having a little trouble dealing with our evolving roles. I can't let myself get carried away." Despite saying that, she hungrily licked her lips some more and kept staring at the two-handed action on my cock.

She coughed to bide time, then stiffened up and redoubled her effort to look and sound professional. However, she couldn't hide the flush on her sultry face, or the way her huge bra-clad tits were still heaving inside her open blouse. Her face turned pouty, "Mary, why haven't you ever told me about all that shower fun?"

Mommy sheepishly replied, "I'm sorry. It wasn't intentional. It's just that most of that happening in the morning, and you and I always speak late in the evening. By then, so much else has happened. It seems like ancient history."

The bombshell platinum blonde doctor reluctantly nodded. "I see. Don't worry about it. But one of these days I'd love to hear about your morning routine in detail, especially including the showering part."

Mommy burst into a big smile. "With pleasure! I promise to share every last thrust, kiss, fondle, and suck, until you can see the beads of sweat and splatterings of his cum on your skin and feel like he's plundering YOUR sexy body!"

Dr. Morgan smiled widely too. "Excellent!" But then she remembered I was there, and wiped the smile from her face. She tried to maintain her professional demeanor. "Anyway, let's get back to the issue at hand. Er, Bethany, in how many sex sessions a day does his cock actually enter your vagina?"

Bethany seemed to smirk a little at her mother's lusty trouble. "Why don't you take your bra off, and I'll tell you?"

"That's blackmail!" But Eve looked amused and happy instead of upset.

"Yeah, I guess it is," Bethany said unrepentantly.

Eve seemed tempted, and even started to reach for her bra. But then she reconsidered.

Bethany furtively nudged my side.

I realized what she wanted to do. I said, "Doctor, fair's fair. Look at us. Why is it you always stay fully dressed while we have to get naked? Taking off your bra isn't asking much. You'd still stay fully dressed. It's a good faith effort that shows we're all friends here."

The consternation and conflict was written clearly on her face. "I... I don't know. I can't! I... I have to remain professional!"

Maybe it was because I was feeling so extremely aroused watching the sex bomb doctor with her big tits heaving in her blouse while I felt a tongue and various hands all over my cock, but I felt strangely emboldened. I said impatiently, "Come on, already! Bethany isn't going to answer your question until you do it. So... DO IT!"

Eve grumbled something about ungrateful daughters as she hastily reached inside her open blouse and undid her bra.

Once she pulled it out and set it aside, her blouse opened still wider in front, even sliding down her shoulders some. That left her effectively completely topless in front. Not only could I see all of her stiff nipples, I could see all of her fantastic round breasts, period!

I was secretly shocked, not to mention insanely aroused, since she could have easily taken her bra off and then closed her blouse back up. I really had thought she would put up a lot more resistance to that suggestion, but she'd hardly resisted at all. That was further evidence than her lust was overwhelming her usual strong self-control.

"There! Bethany, now, you've made me show your boyfriend all this." the doctor huffed, grasping her huge tits from below and hefting them up. "Happy?!"

Bethany smirked. "Very."

Eve growled, "I know what you're trying to do. You want me to suck your boyfriend's cock! But I'm not going to go that far, because that would open a can of worms. I'm just a little... overheated."

"But you want to," Bethany claimed.

Eve spoke with surprising force and passion, while gawking at the on-going action at my crotch. "Of COURSE I want to! I'm not blind! I see what great fun you two have with him all the time, including right now as I speak. I'm burning with envy, okay?"

She was still holding her bare breasts from below. Perhaps without consciously realizing it, she began sensuously fondling them too. "But I can't EVER touch ANY of my patients like that! If I did, this whole clinic would fall apart, for all sorts of reasons! And then what would happen to the countless naturally submissive busty beauties who count on me to show them the path to true happiness?! There's too much at stake, so don't try to tempt me!"

I was fairly staggered by all that, and I'm sure Mommy and Bethany were too. We'd struck a nerve.

Eve tried to calm down. She brought her hands out from below the table edge and rested her elbows on the table and her face in her hands as she took some deep and slow breaths.

I noticed the glistening cum on her fingers. I also was impressed at the way her bare breasts were still heaving up and down. Of course, I had equally large or larger bare busts within easy reach on either side of me, but the forbidden fruit is always the most tempting.

Eve put her hands back out of sight down towards her pussy, and addressed her daughter. "Anyway, now that I called your bluff, you have to answer the question!" She tried to stare only at Bethany's face, and especially not at my face or crotch.

Bethany happily replied, "You want to know how many times my future master's enormous and perfect cock impales my tight little cunt on a typical day?"

"That's right," Eve replied, still valiantly trying to keep things professional. "Though it doesn't have to be 'impales' per se. Any time he slips it into you."

Bethany smirked again. "Trust me, it never 'slips' in. GAAAWWWD! He's so thick! Getting it stuffed inside me is an ordeal every single time, but in the best possible way. He has to pound it in, and drill it in, just like a jackhammer! It hurts so good! I scream my head off in total ecstasy! Sometimes I cry tears of joy even when I'm not close to cumming, simply because I'm so euphoric that I'm being skewered and pummeled and owned by my loving master!"

She tilted her head back. "Gaaaawwwwd! Mom, I wish I could tell you how fantastic it is to get royally fucked into unconsciousness by my man! It feels just like you said it should be! The joy of total submission! I'm sure it's just like when you lived the high life as Daddy's collared sex pet! Except I'll bet it's twice as good as you ever had with Dad, because I get to share the entire experience with Mommy. It's almost as much fun watching her get fucked as getting fucked myself! I wish I could share it all with you too! You need a big cock to rule you!"

It finally dawned on me, *This isn't just some sexy teasing during another highly erotic therapy session. Bethany is on some sort of campaign to get her mother fucked... by me! Of course, I'm all in favor, if only because Eve Morgan is so damn fucking sexy, buxom, and gorgeous! But the best thing I can do for now is play it cool and see how things develop. Cross my fingers!*

Eve was continuing to fight to maintain some sort of professional demeanor. Since her daily job involved talking to nymphos and satyrs, often while they took part in some sort of sex act with each other, she had to be very, very used to temptation. Yet it seemed she was seriously frazzled and uncommonly aroused.

After a long pause, she said, "Enough of that sort of talk! Please! Just answer the question! What's the number,

already?"

Bethany replied, "Fine. Be that way. I don't know exactly how often his magnificent cock penetrates my helpless and needy vagina each day. Three, maybe? Four? But that's almost always part of a series of different sex acts that eventually leads to getting him to cum. He almost always fucks me in the morning, and drills Mommy too. Usually in the shower, like I was saying earlier. She and I kind of need a good fucking to get our day started."

She continued, "If you were one of his busty sluts, you would understand. You might still be a high and mighty doctor here at work, but at home you'd gladly crawl naked on all fours and lick his feet to feel his incredible, perfect cock pounding away deep inside you! You would completely lose your mind, just like you always tell your patients to do, fully surrendering to the power of your man! Your master!"

Eve eagerly leaned forward over the table, causing her immense tits to swell down while also causing her blouse to slip further down her arms. She alternated between pinching her erect nipples and caressing the fullness of her boobs.

I half-expected her to pant something like, "More! Tell me more!" But instead, she somehow managed to at least attempt to keep her questioning going. "So... is that... that... the, uh, only time he'll fuck you?"

"Are you kidding me? No way! That's just the warm-up! Then he'll bang me like a cheap screen door a couple more times over the course of the day. The more we obediently serve him, the more he rewards us with simply UNIMAGINABLE pleasure! It's the best win-win you could imagine!"

Eve unthinkingly nodded emphatically while she continued to fondle her impressive bare rack. She was panting heavily and her face was flushed.

Bethany went on, "You have to be in 'slut mode' constantly! He could decide to fuck you at any time, anywhere! You never know what hole he's going to fill you in next! Maybe he'll snap his fingers and bark, 'Kneel!' Then you've gotta get ready for a face fuck or titfuck! You really ARE a human sex toy, and the best way to deal with it is to embrace your humiliation with both hands! Don't fight it! SERVE that cock! It makes you feel so helpless and submissive, but that feeling becomes the biggest turn-on of all! Mmmm!"

Surprisingly, Eve let out a long, blissful sigh. She was smiling while seemingly staring at my boner in a distracted daze. She almost whispered, "Why do you have to say that?! It's like... it's like you're describing my old collared life... to a 'T'!"

The horny doctor moved her hands from her tits and back out of sight. She was definitely masturbating some more, with two hands down by her crotch. It couldn't have been more obvious. She was so worked up that I don't think she was even thinking about trying to hide her arm motions anymore.

Bethany added, "Oh! And I didn't finish. At night, that's the BEST! The three of us usually have a nice long cuddle and fuck." She turned her head and smiled warmly at Mommy and me.

Eve continued to stare at the steady handjob action on my cock. She managed to look at her daughter's face long enough to ask, "Why is that the best? The rest of the day sounds... simply incredible!"

Bethany explained, "It IS! Mommy, I wish you could join us! You'd love it! You're still young. You're still a 'perfect ten.' I'm sure he'd love to collar you and add you to his collection of busty sluts. Mary and I would love to share him with you too. And he has so much cum to give."

Eve looked like she was on the cusp of losing all willpower. But she griped, "Please! Enough of that! But... what's so great about the night?!"

Mommy had been steadily lapping on my throbbing boner while sharing the stroking of it with Bethany. But she finally engulfed my fat knob and started bobbing on it.

I was surprised she'd held out that long. It felt even better than usual, since I was especially worked up from watching Dr. Morgan slowly succumbing to her lust. We definitely were in uncharted waters.

Bethany rolled her eyes and huffed petulantly. She was squirming on the couch. "Isn't our night fucking exactly the sort of thing you and Mary often talk about in your phone calls?"

"Yes, but I want to hear it from you. For, uh... professional reasons."

Bethany smirked triumphantly. "Okay. At night, it's not like usual fucking. It's a special, intimate time. For instance, he and I might read for an hour in bed while we're both naked and he's balls-deep inside me! It's soooo sexy! I might squeeze him with my pussy walls off and on - I'm getting really good at that! But mostly, I just revel in the feeling of being fully filled and totally owned!"

Eve stared off into space. She sighed longingly. "Why do you have to say that?! I remember when your father and I used to do that. Those nights really were the best!" She switched to staring deeply into my eyes, as if looking for something inside of me.

It was unsettling for me. I tried my best not to be cowed by the stare challenge. While I stared back, I also enjoyed the sight of all of her body that I could see above the table. Her hefty tits were bouncing steadily in time to her heavy breathing, as well as the rhythm of her moving arms angled towards her pussy.

Bethany added, "I can imagine how it used to be for you, now that I'm finally living the submissive slut life I dreamed about for so long. But I'll bet this is even better, due to the power of the threesome! Because after he does that to me, then he might do the same to Mommy. Back and forth! Mmmm! He can go for hours and still not come close to emptying his balls into us, at least not until it's time to sleep. We usually ramp up for a big blow-out cum blast then. It's wonderful!"

The doctor nodded. "Interesting." She appeared to be trying to stay calm and professional, despite of the way her hefty, round breasts kept heaving up and down, with her open blouse doing nothing to conceal or contain them. In fact, that blouse had slid all the way off both shoulders, and she didn't seem to notice or care. It was clear some serious masturbation was taking place just out of sight under her table edge.

Surprisingly, Eve looked searchingly into my eyes again. "Do you like that, Brian? Do you like it when you're lying in bed with my gorgeous daughter and she's repeatedly squeezing your big, powerful cock with her tight little pussy? Can you really read a book like that, or are you too distracted playing with her full teenage tits and generally dominating her naked body?!"

I didn't know where to begin answering a series of questions like that. I tried to help her lose her mind to her lusty desires while sounding normal and keeping a poker face. "I certainly do like that! Eve, you do have a VERY beautiful daughter who has a VERY tight and talented pussy. She can do that rhythmic squeezing thing so much that it kind of blows my mind. It feels like we're seriously fucking when it looks like we're both not moving at all! We've only been dating for a month, but I'm already staggered on a daily basis how determined she is to serve my cock! It's like it's the top priority in her life!"

Bethany huffed in frustration, "It IS the top priority!"

Eve seemed on the verge of losing control, right on the cusp of cumming hard. "YESSS! That's how I raised her! Good girl! A busty sexpot is never happier than when she's serving superior cock! That's what my husband taught..." She suddenly caught herself, and shook her head like she was trying to shake herself out of some kind of mental possession.

She closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths, causing her huge tits to soar up and down even more than before. That made the arms of her blouse slide down below her elbows.

Finally, she opened her eyes with her professional face and professional voice again, somehow. "Sorry. That was very inappropriate of me to start to discuss my own personal life in a therapy session. It won't happen again."

Eve turned to Mommy. "Now, I have a question for you."

I butted in, "Wait! I wasn't done answering your question."

She looked back at my face, but ended up staring at the hands from two different women sliding on my boner again, not to mention Mommy's busy mouth. "That's enough... of that. I think I get the general idea. Although... I'm curious if you do actually get to read very much."

I sincerely answered, "Some days, it's more like something we're aiming for, if we can get better at multitasking. To be honest, I usually end up reading the same paragraph over and over again. But on other days we're really mellow and I do get some reading done."

I paused, and then added, "I guess I'm getting to be really good at multitasking. I mean, look at me now, talking to you while my two sluts keep pleasuring me together."

"I see. Thank you." For some reason, Eve seemed eager to stop talking or even looking at me. She stared down at her table as she muttered, "That is an impressive skill you're developing. Again, it reminds me so much of my, er, husband. My... my... master!"

She seemed to catch herself, and shook her head aggressively. She appeared to make a renewed effort to damp down her erotic fire burning inside her. She put her hands on the table and kept them there. She even tugged her blouse back up over her shoulders - while keeping it wide open in front.

She looked back up towards Mommy and stared into her face with renewed resolve. "And you, Mommy. Er, I mean Mary. Actually, it should be 'Ms. Pepper' when we're having a therapy session in my office. Sorry. I'm a little out of sorts." She winced.

My buck naked mother reluctantly pulled her lips off my pulsing boner in order to speak, but she kept her mouth within licking distance. She insisted, "No, I really like it if you could call me 'Mommy.' Here, there, or everywhere. Bethany already does, as you know, and I would be deeply touched if you would too. That's a sign of the kind of close friendship I'd like to have with you."

Eve looked conflicted. "I'd like that too, very much, but... Well... we'll see. To be honest, I'd have a hard time calling you that even outside the office, because... because..."

Bethany playfully interjected, "Because you have a stick up your butt!" She giggled, but added, "I kinda mean it, too. You take this whole 'must maintain my role as therapist at all times' thing way too seriously. Lighten up!"

Eve sighed. "You're right. I'm trying, okay?"

"Try harder!" Bethany insisted. "Starting by taking the stick out of your butt right now!"

Eve was confused. "What do you mean?"

"Stand up, turn around, and show us you pulling that stick right out! I know there's no real stick, but symbolism could help your attitude."

Eve furrowed her brow. There was a long silence, with only the sticky sounds of fingers sloshing on my stiff cock, as well as Mommy's lapping tongue. But then she said, "You know what? I will! I want that stick out of my butt, and I want it now!"

She started to stand up, but was hassled by her blouse, since it had slid down both shoulders as she got up and then got trapped halfway down her arms. "Arrrgh!" she complained. "I'm going to start by getting rid of this fucking annoyance!" She tugged the blouse all the way off, then tossed it aside.

The other three of us all let out a hearty cheer. Now, she truly was topless down to the waist, and she looked fantastic.

Encouraged by that response, she turned so she was mostly facing away from us, then bent over and pulled her skirt way up, all the way over her ass. The resulting sight was further proof that she'd been continually masturbating, because her panties were already far down her thighs and her pussy was absolutely sopping wet!

She reached back to her ass crack with one hand and pretended like she was slowly working a stick out of her ass. But it looked more like she was sensually fucking her anus with an invisible dildo!

Bethany muttered, "God! That's too hot! Mom, what an ass! I can't take it!"

It was true - Eve really did have a great ass. I shouldn't have been surprised, since she was well-built all over, but it showed that she must have worked hard to stay in tip-top shape.

Eve quickly finished pretending to pull the stick out, and then further mimed like she tossed the stick out. "There!" she declared. "And stay out!" Then she turned back around to find out what Bethany was doing, since her "I can't take it" comment was said in a way that sounded like she'd just gone past some breaking point.

Mommy and I were the only ones who could clap this time, because Bethany had swung her head back into my lap and she was bobbing up and down on my thick cock with feverish intensity! Mommy had been forced to withdraw her head and even her hands from my crotch entirely, because Bethany was "attacking" me so aggressively using both hands on my cock and balls too.

Eve stood there with her skirt yanked up around her waist, still boldly showing off her sopping wet pussy as well as her huge tits. She put her hands on her hips with chagrin. "I should have figured. Brian, how the hell haven't you climaxed already?! She's really going to town on you!"

I put my hands on Bethany's head and rather forcefully slowed the vigor of her bobbing somewhat. At the same time, I explained, "I don't know. Except I guess you can become used to just about anything with enough practice."

The doctor shook her head in amazement. "Incredible! I've seen countless well-hung studs show their stuff on the very couch you're sitting on, but you're something else altogether!"

She sat back in her chair. She obviously resumed her masturbating, and it didn't look like she bothered to tug her skirt back down either. "Okay. Now that I'm properly 'stick-less'" - she smiled widely - "...let's get back on track. Mary, how many times do you have sex with your son each day, on average?"

Mommy had sat all the way back up so she could cuddle her head against my shoulder. She replied, "Pretty much every time he cums, I want to be involved in some way." She was staring down at Bethany's bobbing head on my cock, all but forcing Eve to look there too. "I arrange my daily schedule so I can be near him whenever his penis starts to stiffen. I consider it my role as his sex toy mommy to always be there for him and give him the biggest and best orgasms he can handle!"

Eve couldn't resist grinning. "Well, that certainly is a healthy attitude." She appeared to be back in full-on professional mode, but I wasn't buying it. Her huge tits were still heaving, even more than before, and her face was still flushed. Plus, with her sitting back in her seat and the blouse gone, she looked like she was completely naked.

Mommy further explained, "Thanks! Lately, that means I help him with about seven or eight of his orgasms a day! Since it usually takes an hour or more to get him to cum each time, it really is like a full-time job. Only this is one job I can say I truly love, especially as my 'pay' is in delicious cum!"

Eve sighed longingly. "That sounds so... UNGH! ... GAAAWWD!" She closed her eyes and seemed to focus on fingering her pussy for some long moments.

But then she snapped back to attention and asked, "So, uh, how many orgasms is it for you each day, then?"

Mommy shrugged. "I don't know. That probably means three times as many for me, sometimes a lot more. Big ones, that is. But I don't bother to keep track. I mean, who cares? Basically, I know I'm gonna keep cumming and cumming all day long until my pussy can't take it anymore. As long as my tongue and fingers are on his cock, or it's squeezed in my cleavage, or he's filling up my tight cunt, it's like one endless orgasm for me anyway."

"Mmmm!" Eve moaned erotically. "I'm so envious! I know exactly what you mean. That reminds me of when I... Uh, never mind. Please continue."

It didn't take a genius to figure that she was fondly recalling her years serving her husband-master some more.

Mommy resumed, "And each session leading to one of his climaxes can be a whole series of sex acts involving Bethany and me. The three of us fuck and suck all the time we're together, pretty much. Of course, she and I love to share his yummy cum as much as possible. We snowball it all the time, and he can ejaculate so very much! I'm used to cumming and getting drilled so often that my pussy is more or less permanently sore! And of course my jaw is always sore too. But I wouldn't have it any other way!"

Mommy suddenly got shy and looked down at her own heaving huge breasts. "He's amazing! I love getting fucked by him. I'm his little mommy pin-cushion, always getting poked!" She giggled. "It makes me feel so ALIVE! So loved, and used! His cock is downright beautiful. Remember how you helped measure it, and you declared it the perfect sized cock? IT IS! And it looks and feels perfect too!"

Eve spoke in a lusty daze, "I'll bet it tastes perfect too!"

"Yes, it does! His cum is so sweet and delicious! You just HAVE to try it sometime. The way it fits in my mouth, tightly stretching my lips almost to the breaking point... Then, hearing his sexy moans as I lavish my love all over his hot, thick meat with my busy tongue and sliding lips... Oh God! Thinking about it right now, while watching Bethany go at it... It's too much!" She put a hand on Bethany's bobbing head and gave her an encouraging rub.

Bethany let out an appreciative purr.

Mommy continued, "Sometimes, coaxing out his next cum load is all I can think about, almost! I love it the best when he fucks me. But when I wake up in the morning, it's the hours and hours of cocksucking to look forward that really puts a spring in my step, if you know what I mean. Especially getting to share all that jaw-busting joy with your daughter. I'm so happy being his sex toy mommy! It's like... it's like..." She struggled to find the right words.

The doctor tried to help. Her voice was more than a little excited. "It's like you were made to fuck him? Like you were born and bred to serve his cock?!"

"Exactly!" Mommy's face beamed with delight. "I truly believe I was built to fuck my son. And he was built to fuck me. It was fate, for both of us. And now I have your daughter with me, my partner in crime! Ha ha!"

Even though Bethany was busy gobbling on my cock, lightly choking and gagging on it, she was able to make eye contact with Mommy at the same time, since it was poking straight up. She reached out and the two of them briefly held cummy hands and shared a meaningful look.

Dr. Morgan looked to my face, and tried yet again to resume her professional demeanor. However, she was panting with desire, and her masturbatory arm movements couldn't have been more blatant and obvious. "Brian?"

"Yes?"

"Does what they said match with how many times you cum a day?"

I said, "I guess I'd probably say I average eight orgasms a day. Because about once a day, I cum with Bethany while Mommy's not there. We like to have our special private times too "

Eve stared longingly at her daughter's bobbing head. "That sounds so sweet! And sexy, too! I know she loves sharing your cock with your mommy, but she treasures those solo times the most of all. I can just picture her on all fours... Begging! Like a bitch in heat! So much love! So much cock adoration! HNNNG! UGGH!"

For the next half minute or so, Eve kept her eyes shut as she let out a series of whimpers, moans, and even shrieks.

I'd been wondering if Eve was having some orgasms here and there but just was very good at hiding them. I figured she had one just then, and she was too worked up to do a good job of pretending otherwise.

Bethany unexpectedly pulled her mouth off my boner and sat up. Furthermore, she merely held it.

I figured she'd realized that I was getting too dangerously close to cumming. Like Mommy, she'd become very good at knowing just when to take little breaks.

With her mouth freed, she was able to talk some more. She waited until Eve had clearly finished cumming. Then she asked, "Mom, do you want me to tell you how I feel during those solo times?"

Eve's lusty excitement stepped up another notch, even though she'd clearly just enjoyed a powerful climax. She leaned forward over the desk, causing her massive knockers to swell and dangle towards me. "Yes, please! I would love that!"

Bethany grinned wickedly. "Well, okay. But only if you take that stupid skirt the rest of the way off. I can see a little bit of it hanging uselessly around your waist. Mommy and I are naked, and it feels weird that you're not."

I was almost positive Bethany couldn't see any of the skirt, since I was sitting next to her and I couldn't, but it was a good excuse.

Eve smiled back almost as wickedly. "You're so baaaaad! I wish I could. It IS annoying. But that would leave me completely and utterly naked! Need I remind you my golden rule about never getting intimate with any of my patients?"

Bethany replied, "Duh! Of course! I'm not asking you to touch his cock; just to get more comfy. You're safe behind your desk. Plus, you're burning up! You're so hot that I can see the sweat trickling down your forehead."

Chapter 30

Eve was sweating quite a lot, but that had to be from all her masturbating and generally getting insanely horny. The idea that the skirt was the cause was absurd, since it was bunched up around her waist.

Eve rolled her eyes. "Fine! This stupid thing is bothering me anyway." She looked at me and wagged her finger my way for good measure. "But don't you get any funny ideas!"

I chuckled, trying to take things lightly. I held my hands up defensively. "Who, me? I'm Mr. Innocent!"

She snickered, even as she stood up in order to take her skirt off. "Yeah, right!" That put her soaked and swollen pussy back on display, since the skirt remained hiked up. Rivulets of cum were visible on her inner thighs nearly down to her knees!

She bent forward and began pulling her panties down, since they somehow remained dangling just above her knees.

Mommy and Bethany had the exact same impulse at the same time: both of them realized that I could enjoy the doctor's de facto little striptease a lot better if my cock was being actively pleased. At the moment, nobody was even holding it due to Bethany having decided to give me a strategically timed rest. Both of them moved their heads down to my crotch at the exact same time, and bonked skulls right over my boner!

The two of them sat back up and rubbed their heads while giggling gaily about the snafu.

I told them, "Don't worry about it. I take that as a sign that I need a longer break anyway."

They didn't reply since all three of us were keen to get back to watching Eve undress. It was likely to be over quickly since she had so little left to take off. But my eager sluts basically ignored my words and each took hold of my shaft with one hand by some unspoken understanding. They stroked it in tandem while watching Eve.

To my surprise, it looked like Eve had made no progress whatsoever in getting her panties further down her legs, much less her skirt. All that had happened was she'd taken a few steps to the side, so we had a clear view of her down to her sexy black high heels. I got the distinct impression that she'd been waiting until she had my full attention before continuing.

She slowly but surely pulled the panties down to her feet. As she stepped out of them, she complained, "I can't believe I'm doing this in front of a boy, and one of my patients, at that! This is all kinds of wrong." She slowly stood back up.

Mommy giddily pointed out, "And while two nude hotties are jacking him off together, no less! And one of them is his mommy!"

"Yes, that too, That makes it even worse." Eve muttered. Now that she had her panties off, she was able to spread her legs wide, and she did so in dramatic fashion. With her skirt still bunched up above her pussy mound, she leaned forward and pushed her upper arms against her huge tits, causing them to swell forward in dramatic fashion.

Then, with her arms still in that pose, she held the fabric of her skirt and made like she was going to pull it down. But then she asked me, "Brian, I have to admit I'm pretty fucking horny right now. If I get fully naked, do you promise not to take advantage?"

I didn't want to make any such promise, since things were looking more and more like she'd lose the last shreds of her willpower and I'd be able to have my way with her. I wanted to get my hands on her luscious body something fierce!

So I coyly replied, "Who, me?! Why worry about me? I just told you I'm 'Mr. Innocent.'"

She smiled and snickered. "Yeah, right!" She began pulling her skirt down. "You're the exact opposite of that. I'm sure you can't wait to get me on my knees and slurping on your perfect cock. Innocent? Ha! Look what you've done to my daughter. You've even turned your ridiculously busty mother into your own personal sex toy!"

She continued to slide her skirt down her hips. But at the pace she was going, it would take at least five minutes. She was less undressing and more just showing off her incredible body while provocatively wiggling her hips. Her huge melons were still pushed together and forward with her upper arms, but were jiggling and heaving just the same.

She was quite a sight. But then I figured from her point of view I was quite a sight too, sitting in the middle of the couch with naked buxom beauties cuddling into me from either side and both of them languorously stroking my cock together.

I said to Eve, "But isn't that what you counsel pretty much ALL of your mother patients to be?! Isn't that your ideal for them? That whole cherry cream thing was just a ruse to hide your true motives, as we all know by now."

"True, but you've converted her in record time! It normally takes a couple of years for mothers to get over their hang-ups about the total role reversal and all the sexual humiliation and the rest. But Mary converted to the lifestyle in just a few months!"

"That's mainly on her, then," I argued.

"Maybe," Eve said. Perhaps she realized how ridiculously obviously she was posing for me while making such slow progress, because she started pulling her skirt down a lot faster. Soon, the skirt was nearly to her knees.

That caused her to lean forward dramatically. She looked incredible, especially the way her huge knockers were dangling down towards me.

She went on, "Then you went on to corrupt my daughter, and in record time too!"

I vigorously argued back, "Corrupt?! You approved from day one, and encouraged it! She's living the exact lifestyle that you taught her! I'm sure it's closely modeled on the ideal one you had with your husband way back when. I'm just lucky that she chose me."

Eve huffed, "Whatever! Let's not talk about that ancient history, okay? It upsets me."

"I'm sorry."

She finished getting naked, but for her high heels. Once she was rid of the skirt, she took a few steps to put it down on a bookshelf behind her desk, of all places. That gave me a great view of her bare ass, with her ass cheeks undulating up and down.

Once she'd completely stripped, she raised her hands behind her head, pushing her flowing platinum blonde hair up. Clearly, she was striking a very sexy pose for me, complete with her legs spread slightly apart. She asked shyly, "So... now that you can see all of me, what do you think? Not bad for an old lady?"

I could tell she was trolling for compliments, as she was having self-confidence issues. I was happy to oblige, since she looked fantastic. I said, "Don't even call yourself 'old!' You're pretty much the same age as Mommy, and you know how I feel about her. Hell, if I didn't know better, I'd think you're Bethany's older sister."

Her reaction was adorable. Her face beamed like a searchlight, and she got all shy. "Awww. You're just saying that."

"No, I mean it! You're a perfect ten, for sure! If you weren't my doctor in the middle of a therapy session, I'd tell you to drop to your knees right now and suck me off until tears stream down your face!"

She was so shocked by my bold words that her eyes bugged out comically and she almost toppled over! She clutched at her tits with one hand and wantonly plunged two fingers into her sopping slit with her other. After a long pause filled with lots of panting, she started to say, "If I wasn't your doctor..." But then she caught herself and even pulled her fingers out of her snatch.

She closed her eyes and clutched her head. "Oh dear God! This is getting too dangerous! We need to get back on track. Where were we?" She opened her eyes and looked around the room. She appeared to be disoriented, but then started walking back to behind her desk.

However, I felt like I had the upper hand, even though I sensed she still wasn't ready to "break" yet. I figured the more domineering I acted, the better. So I barked, "Hey! Where do you think you're going?"

She stopped, turned, and looked at me in confusion. "Back to my desk?"

"Yeah, but don't sit behind it. What's the point of you getting naked if I can't see all of your beauty?"

She looked around, clearly uncertain.

Seeing that uncertainty, I suggested, "Sit on the front of it instead. Then I'll get to see your gorgeous long legs."

She sighed theatrically. But she grinned happily too.

She gave up on retreating behind her desk, and went to the front of it instead. But to my surprise, she didn't sit down on its edge. Instead, she wound up standing directly in front of me. Probably, she was feeling too horny and energized to sit. I almost could have reached out and touched her.

And I sure as hell could smell her wet and pungent pussy. It even dominated the smell of the other two wet pussies nearer to me. One could tell from smell alone that she was hot to trot!

She struck a casual pose with a hand on a hip. She looked back and forth between Mommy and Bethany while they

continued to jointly jack me off. "Now, getting back to the topic at hand, that's a total of about eight prolonged sexual sessions in one day. That's truly amazing! Brian, you really are one of a kind. You effectively own two insatiable nymphos despite being only 18 years old, and yet you're keeping them fully sexually satisfied! AND you're Rebecca's bull too!"

I nodded. "It's easy, because I love them. All I want to do is be with them. Hell, I'm kind of falling for Rebecca too."

My mother and my girlfriend looked at each other and exchanged "awww" looks. Then they went right back to jacking me off together.

I added, "And of course I totally love fucking them!"

Eve licked her lips while staring at Mommy's and Bethany's slipping and sliding hands in my crotch. "Damn! Their hands are so wet! I assume you're still producing copious amounts of cum every time you ejaculate, correct?"

"Well, I don't know about EVERY time," I said.

"He does," Mommy interjected. "Don't be taken in by his modesty. Yeah, sometimes it's a little more, or a little less, but he's always got lots of cum to give! In our pussies, all over our faces and bodies. And, as you can see, so much pre-cum too. We spend a lot of time cleaning up," Mommy laughed.

Bethany added, "Yeah! Lots of cleaning! I never considered myself bisexual before, but I found myself licking cum off Mary's face every single day, and rubbing bare breasts with her just as much. It was only natural when we started snowballing his cum back and forth, from the very first time we orally adored his cock together. That soon turned to just French kissing each other for fun, even when he wasn't around. Before you knew it, we went fully lesbian and have been going down on each other and all sorts of things! All thanks to the cleaning!"

Eve was shocked. "Bethany! I never knew all that! You're bisexual?! And you never told me?!" She put her hands on her hips and spread her legs straight and wide.

She looked even hotter when she was upset, especially in that provocative pose!

Bethany said, "Mom, the part you didn't know about pretty much all happened in the last few weeks, and I haven't seen or spoke to you much since then, because I've been sleeping in my master's bed every night. Er, I mean Brian's bed, although actually it's Mary's and she's there too. I asked her not to talk to you about it on the phone 'cos I figured it's the kind of news to break in person. But don't worry. As you can tell, Mommy and I are still way more straight."

She looked down at her hand, which was currently occupying the "prime spot" above my mother's hand. "See what I mean?" She laughed.

Mommy felt the need to add, "Eve, I wouldn't worry about it. It's kind of thing where you just get so hot, so very, very hot, that there's no way to control yourself! There are no limits! It's total sexual insanity! She and I, we're not REALLY bisexual. Maybe a little, but it's mostly that we're just so hot for him all the time. Even when he's not around, it helps if we get each other off so we don't climb up the walls waiting for him."

Bethany nodded emphatically.

Eve was suddenly panting hard. She grasped at her huge tits from below to hold them in place. She nonetheless tried to project a facade of calm, even though she wasn't fooling anybody. She had to speak between her labored breathing. "Yes, I... I know just... just what that's like! ... Back... back when I... I was young... some... something similar... happened... to... to me!"

Bethany looked up to her mother with surprise. "So, Mom, you're telling me you went through a bisexual phase? You've got it on with women?"

Eve blushed, and averted her eyes. "Something... kind of like that. ... Yes! But... it was more... more about... serving the same, the same... same master..."

Her facade of calm came crumbling down in seconds. Suddenly, she was unable to keep talking, she was panting so hard. She began blatantly rubbing her massive tits together. It looked like she was going to have an especially big orgasm at any moment, even if she didn't touch her pussy lips or clit.

"Woooooow!" Bethany mused. "So Dad owned more than one sex slave?"

Eve just nodded.

"Wow! The things you learn too late. Geez!"

Eve was still holding her breasts as she took a few steps away from us and turned her back. "I think... I think this is a

good time... we... we all... take a short break! Please!"

The rest of us were doing fine. Although Mommy and Bethany had been jacking me off for a while now, I'd developed such a stamina that I could tell I wasn't in imminent danger of cumming. Even all the sexual talk and double handjob fun and watching Dr. Morgan slowly but surely sexually unravel (and strip naked!) wasn't enough to get me to cum. And my two sluts were having a great time, but they weren't winded or exhausted at all.

However, the doctor clearly needed a short break to recover her breath and recompose herself, so we had mercy on her.

Bethany whispered into my ear, "Check out my mom's great ass! I'll bet you can't wait to get your hands on it... and the rest of her!"

I stared at Eve's bare bubble butt while she just stood in place, apparently going through some mental exercises to try to calm herself. I quietly whispered back, "Oh my God, yes! That is... if you don't mind?! I know we've never talked about this because I never thought this would happen."

My sultry girlfriend whispered back, "Are you kidding me?! I've been wanting this since forever! That was one of the main reasons I fell for you in the first place, because I could tell right away that Mom had special feelings for you."

"Really?!"

"Sure, although she'd never admit it. Haven't you seen how I've been trying to get her to loosen up? As your second sex pet, I have NO RIGHT to stop you from fucking anyone you want! But when it comes to Mom, I want you to fuck her so bad that I could almost cry! I've never seen her date since Dad died. She gets all her jollies voyeuristically, here. You need to fuck her A LOT! And tame her too!"

I sat back in amazement. "Whoa!"

Our whispering had been just loud enough for Mommy to hear too. Mommy whispered into my other ear, "Same here! As a mere sex toy, I also have no right to stop you from fucking or taming anyone you want. But when it comes to her, I'll be cheering you on, all the way! I can't WAIT to see her drop to her knees and BEG to suck you off for your sweet spermy reward!"

Bethany heard that too, and whispered in my other ear, "Me too! That would be AWESOME! Or just imagine her cry tears, like Rebecca always does, as she chokes and gags on it!"

"Yeah!" Mommy agreed. "Or her bending over her desk in this very room, so you can fuck her doggy-style!"

"Oh, that HAS to happen! TODAY!" Bethany fervently agreed. She started licking my ear.

They were going to say more, but I whispered, "HUSH!"

Mommy licked my other ear. "Don't worry, she can't hear our words."

"No, but I can, and it's making me too horny!"

The two of them giggled at that. But they stopped their whispering, thank God. Although I certainly didn't get any respite, because now that their mouths were at my ears, they just kept on licking. It was definitely an erogenous zone for me. And, of course, their mutual handjob kept going on.

But apparently even that wasn't enough for them, since their whisperings had set their imaginations running.

After a minute or two of relative silence, Mommy asked a question at Eve's bare back. "Doctor? Since you're busy taking a break, do you mind if I... well... use my mouth on my son's big cock some more? I'm not used to simply stroking it for so long. I start salivating so much! I kind of need to wrap my lips around it! Kind of a lot!"

Bethany said, "Yeah, me too! Mommy, let's take turns, like we always do at home!"

"Okay!" They stuck their tongues out at each other, which usually was a signal that they were going to get very intense with a prolonged double blowjob session.

Eve sighed. "Please... hold your horses on that. I'm nearly done with the talking portion of our therapy session. Tell me what the new development is and we'll move on to the testing."

My two sluts somehow managed to control themselves. They stuck with just the handjob fun, plus the added ear licking.

Eve's calming exercise had been going on for a few minutes. Apparently, the renewed talking had broken her concentration, and she decided that she was calm enough. She walked back to where we were.

Unfortunately for me, she had calmed down a lot. Her inner thighs were still soaked, but her round tits were more or less still for the first time in a long time.

Eve stood just in front of me like before, once again just out of my reach. She spread her legs straight and wide again and folded her arms under her rack. She silently stared at the cock stroking and ear licking, apparently while she decided what to say or do next.

Now that I'd gotten buy-in from my sluts that I should fuck her and maybe even tame her, I blatantly ogled her from head to toe like before, but in a whole new light. *All right! She definitely is a total knockout! How lucky am I to even get to see her like this, in all her nude glory?! I'll bet she has hundreds of horny guys in this office fucking their moms while also thinking of fucking her. But all they ever got to directly see of her body was her muscular legs and some of her cleavage.*

I focused my attention on her tits, and tried to guess their size. *Yeah, her boobs are a bit smaller than even Bethany's, but not by much. They're huge by any normal standard. It's like complaining if a skyscraper is 110 stories high instead of 120. Who cares? It's still fucking high! I remember being told that she wears an F-cup bra, but I don't know about that. They're only slightly smaller than Bethany's, and those are G's.*

Eventually, my gaze moved further down her body. Her pussy was red and swollen, probably because she'd just been masturbating so much. I loved the way I could see rivulets of cum trickling down her inner thighs. I felt a surge of lust as I imagined how divine it would feel to give the doctor her first fucking in maybe ten or more years!

She had very impressive legs too, muscular and full, yet feminine and shapely. And her black high heels firmed her up even more. I knew she was in her late thirties but, at least from the neck down, it was impossible to tell she was older than twenty!

Eve knew damn well how I was all but fucking her with my roaming eyes. She shivered with lust, and just like that, her breathing got heavier. That caused her tits to resume their bouncy motion, if only slightly.

She switched from having her arms folded under her rack to putting her hands on her hips. That looked even better. Then she petulantly asked me, "So... see anything you like?"

I boldly replied, "As a matter of fact, I do. And I take what I like."

That seemed to hit a bull's-eye. She visibly shivered all over, and even buckled her legs a little bit, as if she was suddenly too weak to stand.

But then she recovered. She shuddered some more and shook her head, as if trying to shake some naughty thoughts clear out of her head.

She looked to Mommy. "You told me on the phone that you had something very specific you wanted to talk to me about. You alluded to it again earlier, but it's all very mysterious. I guess this is as good a time as any to talk it out. If it's a serious problem, maybe that'll help us all calm down a little."

Mommy looked at me sheepishly and whispered to me. "Should I tell her? About the swelling?"

I nodded.

My super busty mother turned back to Eve. "It's... my breasts. You see... my breasts seem to get swollen at specific times."

"Well, that's not surprising, especially given your body type and sexual temperament," Eve replied. She was trying hard to maintain her professional demeanor, but she was mostly staring at the two hands from different women sloshing all over my thick pole. Already, she was constantly licking her lips again, and gulping from time to time in a way that suggested she was constantly salivating.

"But doctor... When I get turned on, they swell a little." Mommy blushed. "Like right now." She looked to Bethany. "Can I?"

My stunning nude girlfriend just nodded. She knew exactly what Mommy was talking about, as I did.

The double handjob came to an end, but I didn't mind much because Mommy repositioned, sitting in my lap while directly facing me. She pushed out her bosom until it was pressing against my chest, which for some reason was still covered with my T-shirt. It looked like we were about to start fucking, but she was careful to angle my boner between her legs so the fat knob pointed up and out towards Eve. Part of it actually rested along Mommy's ass crack.

Eve took a couple of steps to the side to get a better view. She asked, "What am I looking at here? All I see is a gorgeous sex pet mommy pleasuring her son in a slightly different way."

Mommy looked down to her boobs. "See? That's pretty normal, I guess. But when my son's cock is inside me? Well, they get even more swollen. Like, really swollen! Then when I orgasm, I think they get even bigger! And..."

She leaned back slightly, so there was more of a gap between our upper bodies. Then she took my hands and guided them to her massive breasts.

I cupped those round beauties from below. Then I began to caress and squeeze them while also wantonly checking out the doctor's voluptuous nude figure.

Mommy went on. "Watch. They'll actually swell a little bit the more he plays with them. And then when he cums inside of me? I've never seen them bigger!"

Bethany piped up: "It's true, Mom. They get even bigger than they already are, if you can believe that! I'd guess they enlarge one bra cup size or so!"

Eve stood there with her hands on her hips, taking it all in. Although she was still licking her lips, she seemed to be even more back into actual doctor mode, now that she had a problem to chew on. "Okay, then. I guess we know what our first test is going to be."

She couldn't resist grinning at that.

Chapter 31

Five minutes later, the four of us were in the exam room. My girlfriend and I were sitting on an exam bed, holding hands with her head draped on my shoulder. I was still wearing my T-shirt and socks, while the three curvaceous foxes near me were still just in high heels. I was running my hands over Bethany's ridiculously sexy naked body while she was jacking me off solo.

We both stared at the sight in front of us: Mommy was getting strapped into a... contraption.

Dr. Morgan said, while struggling with the device, "This will only be my second use of this gauge. You're lucky I even have it. Come over here, Brian." She stretched the contraption, which was basically a bra-like strap of strong but thin fabric that stretched across Mommy's breasts, including right over her erect nipples.

She looked back and saw that I was in the middle of fingerbanging Bethany. She told me, "Come on. You can molest my daughter at any time. Help me secure this on your mommy."

My mother had her hands raised above her head. She was still otherwise naked, from her red high heels on up. "Help the doctor, Son. Please? This is embarrassing enough as it is."

She pretended like it was a hardship, but she loved showing off her sex toy body for me, my girlfriend, and the doctor. She knew how off-the-charts incredible her body was. The last few months had been a flowering of sexual confidence for her, thanks to the way she had embraced her hypersexuality. Even Bethany and Eve were envious of her curves.

Mommy kissed me sweetly on the lips after I came close to her to help the doctor.

I strapped her breasts into the device, though I must admit I simply played with her immense tits for a couple of minutes first. I did that with a mind to the fact that Eve was watching closely, and it would further heat her up.

And Eve was definitely heating up. At one point, since she was standing right next to me, I put a hand on her nearest ass cheek and gently fondled it.

That was technically our very first intimate contact. But she seemed not to notice or mind for a minute or two, until she suddenly jerked away, taking a step to the side. "Hey! Be careful who you're touching there."

The contraption had a tiny wireless mechanism under one arm. However, other than having a strap around the middle of her breasts and going all the way around Mommy's back, she otherwise still had full mobility. It was almost like a strange strap-less bra.

The still shamelessly naked doctor went over to check the computer she had on a table a couple of feet away. Then she turned back to my mother and me. "It all looks good. You may proceed."

She walked over to an exam bed that her daughter sat on, which was still only about five feet away. "This is okay with you, right, Dear? We're going to watch them fuck, and knowing your boyfriend's stamina, I'm guessing it won't be quick."

Bethany couldn't help but laugh. "Of course, Mommy! Why would I mind? I love them so much. I get to watch him fuck her so often that you wouldn't believe it. Trust me, I REALLY love watching them fuck!"

She paused. Then she spoke in a soft, heartfelt voice. "And I love you, Mommy. Maybe we can kiss and cuddle a little while we watch them fuck? It'll be more fun that way."

Eve smiled sweetly at her gorgeous daughter. "Interesting suggestion. But you know we can never do that. There are certain lines that simply can't be crossed. For instance, you know my rule about never touching any of my patients in a sexual manner."

Bethany replied, "Yeah, but I'm not a patient! The Peppers are the patients here, and I'm basically just along for the ride. Plus, I'm your daughter. You have to admit that the usual rules don't apply here."

"That's true," Eve admitted. "But you ARE my daughter. We can't get too intimate."

Bethany snickered. "Oh, that's rich, coming from you! You the queen of helping incestuous couples get it on! Don't be such a hypocrite. Besides, I don't mean actual sex. All I'm talking about is a little kissing and cuddling to better enjoy the sex show. What's so bad about that?"

She reached out and took her mother's hand, then pulled her down to the exam bed she was still sitting on.

Eve was taken by surprise, and wound up sitting on her daughter's lap!

Furthermore, Bethany quickly and firmly wrapped her arms around her. She playfully teased, "Gotcha! Now you have no choice!"

Eve was surprisingly unresistant. She wrapped her arms around her daughter too, and gave her a weary smile. "Okay, you got me. I suppose a little of that is okay. It's pretty common for women to kiss each other on the lips, even." But she complained, "That said, I'm worried about things getting out of hand, especially now that we learned today that we're both partially bisexual. So let's set some firm boundaries before we start."

Bethany just muttered a non-committal "Mmmm," and then tilted her head in and kissed her on the lips!

Eve tried to resist at first. She even lightly hit her daughter's back several times, but they were more like weak slaps. Clearly, she'd wanted to set those boundaries first, but just as clearly, her highly aroused body was betraying her.

Eve's latest attempt to calm down was like trying to hold a flood back with her hands. She was like a powder keg ready to go off, especially due to her total nudity. As soon as she started kissing back, she pretty much lost all control. There were maybe a few seconds in which she tried to neck with her daughter in a relatively restrained way. But then Bethany's hands went up to her (probable) F-cups and started overly fondling them, helping to rub them against her own. Eve brought her hands up too, and she began excitedly playing with her daughter's slightly larger G-cups.

Since the two of them were so remarkably busty, their enormous bare chests had pressed tightly together from the start of their embrace. As their kissing got hotter and hotter, they began some very intimate and deliberate bare tit rubbing.

Mommy and I hadn't started fucking yet. We couldn't resist just staring for a while, because it was inspiring to see such lusty passion suddenly unleashed.

Then, since the two of us were standing side by side, only a few feet away from the others, it was natural for us to embrace again.

I reached forward and grabbed Mommy's voluptuous body, pulling it back into me. The strap around her tits were a minor bother for my wandering hands, but not too bad. She was so horny that I guessed she was on the verge of cumming already.

She moaned, "Oh, baby! God, how I love you!"

I was reluctant to extensively play with Mommy's gigantic boobs pressing into my chest, as usual, due to the device wrapped around them. So I groped her ass and fingered her pussy some instead.

She hugged my back with one hand and resumed jacking me off with the other one.

We would have kissed as well, except that wasn't easy to do standing up, since she was six inches shorter than me, even in her heels. Plus, both of us liked looking at Eve and Bethany most of the time.

Several minutes passed. It seemed the test the doctor wanted to conduct on Mommy's huge breasts was totally forgotten. Eve had a great amount of pent up sexual need, and it was flowing out.

I was disappointed that I wasn't the target of her lust explosion. But I figured that Eve's Rubicon had been crossed and there was no going back. She'd been nothing but a voyeur for ten years, yet she clearly was a total nympho. There would be plenty of her lust to go around.

I don't know when or how it started. But at one point, after making out with Mommy for a minute or two, I looked back at the other two, and saw that Bethany had started diddling with her mother's clit! She was running her fingers up and down her pussy lips too.

This drove Eve even more crazy. She necked with her daughter like her life depended on it. Clearly, she was fascinated by Bethany's enormous rack, just like Bethany was with hers, and it was like they couldn't tit-fondle enough.

But Eve's hands started to wander elsewhere, including to her daughter's bubble butt. They slowly lowered themselves until they were lying down on the exam table, with Bethany on top.

Eventually, between kisses, Bethany asked Eve, "So... we're supposed to kiss and watch them fuck. Can we please do both? It'll be even hotter!"

Eve was all for that. "Yes! Great idea!" She glanced over at Mommy and me. "Hey, you two. What are you waiting for?! This is a science experiment. Let's get scientific!"

We all laughed at that.

Bethany asked Eve, "Don't you have to get up to take measurements and stuff?"

Eve replied, "No." She kissed her daughter a little more, her tongue darting in and out of her mouth. Then she added, "I'll have to check the stats periodically, but otherwise I'm yours!"

Mommy and I were still standing there in a lusty embrace, watching them fondle and kiss while we also played with each other. We weren't in a hurry to fuck. We did that multiple times a day. Whereas Eve and Bethany getting it on was a momentous event that certainly would help change all our lives. Plus, it was a totally hot sight!

Eve looked back to us. "Seriously, go ahead, you two. Let's see you put on a really hot show! Who says science can't be educational AND fun?!" She laughed, then resumed energetically making out with her daughter.

Mommy looked into my eyes. "Are you ready to fuck me again, my sweet boy? I mean, obviously your cock is very, very stiff." She couldn't see it, due to the way her giant knockers were enveloping my chest, but she was definitely giving it a very good feel.

I brought my hands back to her ass and kneaded her ass cheeks. "You know I'm always up for fucking you!"

She asked as she lovingly caressed my boner, "I know, but are you really ready to fuck your big-titted mommy in front of your doctor and your girlfriend? Do you plan to totally humiliate and dominate your petite little fuck toy right in front of them?! Your little busty sex doll? If you do it really good to me, then Eve just might demand that you bang her next! Then she'll be your FOURTH regular fuck doll, counting Rebecca, and where will I be?"

I was so inspired by that sort of talk that I began kissing her even more passionately than before, causing her body to melt into mine even more than before.

I felt her giant tits push up against my chest some more, and I longed to fondle them, as usual. I brought my hands up, only to feel the device there. I looked at her with uncertainty, because I didn't want to ruin Eve's test.

Mommy turned back to the other two hotties, as did I. We were both surprised to see Eve was fingering her daughter with two fingers while her daughter was doing the same to her in return. Eve was lying on top, giving us a great view of her entire nude body. Her ass was humping up and down, as if they were fucking.

Mommy asked, "Um, Eve? He's allowed to feel up my titties with this... thing on, right?"

"Of course," Eve said, wiping her daughter's saliva from her mouth and taking a much-needed breath. "Massage, grope, tweak. It's all good! Just make sure it doesn't slide out of place, and be careful of the gauge at the back."

She plunged her fingers back into her daughter's hot box, causing her to let out a delighted squeal. Right before they resumed necking, she told us, "Please proceed."

Luckily, there was a second exam bed right next to the one Eve and Bethany were occupying. Mommy and I laid down on that one. I got on top of her and readied myself to fuck her in the missionary position.

I looked down at my mother and stared into her loving, bright green eyes. I did my best to temporarily ignore the way she was fondling my huge cock with both hands and guiding it in towards her needy pussy, so we could share an emotional moment. I petted her long brown hair, which fell casually over her shoulders. I looked down at her breasts and, for the millionth time, marveled at their sheer size and flawless shape.

"Are you ready, my love?" I asked, getting ready to enter her.

"Always, baby! I'm so hot! So wet! I love that I'm your real genetic mommy, and yet I'm your bitch! Your personal whore!"

I couldn't see her crotch or mine, due to the way I was lying on top of her.

However, she took one hand off my cock to bring one of my hands to her glistening pussy. Indeed, she was sopping wet there.

I felt farther down and ran my fingers through the rivulets of cum dripping down her thighs. She was even wetter there than usual, and we hadn't started fucking yet!

"Please fuck me, Son!" she begged in the little-girl voice that she knew turned me on so much. "Really hard, sweetheart. Mommy needs a super hard fucking! I want you to show the doctor especially what a powerful pussy-tamer you are!"

She looked over to Eve and Bethany, and added suggestively, "If you really ring my bell, maybe the good doctor will be so impressed that she'll ask you to fuck her too. And I'm saying that not just as sex talk, but for real! You know, as a scientific case study." She giggled at that last part.

That startled the hell out of Eve. She had been in the middle of another intense lip-lock with her daughter, but she turned her head and looked back to Mommy in her mouth hanging open. "Would you... would you allow that?! Is that really possible?!"

Mommy easily replied, without consulting me first, "Of course I'd allow that! Besides, it's not up to me. I'm merely one of my son's sex toys, as you know."

Eve replied, "Yes, but I would want your blessing before I even remotely CONSIDERED the idea!"

Mommy told her, "You have it! I figure you're pretty much family now, or you will be soon. I know my son and your daughter haven't been together long, but she's already chomping at the bit to wear his collar, and there's no going back from that. That's a lifetime commitment!"

"Damn straight!" Bethany said, flashing me a loving smile.

Mommy told Eve, "So you're going to be a part of our lives for a long, long time to come, probably decades. Wouldn't it be more fun, if, every time you visit us or we visit you, you get to choke and gag on Brian's huge cock, and enjoy him drilling your hot cunt and totally dominating you?"

"OH GOD! DEAR GOD!" Eve screamed. It sounded like she was very much in favor of that idea, despite her rules against it. But we didn't get to find out just then, because she looked to Bethany, who nodded in approval.

Then my girlfriend asked her mother, "Isn't it time you stop just watching other mommies live your dream life, and let a powerful cock and handsome, dominant man rule your life?!"

This set Eve off so much that she began French kissing her daughter, and fondling and caressing her, like she was totally out of control with lust.

I looked to Mommy and mouthed the words, "Are you sure?!"

She just nodded with a great big toothy smile. Then she quietly whispered, "Don't just fuck her! Make her one of your sex pets too! She's so very worthy!"

Chapter 32

This sort of talking made Mommy so horny that I had no choice but to act. I made one of my favorite moves: grabbing her by her plush ass, I hoisted her up.

This caused Mommy to throw her head back, close her eyes, and let out a long moan, because she knew what was coming next.

I lowered her tiny body onto my hot and throbbing prick, effectively slowly impaling myself into her.

As I did multiple times a day, I reveled in the amazing feeling of fucking my mother, balls-deep!

Her pussy gripped my cock like a warm, wet glove and immediately began to pulse around it. "Ooooh god, that feels SO good!" she groaned. "Fuck me, Sweetie! Fuck your busty mommy! Show Eve how you're the best of the best! Make her need it and beg for it, like I do!"

I glanced over at the other two. It looked like Eve and Bethany were so into each other that I wasn't going to be showing them anything for a while. But I was okay with that. I had some mommy fucking to do! Besides, I was sure they were listening to us, at least.

Quickly moving my hands to Mommy's slim waist, I began to move her body up and down on my cock, essentially masturbating with her entire petite body.

She continued to moan and coo, her body twisting slightly as she ascended and descended, her hair draping down behind her head, and her magnificent tits thrusting outward toward my face. She cried out, "UUUUHHHHH! I'm so fucking horny, baby! Fuck me harder! I need your cock so badly! Oh god! I think my breasts are swelling a little already, doctor. You need to check!"

Dr. Morgan and Bethany had just stopped kissing, mesmerized by the insanely erotic sight before them.

Eve leaned over to look at the readout on her computer. Luckily, she didn't need to climb off her writhing naked daughter in order to do that. "Ah yes," she said, her professional persona resurfacing, if only partially. "It does appear your tits are slightly swollen. Do they feel flushed?"

"UUUUGHGGHH! Yes doctor!" Mommy cried out, still riding my cock with increasingly wild abandon.

"Excellent! That's blood rushing to them. It's a normal reaction, though the growth, of course, is not. Please continue your fucking session."

I found it slightly hilarious how Eve could so easily switch back to "doctor mode," even while she was still fondling and fingering her own daughter, but I didn't want to laugh, and I definitely had other distractions going on.

I began to really plow into my mother's vagina. The room was filled with two sounds: Mommy's and my slightly sweaty flesh slapping together, and the erotic panting and moaning from all four of us in the room.

I whispered, "I love you so much, Mommy!" I immediately felt her body begin to vibrate in that way it did when an orgasm was impending.

"Oh my god!" Mommy shouted, bouncing violently on my prick. "I'm going to cum! UHHHHHH! Here it comes, Sweetie! Mommy is cumming on your cock! UHHHHH! FUUUUUUUUUUCK!"

Her small body was visibly shuddering, and her head was thrown back ecstatically. She wailed with even more volume, "CUUUUUMMMIIIIINNGGGGG!"

I glanced over to the other two. To my great shock and surprise, Eve was crouched down and licking Bethany's pussy!

I thought, *Wow! That's definitely going well beyond a little French kissing and tit rubbing! Are they really that bisexual, or is it just that Eve has totally lost her freaking mind to lust? I'm guessing it's some of both.*

Eve paused in her pussy licking and leaned over again to glance at her computer. "Amazing! Mary, your breasts ARE getting larger! The effect is small, but real!"

I stared down at Eve's massive, heaving chest. "You know, doctor, there's only one problem with this... setup." I began to squeeze one of Mommy's gigantic tits, making her moan loudly and throw her delicate face back in ecstasy. "I usually end up suckling at her nipples when we fuck. I'm really missing that right now."

"Ah!" Eve exclaimed. "I have a solution to that problem." She rose up from licking her daughter's pussy some more.

A panting Bethany took the opportunity to rub her clit while continuing to stare at me and my insanely top-heavy mother. While Eve was facing the other way, she mouthed the words "I love you" to me.

I mouthed those same words back. I really meant it, too!

Then I saw her mouth the words, "I want you to fuck my mother today! Here! Really!" Just in case my lip reading wasn't good enough, she made a fucking hands gesture, poking a finger in and out of a ring created by two fingers on her other hand.

I couldn't help but snicker at that, even though I knew she was being serious. It was all too incredible for me to believe! Up until today, I'd assumed her mother would always be an extremely tempting forbidden fruit, just out of reach.

Eve walked over to us.

As soon as she was within reach, I put a hand on her nearest ass cheek.

I was pleased that she gave me a mildly disapproving look, but did nothing to stop me.

She removed my other hand from my mother's enormous breast and lowered a flap in the contraption that neither Mommy nor I had noticed before. Out popped Mommy's extremely engorged nipple. She pulled down a flap on the other breast and the other erect nipple was revealed.

I slipped my fingers into Eve's ass crack, yet she didn't try to stop me or even show any reaction. Her ass felt incredible! I dare say it was even firmer than Mommy's, who had more of a plush figure.

"This won't affect the results of the testing," said Eve. "And now you can suck to your heart's delight, you naughty boy."

I was about to do so, but Mommy unexpectedly cried out, "Wait! Doctor, you need to check if his cock is growing too! I think it just might be!"

"What?!" Eve stared in confusion as she watched Mommy pull my throbbing erection out of her clenching, wet pussy.

I was more than a little confused too. Mommy and I never, ever stopped in mid-fuck!

Mommy spoke in a husky, sultry voice. "Come on, doctor. Just hold it. Feel it. Check it out. Since we don't have a device to detect if it's grown, you need to estimate its size with your hands!"

Eve clutched her hands at her huge rack and licked her lips. "But... I can't do a proper before and after comparison, since I don't know what it felt like before."

"No problem," my mother said. "You can compare this with how he is after he's fucked me. That'll still work, right? An after and before comparison, as it were."

Eve furrowed her brow. "I... I suppose." However, her remaining sexual resistance was about as strong as tissue paper. She reached out and held my hard-on with both hands. Within seconds, she was steadily stroking it! She seemed not to care that it was wet with Mommy's cum.

I already was about as aroused and energized as I could get, but my heart thumped dangerously hard and fast. I knew this was a very big moment. Eve hadn't touched my cock before, and maybe hadn't touched any since her husband died!

I wish I had the presence of mind to expertly fondle her ass at the same time, but I was too excited to do that. At least I kept holding her there.

Bethany got up too, and walked behind Eve. She reached down and fingered her pussy while loosely hugging her from a position that allowed her to watch Eve's hands on me. Like Mommy, she had to know this was a pivotal moment for all of our lives.

She cooed, "Mom, doesn't it feel good? You know, now that you've agreed to become friends with my boyfriend and Mary, we're going to be seeing a LOT of them outside the office. Wouldn't it be better if you were 'friends with benefits' with Brian, though? Whenever you see him, you'd greet him with a hug, and unzip his fly! Then, stroke his fat rod as the two of you kiss and fondle!"

Eve moaned with lusty need. She'd forgotten all about "measuring" the size of my erection, and was simply jacking me off!

Bethany continued, "But just stroking it isn't enough! Is it? It never is for me or Mommy! You'd need to drop to your

knees to give him a REAL greeting! If you're friends with benefits, why can't your mouth be close friends with his perfect cock too? I don't mind, and I'm sure Mary doesn't mind, if it's you. Right?"

Mommy spoke with no hint of jealousy. "But of course! We're all family now. It's just a matter of time before Bethany gets him to collar her, and that'll make her family forever. So that'll make you like his sex-toy-in-law!" She chuckled at that.

Eve was panting hard, almost hyperventilating.

My mother was breathing heavily too. "I think it would only be friendly if you greet him with a nice long blowjob whenever you see him. And another when you say good-bye too."

"UGH!" Eve moaned needfully.

"And possibly some more naughty sucks in between, any time he feels like using your mouth. Of course, you'd have to be naked pretty much the whole time, because there's no telling when he'll get stiff next." She snickered.

"HNNNG!" Eve grunted. Her hands slid faster up and down my shaft.

"Oh, and you'll have to get used to looking up into his eyes from a kneeling position, since that's where you'll usually be around him. With your mouth full of hot, thick cock-meat! Although you'll have to serve him in every possible position, using every hole. Including your ass!"

Eve cried out, "AAAIIEEEEE! AH! AH!"

Mommy smirked wickedly. "In fact, it's only right if you join me and Bethany, and Rebecca too, all bound together in endless service to his cock! Here, have a taste of the cock that will soon rule your life!"

Eve groaned like she'd been pole-axed in the stomach as she bent her head down and started lapping on my shaft! She kept on stroking it with both hands too.

Tears began to leak from her eyes!

Since she was only licking, I knew they had to be tears of joy.

Somehow, despite the incredible distractions, I remembered that I had a hand on her ass. I moved that hand until I was able to touch her pussy mound from the front. For the very first time, I started playing with her slit and clit. Needless to say, she was soaked!

Curiously, she didn't even seem to notice what my hand was doing there, maybe because she was so intently focused on licking her way around my cockhead.

She muttered, "Dear God, how I've missed this!"

I only had about half a minute to enjoy her busy tongue. Right as she opened her mouth wide to take all of my cockhead in, Mommy said, "Nice work! There will be lots more of that for you later, for sure. But I need my dose of my son's cock too! Doctor, could you please insert him back in? I'm thinking we could continue with the testing while you lick down at his lower shaft and balls."

Eve moaned in great frustration. She griped, "I just broke my cardinal rule! Do you realize how monumental this is for me, or how insanely aroused I am?! For years, I've dealt with countless big and yummy looking cocks without ever licking any of them! It's been ten years for me since I so much as touched a penis, despite seeing plenty of 'em every working day! TEN YEARS! And I only get a few licks in before I'm relegated to balls duty?! That SUCKS!"

Mommy giggled. "Sorry. My bad. But we are in the middle of the fucking and the testing. I just wanted to give you a taste now. I promise there will be plenty of thick cock for you to suck later. I'm sure he can't wait to fuck your face. He almost NEVER goes flaccid!"

I felt obliged to speak up. "Mommy, I know you're eager for me to resume fucking you, and it's super kind of you to stop in mid-fuck in the first place. But please, have a heart. It's been ten years! Let her suck it for at least a couple of minutes. Then we'll resume, I promise."

Of course, I was desperately eager to enjoy Eve's cocksucking skills for the first time. But also, I wanted to make sure we locked in what was happening, so she wouldn't do any backsliding later.

Mommy grumbled. "Very well. But just one minute! My cunt is dying here!"

Eve acted with speed, cramming my cockhead into her mouth before anyone had time to change their minds.

She climaxed epically and immediately! No doubt that was helped greatly by Bethany, who unexpectedly started both diddling her clit and fingering her pussy at the ideal peak moment of oral excitement.

I'd just taken my hand away from Eve's crotch, because I had to clutch my head with both hands. The pleasure of getting the mighty Dr. Morgan to start sucking my cock was more than I could mentally cope with!

Eve screamed with all her might, but her mouth was newly crammed full of my bulbous knob. And a few tears had welled from her eyes already, but she sobbed without restraint all through her orgasm.

Unfortunately for her and her strict time limit, she spent more than a minute doing little more than managing to keep her lips wrapped around my shaft while her entire body trembled in peak ecstasy.

I loved every second, because her lips trembled too, in unexpected ways. It was a true "hummer!"

Then, relieved that Mommy still hadn't told her to stop, she began sliding her lips back and forth on my shaft even before her epic orgasm was totally finished, and while she was still struggling to get enough oxygen.

About half a minute passed, and she started to get into her groove. She quickly achieved a good sucking rhythm. Long-buried skills came to the fore. Her tongue got busy and her lip-lock tightened, almost painfully.

Bethany was impressed. "Wow, Mom! Look at you. I guess once you're a submissive slut, you never really lose it."

Eve was in no position to talk, but I could swear I could see both pride and joy on her strained face.

But then, after about a minute of heavenly bliss for me, Mommy spoke up. "Okay, I think that's enough."

Bethany and I moaned "AWWWW!" at the same time, and Eve made a similar muffled sound.

Mommy said, "Sorry, but I've been generous. That was way more than a minute. More like three or four. My cunt is needy and desperate!"

I bargained, "One more minute. Make it an even five. Then, I promise, I'll fuck the ever-loving living shit out of you!"

I knew that I was in charge, and since they were all submissive, whatever I ordered would be obeyed. Right now, I was most interested in letting Eve suck me off some more. But I felt I owed it to Mommy to resume fucking her soon. After all, she'd been the one who'd stopped our fucking on a dime to allow Eve to have more fun.

Knowing that her time was running out, Eve went into some kind of turbo mode hyperdrive! She seemed determined to do everything humanly possible to get me to cum in her remaining minute.

And her cocksucking skills were beyond impressive! Clearly, she'd orally served her husband-master for years, and she had way more experience than Mommy and Bethany. If this was her when she was "rusty," it boggled the mind that she could be even better! Between her lips and tongue, it felt like some kind of erotic magic!

In fact, she would have made me cum even before her last minute was up, except that Bethany was closely observing, and she could see from the straining look on my face when I'd crossed the point of no return. She'd been lightly fondling my balls already, but slid that hand up quickly that forcefully squeezed around the base of my shaft. It was a trick that she and Mommy had gotten to know well in the last month or two, and it did the job, as usual. My ejaculation stopped before it could begin.

Eve moaned and groaned in dismay. The cum blast down her throat that she'd been craving had been denied! Tears still flowed down her face, but it seemed these were more from frustration.

Then, to make matters worse for her, right then, Mommy said, "Okay, I'm putting my foot down. That's time!"

The bombshell doctor reluctantly pulled her lips off.

Chapter 33

Mommy quickly repositioned so my cockhead was lined up against her labia.

Eve actually shook her fists in the air. "ARRRGH! So close! That was the most fun I've had in YEARS! I was ME again! But it was far too short! GRRRR!"

Bethany comfortingly rubbed her back. "Don't worry. Now that you've started, you don't need to stop. His cock is stiff nearly every waking hour. You can enslave your mouth to his cock and suck it for hours! I don't mind, because it'll just be three busy tongues instead of two. The more, the merrier."

Eve petulantly wailed, like a spoiled child, "But I want it NOW! I've never felt so alive! I've been such a fool! So many wasted years!"

Mommy was still frozen in position. She suggested to Eve, "I told you before you could help push it in. What are you waiting for?!"

Eve sighed, but also wrapped both hands around my boner again. "God damn! I'm so fucking horny! Ten years! What an idiot! Why, why, why?! Why did I deny myself?! This is kind of going to be an exquisite torture. But I can't say no to anything!" She lined my erection back up and helped push it back into my busty mother's tight twat.

At first, the doctor mainly seemed annoyed, but once she saw it start to slide in, inch by inch, she grew fascinated and even more aroused. She also resumed licking as much of my cock-meat as she could, while there still was some exposed and available for licking.

If Eve was off-the-charts horny, it probably helped a lot that Bethany was continuing to fondle her pussy, as well as diddle her clit. Clearly, she was trying her best to help "break" her mother, so we all could end up fully sexually intimate with each other.

While all that was happening, Bethany said to Eve, "Mom, don't call yourself a fool because you wasted the last ten years of your life. If you'd been someone's slut, do you think you would have started this clinic? I highly doubt it. Your sexual frustration has led to joy for hundreds of nympho mommies and other busty sluts, as well as all the men they serve. Besides, you were waiting for the perfect cock, the ideal guy to rule you, and you've found him! If you were taken already, we wouldn't have a chance to serve him together!"

Eve spoke in a disappointed voice, "That's all true. Thanks. It makes me feel better. But still, I'm violating all my rules. I feel like I've fallen off the edge of the Earth. And what will happen to this clinic?"

"Nothing needs to change," Bethany spoke with conviction. "In fact, everything will be way better. I'll make sure of that."

Eve had no reply. She was intent on stroking and licking my cock, even though more than half of it had disappeared inside Mommy's tight cunt already. She was going to run out of room in a matter of moments.

I worried that Mommy might have cooled down some while the attention had been on Eve for a while. That probably wasn't an issue to begin with, because she'd looked extremely excited watching the good doctor bob on my shaft, and she'd been fingering her own pussy besides.

But just to be sure, I went to one of my favorite moves, one guaranteed to get a strong reaction from her every time.

I tilted my head down to suck on one of the distended nipples. I "attacked" it with a fury.

My giant-titted mother moaned and pulled my head into her massive bosom. "OH GOD, SWEETHEART! THAT FEELS SO GOOOOOD! Please fuck me more! FUCK ME FOREVER!"

"Your wish is my command," I said grandly. I began thrusting my prick in and out of my mother's tight cunt. However, I had to take it slow and easy for a while, due to Eve licking and stroking as much of my shaft as she could manage. It was unfortunate that she was so very worked up about me and yet rapidly running out of cock to play with.

Despite my attempt at restraint, a fuck session has its natural progression, and I found myself gradually thrusting deeper and faster into my mother.

Eventually, Eve was reduced to "balls duty" for a while.

Bethany consoled her, "Don't worry; you'll get your chance again soon. Knowing him, he'll cum inside her and then be fully recharged in no time. He is 'hypersexual,' after all. I'm sure his next cum load will end up down your throat

and in your belly."

"I suppose," Eve said with more bummed frustration. "I sure hope you're right. I want it now, though. All of it! Now!" She briefly wiped her wet cheeks, now that she'd stopped crying.

Bethany teased her, "You said that already."

"I know! It's so frustrating! This is going to be my life now, isn't it?! Having to wait for his cock. Having to share. Always humiliated and dominated, and controlled by my lust."

Bethany said, "Yep!" She reached out for her mother's shoulders and turned her upper body until they were face to face. "That's all true. But didn't you say that Dad had other sex slaves? So you must be used to sharing."

Eve frowned as she thought back. "Well, yes and no. It was different. I think the way you and Mary freely share is very rare, unless there's a therapist like me to help make it happen. Your father was a very virile man and fucked many sluts, but nearly all of those weren't into a threesome scene. He did have one other he loved enough to officially collar, but even she couldn't handle sharing. Plus, you were a child for most of that time and we didn't want to confuse you by having her live with us. It was more like I was his wife and she was his somewhat secret mistress."

Bethany took that in, then said, "Oh. Then let me tell you: the sharing is half the fun. And waiting makes the time you do have to serve his cock that much more special. As for being humiliated and dominated, that's possibly the best part of all!"

Eve let out a long sigh, but she also smiled. "You're right!"

Mother and daughter shared a long and loving kiss. My cock was forgotten by Eve, at least for a while. She even let go of my balls in order to use both hands on my girlfriend.

More time passed, until Mommy and I were dripping with sweat. Things were getting seriously intense. Mommy and I were extra eager, thanks especially to Eve watching and taking part.

"OH MY GOD, HERE COMES BIG CUM NUMBER TWO!" Mommy squealed. Her body began to vibrate as her next powerful orgasm started to hit her.

I could feel her tight vagina pulsing around my cock while I continued my steady thrusting in and out.

She visibly shuddered in orgasm, and let out a loud, incoherent scream.

Eve had gone back to watching the fucking more than kissing and fondling Bethany. But once the screaming tailed off, she disengaged entirely from everyone else and moved back to the other exam table, where her computer was. Although her submissive slut side was coming to the fore, she still remained a scientifically curious doctor.

Looking at the screen, she said, "Mary, good news: I still see the size increase. It's half an inch, which means half a cup size. That may not sound like much, but it shouldn't be happening at all! Your breasts are clearly swelling every time you orgasm!"

As my panting mother came down from her second big orgasm, and with Eve (and Bethany) physically out of the way, I said to her, "Okay, time for some serious rutting, Mommy. I'm going to fuck you like the petite yet oh-so-stacked little sex toy you are!"

"Isn't that what you've been doing already?" asked Bethany with a smile. "Jesus! You're a fucking MACHINE!"

She turned to Eve, who was still by the computer, and asked, "Why don't you show off your tits for my boyfriend?"

"I think I've been doing that for a while now," Eve responded with chagrin and sarcasm, looking down at her topless (and bottomless) condition.

"No, I mean put on a good titty show! How does just watching them fuck increase your enjoyment? Mom, it's been waaaaay too long since you've had a man in your life. In your mouth. In your cunt! Brian is exactly the sort of man you need. You need to prove to him that you are worthy to be his third sex toy!"

"He's still a boy," Eve weakly protested. "Besides, isn't Rebecca his third sex toy?"

"Technically no, since she has a divided loyalty with her cucky hubby. Although in reality, yes. But... whatever. My point is, sure, Brian is young, and he's already 'taken,' but he still has what it takes to be YOUR master too. Look at him drill his mother!"

Eve looked closely. She bit her lip.

"I tell you, he's a fucking machine! If you're lucky, maybe he'll fuck you next!! Do you want that?"

"As if you have to ask!" Eve said passionately, almost incredulous at the question. "The only question is in what hole. Of course I can't wait for him to drill my cunt, but I got started sucking him, and that was so unfortunately interrupted. I can't wait to finish that off."

A wicked smile crossed Eve's face. "Back in the day, I never felt so gloriously slutty and dominated as when I was kneeling with my master's cock filling my mouth!! I long to feel that way again! But... then again... if he fills my cunt, and cums inside me, I'll feel so deliciously OWNED! I can't wait for that too. I want both! NOW!"

Bethany laughed. "Good. BUT! If you want either of those things, you'll have to earn it. He's already got two great sluts including me! And our tits are bigger and our asses are rounder. And, you're the oldest. Harsh, but true. If you want to serve him, you'll always have to work a little harder. So, like I said, you need to show him that you're worthy. You can start by putting on a titty show!"

"Yes, Dear," said the doctor, with wide eyes. It looked like she'd had an epiphany. She explained, "I always tell my female patients they have to put serving their man above everything else. If they do, sexual pleasure will rebound back to them at least two times over. The greatest joy of all is to love and serve your man with all your heart and soul. Obviously, for me, it's Brian or no one, since he has my heart already. I need to follow my own advice!"

I was very surprised to hear that last part. Since when did I win her heart?! But I wasn't complaining. The more I thought about it, the more I realized there probably was a lot more going on in those nightly phone calls between Mommy and Eve than I'd realized. Maybe Mommy had helped "sell" her on me.

Soon, Dr. Morgan was grooving in place and really putting on a sexy performance. I'd had her pegged as a tightly wound up person, but she was letting go and moving in rhythm, letting her sexuality flow. She generally kept her hands under her big tits, caressing them and thrusting them up and out. Her breasts, while not the monsters my mother sported, or even quite as large as those on my girlfriend, were still damn big!

Knowing she had my attention, the good doctor said, "I know my body isn't quite as ridiculously, pornographically proportioned as your mother's." She spoke while she leaned down to simultaneously squeeze and suckle on Bethany's huge tit and rub her clit, "But I hope it's to your liking." She was still putting on a show, letting her melons dangle for my viewing pleasure as she did that.

"It certainly is, doctor," I said enthusiastically. "Being surrounded by three busty beauties all acting their slutty best for me, it isn't going to be long before I cum inside Mommy!"

Bethany said to me, "Cool! But make me a promise: your next cum load goes in or on MY mom! Okay?!"

I smirked. "Well... since you asked nicely!" It was easy for me to agree to that, since it went without saying that was my plan already.

Eve did a quick fist pump. "Yesssss!"

I pulled my prick out of my mother with a plopping sound and simply flipped her over, so her round ass faced up. That caused her massive tits to wheel around, with droplets of sweat spraying off her body.

Because she was so petite, her feet didn't reach the ground. Her legs shot outward behind her. Her entire body quivered with excitement as she anticipated my prick entering her pulsing vagina again.

"Here we go, Mommy," I said as I impaled her once more, this time from behind.

"UUUUGGGHH!" she cried loudly. "PLEASE!"

I slammed into her again.

That made her entire body shake and jiggle. "FUCK!" Again. "ME!" Again. "SUPER!" Again. "HARD! MAKE. ME. CUM. BABY. BOY!"

I glanced over at Eve. She'd stopped her "titty show" since I wasn't looking her way any longer. But it didn't look like she was upset, because she was far too horny. She was still holding and fondling her tits as she watched Mommy and I fuck from a short distance away.

With the entirety of my mother's petite body off the ground, her toned legs were shaking and quivering. Her massive tits swayed back and forth over the table, contained only by the measurement device. Feeling her distended nipples lightly scraping the exam table seemed to push her over the edge once more.

"Oh fuck!" she cried out even louder. "I'm going to cum again! HERE IT COMES! UUUUHHHH! FUUUUUUUUCCCK! CUMMING ON MY BABY'S HUGE COCK!"

I felt my own orgasm finally welling up inside of me, and there was no way to stop it. "I'm going to cum, too!" I

yelled. "Inside you, Mommy! I'm going to fill you with cum!"

I continued to slam into her as she screamed in total ecstasy. As my girlfriend and doctor looked on in utter amazement, I grabbed my mother's arms and pulled them back as I continued to fuck her, so her giant chest jutted out even more.

Massive orgasms crashed over both of us. Her huge breasts visually swelled even more.

That size change intrigued the scientist in Eve. She paused in her masturbation in order to take another look at the computer: "Goodness! So much swelling! Mary, you have temporarily reached the equivalent of a K-cup! I don't fucking believe it!"

As my mother and I continued to fuck and orgasm together, the measurement device unexpectedly snapped and flew apart. Mommy's gigantic breasts burst free.

"OOOHHHH FUUUUUCKKK!" Mommy cried and wailed. "STILL CUMMMMMIIINNNG!"

I continued to flood my mother's pulsing vagina with cum. Minutes seemed to go by, even though it was more like seconds.

Naturally, I finished cumming first.

My sweaty, panting mother followed a minute or two later, screaming her head off all the way.

Finally, both of our orgasms subsided.

Mommy and I still breathed heavily after an epic fucking session. I lowered her down to the floor and twirled her around.

Her gigantic, swollen tits swayed, spraying sweat as they did.

She arched her hands above her head, stretching out her tight, petite body. In the process, she pushed out her massive chest toward me.

Still gasping for air, she lifted up onto her tiptoes and kissed my lips. "That was amazing, sweetheart! Even better than usual. Thank you so much. Look," she said, plumping her bare breasts toward my face, "you broke the doctor's device!" She giggled.

Dr. Morgan and Bethany were still in shock from what they had just witnessed.

Finally, Eve said, "My goodness. Well done, young man!" Her large bare breasts were heaving with desire.

Bethany took her mother's hand and squeezed it. "So. Assuming you get his next cum load, have you given more thought as to where you want to take it?"

"Oh my gosh! I've been thinking a lot about that since you first asked me that. What I just witnessed is incredible! He just HAS to fuck my cunt! He's gonna split me in two and rock my world! But... that said... when I was sucking him before, that was so divine. I have this insatiable craving to finish that off. And somehow, it seems more fitting if I can submit to him while he's standing and I'm on my knees, so there's no doubt in his mind that he's won me and I'm his newest sex toy to own and command!"

However, she frowned uncertainly, and added, "But, then again, getting fucked would be so incredible! And once he fills my cunt with his manly seed, I know I'll belong to him forever! So I kinda want that just as much! Maybe I'll have to let him decide, because I can't!"

Bethany squeezed that hand. "Wow! Cool! But it's funny, because that's complicated but it's pretty much exactly what I thought you'd say, because that's how I would feel, even down to the 'let him decide' part. Like mother, like daughter, right?"

"Right!" Eve giggled almost deliriously. "I'm so happy! I feel like I've been born again!"

"You have!" her daughter told her.

Bethany then walked over to Mommy and me. After briefly kissing me on the lips, she told me, "That was amazing, Sweetie."

Reaching down, she grasped my still-hard cock. "Oh boy! It's STILL stiff! Looks like you've got some more fucking in you!"

I reached up with one hand to cup one of my mother's gigantic breasts and then my other hand to cup one of my girlfriend's huge breasts. I felt like I was the king of the world. I flexed my pelvis, causing my stiff cock to shoot up, sliding past Bethany's hand.

Both my mother and girlfriend gasped at my virility.

The doctor walked over to me and pulled me up to my feet. Then she knelt down in front of me. She cradled my cock in her hands.

I found myself literally surrounded by three naked large-titted beauties: my doctor, my girlfriend and, best of all, my ultra-busty mother.

Dr. Morgan asked me, "So, are you going to fuck me or not? In my mouth or my cunt; either is good. Am I worthy of being one of your fuck toys, if only a part-time one?"

"You bet I do, and you bet you are!" I said, smiling. "And why do you say only 'part time?'"

She looked away shyly. "Well, I don't want to presume or be pushy."

I said, "Don't worry, I'll sort you out. Remember the movie 'Jaws,' when that guy said 'we're gonna need a bigger boat?' Well, given I'm gonna own three sex toys, we're gonna need a bigger bed!"

Eve just about passed out on the spot. Her face was rapturous. "Are you for real?! You'd let me sleep in the same bed as all of you?! Every night?!"

"Only if you want to," I said with surprising calm.

She nodded her head vigorously. "Yes, yes, YES! I want! I want! Holy Mother of God! This is the best day of my life! It's like I AM reborn! I've been given a new life!"

Bethany hugged and squeezed her. "Mom! We're going to be sex toys together! Maybe even sex SLAVES! Owned by the same guy!"

Eve looked nearly delirious. She nodded in awe. "I can't believe it!" Tears of joy started to come to her eyes. "I never thought this day would come!"

I was feeling just as overjoyed. I wanted to fuck all three of my sex toys at once, but realized that wasn't physically possible. But I thought of something that was close. I commanded, "Line up, you three. I'm fucking all of you right now!"

Eve smiled almost wickedly. "Mmmm! Going back and forth between all of us? Nice idea! But remember, Bethany already said I have dibs on your next cum load."

She leaned in and started to lap on my soaked cum load, still dripping down my stiff shaft.

But after only a few seconds, some distracting thought occurred to her. "Oh! Bethany, I know you don't work here anymore, but could you do me a favor? Call Rebecca to come in here! Before we get started on a serious fuck and suck orgy, I need her to cancel the rest of the appointments for the day. Oh! And send anyone still here home early. We'll reschedule later."

"Oh, right!" Bethany got up and went to the door. But she didn't want to run around the office naked, so she just leaned her head out the door and yelled, "Rebecca! Dr. Morgan needs you in here for a minute!"

While that was happening, Eve was getting more into lapping all over my cockhead. As she did so, she said, "It's time I stop resisting altogether. I think we all know what's happening here. I need a man to not only fuck me good, but to sexually dominate me in every way! Just like what I had with my late husband and master. Both my daughter and your mother think you're that man for me, and I fully concur!"

Bethany was back, down on all fours next to Eve, while Mommy was in the same position on the other side. It was a good thing I was standing up, so there was room for all three of them to crowd in around my crotch. Bethany brought one hand to my balls while Mommy took over stroking my shaft from Eve, while still letting her have the cockhead area to lick.

I was planning on fucking them all at once (as much as one can, by frequently alternating), but it seemed a triple blowjob was naturally evolving instead. That sounded equally good to me. Certainly there would be time and sexual energy to do both, and more.

Eve said, "I say: fuck it! Enough with holding back and helping all the other hot, busty bombshells enjoy getting dominated and owned while I always sleep alone! I've taught hundreds of women the joy of submission. It's time I practice what I preach. Bethany, daughter, I swear to you that the day will come soon when I'm going to want to wear his collar too. Maybe we can have our initiation ceremony together!"

Bethany's eyes lit up. "Too cool!" Mother and daughter shared a long kiss.

Seeing that my cock was mostly untended while that kissing was going on, Mommy lapped on it a bit. As she did so, she looked up into my eyes and said, "Maybe we need to make that a triple initiation ceremony. If these two sluts are going to wear your collar, then I damn well better get to wear one too!" She winked playfully at me.

Just then, Rebecca knocked on the door.

Nobody reacted at first, since Eve and Bethany were still kissing, Mommy was focused on licking my shaft, and I was too gob-smacked to think or breathe.

As a result, Rebecca partially opened the door. "Dr. Morgan?! You called for me?!"

She took one look at the three nude women with their faces crowded around my cock, and gasped. "GOOD GOD!"

No doubt, seeing Mommy and Bethany working on cock together was no big deal for her. She'd seen that lots of times together, and always joined in. But on the other hand, seeing Dr. Morgan completely naked and licking too must have been a massive shock for her!

Thinking quickly, she stepped into the room and closed the door behind her.

Somehow, Eve switched back into her professional mode again, if only partially. She broke the latest incestuous kiss, and looked up at her receptionist as if there was nothing unusual going on. "Ah, Rebecca. Good. I want you to cancel all appointments for the rest of the day. And shoo whoever is out in the waiting room away, so we can close up shop. As you can see, some big things have come up that demand my immediate attention!"

Eve looked to my boner, which was still mere inches from her face, and ostentatiously lapped on it a few times at a spot not already occupied by my licking mother. Then she laughed.

No doubt, the receptionist could see the implications of what Eve was doing. This wouldn't be a one-time thing. Her boss, who'd shown no sign of a sex life for the four years they'd worked together (other than voyeurism), now belonged to me. It was a lot for her to take in.

Eve glanced over at Rebecca and saw her jaw hanging open. She reluctantly explained, "Yes, it's what it looks like. Brian's broken me today, just like he broke you. His perfect cock is irresistible! I consider myself owned by him from now on. Which means I hope you're okay with sharing."

Rebecca didn't answer because she was still too shocked.

Eve decided to keep right on licking, swirling her tongue around my cockhead.

Bethany wanted to get in on the action, and started lapping on my balls, since that was the only easily accessible area still free.

Finally, Rebecca remembered some important business that needed to be dealt with first. "Um, doctor! We still have two couples out in the waiting room. The Jordans and the Adamses, remember? I'm reluctant to send them away, because they're having therapeutic breakthroughs. Janet Jordan is completely naked and bobbing on her son Reggie's big cock, and Amber Adams is doing the exact same to her son Evan's! They're driving each other on, totally submitting to their lusty desires and the power of their big-cocked sons!"

She further explained, "They've kind of gone wild. Their tits and faces are soaked with their son's seed, but they're hungry for more! I actually canceled the last few appointments already, because I didn't want anyone else to burst in there and ruin the whole mood. I didn't tell you, because, well, I put my ear to the door earlier and I could hear some exciting things were happening in here too. I just didn't realize it actually included YOU!"

Eve paused in her licking and looked up at Rebecca.

I did the same.

We both noticed that Rebecca's blouse was more than half undone and she looked flustered and bedraggled, with tussled hair. There was no sign of a bra, either. It wasn't hard to guess that she'd been masturbating up a storm while watching the two mother-son couples in the waiting room.. Even now, her ample chest was heaving up and down.

Eve finally spoke. "Ah. I see. That is pretty important. Tell them they can stay as long as they like, until their sons are flaccid and satisfied. Then they can let themselves out."

Rebecca replied, "Good. But I can let them out easily enough."

"No, you can't," the doctor replied firmly. "Once you're done calling the few patients still to come, and closing down as much as you can, get your sexy ass back in here. That's an order! I know you've been longing to play with Brian's perfect cock all day long. It's been necessary for you to hold the fort with your receptionist duties, but it must have been cruel torture at the same time."

"It's been agonizing!" Rebecca admitted. "That's another reason I didn't come in here. I couldn't bear to see just how much fun I'd been missing!"

Eve said, "Then get them out, fast! This is your big chance! We're going to have the orgy to end all orgies. I'm gonna get fucked for the first time in ten years! You can either be a part of it, or miss out!"

Rebecca's jaw dropped. "GOD! DAMN!" She began panting and heaving even more. "But how did you, and him... I can't believe that you... Oh, fuck! I'll ask later! Okay! I'm so there! Save some cum for me. I'll be back in a hurry!" She rushed out the door.

Eve returned to lapping on my shaft, with Mommy moving out of the way to give her full run of the top of my cock for a while. "Aaaah! Now, where were we? Ah, yes. Bethany said I'll have to constantly prove myself to you, since I don't have a cartoonishly obscene body like your mother, and Bethany will probably look much like her by the time she's done filling out. I agree! That said, does it help my cause that, back in the day, I could suck cock like a motherfucking succubus? I was able to deep throat my husband's cock, which was just as thick as yours! Let's see if the old lady has still got it!"

With that, she enveloped my cockhead in her mouth... and then some! Without pausing to adjust, she kept going deeper and deeper.

Mommy and Bethany gaped in awe as Dr. Morgan took me all the way to the base of my shaft in one fell swoop! She even licked my balls for good measure!

In a matter of seconds, she'd manage to take me deeper down her throat than either Mommy or Bethany had been able to do in weeks of trying.

Bethany laughed in amazement. "Okay, Mom! You definitely proved yourself!"

I couldn't have agreed more.

Eve started milking my thick shaft with her throat muscles while Bethany and Mommy each took one of my balls into their mouths to suck on.

Just then, Rebecca came rushing back into the room. She already was shedding clothes like they were on fire.

An astonished Bethany pointed out, "That was fast!"

"You'd better believe it! I actually handed them their clothes, showed them out the door, and told 'em to get dressed in the hallway! Sorry about that, but I'm horny AS FUCK! Dr. Morgan, I can't believe he's got you too! I hope he's agreed that it's for good?!"

Even as she said that, she kept stripping so fast that she wound up wearing just her high heels by the time she was done talking.

Mommy looked up to her and said, "Oh yes! She's one of us now! A full-on personal sex toy! She used to be one once, so I'm sure it will be easy as pie to fall back into that bliss again. Please, get down here! It's time our master enjoys his very first four-tongued blowjob!"

Rebecca dropped to her knees and crawled into position. It was a tight squeeze, but she found a stretch of my shaft to lick. "The first, but hopefully not the last!"

The rest of us all laughed, because that went without saying. Without a doubt, this would be a regular thing from now on, since I "owned" four magnificent sluts.

Within seconds, the sound of four lapping tongues, plus who knows how many stroking hands, filled the room.

Bethany muttered to Rebecca, "By the way, make a note to call your cucky hubby and tell him you'll be going home late. Very late. Maybe not until tomorrow! Brian's already promised to fuck all of us next, and we're going to do a lot more celebrating after that!"

Rebecca squealed with delight.

The four of them kept on licking and licking, stroking and stroking. They worked together seamlessly, like four parts of one whole.

The resulting sexual pleasure I felt was off the scale! I felt shivers and goose bumps all over.

I closed my eyes, tilted my head back, and reveled in the joy of my newly improved life.

THE END... ALMOST

Epilogue

I sat at Eve's desk in her inner office, looking at digital photos on her very large computer monitor. Eve was under the desk, naked and kneeling between my legs.

It had been over six months since I'd tamed and owned the remarkable Dr. Morgan. She was sucking my cock, as usual. She was kind of a freak that way, even by the standards in my harem, since it seemed she had a simply insatiable desire to blow me as much as physically possible. She claimed she had ten "lost years" to make up for, especially in terms of countless thousand "lost" blowjobs. But she was as talented as she was enthusiastic.

We weren't alone. I'd actually pulled a love seat up to the desk for more room. Rebecca was cuddling naked into me from one side and Mommy was cuddling naked into me from the other. Bethany was in Rebecca's receptionist office, temporarily filling in for her, so the sexual fun could be more equitably shared between my sluts.

The new nurse Chun was also working that day, but she had her own nursing duties to take care of. Bethany didn't mind filling in for either Rebecca or Chun sometimes (minus Chun's handjob duties, of course), even though she was no longer an official employee at the clinic. It was her mother's clinic, after all, and we were all very emotionally invested in its continued success.

It was late in the afternoon, and soon the last few appointments would be over. The doctor was taking a very extended break between seeing patients. Luckily, the patients didn't mind. Bethany had informed us that Martha and Trevor McCoy were in the waiting room, along with Amber and Evan Adams.

I'd first met Martha and Trevor when they'd caught Rebecca naked and giving me a handjob in the waiting room. They didn't know it was Rebecca then, but we'd been through a lot of sexual adventures since and they certainly did now. (Though of course, as usual, one never shared one's sluts.)

I had fond memories of meeting Amber and Evan for the first time too, when Amber wound up blowing Evan in the waiting room. Since then, I've gotten to be fairly good friends with Evan, though usually only through phone and e-mail, since the Adamses lived far away. (Not to mention I almost always preferred to be with one or more of my sluts.) Mommy got to be even better friends with Amber. In fact, all of her friends these days were other incest mothers who were patients of our good doctor.

The reason we were gathered around the computer screen was to look through the digital photos from the last "book club meeting." That requires some explanation. Mommy and I turned out to be pivotal patients for Eve for a whole bunch of reasons.

The most obvious and important one, of course, was that I'd become Eve's master. She slept in my bed with my other sluts every night, and spent as much time with me as she possibly could, while also still juggling her duties as doctor. None of us wanted her to give that up, since hundreds of sluts-to-be and sluts-in-training were counting on her.

But there were other reasons why Mommy and I shook up Eve's world. A key one was that we helped her change her policy of trying to keep her various patient couples apart. She'd done that for very understandable security reasons. Her thinking was that if any one patient couple got busted for incest, they could potentially drag down all the other incest couples that they knew.

However, we came up with some safety precautions that changed matters. For one thing, all of us adopted alternate names to be used with the other patients. For instance, for some other patients, I was generally known as "Ben," and Mommy/Mary was known as "Maria." Some closer friends knew our real names, but those were the ones who could be trusted the most.

In addition, we used a cell structure used by gangs, secret societies, and such. The idea was that each couple only had direct contact information for the other people in the cell. For instance, if Mommy wanted to speak with Jacklyn - the then unnamed mother we'd first met who sucked her son (Martin) off in the clinic parking lot in the car next to ours just after our second appointment - she had to go through Amber. That was because although she'd become good friends with both of them, Amber was in our cell, but Jacklyn was not.

Thanks to these precautions, and more, such as the use of "burner" phones and cover stories, the doctor reached a point where she felt safe to allow large parties. The "book club" was a part of that. Even though all incest mothers were either single or had willing cuckold husbands, we needed to protect our secrets from the outside world, such as other close friends and relatives. Book clubs were all the rage in the area amongst a certain female age group, so that made one good cover activity.

But there were many other covers, including various clubs and sports that I supposedly took part in, because it turned out the group parties were great fun! For instance, at least once a week, several cells would get together for blowjob contests. The competition wasn't as important as just the camaraderie of being together. I tell you, it's an extra big thrill having your mother blow you when you're in a whole line of a dozen other boys all getting blown by their naked and kneeling mothers too! Those contests usually went on for hours, with the top prize going to the mother with the most cum on her tits and face. But there were other contests too, including titfucking and fucking competitions.

All sorts of other group events had evolved as well. For instance, the photos that I was currently going through with Rebecca and Mommy were of a "book club meeting" that actually was a "formal ball." Meaning, it was a particularly large gathering of dozens of mother-son couples in a luxurious mansion out in the countryside, affording total privacy. The boys all dressed up in tuxedos and the moms all wore their best make-up, jewelry, and dresses.

Well, not so much with the dresses! They all started out fully dressed, but it wasn't long before they wound up topless and then completely naked. But part of the tradition of the event was that the boys all had to stay fully dressed - except for their erections sticking out of their flies, of course - in order to heighten the shame and domination of their gorgeous mothers.

Actually, it wasn't that different from the blowjob contests, since the mother spent most of the evening on their knees sucking their son's cocks. But lots of other things happened, including fancy dinners (for the boys - mothers could only drink their son's cum during the party), and speeches. Willingly cuckolded husbands served as waiters, chefs, chauffeurs, security, and the like.

I was proud of Mommy, because a few months ago, she'd given a speech about her passion for the titfuck-blowjob combination. It was her belief that any mother could take her son's entire cockhead and then some in her mouth, even during a vigorous titfuck. Her speech ended up with her giving a practical demonstration on me, on a stage in front of dozens of highly interested mothers! Her speech was a big success. Even now, months later, various mothers would seek her out at group incest events to proudly tell her of their successes with the technique and/or to ask about further tips.

On top of all that, not only had I turned Mommy, Eve, Bethany, and Rebecca into my personal sex pets, I'd collared all of them except for Rebecca, making them my "official" sex slaves. I was the master of an actual harem!

The reason Rebecca wasn't collared was because she wished to stay married to her husband David, even though he wasn't allowed any sexual intimacy with her anymore, since she had fully sexually dedicated herself to me. It was a very strange dynamic they had that I didn't fully understand, but she was content with me just being her bull instead of her full-on master.

It was frustrating for me, since I'd fallen in love with her, and she with me, but between her job at the clinic and her husband, I only got to see her about an hour or two each evening on weekdays, after she finished work. Admittedly, it was a lot better on the weekends, which she'd mostly spend with me, including sleeping in my bed.

But such limitations meant that the times we did spend together were extra special. She usually was the third or fourth "tongue" in suck-fests, which were very common since multiple blowjobs were something all of my sluts could enjoy together. But I often made a point of giving her some one-on-one time with me, like I did for the others.

By the way, when I say I "collared" my slaves, I mean that in both a symbolic and literal sense. Even as I sat there on the love seat in front of the monitor, I could see the black iron collar around Eve's neck while she sucked me off. Mommy wore an identical collar, and so did Bethany in the other room. Rebecca, by contrast, wore a black satin collar instead of an iron one, to reflect her somewhat different status.

Apparently, that collar was a source of endless arousal to David. Most anytime she came home from being with me and my other slaves, he would take one look at her cloth collar and beg for his penis to be temporarily freed from his cock cage so he could masturbate to orgasm, usually while he stared at that collar around her neck!

Oh yeah. David had a cock cage, which he wore 24 hours a day. At his own insistence! And he didn't allow himself to even kiss or hug his own wife. Talk about weird!

Rebecca was very lenient with her cucky hubby, and let him masturbate to orgasm at least once a day, but only after he begged. Typically, she'd come home after spending a couple of hours (or much of the weekend) with me, and tell him in detail all the different ways she'd served my cock, and which other sluts helped out. He'd get so thrilled that he'd climax into his hand by the time her story was over. And that was the extent of their "sex life."

Like I said, super weird, but it worked for them. Plus, I was grateful that it meant I rarely have to see him, except if

he was one of the help at the group parties.

So life was great for me, as well as my loved ones. I'd discovered that having three sex slaves and one married "mistress" was more than enough for me. No way did I want more.

As an aside, I got to know the new nurse Chun, and we got along well. It turned out that she was shy and demure, but also somehow an enthusiastic sex freak at the same time! It was a fun combination, especially since she reveled in being sexually humiliated more than most.

However, I never got very sexually intimate with her, aside from some flirting, necking, and playing around, such as when she occasionally volunteered to add her tongue to an on-going multiple blowjob at the doctor's office. (Five tongues on one cock is a total blast, believe me!) She was her brother's sex pet, and even though he liked to have her fool around with the patients, I didn't want to get too emotionally involved with her because she was "taken" in a much more sexual manner than Rebecca was. I never even fucked her once, since that was one thing her brother wouldn't allow.

Besides, I had my hands full. All four of my women were nymphos, so they were constantly running me ragged! Luckily, we had sex together nearly all the time, with lots of lesbian fun between them. That was key for me, because otherwise I couldn't have kept them all sexually satisfied..

But we still had our problems. The biggest one was that we all had to deal with a lot of secrecy. I could openly do anything with Mommy within the growing incest community of Dr. Morgan's other mother-and-son patients. It also became openly known within that group that I had collared Bethany, since having a girlfriend too was common and accepted. The problem was that we all had to keep my relationships with Rebecca and especially Eve secret as much as possible, even within that community.

Normally, it would have been perfectly okay if I had more than two sex slaves. The only limit for guys in our community was how many nymphos they could handle. (Though, nymphos being nymphos, few guys even wanted more than their mother or sister or the like plus one girlfriend.) The problem was that both Rebecca and Eve had professional roles to play at the office, and it was important they were seen as non-biased and uninvolved with any of the patients. Eve especially constantly worried how her patients would see her differently if they knew she was my sex slave.

The funny thing though was that she didn't mind telling her patients that she was somebody's sex slave. She had to tell all her patients eventually, in order to explain the slave collar she always wore. But she had a cover story that it was someone she'd met from the "outside world." Her veteran patients were fine with that. In fact, a sudden rush on sex slave collars followed in the months after her revelation, because so many mothers emulated her behavior.

However, she had to be very careful to hide her collar from her new patient couples. She would generally wear clothes that covered her collar for the first few months. By then, the women were personal sex toys and generally envious of the collar, not scandalized. (It would take even longer than that before such couples were trusted enough to start being invited to the group parties, and there was a gradual process of being allowed to meet with others in their cell and then being trusted to take part in larger gatherings.)

It was a similar situation at the office with Rebecca and her cloth collar. She explained to all but the newest of patients that she was married to a willing cuckold and only had sex with the bull who exclusively owned her body. The only lie was that she also had to make up a fictitious name of someone from the "outside world" who was that bull. That went over well and made her very popular, because many of the mothers had willing cuckold husbands too. She ended up being kind of a de facto advisor to most of those, to help ease them into the cuckold and bull lifestyle.

Incidentally, the cuckolds formed a social club of their own, after meeting each other as servants at the group parties. They often formed close friendships, as well as support groups. That helped them come to terms with their cuckold natures and often allowed them to venture deeper into the lifestyle. For instance, cock cages became increasingly popular. I worried that there would be defections and divorces, or maybe even a suicide, but Dr. Morgan had screened and selected her patients well. It was almost impossible for me to understand, but the overwhelming evidence showed they actually enjoyed living that way.

Getting back to the present, I was ostensibly supposed to be looking through the photos from the latest "book club" meeting in order to select the very best ones. Photos were a big security issue. Only one camera, Eve's digital camera, was allowed at any group event, and the use and control of it was very strictly monitored. Nobody could keep any digital or print out copies, for obvious reasons.

However, from time to time, we would put on special wide-screened photo presentations, like slide shows of old, as

yet another excuse for group parties. Mothers would generally suck their son's cocks from the sides so they could do that while watching the presentation.

I started out enjoying looking through the photos. My sluts and I were only in a small percentage of them, but all of the women were busty and gorgeous. Plus, they were almost always pictured doing something very arousing and sexual. True, the majority of the time that meant they were kneeling and sucking, but in my world that never got old.

I must admit that Eve was sucking me so good that I'd pretty much lost track of my task. She had the top cocksucking talent in my harem, thanks to all her years of being a sex slave to her husband. Even Mommy had to concede Eve was the best, mostly due to her unsurpassed deep throating skills. The others were all nipping at her heels, though, including steadily improving their deep throating abilities.

But, so far, only Eve could deep throat me to the root with ease, as if my thickness wasn't an issue at all. Then she'd expertly milk my shaft with her throat muscles while using her tongue and lips at the same time. It was like the "grand slam" of solo cock pleasuring, like getting blown and fucked at once. Plus, she could stay down for over a minute at a time, and do it over and over and over again!

It went without saying that her previous master had trained her well. I'd lost track of how many times I'd praised and thanked him in my mind.

Maybe now it becomes clearer why I lost track of sorting through the photos, because Eve was in the middle of one of her prolonged deep throating sessions! It was like being on the wildest amusement park ride one could imagine. All I could do was hold on for dear life and revel in the non-stop erotic ecstasy.

But, as if that wasn't enough, I was even more distracted because Mommy was making out with me. I couldn't even see the computer monitor anymore, with the way she was rubbing her huge tits against my chest.

To top that off, Rebecca had repositioned to help lick and fondle my balls as best she could, since all of my cock was usually deep down Eve's throat.

It might sound crazy to an outsider, but this was my life. Fucking had to be a one-on-one activity, but I couldn't remember the last time I'd had a blowjob with just one of my sluts. It probably had been a week or longer. Three or four tongues on my privates at once was the norm.

There was a knock on the door leading into the inner office. "It's me, Bethany."

"Come in." Rebecca said that, since she was the only one who could free her mouth to talk.

Bethany came in and checked out the scene. "Oh boy! Am I missing out or what? I'm so bummed that I've gotta work and wear clothes."

I broke the latest lip-lock with Mommy and turned my head enough to make eye contact. "Hey, love. What's up?"

Bethany flashed a smile at me, then said, "I just wanted to give Mom an update. As you know, the McCoys and Adamses are still in the waiting room. But it's not really a problem, 'cos things have gotten really wild. Amber and Martha are currently kneeling naked side to side and engaging in a cocksucking duel!"

Those were common lately, now that so many incest couples had become friends with each other. I asked, "What kind? The 'who can make their son cum first' kind, the 'who can make their son cum the most in a certain amount of time' kind, or the 'who can make their son last the longest without cumming' kind?"

"Definitely the last one, because they've been at it a long, long time and their faces and chests are still completely clean. But that's what I wanted to ask you all about. It's five o'clock already, you know. Mom, you did it again: you got so carried away serving our master that you lost all track of time! I'm wondering if I should just send them home and reschedule, or if you want to meet them briefly, or what?"

Eve pulled her lips off my boner and sighed. She didn't try to make eye contact with her daughter, because she was boxed in under her desk. She clutched at her throat and waited to speak, because even she needed some recovery time from her repeated deep throating efforts.

After nearly a minute of silence, she said, "Dammit! This is getting to be a real problem. I keep losing track of time and making people wait. I have so much fun serving our master that I'm having fewer and fewer appointments."

Bethany pointed out, "But we don't need the money. The harem already has more than we could ever spend. Time serving your master is way more important."

"I know that, but I'm a crusader. The fewer appointments I have, the fewer couples I'll be able to convert to the lifestyle. I keep letting go of experienced couples who don't need my guidance anymore so I can take on more new

ones, but still, it's not enough."

Bethany was holding a glass of water, and she gave it to her mother. Having been through this sort of situation many times before, she'd correctly assumed that Eve would be deep throating me and would need a drink.

Eve took the glass and drank the water down. She muttered, "Thanks."

While Eve was recovering, Rebecca essentially took control of my boner. She gave my cockhead a few licks to see if I was needing a rest or ready for more. She decided on the latter, and engulfed my entire cockhead and then some.

Eve didn't mind. She knew that within the harem, the rule was "you snooze, you lose." But also, sharing generously was paramount, which meant she'd get plenty of cock in any case.

Bethany said, "It's never enough. Mom, I keep telling you you need to franchise! Already, you have three moms you've turned into mommy pets who happen to be professional psychologists. Just think: train them to each open up their own clinics, seemingly unconnected to ours. Have them and you make a special point of targeting other female psychologists. By and by, your lifestyle will spread like wildfire!"

I said, "I completely agree. And target the rich and powerful, so eventually there will be a gradual easing of the incest laws."

As soon as those words left my mouth, Rebecca started going deeper and deeper down my shaft. Within seconds, she had taken every last inch! She was probably the "worst" at deep throating due to having the least time to practice, but that was a very relative thing. It was more accurate to say she was the "least best."

I couldn't see what was happening at my crotch, due to Mommy and her huge tits being in the way, but I most definitely could feel it. I shivered all over as a wave of lust temporarily overwhelmed me.

"I know, I know!" Eve huffed, apparently ignoring the deep throating action even though it was taking place inches from her face. "Believe me, I'm working on that already. But working with those three will take even more of my time, not less. I never get enough time with you, Master. There aren't enough hours in the day!"

Bethany asked, "So what should I tell them back in the waiting room?"

Eve sighed again, while licking my balls, since they were all there was left to lick. "Oh, I suppose tell them to go and we'll reschedule. Give them the usual excuse that I'm dealing with a particularly tricky case. They won't mind, since I'm sure they're having a hell of a fun time anyway."

"Well, that's true. You should see how uninhibited they are. If you were to stop the contest before their boys climax at least once, they'd be seriously chagrined and miffed. Aren't they about ready to graduate?"

"Not quite. I'm still working on getting serious girlfriends for Evan and Trevor." (It went without saying, but finding serious girlfriends was hard, because they had to be beautiful, busty, submissive sluts who ultimately could be trusted about the incest secret.) "But I get the feeling that Amber and Martha are just dragging their feet because they aren't keen on sharing, plus they want to stay my patients forever."

I wanted to say something, but Rebecca had my entire cock down her throat, and she was doing her best to imitate Eve's throat-milking technique. She still had much to learn, but she had me teetering on the brink just the same. I couldn't think or talk at all.

"That usually is the case for all your patients," Bethany pointed out. "Every time, it's the same damn thing. As soon as we find the right girlfriend, it's not long before they wonder how they ever managed solo. Two tongues on a cock are always better than one."

Mommy had been intermittently kissing me, but she'd been listening carefully too. She chimed in, "If I could make a suggestion, I think you need to have moms like Amber and Martha talk to more experienced moms who already share their sons with busty teenage sluts. I know you're limited in how much you can do that due to security reasons, but surely there are ways around that."

"Such as?" Eve asked.

"Such as... what about video testimonials? Have a son stand up in side profile, with his big cock sticking straight out. Then have his mom and girlfriend talk about the joy of sharing even as they lick and stroke his cock together. Have the whole thing in black silhouette mode so one can't tell who they are. You can use couples that graduated years ago, so there's no way of them knowing the people involved, at least until they're also graduated and meet at one of the parties, at which time it'll be a moot point. Have them watch literally dozens of such videos until they finally get it! And of course they can suck their son's cocks as they watch to help put them in a horny and receptive mood."

There was a long pause. Eve was so intrigued that she pulled away from lapping on my balls to fully concentrate on the suggestion. She finally said, "Mary... duh! That's brilliant! Why didn't I think of that? I'd been hung up on the security issue, but there are ways around that, as you point out."

Mommy was pleased as punch that her idea was going over well. "Yeah, but there are things you can do. For instance, not just the silhouette videos. You could also have them do conference calls with son, mom and girlfriend teams, to directly answer the concerns and questions they have. Maybe even set up a mentor type system, where each mom pairs up with a graduated mom to help show her the ropes."

Eve slapped her own forehead. "God DAMN! Ugh! Mary, you're a genius! How could I be so slow? For years, I did all the therapy on my own. But what you and others keep showing me is that there's a growing community that can take care of each other."

Suddenly, Rebecca had an idea she just had to share. She pulled off from deep throating me and said, "WAIT!"

The others waited a few long moments for her to recover from the deep throating ordeal. They figured it had to be something important.

As soon as Rebecca could talk, she said, "I agree all of this is brilliant, and a no-brainer. But Eve, think of the implications. The more you can get other people to essentially do your work, such as a mentoring program, the more free time you'll have! That means you'll either be able to spend more time serving your master, or take on more patients, or both."

Eve laughed. "God! I swear, I should just step aside and let all of you run things. I get so deep in my work that sometimes I can't see the forest for the trees. Of course you're completely right. Unfortunately, I wish I could just spend all day serving my master's cock..." - she got busy licking it, since Rebecca had just vacated it - "but unfortunately our new ways such as the group parties have led to an explosion of referrals on top of the mountain of applications for new patients we always get. There are just so many stunning and stacked sisters and mothers and more out there who don't even have a clue that they're naturally submissive sluts! I feel like I'm a failure if I have to turn down even one who otherwise passes all the prerequisites and tests."

Bethany chimed in, "Then you need to go back to my frequent suggestion, that you hire the three moms who are professional psychologists. Why not?"

Eve sheepishly admitted, "I guess I'm afraid of losing control. This has been my exclusive baby up until now. But it's getting to be more than I can handle alone."

"It is," Bethany said forcefully.

Mommy then said, "Can I offer another suggestion?"

"By all means!" Eve now was lapping around my cockhead more or less equally with Rebecca. That meant neither of them could suck on me without being greedy about it. But this was nice variety for me anyway.

Mommy said to Eve, "Getting back to Amber and Martha, there's also the problem of them not wanting to graduate from your care. You could do a lot more to make clear to them and other like them that graduating isn't the end, but more like the beginning. Yes, they'll have less time here with you, but more time with the wider community. I say being a graduate is even more fun, considering there are even more group events and parties that only graduates can attend."

"That's true," Eve agreed. "I need to think more outside the box, while still maintaining security. For instance, as they get closer to graduating, hint at the parties and events to come without mentioning any specifics."

While still just standing by, Bethany said, "Great idea, Mom. Everyone wants to join an elite club. That'll give 'em some big time motivation to wrap things up. The way it is now, virtually every patient pretty much leaves kicking and screaming, because they never want the program to end. Most don't even have a clue there are graduate activities at all."

"Well, there weren't until not that many months ago," Eve pointed out. "I guess I'm still getting used to that new world."

The others nodded at that.

Eve said, while still lapping on my balls, "Bethany, getting back to the immediate problem of the McCoys and Adamses being in the other room, why don't you hand that entire problem over to Chun?"

Bethany replied, "I would, except it's after five already and she wants to go home too."

Eve grumbled, "Damn. I've been in such a cock-pleasuring groove here that I've forgotten all about the time implications. But I have an idea: since she'd free to touch strange dicks, have her add equal help to both boys by licking their balls or something. Whatever it takes to get them to finally cum! Then, once they do, help her shoo them out, stat! We'll reschedule their appointments for some other day later."

Bethany rubbed her chin in contemplation. "Hmmm. That could work."

"Of course it'll work. It sounds like that contest has been going on a while already. They're probably already teetering on the edge of cumming as it is. Then please come back here immediately once you lock up."

"Why's that?"

Eve playfully suggested, "We've got a great big masterly cock to take care of, and we need your help!"

Bethany put a finger to her mouth, pretending to be clueless. "Oh my! Shouldn't three sexy mouths be enough?" That was a playful tease, because she knew another tongue was always welcome.

Eve snorted. "Not hardly! For your typical satyr cock, sure. But remember our master is hypersexual! I don't even know if four tongues is enough!" She laughed.

Bethany smiled from ear to ear. "Well then. I'll just have to try my best to help. I'll be back in a jiffy!"

Bethany left and quickly got the McCoys and Adamses to leave, thanks to Chun's key assistance. Chun actually played with the balls of both boys, exactly as the good doctor had suggested.

Not that it mattered, but Amber Adams and her son Evan beat Martha McCoy and her son Trevor in the cocksucking duel because it was an endurance contest and Evan climaxed about a minute after Trevor did. One might think the mothers could have thrown the contest by deliberately sucking badly, but that never happened because once they got started, their submissive need to give their sons maximal pleasure always kicked in. It was much more a competition between the sons to see who had the better stamina.

That said, there were no hard feelings, because all four of them knew they all were winners. In fact, they had such a great time that before they left the two mothers set up a "play date" for the weekend. As usual, swapping was completely out of the question, but both mothers enjoyed the extra humiliation and camaraderie of cocksucking and tiffucking and such with another mother-son couple in the room.

By the time Bethany came back about ten minutes later, I'd repositioned to another chair. It was a chair with no armrests specially chosen for multiple-women blowjobs. Mommy, Eve, and Rebecca were all on their knees and crowded in around my crotch, lapping on my shaft.

Bethany took in the whole scene, and then muttered, "Red, blue, and orange. And now, green."

"Huh?" I asked. Needless to say, I was highly distracted by the "tongue battle" going on at my cock.

Bethany explained, "Oh, I was just noting the colors of your sluts' high heels. I'm glad I'm wearing green, because together we kind of make up a rainbow." She giggled.

Without being prompted, my amazing girlfriend began performing a sexy striptease in front of me. It wasn't like I needed any more arousal, but she knew I'd enjoy it just the same.

Before she really got going, she glanced at the computer screen at the desk in front of me and saw that the photo on display was the same one that had been there when she'd left.

Seeing what she was looking at, I explained to her, "I decided to work on going through the photos later. There's no rush. And certain other things are distracting me."

Bethany snickered as her nurse's outfit came off, piece by piece. "I'll bet! I wonder what those 'things' are. I can't possibly imagine!" She giggled some more.

Before long, she was naked and kneeling too. The others had repositioned slightly to make room for her. She sighed blissfully. "Aaaah! Another fourjob. I love 'em so much!"

("Fourjob" was our nickname for a four woman blowjob. Those were common daily occurrences since I had four orally insatiable sexy ladies in my harem.)

A few minutes later, with all four of them happily lapping and stroking away, Rebecca thought to ask, "Master, what's the plan for tonight? I should probably call my cucky hubby at some point to tell him if I'll coming home tonight or if I'll be spending another night in your crowded bed. As usual, your desires come first. You know which option I'd prefer!"

(Rebecca typically called me "Master" the same as the others, even though one might argue that wasn't technically true. But she often told me that she felt I owned her heart as well as her body, and I would forever be her master in her mind.)

I replied, "Good idea. But I have bad news for you on that front. Tonight, I'd like to have another special night with just Mommy and me."

A collective disappointed "Awww!" rose from my crotch from everyone except Mommy.

Not surprisingly, my mother's attitude was the opposite. She sat up and punched a fist in the air. "YES!" She flashed me a loving smile, and silently mouthed the words "Thank you!" Then she lowered her head back down and resumed her role in the "fourjob."

The others were disappointed, but not very surprised.

Eve joked to Mommy, "I hope your jaw is ready for an epic oral marathon tight! And smoke will be rising from the ruins of your overworked pussy by tomorrow!" Then she laughed with the others and returned to her contented cock licking.

Mommy giggled with giddy excitement. "I know! And I can't wait! I love him so very much!"

In fact, Mommy was so very excited that she gently but firmly nudged the others aside and deep throated me all the way! Over the past six months, she'd trained herself to do that so well that she was nearly as good as Eve at it. But she was only going to take me deep for a minute or two, because she didn't want to be too greedy with the others waiting.

I loved having my own mini-harem, and I loved all of my sexy sluts. But I made no bones about the fact that Mommy was, and always would be, my number one sex slave. She would always have a special place in my heart... and the prime spot on her knees between my legs. The others understood this and never tried to contest it. After all, the biggest part of Eve's crusade was sexually connecting mothers and sons. There naturally had to be a special, powerful bond there.

I had the most frequent one-on-one time with Mommy, including giving entire evenings and nights to her at least once a week. But I made sure to have plenty of special private times with all my other sluts, including Rebecca. I wanted to make sure they were always well loved, in addition to being thoroughly sexually dominated. It's a formula that has worked out well for us.

I thought, Today's been an especially good day. Mommy's idea to speed up the graduation rate with a mentor program and such will free up more of Eve's time, or allow her to have more patients, or both. Probably both, 'cos she'll want to split the difference.

And lately, with this talk about "franchising" Dr. Morgan's clinic, who knows? Maybe that formula will secretly spread across the country and even across the world!

And then there's the issue of the next generation. Also, lately, all my sluts have been pestering me for permission to go off their birth control. Even Rebecca's cuckold husband has contacted me multiple times, all but begging that I "breed" his wife! (Again, so fucking weird!) I'm not ready to be a father yet, but someday... With so many collared women I'm in love with, it seems inevitable I will wind up with many children.

Our lifestyle definitely isn't for everyone. But for the select few with the right sex drives and so on, I tell you, it truly is heaven on earth!

THE END

Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Chapter 13](#)
[Chapter 14](#)
[Chapter 15](#)
[Chapter 16](#)
[Chapter 17](#)
[Chapter 18](#)
[Chapter 19](#)
[Chapter 20](#)
[Chapter 21](#)
[Chapter 22](#)
[Chapter 23](#)
[Chapter 24](#)
[Chapter 25](#)
[Chapter 26](#)
[Chapter 27](#)
[Chapter 28](#)
[Chapter 29](#)
[Chapter 30](#)
[Chapter 31](#)
[Chapter 32](#)
[Chapter 33](#)
[Epilogue](#)