

6 Times 1041

Chapter 1041 Suzanne And Glory Having A Moment! = Kiss

Suzanne drove to Glory's apartment complex and briskly walked to the apartment she'd been in once before. She was in a big hurry because she had a lot to accomplish in the next couple of hours. She rang the doorbell.

Glory answered. "Suzanne. Come in. What's this big emergency? Is Alan okay?"

Suzanne stepped inside and looked around. She knew that Glory was normally an extremely neat person, but her stylish apartment showed signs of having been hastily cleaned in just a few minutes. She looked at Glory and saw that she too wasn't in her best shape, even though she'd obviously spent the minutes since Suzanne called getting dressed and applying make up. She looked like she hadn't been sleeping much lately, which was true. Yet at the same time she was wearing a surprisingly formal and sexy black dress, as if she was going to a party and not just meeting someone for a brief chat.

Suzanne quickly took a seat on a couch in Glory's common room and focused on the problem at hand. "Alan is okay. There's no sudden crisis, to be honest, it's just that I wanted to tackle this issue while I was still all worked up. Susan and Amy got me very concerned that Alan is slowly falling into darkness. Now, mind you, it's nothing that he's said or done lately. In fact, none of us have even seen him since this morning. That's because he's been at a regular periodic orgy. The SA-Club orgy. If you don't know already, the SA stands for Service Alan."

That hit Glory like a punch to the gut. "What?! You're kidding me. Why haven't I heard of this? Just who is in this so-called club?"

"Sorry, I can't say. But this is the kind of world he's living in, day after day," Suzanne continued. "And frankly, the problem is much more with us than with him. He's been doing the best he can under the circumstances. He's trying not to go bad, but power corrupts. It's just a matter of time before he falls. Like I said, the main problem is with us. His family. Please put aside your problem with incest for a moment because this is serious. We all love him so much; with his incredible sexual prowess we just can't say no to anything! It's like a race to the bottom as we fall over each other in our submissiveness. More and more, the talk is of him being our master. Hell, even I call him that sometimes, and I never imagined I'd do that for any man, ever."

Glory gave her a disapproving look.

But Suzanne said, "Don't look at me like that. I know you've felt the exact same thing with him at times, so don't try to deny it. It would be okay if it was just for sexual matters, but it carries over into everything. I don't know the last time anyone has asked him about homework, for instance. Or doing the chores he used to do. It's bound to corrupt him, and I don't want to see such a good kid go bad! I need your help. I need your strength! We have to tackle this together!"

Glory looked at Suzanne with great concern. Then she spoke. "I see. In fact, I see very clearly. I know exactly what you mean because you're right: I've been noticing the same thing happening to me for some time now, and it frightens the hell out of me. That's one of the main reasons I've broken up with him. I can't say no to anything either when I'm around him. I feel like I'm going down with the sinking ship. I've been so torn apart, I don't know what to do! Look at me!"

Suzanne gave Glory a good look again, but didn't know what to say.

"You see?" Glory went on, increasingly agitated. "I'm like a junkie. I'm going through Alan withdrawal. But I can't do it! I don't have the willpower! You should have seen what happened at school today. I was so tempted. His big, fat, mouthwateringly juicy cock was sticking straight out, just inches from my face - don't even ask me how, it's a long story. You could have knocked me over with a feather. It's a near miracle I didn't fall on my knees and beg him to do me, then, there and forever! I'm still teetering right on the edge, even now. If he were to walk in right now and kiss me, I'd lose it completely! In fact, when you called I was moping around, drinking too much beer, and trying to decide if I should call in sick tomorrow because I just can't face him."

She continued, "He wouldn't even have to say or do anything. All he'd have to do is smile at me and I'd be down on my knees, fumbling with his zipper, stuffing every inch of his glorious thickness down my throat. God, I need it! I'm hoping that if I miss school tomorrow and then there's the four day Thanksgiving vacation after that, maybe I'll be able to deal with him on Monday. Maybe. I'm praying the worst of the cold turkey withdrawal will be over by then, but who knows. So don't talk to me about strength. If you want strength, you've come to the wrong place. I'm an Alan junkie. I'm hopeless!" Glory dropped her head into her hands and began crying.

"Now there," Suzanne said consolingly. She stood up and began pacing around. "Don't be so hard on yourself. We've all been there. Do you have any idea about how many weeks I've been grappling with the fact that a strong and dominant woman like me is helpless in the face of Alan's cock? It's been very humbling, not to mention frustrating as all get out. I've been there, been through what you're going through, and come out the other side. I've made peace with the fact that I'm one of his harem nymphos. I imagine you will too, in time."

"Wait a second, Suzanne! Don't call me a harem girl. I'm not even seeing him anymore!"

"Well, we'll see. But for my purposes, it doesn't matter if you're with him or not. In fact, it's better that you're not. I have to say that I'm truly impressed that you held out as long as you did. You may think yourself weak right now, but actually you're the strongest of us all! I'm so impressed with you. I really am."

"Really?" Glory stopped sobbing and looked up at Suzanne. In fact, she'd been very hesitant to allow Suzanne over to her apartment because she knew the red-headed Amazon held some kind of strange, spellbinding power over her, but she'd relented because of the emergency. One problem was, even though Suzanne had dressed as conservatively as she could just for this meeting, Suzanne simply didn't know how to turn her sexiness off.

Glory found herself staring at a thin slice of pale flesh on Suzanne's thigh that had been inadvertently revealed when Suzanne struck a curvy pose. She blushed and tried to look away.

"Of course, really! Glory, you and I are like some kind of sisters from a previous life or something. I feel such a strong affinity for you, such a natural bond. I would never lie to you. I couldn't lie to you. The fact is, you're a tough, little, sexy surfer chick. You can kick some serious ass. I need your strength. Alan needs your strength. You need to realize just how strong you really are and show him that you can be there for him when he needs you. He needs you now."

"He does?" She felt like a little girl being given a pep talk by her mother, but it was working.

Suzanne suddenly sat on the couch right next to Glory so she could give her a comforting hug. "He does! Don't miss school tomorrow. And don't worry if you give in to his charms or not. That's irrelevant. Suck on that big fat cock of his if it makes you feel better. The important thing, from my point of view, is that you don't give up on him emotionally, regardless of what you decide your relationship with him should be physically. He needs you, Glory. He needs you badly. He needs someone who can tell him no. The rest of us are out of control. Now, admittedly, you can't tell him no all the time... But then again, you really wouldn't want to now, would you? I know I wouldn't."

Suzanne's eyes grew distant and one of her hands dropped to her crotch as she imagined herself screaming "Yes! Yes! Yes!" while Alan lay on top her, plowing away.

However, Suzanne quickly refocused, pulling her hand away. "But you can tell him no some of the time! That's good! You and I are just about the only women close to him who can do that."

Glory didn't know what to say about that, so she stayed quiet.

Suzanne prodded, "Do you love him?" "I think you should take a look at

"Yes." Glory's body tingled in a strange and delightful way as Suzanne held her, but she tried to ignore the sensations.

"Do you want to see him go to a good college?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to see him drop out of school?"

"No."

"Do you want to see the bad Alan take over and destroy the very special young man we all love so much?"

Glory was being cradled like a little baby now. She felt extremely comforted in Suzanne's arms. "No! God, no!"

"Then please, don't walk out of his life! Don't go through Alan withdrawal and free yourself of him. I won't let you! You have a very special role in his life, a unique place in his heart. All the other women he loves have been there with him since before he could talk; you're the only one out of all the women he could choose that he's chosen to love. Think about that, and think about how much he respects your opinion on things. He'll listen to you. If you leave, he's going to drop out and go bad before long, I know it. I won't let that happen to my Sweetie! Please, I beg of you. Let's work together, you and I, to help each other give him the discipline he needs. Neither of us is strong enough to do it alone, but maybe we can do it if we join forces!"

"I don't know," Glory said hesitantly. "Alan's broken my heart and as long as I'm with him, it'll just keep breaking. This whole harem thing, the incest thing, him and Heather together... I don't know..."

Suzanne looked at Glory pleadingly from just inches away, and continued to squeeze her tightly in a loving hug.

Finally, Glory broke the stare and broke her resolve. "Oh, okay already! I'm neck deep in this Alan mess, and I guess I can't pull out now. I suppose I have to see this through, at least until he graduates. I was so despondent I saw no way out, but maybe with you, maybe there is a way out. Maybe we can do it. But! But, even though I'm willing to go to bat for him emotionally, I am NOT going to get involved again physically. No way! If I do, I'll never get out of this Alan mess, never!"bender

Partly, she gave in because she really did believe the words she was saying, but partly she did it simply because she couldn't bear to look into Suzanne's eyes anymore. She was frightened by the disturbingly intimate feelings she was having for the buxom and incredibly sultry mother.

Suzanne's eyes lit up. "Oh, thank you, Glory! Thank you! I knew you'd see the light!" She leaned in and kissed Glory square on the mouth.

Glory was so taken by surprise by the unexpected kiss that her mouth opened up as if to shout, allowing Suzanne to slip in her tongue and get hot and heavy with the kiss. Glory felt a fire of passion suddenly come alight all over her body. Within seconds, she was eagerly kissing back. She wanted more, more, more!

She wanted Suzanne and Suzanne's voluptuous body in every way. But at the same time, some part of her was horrified. This was her worst nightmare come true. This was why she knew she had to keep Suzanne at bay. Her eyes showed great shock and even terror.

Suzanne could see the look in Glory's eyes as she kissed, and finally pulled away to ask, "What? Is something wrong?"

"Something wrong?! Yes!" Glory leaned forward to kiss Suzanne again, even as she recalled all the horrible things her parents told her about the unnatural and forbidden love between women. She wanted to kiss and hold her new friend forever.

But now Suzanne was the one to pull away, as remembrances of past experiences with Glory slowly returned to her. "Oh, Glory! I'm so sorry! I completely forgot. You told me that you don't have a lesbian bone in your body. I'm SO sorry! I got carried away there. You see, at the Plummer house, everyone kisses everyone else on the lips about even the smallest thing. That's how we greet each other and say goodbye, and it's such a habit that I... Oh, Jesus! Please forgive me!" She felt truly awful.

But by now Glory was wishing Suzanne hadn't come to her senses. Yet, now that Suzanne had reminded her about her statements vigorously denying any lesbian desires whatsoever, she knew she'd look like a complete fool if she now pushed herself on this gorgeous redhead still holding her tightly. She felt so lonely. It had only been about twenty-four hours since she'd formally broken things off with Alan, but the break up had been a long time coming and she'd been on an emotional roller coaster for weeks. Ironically, she desperately needed Alan to help her get over the break up with Alan. If she couldn't have his touch, then she wanted Suzanne's. But she managed to control herself, barely.

Suzanne had great sympathy for the wavering and emotionally distraught teacher, and didn't want to take advantage of her in her current condition. She got up off of the couch and said, "Sorry again. Let's forget that ever happened. I'm going to go powder my nose, and then when I get back we can talk about how you and I can work as a team to put Alan back on the right track."

Glory nodded. She was afraid to talk, afraid to let out her true emotions.

Suzanne went on, "We're not alone, you know. For instance, just today my daughter Amy showed surprising insight in pointing out the need for action with Alan in the first place. She allowed me to clear my head a bit from the usual non-stop fuck lust invading my every thought, which is why I had to come here fast, while I was still in the mood she helped create. And there are others, too, who might be able to help some, if you and I lead the way. Who knows, maybe we can even tap into Heather's willpower somehow. The harem needs to find a balance, a stability, that'll allow all of our special relationships to endure. Let's talk, okay?"

"Okay."

Suzanne gave another encouraging smile, got up, and walked out of the room.

Glory was shaken up. She was extremely relieved that Suzanne had excused herself to the bathroom. She correctly surmised that Suzanne didn't have to use the bathroom at all, but just wanted to give

Glory some time to recover. She walked into the kitchen and fixed herself a cup of coffee. The one thing she didn't want to do was think about the kiss that had just happened. Luckily, Suzanne had mentioned Heather, and that allowed her to turn her mental energy to the girl who was rapidly becoming her arch-enemy, at least in her own mind. Heather? Ha! I'm glad about Amy and the rest of what Suzanne said, but the day I ever cooperate with Heather... Ha! Fat chance!

Her body still trembled from the emotionally intense kiss and finally her thoughts came around to the forbidden kiss. Suzanne is right. That kiss did NOT happen! It's bad enough that I'm so emotionally torn up about Alan. I simply have no room in my heart to think about Suzanne and lesbianism at the moment... She called me her "tough little sexy surfer chick!" Glory suddenly felt weak in the knees as she thought about that, and had to grab hold of the kitchen counter to remain standing.

But then a wave of resolve coursed through her. I am NOT a lesbian! Not in the slightest. When I see a good-looking woman walking down the street, it does absolutely nothing for me. It's just that one remarkable pale goddess does something strange to my insides. That look in her eyes - I can't avoid it. It's like she's looking straight into my soul! Maybe I'm a Suzanne-sbian.

She tried to laugh at her feeble joke, but failed. No, I'm not even that. I'm just emotionally worked up, vulnerable, and very confused. I'm going to forget it all completely. Suzanne is enough of a lady to see how that shook me up, and hopefully she'll know now to keep her physical distance. The two of us have to move forward in a professional manner and get Alan back on track!

Chapter 1042 You Don't Think I'm Attractive?

While a busy afternoon went by at the Plummer house, Alan was still at Kim's house, enjoying the S-Club (as he usually modestly called it) or the SA-Club (as almost everyone else involved called it). Janice had just talked him into joining the orgy with Sean, Kim, and Joy, which was already in progress.

Alan was very eager to do so and had completely forgotten that it was a Tuesday and that Susan was waiting even more eagerly back home to give him some special motherly loving. He looked at the three girls draped all over Sean and said, "Okay girls, I'll stay, but on one condition. Put your cheerleader uniforms on. I think Sean would appreciate some costume fun, and I know I would."

"But we don't have our uniforms here," Janice sensibly pointed out.

However, Kim said, "I've got mine, and a spare too. I think we can wear two uniforms between the three of us, don't you think, Alan?" She winked and added in pretend distress, "Some of us might have to go topless or bottomless, though."

Alan looked at Sean, "What do you think of that?"

"Fuckin' A, man! God DAMN! You are ... Wow! Does this kind of thing really happen to you a lot?"

"Actually, it does. But I still love it just as much as ever."

The girls were all up and about getting the cheerleader uniforms on while Alan still stood near the door. Janice quickly grabbed his arm and pulled him out into the hallway. She whispered to him as they wandered further from Kim's room, "You remember my problem with Joy?"

"Sure." It was easy to recall. Just last week, Janice had confessed that she had the hots for her best friend Joy in a very intense way. But Joy wasn't lesbian in the slightest. She'd even tried doing some physical things with Janice in an attempt to please her best friend, but nothing worked for Joy.

Janice continued to whisper, "Well, I was thinking about what you said, that I should just let go and enjoy her as a friend. A platonic friend. I know you're right, but I just can't let go! I dream of her every night. If she knew how into her I am, she'd totally freak. Can you do something to help? You know, like force us to be together or something? She'll do it if you order her to."

Alan whispered back, "Now Janice, that's not very nice. That's not how I work."

"Please?!" Janice pleaded. "I'll give you... fuck! What do you get for the guy who has everything?" She laughed. "It's not like promising you my body right now would do much good, since you're about to have me anyways."

Alan chuckled, then said seriously, "It doesn't matter what you would offer, I'd have to say no regardless. It just wouldn't be right."

Janice nodded with resignation, but as she continued to stand there, tears started to roll down her cheeks. She looked heartbroken and lost.

Alan had always had difficulty saying "no" to a crying woman, and this time was no exception. "Tell you what, since it means that much to you... wait a minute... No. I can't force Joy, that wouldn't be fair to her either. I like to think I'm only a bastard to people who deserve it, like Heather. Hmmm. This is a real dilemma."

The tears started to flow more heavily from Janice's face and she waited for his response.

Finally, he said, "Tell you what. I'll just kind of try to put you two into proximity with each other. That was going to happen a lot in any case, but I'll try to make it happen some more. Whatever you and Joy want to do from there is your own business."

Janice was ecstatic. "Good idea! All right! You just got yourself a very happy SA-Club member. I'll see you inside!"

They happened to be standing near the upstairs bathroom, so Alan flushed the toilet and then waited for Janice to finish using the mirror in the bathroom to pretty her face and try to hide the fact she'd been crying. They arrived together at Kim's bedroom door.

Kim and Joy were wearing parts of their cheerleader outfits. Joy asked, "Where have you two been, you're missing all the fun!" She nodded to Kim who had her face buried in Sean's crotch. Kim simply couldn't turn down a cocksucking opportunity.

Alan replied, "Can you believe it? I go to the bathroom and Janice insists on escorting me, jacking me off the whole way. She even tried to jack me off while I peed, but that didn't work."

Joy was wearing nothing but a cheerleader skirt and socks. She picked up two pom-poms and did a mock cheer: "Go Janice / And her hand / She wants to pee / Just like a man! Gooooooooo Janice!"

Everyone laughed, even Kim, who laughed so hard that she had to stop cocksucking Sean momentarily. Kim tossed Janice a cheerleading top, the last remaining item they had still unworn.

Joy tossed the pom-poms to Janice, who thought for a few seconds as she put on the top. Then she moved to the middle of the room and began waving the pom-poms around in a more serious cheerleading mode. "Go Alan / Strong and wise / He keeps me wet / Between my thighs! Gooooooooooooo Alan!" I think you should take a look at

She tossed the pom-poms to Kim.

Kim felt the pom-poms hit her back, so she reluctantly took Sean's erection out of her mouth and got down on the floor. She smiled naughtily, and said, "You think I'm going to cheer for one of you all, but no. This is a selfish cheer: Go stiffies / Go cocks / Find a home / In Kim's box! Gooooooooooooo Kim's hungry pussy!"

That got more laughs.

Sean looked hungrily at Kim, now lying on the floor with her legs spread as wide as usually only cheerleaders can spread them and her pussy on prominent display. He then looked to Alan and said, "Hey bro, can I have me some of that? You've put me into serious cheerleader stuffing mode."

"Knock yourself out," Alan replied with a casual air. "And good idea, too, because as much as I'd love to hear more clever cheers, I'd love some direct cheerleader action myself. Who isn't busy right now?"

Joy raised her hand. "Oooh! Me! The ass! One ass stuffing if you please, kind gentleman."

Alan looked to Joy, then Janice, then Kim. "You all into the anal sex idea, I imagine?"

Surprisingly, Kim said, "Nope. I've got all I want right here and I don't think that would be my thing. Look at Sean go!"

Rather than fucking Kim, Sean was eating her out. She still had her legs splayed wide, her feet up in the air while Sean ground his face deep into her crotch.

Alan was impressed that Sean didn't just stick his dick in and start pumping. He considered that perhaps Sean could end up a worthy apprentice after all.

Kim still had the pom-poms in her hand, so she ad-libbed, "More cunt / no ass / Sean's tongue / is top class! Goooooooo Sean's tongue!"

Alan smiled and looked back to Janice and Joy.

Janice said a bit bashfully, "Neither Joy nor I have done anything anal before, but after seeing what you did to Heather..."

But Alan replied, "Well, if you haven't done it, let's not try now. I think I'm pretty analed out for today, and I don't really want your first time to be a half-assed effort."

Janice imitated the drum sound that often followed a bad joke: "Ba-dump chhh..."

"Oops. Accidental pun. I should be careful shooting off half-cocked."

The others all said, "Boo!"

Alan grinned at his joke, which was intentional this time. "Anyhow, I found out recently that sometimes the first time can be a huge production if the hole is really tight." He reached out and pulled both girls into a hug, giving them each a kiss. "And somehow I suspect that the two of you might be pretty tight."

He winked and let his hands wander down to cup a bare butt cheek in each hand. "So I'm thinking we should save that for later, when I'm ready for you and can do you right. I'm feeling more like some double-ended action right now. I've never done that before. What if Sean was to take a mouth and I were to take a pussy? We could do something new for probably all of us. How'd you like that?"

Everyone liked it.

However, Janice playfully poked Alan in the chest and said, "Heartless demon, just remember: I'm keeping my ass a virgin until you stake your claim to it. Obviously you're the only guy in school with the backdoor touch."

"Me too," Joy nodded, leaning in closer to Alan with a longing sigh. "Sorry, Sean..."

Alan didn't want to try to put himself over Sean, so he quickly changed the subject. "Let's get started then. Sean, since you're already working on Kim's pussy so ably, just stick your thing in and start pumping. I'll attack her from the other side and then we'll switch by and by. Janice and Joy, ladies, I hate to see you two left out, so please keep yourselves occupied with each other in the meanwhile."

With that comment, he was trying his best to help Janice out in what he suspected was a pointless mission to get Joy to love her physically. In fact, he gave Janice a huge opening. As he walked over to Kim, squatted over her face, and shoved his cock straight down into her mouth, he made sure to keep a close eye on Janice and Joy to see what would transpire.

Unfortunately for Janice, not much happened with her friend. There was no doubt that everyone was as aroused as they could get. The sight of Alan and Sean now pounding away at Kim's mouth and pussy respectively helped ensure that. But all Joy wanted to do was watch what was happening to Kim, and she made only the most perfunctory moves to touch Janice here and there. Janice eagerly kissed Joy on the mouth, but again Joy looked past her in an attempt to keep watching the action around Kim's two holes.

Alan thought, Uh-oh, Janice is going to be seriously bummed. Why did I ever step into this mess between them? Joy is so obviously not a lesbian or even bisexual. Why can't Janice just accept that they've got a beautiful platonic friendship and leave it at that? It's not like Janice is a big lesbian herself; she's obviously way into guys. He watched while Janice tried to feed one of her breasts into Joy's mouth, but Joy almost rudely pushed her away. Man, I have a lot of talents, but matchmaker is not one of them.bender

Alan was so focused on the problems between Janice and Joy that he hardly even paid attention to Kim. She was just another mouth on his cock, and he didn't really mentally register that he and Sean were doing the same woman.

He heard Janice ask Joy, "You don't think I'm attractive?"

Janice mournfully held up her rejected breasts, and it looked like the waterworks were about to begin again.

Chapter 1043 Strategic Sex ? But Everyone Is Happy!

Alan could see problems afoot. The sex in the orgy hadn't been that good so far, and now a crisis was looming. It was time to do something drastic. All of a sudden, he yelled, "Switch! Janice, it's your turn!"

Janice had nearly forgotten the rest of the action in the room. "What? My turn?"

"Quick, Sean," Alan said, still trying to prevent any crying, "Don't ask questions, just tackle Janice! First one with his dick in her pussy wins the prize!"

Sean didn't ask questions, even though it seemed an oddly short amount of time they'd been doubling up on Kim. Within seconds, they had Janice on all fours. Alan put his cock in Janice's pussy while Sean took the mouth.

"Now that's what I'd call fast, Sean," Alan said flatteringly. "You've got the quick moves like Keanu Reeves in 'The Matrix.' Now let's see if we can get this puppy to cum!"

Sean looked a bit stunned, mostly as he thought how this was just the latest weirdness in a long, strange afternoon. "I definitely took the red pill today, that's for sure," he mumbled. "What now, Morpheus?"

"You're doing fine," Alan replied. "Just make sure that Janice proves her worth as cocksucker. Or we'll rotate again. Kim, sorry we were so quick with you, but we'll get back to you. You and Joy act as fluffers and make sure the three of us in the center of the action have fun."

Kim went behind Sean, reached through his legs, and began playing with his balls. Joy saw what she was doing and did the same to Alan.

Alan thought, Now things are starting to roll. Janice will forget about that little mishap with Joy in no time. I'm going to fuck her good to make sure of that. Let's see what this two guys on one girl thing is all about, anyways.

Up to this point, Alan hadn't really seen what the big deal was with two guys on one girl sex. In fact, he figured he was doing the girls a favor, because he certainly didn't like to see Sean naked, and he avoided looking in that direction as much as he could.

But then he heard Janice choking and looked to see her head buckle back as she momentarily rejected Sean's dick. "Sorry," she said, still gagging. "I lost concentration there and went too deep. Wow, I can't believe what a SLUT I am! I'm not performing my cocksucking duties properly because the big tree trunk in my pussy is driving me to distraction! And that's not even counting Kim and Joy joining in! Holy cow! I think I just crossed a line, from normal high school girl to bisexual fuck slut! Give me that cock, Sean! This cunt knows what to do with it! And you, Alan, fill me up with spunk! If I'm gonna go slut, I'm gonna go all the way!"

Alan had always liked Janice a lot, and now he knew why. She had a certain intense and wild look in her gaze, and now he realized that look showed what kind of wild person she really was inside. The difference from the relatively easy-going Kim was obvious. Also obvious was the fact that Janice's sorrow over Joy was completely gone from her mind. She started bobbing on Sean with abandon.

Alan saw that, and began plunging into her in time with her own forward thrusts over Sean's prick. It was then that he started to understand the pleasure of this kind of group sex. Soon, Sean and Alan had Janice caught in a relentless rhythm. Her whole body swayed back and forth, and the sight of her small but pale and firm breasts swinging underneath her was something to behold. Before long, Janice was no longer directing the action with Sean, but instead he was fucking her face mercilessly, thrusting his hips in and out in a perfect rhythm that kept her whole body swinging like a pendulum.

Janice began to cum. Naturally, she'd climaxed many times before during sex, but this was the first time she was unable to speak or shout about how great her vaginal penetration felt, because her mouth was stuffed full of cock. The realization of that fact hit her, and she came all the harder as a result.

But not long after, Sean started shouting to Alan, "Dude! Help! I'm about to cum, but I don't want to! How do you keep going so damn long?"

Alan shouted back, "Just stop! Stop! We'll stop and rest for a minute! Use those PC muscle techniques I was telling you about!" He could certainly see why Sean was having trouble holding out. Behind Alan, Joy now had her face buried in his ass crack and one of her hands still fondling his balls. She was part of the dance now, slowly swaying forwards and backwards as if she was on a heavily rocking ship. Alan

could see that Kim was behind Sean and doing much the same to Sean's ass that Joy was doing to his own. They were like five parts of the same organism, a creature slowly swaying back and forth.

But that soon came to an end, mostly with Alan's help.

Janice cried out, "Damn! Don't stop! That's excellent! Fuck! I feel like the slut of sluts, and I'm loving it! I'm on all fours rutting like an animal, and I'm loving that, too! I'm an animal! A beast! These cocks OWN me! More! Give me more cock!"

Alan had to practically tackle Janice to the ground because she wouldn't give Sean's cock a rest. After he'd pulled it from her mouth, she fought him for control of it so she could get both hands on it and shove it back in her mouth.

A couple of minutes of rest to allow Sean to recover helped cool things down a bit. But Janice was indignant when Alan announced that it would be Joy's turn next.

Kim was upset, too. "Hey! I got a bum deal! I got like the warm up job or something."

Alan said, "Don't worry, we'll get back to you, too. There's plenty of cock here for everyone." He looked Sean in the eye, making sure not to look anywhere lower than that. "Dude, make absolutely sure you warn me if you're getting close to cumming again. If you have patience and take these little rests, it's amazing how long a guy can last. It's just that few have the ability to stop once they get rolling. You've cum three times this afternoon and I doubt you'll last longer than a fourth."

"Dude, I came three times already? Shit! I did! And I'm still going! Man, this is so much better than masturbation!"

Everyone had a good laugh at that, but they laughed with him, not at him.

Joy soon got the same treatment as Janice, and she enjoyed the doubled-ended sway just as much, though unfortunately she wasn't as lewdly vocal as Janice was.

At first, Janice was content just to masturbate while watching Joy get plugged at both ends. The way she looked at Joy was almost frightening in its intensity.

But after a while, Janice was no longer content just to watch. She took advantage of Joy's relative helplessness to work on Joy's tits rather than one of the guys, and this time Joy didn't seem to mind at all. Before long she was cumming hard, and Janice's hands were part of the reason. When she was done, she admitted that she'd never felt so slutty before in her life, and it felt good. She also said she never climaxed so often in so few minutes. I think you should take a look at

Then the "fuck train" set its sight back on Kim. "Fuck train" was the name that spontaneously arose to describe the rocking three or more person chain. This time, it was great for her. Now Janice and Joy worked on Kim - and each other. As happened with Janice and Joy, Kim lost the central position when Sean got tired and had to rest.

Sean needed a more extended break this time, so Kim, Janice, AND Joy all got on their knees before Alan and shared cocksucking duties. There wasn't enough room for serious sucking, but they all were able to lick at the same time. After they got started, he realized this was the first time there had been three tongues on his cock at once. He kind of wished that this first had happened with some of his family four instead. bender

It was then that Sean seemed to seriously appreciate how impressive Alan's sexual talents truly were. He said, "Shit, dude, I can't believe it. Doesn't that thing of yours EVER get tired?"

"Yes, it does, Sean. It's taken me a couple of months of nearly non-stop fucking to get to this point. I've learned a lot of endurance tricks along the way. The main one is the PC muscle thing, and strategically timed pauses, so keep working at that. And you have no idea how often I've been forced to talk while being blown. It's getting to be second nature to me. But I'm just a little bit ahead of you in experience, and I reach my limits too. Right now, in fact. Girls, why don't you unleash your triple team attack on Sean for a while?"

"Nooooo!" Sean cried, knowing he couldn't hold out long against such a sexy attack.

But they went after him anyway. They walked towards him shoulder to shoulder to shoulder, like a three-headed hydra.

Sean nearly came just watching them come at him.

Alan noticed that Janice and Joy were getting very physically close now. Janice was always the initiator, and it was always in the context of being with a man, either Sean or Alan or both, but Joy no longer seemed to resist. Janice nearly always seemed to have a finger or two in Joy's pussy, which was surprising, but what was really surprising was that eventually Joy had a finger in Janice's pussy.

After the triple cocksucking, there was one more round of the "fuck train." The only problem was, it was so arousing for the girl in the middle that the "train ride" rarely lasted very long.

Again, Alan noticed that Janice and Joy always seemed to be touching in one way or another, Janice usually taking the lead.

Finally, as Janice's turn came to an end, Alan looked at Sean and realized his friend badly needed release. He shouted, "Okay, Sean, on three, let that PC muscle go!"

Sean did, and Alan did on his end, too (he was in Janice's pussy again, though this was just coincidence since Sean and Alan traded pussy and mouth positions more or less randomly). Janice had even bigger multiple orgasms than she did on her first "train ride," and the other girls soon frigated themselves to satisfaction as well.

For a while the five of them lay resting on the floor in a big tangle of bodies. There was a little bit of talking here and there. The girls all complimented Sean and Alan's teamwork and insisted that this first "fuck train" wouldn't be their last. They noted that Dean was also on the acceptable SA-Club fuck list, and Janice in particular talked about how great it could be to have all three holes filled at once.

But Janice made the most astute observation. She said to Alan, "I just realized something. That was a strategic fuck for you, wasn't it? I have a feeling this is all part of a strategy to get allies in your conflicts with the football team and Heather. You were saying earlier how you wanted to make sure we'd like being on your sex list so much that we'd never want to get off it. Well, you certainly succeeded in that!"

The other girls laughed and agreed.

Alan inwardly agreed that she was right about his motivations, though pure lust was an even bigger motivator. But he said diplomatically, "Can't I just want to have sex with three hotties without any ulterior motives?"

But Janice said, "Yeah, it's just I don't think that's the only thought in your head. Not only that, but you seem to have turned us all into raving sex maniacs, and I'm not really joking with that. I mean, that double-ended penetration was, like, life changing! I'm going to have to seriously think about what happened to me here today."

Joy said, "I know what you mean. However, Janice, I see one big flaw in his plan."

"What's that, girlfriend?"

"None of us are gonna go for that emeritus shit he was talking about earlier, that's for sure! Not after today. Dean has no idea how good his life is gonna be soon, and Sean is a very good lover, so those two guys could do it for us. But we want Alan on the fuck train!" She began singing Cat Stevens' song "Peace Train," but with changed lyrics:

"Fuck Train holy roller,

Alan get up on the Fuck Train

Oh ah ee ah ooh ah,

cum with the Fuck Train"

The group broke into very loud laughter at that, but it also seemed to signal an end to the orgy. Before long both of the showers in the house were in use as everyone got cleaned up, but all five were so wiped out that there was no shower hanky-panky.

As Alan said his goodbyes to the girls at the front door of Kim's house, he managed to take Janice aside and have a private word with her. "Well, I tried my best to help you out with Joy, but I'm not really good at that kind of thing."

She smiled. "That's all right. As you can see, it worked out. Not great, but okay."

"I noticed. It seems that when the two of you are with a guy, Joy is much freer with her affections and runs her hands all over you."

"Yeah." She tried to keep smiling, but she was fighting a frown.

"Janice, I know what you're thinking. You're gonna try to build on that to get her to love just you, but I don't think it's gonna work. In a sexual frenzy, people's hands kind of end up anywhere. I imagine that in theory I could get so worked up that I might do something with a man, which is why I'm never gonna put myself in a position near another guy. In theory only, mind you. I hope to God I'll never have to be tested. Sometimes lust takes over and you don't know if you're coming or going, you know what I mean? I mean, seriously, there have been times lately where I've gotten so aroused that I pretty much didn't even know what my name was. But if you get Joy aroused in a situation like that, that doesn't mean that Joy is really even slightly lesbian, and she probably never will be."

Janice looked like she was going to cry. "Well, I'll just have to take my pleasures where I can find them." It looked like she was going to say much more, but she merely added, "Thanks for all the help." She turned away and rushed back into the house to prevent him from seeing her upcoming tears.

Alan felt confused about Janice and Joy. Had he helped or had he just made things worse? He didn't know. But he resolved to talk about the situation, without mentioning names, to wiser people like Suzanne or Xania, and continue to do what he could to help.

Chapter 1044 Sean Being Shocked Thoroughly! 4K

Alan and Sean walked downstairs and out of Kim's house. They had their bicycles locked to poles and began to unlock them.

Sean was shaking his head in wonder the whole time. He got his bicycle ready to go, then swung a leg over it. But then he paused and said, "Alan, dude, one question before we go."

"What?" By that time Alan was also on his bicycle and ready to leave.

"How do you do it, man? ... I mean, all the sex. All the women. You were nearly as nerdy as I was a couple of months ago, and now look at you! You have your own fan club! The friggin' "Service Alan Club," no less. If I read something like that in some pornography story I would just laugh at it being too over-the-top. I mean, what the HELL?! I've seen it with my own eyes, and I still can't really believe it!"

Alan thought back to how things began: the wildly improbable medical verdict by Dr. Fredrickson, the unusually friendly nursing by Akami Fubuki, Suzanne's eagerness to help him reach his daily target, and so on. Step by step he had fallen into a life of sex, but the whole story was so bizarre that he knew recounting it would just freak Sean out even more. So he merely said, "It's like this. Some people are lucky. I've been wildly lucky. To win the lottery would be a come down from all the luck I've had lately. But it's also what you do with your opportunities that counts. I don't mean to brag, but I think I've handled my wild ride pretty well so far. That's what I'm trying to teach you: how to handle sex, love, and women."

He paused and put his feet back on the ground, as he realized they'd be there a while. "Here's the thing. It's occurred to me that most men are bad lovers. They're horrible at sex. Sure, they teach sex ed in school, but they don't actually teach you how to fuck well. I don't think it's so much that I'm really good, although I guess I'm lucky with some physical traits like stamina, it's that I seem great in comparison to all the other guys."

He went on, "The thing is, most guys are just looking out for their own pleasure and don't care how much their girl enjoys it. And the guys who ARE good in bed let that go to their head and are usually arrogant assholes. Love 'em and leave 'em. I don't do that. I almost always get emotionally involved with the girl I have sex with. For instance, Joy and Janice are the two girls I probably know the least and have been with the least, but I even feel emotionally for them."

He thought in particular about Janice's unrequited love for Joy. "And with an emotional attachment and true caring, the sex is soooo much better. Otherwise, you might as well be with a whore. Now I'm giving you the keys to the kingdom. You're a lot like me. You can benefit from all I've learned and have a harem of your own."

Sean's eyes went wide at that. "You may find this hard to believe, dude, but I don't WANT a harem! Yes, I'll admit, the orgy just now was fantastic. No matter what happens, that experience is going to be burned into my brain for the rest of my life. But I'm in LOVE! I know you'll think I'm crazy, maybe you tried to shock me with Heather today to shock me out of love, but it didn't work. I see that some of the things you've been saying about Heather are true, but I still love her anyways."

"Some?! Sean, ALL! From what you've seen today and what I've told you before, you still don't know the half of it. Would you like me to tell you some stories about what she's done?"

"NO! Sorry, uh, I mean, no. Really, I can only take so much today and my brain is about to burst. I mean it's literally gonna explode like what happened to that guy's stomach in 'Alien'. There's too much to take! I'll concede that everything you say has been true so far and you're probably completely right about Heather, but give me time to adjust, for fuck's sake! Not only that, but why are you so keen on turning me off to her? Is it because you want her to yourself?"

Suddenly Sean began to get angry, as he thought about his last statement. "Is this what this is all about, you're trying to remove me as competition, so you confuse me with orgies and say all these bad things about Heather? Well, it isn't going to work!"

"Hold on! Dude! First off, I'm not going to sugar-coat this: you're no competitive threat when it comes to Heather. Until I started teaching you the ways of sex, you were just one more guy with a serious crush on her, one more guy looking all dreamy-eyed at her when she was walking down the halls. She didn't even know or care that you existed, and she still doesn't. You would never have had a snowball's chance in hell with her, and you know it. Only since I've started training you do you begin to have a ghost of a chance. I'm not trying to steal Heather from you, in fact, it's the complete opposite! I'm trying to throw her into your arms and get you up to snuff so you can have something lasting with her. But this is the kind of thanks I get?"

Sean was feeling a little bit abashed, but not fully so. "But the orgy... You let me get carried away with lust. I cheated on her."

"Listen, Sean. I'm not mad at you for doubting me, because the truth I'm trying to tell you is so wildly improbable. The fact is, I have half a dozen women right now whom I'm sleeping with regularly, whom I love deeply, and who are more attractive than Heather and a million times easier to be with than Heather. Why the hell do I need Heather?"

Sean folded his arms and looked very skeptical. He didn't actually say "Who could be more attractive than Heather?" but it was obvious he was thinking it.

Alan said, "I can see you're still doubting, so I'll tell you who one of them is. You know Amy's my official girlfriend. You might consider Heather better looking than Amy, but I don't. I'm also very intimate with Amy's mother Suzanne."

"You're with Amy's mother?! HOLY fucking... Jesus H. fucking Christ! Mrs. Pestridge?! I'll concede that if there's a woman in this world technically sexier than Heather, it would have to be her. When she comes to any school event, it's like an awed hush falls over the whole place. But she's Amy's mother! You're doing both mother and daughter at the same time?"

Alan smiled. "Not often enough."

"What?! You mean you have them in bed at the same time even? My God! If my dick wasn't totally destroyed at the moment, I would be knocking this bike over with my hard-on. Christ!" Sean paused, then tentatively brought up a fond memory, uncertain how Alan would react. "Hey man, do you remember last year, how Mrs. Pestridge dressed at one of those parent-teacher conferences?"

Alan grinned as images of that night came back to him. "Do I remember? How could I forget? I assume you're talking about that business suit that showed off all her cleavage."

"That's the one. Damn! You'd have to have gotten a yardstick to measure all the ivory skin in sight that night, 'cos a ruler just wouldn't have cut it. And those dark ruby-red lips and green eyes! And the way she walked, showing off so much leg! It's almost like she fucks, rather than walks, her way across a room."

Alan laughed at that very apt description. "Pretty close!" He thought, Now that I know Mother better, I'll bet she must have had someone she was trying to seduce that evening because she rarely goes out in public quite that scandalously dressed. No doubt the lucky schmuck succumbed to her charms, whether he was married or not. I'm gonna make a mental note to get her to wear that suit again sometime.

Smiling as he reveled in the fact that this incredible woman was all his now, he commented, "Every guy who saw her had to immediately sit down and cover their laps, if you know what I mean."

"I do." Sean grinned and laughed like a naughty schoolboy, which wasn't very far off the truth. "The drag is, now I can't fantasize about her anymore... Hey, don't you call her Aunt Suzy sometimes? She's practically your second mother."

Suddenly Alan doubted the wisdom of telling Sean about Suzanne, but it was too late to back out now. "Yeah, we've been really close. I shouldn't be telling you about her and me, but I'm putting my trust in you. Not only because you're my best friend these days, but also because you're vital to my plan."

"I am? Plan? What plan?"

Alan was relieved that Sean was going along with the change of topic. "My plan to get Heather out of my life. Turn her over to you. You saw the sex she and I had today, and it was great, but I have even better sex with the likes of Amy, Amy's mom, and others that I unfortunately can't mention by name since I want to respect their privacy. Incredible sex. Sex where you see stars, and that's not just a saying - it really happens. Sex where you're literally one with the universe. I tell you, the more I learn, the more I begin to think there's just no end to the amount of pleasure people can have having sex. I can't even begin to explain. Have you ever heard of a whole-body orgasm, for instance?"

"A what?"

"Remember that phrase and look it up on the Internet tonight. That'll give you a sense of what I'm talking about. I have a whole bevy of women whom I love deeply and I can't spend enough time with. If I never saw Heather again, I'd be a happy guy, because it would mean I could spend more time with the likes of Amy and her mother. Well, that's not entirely true - I do have a certain fondness for the blonde bitch, if only because she's such a character - but on balance my life would be a lot easier without her. But Heather's got her claws in me and I can't just walk away or all hell will break loose. You have no idea how powerful she is at school or how vengeful she can be. I just want peace and happiness; I don't want to deal with her endless psycho-dramas."

Sean said, "I don't know about all that, but DAMN! I think she's just about the hottest girl on the entire planet! I could put up with some drama if I could grope her, her... well, you get the idea." He turned bashful, as he wasn't used to talking frankly about sex with Alan or anyone else for that matter.

"Good," Alan replied. "You need to step in, if you think you can handle it. It's like that scene in 'Raiders of the Lost Ark' where Harrison Ford is in that jungle cave where the big boulder rolls behind him. Remember just before that, when he steals that golden idol statue and he replaces it with another object of the same size and weight to prevent all hell from breaking loose? That's exactly what I'm trying to do here. You'll take my place in Heather's life."

"But all hell DID break loose," Sean pointed out. "The replacement wasn't exactly the same, so all the traps were sprung, like that big boulder getting released. Hell DID break loose! He nearly got flattened!"

"Hmmm. Good point. This is going to be a risky operation, true. That's why you have to be trained and ready. You're not ready for Heather yet. I've put you on the fast track because each day I seem to get deeper into Heather's grasp. You should have seen what happened before school this morning for instance, but that's a story for another time. But that's why I'm pretty much trying to turn the S-Club over to you."

"What? That does not compute. Putting me with other women will just draw my affections and energy away from Heather, won't it? I mean, I'm not in love with them, but I have to admit Kim, Janice and Joy are pretty cool. Still, what happened today has to be the last time for me with any of those three. I don't care how big a slut Heather is; I have to be true to her in order to respect myself." He seemed pained to admit Heather was a slut.

"Sean, Sean, Sean. You have so much to learn about the girl you say you love. Not only do you still need more sexual practice with the likes of those three before you can have any hopes with Heather, but you NEED a harem of your own. Heather isn't going to respect anyone without at least, say, six sex slaves." bender

Sean's heart skipped a beat and he stood slack-jawed. "Did you just say 'sex slaves'?"

"I did. Perhaps I got carried away there. Let's say fuck partners. You see, Heather's not into loyalty or monogamy. She might say otherwise, but I know what she really wants. She'll fuck anyone she wants to fuck, male or female. She won't respect anyone who pledges undying loyalty and devotion to her."

"Huh? Why not?"

"Well, she thinks loyal is boring. Complete devotion is for suckers. Anyone loyal can be taken for granted and basically tossed aside. She wants challenge and competition. She wants a sexual superstar who's fucking as many, or better yet, more people than she is. That's like a calling card that shows the person is worthy of her attention. The more she has to fight her way to the top of the heap, the more she loves it. Plus, she's got me as her standard now, and she knows roughly how many women I'm with. My replacement has got to be similarly impressive. Of course, I'm talking about the Heather of today. We're going to try to change that. Remember, first you have to be attractive to the bitchy Heather, and only then can you start to change her and bring out the angel hidden inside that we both briefly glimpsed today."

"But Alan! Dude! What you're suggesting here is soooo not going to happen. For one thing, I know I'm looking a gift horse in the mouth, but maybe I don't want a harem. Call me weird. Sure, I'd love the sex, but at what price? I have to admit, I have kind of a dark side. When I was fucking three girls at once just now, I felt like a big shot. I loved it, living like a lord. When you tell me you're fucking a mother and daughter at the same time, I'm like, 'Yeah! Do them both!' I get off on the sinfulness of it all. I'm so twisted that I even get thoughts of ordering them to kiss each other. I'm sorry. I'm not thinking about those two in general; I don't even let myself think about Amy in any sexual way since she's your girlfriend. I'm just talking about the 'mother and daughter together in bed' kind of thing."

Alan thought, Hmmm. Maybe I might be able to tell him about all the incest stuff some day, if he has that kind of attitude. Maybe he's even more twisted than I am. But he's certainly got to pass a lot more loyalty and trustworthiness tests before I'd entrust him with that deep secret, even if he's totally okay with the general idea.

Sean was continuing, "Then, when you said 'sex slaves' just now, well, you don't want to know what that does to me. You seem to have not let it all go to your head, but I'd probably go power mad at the first opportunity. That's why I need to be a one girl kind of guy. When I think of what I might be capable of with all kinds of women at my beck and call, well, I don't want to open that Pandora's Box."

"Sean, I appreciate your honesty, and believe me, I'm grappling with the power issue every day. Sometimes I feel like I'm on the verge of losing it completely. That's one reason why I like talking to you, because finally there's another guy starting to understand what I'm going through. I'm hoping that we can help each other, keep an eye on each other to fight the whole power-mad thing. But in your case, having a harem is the only way to make headway with Heather."

He went on, "I'll be completely and brutally frank. You don't stand a chance of having her take you seriously as a long-term prospect unless you show her you're an amazing sex stud keeping many other girls well fucked. Competition is such a big motivator for her; you HAVE to use that as a lever or she'll ride all over you. Either go all out, or give up on her right now. There's no point in doing something in between because that's guaranteed to fail. I understand her mindset some. If you follow the path I've set for you, I think you really can win her heart in the long run, at least as much as anyone can."

"But dude! I'm no sex stud. I'm a nerd who happens to have muscles from playing sports. I was a complete virgin until this last week! There is no fucking way I will come CLOSE to your sexual skill. Ever. No way!"

"Don't be so sure," Alan said. "Ask Janice, or Joy, or Kim. I'm sure they weren't caring who was attached to whose dick when things were hot and heavy on the 'fuck train' up there." He nodded upward towards Kim's bedroom. "It was all equally good. True, I didn't really give that session my all, but you're just as handsome as me, just as athletic as me, and just as smart as me. Smarter, in fact. If I can learn things like how to give a whole-body orgasm, you can too."

"That's not true," Sean complained. "I saw your very special way with Heather. Maybe some of that can be taught, but not all of it. What you did was natural talent, plain and simple. You knew just where to touch her and when, just what to say, everything! I'd have to have sex a thousand times before I could even begin to hope to do what seems to come naturally to you."

"You've got a point there. I do seem to have a special affinity for this. In fact, I love fucking so much that I'm beginning to wonder if sex is pretty much going to be my main occupation from now on. I'm happily addicted. But don't count yourself out. You're way ahead of where I was at this point in my sexual development. You may discover talents you didn't even know you had. I did, and completely surprised myself. Maybe instead of having to compare yourself to me you'll end up doing something with Heather that's different but just as good. Who knows. You won't know until you try. If you're really serious about your love for her, you have to take risks. You have to risk the power-mad thing, the rejection, the not measuring up, and much more. But here's the thing. No matter what the final outcome is, I know you're going to live life to the fullest and have a hell of a time on the journey there. So what's it going to be?"

Sean stared off into space for some time, and then looked intently into Alan's eyes. "Okay. I'm in."

"Good. I thought as much. I didn't just pick you at random. I think you have what it takes, and in fact your hesitancy and moral qualms help convince me I picked the right guy. Now, let's get moving. My ass is starting to hurt standing halfway on my bike like this, and I'm already way late getting home."

Sean pushed off and began to bicycle down the street. He still seemed confused and conflicted, and the hurt about what he'd seen and learned about Heather was still visible on his face. "So. You're really gonna set me up with a harem so I can train for Heather, huh?"

Alan bicycled alongside his friend. He grinned. "It's a tough assignment for ya, but someone's got to do it. You should see the surprise I have planned for you tomorrow."

"Unreal. Unreal. Just insanely unreal!" Sean reluctantly grinned too. "But please, no more surprises! That whole closet thing - I'm STILL recovering from the shock!"

Chapter 1045 Susan Begging Alan To Fuck!

Alan felt bad. Horrible, actually. Physically, he was a wreck. First, he'd pretty much fucked the afternoon away, and that was only the culmination of a very busy sex-filled day. His body was exhausted. His penis was lifeless and sore. Not only that, but now he had to bicycle back home from Kim's house, and it was a long and hilly ride.

But worse than all that, he felt bad mentally and emotionally. He knew that he'd screwed up. The plan for the SA-Club had been to surprise Sean with the display of anal sex with Heather, and then leave not long after that, leaving Sean and the remaining girls to have fun with each other. But he'd gotten sucked in and completely forgotten that it was a Tuesday.

Now that he was bicycling home alone (Sean having soon split off to go to his own neighborhood), all he could think about was the fact that Susan was undoubtedly waiting for him, waiting to play. But he was sure there was simply no way he could get sexually aroused. He'd come to know just what his penis could and couldn't do, and there was no doubt that it would need a few hours of rest at least before it could show any signs of life again. He needed a couple hours of rest generally speaking, thanks to his body's continuing energy problems. He prayed that Susan would be understanding and allow him a nap. Then he'd do his best to sexually pleasure her in the time remaining before his planned "non-romantic" dinner date with Christine.

He cycled home as fast as he could to have more nap time, but ironically that only left him more in need of a nap.

Alan parked his bicycle in the garage and dragged himself into the house. He was sweaty from the ride and so tired that he could hardly put one foot in front of the other. He heard clanging sounds in the kitchen and knew that had to be Susan.

He considered going straight up to his bedroom and avoiding the kitchen altogether, hoping not to see his mother until after he woke from his nap. But he knew that would be cowardly and unfair. He needed to apologize for his current state and promise her better things for the evening and the night. After all, tonight would be the first time he was officially scheduled to sleep in the same bed as his mother the whole night long. He knew he was going to need a lot of energy for that big event.

He shuffled into the kitchen and looked around.

Susan was over by the dishwasher, standing with her back to him, putting clean glasses away in the cupboard. She was wearing her French maid uniform for a change, the skirt of which barely concealed her behind, and her high heels. She was standing almost ramrod straight with her feet together, presenting him with a perfect view of her long shapely legs from behind, as she transferred the last few clean glasses from the upper rack of the dishwasher to the cupboard. She was even whistling a happy little tune that he had heard before somewhere, but in his current state of exhaustion he was too tired to try and place it.

Ordinarily, the sight of his mother in her French maid outfit would have gotten a quick rise out of his penis, but he was in no shape for that. He coughed to clear his throat and said, "Hi Mommy. I've got some bad news. I'm soooo tired. So very tired. Some things kind of came up that I couldn't get out of. I know it's a Tuesday and everything, but would you mind if I take a nap first? I promise I'll make it up to you tonight. Everything has just hit me all at once and I literally can barely even stand on my own two feet."

To his surprise, Susan didn't turn around, say anything, or even give the slightest sign she'd heard him. In fact, the only thing she did was to close the cupboard and dishwasher, and then continue standing there silent and erect, with her back to him.

He felt horrible. This morning before he'd left for school, he'd promised Susan that there would be some motherfucking when he got home, and instead he'd gone and exhausted himself in an orgy with a bunch of cheerleaders. If there was one overarching guide for his behavior his entire life, it was to always do his best so he'd never disappoint his loving mother. But he tried to justify himself by the fact that sometimes his penis had its limits.

He knew he could walk over and fondle her ass cheeks with his weary hands, and maybe even rub his completely flaccid penis up and down her labia and butt crack. He might even somehow rouse up enough energy to eat her out. But he knew that would be disappointing for both of them. She wanted a deep and profound filling of hard throbbing cock, and anything less wouldn't do.

He turned and began to walk back out of the kitchen to his room, but he kept his head turned back, looking at the hinted curves of her ass so temptingly peeking out from under her skirt, and looking to see if she'd turn and react. She didn't.

He'd almost left the room when Susan said in a very disapproving and disparaging tone, without turning to face him, "So. Very. IM-proper."

Alan instantly halted in his tracks. On one hand, he almost felt like laughing at Susan's reference to her notorious tag-line, "so very improper," which evoked the seemingly ancient days when she'd actually resisted his advances. But more seriously, her words hit him like a slap in the face. It was no laughing matter at all. This was no mild or half-hearted protest; this was an angry, scathing rebuke. He almost felt like bursting into tears. On one hand, he would rather chew off his own leg than disappoint her in any way. But on the other hand, he'd been fucking for over two hours, nearly non-stop, and his penis was sore and lifeless. He was so sleepy he was nearly swooning. He didn't know what to do.

He turned back and tentatively asked, "Um, Mommy?" But there was no answer forthcoming.

He'd been about to walk out of the kitchen through the living room rather than through the hallway he'd come in from. That happened to put him near the counter that separated the kitchen from the dining room but on the other side of the kitchen from where Susan was still standing, perched tall and stiffly straight on her high heels with her back to him. He thought that she'd say something to him now for sure. She seemed to be seething with a barely controlled anger from the little he could glimpse of her face. But still, she didn't say a word.

She had been standing at the counter with her feet together, but now she took a step back without turning. In complete silence she slowly spread her ankles apart until they were about two feet from each other. Then, ever so slowly, she bent over, keeping her legs perfectly straight and her upper body completely stiff as she rotated at the hips. She came down until her body was bent at a perfect ninety degree angle and her bountiful breasts were pressed hard against the cold counter top, the pillowy soft flesh spilling out on either side of her torso for lack of anywhere else to go. bender

Her French maid uniform was cut so that half of her ass cheeks were exposed if she was standing up perfectly still. But as she bent over, all of her firm round globes came into view. As she slowly leaned over onto the countertop, her skirt rode up over her backside and her pussy rotated into view. This revealed that she wasn't wearing any underwear.

When her breasts were finally supporting her upper body, her hands slid around, behind, and then up the backs of her thighs until they reached her buttocks, moving any traces of her skirt aside in the process. Her fingers took a firm hold of the inviting flesh there, and she pulled her ass cheeks apart as wide as they could go, all without uttering a single sound.

Alan felt his mother's silent anger; clearly, she was still seething. But even more than that, she was aroused. He looked at her pussy beneath her spread open ass cheeks: it was soaked and leaking. Furthermore, even from across the room he could see her asshole was glistening with lube, and silently clenching and relaxing before his very eyes. In fact, both of her holes were shaking. Actually, now that he was paying attention, her whole body seemed to be shaking.

In a flash, he realized that despite everything he'd said and his obvious exhaustion, she wasn't deterred in the least. She had full confidence that he was about to give her the fucking of a lifetime, so much so that her whole body was trembling in anticipation and in mute invitation.

He practically staggered at her confidence in his sexual abilities. He felt a stirring in his loins and looked down. To his great surprise, he saw that his penis had gone from a flaccid little thing to fully erect and throbbing for action in a matter of seconds. There was a huge tent in his shorts threatening to tear them right off. In a daze, he silently pulled his shorts down and stepped out of them.

His brain was still trying to play catch up when he found himself moving silently forward, as if sleepwalking on autopilot, towards her. It was almost as if her exposed ass was reeling his penis in like a fish on a hook, pulling the rest of him along behind.

He was still completely baffled by what seemed to be happening to him, until a memory of Susan talking to him the week before floated to the surface of his tired mind: "I want you to violate my boundaries more often! From now on, whenever you want to or need to really 'get my attention,' there's one way that's the best way to do it. Push your penis all the way into my ass and flex it around! Don't tell me you're going to do it or ask for my permission, just bend me over and stretch my asshole around your big, fat, hard, manly cock-meat any time you feel like it. You know my ass is always ready for you now, so there's no need for words whenever you stuff my butt with your humongous prick. This will henceforth be the proper way to 'get my attention' in the future and I will expect you to do it properly at each and every opportunity that presents itself, from now on. Do I make myself clear?"

As he came out of his trip down memory lane, his hazy fog of exhaustion seemed to disperse slightly, to be replaced by a rising tide of lust. He thought, Dang! This just shows that I'll never get tired of fucking my mom, never! She has such a power over me. She's the most sexual creature on the face of the Earth, more than Suzanne, more than anybody! To get tired of her bombshell body would be like getting tired of eating or breathing. My God, am I going to FUCK her! And she clearly wants me in her ass and not her cunt; otherwise she wouldn't be holding her ass cheeks open like that, silently begging me to take that hole.

He looked down and saw his throbbing, rock hard erection hovering just a few inches away from her mouthwateringly luscious backside, aching to penetrate the hole being so selflessly offered. He realized he too was trembling with excitement as he stepped forward towards her hungrily clenching anus.

Chapter 1046 Ass Fucking For Susan 4K

Alan wanted to surprise his mother, so rather than grab her ass cheeks to steady himself and help make sure his erection hit the target, he held his stiffness with one hand and guided it right to her well-lubed asshole. She was bent over so obscenely right in front of him that he hardly had to step forward to make contact.

He hit the bull's eye right away. As the bulbous cockhead tried to fit through, he suddenly grabbed both ass cheeks and held on for dear life, squeezing and pushing and clenching as he drove his stiff throbbing pole all the way home into her lusty asshole.

He thought back to his experience with Amy the night before, and how it took so long to get his penis into her, but this was completely different. He went all the way into his mother's ass in a single, long, deeply sensual stroke. That's not to say it was an easy or loose fit; far from it. In fact, she was excruciatingly tight the whole way in. He felt like he was creating a new hole in his mother's soft flesh rather than merely filling one, and he put so much pressure on her as he went in that he worried he would injure her.

She still didn't say a word, but she couldn't help but exhale deeply. Her big breath said more than words could convey. The whoosh of air carried a tremendous sense of relief and satisfaction. Her hands had let go of her splayed out ass around the time he had grabbed hold of her with both of his hands, and now she grabbed the counter edge for dear life instead.

Then she breathed in deeply, which also said much. She was steeling herself for an upcoming battle with orgasmic ecstasy, the battle to endure her son's merciless, seemingly endless pounding, to get through all the upcoming orgasms and multiple orgasms without passing out. She knew that no matter how tired he had just been (and she certainly knew he was very tired indeed), he was going to ride her like a cowboy racing a horse across the countryside. There was nothing she loved better than to be used by him in this manner.

She was still angry as hell that he had even thought for a minute that he could NOT properly greet her upon arriving home, because she knew he didn't absolutely have to go to the SA-Club orgy or stay so long. But that anger was fuel for her lust, and at the same time she felt a great deal of contentment, knowing that with her son's thick erection now fully filling one of her holes, all was well in the world.

He needed to take some time to recover from that deep push all the way into his mother's ass. He felt his penis inside her ass throb and bounce a couple of times as his pulse raced and his heart pounded in his chest. He began to pant in short breaths, but otherwise he kept his penis where it was. The fit was so tight, and her rectal walls all around his shaft grasped him with such an insistently snug pressure, that it seemed to him his penis would never move again.

But as he rested, he could feel the adrenaline begin to flow. His energy level surged, making him feel like The Incredible Hulk. One minute earlier, he'd been wondering if he could remain standing until he reached his bed, but now he felt he could lift an automobile with his bare hands.

Suddenly, he pulled his hard-on back until it nearly escaped her tight hole, but then he rammed it forward again with all his might.

She let out an extremely loud and satisfied gasp of contentment. Her gasp was so loud it was nearly a scream. She couldn't keep silent any longer, and in a voice still angry and mocking and yet somehow also loving and surprisingly calm, she said, "Oh. Hi Tiger. Mommy didn't hear you come in."

He smiled, knowing that she'd heard him perfectly well. He flexed his penis inside her for extra effect, and then ground his hips against hers. He grimaced with exertion as he pushed in still deeper and said, "Oh, I'm in all right. In deep!" He pulled nearly all the way out, and then slammed forward so hard that her body shook all over.

She groaned with longing and satisfaction as her asshole was emptied and then refilled so forcefully by her son. As he rested briefly from that tremendous body slam, she arched her back up and shamelessly gasped a pure orgasmic sound that couldn't be described, but which expressed utter joy. An anal orgasm ripped through her, to the very core of her being. But she was just getting warmed up, and she knew he was just getting warmed up too.

He rode out her deliciously clenching muscle spasms, then pulled his penis back and drove it home for a third time. He was a little slower and a little less brutal now, because he wanted to get into more of a regular rhythm instead of one violent full penetration after another.

But before he could do that, she looked back over her shoulder with eyes both simultaneously angry and shining with love, and said, "So, how was your day, dear?" She flexed her rectal muscles around his fullness, squeezing him so hard that it felt like his brain was melting.

It was so indescribably pleasurable being there, deep inside her, getting his penis milked from top to bottom, that he found he couldn't move for another thrust just yet. He was captive to the incredibly talented things she was doing with her muscles.

She thought, Good God, he loves me! I just want to shout to the whole world how much he loves me, and how good he makes me feel! I especially love that I could make him hard even when he's completely dead to the world. I wonder who he fucked at his SA-Club meeting. I hope he nailed Heather. She needs to be tamed by a fat cock. And Janice. She's a hot little redhead. Hell, I'll bet he did 'em all! That gets me SO HOT! Has any mommy ever been so blessed with such a studly son?! Thank you, Lord!

She began rocking her hips back and forth ever so slightly, pushing back into his groin, wetting his balls with her leaking pussy juice. Her anal channel felt hot and buttery - there was so much heat churning up from her insides, surrounding his buried erection, that he was absolutely stunned. He realized that Amy's ass might be tighter, and Heather's might be stronger, but Susan's ass was just as incredible as either of those in its own way. Her asshole felt safe, welcoming, and somehow comforting. Putting his erection snugly into his mother felt like coming home after a long journey. He realized just how right it was to greet her like this, with a thorough butt fucking, after coming home from a long day at school.

"I'm sorry I didn't 'get your attention' properly when I came in, Mommy."

Her asshole flexed and fluttered in warm acceptance and forgiveness. "That's all right, Tiger. At least you came to your senses and remembered how to do it properly. You'll remember better next time, won't you?" she said wistfully, as she clamped down on him with her internal strength until he couldn't move again.

Alan felt his eyes rolling back and his brain start liquefying again from the pleasure he was feeling. "Yes, Mommy, I'll remember next time." He thought, There's absolutely no way I'm going to be forgetting this!

After feeling all that pleasure, he decided it was time to give back and then some. The energy and adrenaline were still coursing through his veins, so he finally began to get into a groove. He resumed

thrusting with long and deep strokes, but he was very regular now, very rhythmic. In and out he plowed, marveling at how easily his penis could slide through her hot and buttery channel, and yet at the same time he felt so very tightly squeezed. It was like every last little bit of his penis was being fellated, a thousand tongues on him all at once.

He chugged along for some time, moving with a steady metronomic pace like a train riding down a train track. He noticed that she was humming again. It was the same catchy tune that she'd been humming when he first came into the kitchen. He was puzzled because he was certain he'd heard the song around the house a good deal lately, but he couldn't place where it came from.

Little did he know, but the song was her own creation, "The Alan Song." She'd slightly adjusted the words that ran through her mind to better fit the occasion, She repeated over and over:

I am Alan's hole

In the kitchen here he'll take control

I am Alan's ass

He's gonna fuck my butt hard, fast, fast, fast

I am Alan's butt

He owns it all, his mommy slut

Before long, the sounds of her humming turned more to grunting as the intensity and speed of their fucking slowly increased.

Inevitably, with all the heat and friction, he felt the urge to climax well up inside him. In fact, the need to cum came upon him so quickly that he had to nearly pull out. He grabbed his penis at the base, and then again just below the cockhead, and he squeezed hard with both hands. He figured that if one emergency technique to prevent cumming didn't work, the other one would.

He sighed with relief as the urge to cum passed. But ever so briefly he felt all of his weariness return. He slumped over his mother, resting on her back, inadvertently driving his stiff pole all the way into her ass yet again.

She smiled and thought, That's my boy! He's no normal motherfucker, that's for sure! Most mommy fuckers would have given up their incestuous seed right there, but not my Tiger! He's just getting started! Us harem nymphos have to earn our cum loads with a lot of hard work and hard fucking. I spied him through the window over the sink and I saw how utterly dead to the world he was, but look at him now! He's doing his Mommy proud. He's putting me in my place! Mommy is Tiger's very proud and happy after-school sperm dump! If he only knew just how strong a fantasy he's filling right now! Filling literally and figuratively, hee-hee!

I wonder if he remembers that this is the outfit I was wearing the first time he fucked me up the ass. I don't know if he fully understands just how strong my anal need is. He knows that I could get off over and over merely from sucking his cock, and he knows how his thick dick belongs deep inside Mommy's cunt. And he certainly knows that my big tits were made just for his hands to fondle and his cock to slide through and his mouth to suck on. But does he know that my ass is just as needy as all the rest of me? Every square inch of Mommy's hot body has been designed to give my son the utmost in incestuous pleasure! That's what I do now, that's what I live for. But then again, how will he know all that unless I tell him?

"Thank you so much for 'getting my attention' properly, Tiger," Susan panted. "I know it's more than a bit selfish of me to have you greet me like this, but Mommy needs it so bad! Mommy's a completely insatiable slut for son-cock! I promise I won't always be this demanding, but I got so angry, thinking about you fucking all those dozens of hot, sweaty, juicy, teen twats at the orgy. I know that it's only right and proper that you fuck all the busty babes at school into submission, but not on a Tuesday! Please? Not on a Tuesday?"

He laughed, happy to see that her anger was finally dissipating. "Mommy, it was only three cheerleaders, not dozens. Well, four, actually." He briefly chuckled at the absurdity of "only" four cheerleaders. "And I promise I won't be so late again. There's no one in the world I want to make happy more than you, nobody! It just about broke my heart to see you disappointed like that when I couldn't get it up. I couldn't stand it!"

She was so eager, especially after hearing his virile admission that he'd just fucked four cheerleaders in a single afternoon, that she figured he'd already had enough time to rest. She began squeezing and flexing her rectal muscles around his penis in extremely delightful ways. It wasn't just a matter of on or off; now that she'd calmed down a bit she began trying some of the more advanced tricks that she and Suzanne had been working on in recent days. She started by squeezing around one end of his penis and then

letting the pressure of her grip roll along his length much the same way that a crowd in a sports stadium will stand up to perform "the wave." A wave of pleasure coursed through his penis as she did this, but no sooner did she finish than she did the same starting from the other end.

Alan was so surprised that his mouth gaped open and closed like a gasping fish. He'd had no idea such anal finesse was possible. He'd felt Heather's rectum rippling up and down his length before, but this was somehow completely different from that.

But at the same time she was doing this, she spoke casually, showing just how easily she could do these tricks. "Tiger, my lover, I have a secret. This isn't just a fulfillment of the fantasy I was telling you about last week, the one where I told you to 'get my attention' by surprising me with a delicious cock stuffing up my butt. I loved how you didn't even touch me first, you didn't even go slow, you just crammed that whole huge thing into me in one massive thrust! What a good son! But actually, that kind of fantasy goes back a ways. What I mean is that long before I mentally allowed myself to dream of getting a good cunt stuffing from you, I channeled a lot of my energies into, um, anal domination fantasies."

"Mom! Stop!" he cried out urgently.

"What?"

"That anal flexing thing you're doing, God, it's so good! But I'm about to blow, and I can't even pull out when you're doing that."

"What, you mean this?" She let another ripple of flexing pleasure roll back and forth along the length of his erection, and then giggled with glee.

"Yes, that!" He was sweating bullets, struggling not to cum too soon.

She smiled from ear to ear, deeply satisfied that he was enjoying her new technique so much. "Oopsie. I'll stop. I'm so glad you like that, because, for once, that's something I seem to be able to do no problem while Suzanne can't do it at all. If you really like it when I'm doing THIS" - she did it again - "then that almost makes up for the fact that Suzanne's tongue is over an inch longer than mine. That woman is unreal. I'm soooo envious about all the things her tongue can do to your fat cock that mine can't!"

"Mommy, I love it, but please!"

"Oops. Such fun! But as I was trying to tell you, I've been having anal sex fantasies for so long. Pretty much since the start of November, so almost a full month now. In my fantasies, you completely owned my ass, which of course you do now, and I had to spread my cheeks for you at every opportunity! Why, I even imagined you plowing my ass while we were on the front lawn, and the postman walked by with a big look of surprise on his face! But almost always, the fantasies involved you doing me here in the kitchen, usually when you came home from school."

She sighed in happy remembrance. "You know how much time I spend working in the kitchen, and for this past month, half the time I'm in here I'm fantasizing about you silently sneaking up on me and bugging my ass. For some reason, more often than not the fantasy has me just keep on doing what I was doing, washing the dishes or whatever, while you drill my poor little ass into oblivion! I'd often think about casually asking in mid-fuck, 'How was your day, dear?' as though stretching my horny asshole around your big, thick, hot fuckmeat was a perfect normal, everyday occurrence, and today I actually was able to say those very words! That made me so, well, as you kids say it, totally psyched!"

She giggled, and then continued, "To tell you the truth, Tiger, my anal fantasies started that day that you were putting suntan lotion on all of us and were sliding your big fat mommy-splitter back and forth through my slippery ass crack. God, you got me so hot doing that! Even though I was fanatical about boundaries back then, since you were allowed to touch my ass to 'get my attention' I couldn't help but think that if you were to spread my ass open and cram your cock all the way up my butt that you would REALLY get my attention!"

She giggled some more. "I thought at first that it would hurt terribly. I was really scared of what would happen if you did shove your huge man meat into my tiny little asshole, but it was also so terribly arousing to think about! I also thought that if I could take you in my ass, maybe that would satisfy you and we wouldn't have to perform the greatest of incestuous sins, vaginal intercourse. Fortunately I was so wrong and you take all my holes whenever you like now, because I'm your sinful mommy slut."

She grinned and playfully squeezed his stiffness between her flexing butt cheeks. "It wasn't until I talked with Xania that I realized I needed you just as much as you needed me, that there was nothing wrong with my anal needs and fantasies, and that it was wrong to suppress them and feel shame about them. I was so jealous of Suzanne at first, when you fucked her in the ass that first time, but then when I realized that you'd liked it I resolved to become your butt slut mommy and started having fantasies about you fucking me up the ass all the time."

Susan turned her head to look at Alan, the love shining in her eyes, "I don't know why, but when you put your mommy-splitter in my tight little ass, I feel loved by you in a way that I've never known before. It's the total act of submission. I feel so alive and free and happy when your big cock is in my butt."

He was having a hard time talking, as he teetered on the edge of a great climax. But he managed to gasp out, "Isn't that...?"

"A contradiction? You might think so, but not me. To me, submission IS freedom! I'm free to let go, free to love you and serve you with all my heart! I don't have to try to hold back and pretend to be normal, or live a complete lie. I'll never be a repressed prude of a woman ever again, so long as my son fucks me in the ass. So please, don't ever let me go nearly a week without a good hard fucking again. Your mommy needs her buttfucks!" bender

While she was talking, he was listening but also thinking. Whether she knew it or not, she had him in the palm of her hand, and he didn't like that. He was right on the edge of cumming, and yet she wasn't obeying his command to stop her talented anal squeezing. Every so often, maybe about every twenty or thirty seconds, she'd give him another squeeze to keep him nearly mad with desire. He was fighting for his life not to cum, clenching his PC muscle like crazy. He felt he had to get back on top of things to retain total control of his favorite bouncy and milky mommy slut.

Chapter 1047 Ass Fucking Continued!

Suddenly, the kind of creative inspiration that helped make him such a desired lover struck him, as he realized the silverware drawer was just within reach. As she continued to talk, he reached out, opened the drawer, and pulled out a sharp knife.

Normally, he would never have thought of bringing a knife anywhere near her. Her skin was far too perfect for him to want to chance nicking her, even if the odds were extremely low. She had no freckles, no moles, no bumps, no scars - virtually nothing on her skin of any kind except delightfully peachy and nearly invisible short light hair. An airbrush artist would have had nothing to do to her, except maybe cover up some unsightly veins on her feet and hands that inevitably came with age. However, he had an idea he just had to try and he promised himself that he'd use a knife this one time only.

She felt the knife press against the skin of her arm and she shivered with excitement. She stopped her intermittent anal squeezing, which gave him a chance to calm down enough to more or less talk coherently.

bender

As he lightly held the knife against her skin, he asked, "Mommy, you've been a very naughty pair of big tits, haven't you?"

"Goodness gracious!" she panted. Her son had never called her a "pair of big tits" before, and she loved it. She repeated it back just to make sure he knew she enthusiastically approved. "This big pair of big tits is so sorry, Son. Mommy's nothing but a pair of round, milky, huge, and needy tits! And hard and even more needy nipples. I need to pay! I need to get spanked! What exactly did I do wrong to deserve a royal assfucking, by the way, my cum-filled boy?"

Pulling the knife away, he reached underneath her and found her slit. He pushed two fingers in and rapidly located her G-spot. "It's your outfit. While I love the way it says, 'I live to serve my son and drain him of cum,' it covers up too much of your skin. True, it leaves your ass and cunt exposed for all to see, but what about your tragically covered fun bags? Not to mention the nice bits in between? Your flat and toned stomach, for instance? I could spend years just running my hands over your hips and stomach, but this outfit is in the way."

"I'm so sorry, but I--"

"It's too late! I'm gonna fix it right now!" Knife still in hand, he reached down and cut the back of her maid uniform in two with one non-stop but careful cut. The cloth fell to both sides of her torso and he pulled it away, leaving her naked. He tossed the knife into the kitchen sink.

"Oh my God! It's too much!" Susan was so excited that he'd cut her clothes off that she began to cum hard. She was so horny that she felt dizzy. Tingles of excitement were shooting up and down her spine and all over her body, with everything seemingly wired to her clit.

As soon as she started to recover, she began frantically squeezing her anal muscles around her son's penis. She was so eager to please him that she no longer tried her talented but subtle flexing, but instead seemed to be attempting to squeeze the entire thing off.

He barked, "Mommy-slut, that's much better! From now on, I never want to see you wear any clothes again! Ever! Inside the house or out! Your body is so hot that I want to see all of it, all the time!"

"Oh God!" she screamed with shock, fear, and delight. She hardly knew what to respond to, the knife or his latest arousing comments. She felt like she could climax again already. "You cut my clothes off! You actually sliced them right in two! Dear God!" Then the full weight of his command not to wear clothes hit her and she shrieked, "You can't mean it!" The way he was massaging her G-spot while thrusting into her ass over and over was more than she could take, and it was all she could do to say that much.

In fact, he didn't mean it. He knew that sometimes a partly clothed woman looked sexier than a completely naked one, and variety is the spice of life, after all. But she didn't need to know that at the moment. Unable to endure any more of her anal muscle tricks, he resumed thrusting in and out with long strokes. "Of course I mean it! Though, needless to say, that doesn't include your high heels or glasses. But that's it!"

The thought of being naked forever for her son, plus what he was doing to her G-spot and asshole, drove her over the edge once more. She pictured herself sashaying her way through the school halls in order to find him and take him home, while wearing nothing but black high heels. With a piercing scream, a multiple orgasm tore through her.

At first, he was content just to watch her writhe as her fists pounded the counter helplessly, her body no longer under her control. But then he decided to take things one step further, and he started ramming his penis into her even harder than before. His attack was so fierce that he could no longer keep his fingers on her G-spot, or even in her pussy, but he did manage to grope around on the outside and set off her clit more than once.

Thanks to his continued anal assault, her orgasm seemed to have no end. It went on for a minute or more. She simply couldn't believe she could feel so much pleasure. I think you should take a look at

Finally, it was over and her body went completely limp. However, she didn't move much because she was still flopped over the counter and still had her son's penis deeply impaled in her ass. She sighed contentedly over and over as she slowly came down from the highest of highs to a more manageable high.

Finally, she recovered enough to speak again. "Thank you, Son. So much. So good. I don't deserve a son as good as you. Can you promise me one thing? I want you to meet me like this every day after school. Every single day, surprise me by taking me in the ass or doing me doggy style. These holes on this pair of big tits belong to you, and I hope you'll use them at every opportunity."

"Oh, I will, Mommy. But sadly, not every day after school. I do hope to work you into my busy fuck schedule at least once a day, but it's up to me to determine the where and the when. It's more fun when it's a surprise."

"Oh, Son! 'Work me into your busy fuck schedule'. I love it! Of course, that is your right and your privilege. This pair of big tits must obey you in all things. Oh, and I loved what you said about me being naked all the time! But what will I do when I have to go outside? Or what if we have guests?"

"If we have guests, I assume they'll be sexy women wanting sex. You'll crawl on your hands and knees and service their pussies, naturally. Nakedness obviously will not be a problem. If they're male for some strange reason, we'll hide you away until they're gone, because no other man should be allowed to see my cum-starved mommy looking so extremely sexy. As for going outside, that is a bit more of a problem. If you're going to do something like go shopping at a supermarket, I'll allow you to wear a little more. You can wear cow ears, a cow bell, and a cow tail sticking out of your son-loving butt. Oh, and a collar around your neck. You can put your money underneath the collar in a wad, like the way strippers keep their tips under a garter when they're dancing naked."

"Fuck! FUUUUUCK!" she cried out desperately. She'd been too wiped out to squeeze his still very erect penis buried in her ass, but she climaxed again and involuntarily squeezed it some more. "Oh shit! You just made me cum again, you big meanie! Is that any way to treat your helpless mother? Those little cow things don't cover anything at all. Are you serious about this no clothes rule? We'll get in trouble and then everything will be ruined!"

She said with a serious urgency, "I love the idea of everyone seeing that you're my master, but we can't! I'm so sorry, but I can't let that happen, I can't let them take you away!"

He rolled his eyes at her gullibility. "Relax, Mommy. It's just sex talk. Of course I like seeing you dressed or partly dressed in sexy clothes. Although... Maybe we can do some stuff like that from time to time. For instance, one of these days we should try a Bound and Naked Mommies Week, where you and Mother are tied up naked, tied to each other for the whole week. Would you like that?"

She was panting frantically as she thought about that. "Would I like it? God, it makes me so fucking hot! Shut up, please, now, or your butt slut is going to cum again and I don't think I could take it!"

He wiped the sweat from his brow. "Oh no. Cumming again. That sounds horrible," he said sarcastically as he began plunging his erection in and out of her asshole some more. He had his second wind now and was ready to get his satisfaction. The truth was, he'd worked himself up with all his talking too, and he was ready to get off.

"NooooOOOOooooOOOOooo!" she wailed. "Not the mommy-splitter! Not the big fat mommy-splitter! It's too good! Far too fucking GOOD! UGH! MMMM! I'm truly gonna lose my mind!"

As she started to rhythmically slam into the kitchen counter, he decided to push her a little bit more. He reached forward and grabbed her breasts with both hands. They were flattened down on the counter as much as the two massive round pillows could be flattened, but he quickly took care of that by lifting her up by his hold on her rack.

"NooooOOOOooo!" she wailed even more. "Not the tits! Not the tits! Anything but the tits! They're too sensitive! I'm going to cum so hard I'm gonna cry! Please have mercy!"

"Tits? I'm not holding your tits. I'm holding your udders. Are you or are you not a sex cow, making milk and pussy juice for your children to drink up every day?"

"I am! I AM! Milk your mommy's tits! Squeeze them until they burst with milk! Use me! Abuse me! Drown me in milk and sperm! Milk and sperm! No! Noooo! Noooooooo! Here comes another one! Oh God, please! Mercy!" Yet another multiple orgasm tore through her brain and body, seemingly electrifying every nerve ending she had.

Alan now had his mother under his complete control. Her body was a limp rag. She was unable to consciously do much more than beg or breathe. He realized he could literally fuck her until she went insane. It was actually in his power to give her so many multiple orgasms that she lost her mind, unless she fell unconscious first. But of course he didn't want to do that. He loved his mother more than anyone in the whole world. His energy still surged through him like a man possessed, but he decided it was time to end their fun.

"I'm gonna cum, Mommy, cum! I'm gonna fill your ass, fill your ass with cum!"

"Yes! ... Fill me! ... Hot seed!" The remarkable thing was that the nearly hyperventilating Susan was somehow still able to say that much.

Soon, both of them were screaming like their guts had been ripped open. They screamed as if the orgasms washing over them were their last acts on Earth.

And in a sense, that was true. They both felt as if they died while cumming. It's not for nothing that the French words for orgasm, *petite morte*, translate as "little death."

Once his penis was emptied of cum, his energy seemed to drain out of him all at once. He fell to the ground, taking her down with him. They ended up in a sweaty heap on the floor, with her mostly sprawled out on top of him. Neither of them could do anything except simply struggle to keep breathing.

Chapter 1048 Katherine X Amy

Upstairs, Katherine and Amy had been happily engaging in their daily pussy shaving ritual. It was something they'd started a month ago and still managed to do almost every day, although on some days other events, usually involving sex with their brother, took precedence. The actual shaving of their pussies was only a small part of the ritual. The "cleaning" and "testing out the new pussy" parts of the ritual usually took much longer, and that's what they were busy with at the moment. They were sitting on Katherine's bed, grinding away pussy to pussy, when they heard horrific screams from the floor below. But they weren't concerned.

"Sounds like Big Brother is really giving it to Mom good," Katherine pointed out calmly.

"Yep," Amy nodded. "It's kinda frustrating though, don't you think?"

"I wish I had my own day! Geez, Amy. This Tuesday thing has gotten to be such a big deal. I get all excited when I hear the word 'Tuesday' now, and I'm not even involved in the ritual!"

"Well, you are a bit. Mom gets even hornier than usual, and we all benefit, if only from the smell of a cunt in serious heat all day long."

"True," Katherine conceded as she continued to grind her wet pussy against her sister's.

Just then, they heard yet another blood-curdling scream. It went on and on, and they waited until it was done.

"Jesus!" Katherine exclaimed. "And to think, these walls are supposed to be soundproof. Imagine how that would sound if we were in the same room."

"Do you think they need our help?" Amy asked as she casually fondled Katherine's boobs and rubbed her soaked pussy against her sister's equally drenched box. "They've been going at it like that for a while."

"Yeah. The term 'fucked to death' comes to mind. Even if they're okay, curiosity is getting the best of me. I wanna check it out!"

Amy giggled. "Curiosity killed the Kat."

Katherine really liked that joke, and giggled too. "Let's go!"

"M'kay!"

When the two girls got to the kitchen, Susan and Alan looked like a couple of corpses piled on top of each other. Alan's face was mostly pressed against the floor tile while Susan stared glassy-eyed nowhere in particular. The only way they could tell she was alive was the occasional blink and the slight rise and fall of her chest.

Amy and Katherine just let them be for a while. They got a pitcher of orange juice out of the refrigerator and sat at the counter stools, waiting for their two fucked out lovers to show greater signs of life.

Finally, Susan seemed to snap back into full consciousness and managed to roll off her son. But she still couldn't get up.

"So Mom," Katherine eventually said. "Was it a good fuck?"

A Cheshire cat smile slowly spread across Susan's face. She replied with pride, "My son fucked me. Do you have to ask?" She paused, and then added, "It was the best! The best! He did me in the ass..." Exhaustion overtook her and she had to stop talking.

But as she lay there, her overall feeling of intense satisfaction was slightly marred by guilty thoughts. As good as that was, it was selfish of me. Tiger was so tired, and I must have drained his last reserves of energy... But he's just too handsome and too sexy! How can I not want to fuck him until we both die of exhaustion?! This is how I want to go, with my son buried in me to the hilt. What a way to live and die! ... I'm a fully responsible, completely sane, mature adult, and I want to be fucked by my son until I die!

And to think, there are millions of people out there who go the whole day without a single good orgasm. Heck, they go for days on end without seriously steaming, sweaty, sticky sex. Weeks, even! So sad. The only problem is, this whole thing Amy was talking about earlier, with Tiger gaining more and more control of our very souls. I should be helping, but I think I'm only making things worse. The problem is that he's only been fucking me since Sunday night. Maybe I'll kind of calm down after a while. I was far too demanding and pushy earlier. I get so carried away! The things I just said, like "This pair of big tits must obey you in all things." That's not exactly helping his problem, is it? But it's so true! He gives me so much pleasure I want to worship his cock and every other last inch of him. I can't get over the fact that my own son is such a MAN! Brenda's right. He's a real fuck lord!

I just hope Suzanne and Amy and the others have more willpower than I do. After a fuck like that, I not only wouldn't mind being called a "pair of big tits", I'd proudly legally change my name to that, if he wanted me to! I'm so endlessly ecstatic that he loves my big tits so much. I wish they were even bigger, like Brenda's. She began groping her breasts with both hands, lifting, pulling, and pinching them in every way.

I could just imagine being at a shopping mall and hearing a voice over the loudspeaker: "Attention, Pair of Big Tits Plummer. Paging Pair of Big Tits Plummer. Please report to the white courtesy telephone. Pair of Big Tits Plummer. If anyone sees Mrs. Big, er, I mean Mrs. Plummer, please notify security immediately. There's a family emergency as her son immediately needs her in a quote biblical way unquote. For those on the lookout, Pair of Big Tits Plummer is said to have, well, quite an impressive pair of tits. And also a saucy and firm ass. Paging Pair of Big Tits Plummer, please report to the white courtesy telephone..." Hah! That would be so much fun! She began laughing out loud.

Susan looked up and realized Katherine was standing directly over her, looking down into her eyes. "What's so funny, Mom?"

She reluctantly stopped playing with herself. "Oh, nothing. Just fantasizing. I think you can roughly guess who I'm thinking about because I can't get him out of my mind. But I really need to get up. And we have to get Tiger up. He's supposed to have dinner with his friend Christine in what? Less than two hours, I think, and I don't think he's had his afternoon nap."

She rolled over and looked at her son. "Tiger? You up?"

"Yeah." His voice sounded beyond weary. "Barely... Kind of drifting in and out..."

Susan, though beyond weary herself, took charge. "My daughters, can you give us both a hand? I need to get him to his bed. I think I'm too fucked to walk, and I think he's feeling the same. Maybe you can kind of drag us along."

So Amy took Susan while Katherine took Alan, and somehow they got them up the stairs. Alan and Susan partly walked and were partly lifted along. They stopped at the bathroom along the way because Susan finally noticed Alan's many scratches from falling down the stairs earlier in the day. As a typical worried mother, she insisted on applying antiseptic immediately even though his minor wounds didn't really need it. But the application process woke him up some. I think you should take a look at

Then Amy said dreamily, "The ass. Did you hear that, Sister? He did her in the ass? Isn't that just the superest?" One of Amy's hands languidly wandered around to her own naked behind.

That didn't help Katherine's mood, and she replied grumpily, "The ass isn't all that. I'll take it in the cunt any day of the week." She was horribly jealous at how thoroughly fucked Susan was, but she kept quiet about that.

When the group finally arrived at Alan's bed, Katherine asked Susan with some suspicion, "Okay. We made it here somehow. It's obvious why we had to carry Alan here, but why you? Don't you want your own bed?"

"I do, I do. But my role as my son's big-titted sex toy is not yet done. My breasts are simply bursting with milk, and someone's got to help drain them. I was thinking Tiger could fall to sleep with his lips on my nipples, if he's up for it."

Alan was too tired to even reply to that, but Susan sat up against the bed's headboard, and he was planted with his face in her chest. Unthinkingly, he closed his eyes and began to suck.

Katherine was miffed, especially since she wasn't allowed to lactate.

But her anger was mollified a bit when Susan said, "Angel, you realize I love you very deeply, as much as a mother can possibly love a daughter. You know that. My other nipple is needy. Won't you help?"

Katherine helped. Within seconds, she had her face on a big pillowy boob and was happily sucking away. But she was still irked. She knew that what her mother said was true: Susan did love her as much as a mother can love a daughter. But she also knew what was unsaid: a mother can love a son even more than that, when that mother literally lives to get fucked by that son's penis.

Amy just stood there, naked as usual. She asked, "What about me? No more nipples for little ol' Amy..."

"I'm sorry, Amy," Susan said apologetically. "Why don't you join us on the bed and play with Katherine's body, since Alan and I are all fucked out at the moment."

Amy happily did so without further thought. She curled up behind Katherine and was content for the moment to just hold her and nuzzle her face into her neck. She knew that now was a restful time and not a time to get into anything heavily sexual. Alan would undoubtedly fall asleep in a few minutes and then the rest of them would go.

Susan continued, staring at the ceiling with dreamy eyes, "It's just that I want to share a moment with my two original children. I'm feeling nostalgic. Katherine? Alan? Do you remember how life used to be just a couple of months ago?"

Both of them mumbled "Mmmm-hmm's".

"When I look back on how I used to be, I don't know whether to laugh or to cry. I'm so glad that we have our new video monitoring system because now we can save our memories forever. For instance, I know I'm going to watch my royal assfucking from today over and over again. But I'm not thinking back all the way to my previous prudish existence, but more to how things slowly changed. I wish we had some video of those first days. Tiger, do you remember how this all started? Why, there were days when you actually had to masturbate many times to reach your six-times-a-day treatment! I mean, the very idea of you masturbating. It's so absurd. If you ever masturbate again, some sadly underfucked girl somewhere is going to cry."

Katherine and Amy giggled at this, but Alan just kept suckling away. He was already starting to lose consciousness, and Susan's words seemed more like a dream than reality.

Susan continued, "Maybe I'm feeling so nostalgic because I said 'so very improper' to my Tiger today under some pretty unusual circumstances, and I got thinking about all the times I'd said that before. There were times when I said that and actually meant it! I truly thought there were sexual limits. But now I know there are no limits. None at all. Some people might look at our family and be horrified, wondering if we're collectively insane to be sucking and fucking all the day long, but I don't care. I've never been happier in my life! I don't think it's even possible to be any happier than I am right now. What do you all think?"

She looked down at Alan.

"I think he's asleep," Katherine whispered from her vantage point on Susan's other breast.

"Hmmm. I think you're right," Susan murmured. "Can you two finish my tits off in your room, Angel? You can drink some mommy milk too, Amy, and then I'm going to take a nap myself. I think I'm going to sleep for hours."

Everyone carefully disentangled themselves and quietly left Alan sleeping on his bed, dead to the world.

"Wait a second," Katherine said, once they were all in the hallway and Alan's door was closed. "Don't sleep too long after we finish milking you. Amy and I were talking a little while ago during our shaving session, and we both are thinking it would be really good to go to a sex shop tonight." They all headed into Katherine's room as she talked.

"That's right," Amy seconded as Susan lay down on Katherine's bed. "There's so much we need to buy right away!"

"Like what?" a skeptical Susan asked.

Her daughters lay down beside and on top of her where they could start sucking on a nipple each.

"Like, some serious bondage stuff for Brenda," Amy suggested. "We have to make her unveiling tomorrow night super duper special, and she's way into bondage, but we hardly even have a pair of handcuffs in the whole house! That's just not right."

"True," Susan noted, "but that can wait until tomorrow during the day. We've got a lot to do tonight and I'm pooped."

Katherine stopped suckling long enough to look at Susan pleadingly. "But Mom! I need my cat gear. To be honest, I'm feeling a little bit unloved lately. I so very much want Alan to take special notice of me and I'm hoping cat-themed clothes will help. Can't we do it tonight? Please? Please?!"

Susan smiled. "Hrm. Well, let's see what your mother thinks. Your other mother, I mean. She should be back from visiting Glory in a little while. She's more of a planner than I am, and much more responsible and realistic. I'm just a big softy. If she thinks we can fit it in without cutting her and Amy's official sexual consummation short in any way, then I'm all for it. I'd have some things I'd want to buy, too."

She thought to herself, If I can't give my children the discipline they need, at least I can recognize my failings and hopefully Suzanne can pick up the slack. Things like that are what make the two mommy system so great. Or I should say, the two big-titted nympho sonfucking mommy system, hee-hee! She finished off with, "All right, but we shouldn't disturb our favorite cum-filled boy with our shopping chores. Let's surprise him with some of our new purchases later tonight."

"Good idea! Thanks, Mommy!" Katherine said happily, though quietly so as to not disturb Alan. She was so delighted that she'd probably be able to buy cat-related sex products soon that she wanted to jump up and down.

Alan was finally left all alone. He slept with a very contented smile. As exhausted as he was, he had no regrets about fucking Susan over the kitchen counter. Perhaps they were all heading to ruin with their sex obsession, but if so, he was going to go there smiling all the way.

Chapter 1049 What's The Point Of Being An Incestuous Cheerleader If You Can't Do Sexy Routines For Your Brother?

Suzanne drove the Pestrige family car while Susan sat in the passenger's seat and Amy sat in the back. Katherine drove the Plummer family minivan, and followed along right behind Suzanne. She was taking a separate car because she said she had some dinner plans with a friend later, just as Alan had dinner plans with Christine. All four of them were dressed conservatively, as they always dressed when outside the house. The two cars were headed to "Stephanie's," the local sex shop that Suzanne preferred shopping at.

Susan said to the others in her minivan, "This is nice. Girl's night out. But I can't believe I'm actually going to go to the-

Amy interrupted, singing, "Love Shack! Baby, Love Shack!" She was a big B-52's fan.

Susan pointed out, far too seriously, "I suppose you could call it a love shack of sorts. But really, don't you think one of us should have stayed back to be with Alan? What if he wakes up with a big thick woody? He always does. There won't be any nymphos there to help drain him of his precious seed! You know what a cum-filled boy he is. If he doesn't get instant relief for all that semen building up... well, I don't know what! I'll feel horrible. What if he actually has to masturbate?! The horror!"

Suzanne chuckled at the gravity with which Susan considered these issues. "Relax, Number One Mom. He's so tired from all the non-stop sex he's gotten today that it would take a herd of elephants to wake him up. He needs his rest. I daresay if he wakes up he might even enjoy just relaxing by himself for a while. Plus, don't forget we left Amy's cell phone and a note by his bed. If he really needs our help, he'll call, and at least one of us will rush back and have his thickening cock in one of our hungry holes within fifteen minutes, max. So just chill out."

Susan frowned. "I suppose. But still, I'm going to feel guilty the whole time we're gone. You have no idea how AWFUL it is to be a male and have an untended stiffy. I can barely even contemplate it

myself. Why, the very idea gives me the chills." She reached up to cup one of her breasts, but then stopped herself when she looked out the window and was reminded that she was outside her home.

Amy said from the back seat, "Mom, I think you're exaggerating. Every day at school, I see lots of guys with stiffies standing around. You should see when our whole cheerleader team is together doing our routines. It's like stiffy lookyloos a-go-go, especially since practically the only underwear we wear anymore is the painted on kind. But the guys manage. And after a while, their thingies go down without even so much as a hand job!" Amy sounded a bit surprised at this herself, but she added, "It's not the end of the world."

"It is, too!" Susan said petulantly. "I get all fidgety thinking about his untended cock, but the irony is that the one thing which would most calm me down is a good long cocksuck, but the lack of that is what's making me fidgety in the first place."

Surprisingly, Amy said to Suzanne, "Come on, Mother. You're not heartless. Don't you feel sad about all that untended cock?"

Suzanne looked in the rear view mirror at Amy and frowned. "Okay, it's true. I'm imagining his penis waving and bobbing in the breeze as he lies in his bed after he wakes up from his nap, just like you probably are. But get a grip. Long before all this started, he was perfectly capable of fending for himself. Once we get to the store, we'll have other things to occupy our thoughts."

But Susan was adamant. "That's easy for you to say. But as the Big Tits Theory proves, he's special, and he needs very special treatment and constant cock tending. Are we forgetting his special six-times-a-day diagnosis? Are we forgetting the sweet taste of his cum that practically begs to be slowly savored and swallowed? If he has a hard-on, it NEEDS to be drained, immediately! Let's not talk about this anymore. I'm beginning to get more and more anxious thinking of him waking up in the house all alone, without so much as even a blowjob to greet him upon waking. Let's hurry up and get back home!"

Suzanne chuckled some more. She found Susan's obsessiveness amusing. She could at least take solace in the fact that Amy was a bit more reasonable. She'd noticed during another glance in the rear view mirror that Amy had rolled her eyes with displeasure at Susan's mention of her Big Tits Theory.

Suzanne said to Susan, "Relax. He's going to sleep like a log. And remember that the things we're going to be buying will help us all arouse him even better in the future, allowing us to squeeze even more cum out of him more often. We all have a lot of things to buy that need to be bought sooner or later, like stuff for tomorrow's poke-her night."

Suzanne looked at Susan, who stared off into the distance with a dreamy expression. Chagrined, she added, "Mom, let me guess. When I said 'sleep like a log' you got to thinking about Alan's log, and you didn't hear anything else I said."

Susan blushed, but then defended herself, "Not entirely true. I did hear you say something about squeezing cum out of him. God, just thinking about that third leg of his and how it's always stuffed full of cum and in need of draining, it gets me so-"

Susan finished her sentence, but the other two also chimed in with the same word at the same time: "HOT!" Then Suzanne and Amy burst into laughter while Susan blushed even more.

"But it's true," Susan said defensively, once everyone had settled down. "Sorry if I don't use a lot of fancy words. I'm a simple and direct woman. I state exactly how I feel, and it so happens I feel hot and bothered a lot lately."

Suzanne patted her fellow mother on the shoulder as she pulled the car into a parking lot. "That's okay. We're just yanking your chain a bit. We love you just the way you are, and we love how just about anything and everything makes you 'so hot' for your son's cock. It's cute, how sex-obsessed you are. Now, before you start fixating on my use of the word 'yanking', let's review what we're going to do, because we're here." She pulled into a parking space as she said this.

Moments later, Katherine parked her minivan in the space beside them.

Everyone got out of their cars, but Suzanne corralled all four of them together for some instructions right there in the parking lot. "Okay, ladies," Suzanne said seriously, "remember that each of us is only allowed to spend \$400. I know the temptation of wanting to buy everything, but it'll be a lot more fun to come back here from time to time to get new stuff to surprise Alan with, instead of buying the whole store all at once. I'll be buying more than that limit, but only because I'm also buying some gift items for Brenda. I'm under the same restrictions as you all with the stuff I'll be getting for myself."

Katherine whined, "But Mother, I was telling you about this no-brainer idea to take full advantage of my Kat name. Don't you think that I need-"

"No," Suzanne interrupted. "You can deck yourself out as a sexy cat several times over with that money. We've got over two hours and Angel you have one hour, so there's no need to rush. But on the other hand, let's not just sit here in the parking lot yakking the whole time, either."

So the four of them walked into the store. However, Katherine and Suzanne had a secret that they weren't sharing with Susan and Amy. They'd already been in the store in early November, and became physically intimate with the employee named Ginger. Suzanne had called Ginger earlier in the day before agreeing to the trip, because she wanted to confirm that Ginger would be there. She was, and Suzanne talked with her for a while regarding a scheme to seduce Susan.

Suzanne knew very well that Ginger was no ordinary employee. The attractive blue-eyed, blonde-haired college student was such an avid connoisseur of sex that she practically made the Plummer women seem like prudes. She worked at Stephanie's mostly to meet other potential sex partners, both male and female. She had a particularly strong fetish for S&M, and was able to see who else shared her interest in this by what purchases they made. But even this wasn't enough, so she worked at a second job at a restaurant attached to a nursery, so she could meet horny and sexually neglected young mothers.

It was remarkable she found any time to remain a part time college student (in fact, her enrollment was less about getting a degree and more about finding yet more sex partners). Ginger wasn't a perfect ten in beauty, but she was so dedicated to finding new partners that she'd built up a large stable of very desirable beauties and slept with a different one nearly every night.

So, needless to say, Suzanne didn't exactly have a hard task convincing Ginger to go along with her scheme. The main part of the scheme was for Katherine and Suzanne to pretend that they'd never met Ginger before, and let Ginger seduce Susan. Seducing Amy would be so easy that there wasn't much point to it; instead, she could join in the sexual fun later. But seducing Susan would be a pleasantly difficult challenge, due to Susan's phobia of exposure in public places and obsessive devotion to her son. Ginger loved the prospect because she often wanted to have sexual liaisons with complete strangers in the store, but rarely was able to do it due to some rules she'd set for herself regarding sexually transmitted diseases.

The inside of "Stephanie's" was divided into two sections. The front section of the store contained clothing, costumes, lingerie, and accessories that were sexy, but still tame enough to be found in a racy Victoria's Secret. Presumably, they didn't want anything too "scandalous" that could be seen from the large front windows. The back and larger section of the store contained all the naughty stuff - if there was lingerie back there, it typically would be crotchless or edible or special in other ways. After Ginger let the store's four new customers in, she put a "closed" sign on the front window. Luckily, there were no other customers there at the moment, so she locked the door as well. Suzanne had asked for the

privacy, but Ginger also knew from Suzanne's previous business that closing up shop was a good business move. The number of purchases this group would make would more than compensate the potential loss of other customers. I think you should take a look at

Suzanne had a scheme she'd worked out in advance that necessitated Susan and Ginger being alone in the back of the store. So, after she guided Susan back there and connected her with Ginger, she got Amy and Katherine's attention and brought them out again to the front section.

"Look, you two," Suzanne said as she pointed to a display rack she was walking towards.

"Oh my GOD!" Katherine shrieked with glee. "Someone restart my heart!"

There in front of them was a rack that displayed nothing but cat-themed clothing. Katherine rushed up to it and started to feel the fabric of several outfits. Most of them were leopard-skinned or tiger-striped type items.

Amy just stood back for some moments and reveled in Katherine's show of jubilation.

But then Suzanne tapped Amy on the shoulder and gestured at other clothing racks in the same vicinity as the cat-themed one. "Look, Honey Pie. This whole section is nothing but sexy costumes. Don't you think it would be fun to surprise Alan with some special outfits tomorrow night? Kind of like a fashion show and poke-her party rolled in one."

Amy's eyes went wide as she took a good look around. "Excellent! Mother, that's such a super cool idea! Ooh! Yes! He can poke us in our new outfits!" She ran from one display to the next in excitement (though she knew to leave the cat-themed items alone, as that would be intruding on Katherine's turf now).

Suzanne smiled. Seeing Amy and Katherine suitably distracted for her purposes, she headed to the back of the store.

Katherine held up a cat-patterned bikini and looked around for Amy. "Aims! Look at this! Look how little fabric there is! Sure, I wish there was even less, but you can't have everything. Oh my God! LOOK at all this stuff! Damn that spending limit. I could buy this entire rack!"

"Put something on," Amy sensibly suggested.

"Why, I think I will. Look. There's changing rooms just a couple feet away. Does life get any better than this?" With the bikini still in her hand, she stepped into a changing stall and closed the curtain behind her.

Amy didn't want to miss out. Mindful of the fact that most of the store's front section could be seen through the glass windows leading to the sidewalk, she figured most anything sexually interesting would take place in the changing rooms. She went to a row of costumes that she liked, checked the sizes until she found one that fit, and headed into the same stall that Katherine was using.

Katherine was already halfway into a leopard-skinned bikini by this time. She wasn't too surprised Amy had come into the same stall and merely said to her as she finished adjusting the bikini straps, "So, what do you think? I really like it, especially since the bikini bottoms is more like two loincloths that aren't connected between my legs. There are so many ways I can knock them aside to give that 'fresh pussy and ass here, come and get it!' signal." She struck a sexy pose, but didn't really feel in the mood just yet. Her smile looked a bit forced. She still had a lot of other things on her mind.

"Let's see it in action."

"Sure." Katherine smiled with more feeling as she spread her legs a bit and let the front loincloth fall to one side.

"Mmmm. Fresh and bald pussy!" Amy licked her lips. "Looks like you have a good shaver." She winked at this reference to herself.

Despite the positive reaction, Katherine felt a bit shy in the store and quickly let the loincloth fall back to cover her privates, even though they were behind the closed door of the changing room and no one could see them. But she still preened and posed. "Can you imagine Alan's cum all over this? Just imagine his fresh goo sliding and dripping down my breasts."

Amy replied as she dressed, "I can totally imagine it. I can practically see the splooge dripping off your chin. I think it looks awesome. It's way super poke-y. You look really jungle-y, too. It's like he's Tarzan and you're Jane."

That image perked Katherine up a bit more. "Oooh! I like that. I can just picture him picking me up, throwing me over his shoulder, and carrying me back to his jungle lair to serve him along with his other jungle women." She stared off into space.

"Totally! I can totally picture Aaa- uh, him, swinging through the trees from vine to vine. That would be fun! ... But do you think we should mention his name? Who knows who can hear us?"

"Good point. Maybe I'll ask Aunt Suz- Hey Amy! What are you doing?! You're putting on a cheerleader outfit!"

Amy giggled with glee. "I know. Isn't it cute?" She preened for her sister, and waved her pom-poms.

"But Aims, you already ARE a cheerleader."

"I know, but check this out! It's like the porno version of what we wear. The top is so teeny weeny and tight, like it shrunk down to nothing after someone left it in the dryer for days. It doesn't even come close to TRYING to cover my boobs. But what's too groovy for gravy is the skirt! Look!" She turned around and bent over, thrusting her ass out towards Katherine. "It's all starchy. You can get it to hang up above the ass, like, permanently! It just stays there. Wouldn't it be a total BLAST to do our routines before a big crowd dressed in this?"bender

"It would, except for the painfully bouncing boobies. But don't sidetrack me. Cheerleader outfits, even that one, are so done already. The whole point is to dress in something exotic."

Amy frowned. "Oh. Right. M'kay. I'll go get something else, then." She turned to go, but paused, adding, "Still... Wouldn't it be cool if we could give Alan special cheers at home, wearing special outfits like this?"

"What, you mean like, we walk in on Alan fucking your mom, and we put on some scandalous cheerleader outfits and pom-poms and cheer them on?"

"Yeah! Just think of the cheers we could do. Like, 'Deep! Deep! Knock her up and make her weep!' And think of the kind of pelvic thrust stuff we could do."

Katherine thought back to some weeks before, when she'd given Alan some private, semi-nude cheerleader routines. She thought, That was fun. And it's been WAY too long. What's the point of being an incestuous cheerleader if you can't do sexy routines for your brother? She said, "I'm warming up to the concept. Good idea. But is it worth putting in the 'must purchase' pile when we could just use our school outfits? I think not."

"M'kay. Bummer." Amy walked out of the stall still dressed in her cheerleader outfit, despite the fact that the outfit left her breasts completely exposed.

Katherine sighed in frustration. Amy was irrepressible when it came to nudity. But left alone for a few minutes, her enthusiasm for the cat clothing died down as she recalled a conversation she'd heard in school near the end of the day.

Chapter 1050 Another Date With Christine?

Katherine had been talking to Alan in a busy hallway between classes when Christine walked up. After some brief greetings, Katherine heard Christine say to Alan, "So, we still on for dinner tonight?"

Alan turned away from Katherine to fully face Christine, and replied, "Sure." Keeping in mind that he needed to reinforce the strictly platonic nature of their dating, especially with his jealous sister there, he suggested, "But you know, the last couple of dates we went to such fancy places that it took a big hit out of my pocket book. Why don't we just go to some kind of normal restaurant and dress normally this time?"

Secretly, Christine was very disappointed by that. She'd recently visited her young aunt Kirsten again to borrow yet another stunning outfit, just for this upcoming date. She thought, I'm so pathetic. First, I had to run the gauntlet of yet more of Kirsten's embarrassing questions about my practice dates before she'd loan me anything. It's not easy keeping the full, painfully embarrassing truth from her.

Then, to make matters worse, with my mom asking about these dates and the way I'm dressing for them, I had to give her the impression that I'm really dating Alan, and not just practice dating. She basically thinks he's my boyfriend! Worse, she told Dad everything, so now he thinks that too. I've never lied to my parents before that I can recall, but they've been pressuring me so strongly to date

somebody. Here I am, supposedly one of the best looking girls in the school, and I'm making up lies so I can borrow a dress that I can't even wear. Pathetic!

She thought some more about the dress that she'd modeled in her bedroom just the night before. She'd gotten into an argument with her mother about being allowed to wear it. She said it was too sheer. Well okay, maybe it was a little sheer, but so what? Isn't that the whole point, to look a little sexy? Mom would probably be happy if I went on all my dates wearing a potato sack. Besides, she did let me wear it in the end. What's frustrating is that Kirsten said I need to return it to her in a few days, so now I'm going to have to return the damn thing before Alan can even see it!

But she kept all these thoughts to herself and played along. "Yeah, I know what you mean. I'm hardly Ms. Moneybags myself. Although going all out can be a lot of fun, don't you think? What if we do that, like, every other time?"

"Okay, sure. We'll do that next time. Any type of restaurant you like for tonight? I'm totally flexible."

"How about Thai food?"

"Great!" Alan replied.

Katherine noticed though that Alan spoke more to Christine's chest than her face. Unusually for the Nordic "Ice Queen," her top was actually a little revealing. In fact, Katherine realized that Christine had been wearing more daring outfits for at least the last week.

But then Alan turned to Katherine and asked, "What was the name of that place we ate at a while back? 'Taste of Thai,' right? Wasn't that pretty good?"

Katherine replied, "Oh yeah. Very good."

She turned briefly to Christine and gave her a bit of a glare. Even before she'd consciously admitted her incestuous feelings for her brother, she had a bad impression about Christine due to unrecognized jealousy. Lately, those feelings had flared up again and even grown stronger, especially since she'd heard about how Alan and Christine had French kissed.

Christine was so focused on Alan that she didn't notice Katherine's mean look. She leaned forward, revealing a bit more cleavage, and said in a low tone, "Um, Alan, it is just you and me tonight, right?"

"Yes. Just us," Alan said casually, oblivious to the tension between the two girls. "Why?"

Christine drew even closer, as if she was saying something just for Alan, but Katherine leaned forward too, careful to listen. "Nothing," Christine said. "It's just that, I have some things I want to say to you in private. Important things about, well, about stuff like what happened to you this morning in first period and everything. Can I have your complete confidence?"

"Sure. My lips are sealed." He pretended to zip his lips closed, and then shot her an infectious grin. "How 'bout seven o'clock? I'll meet you there."

"Sounds perfect." Christine smiled genuinely at Alan, and then gave Katherine a serious look that didn't come across as friendly at all. Even though she didn't see Katherine's mean glare, she was picking up on Katherine's anger toward her, and didn't like that Katherine wasn't giving them any privacy. Turning back to Alan, she waved and walked off.

Katherine played this encounter over and over in her mind as she stood in the sex shop's changing room. Let's be brutally frank. Christine is an exceptional girl. She's one of the best students in the whole high school - popular, a leader, beautiful, intellectual, trustworthy, altruistic, and so on. Blah, blah, blah! She could challenge Heather for Homecoming Queen this year if she really wanted to, especially if she were to get into all the intrigues and popularity battles. But she has higher priorities than that, which is only even MORE frustrating for me! In fairness, I can't even really call her a bitch.

All that wonderful stuff is great for her, but sucky for me. She's everything that I am, only way better! And don't even get me started about her bust. I swear, it walks into the room two minutes before the rest of her! She stared at her own chest and thought, Curse the tit fairy that gave Christine so much. Enough of the goddamned tooth fairy; when is the tit fairy gonna visit me?

So now they're going on ANOTHER damn "practice date," huh? Probably to practice a lot more kissing! I'm sure it's not a coincidence that today, of all days, she happened to show more cleavage with her school clothes than she probably ever did before. That worries me, big time. I can't forget what happened when I intervened in their earlier "non-romantic" date. I seriously doubt it would have remained non-romantic if it weren't for my help. And Christine's mention of wanting to talk to Brother about "stuff like what happened to you this morning" in complete secrecy... What the heck is that all about?! I'm so curious that I'm ready to burst!

Just then, Amy came back into the stall, completely naked except for some clothing she carried in her hands.

Katherine snapped out of her contemplation and complained, "Amy! What the hell?! You do know people can see you from the street, don't you?"

"Oh, that? So what? There's tons of stuff between me and the windows. Plus, today is ladies-only day." I think you should take a look at

Katherine nearly threw her hands up in the air in frustration. "That's only on the inside of the store! That doesn't stop guys from walking down the street. Geez! What am I going to do with you?" Inwardly, she grumbled to herself that it was hard to keep in mind that Amy wasn't a complete ditz; she just seemed that way sometimes.

Amy sidled up to Katherine and rubbed one hand over her sister's stomach and another over her butt. "What are you gonna do with me? I can think of lots of things. For one, we've only shaved each other once today, and I'm gonna need a super excellent shaving for what's gonna happen between me and Mother tonight." One of her hands slid underneath what little bikini there was covering Katherine's pussy.

But now that Katherine had Christine back on her mind, she wasn't in the mood. She turned around to prevent Amy from getting her pussy all worked up. She asked hesitantly, "Do you think sometimes it can be right to scheme against Alan?" She quickly added, "You know, to give him a surprise, or to help him out in some kind of way?"

Amy replied brightly, "Oh, sure! That sounds like fun! What kind of scheme-y thing are you planning? Can I help too?"

Katherine had been keeping her back to Amy out of embarrassment, but Amy seemed so earnest and infectiously happy that Katherine couldn't help but turn back and smile. "No. This is just my little surprise for now. But I'll tell you all about it later, okay? If you can promise to keep a secret, too."

"M'kay! Now, are you just gonna stand there in that bikini all day, or are you gonna try some more stuff on already?"

"Oh, shit! Time's a wasting! I'll be back in a jiff." Katherine started to open the curtains and walk out, but she noticed that Amy was busy putting on another costume, and she lingered long enough to see what her sister would come up with.

It was obvious that Amy was dressing up as a policewoman, but Katherine waited to see the full effect.

When Amy was done, she stood up proudly and struck a pose. She tried to give her sister a serious and intense stare, but she couldn't quite wipe the smile off her face. "Officer Amy Pestridge, reporting for duty, ma'am."

"Nice, Aims, very nice," Katherine nodded with approval. "Why, I dare say, you look ... arresting."

"Arresting! Ha! Good one, Kat. I'm afraid you're going to have to be PUN-ished for that one."

"Oh puh-lease! You know a bad pun like that is a criminal offense. But seriously, you look really hot. You know, you should be a traffic officer."

"Why?"

"Because you'd have no problem stopping traffic. If the rest of your body isn't hot enough, the fact that you're not wearing anything below your top and that your pussy is completely exposed would certainly bring all traffic to a complete halt. And those handcuffs! They give me all kinds of ideas."

"Me too! Wouldn't it be fun to surprise him and lock HIM up?"

"Yeah," Katherine agreed, though not enthusiastically. "But what would be even better is if he locked YOU up. I can see it now: our brother finds you patrolling the street like that, and makes a citizen's arrest. He handcuffs your hands behind your back and rips the buttons off the front of your top. He does you right there on the sidewalk, with everybody watching!"

"Cool!" Amy's hands went to her moistening pussy.

"Then, after he's filled your pussy to overflowing, he can't find the key to unlock your handcuffs, so he has to wait for another police officer to show up - me! He arrests me too!"

"What charge?"

"Who cares? I'll surrender willingly in any case. He'd handcuff my hands too, as he slowly takes control of the all sexy babe police force, one by one. Then he'd be able to... ah, damn! I really have to stop. This is too exciting, but he isn't here. Man, if he was, he'd be soooo all over you. In fact, I'd be all over you this very minute except this is such a rare shopping opportunity. Damn. Damn, damn, damn!" Katherine was very mindful that she had to leave the store early. "I'll be right back. Then maybe we can play around a bit."

"M'kay!" Amy spontaneously leaned forward and kissed Katherine on the lips. It turned into a very long smooch before Amy finally let Katherine go.

Out in the front room again, Katherine composed herself. Between all these cat clothes and interesting costumes and Amy being Amy, it's hard to stay bummed for long. I really should tell Amy more about what I'm planning on doing tonight, but I just can't. What if she disapproves? And I've already set things in motion. It's just not fair that everyone is so fucking amazing. Amy's so busty and sexy. Christine, if anything, is even more stacked. So unfair. It's like there's some kind of vast big tits conspiracy against me. Every female Alan knows seems to be better than me in every way. I have to do something to stand out! I can't just stand here and get trampled by all these busty, porn star perfect girls.

Maybe if I find out what Christine has to say, then maybe I can get some kind of edge, get some kind of inside knowledge I can put to good use. I have to really wow him somehow. The fact that I'm his sister just isn't good enough! The pressure is too much, and he hardly ever fucks me anymore. True, he fucked me this morning, but it's just not fair the way he pays so much more attention to the other three. Damn! Not only that, but I don't trust that Christine further than I can throw her. They don't call her the "Ice Queen" for nothing. She puts on a good show of being all kind and helpful, but she hardly has any truly close friends because her heart is cold.

Amy told me when Christine talked to her that Christine said that it wasn't so bad Amy turned down her idea to be Alan's second girlfriend as it was probably unworkable anyways. Then she added, "For one thing, I'd never live it down at school." I don't know if Amy realized just how significant that is. It shows that she's prideful and cares more about her place in school than about him. That kind of woman is

dangerous. I can't let her put her claws in him. I really have no choice but to do what I have to do. Brother might not understand, but I'm doing it for him!

Not only that, but assuming she shares what she knows about the football player problem, I may be able to learn some things and act on my own to help out. I'm sure there's stuff I could do that Brother won't let me do 'cos it's dangerous and he doesn't want me to take risks. But maybe I could become the big heroine and take care of the football player problem. Then he would THANK me for listening in on his date. I'll make it up to him and then some!

Amy walked out of the changing stall, again buck naked. She looked at Katherine, who had been gazing into space, and pointed to the policewoman uniform that she now carried in her hands. "Hey, Kat, where should I put this? This is definitely a keeper! Let's start a keepers pile."

"Okay," Katherine replied, and she turned back to the cat-themed rack. That brightened her up a bit. "Good idea. But please, wear at least something when you're standing in the store, okay? What would he think if some strange guy saw you buck naked? He wouldn't like it at all."

"M'kaaaaaay." Amy dragged that word out, as if begrudgingly responding to a nagging parent's command. The two resumed perusing the clothes racks and Katherine managed to push all thoughts of Christine out of her mind for a little while.