

## 6 Times 111

### Chapter 111 Susan And Kath - Almost Naked

Susan and Katherine again both wore nothing to breakfast but short white robes, and again they had considerable "difficulty" keeping them closed.

Susan in particular felt much less inhibited than she'd been the morning before, which wasn't surprising given all that had happened since then. The moral reservations she'd had after the morning blowjob flew away as soon as she saw Alan come into the dining room dressed in his usual T-shirt and shorts, but with an obvious hard-on poking through.

It was like something switched on in her brain. She actually stared at his bulge and thought, I want that COCK! Mmmm! Er, I mean, I suppose it would help him if I were to... No! Dammit, call a spade a spade. I want that cock! In my mouth! Lapping against his thickness, hearing him moan with joy, tasting his hot, sweet sperm. MMMM!

When she saw that Alan was staring at her, she closed her eyes and blushed. She felt like he was reading her thoughts. But she didn't close the wide gap in her robe that nearly showed her nipples and pussy without actually managing to show either.

Embarrassed, she asked as she leaned against a doorway, "Tiger... You don't mind if I dress a little more ... casually today?"

"Um... No! Uh, not at all!" He thought, Holy fucking shit! No way! Kill me now; this is the perfect vision to hold in my brain as I go out dying! And she's my MOM!

Within a matter of minutes, Susan grew quite comfortable with her near nudity. Before long she practically became shameless about teasing him. She flashed him periodically by letting her robe fall open, allowing him to see that the only thing she had on other than her robe was her high heels.

Her feelings of guilt and humiliation never abated, and in fact they only grew thanks to the shocked looks she got from her daughter Katherine. But her desire to suck and stroke her son's erection outweighed all her reservations.

Within minutes, she found herself sitting in the chair next to Alan, slouching down in it so that her ass hung nearly off the edge of the seat. That allowed her to open her knees and robe, presenting her great boobs and even her thick bush to him as if on a silver platter. As Alan finished his breakfast, she teased him in a husky voice, "Is there anything else you'd like to eat?"

"No, I'm good for now," he managed to croak out in an unsteady voice, staring at her hair pie.

"That's too bad." She smiled, reached out and began blatantly stroking his hard-on through his shorts. "You know, a growing boy like you has a big appetite. You've been growing a lot lately - growing hard!"

Katherine was in complete shock. She'd expected another morning of teasing like what had occurred the day before, but clearly something significant had happened between mother and son in the interim and she didn't know exactly what. It was almost as if Susan were in an erotic trance state.

Susan, for her part, knew she shouldn't be touching the obvious bulge in his crotch with Katherine right there, but she simply couldn't resist. She felt like she'd gone slightly crazy and she simply was not in control of her body. She said, "I'll bet you need some more help this morning, don't you?" She squeezed the tip of his dick through the fabric of his shorts as she said this.

Alan nearly came in his shorts right on the spot, as he had the morning before.

Katherine couldn't see her mother's hand on her brother's dick because the table was in the way, but from the way Susan leaned forward, swaying her exposed and jiggling boobs, and the way her arm moved, Katherine knew full well what must be happening. In fact, she found herself strangely turned on just from seeing her turned-on mother, something that had been happening a lot in the last few days.

Susan's robe had slid all the way off her arms. As a result, although she still wore the robe, much of it was on her chair and on the floor, leaving the horny mother effectively nude from the waist up. She was ashamed to be undressed like that in front of her daughter, but her only response was to continue blushing and avoiding eye contact. She had the wildly improbable hope that somehow Katherine wouldn't realize what she was doing.

Susan would have sucked Alan off then and there if it hadn't been for Katherine sitting nearby. As it was, she couldn't resist furtively stroking his bulge through his shorts. She purred in a sultry, sexy voice, "Mmmm... Tiger... You're such a big, strong man, aren't you? Big ... everywhere..."

Her fingers were blatantly pumping up and down Alan's bulge, but she decided it would be much better if she unzipped his shorts. However, she hesitated in doing that, because she remembered Katherine was watching. Without even tearing her gaze from Alan's crotch, she asked pointedly, "Angel, don't you have to take a shower or something?" bender

Katherine was miffed at her mother. Normally she wouldn't have wanted to say anything to discourage her mother's sexual awakening, but her shock and irritation overrode other considerations. "I do, but I don't appreciate getting kicked out of the room. What's gotten into you? You're acting so strange. I can see what you're doing, you know. I mean, your whole top is uncovered! And your hand is... Well, let's just say that Brother looks very happy right now. Did something happen between you two last night?"

Katherine ignored the fact that her own robe had fallen off one of her shoulders as well, leaving her right breast completely uncovered.

Susan, though, was so busy staring at her son's bulging erection, and running her fingers up and down it, that she still hadn't even looked in Katherine's direction. She sighed in fond remembrance. "Yes. Something happened yesterday. I decided that it's best if I take care of Tiger's masturbation problem personally."

Alan just groaned lustily. He simply couldn't believe what was happening.

"Oh yes! I'm helping him out in a very direct way." Susan saw Katherine leaning over the table for a closer look, so she was forced to stop her stroking. However she continued to hold the bulge in Alan's pants, because she just couldn't bear to let it go. Within seconds, she found herself rhythmically squeezing it through his shorts. She couldn't stop herself even though her daughter was watching closely.

"Brother, what is Mom talking about?" Katherine asked with great concern.

Alan was nearly panicky with arousal, but he managed to explain, "Mom is helping me out now, just like Aunt Suzy. It's so great!" He closed his eyes and exulted in his glorious memories, not to mention his current erotic joy.

Susan also closed her eyes in ecstasy. "Oh yes, Angel. Your mother is helping your brother to do his thing. And she loves it!"

Katherine cried, "MooooOOOOooooom! How could you? How could you?" She wasn't upset about the incestuous aspect - far from it. Instead, she thought, If Mom is giving Brother handjobs and blowjobs now, he's not gonna pay any attention to me anymore. I'm sitting here with my breasts hanging out of this robe, and he hardly notices! What the hell am I going to do if I'm up against my centerfold mom? If I get naked and he doesn't notice me, what more can I do to attract him?!

Susan had nothing to say in response to her daughter's complaints; instead she just kept staring at her son's crotch like a crazed and starving animal. But she was tired of having to stroke it through his shorts, so she began brazenly unzipping his fly. She said eagerly, "Tiger, it looks like you need more help this very minute to reach your daily target, don't you?"

She winced as the sound of the zipper unzipping seemed to fill the room. Within seconds, her fingers closed around his exposed boner and she let out a long, contented "Mmmm!"

Alan felt like he was sweating bullets as he struggled mightily not to cum.

The unzipping sound more than redoubled Katherine's curiosity, so she leaned even further over the table to see just what was happening.

Alan saw trouble brewing between his mother and sister, especially if Katherine saw what Susan's hand was holding. Additionally, he sensed he was going to cum in a minute or less if Susan kept on stroking his exposed hard-on, and that would create all kinds of new problems. Would his mother "come to her senses" if he painted her chest with his cum? He didn't want to find out.

So he said, "I'm going to take a shower now. That'll give us all time to cool off a little." It took a tremendous amount of willpower, but he removed Susan's hand and re-zipped his pants.

She whispered in a pouty and needy voice, "Oh, poo. Please..."

But he remained firm (in more ways than one). He stood up and left.

Susan came to her senses somewhat after Alan walked away. Her hands were trembling again, and she suddenly felt ashamed of her behavior in front of her daughter. She bowed her head so she wouldn't have to look Katherine in the eye.

She pulled her robe back over her shoulders and went to the kitchen to fix herself a cup of coffee, to gain more distance from her daughter and to calm herself as best she could.

Katherine asked incredulously, "Mom! What the hell happened to you?"

Susan said from the other room, her eyes closed with shame, "Angel, please forgive my behavior. I don't know what's gotten into me. When I get close to him, I... I can't explain it. Something takes over. But if you only knew how good it feels!"

Katherine was still seething at her mother, mostly with jealousy. But she held her tongue, merely saying, "Don't 'Angel' me! I'm going to go take my shower too." However, just as she walked up the stairs and almost out of earshot, she added, "If it feels so good, maybe I should try it out too."

That doubled Susan's guilt. She felt like crying. Oh no! Could I get any lower than this? I'm corrupting my whole family. I'm a slave to my sinful desires. I'm weak. I'm hopeless. I'm so awful!

But there still was an erotic buzz running through her that stopped her from fully wallowing in her guilty feelings. In fact, she was already wondering how she could get Alan's cock back in her mouth before he left for school.

The Plummer house had two bathrooms with showers. One was just off Susan's master bedroom, while the other was across from Alan's room and next to Katherine's. Both the kids normally used that one, but when they both had to rush to school, one of them, usually Katherine, sometimes was forced to use Susan's shower.

So that's what Susan assumed when Katherine said that she had to take a shower. She didn't give it any further thought since, between her guilt and her lust, she had other things on her mind.

But Katherine went to her room and took off her robe and the hair band on her head. She planned to get naked in the same shower as Alan and at least temporarily lure him away from Susan. At the last

minute, she threw on a shirt in case she was seen coming or going in the hallway, then knocked on the door of the bathroom Alan was in.

"Hey, Big Brother, I'm coming in," she said before he could respond to the knock, and then closed the door behind her.

Alan was trying to masturbate quickly within the ten minutes or so that he figured he had to shower. He was so horny that it wouldn't have taken much, but he'd only just started rubbing his erection when his sister came in. "Sis, is that you? What are you doing in here?" he asked anxiously.

She peered through the opaque shower curtain, but then boldly drew it back and got her first close-up view of his naked butt.

Alan turned his head around, his hand still on his hard shaft, and looked at his sister. She was wearing nothing but the long-sleeved white shirt she was planning on wearing to school. He could see by the way it was unbuttoned that there was nothing underneath.

At first she didn't respond to his question, but finally she said, "I have to take a shower. Mind if I join you?"

"Whoa!" he exclaimed. He rotated his upper torso towards her and in so doing accidentally turned the shower nozzle he was holding in his other hand towards her as well. Before he knew what was happening, he'd sprayed almost all of her body with water from the showerhead. "Oops! Sis, what are you thinking?! You're my sister!"

"Oooh, Alan," Katherine said with delight, in a sensual tone of voice. "You're making me all wet!" She was even more delighted when she looked down at herself and saw how transparent the water had made her shirt. She was pleased that her brother could see all of her hairy pussy, and not just the part visible in the crack between the tails of the shirt.

"Don't say that!" he protested.

"But isn't it true? That you've made me all wet? You don't know how true that is, Big Brother, how wet you've been making me lately. Everyone's having fun with you but me. You say I'm your sister, but what about you and Mom? That family relationship doesn't seem to be slowing you two down."

Then, acting coy, she placed her hands over part of her boobs, making sure not to cover her nipples, and asked, "You're not looking at my naked body, are you?"

"Um, no... Well, yes ..." He was so nervous that he accidentally turned and hit her with more water, which only made her look even more tempting.

He exhaled heavily and tried to control his raging desire. He put the shower nozzle back on its hook and finally took his hand off his erection. Then he saw how lewdly his rod poked out towards his sister and immediately tried to cover it with both hands. He was all flustered, and his heart was pounding hard. "Um, never mind about me. You're not supposed to be in here! What about the other shower?!"

"I like this one better," she said as she lifted her left leg and placed it on the edge of the bathtub. The unbuttoned shirt opened wide as her hips spread, giving her brother a completely unimpeded view of her bush. "Mom left you hanging there at breakfast. I could see what she was holding and stroking. You want me to finish what she started and make you feel all better?"

He thought, Oh, man! Sis! I can't get involved with her. I mean, sure, she's totally sexy, but she's my sister and I love her. But then again what am I doing with Mom? Oh damn! Why now? I'm too horny to resist anything!

"Wait! Wait!" he exclaimed in a quiet but insistent voice. "You can't come any closer! What about Mom? She'll totally know!"

She placed one foot fully into the bathtub and put a hand on his hip. "Not if we're quiet. Or, what if you just let me watch what you're doing, from here?"

"But if she comes down the hallway to check on us, she'll be expecting to hear the sound of two showers running. It's too risky!"

"Damn. I hadn't thought of that. Okay, Bro, I'll go, if you promise that we can finish what we started here later."

"Sis, do you realize what that means? Brothers and sisters aren't supposed to--"

She interrupted him. "Hey, I'm just trying to help out with your medical condition. Besides, how can you say that after what you've been doing with Aunt Suzy?"

"But she's not my real aunt," he protested weakly.

"You're right; she's more your mom than your aunt. But that's even less of an excuse. Come on! I just want to help like she's helping. Do you want some doctor-approved stimulation from me or what?"

He was torn. "Man! Please don't tempt me like that!"

She smiled. "All right, I'll go now. But think of me while you're doing your thing." She grabbed a big towel, wrapped it around herself, and returned to her room to dry off.

## Chapter 112 BJ And Fondling Susan's Boobs

Alan redoubled the stroking of his prick. Dang! Sis? Could Sis end up helping me too, beyond just visual stimulation? She totally wants to! Oh my God! Fuck! Fuck! She's so beautiful and kind. And I love her! And Mom! She's suddenly turned into some kind of insatiable sex succubus or something! That robe that fell off her, and the robe on Sis too. I'm living in the Twilight Zone for sure now.

Oh MAN! Mom AND Sis AND Suzanne! Holy fuck! This treatment for my tiredness is the best thing to ever happen to me!

But less than two minutes later, just as he was about to shoot his seed, he heard another knock.

Susan yelled through the bathroom door in a stern, motherly voice, "Tiger, come out of there this instant! You're running late!"

"But I just got in," he protested. In reality, he didn't care about getting clean; he just needed to cum. However, the interruptions and fear of getting caught caused him to lose his momentum.

Susan yelled, "Son! Now! I mean it!" In truth, she didn't care about the time; she just wanted to make sure he didn't waste his cum, because she wanted it all for herself. She figured, If he's playing with his member in the shower, he's needlessly spilling his seed upon the ground. That seed rightly belongs in my mouth!

He thought, Damn. What a cock-block buzz kill. So damn close! He stepped back out of the shower, even though he hadn't yet touched any soap or shampoo.

What a close call to getting caught that was! he realized. What if she'd come by when Sis was in here?! She might be furious like a jealous lover. Man, that would be bad. I have a hard time imagining Mom as the psycho jealous type 'cos she's just such a loving sweetie, but I guess anything is possible after what's been happening lately.

He turned off the water and spent a minute or two trying to dry up the puddles of water he'd left on the bathroom floor and even the sink and mirror when he'd let the shower nozzle spray everywhere.

In fact, Susan knew that Alan wasn't running late yet. She lingered by the bathroom door, still wearing her short white robe. She had visions of what was going to happen next: as soon as he opened the door, she'd push him back into the bathroom, close the door behind her, drop her robe, drop to her knees, and engulf his cock.

Unfortunately for her plans, Katherine also lingered in the hallway, looking at Susan suspiciously.

Susan was finally forced to retreat back downstairs. But even though her guilt was killing her, she was still working on setting a trap that would satisfy her cummy craving.

Knowing that her children didn't wear watches, she'd cleverly moved the clock in the kitchen forward ten minutes.

Both kids came into the kitchen a few minutes later, fully dressed and carrying their school backpacks. As soon as they looked at the clock, they rushed to the door and made to leave.

Then, just as they were about to step out and ride bikes to school together, Susan held her son back by asking, "Tiger, I just remembered something. Can you help me with a quick chore?"

Still wearing her short robe, Susan turned around and raised an arm above her head. That caused her robe to ride up her ass and expose the lower part of her ass cheeks, as she knew it would. In case anyone wondered whether she'd put panties back on, that display removed any doubts.

Alan gulped. His dick had gone flaccid, but it shot back to full hardness. He couldn't help but notice that he could just barely see a tantalizing glimpse of his mother's pussy between her legs. He stared at his mother's ass as if in a trance. He muttered, "Sure... Uh, Mom. See you later, Sis!"

Katherine walked into the garage and grabbed her bike. She was more than a little suspicious about the "chore," but she had to leave. Dammit, I'm sure Mom is up to something. It's like some porn star took over her body. But what can I do? If I'm late again, I'm gonna be in the doghouse.

Grrr!

Staring out the front window, Susan patiently watched her daughter bike away. The instant the bike was out of sight, Susan undid the sash on her robe and let it fall to the floor. She paused for a moment, allowing her son to enjoy the sight of her completely nude backside. Then she turned her incredible body towards him.

He gulped again. Daaaamn! Holy... Oh my God! She's my MOM! Those BOOBS! That pussy! Everything!

She just stood there with her hands on her hips, letting him drink in the view.

Finally, he asked. "What's the chore, Mom?" He struggled valiantly to look at her face, causing him to notice that she was staring out the window. "What are you looking at out there?"

"Oh, just checking to make sure the coast is clear." She looked back at him, and then down to the bulge in his shorts. She smiled from ear to ear and licked her lips hungrily.

"Um, Mom? The chore?"

"Oh, the chore is really easy," she said happily. She added matter-of-factly. "I just need to borrow some of your sperm."

"My, uh, sperm?!" He looked down at her full globes, and then at her bush. He briefly noticed her high heels before his eyes traveled back up her luscious body.

She stepped forward. "Actually, I take that back. I don't need to borrow it; I need to swallow it. It's going in my tummy, where it will join the gallon or so from yesterday."

His eyes bugged out. He looked up and down her perfect body, from the top of her head to her high heels. Dang! She's still wearing those sexy heels. What's up with that? And nothing else! Nothing else! Fuuuuuck!

She laughed with glee. "All you have to do is pull down your shorts and I'll take care of the rest."

She knelt down and began attacking the zipper on his shorts with a passion. His seemingly constantly-erect penis sprang out, causing her to gape in renewed wonder at the size of it. She wrapped her hands around it as if her life depended on it. She panted, and thought, Oh God. Oh God. It's gonna go in my mouth! Finally! I can't wait!

"Mom!" he cried when he eventually recovered some of his senses. "What are you thinking?! School starts in less than ten minutes!"

"Give me five, and I'll drive you there in another five," she said as she playfully tickled her way around his cockhead. She licked her lips again. "Mmmm. It looks soooo good!"

It normally took ten minutes of biking or less than five of driving to reach the school, so he figured they could just make it if it came to that. But she knew that they had an extra ten minutes, due to her earlier ploy of setting the kitchen clock forward.

Hearing no protest, she added, "We shouldn't make this a regular habit, but I'm feeling suddenly concerned that maybe your member developed some abnormalities overnight, and I didn't check it properly when I woke you up this morning."

They both laughed a bit nervously. Each of them was struggling with the enormity of how their lives were changing, and the implications of what was to come.

Susan leaned forward and let out an erotic "Mmmm!" as she started licking her way all over the ridge of his cockhead.

He was so blown away that his knees nearly gave way. He staggered backwards until he managed to lean against a wall.

Since his mother was already on her knees, she quickly crawled after him until she latched her mouth around his erection once again.

Just the sight of her naked, crawling body was nearly enough to make him cum on the spot. Oh man! Oh man! Somebody kill me. Too much sexy! He chuckled at "too much sexy," because it was both grammatically incorrect and exactly how he was feeling.

Between licks, she muttered, "Please forgive me, Son. But I need it! Son, can I-" However, before she could complete that thought, she engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing steadily over his sweet spot.

Holy SHIT! He clenched his hands into fists and held on for dear life, because the pleasure was so intense. As if her cocksucking weren't incredible enough, she ran both hands back and forth over his shaft as well, stimulating him with just her fingertips.

He closed his eyes, somehow managing to ride out the powerful erotic waves of pleasure washing through his body. Luckily, Susan was mostly doing the same bobbing motion over and over, so after a minute or two he was able to calm down enough to open his eyes again.

Daaaang! That's my mom! My sweet, loving mom with her gigantic tits, and she's bobbing on my dick like her life depends on it! What delightful torture! I can't help but stare at her perfect body, but I don't wanna 'cos looking at it is gonna make me cum too soon! Damn! Just look at those fuckin' huge knockers, swinging back and forth in time to her bobbing!

He inhaled deeply. Sheesh, I can't smell anything else, 'cos the distinct aroma of Mom is too arousing! There's something unique about her odor. Is it her soap or shampoo or perfume or something? I dunno, but it's Mom, and it's awesome. And then on top of that, I can totally smell her arousal as well, and that REALLY makes me dizzy, it smells so good!

After about five minutes, her tongue and jaw needed a rest so she removed her mouth from his cockhead. However, he didn't get much of a respite from his overwhelming erotic joy, because she instead lovingly rubbed his boner against the side of her face.

"Mmmm! Tiger, I must confess... I love your cock! Mmmm!" She rubbed it over her nose and chin, licking the tip or the side when it came within range of her mouth. "I know I should be feeling all guilty over what we did yesterday, and I do! I feel terribly, horribly guilty! It's so wrong! But you have this big fat cock, and it needs to be sucked, and I need to suck it!"

She'd intended to take a longer break, but her own words inspired her so much that she quickly resumed bobbing on it.

Alan whimpered helplessly. He always hated to cum because it meant the fun would end, and he figured that while the climax was a few seconds of intense elation, many long minutes of only slightly less intense joy were much preferable. He was especially determined to hold out at this time, because he knew that shortly after cumming he'd have to go to school. But Susan was so sexy and focused with her sucking that he felt truly helpless.

However, Susan somehow understood his mood, so she managed to slow down. She too wanted to prolong the joy, so she resorted to merely licking him for a while. It actually wasn't much of a reprieve for Alan since her tongue was lavishing attention on his sweet spot, but somehow he hung on.

As she licked, she thought, God help me, I love this! I know it's wrong: it's a sin, and that makes me a terrible mother. He should be at school, but instead I've tricked him just so I can slather my loving tongue all over his massive COCK! MMMM!

But I truly can't help myself! It's just so much fun! Especially not just licking or stroking, but sucking. That's the BEST! Mmmm! When I woke up this morning, my nipples grew fully erect as I thought about this great cock and how much it needs to be licked and sucked! Yesterday was the greatest day of my life. Mmmm! It's just too yummy. God help me, but I can't stop! When Tiger goes to school, I swear I'm gonna cry!

She was so determined to keep the fun going that she used up all of the extra ten minutes she'd given herself to play with Alan's erection, and then she kept on rubbing and sucking for another five, making him late. She simply wanted to enjoy his boner all day long, and to that end she had a knack of stopping and waiting just as he was on the verge of cumming, to give him time to back off and get another wind.

The only reason he wasn't even more delayed was that he finally lost control and gave up his load. Susan had done her best, but she couldn't keep him that close to the edge for that long without eventually inadvertently pushing him over.

Rather surprisingly, she happened to be licking her way down to his balls and back when he started to shoot. It was surprising because she loved bobbing on his cock nearly all the time. Therefore a few squirts splattered on her face before she managed to engulf him yet again.

Knowing that he was already cumming, she went all out. One hand pumped his shaft furiously, much faster than her sliding lips. Yet even with all the motion, she managed to tickle his sweet spot with her tongue most of the time, hoping to coax even more cum out of him.

Just to be sure, she fondled his balls with her other hand. She visualized herself milking the sperm from his balls, then coaxing it down his long shaft so more of it could pummel the back of her throat.

She kept on stroking and sucking long after he was drained dry. The only reason she finally stopped was because he was so wiped out that he slumped down the wall he'd been leaning against until he was crouched on his knees. His legs felt like they'd never be able to stand again.

As she fondled her tits provocatively while still on her knees, looking up at him, she asked, "Are you sure you need a ride to school? Or would you rather call in sick? I think that would be best. Your penis is very ill, and I'm going to have to give it a lot of close personal care all day long. With my hands and mouth, of course! Let me stick it between my lips again and rub my tongue all over your lovely thing!"

He groaned with frustration, because that sounded incredibly tempting, but he knew it wasn't doable. "You know I'd love that, Mom, but I really do have to go. I've got a big second-period English test that I shouldn't miss, for one thing. I wouldn't care about that anyway, except that staying here might not end up being much fun. My dick needs a break. It feels so good, but it also hurts so bad right now. But I'll count the minutes until I get back."

"I will too, Tiger! I will too! By the way, who's your favorite cocksucker now, my darling boy?"

Alan put on a thoughtful expression, as if weighing the pluses and minuses of Susan's and Suzanne's techniques. But he was stalling for time, since he didn't know how to diplomatically answer that question.

Susan realized his dilemma and stopped him. "Wait! Don't answer that. I'm sorry; that's not polite. I wasn't thinking." But her heart still sank, because she lacked sexual confidence. She thought, Who do I think I am? It's as plain as day that Suzanne is the cocksucking queen. There's no way I can compete with her years of experience, and I can't bear to hear that I'm only number two!

He could read her like a book, and saw that she could use a confidence booster. So he answered anyway. "Mom, I don't think it's fair to compare you and Aunt Suzy. You're both so great. I mean, really, really great! She has more experience, plus her extremely long tongue, but you have a passion and joy that's hard to match. And you're both so busty and beautiful. When I see your heartbreakingly gorgeous face sucking on my dick, well, it's just about the most erotic and amazing sight I've ever seen!"

"Really?" That delighted her to no end.

"Really. The things both of you do to me, it's just... I'm speechless, really. I honestly can't say one of you is better than the other. It's like comparing my favorite ice cream flavor with my favorite fruit. They're both really yummy but different, y'know? But one thing I know is that this has made me love you even more than before."

That was a carefully worded diplomatic statement, but it was true.

"Tiger!" she said excitedly. "Me too! Me too! Suzanne was so, so right about that! You're such a thoughtful and considerate boy; it just makes me want to suck your cock even more, for some reason."

Since his energy level was finally rising, he stood up.

She stood up too and kissed him all over his face.

He thought for sure she'd kiss him on the mouth, but she held back and squeezed him in a tight embrace instead. She rubbed her impressive bare rack up and down his chest again. Then she grabbed his hands and planted them on her ass.

She purred, "How does it feel to be holding your naked mommy? Do you like that? Do you like squeezing mommy's naked ass? Hmmm? Or do you want to force me to my knees and make me suck your cock some more?"

She was talking about him using force, but in fact she was so enthusiastic that he realized the only force he might need was if he had to PREVENT her from dropping back to her knees. In fact, he had no doubt she'd be there already if it weren't for the fact that his penis was flaccid.

Since she was in such an obviously horny state, he took advantage of it and fondled her big tits a bit while kissing and licking his way across her face. Technically, he wasn't allowed to play with her tits, so he figured he should take full advantage of whatever opportunities arose.

She thought, Oh my goodness! If only Ron could see me now! Oh dear. Where did that thought come from? But the thing is, it just feels too good! I'm helpless to resist the power of my son and his big cock when he plays with my breasts! If he keeps that up, I'm gonna have to... Oh! MMMM! Suck his cock some more! YES!

She reached down for his penis. But no. He's still limp. Oh, poo! How long does it take for one of these things to recover anyway!

She let him continue to fondle away. He avoided touching her pussy since he figured that would upset her, but he occasionally kneaded her ass cheeks just for variety's sake.

When he started pulling at her nipples, she thought she'd simply scream for joy. She purred, "Oh, Tiger! You know you're not allowed to touch me there. But you're not gonna take no for an answer, are you? The problem is, my breasts are too sensitive, and your hands are too talented. I can cum just from what your hands are doing to me right now. Mmmm! Not to mention what you do to my bare ass, hee-hee!"

He was half-convinced that she was going to cum on the spot, because she had such a pre-orgasmic, ecstatic expression on her face.

But she continued, "Before long, you're gonna have me back on my knees with your fat knob down my throat!"

She was so insatiable that it was remarkable he made it to school at all. Even with his penis hurting from overuse, the only reason he managed the willpower to pull away was because it still remained completely flaccid. She'd wiped him out so thoroughly that he just couldn't get it hard again.

He made it to school nearly fifteen minutes late. Luckily, he was such a well-regarded student that his teacher didn't write him up.

### Chapter 113 Teacher To The Mix?

Needless to say, Alan was even more distracted at school than the day before. At one point, he actually walked squarely into a pole and fell flat on his back like some kind of cartoon character. He floundered badly on the second-period test that he had made such a point about needing to take.

The same thoughts kept going through his head. This can't be happening to me. Three or four of the most gorgeous women in town are all after me. Including my sister and my totally and quite literally cock-hungry mom. It's so incredible! This is the kind of thing that happens to other people, like in a porn film or something, but not actually to me right here in real life!

How will things ever be the same again? What'll happen now? We can never go back; we can never have a normal relationship again. This has to end in disaster somehow; I just know it. It's like some kind of

natural law. For instance, what about jealousy? Like, are Mom and Aunt Suzy at each other's throats right now, or is Mom sitting at home happily describing all her blowjobs to Aunt Suzy? I don't know which thought is more alarming. Fucking, fucking INSANE!

Things just can't go on like they did yesterday. For one thing, there's no way I could handle that much intensity. But God, how I love it! I can't stop. It's like watching a car crash in slow motion, but I can't stop.

His history teacher, Ms. Rhymer, had another private talk with him before he left for lunch.

She said, "Alan, I couldn't help but notice that you were distracted all through my class. In fact, I'd say you were a complete space case today! Now, I know you're one of my students, but we've gotten to the point where I feel like I can call you a good friend too. So is it okay if I frankly speak my mind on this?"

"Please do."

"I suspect this has something to do with what you told me yesterday, how you have to climax six times a day for medical reasons. It's not just how you were today. You've been acting damn odd for days now. Sometimes you're smiling like an idiot, other times it looks like you're suffering, and still other times you're simply off in some la-la land. It's because of this diagnosis, isn't it?"

"It is," he admitted.

"What's the problem exactly? I can understand you thinking about it some, but it's like you've become unable to function in my class. I assume that much the same thing is happening in your other classes, which makes this a really serious concern. What is it?"

After Alan's great sexual success with his mother and Aunt Suzy in recent days, and even promising developments with his sister Katherine and their neighbor Amy, he was soaring with confidence. He wondered if he might have a chance at fulfilling his longstanding sexual fantasies with Ms. Rhymer as well, so he said, "Well, it's just that six times a day is so much. Since we're talking frankly, I'll admit that even before this I would normally cum three, four, or sometimes even five times a day." He exaggerated that somewhat to impress her with his sexual prowess.

He continued, "So you'd think six wouldn't be that much of a stretch. And it's not, on any given day. But to reach an average of six times a day, every single day... I don't know if I can manage that. Any time I fall below average, then I have to make up for it the next day by that much more. Pretty soon that requires an incredible number of orgasms in a single day!"

She was surprised, and even impressed, at how virile he seemed to be, but she tried not to show it. "But you have Mrs. Pestridge helping you out, don't you? And since we're speaking really frankly, she's a stunning and obviously very sexy woman."

"True. But she can only help me so much. Most of the time, when I feel like I might manage one more time, she's not around."

"I see." There was a long pause while she considered what to say. "I don't know if it's appropriate that we even discuss this, but you're a friend as well as a student and it is negatively affecting your schoolwork. I'm concerned. Is there anything I can do to help?"

He looked away in embarrassment. "The kind of help I really need... Given that you're my teacher, it wouldn't even be right for me to mention it!"

"I see!" She thought, Obviously, the poor guy needs sexual help to reach his daily targets. And he's right; that is inappropriate to even mention. As much as I like him, there's no way I could help him with that! Physically...

She said, "You're right. Since I'm your teacher, there probably are some things we shouldn't discuss. I'd get in hot water if it came out that I'd discussed even this much with you."

"Don't worry. My lips are sealed, as always. You know that."

"Of course. You're a prudent guy. But you can't mention that we've talked about this with anyone! I really should keep my mouth shut and butt out, but I can't help but feel concerned. It's like I'm watching you slip from being a top student, getting worse day by day."

He said sheepishly, "Sorry. I think it's just that I'm still trying to get used to this new situation. I'll try harder not to be distracted. I promise that I'll do better tomorrow."bender

She nodded. "I'm glad to hear that. I'm sure you WILL do better. I have great confidence in you, young man."

He smiled weakly. "Thanks." He left a short time after that.

However, she didn't feel that she'd really helped the situation. She strongly suspected that he'd remain very distracted in the days and weeks to come.

Now she was in a real fix, because she'd been really turned on by her conversation with Alan the day before. She thought repeatedly about the idea that Alan had to orgasm six times a day for medical reasons, and that distracted her for the rest of the day.

Once she was by herself, she thought, His situation practically begs that I help him get an orgasm every day during lunch! It wouldn't really be having an affair with a student. After all, I have my boyfriend Garth, and Alan seems like he's pretty wrapped up with Mrs. Pestridge. Besides, no one can compete with her beauty or style. It would be more like I'm just providing a much needed service. But still, I could realize all of my student sex fantasies with my very favorite student!

And I can certainly tell that he wants it too. He's had a crush on me forever, and it was so cute yesterday the way he blushed when I asked why he gets particularly horny in my class. It's because he's thinking about me - I just know it. The fact is, he's been crushing on me for years!

But how do I get this thing started? I can't just walk up to him and say, 'Hey, I'd like to give you head every day.' Actually, if I said that to the Alan of a few weeks ago, it probably would have completely destroyed his cute little mind. But it sounds like Suzanne is giving him a thorough sexual education. He may be quite the sexy little stud by the time I get my hands on him, hee-hee. That is, IF I get my hands on him.

And reading between the lines, I gather that nurse he was talking about may be giving him a hand as well. In fact, the whole medical thing sounds like some kind of scam, but why should I care? Well, I do care, obviously, since he's my friend as well as my student, but it's not like I'd be able to prove anything.

The way he was so bashful and shy was really cute, but it seems he's changing daily. Out of the blue, he's turning into some kind of teenage Don Juan. Once he gets his head out of the clouds and realizes what he has going for him, it's going to be scary how the girls will come running.

But seriously, this is all a fun fantasy, but I'm not the kind of woman to actually DO anything with him. For one thing, I've never been unfaithful to any boyfriend. And a teacher doing that with a student would be so wrong, no matter what the reason. If we were caught, it would get me fired for sure. I just can't do it!

She found herself thinking about his problem more and more. But it brought her nothing but frustration.

That soon would be Alan's lot as well: frustration. Even as he sat in his fourth-period class, thinking about his mother, big events were happening back home.

#### Chapter 114 Husband Cheating ?

Susan lay on her bed naked, masturbating while thinking about her son. She'd been at it for over an hour. She'd even called Suzanne and delayed their usual morning exercise session, simply because she was so aroused that she couldn't stop playing with herself. I've turned into a complete slut, and I don't care! This whole thing about boundaries - that's fine and dandy for Suzanne maybe, but I don't give a damn! I can't wait till he gets back home from school. I suppose I'll have to share, since today is supposed to be Suzanne's day to be alone with him. ... Share his sweet, ripe, full, hard COCK!

I suppose it's only fair to share. After all, Suzanne is almost his second mother. She's spent so many countless hours over the years helping him turn into the wonderful young man he is today. It's only fair that she gets to be his busty cocksucking mommy too. Mmmm! That's hot! "Busty cocksucking mommy." I just love the sound of that! Hee-hee!

But I'm going to seduce him and get him to have sex with me, and soon! I may go to Hell for it, but I don't care! And I know he wants it too. Dammit, I'm gonna use the 'F' word! He's gonna fuck me! He's gonna fuck me in every room of the house, on every piece of furniture! And then we'll do it outside, and in public places. Glass elevators! He'll slam me against the glass in a high building, and everyone will watch from below!

And then Suzanne and I will fuck him together! We'll make a fuck sandwich! And then I'll fuck her! I'll go sixty-nine with my best friend! And then we'll all take turns fucking and licking Angel, and we'll have one big fuck-fest! We'll have a fucking orgy, and then we'll serve Amy's sweet fucking pie for desert! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

She sat up in bed and her hair flew in every direction as she completely abandoned herself to her urges and desires in an orgasmic frenzy. She finally vocalized her thoughts, and the cry "Fuuuuck meeeee!" echoed throughout the house as she had a powerful climax. The sight of her huge breasts bouncing in the air would have been enough to turn any gay man straight, had one been lucky enough to observe it.

But after she came down from her orgasmic high, Susan felt quite depressed.

This keeps happening to me, she thought in a completely different mindset. I get lost in an erotic fantasy about Tiger, and then I completely regret it and take it all back, but only after I orgasm. And then I do it again. I've already masturbated three times since he left for school today. I'm totally obsessed.

And these thoughts I'm having are too disturbing. I went way overboard with him yesterday and this morning. If there was any line of moderation, where one could actually dispassionately suck someone's penis, I think I've blown past it already. Heck, I almost stroked his exposed member right in front of Angel this morning! As a matter of fact, if I'm honest with myself, I did! Oh, the shame! Yesterday was just the icing on the cake.

And I had more sexual dreams of Tiger last night. Crazy, weird, extremely erotic dreams. This latest fantasy about fucking, even thinking about Angel - it's way beyond the pale. This has to stop! I feel so dirty I literally should be flogged with whips to punish my evil thoughts. Only problem is, I'd probably enjoy it, ha-ha. But her laughter was ironic.

She realized that it was as if a dam had burst in her mind. She had been sexually repressed for too long, and now it was all coming out, and Alan was the only target.

She decided, The only thing I can do, what I MUST do, is take a short vacation. I've got to get out of here before Alan gets home. I need to spend the rest of the day somewhere else to give myself a chance to cool down. As it is now, I'm on the verge of losing all control. Actually, I've lost control already and have to get it back. In the state I'm in, if I were to see him again, I don't know if I'd have the control to not just shout out, "Fuck me until I pass out!"

She was trying to decide when and where she should go, or if she should just stay home and succumb to her desire to masturbate some more, when the phone rang.

She picked it up. "Hello?" She recognized the voice on the other end of the line. Damn, it's my husband! "Oh, hi darling!" she said to Ron in a falsely happy tone.

Suddenly, a whole wave of emotions washed over her. In the past few weeks she'd almost forgotten that she even had a husband, and now she felt intensely guilty. How could I be such a bad wife? I've been cheating on him. Cheating! I'm so horrible! He didn't do anything to deserve the way I've been behaving!

They talked for a few minutes. The big news was that Ron would return home from his job in Asia in a few days. It was Wednesday and he would be arriving Saturday morning, just three days away. He would be staying at home for twelve days before he returned to Asia.

That was a longer than usual home visit, especially for this time of year. He usually tried to come home for the Christmas holidays, spending a couple weeks at that time, plus one or two visits of a week or less at other times of year. But he wasn't sure if he could make the holidays this year, so he had chosen to take more time now.

Susan kept the call short, since she felt so bad talking while in the nude with cum running down her thighs. She hung up the phone and cried. She cried until it seemed she had no more tears to cry. Then she got up and put on her old, conservative clothes - bra, panties, and all.

This is a sign from God, she said to herself. This is God's way of saying I have fallen, and I have to get back on track. I had my fun with Tiger, but that's all over now. God is forgiving - he can forgive me for my heinous sins if I truly repent. I just have to hold out for three days and then, once my husband is here, I have two weeks to cool down and straighten out my life. If Suzanne wants to keep pleasuring Alan, that's her business, but not in my house, and not at all while Ron is in town!

I've just seen the abyss of utter sexual depravity, and I've stepped back from the edge. Yesterday I was so close to going all the way with my own son. I would have gladly spread my legs for him if it weren't for that face he made that scared me and kept me from doing something horrible. The fact is, I just don't have the self-control to maintain the proper boundaries. So as much fun as all this has been, this can't go on! It's just too wrong! There's more to life than just stroking and stroking and licking and licking and taking that big erection deeper and deeper and deeper still! And having my wonderful baby boy play with my boobs as he shoves his hard rod into the back of my throat.

Her words were making her more aroused again.

Either that or I could lie here and masturbate again. Maybe just one last time, before I give it up. It's not like I'd hurt anyone else with a little more self-pleasure.

No! I have to stop! I'm a sinner and an adulterer. This is WRONG! I have to save my soul from burning in Hell if it's not already too late. I need to tell everyone how things are going to be from now on before I change my mind.bender

She picked up the phone and called Suzanne.

Suzanne could tell a crisis was brewing and came over right away.

By the time Suzanne got there, Susan had already dressed in her prudish clothes and made herself somewhat presentable.

She quickly explained the problem, emphasizing the phone call. She finished by saying, "Suzanne, I need you to give it to me straight. I'm an adulterer, a cheat, a bad mother, an incestuous pervert, and worse! What else am I leaving out? I'm a freak! I don't deserve to live!" She sobbed into Suzanne's chest.

Suzanne replied, "Susan, I'm your best friend, am I not? I understand what you're feeling, but I think you're overreacting."

"Overreacting?! Suzanne, I'm obsessed! I've gone mad. I've completely lost my mind! All I can think about is squeezing more and more sperm from my son's delicious member! Tell me I'm not mentally disturbed."

"I know it comes as a shock, and yes, you have become a bit obsessed, but that's because you've had such a profound change happen to you in the last week or so. Your libido, your sex drive, has finally awoken. I'm beginning to think that you've lived your entire life up until this point almost like some kind of virgin. You've had sex, yes, but nobody ever lit your fire. And now that your fire is burning, you don't know how to control it - how to turn it off when you need to."

Susan let out a world-weary sigh while her tears continued to fall. "That's all true, but it's so WRONG! My husband should be the one to set me on fire and turn my libido into a raging inferno. My HUSBAND! Not my son, for crying out loud! He's gonna divorce me for sure, as soon as he finds out, and then I'll be out on the street and never able to see my darling children again. And I'll deserve it!"

She stood up, and clutched at herself. "It's this body of mine! I can't control it! Even now, it still feels all ... tingly. It's got a mind of its own, a depraved, sinful mind. Even now, when you said I was almost like a virgin, you know what came into my mind?"

"What?"

"That I was pure for my son! That he'd really like that, that my body is just for him to use. And it made me ... horny. So horny! Darn it, just explaining it to you right now is making me tingly all over again. But I'm so guilty and tortured, too. Suzanne, this is killing me!"

She suddenly bent over. "Help me! Make the tingling stop!"

Then she stood back up and buried herself in Suzanne's embrace even more than before. She let loose with a bigger bout of sobbing.

As she cried, she tried to explain, "The problem is, I love my cutie Tiger so much! So very, very much! If it was anyone else, I could control myself. Easily! ... But... But ... the chance ... to love my son ... in a new way... Oh, Suzanne! It brings me so much joy! I just can't help it! I love it! But I hate it too! It's so wrong! So very, very wrong!"

As Suzanne held her and tried to comfort her by stroking her hair, she thought, Uh-oh. We've got a big-time problem here. And Ron is coming back in three days, she says, which is absolutely horrible timing. How am I going to fix this?

Suzanne let Susan bewail her circumstances for an hour or more until Susan was emotionally exhausted and out of tears. Suzanne even cried a lot herself in sympathy. But then she got down to the business of straightening Susan out.

Sitting next to her on a sofa, Suzanne said, "It's good to let it all out, but now that you're done with that let's try to work things out. First of all, things aren't as bad as you think they are; you're just reeling from the shock of so much change in your life. Let's look at the positives."

"Positives? What positives?!"

"Well, for one, you've finally unleashed your sexual side. True, it was unleashed when you were with your son, but that doesn't mean that it'll only come out with him. Let's take an honest look at your marriage. It's been a pretty loveless and sexless marriage, hasn't it?"

"I wouldn't exactly say it's THAT bad," Susan protested.

"Susan, who do you think you're talking to? I know everything. I was there just about every moment since you got married. In fact, you've probably spent much more than ten times as much time with me as you have with your husband during the course of your marriage; he's simply never around. Things have not been good, you have to admit it. And why haven't they? Good sex is key to a good marriage; that's just a fact. I hate to be blunt, but you've been so sexually repressed that you've been a cold fish in bed. Ron must be horribly, horribly frustrated sexually. No wonder he takes jobs out of town all the time."

Susan wailed, "I'm so horrible! And now I'm cheating on him."

"I'll bet you dollars to donuts that he's sleeping around every chance he gets."

"What?!"

"Think about it. He IS human. He DOES have a sex drive. How many times do you two have sex in a given year? Twice? Three times? What kind of man would be satisfied with that and not ask for a divorce unless he has other sexual outlets?"

"Oh God! Suzanne, you may be right, but that's so horrible. Why are you telling me this now? You're hitting me when I'm down. I thought you were talking about the positives."

"I am. Frankly, I've assumed that he's been cheating on you for years now; I've seen all the signs. I've tried to warn you in different ways, but you wouldn't listen. The plus side is, obviously he must still have some feelings for you or he would have divorced you a long time ago. What's been missing in your marriage has been a sexual spark, or really any kind of sexual anything for that matter. Now, you've awoken. Now, you realize how good sex can be and that sex for reasons other than procreation is not a sin. So you can use those new feelings and knowledge to revive your marriage!"

Susan sniffled. "I can? Do you think?"

"Of course you can! And I'm going to help!" Suzanne added to herself, Help to make sure that never happens, that is. The last thing I want is to get Ron back in the picture. I have my reasons to suspect that'll never happen no matter what she does, but I'll have to make sure it doesn't just the same. Still, the "old Susan" needs something like that to hold onto for a while, as she slowly adjusts to the new reality Sweetie and I are making for her.

"So what should I do? I'll do ANYthing to make it up to Ron, all these horrible things I've done!" She gasped. "Oh dear Lord! Just the things I did this morning! So SHAMELESS!"

"Well, before you feel so bad, keep in mind it's almost 100 percent certain that Ron has been cheating on you FOR YEARS. If you want evidence of that, I can give you a long list."

Susan frowned. "Are you sure?! That's a very serious accusation!"

Suzanne nodded sadly. "Very sure. Now's not the time to go into it, but I'm working on making a rock solid case. Remember, I've cheated on my husband for a long time too, and maybe there's truth in the saying that it takes one to know one. What you did in the past day or two is a drop in the bucket compared to what he's done to you."

"That may be, but I feel so guilty. I hold myself to a high standard. What's more important than living a pure life, one that the Lord would approve of? My parents didn't raise me to be a cheater."

"First off, you're not even cheating. You're helping your son's medical condition. You're saving him from sin to boot! I'll bet if Ron knew, he'd be upset at first, yes, but he'd also be impressed at your selfless sacrifice."

"NOOO! Ron can never know!"

"I didn't say he has to know. I'm just saying that what you're doing might not even upset him that much. Did it upset Katherine? No. Amy? No. Me? No. Alan? Obviously not. What you're doing is a GOOD thing, a kind thing, a--"

"But it has to stop, Suzanne! It just has to!"

"Well, take a break, certainly, and see how you feel in a day or two. I'll try to carry on by myself in helping with Sweetie's medical treatment. Don't worry; we all love you, and together we'll solve any problem, be it your marriage, your son's ailment, your shock at your sexual awakening, or whatever else may arise."

Susan flung herself at Suzanne and hugged her tightly. "You're the best! The best, best friend ever! Thank you so much!" She resumed crying, but more just from being emotionally overwhelmed than from sadness.

Then Suzanne brought up an argument she'd been holding as a kind of ace up her sleeve for a difficult time like this. "Wait, I'm not done. One more thing. Let's talk about masturbation - the terrible sin of Onan!"

Susan shook her head. "I've been thinking a lot about the sin of Onan today. That makes me feel a little better, that at least Tiger hasn't spilled his seed much. But that's not nearly enough to justify my wanton and sinful behavior!"

Suzanne said, "'Better to plant your seed in the belly of a whore than on the ground.' Have you ever heard that expression?"

Susan was stunned into silence. After a long pause, she said, "As a matter of fact, I have. I haven't heard it for years and years, though. That's something people used to say back in Nebraska to warn against the evils of masturbation."

"Do you know where it's from?"

"Hmmm. It sounds like Scripture. But I've read the Bible from cover to cover many times, and I don't recall actually coming across it."

Suzanne had been hoping to pass it off as being directly from the Bible, but she realized she couldn't do that. So she said, truthfully, "It's not a direct quote from the Bible, but it's basically a summary of the Biblical story of Onan, Judah, and Tamar, which of course is where the sin of Onan story comes from. As you may remember, Onan masturbates and is struck dead by God, whereas Judah has sex with a prostitute and goes unpunished. So one can rightfully conclude that it's 'better to plant your seed in the belly of a whore than on the ground.'"

"I suppose that's true," a thoughtful Susan replied.

"Think about that wording," Suzanne directed. "'Plant your seed in the BELLY of a whore.' Belly means the stomach, obviously, and the only way to get cum into the stomach is through oral sex. In other words, a blowjob from a whore is better than masturbation. Of course, you're not a whore. You're a mother, and a mother is way better than a whore. So it also stands to reason that a blowjob from one's mother is much better than masturbation. See? What you did is NOT a sin, NOT a bad thing. You're saving him from sin each and every time, just like I keep telling you. It's proven in the Bible by that well-known saying!"

Susan was flabbergasted by that. She wanted to believe it so much that she overlooked a few logical leaps. "WOW! Suzanne... you're a genius! Why didn't you tell me that before?! I feel so much better! You're the best friend anyone could ever have!" She gave Suzanne a big hug.

Suzanne was proud of her cleverness. In actual fact, "belly" in the story was a reference to the woman getting pregnant, but Suzanne knew interpreting the word the other way would help Susan's conscience. She just hoped that Susan didn't carefully reread the story of Onan any time soon.

As they hugged, she said, "Hey, that's what friends are for. If you ever feel really bad again, just remember: 'It's better to shoot your seed down into the belly of your mother than on the ground.'" She muttered, "I think that wording works better."

"I will! I definitely will!"

After some more comforting talk and hugs, Suzanne pointed out that they still hadn't done their daily exercises yet.

Susan complained, "Who can exercise at a time like this?!"

But Suzanne was very persuasive, as usual, and convinced Susan they couldn't break their routine. Besides, she pointed out that the exercising would give Susan an opportunity to let out her frustrations on the exercise machines.

So they did their workout together. But the mood was quite different than how it had been during other exercise sessions lately. There was no sharing of sexy experiences, fantasies, or dreams whatsoever. Suzanne wanted to all the nitty gritty details about how the "abnormality check" had gone, but Susan didn't say a word about that. She was all business.

Suzanne was secretly frustrated, but she understood that it was prudent to be patient. Susan told her all her secrets eventually.

#### Chapter 115 Suzanne And Alan

When Alan got home that afternoon, he found both Suzanne and Susan waiting for him with their arms crossed and grave expressions on their faces. Both of them were dressed very conservatively.

Uh-oh. This is not good! he thought.

It was quite a comedown from his expectation of receiving one or more mind-blowing orgasms from the two incredibly gorgeous mothers as soon as he got home.

Susan stood up and immediately launched a verbal barrage at him. "Alan, what we've been doing since yesterday afternoon, it has to stop! Not just a little bit, not just a day or two, but we have to stop all improper contact between mother and son forever! I've been torn trying to do what's right, but there's just no way I can square helping you with your medical treatments and being a good wife and a good Christian. I'm sorry, but that's just how it has to be."

Alan looked past Susan to where Suzanne was sitting. He noticed Suzanne was waving her hands and making a facial expression as if to say, "Don't listen to her." She even rolled her eyes and twirled her finger next to an ear, as if indicating that Susan was crazy.

He was confused by the conflicting signals, to say the least, but just nodded and tried to say as few words as possible.

Susan let loose with a long, heartfelt plea about why she had to stop helping him with his six-times-a-day treatments. She focused mostly on how she felt like she was cheating on Ron. She mentioned in passing that he would be coming home in a few days, which increased Alan's distress.

By the time Susan was finished, she was in tears again. She gave Alan a hug (but in a very chaste and motherly way) and then retired to the kitchen, saying, "I understand that Suzanne has a few things she wants to say to you now, as well. Listen to her; there's no one who's wiser. Again, I'm sorry I can't help you more, but remember that I love you and that this is just how it has to be."

Suzanne immediately grabbed Alan's hand and said, "Let's go for a walk."

They left through the front door and walked away from the house. All was silent until they got to the sidewalk by the street.

Alan turned to Suzanne as he held her hand and said, "Okay, can you tell me just what the heck is going on? Mom is dropping this disturbing bombshell on me and meanwhile you're behind her back, making more mysterious signals than a third-base coach."

Suzanne looked back at the Plummer house furtively. "I didn't want you to get the wrong idea. Basically, things are not nearly as bad as they seem. Susan is having a relapse back to her old ways. I gather that started even before your father called today, but when he called that made things much worse for her. Sweetie, you gotta look at things from her perspective. So much has happened in the last twenty-four hours in particular that a backlash was inevitable. I should have seen it coming, but I thought things were going to progress a lot more gradually."

He asked, "So, I take it this means that I'm going to be all on my own with the six-times-a-day problem from now on?"

"Oh dear goodness no! Didn't you see my hand gestures? For one thing, I'm still going to be helping you with my hands and mouth every chance I get, and Susan doesn't have any objection to that. In theory, at least. In reality, we'll have to be very sneaky for a while, so she doesn't see or hear a thing. But also, I'm convinced that what we're seeing is just a temporary mood swing. Basically, kiddo, you've got her totally addicted to that big cock of yours, and now that she's started there's no way for her to stop. It's just that she doesn't realize that yet."

His heart leaped with hope. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Sweetie, your mother is much like a virgin. Seriously!"

"But she's my mom. She's married, and-"

Suzanne interrupted. "I said she's LIKE a virgin. And don't start singing a Madonna song, because this is serious. She's had such a pathetic sex life until this point that she has little to no ability to understand or control her sexual feelings, which have just exploded like a volcano. I'm trying to guide her so things'll end up in a good place, but she's going through a reactive, prudish phase, so you just have to be patient for a while. Maybe even until your father returns to Asia."

That was very disappointing, but he figured he couldn't complain about having to wait awhile, considering all the wonderful things that had happened to him lately. "Aunt Suzy, are you sure that's all it is, just a phase? She sounds pretty serious. And all that stuff about cheating on father... I have to admit, I have a chip on my shoulder about him never being here for us, but even I feel pretty shitty about sneaking around behind his back with Mom. I mean, you have to admit, it's a pretty low thing to do."

"I will agree to no such thing! Sweetie, as you know, I haven't been faithful to my husband for quite a few years now." She said cryptically, "Sometimes, there are good reasons for cheating." She was obviously talking about herself, but Alan didn't know what those specific reasons might be. "And I have a long list of evidence that Ron hasn't been faithful to your mother for quite a few years as well."

"Whoa." Alan froze in his tracks, forcing Suzanne to stop too. "Are you serious?"

"I'm dead serious. Your mom's been pretending like she's living in some kind of fifties sitcom or Norman Rockwell painting, but real life isn't like that at all. If you had sex with your wife fewer times in a year than there are fingers on one hand, wouldn't you either eventually cheat or get a divorce?"bender

"Huh. I hadn't thought of it like that before. I guess I've always just tried to think of my parents like they're sexless. Like they don't have sex organs or something."

Suzanne joked to lighten the mood, "Obviously, I assume that you've discovered that's not the case with your mother."

Alan, though, was so serious that he didn't even grin. "True. Hers were kind of hard to miss. But even so, this really takes all the wind out of my sails. I mean, I was so excited about coming home from school, and now I feel like shit."

Suzanne looked at him with alarm. Then she pulled on his arm, forcing him to start walking again. The streets were absolutely deserted, so there was no chance of anyone overhearing. "Please don't feel like that. You haven't done anything wrong. You know how prudish your mother has been for all these years; you can't expect her to change completely overnight. She needs time to adjust; that's all this is."

"But what if she's right? What if what we're doing IS wrong? I mean, no way would I want to stop all the sexy fun I'm having with you, Aunt Suzy, but with my own mother? Doesn't that cross the line?"

"No! She loves it! You know that she loves it. Hasn't she been into it?"

He snorted. "You can say that again! That's the understatement of the year."

"You see? Can you ever recall her being happier than she was yesterday? Don't tell me you buy all that 'burning in Hell', 'sexual pleasure is a sin' crap that her parents fed her. What you started with her yesterday is literally the best thing that's ever happened to her."

"I guess so. It was pretty amazing, to say the least. When she gets into it, she's so alive! And excited. So full of love and caring. But I still feel bad for her now. She's hurting."

Suzanne caught his eye and leered at him. "I know how I could cheer you up. How would you like to try to fill my stomach with cum today? It's a big project, I know, but I can't think of a better way to spend the afternoon."

His mind reeled at that invitation. "Thanks, but no. I guess that when Mom feels bad, I feel bad. My dick feels so completely down for the count right now that I don't think even you could revive it. ... Aunt Suzy, are you really sure that everything is going to be okay and that Mom isn't going to be resentful about what she and I did yesterday and then again this morning?"

"Sweetie, I'm absolutely positive. How much do you want to bet that your cock will be halfway down her throat again even before Ron comes home in three days?"

"God, that sounds so weird to hear you say that. I guess maybe I need some time to adjust too."

"Okay. That's understandable. You're kind of reeling from all the changes too, huh?"

He just nodded.

"Why don't we just keep on walking, then?" She resumed walking as she said that, and Alan followed. "There's no huge rush. Just remember that I've got things under control and I'm going to make sure that you'll have lots of help and fun with Susan, with me, and maybe even with others as need be."

He couldn't believe his good fortune, especially with the "others" part. "But what about Ron coming home? Doesn't that spell disaster? I get a tight feeling in my chest just thinking about it."

"Not to worry. Do you trust your Aunt Suzy?"

He nodded again.

They kept walking and talking, but Alan's feelings of unease wouldn't go away, especially when Suzanne warned him that his mother would likely veer wildly from guilty, indignant prudery to almost uncontrollable lust and back. In fact, she predicted it could happen several times, or more.

"Sweetie, you'll just have to play along with her when she's upset, and avoid making things worse, but also be ready to indulge her lust when she gets horny. You might see some pretty abrupt mood swings in her, so be ready for that."

"Yeeesh. I have enough problems with my own guilty feelings. Helping Mom through her ups and downs won't be easy. It really, really bums me out whenever she's unhappy."

"It's so sweet how you love each other so much. Helping each other through problems like this, even when you're hurting yourself, is part of love and growing up. I know you can do it, and I'm proud of you. Be there for her, and before long her unhappy moods will fade away altogether."

"I will."

Katherine had missed everything because she happened to come home late that day. But when she arrived virtually the same sequence of events happened to her as had happened to Alan. Susan lectured her in a general way about sex and sin. Then Suzanne took her aside and privately explained that Susan was just going through a phase.

Katherine wasn't that bothered, since there wasn't much that Susan knew about that could be used to berate her, aside from her acting too provocatively around Alan.

Later that afternoon, she asked, "Mom, I've kinda liked wearing more casual clothing around the house. Plus, it's just soooo dang hot lately! Can't I keep doing that?"

"I suppose you can," Susan conceded, "but only within limits, and only until your father gets home on Saturday. Hopefully it will be cooler by then."

In more ways than one, Susan thought worriedly. "Is that clear? But don't let me catch you without underwear any more. Our 'no panties' so-called bet is over. Period."

A new, sober mood settled over the Plummer house. This made it very hard for Alan to keep up his six-times-a-day average. When he got to his room, he threw his backpack down in anger, then began to reflect on his day.

Dammit, six times a day every single day is just too hard. No, it's impossible! I mean, most every day this house has four women in it, each of whom could easily be a centerfold. And the way things have been evolving and how some of them have been helping has generally been like one endless wet dream for me. But one off day, just one, and my weekly average is thrown to hell! If I'm having this hard a time already, how could any other guy cope with cumming that much if all he had was a wife to help out, or something like that?

The fact is, the day is half over and I haven't even cum a single time! Well, not counting what happened this morning before school. That was amazing!

He slipped into a daydream, recalling how Susan had made him late for school with her busy lips and tongue.

But then he refocused. Twice isn't anywhere near enough. I've got to try to cum at least twice more today, or I'd need to cum TEN times tomorrow just to maintain the correct average! Ten times! That's totally nuts! Is that even anatomically possible for a male to do?! What was Dr. Fredrickson thinking?! This treatment is only possible for sex maniacs, because everyone's gotta have an off day or two.

He took off all his clothes and tried to nap. However, he was unable to get to sleep due to his worries about his daily average. He tried to masturbate, but his heart wasn't in it. He tossed and turned for a while, because he couldn't get to sleep either.

Finally, he thought, Okay, I can't just lay here in a half-sleeping, half-awake daze. My nap will be a failure, and then I'll be a sleepy waste case the rest of the day. If I can masturbate, then it'll be easy to fall asleep afterwards, since that's what guys do. So I have to dig deep, and overcome this discouraging mood.

First off, what arouses me most? Hmm. Sorry, Sis and Amy, you're both seriously boner-popping, and Christine and Ms. Rhymer are too, but it's Mom that arouses me most of all. And Aunt Suzy is a very, very close second. Each time I try to think of either of them, it's not enough, since they both have been in this weird mood lately. But what if I put them both together? Hey, maybe that'll work!

He relaxed and let his thoughts drift until he was more asleep than awake, and in the borderland between fantasies and dreams.

He found himself imagining that Susan was really knocking on his door as he took his nap. "Tiger?" the dream Susan asked. "Are you awake?"

"I am now," he imagined he grumbled.

"Can I come in?"

"Sure."

She came in, wearing her typical prudish clothes and looking very nervous. She had her hands shyly pinned behind her back. When she saw him open his eyes and look at her, she said, "Tiger, Suzanne and I have been talking... Suzanne, can you come in too?"

Suzanne also walked in, wearing clothes that were typical for her, which meant sexy and classy but not out-and-out slutty.

Susan stammered, "Um, Tiger... Son... I know that you've been having difficulty today doing, uh... you know... your thing..." Her face was growing redder by the second.

The dream Suzanne was much like the real life Suzanne, and took charge. "Sweetie, what your mother is saying is that we know you haven't had enough orgasms yet today, and that's no good. We're here to help." She started to disrobe.

Sitting up in surprise, the dream Alan asked, "But what about having to take a break from that for a while, and all that?"

"Forget that," Suzanne replied. "This is more important. We can't have you ruin your average!" Not surprisingly, given that it was Suzanne, she wasn't just taking her clothes off, she was making a sexy striptease out of it.

However, Susan just stood there with her arms folded, looking increasingly nervous and out of place. Alan tended to have true-to-life dreams and fantasies, so Susan was acting much like she would had it been real.

Suzanne said, as she slowly unbuttoned the front of her blouse, "Sweetie, give Susan some help here. We all know she loves your cock. Let her see it!"

Susan blushed furiously. "I do not!" Seeing that that wasn't convincing, she added, "Well, okay, I do, but that's because he's my son and I love all of him. Since his cock, er, his member, is attached to him, I have to love it too. And since it's so big and thick and long and yummy, there's a lot of it to love."

On some level, the real Alan thought to himself and commented on his dream, Okay, we're pulling further away from reality, 'cos the real Mom wouldn't say that. That's a little over the top. Besides, my dick isn't THAT big.

He was still awake, but only just. He was awake enough to have a hard-on and stroke it, but he was in such a dream-like state that he was more seeing a scene unfold than consciously directing a fantasy.

Back in his dream/fantasy, he pulled the bed sheets off his body, exposing his penis. In the dream world, it was only half-erect, whereas in the real world it was fully erect.

It soon became apparent why this was, because Susan sat on the edge of the bed and looked at it sadly. "Awww. Tiger. This is no good. How are you going to make your daily target?"

Suzanne was nude by now, and she sat down on the bed next to Susan. "That's why we're going to help. Here, let me get this for you." She started undressing her friend, since Susan was obviously still too shy to do it herself.

There seemed to be a short skip forward in the dream action, because suddenly Alan found himself lying at the very edge of his bed, with Suzanne's head hovering directly above his crotch and Susan kneeling by the side of the bed, watching closely.

Suzanne said to Susan, "We talked about what we need to do, and now we're gonna do it. It's no big deal. Since you're still nervous, I'll go first." Without any further ado, Suzanne leaned down and engulfed

Alan's cockhead. She started bobbing directly over his sweet spot. Her improbably long tongue also came out to play, and delivered even more stimulation to his very most sensitive areas.

Since Alan had enjoyed real blowjobs from Suzanne in the recent past, he had no trouble imagining exactly how it felt. Furthermore, in real life he tried to fondle his erection in ways that imitated Suzanne's talented moves. Of course, he couldn't duplicate her lips and long tongue with his fingers, but it was close enough to help sustain the fantasy and increase his pleasure.

Back in the dream, Susan complained, "Suzanne! You can't just DO that! It's so improper!"

But no one replied. Suzanne was too busy bobbing up and down with her mouth crammed full of cock, and Alan was too busy experiencing erotic nirvana. Soon, Alan's boner was soaking wet with Suzanne's saliva and his own pre-cum. Since it was a dream, the amounts were rather unrealistically copious.

Susan moved her face in even closer to Alan's hard-on while she continued to gripe. But it was clear from her words that lust was quickly taking over. "Suzanne, I know we agreed to both help him, but I thought it would just be, you know, stroking, and licking, and visual stimulation. Not you completely swallowing practically the top half of his thick member and then sliding your lips all over it like your life depended on it! You know I don't have a long tongue like yours; how am I supposed to compete?! I tell you, this is all so improper! And judging by the way your cheeks are caved in, I can only imagine the kind of tremendous suction you're employing. Seriously, Suzanne, are you trying to make me look bad?"

While repeatedly licking her lips and even sticking her tongue out towards Alan's shaft, she went on, "And how are you managing to breathe through all that without even a pause to gasp for air? I can't breathe through my nose as well as you can. Don't you think it's time you end your turn and give someone else a chance? At this rate, Tiger is gonna cum before I get to suck on his fat member even a single time! Er, not that I want to do that. It's just that, uh, it's only fair that I do my part. Please, Suzanne, please, let me suck it?"

Suzanne kept on sucking and sliding directly up and down for a few minutes, until Susan literally had her hands folded together in prayer and was begging and pleading to take over. "Suzanne, please! Why are you being so mean? What do you want me to say or do? I'm already naked except for these silly high heels you made me wear. And I'm already begging you. Please! I need it so bad! I want to slide my hot lips all over my son's cock! There, I confessed it. Are you happy? I'm literally PRAYING I can slather my tongue back and forth on his special spot and make him shiver with delight, except that you're doing that already. How can I feel any more humiliated?!"

Susan tried to busy herself licking Alan's balls and the base of his shaft while she waited, but that wasn't nearly good enough for her. She needed to be where most of Alan's nerves were, so she could really make him feel good. But more than that, she longed to have her jaw stretched open wide and her mouth crammed completely full with her son's cock. She felt like she absolutely had to feel her tongue flutter over her son's sweet spot while her lips slid up and down, up and down, up and down. Nothing else would suffice.

"Suzanne, please! I'm busy" - she paused to lick - "licking down here, but it's just," - she paused for more licking - "it's just not the same!" Yet more licking ensued. "True, it's good... Mmmm! So good..." - she paused yet again for yet more licking - "but I want great! I want the whole head of my Tiger's cock! Pleeeaaase! Let me bob on it just one sweet minute?!"

In reality, Alan probably would have climaxed before Susan got a chance, because Suzanne working her lips and tongue and creating great suction was a devastating combination, and Susan was giving her all by licking the inches of his shaft available to her. However, since it was just a fantasy (albeit an extremely vivid one), Alan's stamina was practically unlimited.

Finally, Suzanne pulled off and ostentatiously licked her lips clean. She had a happy smirk on her face as she looked at Susan. She kept holding Alan's shaft, and making long strokes up and down it. "Come on, bring that married mouth of yours over here."

Susan was so horny that she let the "married mouth" comment slide. Within seconds, she'd engulfed his cockhead and was happily bobbing just as Suzanne had been. She let out a long "MMMM!" of complete contentment. She didn't even bother to get up on the bed, since that would have delayed her pleasure too long, so she did her bobbing while kneeling.

Unfortunately for Alan, his dream was realistic enough that Susan didn't have the long tongue or cocksucking talent and experience that Suzanne had. But just as in real life, she made up for that with sheer enthusiasm. Plus, it helped that Suzanne had never let go once she'd started stroking it, and she continued to jack off the inches that Susan's lips couldn't reach.

Suzanne used her other hand to stroke Susan's hair. As she did that, she made eye contact with Alan. She told him, "Look at your mom go! Now, isn't that a good mom? Think how lucky you are, Sweetie. Even knowing that her husband is coming home in a few days, she's fully dedicated to serving your cock! Feel her sweet lips slide back and forth over your most sensitive spots. Is she wiggling her tongue against your shaft too?"

He nodded, because she was.

"See? That's a good mom! She's in love with sucking your cock, for sure. But let's see what your auntie can do too!" She tapped Susan's shoulder, indicating that she wanted another turn.

However, Susan refused to give up her cock access completely. Instead of bobbing, which could only be done one at a time, they quickly compromised and resorted to both licking his cockhead at the same time.

Now, Alan had never actually experienced two tongues on his dick at once, but he knew how each of them licked it individually, and he just imagined both experiences taking place at the same time, with each woman staying on one side of his penis.

After a while, Suzanne panted, "Stand up, Sweetie! We need more cock!"

So he got to his feet.

They were already attending to his erection so thoroughly that he didn't know how "more cock" could happen. But by standing, that enabled them to literally rest his balls where their tremendous racks pressed together. From that position, they could lick his cockhead and sweet spot with ease, and they did so repeatedly.

They kept on licking and licking until his entire erection was completely soaked with saliva. And then they kept on going.

Thoughts of having Susan and Suzanne licking his erection at the same time were so realistic and so arousing for him that he actually forgot that he was in a half-waking half-dream state. As a result, he failed to pace his masturbation so that he could ride the buzz without actually cumming. Suddenly, he came for real. And since it was so unexpected, he came into the sheet that he had wrapped around his dick at the time, instead of using one of the towels he kept nearby for such situations.

He had vague, disappointed thoughts, about both the wet mess in his sheets that he'd have to deal with later and the fact that it turned out to be just a dream after all. But just as he'd predicted, a post-

orgasmic lassitude washed over him and he was finally able to fall fully asleep and have his much-needed nap.

About an hour later, he woke up and looked around. His dreamy masturbation session came back to him, leaving him both excited (since it had been such fun) and disappointed (since it hadn't been "real"). He pulled his sheets down and looked at the cummy mess left behind.

Aw, man! What a drag. But still... Mom and Aunt Suzy on me at the same time! If only... That would be soooo sweet! That was the most fun I've had masturbating in a long time. In fact, let's try it again!

He attempted to continue his fantasy, with some success. His penis grew hard and he was able to masturbate for quite a while to thoughts of Susan and Suzanne double-teaming him. However, it wasn't the same as before. He was too awake this time, so he couldn't conjure up the same mood or the same vivid sense of reality. Still, he was eventually able to have a satisfying orgasm (into a towel this time), and that was important for reaching his daily target.

When that orgasm ended, he thought, Well, I learned something today. No matter how unaroused and even downright bummed I'm feeling, if I just think of Mom and Aunt Suzy both with me, it's like some kind of super Viagra! Maybe I CAN maintain this daily average after all, or at least come close to it.

Afterwards, he wasn't exactly "cured" of his unaroused mood, because the reality hit him again that Susan, at least, was completely off limits, not to mention that his father, Ron, would soon be home. But at least he was now on more of an even keel. Plus, he could console himself that his six-times-a-day average wasn't totally toast, especially if he could manage to cum once or twice more before the day was over.

## Chapter 117 Untitled

Unfortunately, while Alan was now ready for more sexiness, Susan still was not, and that cast a pall over the entire house.

The sober mood was reflected in what happened when Amy came over that afternoon, not long after Alan woke up from his nap. Suzanne was consoling Susan in the kitchen while Katherine and Alan were reading in the living room when Amy burst in through the front door. She was her usual cheery self. "Hi guys!" she said to the Plummer children as she skipped into the room.

Her cheeriness died as she looked at the others, though a smile lingered on her face (since her normal expression was a smile). Alan and Katherine looked up at her mournfully, while Susan and Suzanne walked out of the kitchen towards her in the living room and looked at her angrily.

"Gosh, did I miss something?" Amy asked cluelessly. "Did somebody die?"

Suzanne glared at her and said acidly, "The only thing that's died is your sense of decency. What are you doing wearing that?"

Amy liked to wear shorts and a T-shirt around her house (or the Plummer house) almost every day, and that's more or less what she had on. Except her cut-off jeans shorts were so skimpy that they exposed a good deal of ass crack in the rear. Plus her shirt was skin-tight and had a large diamond-shaped hole in it to expose her plentiful cleavage. This kind of outfit was new for her. She hadn't yet heard of Susan's change of heart.

She stammered, "But I thought we had the 'no undies' thingy..."

Suzanne was pretending to go along with Susan's puritan mood so Susan would listen to her more. But it wasn't a stretch for her to criticize Amy's clothes, since she was overly protective of Amy to begin with. She barked, "Not anymore. We'll explain later. Go home and change out of those clothes this instant!"

Amy bowed her head down sadly. "Yes, Mom."

Unfortunately, the more Alan hung around the house and saw his mother's surly mood and Suzanne pretending to go along with it, the more depressed and hard to arouse he became. The incident with Amy only made things worse. Before long, he wondered how he'd managed to masturbate twice during his nap time, and he even felt guilty about that.

Alan was in a state of contemplation and remorse for the rest of the day. He considered himself a good, moral kid, and over the years he had justified his taboo fantasies with the reasoning that they were just fantasies. In his current state of mind he couldn't actually imagine having sex with either his mother or sister, and he could hardly believe his moment of weakness the day before when he'd been intent on having sex with his mother. That was the one thing he now felt especially guilty about. He also was very

worried about his father coming back home. He couldn't get sexually aroused because he was letting things like the fear of getting caught overwhelm him.

Katherine had a completely different mindset. She had just started to get into acting out her long-held and deeply-forbidden fantasies about her brother, and she didn't take well to the new mood sweeping the house. She decided it would be her goal to at least get Alan out of his funk and again focused on sex.

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After dinner Wednesday night, Katherine and Alan continued to sit and talk to each other long after Susan had left the dining room and kitchen area.

Katherine thought this was a perfect opportunity to tease and arouse him, and she began doing so. She exposed her chest to him again under the thin excuse of asking his opinion about her breasts (again). Even though he didn't seem as interested as she'd hoped, she persisted in tempting him.

But then a few minutes later, Susan returned and caught her red-handed.

Susan walked right behind Katherine and commented sarcastically and crossly, "Angel, you're shirt has come undone just a bit."

In fact, Katherine had had to burrow down through her conservative, highly restrictive clothes (worn to appease Susan) to expose herself. First she'd had to pull her sweater up, and then she'd had to unbutton her blouse beneath it. Finally she was able to expose her breasts and was playing with them when Susan walked in. So there was no way her shirt could have come undone by accident, even though she still wasn't wearing any underwear.

"Just a bit?" Katherine said hopefully, praying she wouldn't be punished.

"More than a bit, Angel. I can't believe this! Don't play stupid with me. I know you'll say you're just trying to help stimulate him, but those antics belong in the past. He'll have to get by without our assistance from now on. What if your father were home, for goodness sake? It's my fault for setting a bad example, so I'm not going to get as angry as I should. And please, already, I'd appreciate it if you'd wear a bra."

Luckily Susan didn't think to check what might be exposed under the table - she hadn't figured her daughter would go so far as to expose herself there as well. But actually Katherine hadn't worn any panties either, and she'd taken full advantage of that fact.

Alan had caught on, and had pretended to drop things and look under the table at his sister's hairy pussy all throughout dinner - he wasn't so distraught and guilty that he would object to peeking at a pussy.

But after Katherine had been chastised, what fun and games there were came to an end. She decided to maintain a lower profile, at least for the time being.

That night, after going to bed, Alan again tried to masturbate, attempting to get closer to his required daily average. With the lights off and his eyes closed, he tried to return to his fantasy of getting blown by Susan and Suzanne at the same time, since that had been so effective earlier. But it didn't work as "super Viagra" this time, because he couldn't even get his penis erect.

It probably would have worked if he could have concentrated fully on the fantasy, but he couldn't put his worries aside. In particular, he kept thinking about how his father's return home might change things. He had a deep fear that Susan would use her recent sexual awakening to try her new sexual skills and enthusiasm on Ron.

Shit! If Mom gives him a blowjob even half as good as the ones she gave me recently, he'll never want to go back to Asia. Heck, he'll never leave the bedroom! Mom is probably gonna channel all her guilt into being a super wife and super lover, and it'll be like they're on a second Honeymoon! Then Mom'll come to me all serious and sad and tell me that she's making a major attempt to fix her marriage and she can't do anything naughty with me anymore.

Shit! I could totally see that happening! And even if I could still carry on with Aunt Suzy, I'll still be crushed that I completely blew my chance with Mom, who's only like the fucking hottest, sexiest woman on the planet! Dammit, why does he have to come back NOW?! Why not in a month or two, at least? By then, Mom's new behavior would be locked in and there would be no going back. This is the worst possible timing!

I really need to speak to Aunt Suzy about this. She can fix anything with her schemes. Maybe she can find some way to delay his flight or something. Anything, just to make him stay away!

## Chapter 118 Poolside BJ

The next day at school, Alan found that not only was he not distracted by sex as usual, he was able to throw himself into schoolwork with abandon. And that, at least, was a good thing, because his grades had been seriously sliding recently, with college applications and big tests coming up for him later in the semester.

His favorite teacher, Gloria Rhymer, pronounced herself pleased at his new demeanor, but secretly she was disappointed. Has he overcome his horniness? If so, there goes my chance to "help him out." Well, maybe it's for the best. I knew the excuse to help him sexually with a medical problem had to be too good to be true. Besides, that was just a fun fantasy of mine.

But then things changed a bit for the better for Alan after he came home from school.

Suzanne had a chance to be alone with him outside by the pool, and said, "You went a little overboard with your mother the day before yesterday, Sweetie. But, on the other hand, she went overboard yesterday in the puritan direction too. We have to strive for some balance. Are you feeling up for a little penis polishing with my tongue?"

Alan thought about what she'd said while giving her a good looking over. She was wearing a sexy red bikini, while he was still in the T-shirt and shorts he'd worn at school. She looked fantastic, like some kind of Playboy centerfold posing just for him. As if that wasn't tempting enough, she pulled her bikini top away from her body in a very enticing way.

Furthermore, he knew that Susan was out shopping (probably to avoid him, he figured), and even Katherine wasn't home. So this was a golden opportunity. But he didn't feel any stirring in his loins.

So he said, "I dunno. It sounds good... But I'm still bummed. I almost feel like I have to force myself, to keep up my daily average. Which I totally screwed up yesterday, by the way. I only came four times!"

Suzanne snickered.

"What?"

"Sorry, it's just that you act like that's nothing, but I'll bet there are a lot of kids your age who didn't even do that much."

"I know, but they're not literally required to cum six times a day, every single day! There are times like this when it takes all the fun out of it."

Suzanne felt guilty upon hearing that because she was the one who had chosen such an outlandishly high daily target. She thought, Why did I do that, anyway? Six is way too much. My logic was that if it was a crazy number like that, it would be easier to get Susan and Angel involved in helping him, since it would be such a 'desperate' situation. But I think I was also just getting greedy, imagining him fucking me that many times a day like some kind of endlessly capable stud. Men aren't like women; they just can't cum that much in one day. Frankly, I'm amazed and very impressed that he's done as well as he has.

And now he says that his high daily target is taking the fun out of sex. That's no good. I've gotta do something about that!

They were both sitting at a table in the shade, with Suzanne on one side of the table and Alan on the other. But Suzanne suddenly picked up her chair and moved it until she was sitting right next to him. Then she reached into his shorts, fished around for his penis and began stroking it. True, it was flaccid, but she figured it wouldn't stay that way for long.

He complained, "Aunt Suzy, you can't just DO that!" Normally he would have loved it, but he was still in a funk. He also worried that his mother would see them and react badly.

She snickered, "Actually, it turns out I can just DOOO that. I did just do that. In fact, I'm still doing it, aren't I?"

He looked around with worry. "But what about Mom?"bender

"You know as well as I do that she left to do some shopping just before you got home. And she's been so, well, let's just say preoccupied lately, that she hasn't been shopping for a while, and the kitchen cupboards are practically bare. I assure you, she'll be gone a good, long while."

Even as she talked, she managed to pull his shorts and underwear down, so his bare ass was on the seat and all of his privates were hanging out. That enabled her to rub and stroke his boner more easily, and with two hands instead of one.

He hadn't resisted that one iota, and even lifted his ass up when she wanted him to. But still, he complained, "Maybe so. But what if she finds out somehow anyway? Won't she have a fit?"

"She might," Suzanne conceded, untying her bikini top and letting it fall. "But she'd have a fit as much from jealousy as from moral outrage. She's given me the green light to help you, in theory, but in practice I think it would be very tough for her to see it or hear about it, given her current state of mind. She longs for your cock so much that she'd probably break down and cry from sheer frustration."

Still attempting not to get aroused, he tried to avoid looking at the way Suzanne's fully exposed tits were jiggling around. It didn't help that she leaned forward to better get at his boner, causing her firm globes to swing forward practically against his shirt.

He gulped. His penis was slowly engorging.

Yet he persisted, "Well, I wouldn't want to lie to her about it if she were to ask how I did and what I did to reach my daily target. Do you want me to tell her that you jacked me off by the pool while she was shopping?"

Suzanne was all grins. "No, I want you to tell her that I sucked your cock by the pool while she was shopping." She didn't actually bend over to suck him, but she ostentatiously and hungrily licked her lips.

He gulped again.

But he plowed on, "And I do have my own issues. Like this whole adultery thing she's been talking about. I know this is a real personal question, Aunt Suzy, but don't you feel guilty about cheating on your husband?"

That was such a serious and daunting topic that she actually let go of his penis to answer, even though she'd just managed to get it hard. "No. There's a history between us that you don't know about - some things I've never told anybody, not even Susan, and I never plan on telling. As far as I'm concerned, Eric and I are roommates living in the same house. We keep up appearances so Amy and Brad can have a welcoming house to come home to, but that's it. I have a high sex drive, so why should I go completely without for years on end just because my husband is a total ass?"

"Wow! I never knew. I mean, I knew things were bad, but I didn't think you were that angry at him."

Suzanne nodded sadly.

"Do you two ever even kiss? I've never known what goes on behind closed doors."

She shook her head. "NOTHING goes on behind our closed doors, not for years and years." She took his dick back in her hand. "As far as between you and me, I say that anything that happens between two adults is fine, as long as both are okay with it and the actions don't hurt anyone else. And you're definitely an adult in my book, as well as legally. As long as Susan, Ron, or the others don't catch us, why can't you and I have a little fun, since you have to reach your daily target anyway?"

With that thought, she went back to jacking him off. His penis was only half hard, so she had to revive it.

He asked, "You mean, anything is okay so long as you don't get caught?"

"I didn't say that! But just as it is sometimes okay to lie - you know, white lies - sometimes even quote illegal or immoral unquote activities can be okay, and even commendable. Like revolutionaries toppling a corrupt government. It all depends on context. And in this context, your Aunt Suzy says that helping you with your problem is very okay."

Since she was still having a difficult time getting him completely erect again, much less fully engaged mentally, she took his hands and brought them to her bare breasts.

But even that didn't seem to have much of an effect, as he continued to stare off into space.

So she asked, "Sweetie, what's wrong? You're not that worried about getting caught, are you? Don't tell me that playing with your old auntie has gotten boring already."

That stirred him from his daze. "What? No! No way! Never! Never, ever, ever. It's just that... Well, I'm really worried about Ron coming back. I mean, that's gonna ruin everything. Is there any way you can, like, delay him or something?"

"No, I don't think so."

He insisted, "But you can do anything with your schemes! I mean, seriously. You're awesome!"

She smiled, but wanly. "Maybe so, right around here, but my 'powers' don't exactly extend all the way to Asia."

"Oh, come on. You always find a way."

She pondered that (even as she kept stroking his increasingly stiff cock), and then conceded, "Okay, true. If I thought it was a total disaster, I probably would come up with some kind of scheme to keep him away, like telling him that we all have a terrible infectious disease or something. But that would carry a lot of risk, especially since Susan wouldn't be in on it. But I'm not gonna do that, because I don't think I need to do that. Your mom is on an inexorable path now. It can't be stopped. She loves you too much. Now that the physical barrier has been crossed, it's only natural that she loves you physically too. And the same goes for you and your love for her."

He sighed. "I wish it was that easy. But there are all kinds of problems. My father, and the fact that they're married, for starters." He spoke with renewed urgency. "Aunt Suzy, if you can't stop him from coming home, can you at least stop him and her from getting intimate very much?"

She just smiled, and kept on playing with his erection. "Don't worry; that's not gonna happen. I would cook up a scheme if that were a problem, but it's not. In fact, I can pretty much 100 percent guarantee that won't happen."

"Really?! Wow! Why? How? What do you know? Or is it something that you're gonna do, or something that's gonna happen?"

She raised a hand to still his rash of questions. "Unfortunately, I can't tell you why I know that, at least not yet. But I can give you a clue. It's something about him."

Alan was very puzzled by that. "What? I'm stumped. Is he too obsessed with his job or something? Why the hell does he spend nearly all his time overseas, anyway? If I had a wife like Mom, I'd never leave town, ever. Hell, I'd never leave the house! And I really mean that!"

Suzanne chuckled. "I'm sure you do." However, she worried that he was getting too close to the subject of her suspicions about Ron, so she needed to distract him. She abruptly pulled his chair away from the table, even while he remained sitting in it. Then she dropped to her knees between his legs.

"Oh man!" He closed his eyes and grasped the top of her head with both hands as she engulfed his cockhead. The resulting surge of pleasure was so intense and so great that his entire body tingled, and his toes actually curled.

He felt a tremendous sense of relief, and exhaled heavily. All of his tension and worries seemed to disappear as his body was flooded with sheer pleasure, thanks to what she was doing to his erection with her lips and tongue.

As she sucked, he spoke his thoughts out loud. "Aunt Suzy, you're just too good to me! This is too much. I'm gonna die of joy! What did I ever do to deserve this?"

The fact that he didn't think himself worthy annoyed her, so she briefly pulled off to explain. "Sweetie, don't ever say that."

"But you're, like, this perfect goddess come to Earth, and I'm just some guy who-"

She cut him off. "Shush! You're my Sweetie, my special guy!" She was tempted to talk about her love for him, but she had difficulty in expressing that love. So, as she kept on licking his sweet spot, she said, "I have pretty strong, special feelings for you, okay? You're not just 'some guy!' Would I be here on my knees and wearing just my bikini bottoms, lapping at your nice long cock, if you were? Look! I love doing

this to you, and to be perfectly frank, it has very little to do with your daily target. You mean a lot to me, so it brings me joy to make you feel good. Okay? Are we clear? GOOD!"

She went back to sucking his cock with renewed determination.

He almost laughed out loud, because it was as if she were lecturing him sternly and was almost mad at him, except that she was talking about why she liked to suck his cock so much.

As she bobbed steadily, using her extra-long tongue to great effect, he thought about what she'd said. Then he replied, "Okay. I get it. But the thing is, I feel the same about you. This isn't fair. Why don't you sit in the chair, and I'll get on my knees and lick you?"

However, she gave no response to that, but just kept on sucking.

Time passed. Alan always favored prolonging the fun and erotic joy as long as possible. But this time Suzanne appeared to have the same agenda, because she was extremely careful. When she felt him reaching an orgasmic peak, she slowed way down until his surge of arousal passed. At times, she simply kept his cockhead still in her mouth until she deemed he was ready to go again. She rode the waves of his arousal like some kind of expert surfer.

Alan felt like a king. He and Suzanne had been drinking glasses of pineapple juice before they had begun their serious talk. After a while, he rediscovered his glass in front of him, still nearly full. So he kicked back, sipped at his drink, and enjoyed the sight of his beautiful, sunny backyard while Suzanne kept on slurping and sucking at his cock.

Man! This is the life! This would be great even if she were as ugly as sin, because she's doing simply inhuman things with that snake tongue of hers, not to mention all the suction she's getting with that lip seal. Jesus! But somehow, knowing that she's got the body worthy of a famous model makes it twice as sweet! I can't see 'em now, but I can totally picture her huge tits swinging back and forth in time to her bobbing. And I'm not even having to strain with all that PC muscle stuff.

He took another sip of his juice. Hell, it feels like we could do this all afternoon! I feel invincible, like my dick could endure her tongue attack forever! And she shows no sign of getting tired, or even easing up. Incredible! About the only thing that could ruin this is if Mom or Sis came home early and saw us. But heck, with the way things are going lately, they'd probably want to join in!

He suddenly flashed to his recent masturbatory dream of getting blown by Susan and Suzanne at the same time, and felt a major surge of arousal as a result. Oh no! Too arousing! No, turn those thoughts off!

Shit! Too late!

The surge was so unexpected and powerful that he wasn't able to bring his PC muscle tricks to bear in time. Before he could even think to shout out a warning, he felt his cum flooding into Suzanne's mouth.

Suzanne was a trooper, as usual, and ably swallowed it all. When he was finished, there wasn't even a dribble of cum to be seen on her chin, because she'd consumed every last drop.

Feeling that her mission had been accomplished, Suzanne got up and returned to her seat next to him. Things seemed to go back to normal surprisingly quickly, except for the fact that she was still topless.

While Alan was still recovering, she said triumphantly, "So, kid, still thinking that having to cum six times a day can be a chore and a drag?"

He thought about what had just happened, and then he replied most emphatically, "Hell, no!"

They both laughed.

As his energy rebounded, he ran a hand through her long, curly, reddish-brown hair, and stared into her eyes adoringly. "Aunt Suzy, you really are too good to me. But don't take offense; take it as the compliment that it's meant to be."

She smiled from ear to ear, and sipped her juice too. "Well... Okay. Twist my arm if you must."

He liked that, and continued, "But when will I get to return the favor and go down on you?"

"Sorry, Sweetie; my pussy remains a no-go zone. We can't get too far ahead of Susan or she could really freak out. But on another note, I've gotta go do some things, some non-dick-hardening things." She grinned at that. "Do you think that what I did here will help inspire you the rest of the day, so you can keep your average up?"

"Hmmm. Well, to be honest, I'm not sure. Yesterday, I had this great masturbatory fantasy while I was taking my nap, and I came twice. I was all psyched up. But then I saw Mom sulking and looking so sad, and I lost all my zip. I'm pretty sure that'll happen again when she comes home."

Suzanne thought about that and realized that he probably had it right. She knew from experience that Alan loved his mother so much that when she was sad, it made him sad.

She considered the issue for a while, until she saw how to handle it. "Hey! I've got an idea! We can't sneak off to your room to play some more later because your mother might get suspicious, and we can't sneak off anywhere else and play 'cos you're afraid you might have to lie to her, right? Or she'll notice and get all uptight about it. Well, I just got a snazzy new digital camera not that long ago. What if I go back to my house and take some pictures of myself, print them out, and then give them to you? Then you can get off looking at them while doing your thing. If Susan asks, you can honestly say you were merely looking at some sexy porn."

"Cool! Aunt Suzy, you're just the greatest friend ever. I swear, you're better than having a second mom. I don't deserve you."

"No you don't, but you're stuck with me," she joked.

So, while Alan went to take his usual afternoon nap, Suzanne went back to her house. In the privacy of her office, she took a series of X-rated photos using the camera's timer function. Then she printed them out and hand-delivered them to Alan's bedroom by the time he woke from his nap.

Alan couldn't believe how arousing the pictures were. There were over two dozen, forming a striptease sequence, going from completely dressed to the nines in a variety of sexy outfits to completely naked. Suzanne was in her element in the pictures, because she loved to show off and tease.

If the pictures weren't sexy enough in and of themselves, Suzanne had also taken the time to write little notes on the backs of each one, making all kinds of tantalizing comments and promises. She'd included a

note making Alan pledge not to share them with anyone else, and to keep them in a safe place. He had no trouble complying with that.

For instance, on the last photo, which was of her in her birthday suit, stretching an arm up in the air, she wrote:

"I can't believe how hot taking these pictures has made me. Thinking of you stroking yourself while looking at them steams me up even more! I think I'm going to have to do a little stroking of my own, thinking about you. Hope you like them. S."

Alan thought, I really am in some kind of Bizarro World now. Why on Earth would a woman like Aunt Suzy get off thinking about an ordinary kid like me? She's not a mere mortal woman - she's a sex goddess! And to say "Hope you like them" - she must be out of her mind. Anyone would love them! Heck, I could probably sell these to any porn mag for big bucks. Not that I'd ever betray her trust like that, but they'd be good enough. Jesus!

Looking at the photos, he found himself with an uncommonly strong erection. He had a great climax masturbating to the pictures. He would return to them to cum twice more before that evening.

Now that his libido was restored, he felt less guilty and worried. Before long, he even resumed his fantasies about Susan and Katherine.

As he waited for dinner, he thought to follow up on Akami's recommendation and look up more information on the Internet about the PC muscle. Suzanne had already been helping him with that, but he found detailed exercises that helped him even more. They explained different ways he could strengthen the muscle, which in turn could give him greater control over his orgasms. Since he didn't have much else going on, he put more effort into strengthening his PC muscle, with the hope that better days would lie ahead.

## Chapter 119 Massaging Susan

Not only was Suzanne working to revive Alan's libido, she was even busier talking with Susan and slowly bringing her out of her guilty mood. Suzanne could be very persuasive, especially since she probably understood Susan better than her best friend understood herself. She knew how to push all of Susan's buttons.

She sensed that trying to arouse Susan wouldn't work at that moment, so she played on Susan's motherly concerns and responsibilities instead. In particular, she emphasized how much Alan was "suffering" with constant "blue balls," and how he needed help six times a day as a medical necessity. She hinted that if Susan really loved him, she would do the "right thing" and keep helping him with "visual stimulation" and other assistance. She and Susan reached an agreement that Susan could wear whatever clothes she wanted, just so long as she continued not to wear a bra. (Suzanne knew that Susan's boobs were extremely sensitive, and going braless would help make sure Susan was aroused a lot of the time.)

Still, Susan had really enjoyed less than 24 hours of significant sexual liberation, compared to an entire lifetime of sexual repression, so it was very easy for her to fall back to her old ways and very difficult for Suzanne to fight that recidivism. The fact that Ron would be back soon was on everyone's mind, which made Suzanne's job a lot harder. So far, she'd only had limited success.

On the surface, things still seemed normal at the Plummer house that evening. At dinner it felt as if all the sexual wildness of recent days had been just a dream. The only evidence to the contrary was that Katherine dressed more provocatively than previously.

Alan went back to his room after helping to wash the dishes, to practice his PC muscle exercises some more while looking at the photos Suzanne had given him. But he felt adrift, because his own mood had soured after seeing Susan behaving so sternly at dinner. He was still so bummed about the change that had come over her that he wasn't even able to concentrate on his homework. He wandered the house and looked for something to do to get his mind off the disaster of Ron coming home.

He came across Susan in the kitchen. He was so bored and listless that, initially, he was going to ask her if she needed more help cleaning up. But then he noticed that she was bent forward as if in pain.

"Hey, Mom. Are you feeling okay?"

"Oh hi, Tiger. It's just my shoulders - they're really sore today. It's driving me crazy. My whole back, actually."

Alan walked over and took a closer look at her. Although she was wearing her old, conservative clothes, including a blouse and big bow that tried to cover her boobs (mostly in vain), his dick grew hard seeing her even in that. The fact that she had her arm clenched underneath her rack, making her mountainous

tits stick out ever more than usual, had something to do with that, as did the fact that her nipples stuck out more obviously than he could ever recall seeing them when she wore her frumpy clothes. He wondered if it was just that he'd never paid much attention to that kind of thing until recently, or if maybe she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Oh here. Let me help you." He moved behind her, placed both of his hands on her shoulders, and began rubbing. "How did you get so sore?"

Her muscles relaxed with his touch, and she let out a contented sigh. "Well, partly it's these evil things that you love so much." She lifted her boobs to illustrate what she meant.

That drove him absolutely wild. He had to remember to close his gaping jaw.

She grinned as she caught his reaction out of the corner of her eye. She knew on some level that she did that just to get his heart pounding. "They're just so damn big that they give me back pain sometimes."

To his great disappointment, she let go of her breasts and they jiggled back into place.

He inadvertently let out a big sigh of sadness, even though he certainly enjoyed watching them jiggle.

Susan couldn't help but flash a wicked smile, but she tried to hide her satisfaction. She said serenely, "Ahhh... That feels wonderful. But that's not the main reason. Suzanne and I overdid it exercising today, I'm afraid."

That was partly true. Indeed, Susan had burnt off some of her sexual frustration by vigorously attacking the exercise machines in her basement. However, she didn't mind her sore muscles that much, especially since that had been many hours ago. The real reason she happened to be bent over and panting when Alan saw her was because she'd been daydreaming about last Tuesday, and all the times she'd sucked on her son's ever-ready erection. Due to her talk with Suzanne before dinner, her guilt had gone down and her horniness had gone up.

She was still resisting her lusty desires, but she had agreed to the massage because she couldn't turn down the opportunity to feel her son's hands on her body.

His hands felt as good as she'd hoped, and then some. She loved the way he was touching her, even if it was in a non-sexual way and through all her clothing. Her pussy began to lubricate as she fantasized about all kinds of other ways he could be touching her. She was regretting not wearing a bra, because it felt as if her nipples were going to burn through her blouse if they didn't poke holes through it first.

Alan hadn't really ever given a massage before, but as he continued to rub her he realized that her back and neck were in fact quite tense. "Let's do this right. Let me give you a serious massage somewhere more comfortable."

"Well, if you insist. But remember the new rules, okay? No touching my naughty places."

He played up being a servant, and said with a stuffy British accent, "Of course, madam. Your wish is my command."

They decided to move to a sofa in the living room. He put on a CD of Al Green's greatest hits to help create a mellow, subtly seductive mood.

Susan felt embarrassed about the prospect of leaning over braless for Alan's massage, and she was concerned that he would manage to get her completely topless before long. So she went to the bathroom while Alan was fiddling with the music and put on a bra.

While in the bathroom, she also put on a pair of white high heels. Suzanne had been stressing to her for the past few days that high heels were absolutely essential to helping with visual stimulation. In fact, Suzanne called them a "guaranteed instant erection." Even in Susan's current conflicted mood, that sounded exciting. Susan also reapplied some subtle hints of make-up.

Alan had Susan take off her stiff and formal blouse before she lay down, but she kept her bra on. He began a deep massage of her entire back. He didn't really know what he was doing, but she let him know when he did something good, sometimes by responding with an approving moan.

Soon, she began to feel a whole lot better. The more she relaxed, the more her guilt and inhibitions just seemed to float away. And with his hands on her back, her thoughts started to turn sexual. Before long, she was daydreaming about rubbing his erection against her face and gently kissing and licking it. A part of her brain worried that it wasn't the smartest idea to have him giving her a massage while she was

growing more and more aroused, but these worries were dissolved as her muscle tension melted in his hands.

As his hands caressed her soft yet muscular flesh, he began to think more and more with his libido. I know Aunt Suzy said I should be giving Mom some space for a few days, but what if I can use this to get Mom back to giving me blowjobs, or at least handjobs? Wouldn't Aunt Suzy be happy that I sped things up? I have to at least try!

He said, "Mom, your bra keeps getting in the way. Don't worry; I'm just going to undo it temporarily." He undid it even as he said that, so it would be a done deal. He wasn't being very honest with his "temporarily" caveat.

She was so aroused by now that she could offer only token resistance. Mmmm. Tiger loves his big-titted mommy! It feels so RIGHT that he takes my bra off. Oh, but I can't be too naughty. However, I'm lying on my tummy, so what's the harm? Besides, he took it off already, the cheeky horny boy, hee-hee. "Okay, but promise that you'll behave like a gentleman. Can I trust you?"

"Of course."

He massaged her bare back for the next few minutes. However, his hands wandered farther and farther, and he wound up caressing her arms, neck, and hips, all the way to the edge of her skirt. But most importantly, he spent a lot of time fondling her "side boobs" - the parts of her boobs accessible while she was lying face down. He figured that her breasts were extremely sensitive all over, and any contact there would greatly increase her lust.

He was right about that. She absolutely loved any tactile stimulation of her boobs. And it wasn't like it was just her nipples that she loved to be touched - her entire globes were easily-aroused erogenous zones. She even accommodated him after a while, tilting her body a bit so he could explore her huge boob almost to her nipple. Then, when he switched sides, she tilted again for him.

She thought, Oh my goodness, this is getting a bit questionable. If Ron saw this, he'd think it's downright improper! But my muscles ARE sore from over-exercising them, and it feels sooooo goood! Mmmm! Besides, as long as I stay facing down, what can happen? Nothing, that's what! I work hard around the house. I deserve to get pampered at least once in my life.

As time passed, Susan let out a series of happy "Mmmm!" noises, sounding much like a contented cat.

Alan had already figured out that her "Mmmm"-ing was a sign that she was getting aroused, so he was encouraged.

Chapter 120 Massage All Over.

A few minutes later, Susan said, "You know, my legs are really sore too..."

It was such a blatant hint that Alan couldn't miss it, and he didn't. "Mom, do you want me to do your legs?"

Although her legs were in fact sore, that wasn't why she wanted to be massaged there - she was just plain hot to trot. As she removed her skirt, she cooed huskily, "Son, you can do me there. Do me everywhere." But realizing that was too daring, she quickly added, "with your great massaging fingers."

She sat up to take her skirt all the way off, even though it interrupted the massage and she could have just bunched it up instead. She rationalized that at least she was wearing very traditional panties, so effectively it was no different than being seen in bikini bottoms. The truth was, she wanted her skirt off and, even more than that, she wanted the opportunity to flaunt her naked chest now that her bra was off.

With her hands covering her nipples, she said a bit nervously, "Now, Tiger, I could ask you to leave the room, or at least turn away while I take my skirt off. And I probably should... But Suzanne keeps telling me that you need a lot of 'visual stimulation' to help you with your... uh, problem. So... do you promise to be good?"

He replied, "Mom, you know I'll be so good for you!"

She thought, Mmmm! I know you will! So good and yummy! And hot and thick and throbbing! ... Mmmm! Wait! Hold on, Susan; get a grip. All you're doing is removing your bra. None of that other stuff! But hey, as long as I'm stripping, I might as well put a little sexy jiggle into it.

Smiling shyly, she slowly let her hands drop.

"Oh, wow, Mom! You're really hot! You're a total babe!"

She blushed a little at both the awkward situation and his compliment. But the compliment also emboldened her. At first she didn't deliberately jiggle, but she slowly swayed back and forth in a very provocative way while staring at him with bedroom eyes. Then she bent over quite a bit and took an exceedingly long time to remove her skirt. All the while, she twisted and turned her upper body just to give her bare breasts a good jiggle and shake.

After her skirt was all the way off and tossed aside, she didn't want the sexy fun to end, so she turned around and started to slowly and seductively pull her panties down. But before they got very far down her thighs, she said, "Oopsie! I didn't mean to do that. I'm afraid I'm feeling just too naughty. Can you forgive me?"

"Of course, Mom. I'd forgive you anything."

She thought, What a sweetie! But did I go too far? No, all I'm doing here is providing a little visual stimulation to help inspire him later. When he goes to his room and strokes that powerful cock of his. Or, better yet, when Suzanne takes it in her hands and... Mmmm! Yes! She runs that long tongue of hers all over it! MMMM! Sliding and sucking until he gives her a sweet spermy filling! YES!

There's nothing wrong with that, is there? I mean, it's not like I'm sliding his big member into MY mouth - that would be wrong. Very wrong. I'm just helping to get it nice and thick and oh so hard! After all, Suzanne always tells me that he needs lots and lots of visual stimulation. It's just a medical treatment, like taking a pill. Except that, er, it involves me showing off my big bare breasts!

She turned back around, striking a very sexy pose with her arms pinned above her head. She was supposed to be taking her skirt off, and now that she'd finished there was no reason for her to continue to stand there and show off her voluptuous body. But by now her nipples and pussy were tingling intensely, and she wasn't really thinking about the reasons for what she was doing. Alan obviously loved it, and that made her feel good.

Her panting grew in intensity as she posed for him. The way his eyes devoured her made her feel nearly as good as if he'd been groping her. Still, her behavior was so outlandish that she warned herself, I'm a

married woman! I have to think of my husband. Would he approve of me shaking my rack like some kind of shameless hussy, even if it's for a good cause? I don't think so! Would Ron understand that Tiger needs to use my body, my lips, and even my tongue so he can cum over and over again? I don't think so! But to her consternation, such thoughts only enflamed her lust.

As Alan watched her, he felt so aroused that he wanted to cry. It was nearly impossible for him not to reach out and fondle her chest, but he still felt that he had to be cautious due to her prudish mindset. So he suffered and fantasized while his erection threatened to rip through his shorts.

She shifted her weight, striking another sexy stance. Goodness! I'm pretty much all naked now. Suzanne says that Tiger is a "tit man" and I'm sure that she's right. Here are my big tits hanging before his eyes, all full, round, bouncy, and defenseless. What if his strong and manly hands grasp them? What will I do? Mmmm! Nothing! I'm no match for such a handsome and well-hung son. I'll just have to lie there and take it! Then, when he sticks his fat beefsteak in my face, I'll just have to suck and suck on it until the cum explodes out of it all over my tonsils! MMMM! That'll show who's who around here and that I've been turned into the family cocksucker!

Mmmm! I need to show my cutie Tiger that there's more to me than just my boobs though. She turned back around and bent way over. She pretended she needed to adjust a strap on one of her high heels, but it was just an excuse to blatantly display her ass for him some more.

As she wiggled her ass in his direction, she thought, Gosh, just doing this makes me feel so wonderfully tingly! Mmmm! Almost as tingly as when I have Tiger's big fat erection in my hands, or better, in my mouth! Mmmm... Yum! But shouldn't I be loyal to my husband? Although... Tiger effectively is the man of the house now, so really, perhaps, I should be obeying him. The fact that his dick is twice as big as Ron's, doesn't that really show who's boss? Besides, it's not like I have any say in the matter. If my powerful son is going to completely ravage my helpless naked body, how can I resist?

If Alan had only known her thoughts, his shorts would have been torn asunder by his throbbing, hard-as-steel erection. Instead, he feared that he was going too far by getting her too excited too soon, and worried about an imminent backlash.

She eventually seemed to come back to her senses, at least somewhat. She stood up, turned around and then laid back down, face down.

He worked on her legs for a while. He was so turned on that his hands trembled.

As the massage went on, she began to regret the things she'd said recently. I wonder if Tiger will massage my breasts properly, from the front. Mmmm! They're really sore, and I don't think that's just because the nipples are so hard and crinkly. I've told him that touching my breasts is out of bounds, though. I hope he doesn't take me too literally on that! On the other hand, if I correct his understanding on that, I'll look like a hypocrite and a bad mother.

She knew that Alan was so considerate that he wouldn't take advantage without getting an unambiguous green light first. So she was at a loss over what to do, but she was so out-of-control horny that she knew she'd have to do something about it before very long. It was almost as if her breasts were demanding that she say the right words so he would put his hands on them. And yet she also was held back by a vague sense that she needed to be morally disapproving of what he was doing, though she could no longer remember why.

Her conflict grew worse as his hands worked their way up her legs until they reached her thighs and ass. Now she was ready to join him in wanting to cry from sheer sexual frustration.

He slipped his hands under her panties to massage her ass cheeks, but that's as far as he would go. His fingers slipped into her ass crack from time to time, but only by accident. Or at least he had plausible deniability that it was accidental.

More time passed. Susan felt so relaxed that she would have fallen asleep if it weren't for the fact that she was extremely aroused as well. She loved the Al Green soul music (although she'd never heard it before), and it helped make her feel even sexier somehow.

He grew increasingly bold with her ass. Eventually, her panties were pulled half-way down her thighs, so they wouldn't get in the way. He had more and more "accidents" running his fingers into her ass crack, until it was pretty much one non-stop "accident." But every now and then he'd reach up to massage her "side boob," which was becoming a more blatant fondling of all of her boob that wasn't trapped under her body.

He knew Susan loved it by her now constant stream of contented and erotic "Mmmm" noises. Plus, she humped and clenched her ass cheeks practically like she was being fucked by the sofa underneath her.

Before long, the pungent smell of wet and aroused pussy filled the room. Susan knew he could smell just how wet she was, and in fact he could probably see it too if he looked at the wet spot growing between

her legs. Knowing that he knew only aroused her more, creating a feedback loop until she was practically ready to scream in erotic ecstasy.

Alan unzipped his fly and pulled his throbbing erection through it. He figured that she wouldn't notice what he'd done since he was behind her. Of course there was still a chance he'd get caught, but he felt he had to take the risk, because he simply couldn't continue to take the strain of his hard-on being so cramped in his shorts.

The two of them began playing a silent game with unspoken rules. He tried to reach between her legs to play with her pussy, but she'd keep her legs tightly closed, making it hard for him to reach his target. Still, the two of them had lots of fun, and he got to touch some very wet places. She liked to pretend his pair of probing fingers was his cock, so she rhythmically humped and squeezed them. Since her entire crotch was soaked by this time, those fingers got quite wet in the process.

After about fifteen minutes, he finally decided to up the ante elsewhere on her body. With his hands still full of bare ass-flesh, he asked, "Mom, I'm just about done with your backside. Should I do your front, or should we call it a day?"

There was a long silence while he continued to probe and tickle her perineum (the area between her anus and her pussy). In her mind, Susan was shouting, Front! Front! Do the front! Especially my breasts! I love how you love them and I want you to do EVERYTHING to them. Rub your hard-on all over them, please! Then explore my tummy. Mmmm, yes! And keep working down from there, down, down, down! Go all the way to my most needy and naughty place, rubbing your big Johnson all the way down! Slide it up and down my engorged pussy lips! MMMM!

Her chest was heaving with excitement, but there was enough lingering guilt for her to still resist somewhat. The lingering fear that he wouldn't be able to stop from doing what she'd just fantasized about also gave her serious pause.

He finally prodded, "Mom? The front?"

She just said, "Okay," in a flat voice. God, please forgive me. I'm such a horrible mother and an even worse wife! She forced her mind to go blank to suppress her nagging conscience.

Alan turned her over and just stared at her sheer beauty. She pulled her panties up her thighs just as she changed sides. But her panties remained slung so low that he could see most of her bush and even a little of the pink insides of her vagina.

He began with the front side of her shoulders and started downwards. That brought him into contact with her tits sooner rather than later. True, he'd touched a lot of "side boob" earlier, but this felt completely different, and much more thrilling. A big part of that was because the pretense was falling away.

However, still considerate and tentative, he pulled his hands back and asked to make sure, "Mom? Should I do, you know, your, uh, breasts? Are they sore too?"

"As a matter of fact, they are." She closed her eyes and winced after saying that. I'm so bad! I'm really on some kind of highway to Hell.

Alan wasn't sure if boobs even had muscles which could be massaged (they don't) but he wasn't about to miss such an opportunity. She was panting so heavily that he could hardly figure out how to put his hands on her heaving chest.

He put a hand on each breast and held on as her breathing grew even more labored. In his excitement, he went straight for her nipples without any pretense of "massaging" her tit-flesh.

But all Susan said as she huffed and puffed was, "Now, be careful."

There was no doubt by now that the massage had become very sexual. Susan could feel his stiffness occasionally bumping against her skin, and she could tell that it was out of his shorts, but she pretended not to notice.

She thought, You naughty boy! Running your naked COCK all over my naked body! You bad, bad boy! I should give you a spanking. Or, better yet, you should give ME a spanking! That's right. Spank my butt until you've shown me my place. Then "spank" my face by swatting it with your great cock!

No, wait! I'm a married woman! I can't forget that. Ron! What about Ron?! Oh, but the idea of Tiger sliding his cock all over my face, and then straight into my mouth... MMMM! I'm so BAD!

Alan did "massage" her breasts, which meant a lot of passionate fondling. But mostly he pinched and twisted her nipples, and lovingly caressed her full globes all over in ways that didn't even make a pretense at a massage.

Susan kept her eyes closed and her mouth smiling. She continued to purr things like, "Oooh, right there... Just like that."bender

She kept moaning too, but by this time she was moaning when he did something particularly arousing rather than when he found a particularly sore muscle. Her chest heaved so much from her arousal that it seemed like her breasts were on a rocking boat in a heavy sea.

He spent about ten minutes on her tits, after he'd already massaged her back for twenty minutes and her legs and ass for about the same interval. But he wasn't used to such prolonged ministrations, so his hands and arms were getting quite tired.