

6 Times 1111

Chapter 1111 Amy And Christine!

Alan, Sean, and Christine walked briskly across the school with Mr. Jackson. Because the teacher was there, they couldn't say much with each other.

Alan was relieved that Mr. Jackson didn't show impatience and say things like, "This had better be good." But he did seem skeptical about Alan's claims.

As they crossed a grass field and drew near the school gym containing the locker rooms, Alan saw one football player who appeared to be a lookout walk inside the building. Alan assumed he was reporting to Ryan and Rock that Alan was coming.

Right as they came to a short staircase leading into the building, Alan stopped, bringing the progress of the group to a halt. There was uncertainty on his face. On one hand, he wanted to be a take-charge leader, but on the other hand he very much wanted advice and encouragement on what to do.

Christine could read his face and said, "Relax. Don't worry. We've got a teacher with us, so there's no way there's going to be any violence. Let's get this over with. The longer we wait, the more time they have to harass Amy."

Alan was filled with dread. He envisioned a dozen or so beefy football players attacking him as soon as he walked through the door, teacher or no teacher. But worse than that, he was horrified by visions of Amy being gang raped right before his eyes. It was the latter vision, plus the words from Christine, that gave him the resolve to go through with whatever might be beyond the doors in front of him.

They walked in through the main doors of the building and entered a well-used hallway. From it, there were doors leading to the men's showers and lockers, women's showers and lockers, plus various offices, storage rooms, and so forth. There were no people to be seen.

They came to the door leading to the men's section. There was another pause as Alan said, "I guess we should try here, first." The tension was rising, and even Mr. Jackson seemed a bit spooked.

Alan opened the door and... nothing.

No one could be seen, just the usual rows of lockers. Normally there was a big rush of activity in the lockers right before the last school bell and for a few minutes after, then again periodic rushes as various sports groups with after school practices finished their activities. But between ten and fifteen minutes after school, as it was now, the lockers were usually empty or nearly so.

However, as the doors finished swinging shut after them, they became aware of the sound of voices. They began heading towards the voices wordless and very quietly, as if they were police sneaking up onto criminals.

As they made their way down a long row of lockers the voices became clearer. Alan could recognize Amy's voice, which set his heart beating faster than its already quick pace.

He reached the end of the locker row first, turned the corner, and...

He couldn't believe his eyes.

There, on a long bench in front of yet more rows of lockers sat Amy and Ryan, talking and smiling and carrying on in a friendly manner. They both were looking at a book in Amy's lap and staring at it with rapt attention. That was the last thing Alan expected.

Elsewhere, now that they stood at a crossing point between sets of locker rows, Alan became aware that there were other athletes milling about here and there. One peeked around a corner to look at them, stared at Christine in surprise, noted the teacher, then looked at Alan.

Alan was shocked to realize that the guy looking around the corner at him was none other than Amy's brother Brad. Alan felt a brief moment of relief until he realized that Brad's gaze was filled with not only cold disgust, but open mistrust and distaste.

Brad motioned over a couple more guys from the other side of the lockers, pointed at Alan and said something.

Alan couldn't quite make out all the words, but he gathered Brad was criticizing Alan for being an uncaring and unsatisfying boyfriend to have his girlfriend hanging out inside the boy's locker room.

The guys all laughed, slapped Brad on the back with a loud round of "Good one, Brad!" before going behind the lockers again. Even after they all disappeared from sight, the snickering and crude joking could still be heard.

Ryan looked up at Alan, then took in Mr. Jackson, Sean, and Christine. He smiled triumphantly then said, "Hey! It's the Plummer boy and his posse. I was just hanging out with your girlfriend, talking about art. I hope you don't mind."

Alan walked up. "Actually, I DO mind. What's going on here? What's your game?"

"Game? No game. What are you talking about?"

Alan looked at Amy. "Aims, are you okay? Did he force you to come here or try to hurt you?"

Amy looked at Alan quizzically. "What? No. Of course not. He's just showing me his etchings." She lifted up the book in her lap.

Alan was flabbergasted. He looked back to Christine and Sean, as if they had some kind of explanation. He looked all around, but there was nothing to see except some half-dressed boys in the middle of changing. He seized on the only oddity in the scene: "Something's going on! If the two of you are just talking about art, why the hell are you doing it in the middle of the boy's locker room for crying out loud?! Girls aren't allowed in here! And where's Rock?!"

Ryan grinned, "Oh that. We were hanging out in the hallway up until a minute ago, but I just had to come in here for a second to get something from my locker. Girls come in here from time to time when it's emptied out, no big deal. Look, you're standing next to a chick right now," he said as he nodded in Christine's direction. "As for Rock, I don't know what you're talking about. He got suspended and doesn't go to this school anymore. Duh!"

Mr. Jackson spoke up. "Amy, it's not a good idea to come in here, even for a minute. It's against school policy and we've had reports of harassment before. Now, Alan, is there something else you wanted me to see about, because I really need to be going."

Alan looked around and especially stared at the look of snide satisfaction on Ryan's face. He walked down a corridor between rows of lockers, motioning Mr. Jackson to come with him. As soon as he got out of Ryan's hearing, he said to the teacher in a low voice, "Mr. Jackson, I don't know what's going on, but I tell you, this is not normal! Ryan is up to something. I don't know what. Maybe they were waiting for the last few stragglers to leave before doing something dreadful to Amy."

Mr. Jackson shook his head dismissively. "Alan, I understand you're feeling a bit spooked. I heard about how you fell down the stairs and some of your other recent problems."

"I was PUSHED down the stairs, Mr. Jackson," he corrected him testily.

"So you say. And that may well be. Some of these guys, like Ryan here, I know they're a bit questionable and full of themselves. But next time, before you drag a teacher halfway across the school, you need more evidence. Now, can I go?"

"Wait a minute." Alan had visions of Ryan waiting for the teacher to go before springing his trap. He walked back, brushing past Christine and Sean, grabbed Amy's hand, and pulled her up. "Aims, we're leaving. Now. Please. It's important."

"M'kay." She turned to Ryan. "Thanks for sharing your drawings. It was nice to see you."

Alan growled, "It was NOT nice to see you. I don't know your game, Ryan, but you're not going to win."

"Oooh! I'm so scared," Ryan mocked with staged fright. "Boy, this was a real crisis situation. It's not like you're paranoid and jealous of Amy sitting with a REAL man, are you?"lightsnovel

"Shut the fuck up." Still holding Amy's hand, Alan headed out the room with Sean and Christine in tow. Mr. Jackson was already ahead of them.

Alan's face was burning with embarrassment as the group walked out of the building, down the stairs, and back into the light of day.

Mr. Jackson waved and walked off, not wanting to waste any more of his time.

Alan continued to walk with the others until he was well clear of the building, then stopped in the middle of a grass field. He turned back towards the gym and said while facing it, "Will someone tell me what that was all about? I thought the plan was going down! The plan was going DOWN!" He turned and looked to Christine.

Now it was her turn to look sheepish and embarrassed. She raised her hands in the air then waved them helplessly. "I don't know. That's how it seemed. I mean Rock coming to school, Amy with Ryan..."

Sean spoke up. "Dude, I don't know what's going on, like, AT ALL. But I saw the way he looked at you, all triumphant and full of himself. You would have thought he'd just finished beating you up or something. He's up to SOMETHING, that's for sure. I don't know, man. It seems to me like you just got played."

Amy was looking most befuddled. "Alan, love, can you tell me what this is about? I'm all in a muddle."

Alan spun around to look at his girlfriend. "Amy, you were told these football players are up to something. Well, Ryan is the obvious ringleader of the group out to get me and you're just sitting there, pretty as you please, looking at his etchings! 'Come look at my etchings' is one of the most clichéd come on lines of all time, didn't you know that?"

Growing more agitated, he said in a rising voice, "Not only that, but were you OUT OF YOUR FREAKING MIND to go into the boy's locker room all by yourself? You were just telling me, like, right at the end of sixth period that you had security taken care of. You had your own bodyguard, you said! What the heck?! Aiii-mee!"

Amy looked sad. "I'm sorry. I didn't know. I'd never met Ryan before. I didn't know him from Adam. Is he one of the ringleaders? Nobody told me that. I'm really super sorry to get you all worried! But I DID have a bodyguard. You may not have noticed, but my brother Brad was there. He wasn't, like, THERE there and standing next to me or something, because I asked him to keep his eye on me from a distance. He was a couple of rows away, listening for trouble. Those guys wouldn't have done anything with my brother close by."

Everyone looked over at the gym, and sure enough, there was Brad leaving with some of the athletes who had been in the locker room. They were walking away, headed to the school parking lot.

It occurred to Alan that even now, Brad had been keeping an eye on Amy, but was doing it in such an unobtrusive way that his friends didn't notice.

Alan looked from Brad to Amy a couple of times, then to Sean and Christine. Finally, he said, "God, I feel so stupid. Sorry, Amy, but communication was bad. I should have warned you explicitly about Ryan and a lot more. And you, Sean, you're totally out of the loop and you must be wondering if I've gone mad. Duh. I'm so stupid. It's just that so much has happened today that some things slipped through the cracks."

Christine spoke up, "No, it's my fault. At least partially. I told Katherine to warn Amy but I forgot to mention so many key things, like Ryan or Rock for that matter, wherever he is. I let everyone down."

"Nonsense," Alan said, still glum and frustrated. "It's just that things have been moving too fast. This whole plot just came out of nowhere hours ago. Look. Why don't the four of us go get an ice cream or something, and compare notes and figure this out? For one thing, I still feel vulnerable standing here in the middle of the school. Who knows what Ryan is planning. I have to admit, he totally surprised me. I'd feel better in a store."

Amy, Sean, and Christine had bicycles while Alan did not, since Susan drove him to school that morning. So they got their bicycles from the bike racks and walked to a Ben and Jerry's located just a couple of blocks from the school.

The mood at the shop was one of frustration and distress as they discussed what had happened and filled each other in with information. Then, as they licked their ice creams, the question was asked: just what was Ryan trying to do with this seemingly meaningless encounter?

There was a long silence after that, but then Christine spoke up. "I have a theory. Only a theory, mind you. You know about the two guys who backed out, right?" (A few minutes before, she had told Sean and Amy about the morning meeting of footballers and what Dave and Gary had done, though she didn't mention Dave and Gary by name to protect their identities.)

She continued, "If you look at it like a military operation, when they defected the operational security was blown. They WERE going to do something after school today, but they didn't know who knew what. So they went ahead with kind of a practice run of what they were going to do, just to see what kind of reaction they'd get. Who would turn up? Alan, would you take matters into your own hands and gather up a posse, or go fetch the authorities, or what? What information had been leaked, and who had

leaked it? Actually, when you think about it, it's pretty smart. Now they can plan again and be much better prepared next time."

Sean nodded, adding, "On top of that, they've got the whole 'boy who cried wolf' thing going on now. I'm sure Mr. Jackson will complain about how he was all put out for a big ado about nothing, and other teachers will think twice if Alan asks them to go check out something without a lot of evidence first."

Alan dropped his head. "Damn. That sucks. It makes sense. Now they know that my so called 'posse' is a posse of two. That's pretty sorry-assed. And it's not like I really had more people to go to who would know how to fight if I'd had more time to round them up. And not only that, but now that I think about it, Christine, they're going to be wondering big time why on earth you were there. If they do some digging, the element of surprise about the extent of your martial arts training will probably be blown. Dang! This sucks!"

The others all nodded glumly.

Amy grabbed Alan's arm and held him for support. "I'm worried about you. Really worried!"

He looked into her eyes. "And I'm more worried about you, Amy! I don't like this whole idea that you might be used for bait. If anyone harms a single hair on your head, I swear, I'm totally going to go postal!"

Sean lightly punched Alan in the shoulder to get his attention and as a brotherly gesture. "Hey dude, whatever help you need, just ask. I had no clue. I thought we were walking into a lion's den to get our asses kicked by a whole squad of big Neanderthals. But I was totally ready to duke it out, shoulder to shoulder. That's what friends are for, right? It's the least I can do, especially after everything you've done for me lately."

Christine's curiosity was piqued by that last comment. She filed it away as something to be investigated when she had the time.

Alan lightly punched Sean back. "Thanks, man. I really appreciate it. Now, we just need like twelve more of you to even up the odds. I'm worried. I thought these guys were pretty stupid, but apparently this Ryan has a brain. That look he gave me - it was almost like he was saying to me, 'I'm going to attack you soon, but you don't know where, you don't know when, you don't know how, and there's nothing you

can do to stop it.' What a prick! That's what really kills me, this not knowing. If it was just something like, 'come fight me at McGill's after school,' I could deal with that. But this! They could be planning anything now!" He turned to Christine. "We need more information."

She replied, "That could be a tough one. I think they've successfully tested the loyalty of their group and flushed out the ones who couldn't be trusted. They'll probably figure out at least one of the guys, you know the one I was telling you about who was talking to all the others and trying to moderate the plan? I'm sure they'll make an example out of him, which will cause the remaining pack to stick together that much tighter. I can try to ask around, and I will, but with school out and Thanksgiving coming up, I can't see how we'll learn anything new until Monday. And even then, I don't know. We're pretty much flying blind now."

Alan paused, then emphatically cursed, "Damn!"

The group finished the rest of their ice creams in silence.

But Amy hated to see when people got sad. Suddenly, she grabbed Christine's arm and said, "Hey, everybody here needs to take a chill pill. Why the sad faces? I say we go back to Alan's house and have some fun! What do y'all say?" She leaned into Christine conspiratorially. "You know what they say, Christine, I'm the girlfriend that loves to share her boyfriend with others. Or maybe you'd prefer Sean here?"

Christine found herself so flustered that she couldn't think straight. "Wha- what do you mean? I have no idea what you're talking about!"

Amy leaned in even closer and whispered conspiratorially, "I'm saying, sex is a great way to relieve stress."

Christine was so flummoxed by that that she was rendered completely speechless. Her face grew red as a beet. She tried to look around to see if anyone else had heard that, but Amy still held onto her tightly. She was suddenly very regretful that she'd unbuttoned two buttons on her shirt since leaving school to better entice Alan. She felt that all eyes were on her two suddenly hard nipples.

Suddenly Amy broke into laughter and everyone else followed suit. "Just joshin' ya, Christine! Geez, Louise! Relax, already!"

Christine laughed along, but it was more of a nervous laughter. She couldn't relate to Amy's easy going ways and couldn't tell when she was joking and when she wasn't. She wanted to crawl under a rock and die, but continued to smile for appearances' sake.

Alan looked at Amy continuing to playfully cling to and prod a resistant and stiff Christine, and thought, God, that's so hot: Amy and Christine together. Just the thought! And I can see Sean is thinking the same thing. It's funny, 'cos Christine is this self declared "goody-goody," yet she has the face and body of a porn star... Damn, it's so frustrating. I've made a promise to myself that I can't get involved with her, and I swear I'm gonna keep it if it's the last thing I do. She's just too good for me and my fucked up sex world. Damn!

At least Amy's kidding had broken the morose mood. The group began talking and joking again.

Sean pointed out to Alan, "You know, dude, your whole situation is kind of like the end of 'The Empire Strikes Back', don't you think? I mean, think about it. When you first watch that film you're thinking Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker are finally gonna have it out and that'll be the end of it. But noooooOOoooo! Climax denied."

Christine was now freed of Amy and feeling more like her usual self. She said in an acidic tone, "Looks like somebody here needs to get out more often."

But Alan ignored that and said to Sean, "I see what you mean. And think: the people who saw that when it first came out had to wait three whole years to get to the ending. Harsh!" Making a reference to how Luke Skywalker had one of his hands chopped off at the end of the film, he joked, "But on the plus side, at least I still have both of my hands!"

Chapter 1112 Enter Xania!

Sean lived in the same general direction as the Plummers' while Christine lived in the opposite direction. So after the ice cream, Christine went one way and everyone else went the other, with Sean on one bicycle and Amy and Alan sharing her bicycle.

As Amy and Alan got to the front of the Plummer house, Sean took a look around, saw no signs of a football player ambush, and began to peel off towards his own house.

Alan yelled as he waved goodbye to his friend, "Sean, very important: you must go straight home. I need to call you on the phone and talk about some important stuff right away, just one to one, so please be there!"

Sean nodded in understanding and headed home. He figured it must be something that Alan didn't want Amy to hear or they could have discussed it as they bicycled. That puzzled and intrigued him because Alan and Amy seemed to be very close to each other. He'd noticed these days that when they were in the same room it was like one could actually see and feel the bond between them.

After Sean got home he lingered in his kitchen, eating a snack and reading a Newsweek magazine while waiting for Alan's call to come. Five minutes, then ten minutes, then twenty minutes passed and still no call. He decided Alan might be a long time explaining all the troubles of the day to his mother and sister and there was no telling how much longer he'd have to wait, so he finally went upstairs and began working on his homework.

He'd hardly sat down when there was a knock at the front door. He didn't hear it as he'd started to blast the latest White Stripes album. As the song "Fell in Love with a Girl" began to play, his eight-year-old sister Gina came breathlessly rushing up into his room.

"Sean, there's a really pretty lady at the door and she says she wants to speak to you." Gina said this excitedly as if she could hardly believe it herself.

Sean got up, figuring it must be some kind of salesperson asking for the "man of the house" or something like that. Since his mother was always glued to one of her favorite TV shows at this hour, he figured he'd have to be the one to deal with it. "A woman, you said? Not a girl?"

"Definitely a woman. And I do mean she's really, really pretty."

Sean got up and sullenly dragged himself down the stairs. But when he opened the front door his jaw nearly hit the floor.

There stood Xania, dressed to the nines and looking about as sexy as any woman possibly could be. She winked suggestively at Sean and then said in a low, breathy, sensual voice, "Can Sean come out and play?"

Sean's penis went from zero to sixty in about two seconds flat. The blood drained from the head on his neck so fast he felt momentarily dizzy. He looked back at Gina (who stood halfway back up the stairs), wondering at the situation. He needed to make sure that this was really happening and that he wasn't passed out upstairs and dreaming in his room. He looked back at Xania, standing there on his doorstep, in broad daylight, and couldn't think of a single thing to say. He was completely dumbstruck by the fact that she was even there, let alone the fact that she was asking him out.

Xania casually reached out and closed Sean's gaping jaw with her fingertips. The corners of her lips twitched as she tried hard not to laugh at the priceless expression on his face.

He still stood there, apparently unable to fully recover from the shock she'd given him. His head was filled with memories of the first (and so far, only) time he'd been with Xania. That was a weekend he knew he'd never forget. While he had greatly enjoyed the sexual attentions of Kim, Janice, and Joy, Xania was in another league altogether.

She glanced down at his groin and quickly confirmed that she'd had exactly the effect she'd wanted to achieve. No doubt the poor boy is having a hard time thinking in words right now, let alone in coherent sentences. She chuckled to herself at his discomfiture. He was ripe for the plucking and hadn't realized yet that she already held him in the palm of her hand.

The sound and feel of his teeth clicking together brought Sean at least partway out of his shell-shocked reverie. He blinked a couple of times and then seemed to focus on her slightly better than he had been.

"I, um..." He blinked again, "I'm uh, waiting for a call. From, uh, Alan."

"Oh?" Xania inquired with pretended innocence.

It suddenly dawned on Sean, If I stay here waiting for Alan to call, Xania's just gonna up and go! Right now. Without me! But on the other hand, I owe Alan so much. He's transformed my whole life. Maybe he really needs my help and right away?!

Xania watched the thoughts tumbling through Sean's mind as they played out on his unguarded face. She hadn't had this much fun teasing and tempting a lover in a long time. She glanced over at his little sister who was still halfway up the stairs, peeking at the two of them with rapt attention. She decided to hurry things along a little. "Well, if you have something more important to do than me, I quite understand. I was just in the neighborhood and thought I'd drop by and see if you were free for the afternoon." She casually shrugged, turned, and then started walking slowly away.

Even as he thought, I can't believe I'm doing this! he said, "Uh, I um, I can't. Not until Alan calls. It's really important!"

Xania turned around and looked at him as if for the first time. She cocked a curious eyebrow. "Oh, really? I must be losing my touch."

Sean blurted out all at once, "No WAY! It's just that Alan really needs my help; he's in trouble and I'm his best friend and if friends don't stick together then what are they good for and I made a vow and he's done so much to help me and-"

Xania was smiling broadly now. She walked back to him like a movie star strutting down a red carpet, her hips and breasts swaying with each step. Black leather shone in the sun. She put a finger over his lips. "Sssh." She let that single finger linger there, slightly rolling back and forth across his lips.

Sean was still playing mental catch-up. This Goddess of Lust has appeared on my lawn like a UFO descending from the sky and I'm turning her down?! And for what?! So I can wait for a phone call? From another guy?! Not many women would forgive that kind of a rejection. I must be the world's biggest idiot!!lightsnovel

Xania continued, in a deeply alluring voice, "Who do you think asked me to come here? He only said that he'd call you to make sure you'd be here in time for my arrival. Now, are you coming or not?"

Sean felt as if he's been granted a pardon just before a guillotine was going to slice his head off. He was so delirious with joy that he nearly looked like a crazy man.

"Well?" The tip of Xania's finger that had been pressing on his lips now started to wander over his face, sensuously brushing his cheeks and chin. Then she licked her extremely long tongue all around her red lips.

Sean looked at that tongue, recalled some of the incredible things it could do, and thought he was going to faint. Somehow he managed to say in a badly cracking voice, "I- I'll- um, I'll need... I'll need to tell my uh, mom, that I'll uh... I'll be ... out."

Xania walked a couple of steps away, stopped, looked back over her shoulder, and gave him one of her femme fatale groin-melting "come hither" smiles. "I'll be waiting for you in the car." A strap on her skin-tight top slid down her shoulder. She looked down at it, then shrugged her shoulders to make it slip down a bit further. Only an already hard and prominent nipple stopped it from sliding entirely off her breast. She looked back at him and flicked her long tongue at him again.

He watched her saunter across the lawn to a red Corvette parked on the curb in front of his house. As he watched her leather-clad ass shudder and bounce each time her heels hit the ground, he could almost imagine a "ba-BOOM!" sound and a minor earthquake shaking the front yard with each sexy step.

She opened the driver's side door and practically flowed into the car. She winked at him, then dropped her dark sunglasses over her eyes. Inwardly, she crowed, Suzanne, eat your heart out! You're not the only one well versed in the art of seduction!

"MOM!" Sean yelled from the still open front door.

"Yeah?" came the bored reply from deep within the house.

"I'm going out with a friend this afternoon!" he shouted.

"Be back in time for dinner!"

Sean walked out through the front door of his house, closed it behind himself, and then felt like he was sleepwalking across the lawn to Xania's car. He was having a hard time concentrating on anything. He barely even noticed his little sister's wide-eyed stare as he shut the door.

Xania watched him stagger, on very stiff legs, over to her car. No doubt his erection was giving him some serious trouble with walking normally. She could even see the bulge in his pants from here. He seemed

to be in a deep sexual fog. She was slightly surprised that he managed to open the passenger door and ease himself into the seat beside her without hurting himself.

She squirmed slightly in her seat, just to hear the creaking sound of leather on leather. She was also getting a lot more turned on by this seduction than she'd thought she would, and once she started squirming, she found it difficult to stop.

"Sean, lover," she moaned sexily, as she continued slowly squirming in her seat, causing her black miniskirt to slowly ride up her thighs, "there's something I need you to do for me. Something very, very special."

His eyes got as big as saucers. He seemed desperate for a second pair of eyes because he kept flipping back and forth between looking at her face, the rise and fall of her breasts, and looking at her thighs slowly writhing in heat as if she was about to climax right there beside him in the car. He could even see a little bit of her burgundy panties covering her pussy.

"Sean," she panted, the lust of her arousal dripping from her lips, "my ass is ready for you. Are you ready for me?"

His lips opened and his mouth worked, but no sounds came out. He was simply too shocked to respond coherently. Inside, a voice screamed, "ASS"?! Did she say "ass"?!

After a few moments of continued silence, he slumped back in his seat and murmured, "Whoa, this is really heavy..." in just the same tone that Marty McFly played by Michael J. Fox had said those words in the movie "Back to the Future." The scene continued to play for him as if there was a movie projector running in his mind. He could hear "Doc" Emmett Brown saying, "There's that word again, 'heavy.' Why is everything so heavy in the future? Is there something wrong with the Earth's gravitational pull?" But he slowly snapped out of it and his eyes turned back to the goddess sitting beside him.

Xania chuckled, recognizing the movie reference. Feeling a little triumphant at seeing the look of profound awe on his face, she pulled her sunglasses down on her nose. Looking over the rims with profound satisfaction, she said, "I'll take that as a yes, Marty." To herself, she thought, If Heather is half the man eater everyone says she is, I've got my work cut out for me with nerd boy today. Looks like he had a full-on "nerd moment" there. He's a bit weird, but he's still a cutie, in his own way. All in all, this afternoon might be a lot of fun!

She pushed her sunglasses back up over her eyes like an actress in the movies and turned the key in the ignition. A throbbing purr of raw muscular power, tightly leashed, rumbled the seats. She rubbed her thighs together, enjoying the vibrations, not to mention all the attention.

lightsNovel com He looked like he was struggling not to cum, just from looking at her.

Still squirming slightly with anticipation for what she was going to teach the young boy beside her today, she said, "By the way, I was touched by your loyalty to your friend just now. I know that wasn't easy for you. Such friendship will be rewarded. By me. Today."

She flashed him such a sexy smile that all he could do was gulp. She touched the accelerator and eased out onto the street, then headed for a nearby pre-booked hotel room.

Sean's sister Gina meanwhile was trying to convince her mother to pay attention to her and not the television.

"Mom, a really pretty lady came to the door to see Sean."

"That's nice dear."

"But mom, the lady was really, really pretty! Like, really, really, REALLY! "

"Uh huh..." came the disinterested reply.

Gina was frustrated by her mother's seeming lack of interest in the "really pretty" lady that had come for her brother. At only eight years old, it was hard for the young girl to know (let alone verbalize) what it was about the really pretty lady that seemed out of place. She just knew that really pretty ladies like that didn't come to the front door, let alone ask for her brother Sean. So she was girlishly suspicious of what she'd just seen happen, but she just couldn't figure out exactly what it was all about. Seeing her mother zoned out on her program, she stomped her way back up to her room in frustration.

Meanwhile, Alan turned his mental focus to his own family because he had work to do there.

Amy walked with him into the Plummer home.

Both of them were sure there was going to be a lot of questions and hand-wringing.

As soon as he opened the front door, he found Susan standing there. This did not surprise him. But he was surprised that she wasn't dressed in an erotic apron or something similar, showing her constant readiness for sexual fun. Instead, she was dressed in blue jeans and a conventional pink top like a typical housewife.

That didn't stop her from rushing up to him and Amy and hugging them both, though. "Goodness! You're both okay! I'm so relieved."

It hit Alan that Katherine must have taken his advice and come home about half an hour early. No doubt, she'd talked to the others and gotten them all worked up. He saw it as his job to calm their fears, because the last thing he wanted was to be all stressed out at school and then come home and have his loved ones infecting him with a stressful mood.

He looked again at Susan's outfit and saw that she was giving him a regretful look.

She looked down at herself then whispered to him so quietly that it was more like her mouthing the words, "Sorry. Suzanne insisted." She flopped her arms up and down in frustration.

He smiled at his first mother's eagerness to please. He whispered in her ear, "Don't worry, you'd excite me even if you wore a potato sack from your neck to your feet."

That got a big smile and a kiss on the lips from her.

He added, "You know why? 'Cos your love and natural beauty always shines through."

She beamed as bright as the sun. "Oh, Son!" She wrapped herself around him like an octopus and squeezed him with all her might as her mouth latched itself to his again. One of her hands slipped inside his jeans to directly squeeze his left ass cheek.

The kiss was cut short though when Amy started coughing loudly. Katherine and Suzanne could easily guess what was happening, and joined in the cough attack from across the house.

Alan and Amy soon sat down in the living room with Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine, and they began relating everything that had happened. Everyone remained clothed except for Amy, who to no one's surprise, stripped naked pretty much from the moment the front door closed.

Almost as soon as Alan sat down on a long sofa, Susan sat on the floor in front of him, unzipped his pants, pulled out his flaccid penis, and began stroking it to life.

He was surprised. "Mom, there's a time for that kind of thing, and this isn't it."

As her fingers danced up and down his growing shaft, she said, "I beg to differ, Tiger. I know you pretty well. Sex can be many things. It can be an emotional bonder, a reaffirmation of love, a wild release, and so on. It also can be a stress release, and that's what you need right now. Don't worry, I'm just going to give you a really mild penis tending. Not enough to get you worked up and lose your concentration, but just enough to take the edge off of your worries. Is that okay, Suzanne?"

Suzanne nodded. "It sounds like we're not in an immediate crisis mode like some people led me to believe" - she shot an irritated look at Katherine - "so knock yourself out."

Susan sighed happily as she rhythmically pressed her thumb on his sweet spot. "Thanks. Frankly, I need it to reduce my stress too. Son, what these football clods are doing to you is just dreadful! I can't stand to see you suffer - I want to see you smile, and you know how much I love to lick and stroke and suck your cock until you're smiling from ear to ear." She smiled at him in a very motherly way.

He looked down at her busy hands and her beaming face, and could help but smile back.

As his dick became stiff in her hands, she thought, I DO feel better! A lot better. I feel fulfilled, knowing I'm making my cutie Tiger stiff and happy. MMMM! This is so relaxing...

But one thing was still irking her. She temporarily let go of her son's pole as she pulled her pale coral top up enough to expose all of her large breasts. Naturally, she didn't wear a bra. She let out a big sigh of contentment as she freed her tits from their confinement; from her sigh it seemed as if she'd just slipped into a warm bubble bath.

Alan chuckled at her obvious relief.

She looked over at Suzanne with obvious guilt and embarrassment on her face. "Sorry, Suzanne. I know you said we should stay clothed, but I can't help myself. What's the point of a big-titted mommy having her God-given endowments if she can't show them off to her son? That's just... wrong!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes and chuckled.

As Susan resumed stroking her son's erection with both hands, she wiggled her rack for him in time to her rhythm. Mmmm! That's even better! This feels so good and right. Tiger's big fat cock growing warm and excited in my hands, with my bouncy boobs on display... Aaaaah! Heaven! This is what being a big-titted mommy slave is all about! I just wish I could take this stupid top all the way off, and my tight jeans for good measure. And SUCK!

I definitely would love to feel his thickness filling my mouth, and pleasure him with my tongue and sliding lips. I have so many moves I want to work on. But Suzanne would put up a big stink. I should be happy with this - for now.

She asked, "How does that feel, Son? Better?"

"Mom, it feels so good. You know, I was just chuckling at your happy sigh, but I feel the same. I feel this sense of... peace... looking at your topless body. The way your tits are undulating back and forth in such a sexy manner, while your whole body sways forward and back in time to your stroking... Man! This is bliss. Things are really stressful at school right now, but at home, everything is so delightfully straightforward. Like that."

He chuckled, because even as she continued to stroke, she was already bending forward and licking around his cockhead.

Suzanne coughed. "Susan, we do want him to be able to think. And talk."

"Oh, poo!" With the greatest reluctance, Susan reverted to merely blowing air all around his cockhead.

But Suzanne coughed again. She knew Susan's tongue would be back out to play in less than a minute, if she kept her face that close.

Susan reluctantly pulled back, but kept up a very skilled cock stroking.

Alan sighed happily. "You really are too wonderful and too good to me, Mom. So beautiful, so physically perfect in every way. I swear, you're twenty years old, tops, and your waist is impossibly thin. And those enormous tits!"

He would have gone on with his praise, but he knew Katherine was sensitive about the breast size issue. He abruptly changed the topic. "So where was I?"

But before he could say more, the sound of loud slurping filled the room.

Suzanne coughed again, because she realized where that noise was coming from: Susan had suddenly engulfed Alan's cockhead and was steadily bobbing on it. lightsnovel

Susan pulled back in response to Suzanne's cough, but she merely went from sucking on his cock to licking it. She protested as she licked, "I'm sorry, but I can't stop! With compliments like that, how can I resist? Come on. Please can't I at least lick it? I promise I'll be good."

Feeling naughty, Alan decided to throw fuel to the fire. "Oh yeah. Did I mention that, today at school, I had four cheerleaders stroke my dick while a fifth licked it?"

Amy proudly proclaimed, "I was one of 'em!"

Even Suzanne was impressed by his claim, especially since she could tell it was true. She muttered, "Holy shit!"

Susan gasped loudly. "Good Lord! This wonderful cock demands service! It NEEDS my lips and tongue! I'm sorry, but I'm claiming special Mommy privileges!" She engulfed his cockhead again and bobbed with even more love and passion.

Suzanne rolled her eyes, and lightly chuckled. "Fine, since there's no stopping you anyway, not after that 'five cheerleaders at once' news. But please, once you calm down, just lightly lick so the poor boy can still talk, at least!"

Susan thought while she sucked, THANK YOU, Suzanne! You're the best 'best friend' ever! I'm glad you understand that I just can't resist! FIVE cheerleaders working on his cock all at once?! Oooh! I would squeal like a stuck pig if my mouth wasn't so jam-packed with cock-meat! MMMM! Tiger, let me reward you. A powerful cock that's tamed the entire cheerleading squad deserves to be rewarded! I've been thinking all day about so many tricks and moves to use on you. Like this one.

She took advantage of the fact that she was wearing blue jeans, because she'd stored a breath mint in a pocket. She furtively took it out and slipped it into her mouth, then resumed her favorite corkscrew-bobbing style.

Suzanne turned to Alan. "And don't mention another word about all those cheerleader tongues and fingers, or an orgy is gonna break out. Heck, we'd probably end up reenacting whatever the hell happened to you."

His eyes bugged out like a comic-book character in response to the sudden cool, tingly feeling on his erection.

Katherine practically jumped out of her seat in response to Suzanne's comment. "Ooooh! What a GREAT idea!"

Then Amy did jump out of her seat. "Ooooh! I second that! Let's TOTALLY do that!"

Suzanne gave the girls a chagrined look. "Calm down, you two. First, we HAVE to find out what happened. This is serious. Sweetie, are you okay?"

She said that because his eyes were still as wide as saucers and his hands were clutched into fists. Suzanne had used a breath mint on him before, but it had been a long while, and he'd been taken by complete surprise. To make matters worse, or better depending on one's point of view, Susan was using the tip of her tongue to rub the mint up and down the inner side of his shaft, repeatedly touching his sweet spot with it. It felt so intense that he wanted to scream.

After a long pause, he managed to calm himself, more or less. He said, "I'm good. Just a little... uh... surprised... by your, uh, reenactment suggestion."

Suzanne eyed him critically. She strongly suspected that it was something special Susan was doing with her mouth that was driving him wild, but it was only a hunch since she couldn't tell for certain what was going on in there. She wanted to know so she could do it to him too.

Susan realized she needed to take it easy on him or Suzanne would get too suspicious and bring an early end to her fun. So she slowed her sucking and was more sparing with the mint contact.

That in turn allowed Alan to calm down enough to talk more freely. He proceeded to narrate what had happened at school with the football players, despite Susan's continued blowjob efforts.

From time to time, Amy and Katherine added tidbits of their own. For instance, Katherine related the gist of her conversation with Christine, minus her fantasies of getting Christine to join the harem. She wasn't sure whether Alan would like those fantasies and she didn't want to know it if he didn't approve.

Amy added some details that surprised even Alan. She explained, "I really have to apologize. At lunch, these guys came up to me when I was at my locker and started talking to me. As usual, they were only there to ogle. I played dumb as usual, since that's what's expected of me. But I recognized some of them and I realized they were a bunch of football players. I thought, 'A-ha! Here's one of those times when my airhead act can pay off. I'll play it really dumb and slutty with these guys and see if I can figure something out that'll help my lover.'"

Alan interrupted, a bit concerned. "What do you mean by 'slutty'?" He was slumped down and feeling increasingly relaxed since Susan had lubed up most of his shaft with some kind of edible oil and was slowly sliding her hands all over it. She also continued to alternately blow and lick on the cockhead.

Amy explained, "Oh, you know. The usual. Bending forward, stretching, pretending to drop something so I can bend over. That kind of thing." She demonstrated as she continued to talk, twisting her naked body this way and that.

Alan found Amy's movements, plus the way Susan's fingers, lips, and tongue were gently making love to his cock, extremely distracting. When Amy walked over to where he sat and then bent over to touch her toes so her ass was practically next to the kneeling Susan's face, he was forced to squeeze his PC muscle a few times before Amy stood up again.

As Amy bent over a chair, she exclaimed, "This is FUN! It's totally way more fun doing it naked and with my Official Boyfriend watching. I swear I can actually see him clenching his PC thingy whenever I strike a sexy pose!"

"You probably can," he groaned as he was forced to use his PC muscle yet again.

Amy struck another pose, raising her arms high above her head. "I wonder if I can make Brother cum just from standing here. Well, that and Mom's hot lips and busy tongue, of course." She giggled.

Susan seemed to want to rise to the occasion. She'd been taking it relatively easy on him due to the serious conversation, and her breath mint had melted away. But she tightened her lip-lock and bobbed with great suction. At the same time, she stroked the rest of his shaft and fondled his balls for good measure.

Suzanne growled at Amy, "Less preening, more explaining."

"M'kay." Amy continued to talk, even as she struck another alluring pose, proudly flaunting her gorgeous naked body. "I wouldn't ever actually let any of those guys touch me, but I've found that after some flirting like that all their blood runs from their heads to their groins and they're way more likely to say stupid stuff. And then I act all, 'I'm so, like, totally eager to meet with you alone, but can't you answer this one silly question first?'"

She bent over right in front of Alan, causing her tits to dangle down and sway in a very delightful way.bender

He groaned with almost painful arousal. He could easily imagine Amy bending over with a top on, but still showing off a massive amount of cleavage to the guys at school. He pushed Susan's mouth off his dick, which allowed him to narrowly avert an orgasmic crisis.

Staying frozen in that position, Amy fluttered her eyelids as if she was the epitome of innocence. "It works! With these guys, I made it clear that I liked to be really friendly with guys who didn't want to hurt you but not at all friendly with your enemies. They fell all over each other trying to tell me what good friends they were with you. I'll bet you don't even know the names of most of 'em!" She giggled.

"So what good does that do?" Alan asked between heavy breaths. He was very cognizant of the fact that his mother was still holding his shaft with one hand. "You're putting yourself at risk and damaging your reputation, and for what?"

"Well, I'm not damaging my reputation. These guys already seem to think I'm some kind of gang bang queen or something. There's been a lot of strong and nasty rumors about me lately and I don't know why people are being so mean. But anyhow--"

lightsNovel com Suddenly, Suzanne barked out like an army officer, "Susan! Stop that! He pushed you away, like, ten seconds ago!"

Everyone looked at Susan. True, she was only jacking Alan off at the moment. But she'd been coming at his crotch from the side, and now she'd moved so she was kneeling between his legs. Obviously, she was getting into position for some serious titfucking and cocksucking. She looked so much like a kid who'd been caught with a hand in the cookie jar that it was quite comical.

"Oh, poo!" she pouted. However, she didn't move, or even let go.

In fact, as she resumed stroking she looked up at her son and winked. She whispered, "Don't mind me; you'll hardly even notice I'm here."

He snorted mirthfully at that.

She continued whispering, "No, really. I promise I'll be good. Just a little bit of stroking. See how I'm only using one hand? And maybe... maybe... Goodness gracious! This big cock, it needs big service! Maybe I'll just blow a little bit of air on the tip..."

He knew what that would lead to, so he said in a chastening tone, "MooOOOoom..."

"I'm sorry. It's just that kneeling between your legs gets me so hot! Of course it would be better if I were wearing nothing but high heels, but the main thing is the idea. I'm here to serve! Even during a serious conversation like this, your powerful cock demands quality service!"

Suzanne groaned. "Letting you do that was NOT a good idea."

Alan figured that if she changed to a less provocative position, she might be able to stop herself from getting too excited. So, before Suzanne put a stop to things altogether, he suggested, "I'll tell you what, Mom. I'll scoot over and you can sit next to me."

Susan reluctantly got up and sat down on the sofa next to her son. Then, after taking off the rest of her clothes, she resumed a steady stroking motion on her favorite body part in the whole world.

She whispered in his ear, "Suzanne's such a meanie. She doesn't understand. She doesn't realize the supreme importance of keeping your stiffy, well... wonderfully stiff! She doesn't understand how good it feels to run my tongue-"

Chapter 1114 Do Your Duty

Suddenly, Suzanne stood up. "I do understand! I can hear your whispering. You think I don't have a libido? You think I'm not affected watching you stroke and lick Sweetie's fat stick while your huge bare tits bounce all over the place? And now you're naked while I'm fully clothed. I'm tired of having to always be the one to say 'no' around here. In fact, it's time that I get to play around for once! I'm claiming special 'Mommy privileges' too. Susan, you're banned to the other sofa for the rest of this discussion!"

Susan pouted, but she sat back as Suzanne took off her own clothes. Susan fidgeted unhappily as Suzanne began licking her son's erection in such a way that everyone had a good view of the action. Suzanne was being a bit spiteful, letting Susan see exactly what she was missing out on. In fact, as Suzanne took Susan's favorite position, kneeling between Alan's legs, she turned to Susan and said, "And, in case you didn't notice, I AM wearing high heels." She stuck out her tongue.

Amy was about to resume speaking, but Alan could see that Susan was feeling hurt. So, even as Suzanne engulfed his cock and started steadily bobbing on it, he said, "Wait a sec. Now I'm claiming 'special Son privileges,' whatever that means. Mom, sit next to me and I'll play with your tits while we talk."

"Okay!" Susan happily agreed.

Then Katherine complained, "What about me? I'm being left out, as usual."

"Come sit on the other side of me," he suggested, "and we'll cuddle."

That made her happy too. She took off the last of her clothes, leaving only Alan wearing anything, as he still had his T-shirt on.

Alan shook his head in wonder. To think: this is how we conduct serious discussions around here now! It's so typical of Amy that she doesn't demand anything. She's awesome.

Once everyone was settled, Amy continued, "Anyhoo, I was explaining how I was talking to those guys. I pointed out to them that not all the football players could be friends with Alan, and I asked them to name some names. But they were so dumb! It was soooo obvious that these were some of the guys who hated you 'cos if nothing else, if they were your friends why would they be hitting on your girlfriend? They told me the names of most of the guys on the team who are NOT out to get you, I think. They even named Brad, my own brother, as one of your enemies! Isn't that weird?! And I got all of the names of the guys trying to chat me up, so I think that's worth something, too. I remembered just about everything and wrote it all down during my next class. I thought I was doing pretty good!"

Amy was still standing, but frowning now, "So then one of them invites me to meet with Ryan after school. What was the name of the guy who invited me? Oh yeah - Jake. He's one of the evil ones, I think. He just LOOKS bad, you know? So I thought, 'Ho ho! I'm Amy the super sleuth! I'm gonna crack this case

on my own and then everyone will be so proud and happy! I'll go meet with this Ryan and REALLY work the dumb airhead angle and finger all the bad guys."

"So wait," Alan interjected, trying to not let Suzanne's stroking and bobbing get to him. "When I found you in the locker room you seemed completely clueless and had no idea who Ryan was. You're telling me that's not true?"

He casually twirled his fingers around Susan's nearest nipple as he spoke.

Amy giggled. "Uh-oh! Even my boyfriend brother still thinks I'm an airhead. Don't be silly! I'm not a total dummy! I kinda didn't want to tell you everything at the time 'cos I thought you might not let me go. I figured with Brad as my backup, I'd be okay. I had to play dumb until the whole thing was over. I did figure out some things, like Ryan is obviously a bad guy, and he's got about three guys who were lookouts at the gym and I got their names and they're bad guys too. But I couldn't get much out of Ryan. He just treated me like a dummy and showed me some pictures out of some stupid book. Then he said he drew them himself. What a lame-o. I wanna say sorry to you and to everybody 'cos I guess it was pretty dumb of me to try to do everything on my own. But I wanted to be the big heroine!"

Alan, recalling Katherine's confession from the night before, shot his brown-haired sister a frustrated look. "There seems to be a lot of that going around. Look, I appreciate all the help, but we've got to stick together. We've got to have complete and honest communication with each other, otherwise we're sunk. Is that clear?" He looked particularly at Amy and Katherine.

"M'kay," Amy said, with a rare frown. She looked rueful and disappointed in herself.

The conversation continued, with Alan doing most of the explaining.

Suzanne used the opportunity to show Susan how she thought penis tending was "properly" done. She carefully kept Alan constantly and wonderfully aroused, but not so out of his head horny that he couldn't continue to clearly think and talk.

Alan acted a lot more confident than he felt. While he didn't leave out any important facts, he consistently acted as though everything was under control and that it was just a matter of time before the football player plot imploded. He did fail to mention the pessimistic conclusions drawn at the ice cream store.

Since Amy was at the store too she must have realized the omission, but she didn't say anything.

He was pleasantly surprised at how well the news went over, generally speaking. He realized that that was mostly because his sisters and mothers now had such a high impression of him. The general feeling was, if he wasn't worried, then they shouldn't be too worried either. But the truth was, he was very worried. He wondered if he was doing the right thing by keeping his pessimistic thoughts to himself, especially since he'd just lectured about the importance of complete honesty.

The only major problem appeared to be Susan's reaction. She grew increasingly agitated as the discussion went on, and everyone had to spend considerable time saying things to calm her. (In fact, one reason the others took it better than usual was because they realized that if they got upset it only would fuel her reactions.)

To Suzanne's great annoyance, she was eventually forced to let Susan resume penis tending duties, since everyone knew how much that always pacified and pleased her. Suzanne was especially annoyed because she'd been nibbling, licking, and suckling Alan's pulsing boner for nearly twenty minutes, hoping to be rewarded with a creamy cum load once the discussion ended.

But even doing that wasn't enough to keep Susan calm. The bombshell mother kept saying things like, "Those beasts! How DARE they!" and "No one makes threats like that to my son, no one!"

At one point, everyone had to laugh because she said with righteous indignation as her hand stroked up and down, "Why, I'm so beside myself with anger that I can hardly even concentrate on jacking off my own son! And that's just WRONG! Sorry, Tiger."

Near the end of the half-hour discussion, she started to make some not-so-thinly veiled suggestions that she was going to do something drastic. With an increasingly grim and fierce look on her face and her free hand balled up into a fist, she said in a low and cutting voice, "They will all rue the day they messed with the Plummer family!"

She added a short time later, "I may just be an old woman, but I'm not too old to kick some ass!" Sometimes, she felt so agitated that she honestly could barely focus on her handjob.

Luckily, Suzanne said, "Susan, we all feel like you do. But look what happened with Angel yesterday and Amy today when they went charging into a situation all worked up. We can't make that mistake again. Partly, Sweetie needs to deal with this on his own, his way, but you and I can also secretly help behind the scenes. While he's been talking, I've been thinking up a new scheme. It's a different way we can get back at these guys on top of whatever he may conjure up. You know how much I love scheming; I can hardly wait to get started! But this time it's something I can really use your help with."

Susan was so excited about that that she stood up eagerly and started pacing around. "Yes! That's what I'm talking about! Let's do it! Does it involve violence?" She asked this last question with an obvious eagerness for action.

Suzanne chuckled. "No. You know me, I prefer subtlety. It's better that way and less risky for your children - our children - in the long run. And you do want them safe, don't you? So sit down and relax. Try some cocksucking for a while, since that always calms you down. False modesty aside, keep in mind that we five in this room are not only an exceptionally good looking bunch, we're also quite smart. Our enemies on the other hand have room temperature IQ's. It's just a question of how badly they're going to get beaten." She gave Susan an encouraging wink.lightsnovel

But to everyone's surprise, Susan replied, "I can't! I'm just too worked up. What those boys want to do to my son is an outrage!" She still paced around.

lightsNovel com Alan couldn't believe his ears. "Mom, you're too upset to suck cock?"

"I KNOW!" She complained, and gave him an apologetic frown. "I can hardly believe it myself. It's terrible! When I think of those brutes hurting you, I-"

All of a sudden he barked, "Mom! Attention!"

Susan froze.

bender

"Chest out! Head up! Arms back!"

She immediately complied with each command as soon as the words left his mouth.

He didn't like to use the "master" card, since he didn't really think of himself that way, but he saw that as the easiest way of calming her down. He asked her, "Now, who's your master?"

"You are."

"And who's my big-titted sex slave mommy?"

She grinned from ear to ear, and visibly relaxed, even as she kept her proudly thrust out position. "I am!"

"And whose son had five sexy cheerleaders simultaneously serving his cock today during lunch?"

Susan somehow stiffened up even more with pride. "MY son!" She thought, Gaawwwd, I can't wait to hear more about that! And then I'm gonna describe every last lick and stroke to Brenda! And then tomorrow to Suzanne too. What a perfect life!

He prodded, "And what do naked, big-titted mommies do with their mouths when they see their son has an erection?"

She glanced over at his crotch and noticed that his dick was only half-erect. She licked her lips, but also frowned with worry.

He added, with private amusement, "Or when he's possibly mulling over the idea of maybe having an erection at some point in the near future."

She smiled joyfully at that. "Why, everybody knows that it's a good mommy's duty to take her son's cock, in whatever state it's in, and lovingly rub it all over her face, and kiss it, and adore it, and lick it, and generally make it feel all better! Then, so help me God, there's nothing better on Earth than taking that yummy cock and stuffing it in my mouth, er, I mean her mouth, and sucking and licking and stroking it with all her abilities, because she loves you so much!"

His penis was already starting to fully engorge. "So, when I tell you that everything's under control and that you can suck my cock without worry, what are you going to do?"

Susan immediately dropped down and happily knelt between his legs. Beaming with pleasure, she held his shaft with both hands, and asked, "Son, thanks for straightening me out, and showing me my place. Again. Which, of course, is naked between your legs, with your cock in my mouth. Serving! Good God! Being an incestuous harem slave mommy is the absolute BEST! Are you close to cumming?"

"Um, I'm not that close. Even though you and Mother have been stroking and licking it so long, I've had a nice strategic break these past few minutes. I even went flaccid for a minute there. Besides, I'm still in a pretty mellow mood. So please go ahead and do your mommy duty."

He said that last bit with his tongue firmly in cheek, but she didn't take it that way. "Thank you! This'll soothe my ruffled feathers for sure. This IS my mommy duty! It's what good mommies do!"

She bent forward and suckled contentedly on his erection, treating it like a pacifier (while still using talented licking moves all over his sweet spot). She was feeling a very nice erotic buzz, but at the same time it was clear she was still somewhat troubled and antsy.

Suzanne was looking on, along with the others, and commented to no one in particular, "You know, as annoying as it is that Susan gets his cock most of the time, I can't really get mad at her. She's just so inspired."

"Not to mention hot!" Katherine added. "Look at that ass. And those tits! I'd KILL for tits like that. Look at 'em sway in time to her bobbing. She's really working it. She even moves her shoulders and grinds her hips as part of some kind of rhythmic groove all over her body. That's how you can tell when she's really into it."

"Actually, she does that pretty much all the time when she's sucking him, I've noticed," Suzanne pointed out.

"True," Katherine conceded. "But I'm talking about an extra sexy wiggly groove. Like, it's as if she's sitting on his fat cock and churning her hips all over it. THAT'S when she's really hot. That, and her 'mmmm' noises."

"Yeah!" Amy added. "She's totally super duper double hot! I just hope my boobs keep growing until they're THAT big."

Suzanne commented, "Well, you do have my genes, Honey Pie, so who knows, you just might. Anyway, can we get back to the topic at hand? What were we even talking about?" She shook her head, trying to tear her eyes away from staring at Susan's busy lips. "Hello? ... Over here, people!"

Still getting no reaction, Suzanne stood up and started preening and posing in the same way Amy had been a few minutes earlier. "Sweetie? Look at me. Yoo-hoo! Are you forgetting about your Aunt Suzy?"

Alan did finally look her way, but Suzanne was so overcome by lust that she forgot about the discussion and started grooving in place. With her arms above her head, she bent deeply with her knees, swaying and gyrating to the music that only played in her head.

He was so transfixed by Suzanne's sexy dancing that even Susan somehow sensed his interest and pulled her head from his crotch to see what he was looking at. "Oh! Bonus!" Susan exclaimed. "Very good, Mother. Keep dancing like that. I can actually feel Tiger getting harder in my mouth!" She went right back to her happy slurping.

"No," Suzanne complained, confused. "I was doing this for... Why was I doing this? ... Weren't we talking about something?" She reluctantly stopped her grooving.

Thankfully, Amy remembered the discussion, and got it rolling again.

Alan did manage to make a few more verbal points, but not for long. His explanation wound down as he grew too distracted by the increasingly good feelings caused by Susan's mouth. In fact, everyone was severely distracted, including Suzanne. But in the end he managed to say everything that needed saying.

Chapter 1115 Hold On Or Else My Dick Will Get Damaged!

After Alan was done talking, Suzanne got up and started to make a little speech about the importance of getting the household back on track with reality. But her nude audience was still distracted.

She wound up complaining, "Come on, people! Focus! Do I need to dance again to get you to hear me? We can't really discuss ANYthing with everyone naked and horny. Step one, I want everyone to go put some clothes on. That includes me. Even you, Amy."

"Awww," Amy groaned.

But Suzanne finally used her voice that indicated she wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer, so that was the extent of Amy's dissent.

Susan also showed little resistance, except to ask, "Can I still suck on Alan Junior?"

"Yes, but only after you put on enough clothes to be at least somewhat presentable - as if you were going outside."

"Oh, poo!" But Susan complied, rushing to the underwear cabinet like everyone else but Alan.

A couple of minutes later, the group was fully dressed but in the exact same positions as before, with Susan happily slurping her way up and down her son's thick pole some more.bender

Suzanne stood up and started to give her speech. However, it quickly became clear that Alan was only paying half-attention, at best. Now that he didn't have to speak, he was luxuriating in Susan's oral affections more and more.

Furthermore, Susan was getting more into giving the blowjob with each passing minute. She started up her usual loud "Mmmm!" noises, which indicated she was close to cumming.

While the other women had quickly thrown on the first clothes they could find, Suzanne had taken the time to dress to the nines. She'd even put on stockings and garters. She'd hoped that she could fully capture Alan's attention with her sexy clothes, but she soon realized that no clothes could compete with Susan's talented mouth. She preened and posed, flipping her curly dark red hair around, but that didn't help. Soon, she stomped her foot impatiently, but that even that failed to get a response.

She tried appealing to Susan instead. "Susan, I know you love sucking your son's cock. I know you love to spend hours just running your tongue around and around his fat cockhead, diddling your clit while you coax that yummy pre-cum out of the tip with all kinds of talented moves..."

"Mmmm!" Susan replied, as she ostentatiously licked Alan's erection from the top of its head down to his pubic hair, and then back again. And again. She made sure his leg was out of the way so Suzanne could have a clear view - she was getting some mild payback for Suzanne's possessive taunting earlier.

Suzanne licked her lips and furrowed her brow in longing and frustration. "Yessss... Lick that fat cock... Drench it with your saliva as you slurp and slather from his balls up to..." Then she caught herself. "Shit. Now you've got ME completely distracted! Susan, can't you please stop?!"

Susan seriously contemplated that, tested her resolve, and found it wanting. She shook her head 'no', even as she used that movement to help wiggle her tongue back and forth over Alan's sweet spot.

However, Amy suggested, "Mother, if you want his attention, you can't just stand there all frumpy like you're going to the Old Fogey Grandma Convention. Loosen up. Get naked!"

Suzanne sighed and acted put out. As she opened up her top to reveal her stunning pale cleavage, she groaned with great disappointment, "Very well." But in fact, she was as delighted as anyone to strip. She was a natural show off and cock tease.

Katherine commented while pulling her top off, "Mother, sorry, but wearing clothes is for other families. It doesn't work for us. Did you see how Amy's been squirming in discomfort? Heck, even I've been chafing. Face it: we're hypersexual, and we love it."

She bent over to where Susan was kneeling between Alan's legs. "Here, Mom." She helped Susan take her top all the way off without having to let go of his pole.

"Thank you, Angel," Susan said as she shook her rack in triumph. Then she tried to wiggle out of her skirt with one hand. "You're so sweet."

Suzanne sighed in response to Katherine's comments. "You're right. To be honest, I think we probably do pay attention just as much either way." She started to take her clothes off, but in an outrageously

sexy manner. "It's just that I've been thrown into the 'responsible one' role by default, and it seemed like the responsible thing to suggest." She twirled her satin blouse on the tip of her finger, like a professional striptease, and then flung it across the room.

Alan chuckled at the disparity between her sultry striptease dance and her talk of responsibility. His enjoyment was greatly heightened by the way Susan was bobbing steadily up and down his hot and throbbing pole.

So, now bouncing and constantly moving about, Suzanne continued to talk with much greater success. She hammed it up like a comedian, delivering her speech with extravagant gestures and movements, which of course constantly jiggled her impressive assets enticingly, but she nonetheless managed to convey everything she needed to say while being very entertaining at the same time.

But she managed to get a serious message across. She laid out a system of rewards and punishments that she'd worked out in her mind earlier in the day. She particularly emphasized the need for Alan to do his homework and for everyone else to help with this. The family members who failed to help out would be denied access to Alan's body for varying lengths of time, depending on what they did or didn't do.

It was more than a bit ironic that Suzanne spoke about the need to cool down even while Susan was cocksucking Alan with extra passion and energy, but no one seemed to notice the contradiction.

Alan told the others, "I completely agree. Totally! I'm ready to do whatever it takes to get my homework done. To be honest, I think rewards and punishments is not only a good idea, it's necessary. I'm still a teenager. I'm just not that responsible yet. If I have a choice between sexy fun and buckling down to do my math homework, I'm going to take the sexy fun every time."

Susan pulled her lips off his cockhead to say, "Son, that's what stealth stroking and stealth sucking are for. You can have your cake and eat it too."

Katherine quipped, "Mom, it's more like you can have your cock and suck it too."

Susan was already back to licking his sweet spot. Katherine's comment caused her to groan erotically, "MMMM! Yesss..." Then she engulfed his cockhead once more and resumed her bobbing.

Alan moaned lustily as a surge of pleasure washed through his body. He clutched tightly at the sides of Susan's head until the surge passed. "Nice idea in theory, but in practice the jury is still out. How am I supposed to concentrate with THIS going on?!"

He nodded down at Susan's bobbing head. "Or this?" He directed his gaze at Suzanne standing in a seductive pose in front of him.

He added, "That's why I need help. I need someone to crack the whip at me. At least through the rest of this semester, so the colleges I'm applying to won't see my grades dip."

He thought, Truth be told, all this sex has got me worn out. I mean, even as I sit here, Mom is giving me a great blowjob. Who can complain about that? It feels fantastic! But just the same, I feel a crash coming on in a big way. I actually look forward to getting back in touch with the old me for a while and doing something intellectual. But if I said that out loud, it would probably cause a commotion, and that's the last thing I need right now. I feel better at least that Aunt Suzy is on the case. She takes care of me as well as Mom does, though of course in her own way.

He said, "Speaking of which, a major disaster was averted today."

Still posing provocatively, Suzanne asked, "And what was that?"

He sighed. "Mom, hold on for a second so I can think and talk, okay? At least revert to just licking."

Susan nodded. Then she pulled her lips off. But the licking was only a tiny bit less arousing, since she concentrated intently on his sweet spot.

Luckily, he was getting used to speaking in such situations, so he said, "Today, by chance, Christine happened to ask me if I'd finished my application to UC Berkeley. I told her I hadn't. Then she told me that it's due at the end of the month! This Saturday night!"

Suzanne stopped her posing and gave him a serious look that showed her concern.

lightsNovel Even Susan stopped her licking and looked up. She said, "But Son, if you don't get that done on time, you won't get in, and then we won't be able to move to Berkeley together!"

He sighed. "Tell me about it. That's why I said a major disaster was averted. All the other college applications are due on January first or right around there. I don't know why Berkeley does it so differently. Thank God for Christine! I WAS going to work on my applications some this Thanksgiving break, so I probably would have caught it at the last minute. But then again, maybe I wouldn't have, if I kept getting distracted with sex, sex, and more sex. This is a perfect example of why I need guidance, and even a strong hand making sure I stay on the right path."

He stared directly at Suzanne as he said that, and not just because she was the one right in front of him. He wanted her to get the message that he was counting on her most of all.

Suzanne did get the message, so she nodded firmly. "You need to get that application done right away! Don't wait until Saturday night and then rush to the post office at the last minute. You getting into Berkeley is pivotal for all of us!"

He griped, sadly, "I know! I know! I feel shitty for nearly blowing it. Luckily, there's not much to be done. The big thing to do is the essay, and I wrote that and some other application essays back in August when I was being studious and responsible. Thank God for that! I figure I'm going to go take a nap now, 'cos I really need it. But when I wake up, I'll just power through getting the application done."

He looked down at Susan, who was lapping on his sweet spot again. "No distractions. No stealth blowjobs, or even stealth handjobs. I figure I can power through getting this done in about two hours. I'm not going to join the poke-her party until it's finished."

Suzanne said, "That's smart. Heck, I'm not going to let you join the party until it's complete. I won't be able to rest easy until I know that application has been mailed off."

Susan looked up at Alan as she kept on licking. "Me too. Son, we're trying not to talk to you about it, to avoid putting more pressure on you, but we're all getting excited about this Berkeley idea. Brenda's already told me that she'd be willing to consider moving up there with us, with Adrian and Anika too."lightsnovel

Amy was surprisingly stern when she told Alan, "Please, don't blow it! I'm totally counting on going to the CCA in Oakland. That's, like, my big dream!"

Alan nodded with determination. "Don't worry, I'm not going to let you down. Disaster HAS been averted. There's no way in hell I'm going to fail to get the application done in time now. Everything is going to be all right. Let's consider this a welcome wake-up call, and learn from it. All this sex is great, but we can't let everything else fall apart."

The women all nodded in agreement.

He looked around and was comforted by all the love and care he felt from the others. I'm not worthy of all this. I'm really not. Nobody is. But even so, I'll have to try harder to at least be as worthy as I can.

He said, "If you'll excuse me, Mom, I need to stand up. It's time I take that nap."

Susan reluctantly stopped licking his cock, then asked, "Don't you want to cum first?"

"I don't feel a great need to. If I save myself, I'll have more cum left for the party."

Susan was disappointed, but she could understand that logic. She gave his cockhead a couple of loving farewell kisses before pulling away.

But he wasn't free to go to his nap just yet, because he had to properly kiss each woman goodbye.

Susan stood up with him, so she was the first to kiss him. As usually was the case with Susan, it was less of a kiss and more of her rubbing her naked body all over him, like a cat going wild on a scratching post. She asked with frustration as she tried to pull his T-shirt up in the middle of all that writhing, "Why do you have to wear a stupid shirt all the time? I want to feel skin on skin!"

He seriously considered that. "I dunno. I guess it gives me a bit of a thrill to be clothed, at least somewhat, while the rest of you are completely naked."

"Oooh! I like that answer!" Susan said as she grasped his cock and resumed stroking it. "But let me pull it up to your shoulders at least, so I can rub my big titties all over your chest. I put some oil on them earlier, and your dick too. Did you notice?"

"I did." He pulled his shirt off all the way, just to make sure it would stay free of the oil. He gleefully tossed it aside.

Katherine said, "Hey, Mom, you're being a cock hog, as usual. Remember that Bible quote you love about how we need to be 'cheerful givers.'"

Susan said, "Oh dear me! Thanks for the reminder."

She thought, It's true. The Bible actually tells us that not only do we need to freely share the pleasuring of Tiger's cock, "not reluctantly or under compulsion," but they we should do so with love, and with joy in our hearts, "for God loves a cheerful giver." How do I forget?

Katherine added, "You focus on the kissing and tit rubbing, and I'll take care of him down here." She knelt down in front of Alan and took his boner out of Susan's hand. Then, as she crammed it in her mouth, she pointed it straight down so her mother's body wouldn't bump into her head quite so much as she sucked.

Then Suzanne began kissing and necking with him for several minutes.

Katherine didn't stop her cocksucking, and even increased her suction and used her best tongue techniques. She could sense his resistance to more sexy fun was low.

Amy and Susan didn't want to just stand around, so they quickly joined in with cocksucking, ball licking, anal probing, and more.

Between kisses, Suzanne commented, "You know, Sweetie, I've grown used to your stamina, but the fact you haven't climaxed yet amazes me."

He replied, "It's funny. I'm close, so close, but it's gotten to the point where I feel like I can pretty much hold out forever. As long as I keep flexing my PC muscle, I'm good. The problem is when I get so carried away that I forget. Even if just for a few seconds, it's all over."

Finally, Suzanne pulled away and Amy took her place. Suzanne naturally replaced Amy down at Alan's crotch, but she got the least interesting spot since the other two were already hogging all of Alan's hard-on between them. She went around his backside and poked her head between his legs. Then she started playing with and suckling on the four breasts swaying in front of her, while also fingering Alan's ass crack and especially his anus.

As the kiss with Amy came to an end, Alan looked down at his two mothers and original sister. "This is nuts! I thought we were going to have a goodbye kiss or two, and it's turned into a standing orgy!"

Suzanne replied, even though she couldn't see his face since Amy had just resumed kissing him. "Sweetie, can't you see? We all love you so much. It's not just that we all love to suck your cock. Sure, that's part of it, but that's just one way we express our emotional love and support. Look at me; I'm sticking my finger in your anus as I say this. Does that feel good?"

"Dang! You know it does! Are you massaging my prostate? Is that why it feels so awesome?"

"Mmmm-hmmm..." Encouraged, Suzanne continued to stimulate him deep within his ass. "You're the man of the house. This is how it's going to be from now on, so don't look so surprised. We all love you and can't stand to see you stressed out."

He commented, "Gee, that sounds like something Mom would say." He closed his eyes and grunted loudly, because the sex attack on his cock and ass was too pleasurable to bear. With the anal play, he was likely to cum soon.

Suzanne responded, "I know, but it's true. And when I get really horny like this, all my hang-ups and pride and sense of fairness falls away. I'm left with a great sense of joy that I have a master! And not just any master, but you! The man I love!"

She buried her face in his ass crack and licked it while continuing to finger his anus. She did that partly because she was overcome by lust and his ass happened to be there. But also because she knew it was

something few women were willing to do, and she wanted to symbolically show him that there was nothing she wouldn't do to make him happy.

The only problem was that it felt too good, especially when combined with the double blowjob he was getting on the front side. He suddenly cried out and practically doubled over. "Urrrggh! Hnnnggg! UGH! Aaaaaiieeeee!" He was fighting the urge to cum like it was a life and death matter.

All the women backed off to just let him breathe.

As they waited, Susan said to Suzanne, "I'm SO glad to hear you say what you just said. Sometimes I can't help shake the feeling that what we're doing is wrong, or at least terribly unfair."

Suzanne was surprised. "You still have doubts?"

"I do. Very rarely, usually when I'm all alone and far from all the sexual excitement. But hearing you say it's all for his good, that means the world to me."

Suzanne commented, "It IS terribly unfair, and most of the time that bugs the heck out of me. It rankles me that I have a master; it's like some kind of constant, dull ache. But when I get all horny like I am right now, not only do I not mind the unfairness, I actually LIKE it! I revel in it, even! Frankly, I don't understand why I feel that way. But I suppose that if one is going to have a master, you wouldn't want it to be some loser you could run circles around. No, you'd want him to be a mighty and impressive man, somehow worthy of his title. And even though Sweetie is young, he's proving his worthiness every day with all of the beautiful big-titted babes he's collected."

Alan thought, There's some circular reasoning going on here. I mean, it's like a bunch of women got together and decided to make me their master. Then they say I'm worthy of it because I have so many women. But they're the ones who made it all happen, what with their submissive ways and everything. I just kind of fell into it!

But hell, I'm not gonna look a gift horse in the mouth!

Still, the comments made him feel good enough to stand up straight again, even though he hadn't had a proper strategic break.

Susan immediately clung to his leg once again. As she resumed licking his balls, she looked up at him and said, "Did you hear that, Tiger? Or should I say... Master? MMMM!" She was going to say more, but she got so horny that she went to town slobbering all over his boner instead.

Katherine also resumed running her fingers all over his dick and balls as well as licking his sweet spot together with Susan.

Suzanne was still looking at Alan's ass. She could hear all the joyous slurping and she wanted in on that, so she got up and washed her hands in the nearby bathroom, since she'd had a finger up his anus. She quickly returned, and knelt down in front of him. "Um, gals, could you move over and give me some room?"

They repositioned so Suzanne could lick his erection too. Katherine sat up high on her knees and then bent over, causing her hair to swirl down over his crotch. But Suzanne and Susan pushed it away so they could see what they were licking.

When Amy ended their next French kiss, he replied, "I hear what you're saying, but a part of me can't believe it, and will never believe it. I just can't get over your love. I love you all so much too! Even if you were the most hideously ugly creatures on Earth, I would love you all up for your big hearts."

Katherine stopped her cock licking long enough to say in a sexy voice, "I know, but it doesn't hurt that we're all so sexy and fuckable, does it? Number One Fuck Toy reporting for duty, sir!" She gave a mock salute and dove back in to the cock licking and sucking feeding frenzy.

Amy simply said, "I love you!" and then went back to kissing his lips. She also did her best to imitate Susan's tit rubbing style, and even benefited from the layer of oil Susan had left on his chest.

Katherine had all of his cockhead and then some in her mouth, and she was bobbing up and down on it so fast it was like a blur.

Susan looked at that approvingly. "Good job, Angel! The good Lord knows that I love to see a well-tended cock!"

Then she said to Suzanne while she continued to lick down by his balls, "One of us should finger his ass some more as well. Let's see if his PC muscle can handle all THAT!" She chuckled with glee, even as her hand snaked between his legs in search of his anus.

But Alan knew that as soon as Susan found his prostate, he was a goner. He'd barely "survived" Suzanne's anal play. He fought to disengage himself, and even pushed Amy back a bit so he could free his mouth to talk. "Hold on, y'all. Hold on! I love you all up, but if I cum again I think my dick is going to be seriously damaged. I'm not kidding. It feels weird. I know the signs. I really, really do need to take a nap right now or I'm going to collapse right here. Not only that, I need to save something for the poke-her party or I'm going to embarrass myself in front of everybody."

There was a big collective "Awwwww" of disappointment. But they let him go after yet more goodbye kisses.

Chapter 1116 So Loved!

Alan went upstairs, but he wasn't exactly alone because Susan followed him to his room. She even held his hand the whole way there.

Alan was too tired to ask what she was doing, but was finally obliged to do so when he lay down on the bed and she sat down on it next to him. "What is it, Mom? I reaaaally am tired, so if you've got something to say you should make it quick." He was very aware of the fact that she was still buck naked, and he was too.

She hefted up her massive globes with both hands. "Don't worry, Tiger, it's not what you think. I know you're not up for a wild romp, as much as we'd both totally love that. But I've been saving my breast milk all day, just for you. My nipples are actually hurting and sore. Don't you want to have a little Mommy's milk before you drift off?"

He sighed with contentment. "You know I do. You're the best. It's like you can read my mind."

Susan sat on his bed with a great big smile plastered on her face.

He took one look at her and felt his erection spring back to life. He thought, I could see her like this ten thousand times and I'd still get hard as steel on the ten thousandth and first time. Dang! He said aloud, "Mom, you're a serious MILF."

"What's that mean, Tiger?" she asked as she continued to preen. She actually knew very well what it meant by now. Not only had Alan already called her that, but he'd even used the variation "MIGFS" - Mother I'm Gonna Fuck Soon. But she played dumb because this was the kind of thing she loved hearing him talk about.

She stood back up and struck an extra sexy pose for him. She loved testing to see if she could get his dick hard enough to stand up straight on its own.

He explained, "That stands for 'Mother I'd Love to Fuck.'" With his mother standing naked before him, he completely forgot that he'd explained it to her before. "People use that when talking about other people's mothers, but dang! You're my real mom. And I have not one but two mothers who look this good! Dang!"

Susan smiled even more. She pulled his sheets away, then sat naked on his bed while he lay naked on his side facing her. As she did this, she said, "You know, you're a SILTSAF."

"Siltsaf?!"

"Son I Love to Suck and Fuck. And I hope you think I'm a serious MWBILSCDAFAKAAL, too."

He laughed, already having a rough idea where she was going with that. "What's that mean?"

"Mother Whose Breasts I'd Love to Suck Completely Dry And Fondle And Kiss All Afternoon Long." She cupped her breasts with both hands and said with urgency, "They need you now! Milk your MILF!"

"That sounds pretty good, I must admit." He raised himself up from where he lay so his head could rest against his mother's chest.

He brought his lips to one of his mother's nipples and began suckling away. He was astounded at the sheer quantity of milk that came out. Only a couple of days ago it had been nothing more than drops, but now it was a steady and delicious flow. He felt like a baby again. He felt relaxed and protected and loved. It felt great.

Susan could sense his relief and happiness. She held his erection and began stroking it, but she tried to keep it merely to a light teasing in order to keep his libido simmering. She explained, "Don't worry, I heard what you said downstairs. I'm not trying to make you cum; I just like holding it."

"And stroking it," he noted with a chuckle, since her fingers were already jacking him off at a good pace.

"That too," she gleefully admitted. But she pushed his head back to her nipple. "Less talking, more suckling. And don't be afraid to play with the other one... or the rest of me for that matter. Not too many sons have big-titted sex slave mommies, so you need to take full advantage."

His mouth was too occupied to reply, but he brought a finger straight down and into her pussy. He started pumping it in and out.

Susan thought, Aaaah! The life of a milky, busty, sex cow mommy! Hopefully, we'll make a frequent habit of this: he'll suckle my nipples and generally play with my naked body while I steadily jack him off. Or probably, it's more likely that one of his other many sex pets will suck his cock and I'll just stroke and fondle what I can. Then he'll drain my udders dry that way, even as we work as a team to drain him dry!

A couple of minutes later, after Alan had fingered her to a nice orgasm, Susan said while she kept on jacking him off, "Tiger, my love, I can tell that you were holding back downstairs as you were telling what happened. A mother knows her children and I can see you're more worried than you're letting on. What's wrong?"

He pulled away from a nipple to say, "Well, you're right. These football players do bother me, but that's not the main thing. It's just that I feel so overwhelmed. There's too much happening. It's like I have to deal with this latest threat while juggling six other plates in the air at the same time. I just want to curl up into a ball and sleep for a week, you know? I don't think I can handle this whole harem master thing. It's so stressful! Everybody looks up to me to lead, but I'm just an eighteen year old kid! I don't know what to do! Everyone has their own agendas, people clamoring for my attention, fighting against each other - it's just too much! I just want peace. I want to sleep."

Sleepy already, he closed his eyes and went back to sucking on a milk-filled nipple.

Susan stroked his hair tenderly with one hand while still lightly jacking his cock with the other. Her hand was mostly still, but she was endlessly rubbing two fingertips in a circle over his sweet spot. "Tiger, I hear you. I spend a lot of time thinking about you, and I have some idea how you must feel. But I have confidence in you. It's not just that you're such a sexual superstar, ready and able to fuck any gorgeous, big-titted woman into submission... because you are, and that's your calling. You can't go back to having only one woman or even being a virgin. Ha! Imagine that! You, a virgin!"lightsnovel

"I wassh, you know. Juss two monssth ago." His words were muffled and slurred because he didn't fully pull away from her nipple.

"I know! What two months they were. Ah, the joyful chains of sweet, sweet slavery!"

He looked up at her face to see if she was joking. She wasn't. She was gazing into the distance in fond reminiscence.

She turned her attention back to her fingers sliding up and down his pre-cum soaked shaft. "But more than your natural studliness, I believe in you because you're a good person, a smart person, and a caring and loving person. I'm so proud of you! You make my heart soar every time I see you. That's why I can't get enough of you sexually, because I love you so much!"

Alan smiled. He felt much better already from hearing these words. He disengaged from a nipple to speak clearly, though he continued to freely fondle her big tits. "Thanks, Mom. You know I love you too, more than I can ever say."

"I do!"

"You're like the wind in my sails. Every day, you inspire me to be a better person."

"Aaaah! That's so sweet!" She beamed and expertly rubbed his sweet spot so well that he had to wince as another surge of pleasure washed through him.

He recovered, and continued, "But still, I feel like what I've got is so unnatural, so forbidden by society. It's not just the incest; it's that everything I do can't be tolerated. Maybe I do need a kick in the ass. I mean, one guy taking so many incredible women off the market? Maybe I do deserve to get the shit kicked out of me by the football players because I have completely upset the natural order of things in school and everywhere else I go. I should just take my beating, lick my wounds, and then that'll be one less thing to worry about. Let them take their pound of flesh so they're done with me, and then I'll stay under the radar for the rest of the year." His lips latched back on to the nipple.

"Nonsense!" She accidentally squeezed his boner too hard. "Oops, sorry, Tiger."

lightsnovel "That's okay."

She kept on stroking his erection rather gently, and launched back into her passionate mode of talking. "You stand up and fight! My son, I'm going to forget you said that and put that down to sheer exhaustion. The so-called natural order is what's messed up at school. Having bullies like that Ryan guy or bitches like Heather rule the school, you think that's right? That's complete balderdash! You deserve everything you get."

She added ominously, "And they're going to get what's coming to them too."

But she quickly brightened, and said lustily, "The TRUE natural order is having your naked, busty mommy stroke and suck your cock all day long."

That reminded her to revel in slowly sliding her fingers from the base of his shaft to the tip of his cockhead and back again several times. "Mmmm! Such a THICK, long cock!" She seemed to lose her train of thought, and repeatedly licked her lips.

He had to prod her, "Um, you were saying?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Tiger. Why? Why do you deserve a harem of busty beauties who long to serve you? Because you're a naturally superior alpha male who nonetheless has a caring heart and soul. For instance, when do you ever say a harsh word about anyone? Except of course for Heather, but she deserves it!" She laughed.

He started to protest, "Mom, I-"

But she cut him off. "Shush! We've all signed The Pact, and you have too, so don't you dare doubt it. We've committed to you for the long haul. Doesn't that say something about the faith we have in you? Are we all stupid and delusional?"

"Well, no. But-"

"You see the good in people and so you bring the goodness out in them. That's a rare gift, and one reason why women fall all over each other to get near you and long to be deeply fulfilled and filled by you. Deeply filled by you. Deeply... So hard and deep..."bender

Her eyes glazed over as she thought about that. But then her determination came back with renewed vigor, causing her to stroke him with renewed energy. "Stand tall! Fuck your mothers and sisters and the rest of your harem with pride! And with joy! You're my hero, and my studly superstar, and the love of my life. If anyone so much as lays a hand on you, they're going to PAY."

Susan said the word "pay" quietly, but with such feeling and cold-blooded resolve that he actually shivered.

But a contented smile quickly returned to her face. Among other things, she was enjoying the way his hand lazily caressed her unoccupied breast.

He was amazed at how quickly she could move from her Dr. Jekyll persona to her Mr. Hyde one and then back again.

He closed his eyes again and found himself growing sleepy all of a sudden. His mother's encouraging words, plus the flow of her warm milk into his mouth, plus the buzz caused by her continual slow stimulation of his erection, put all of his worries and responsibilities out of his mind. He felt better than he'd felt in days.

He wanted to continue as he was forever, but exhaustion finally got the best of him. He found himself slowly slipping down her lap until his head rested on a pillow she had thoughtfully put in just the right place.

As he slowly drifted off, Susan continued in a quieter voice while she kept right on jacking him off, "Tiger, my love, you have so much to give. Of course, one could measure your love by the many gallons of cum you deposit on and inside your busty conquests, but that's only the beginning of what you have to offer us. You not only fuck us into oblivion on a near daily basis, you truly love each and every one of us. For instance, I know that as much as you love Suzanne - and it's a huge amount - that doesn't diminish your love for me one bit. That's a really rare thing, and that's why you inspire such loyalty and even slavish devotion. So enjoy your harem without guilt. You deserve it."

She noticed that he was completely asleep now, yet her fingers continued to lightly circle on his sweet spot. She finally pulled her fingers off his dick, but thought, He's woken up to a blowjob or handjob lots of times already, but I'll bet that's the first time he's gone to sleep while getting stimulated. She chuckled to herself. Morning to night cock pleasuring service - a new first! Being his sex slave is so much fun!

But I swear, I get more pleasure out of it than he does. Like the way he fingered my pussy as he sucked my milk tanks dry. He gave me two orgasms, but really, the whole thing was one endless climax for me. And he makes me feel so proud! So loved!

She gingerly pulled herself away and then just as carefully pulled a sheet over his body. She looked down and felt so much love and concern for her child that she had to force herself not to cry. She kissed him lightly on the top of his head and then quietly left the room.

Chapter 1117 Simone X Heather

Alan woke from his nap feeling a lot better. All his problems at school seemed like they'd happened to someone else. He'd made a vow to turn over a new leaf with his school work, so he decided to get started right away. He figured that if he saw any of his women first, it would only lead to distractions.

His first task had to be completing his application to UC Berkeley. That had to be mailed before Saturday night, which was weeks before any of his other college applications were due. Since Berkeley was his top choice (of the colleges he had a reasonable chance of getting into), he didn't want to put that off until the very last minute.

He already had most of the pieces he needed, including transcripts, test scores, and even an essay he'd written well in advance. Luckily, Berkeley didn't require teacher recommendations, so it was mostly just a matter of putting everything together and double checking. He figured he could finish in a couple of hours.

But before he could get started, he knew he had to deal with a few things. He thought, Right now, and for the past two hours already, Simone has been at Heather's house doing the devil knows what to her. I should give her a call and figure out what's going on. Maybe give her some direction on how to treat the queen bitch. The other cheerleaders have no clue or experience in sexually controlling Heather, but if anyone could help with that, who would be better than Simone?

But still, Simone should be punishing her to what purpose? With so much going on, I haven't really figured out what her full punishment should be, how many days it should last, and so many other issues. It's extremely tricky with her. She's kind of like Brenda, where you have to be careful the punishment isn't seen as a reward.

He sat down at his computer desk and pondered the issue. The question is, the really big question is, what do I want from Heather right now?

bender

The answer that leaps out is help with the football player crisis. For starters, she's literally slept with half the team. In fact, the more delinquent the player, the more likely she's already fucked him, so I bet she's fucked most of the guys who are out to get me. She is already supposed to be dividing the team, and I guess she's been having some success with that, but that doesn't really help me now. We're talking about one very closely-knit faction. Forget all the other players. We need to know how many people are in the faction that's after me, who they are exactly, and how they can be stopped.

Amy says she's got the names of a bunch of the plotters from her talk with a few of their teammates, but how can we be completely sure if the names she has are the bad guys or the good guys? Or maybe I should say the not-so-bad guys. Christine and her "Goody-goody" group seem to have almost no inroads with the really nasty players by virtue of their very own goody-goody nature and the players' nastiness. We're lucky one of Christine's friends is a sister to one of them or we probably wouldn't know anything at all.

Heather, on the other hand, knows most of these guys inside and out. Or maybe I should say they know her inside and out, literally. But in any case, now that I think about it, during her first confession in the

theater room she did tell me some about the football plot. Her gossip network seems to be all over it already!

So I've got to learn what she knows. But she's in a weak position with me now overall, so she's going to try to play hardball even more than usual to at least get back to the status quo. That means she'll want something big in return. Worse, what would I have to trade to her so she'll go the extra mile and actually talk to these guys directly and even seduce them? THAT'S what I need! She can seduce the football plotters one by one and get them to fall out of the plot, in return for promises of sex, or whatever else her sneaky mind can conjure up. Now, there's an idea! If anyone can do it, She's in the perfect position for that.

Or maybe not Heather directly - I don't want to get any diseases from those thugs. Plus, hell, let's admit it: I don't like the idea of sharing her with any other guy. But she could hook them up with some of her lapdog groupies easily enough. Yeah, that's much better. She manipulates them with rewards and punishments so well that it's not even funny. Hell, she's the one who brought me Simone in the first place as a "gift"!

The only problem is, she's going to try and get me to drop the rest of her punishment, whatever that might be, in return for what she knows is help I desperately need. Now, she has ME over a barrel! And if I can't successfully punish her this time, she's going to totally run amok with her crazy plots to get back at me and my lovers.

Dang!

Alan pondered the situation a while longer, then picked up the telephone and called Heather's house. Heather's mother Helen answered the phone and soon yelled for Heather in her room. But to Alan's surprise, Simone was the one to pick up the cordless extension. He could also hear some reggae music playing in the background. The song was "Here Comes the Hotstepper" by Ini Kamoze, which happened to be Heather's favorite song at the moment.

Already having been told that Alan was the one calling, Simone was playful right off the bat. "Heather Morgan's residence. Heather is a bit tied up at the moment. How may I help you?" She cackled with glee.

Alan laughed. "Hi Simone. When you say Heather is tied up, I assume you mean that literally?"

Simone sounded surprised. "Oh goodness! It's Alan Plummer, the father of my child! How you doing, daddy? Yes, she is, how shall we say, 'fit to be tied' as it were? I like that expression. It works on so many levels. What's the occasion for this pleasant interruption? Let me guess: you want to discuss names for the baby. I was thinking Kunta Kinte if it's a boy and Nya Boto if it's a girl."

"Ha ha. Very cute." He recognized that name Kunta Kinte from Roots, the famous 1970's miniseries about slavery that had been assigned in their social studies class not that long ago. "In all seriousness, I need to talk to you at length about the Great Bitchy One."

As he was saying that, he heard a long drawn out moan through the phone line. He thought he recognized the sound. "Speak of the devil, are you STILL reaming out her ass?"

"You bet!" Simone panted. "Does your new baby go goo?" She climbed up onto Heather's bed with the phone still in her hand.

He could hear the bedsprings creak as Simone resumed her position. "But it's been hours since you took her home!"

"And I'm still not tired of riding her rump yet. God dammit, the bitch can take it! It makes me so fucking HOT to fuck her like this, over and over and over again. I didn't think I'd get off on this quite so much, but DAMN!"

Suddenly there was a loud slap of flesh hitting flesh followed by another groaning noise, this time more sustained, although somewhat muffled.

"What was that?" Hee asked.

"Oh, just a hard thrust that bottomed out in bitchslut butt. She likes it when I put all twelve of my inches into her. Yes, you do, don't you, Bitchslut? That's why you keep cumming all over Mr. Simone, isn't it? Your mouth said you couldn't take any more, but your selfish butt just kept pushing back and back and back for more and more, didn't it?"

He listened to the sounds of Simone fucking Heather up the ass with her new strap-on and then remembered how he'd talked to Heather's mother on the phone briefly before being transferred to Simone. "Hey Simone, aren't you worried about Heather's parents hearing you?"

Simone was breathing heavily again, and Alan could only imagine what her hips were doing to Heather's backside. "Yeah, they've both come home from work, but that's never stopped us from continuing our sexual escapades before, so why should it now? I assume her dad is downstairs watching TV as usual and we're grooving to Bob Marley up here, so there's no way they can hear us screwing around in her bed. We're always careful to lock the door and have some music playing as safety precautions. Let me tell ya, the song 'Jammin'" takes on a whole new meaning when you're riding Heather with a strap-on!"

Simone laughed heartily at her own comment. "Besides, there's no rest for the wicked just because the parental overunits are in the house, if you know what I mean. After all, there's an ass that needs to be punished here." There was a loud grunting noise. "Oooh yeah! You like that don't you?"

Alan faintly heard Heather whimpering and moaning again, but decided he needed to stop dilly-dallying. "Anyway Simone, I called you up for a reason. I didn't think you'd still be at it with Heather though."

"Well, spit it out already. I'm kinda busy here, in case you couldn't tell. Even though I'm pretty good at multi-tasking, I'd rather devote all of my attention to what I'm getting INTO here, if you catch my drift. So what's the occasion for this interruption of my pleasure?"

The song 'Exodus' could be heard in the background as the Bob Marley album 'Legend' was still playing. Simone ad-libbed her own words, "Exodus, movement of ja deel-do." Then she burst out laughing again, greatly amused with herself.

Alan laughed too, but then said, "In all seriousness, I need to talk to you at length about you know who."

Simone continued to pant and work her hips. She took her time getting around to answering Alan, but said between slightly labored breaths, "Ah yes. My favorite subject. Well, that and trying to decide on baby names."

"Simone! Cut it out!" He was in an all-business, no-sex mood, but her pregnancy jokes were starting to arouse him a little, even as they annoyed him.

Simone laughed. "Let's see, let's see. I'm buck naked, in a house full of white folks with issues, and I'm still fucking their one and only child up the ASS and she's LOVING it, even though she's so exhausted from cumming for hours and hours by now that she can barely move. In fact, she's kinda gone a little pre-verbal right now, which is why you can't hear her complaining all that much at the moment. The pillow she's got her face smushed into helps quiet her down though. Oh, and I suppose the gag in her mouth doesn't help her much. She was way louder before her parents got home. Hmmm. this could be tricky. Now what were we talking about? Oh yes. Baby names."lightsnovel

"Nooooo," he admonished, his voice rising in a chiding tone, "we were talking about Heather, not babies."

"What, there's a difference?" Simone quipped.

"Touché. But seriously, I've got a problem. And we don't want certain people to overhear."

"Oh, shoot. Well, I suppose it's time for a break anyway. Smoke is starting to rise from her ass, and I almost do mean that literally. Hold on a sec, let me move to her oh-so-fancy private bathroom."

Alan heard a popping sound, followed by Heather moaning again, although there was more of a whimpering tone to it this time. Then he heard the bed creak as Simone got off it. He continued to wait while hearing sounds of Simone shuffling about.

Simone finally came back on the line. "Ah, that's better. Well then, ride on McDuff. Into the breach we go!"

Since Alan had been working on his college applications just before the call, he still had that on his mind. So he said, "Before I get to the main thing I want to talk about, there's a question I've been meaning to ask Heather for a while now: do you know which colleges she's applying to, and which ones she'll probably get into? And now that I'm getting to know you and you're turning out to be pretty cool, I'd be curious what your answer to that is as well."

Simone joked, "I'm merely 'pretty cool?' The future mother of your children? I'm offended!" She chuckled. "But seriously, what's been stopping you from asking Heather that yourself?"

He admitted, "To be honest, it's pretty rare that I have any kind of normal conversation with her. To be REALLY honest with you, and please don't tell her this, I really have to sort of psych myself up and get into a certain mode whenever I'm around her, like an actor on a stage. The 'me' you see when I'm with Heather is not the real me."

Simone chuckled. "Well, thank God for that!" She chuckled some more, adding, "Seriously, that would be kind of scary if you were. I've suspected that you sort of take on a different persona whenever you're around her, because you've been pretty normal with me otherwise. But it's good to confirm that."

He said, "Yeah, I'm a pretty laid-back guy. But with Heather, it's like being tossed into a gladiator pit with a win-or-die battle on your hands. Frankly, I wonder how you can handle being her best friend."

"You're hardly the first person to say that. But she and I have a special relationship. I can talk with her just like I'm talking with you right now. Well, most of the time, anyway. But, to answer your questions about colleges..."

"Please do."

"It's 99 percent certain Heather will go to USD - University of San Diego. It's not a great school academically, but hey, it is in San Diego. Her mother went there, so she has a special in. Plus, like I said: San Diego! Can you imagine Heather going to college in, say, Wisconsin or Minnesota?"

lightsNovel He chuckled. "Definitely not."

"Me neither. The first winter there, she would track down Old Man Winter somewhere near the North Pole and kick his ass until he stopped the 'whole snow shit thing.'" She giggled. "Anyway, as for me, I'm almost certainly going to end up in San Diego too, at USD or maybe nearby at UCSD, so I'll be there with her. Either way, she and I will be able to be roommates."

He replied, "Wow! So you'd deliberately go to the same city as her, as opposed to, say, fleeing in the opposite direction?"

Simone chuckled at that. "Yeah, what can I say? I'm a glutton for punishment. But we really do have a special relationship, both physically and emotionally. She might be a world-class bitch, but she's MY world-class bitch, if you know what I mean."

"I do. And I think that's sweet, actually. You'll be a good influence on her."

"Thanks. As for you, I hear you're Berkeley bound. Is that true?"

He replied, "I hope so. Knock on wood. I have a few pie-in-the-sky choices, but that's my top choice where I have a pretty good shot at getting in. There's also a top-notch art college near there - CCA, the California College of the Arts - that Amy has her heart set on. So I imagine she and I will live together, kind of like you and Heather."

Simone said suggestively, "Interesting. And, lucky you, Amy is totally open to sexually sharing you with other women. Looks like the Alan sex train is gonna keep on rolling." She made aa good imitation of a high-pitched train whistle. "Choo choooooo!"

"We'll see," he said modestly. He didn't want to reveal to Simone that in fact he'd have an entire harem moving north with him as well. He changed topics slightly by saying, "Unfortunately, it sounds like my train is headed in one direction, and yours and Heather's is headed in the other."

Simone sighed. "Alas. You certainly make and keep things interesting. But let's not talk about such distant days. A lot could happen between now and then. Plus, I'm going to have to keep in contact with you to get those monthly paternity checks."

He groaned. "Simone! If you keep that up, I'm gonna start believing you."

"All part of my fiendish plan. What was the main thing you wanted to ask me about?"

"Oh, right." He began explaining in detail his thoughts about Heather helping out with the football-player's plot against him, and the potential pitfalls involved.

Simone actually took the topic seriously and eventually asked, "Look. Why don't you get the school administration more involved in helping out? Or go to the police, even? This sounds like a potentially serious criminal matter to me."

He sighed to himself silently because he had no good answer to give. He figured Simone was probably right, but he wanted to avoid the authorities like the plague, mainly because of the scandalous and probably criminal incest going on in his own life. If any officials were to start nosing around and asking questions on certain topics, such as Amy's boast that she allowed him to have multiple sex partners, things could get tricky very quickly. His worst case scenario was that his conflict would eventually make the local news and then he'd have to live in a fishbowl of public scrutiny.

So instead he explained to her how the teacher Mr. Jackson had been unable to help, and pointed out "the boy who cried wolf" metaphor. He ended his explanation with, "I can handle it myself. Trust me."

Simone sighed theatrically. "Men! I swear, what a hopeless lot you all are. What is it about having one of those things dangling between your legs that makes you lose all common sense? Wait, don't answer that. I don't know what it is, but since I put this strap-on on, I feel myself slowly going stupid. Duuuuh... I think I feel like watching a baseball game on TV. Somebody give me a beer!"

Alan snorted with laughter, but stayed focused. He got her to promise not to talk to any authority figure about the situation without his permission. He redirected the conversation to Heather and how she might be able to help. After a while though, he began to notice certain rhythmic sounds in the background, some of which were distinctly squishy sounding. He finally asked, "Simone, where are your hands at the moment?"

"Hey! What kind of question is that?" she responded with theatrical indignation.

"Just answer the question. Since Heather's in the next room now, I'm wondering what all that noise is about."

"Well, I'm talking to the school sex machine while riding the rump of my best friend in her own bed while her parents are home. You expect me to NOT get a little bit excited by all this?"

"Simone," he growled with mock indignation, "Where are your hands already?"

"If you must insist, I have the phone between my shoulder and ear so I can have both hands free. I ditched the strap-on before I lost too many IQ points. Plus, it doesn't hurt that I can get to my clit. One hand is pulling on my little joy button and the other is reaching inside my pussy to wave hi to Kunta Kinte. 'Hi there, little fellow! It's your daddy on the phone. You want to talk to him, Kunta? He fucked me reaaaally good this morning. He kept my cunnie all squishy and full of cum for hours."

Alan joked, "Hush. Don't talk that way to Alan Junior. You don't want to corrupt a minor with foul language."

Simone laughed. "Oh, so it's Alan Junior now, eh? I can live with that. Only we already know there's another Alan Junior. He's already very notorious with all the high school girls, even though he's only about eight inches tall. In fact, nowadays, most girls pray for a nightly visit of Alan Junior the way little kids pray for a visit from the tooth fairy. Except instead of leaving us with a nickel under the pillow, he leaves us with big swollen bellies."

Alan laughed again, but said, "Simone, before you up and get your own HBO comedy special, can we please discuss what to do about Heather?"

Chapter 1118 Alan And Kath Have Some Fun

Alan saw the door to his room opening, so he said, "Wait. Hold on a minute." He put a hand over the phone's mouthpiece.

It was Katherine. Alan hadn't bothered to put any clothes on yet since waking up, something that Katherine definitely noticed. Talking with Simone had gotten his penis erect, and Katherine most definitely noticed that too. Her eyes were wide, but she still walked right up to him and held a note up to his face. It read:

Message from Suz: We're watching you, so behave.

Less phone sex and more studying!

Alan rolled his eyes but he smiled too. Typical. Suzanne must be watching me on video from the basement. She did mention when we were done talking about my school problems that she was going to try to keep me honest about studying today. I guess this is the start of her campaign.

He nodded, then went back to the phone. "Never mind the interruption. Where were we? Oh yes: What to do about Heather?"

Simone gamely replied, "Well, we need to punish her badly, and I have just the thing. You know how jealous she gets. Well, what could make her more jealous than you having anal sex with ME right in front of her? Repeatedly! In fact, now's the perfect time to get started. Why don't you swing on down here? Oh, and bring that little Alan Junior feller with you if you remember."

Alan chuckled. "You know, Simone, I can't tell if you're making me more aroused or more amused. But this really isn't getting us anywhere." He turned to see if his sister had left yet.

Katherine had started to walk out of his room after delivering the note, but she paused at the door, then closed it and stayed inside. Clicking the switch near the door that allowed one to turn the video monitoring in the room on or off, she locked the door to his room and walked back to him.

Alan held a hand over the phone receiver again as he watched Katherine pull her top off and then drop her shorts as well. She disrobed slowly while mostly facing away from him, for maximum effect.

"Hold on a sec," he said to Simone. He tried to wave Katherine away, but she pulled his chair away from his desk and then dropped to her knees between his legs. Before he could mount an effective response, she was happily slurping away on his erection.

He rolled his eyes and muttered, "Again? Geez!" But the truth was he didn't try very hard (or at all) to get her to stop.

He thought, Mom and Mother were stroking or sucking my dick pretty much from the moment I got home until I took a nap. And now that I've been up for a few minutes, Sis is on it! I swear, I've gotta have the best tended penis on the planet!

Simone asked, "What was that?"

"Oh, nothing. Where were we?"

"We were discussing fucking. Specifically, you fucking me. I was just thinking how nice it would be if you came over here right now. I could just see you saying to Heather's mom Helen as she answers the door, 'Excuse me, ma'am, we've had reports of a very horny, utterly naked, quite possibly pregnant, and extremely naughty black girl humping your daughter in her own bed upstairs. I've been told this dark Nubian princess, this ebony goddess of sexual prowess, this most heart-stoppingly beautiful girl in the school-'"

Alan cut in with sarcasm. "Oh yeah, the modest one. Simone is her name."

Simone guffawed, both at Alan's comment and her own tongue-in-cheek self-promotion. "Exactly! That's the one. She needs a very solid, long, and powerfully deep fucking. Since I'm soon to be the father of her child, I've got some serious humping to do. So if you don't mind, can you point me upstairs? Oh, and I should mention that there have been reports of a very large black dildo reaming out your daughter's ass coming in all afternoon. So I figure, when in Rome. I'll probably drop a couple of big slimy loads in your daughter while I'm at it, before I go. Since those two love to do absolutely everything together, I imagine I should get started on knocking up your daughter as well or she might get jealous."

Simone paused, as if listening to Helen, and then continued, "What? Why are you so shocked? I know, I'll bet you feel left out. I'll tell you what. Since you look like a pretty hot bitch yourself, if you strip naked and bend over next to your daughter and wait patiently, I'll see if I have anything left over for you. Heather could use a younger sister." She punctuated that with a happy, "Ha!"

Alan really liked that fantasy. He found himself holding onto his sister's hair with his free hand and pushing her mouth up and down on his dick. He said, "Very nice, but whose fantasy is that, yours or mine? And I thought I told you to lay off the preggy stuff. You know that-"

Katherine suddenly stopped lolling her tongue around Alan's cockhead and looked up into his face with big eyes. She hadn't been able to make out what Simone was saying, but she most definitely heard Alan say "preggy stuff." Given her own pregnancy fascination, her interest was more than piqued, even though she figured it was just joking because if he really impregnated someone, he wouldn't be able to keep that secret from his family for more than five minutes.

She poked him in the chest a couple of times in a playful yet urgent fashion, trying to get him to explain what that was about without actually speaking (and thus giving her presence away to Simone). She also wasn't in any hurry to do anything that would involve taking her lips from around her brother's shaft.

However, he just smiled and waved her away.

Simone meanwhile prodded him to finish his sentence. "'I know that...' what? You know, Alan, if I didn't know better I would suspect you're with a girl right now, what with the way we keep getting interrupted. Not to mention, your breathing is getting a little bit heavy. Are you alone or not?"

Katherine found a piece of scratch paper and a pen and scribbled:

Preggers? Me too! Please?!

Then she drew a big smiley face with hearts around it below the words.

Alan looked at the paper and laughed, but shook his head 'No' at his sister. Then he returned his attention to Simone, and with a mind to Katherine's continued poking and pestering, he said, "You know, all these pregnancy jokes of yours are going to get me in trouble."

Simone laughed but replied, "Sorry. I have this bad habit of taking a joke and running with it way too far. My apologies. I promise, no more pregnancy jokes. I'll find something else to rile you up about for a while!" She cackled gleefully. She was really enjoying bantering with him.

lightsnovel Then she added, "By the way, you're still avoiding the question. You are with some hot babe, even as we speak, aren't you?"

He tried to sound offended. "Whatever gives you that idea?"

"I'm hearing some strange squishy sounds on your end of the line as well. In fact, there it goes again. Ooh! Two sounds at once! You ARE with someone, you sexy devil!"

Katherine had resumed loudly slurping on Alan's cockhead and at the same time she was frigging herself, thus the two sounds. She wanted to get caught, since it could make things more fun and interesting (so long as her identity wasn't discovered, of course).

Alan could see no way to talk himself out of that one. He conceded, "You got me. However, we really need to focus-"

Simone interrupted, "Jesus! This is so hot! You're such fun to talk on the phone with, Big Daddy. And no, that's not a pregnancy thing; it's just my new nickname for you that, okay, might totally by coincidence have some minor pregnancy implications."

She laughed at her own comment. "Sorry, but when I get started on a running gag, I really go all the way with it."

He started to say, "We-"

But Simone immediately cut him off. "Wait a sec. You're with some hottie, and you're not gonna tell me anything about it? That's just mean. What's she doing to you?"

"Sorry, I can't kiss and tell."

"Ha! As if it's just kissing. I'll bet some lucky lady is snarfing down your sausage as we speak. If I'm right, that lady should moan once."lightsnovel

Katherine moaned, loudly.

Alan gave his sister a look that could kill. His expression made it clear in no uncertain terms that he didn't want Katherine to communicate with Simone in any way. It was simply too dangerous, given the incest secret.

Katherine wasn't too worried Simone would recognize her voice from mere moaning, especially since she had a fourth of her brother's dick in her mouth when she did it. She was tickled pink by the whole exchange, but mentally vowed to herself to be quieter for a while.

"A-ha!" Simone said triumphantly. "I knew it! That would be the logical thing to do, when on the phone. Alan, I must say, you continually amaze me. And what's weird it's that if it was anyone else I would be offended, but with you it just makes me hot."

"Why is that?" he asked, wanting an honest answer.

"I dunno. It's key that Amy is cool with sharing you. I guess it's just obvious that you have sexual gifts that need to be shared with many women. You're not cut out for the monogamous lifestyle; it would be like getting angry at a lion for being a carnivore. You're just you."

He thought back to when he'd asked Christine out on a date, while petting his sister's bobbing head. If she'd only said yes way back when, who knows? I'd probably be halfway to marrying her by now. Well, maybe not. Who knows? But it's not like I was born to this lifestyle.

Trying to get the conversation back on track, he said seriously, "We're really not getting anywhere here with the whole Heather thing. Can you at least, right now, start to warm her up to the idea of helping out with the football player problem? Don't come out and make it seem like I need her help. Just, by and by, drop it in the conversation and make it seem like it would be a nice thing for her to do. Plant the seed."

Katherine couldn't resist moaning with lusty approval. She unexpectedly increased her suction, causing her brother to go from stroking her hair to just clutching at her head. "Plant the seed" - love it! What a great phone call to listen in on!

He grimaced and tried to give his sister a disapproving look, since her new technique was too arousing. But she was so focused on her oral moves that her eyes were shut tight. He tried to tap on her head to get her attention, but to no effect.

Simone repeated his words, "'Plant the seed.' Isn't that more your line of work?" She giggled. "Sorry, but that was such an obvious straight line that I couldn't resist. In fact, I wonder if that's what you're doing with your mystery vixen even as we speak. God, that's really hot!"

"You already know what she's doing," he pointed out.

"True, but help me visualize. Are you standing or sitting?"

"Standing."

"Oooh! I'll bet you have her sitting naked on her heels, rolling her tongue all around your fat knob, staring up at you adoringly, practically begging to serve you."

"No, I assure you, Simone, we're just... I'm just..." He looked down.

Obviously, Katherine could hear Simone though the phone well enough, because she immediately got out of the chair she was sitting in and dropped to her knees without losing her lip-lock on his erection. She looked up at him with her best adoring face, even while she giggled a little bit around the cock she was sucking on.

He tried to motion for her to ease up, now they had eye contact, but she didn't understand his gestures or facial expression (or pretended not to).

"Ha ha! I'm so right!" Simone chortled with glee. "That's too hot!"bender

Alan silently groaned with arousal. But he modestly tried to deflect the attention away from the blowjob, which was too stimulating already. "Enough about me; what about you? I mean, what happened to Heather? Is she still tied up, flopping around her bed like a fish?"

"Yep!" Simone happily agreed. "It's payback time, baby! I've got years of ill treatment I need to work out of my system."

He seized on that to shift the discussion away from his blowjob and back to Heather. "Oh, that reminds me. Please find out where this morning's Bitch Trainer is. If Heather took it out at home, it should still be there somewhere. We don't want something like that just lying around within easy reach for her to get her hands on again. Dammit! Hold on again."

Alan cried "dammit" because now there was a knocking on the door. A loud and insistent knocking. He said to Simone, "Sorry, someone's at the door."

"I guess one woman isn't enough for you and they're bringing in reinforcements?" Simone said with a rising excitement in her voice. "This is astounding! Heather's ass is going to get pounded so fucking hard in a few minutes! But I can't even wait for that. Can you hear me panting as hard as you are? God, I'm going to cum so hard right about now! Ugh!"

Alan wanted to get off the phone immediately before there were more complications. Plus, yes, he was panting hard and it was getting difficult to keep talking. Katherine was relentless! He gasped out, "Let's continue this later, okay?"

"Looks like you've got some more seed planting to work on," Simone kidded in a shaky and gasping voice. "You might need to open up your own nursery there, in more ways than one. Shit! Ooh!" She panted a bit, then added, "Okay, I'll go, but only if you tell me who all the hotties you're with are. Anyone I might know?"

"Um, sorry, can't kiss and tell. Gotta go. Later!" He hung up the phone before he was subjected to the sounds of Simone screaming and cumming. He was having enough trouble as it was not cumming from Katherine's expert blowjob. His goal was to play it cool and just study, but things had gotten way out of control in the last five minutes, especially due to his sister's intense suction style. She hadn't let up with that whatsoever.

Just then, he heard Suzanne's voice from the other side of the door. She had apparently detected the phone call was over (probably from the way Alan slammed the phone down), so she felt free to speak. "Girl, I know you're in there and I can guess what you're doing! Some big help you are! We all agreed we'd help him study, not hinder him! You hear me?!" She pounded some more.

Katherine, though, was too busy cocksucking to stop. She could tell he was very close to cumming, so she was frantically working his balls and dick with her lips, tongue, and both hands while still using as much suction as she could muster.

He grabbed her head to push her away, because he wasn't ready to cum. However, his hands betrayed him and started guiding his sister's head so she could gobble down more and more of his throbbing cock with each pass. He quickly conceded defeat and threw his head back to luxuriate in the overwhelming feelings of pleasure coursing through his body.

Katherine was finally well rewarded for her efforts. She greedily guzzled down quite a few warm jets of semen from the end of his cock while Suzanne continued to pound on the door and complain. She thought, Suzanne might get mad at me for getting a little 'distracted,' but this is so totally worth anything she might dish out! Being uppity completely rocks!

Suzanne was particularly upset that Katherine had turned off the video monitoring in Alan's room and vocally made her displeasure about it known through the door.

Finally, Alan felt the sweet bliss of orgasmic release. As he started shooting off into his sister's mouth, he shouted to Suzanne, "Cumming!" He was in a silly mood and thought this double meaning was very amusing.

Soon, they were done. Prior to Alan's nap, he'd felt a weird sensation in his penis and sensed that it would hurt if he climaxed. He was relieved to find out that everything was okay.

Katherine got up. She yelled at Suzanne, "Just a second!" then poked Alan in the chest again. "So what's with this 'pregnancy stuff', Big Fire Hydrant Brother?"

He grinned. "Oh, Simone is just toying with me. For some reason, today she's really into pretending I impregnated her."

"Oh really? 'Pretending', huh?" She made quote marks in the air with her fingers as she said the word 'pretending.' "Looks like she and I need to have a little talk about this EXCELLENT 'impregnation by Alan' idea."

"Don't you dare!" he protested in genuine horror, but just at that moment Katherine finally opened the door.

Suzanne stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips. She was fully dressed (by Plummer house standards) and looking huffy. "'Cumming.' Brilliant, Alan. I'll bet no one has thought of that before. As for you, young lady-"

Katherine stuck her tongue out at her number two mother petulantly. Her tongue was covered with Alan's cum. She got a kick out of that, too. Then she asked, "No harm done, right?"

Suzanne knew it was harmless in the bigger scheme of things, but she shook her head in frustration just the same. "Sweetie, we had a big plan to get you actually doing some work today, but it's not exactly off to a good start. Everyone here is just horribly incorrigible. you had your fun, but now I need you to buckle up and buckle down. Okay?"

She pointedly flipped the switch by the door that turned the video monitoring in his room back on, making clear that he would be checked on.

"Okay."

Suzanne pulled on one of Katherine's ears. "Come with me, you naughty girl."

He smiled at the enjoyable turn of events, but once Suzanne shooed Katherine away and he was left alone again, he thought, Unfortunately, this Heather stuff is dreadfully important and I didn't get very far in talking to Simone about it. I should probably call her back later and finish it. And without a blowjob assist, so I can have a real conversation!

Not only that, but I'll probably end up having to go over to Heather's house tomorrow, in person, even though it's Thanksgiving. Dang. If you wanna get something done right, sometimes you gotta do it yourself, and convincing Heather to do anything is very tricky business.

He sighed and put a T-shirt on. So many sex things to take care of, but that'll have to wait. For now, I actually have to do this Berkeley application. Nothing is more important right now than getting this in on time. Still wearing only a T-shirt, he sat down at his desk and began to work.

Chapter 1119 Help From Christine!

Surprisingly, after having a nice climax, Alan found himself getting a lot done. With so much going on in his life, it was nice to fall into an academic mindset and just block everything else out for a while. From time to time he would remember that Suzanne said she'd be watching on video to make sure he stayed

focused, and that was a very strange realization. More than once he toyed with the idea of doing something to tease her, but in the end he found himself working straight through instead.

Since he had all the pieces needed for the Berkeley application, he found that putting his package of papers together was fairly quick and easy work. But there was a snag. He double checked the deadlines for the other colleges on his list of possibilities, and found that the November 30th deadline was for all the University of California colleges. Since one of his back-up choices was UCLA, he had to prepare that application too.

He thought, You know what? It's better to be safe than sorry. I should call up Christine and double-check with her to make sure I'm not missing anything.

He rang up Christine. "Hey, Christine. How goes it?"

"Oh, hey Alan. Good. What's up?"

"You got a minute? I don't want to bother you if you're busy."

"Nah. I was just reading a book. You can go ahead and bother me."

lightsNovel com He teased, "I like bothering you."

She chuckled. "That you do."

He added, "Unfortunately, this is a serious kind of bothering. I'm hardly thinking about your breastacular appearance at all. Well, not much. Actually, a lot, but less than usual."

She chuckled some more. "This must be serious then."

"It is, actually. I'm in the middle of preparing my UC Berkeley application, so I can send it off tomorrow. And while I'm at it, I'm doing my UCLA application too, since it has the same deadline."

"Good for you! If you don't get that done in time, I'm going to have to really kick your ass. No joking! I'm already expecting you to be in Berkeley next year, right across the Bay."

He replied, "I appreciate that. I really do. And I appreciate even more the breastacular reward you've promised me if I do turn it in on time."

She giggled happily. "You wish! You do know that 'breastacular' is NOT a real word, don't you?"

"Hey, in my world it is. In fact, I was just reviewing my UCB essay and I noticed that I'd used the word five times."

She laughed. "You did not!"

"Okay, you got me. It was only three times, but one was in the title. Anyway, the reason I'm calling is that you totally saved my life with your reminder about the Berkeley deadline, and that got me thinking: What else might I be missing that my three-brained genius friend Christine might know?"

She replied, "Smart move, because I probably do know some things that you don't. But before I answer, I'm making a preemptive strike: you have to promise not to mention three brains, or a butt-brain, or the word 'breastacular.'"

He groaned as if greatly distressed. "Oh, man! What's the fun of that?"

bender

"Admittedly, it's not as much fun. You've pushed your horny silliness on me so much that I'm kind of starting to like it."

"YES! That's breasterrific!"

She chuckled. Then she chided him, "Hey!"

He quipped, "Sorry, but I've been taking grammar lessons from Amy, which may not be the smartest idea ever. But I'll be good."

"Sure you will," she said sarcastically. "But hey, let's focus for a minute, okay? For starters, have you done any research on how to best tailor your UCB application?"

"No. Why should I bother? They operate on the clear-cut point system, and I already know I've got enough points to get over the threshold with ease. So I'm not concerned."

She sighed. "You should be. Where did you get your information, from 1992? Didn't you know they've been phasing out the point system? They've been doing that gradually for a few years now. They still use points, somehow, but this is the first year that all the applications are going to be reviewed 'holistically' by real people."lightsnovel

"Oh shit!"

She said, "It's not so bad. You should still be a lock to get in, but there are things you can do to boost your chances. They're looking for some subtle things they're not supposed to be looking for. To give you an example, the entire public education system is suffering through some big, big budget cuts right now. If you can find some ways to subtly reveal that you come from a wealthy family, as you do, that'll help you in a big way."

"Really?! Wow. I'm glad I called you already. How do you know that?! You're not even applying there. Well, technically you are, but you're such a lock to get into Stanford that it's not even funny. Berkeley would accept you even if your essay was just a crayon drawing of a hand giving the middle finger."

Christine snorted in amusement at that mental image. "Not true!"

"Oh, come on."

"Okay, maybe there is some truth to that. But still, I like to be thoroughly prepared. As opposed to you, Mr. Almost-missed-the-deadline!"

He groaned. "Please, don't remind me."

She added, "Anyway, I've been researching the whole college application situation. Berkeley has been getting a lot of flak for changing their admissions guidelines. It's even been in the newspapers."

He groaned unhappily again. "Which I don't read daily, and you do."

She laughed. "You really do need someone responsible looking after you, don't you?"

He knew she was just kidding, but she also had accidentally hit the nail on the head. I DO! That's just what we were talking about downstairs earlier. I didn't used to, but all this sex stuff has messed me up. For instance, I used to read the newspaper almost every day, but when do I have the time lately?! Ugh! Thank God for responsible Aunt Suzy, at least.

He said, "You don't know how true that is. It looks like I'm going to be even deeper in your debt. What else can you tell me before I stick these two applications in the mail?"

"A lot, I'll bet. It's not enough to just have good grades and SAT scores. There's a whole art to making your application look good."

She proceeded to spend the next ten minutes giving him excellent advice on how to tailor his applications for maximum success.

He was very impressed. When she finished he said, "Wow! Double wow. That was... I'm sorry, I have to say it: abso-tit-ily breastacular! Christine, you rock! Not only is your advice totally key for getting me into Berkeley, but it should help with all my colleges. I might even have an outside chance of getting into Stanford!"

She replied, "Let's not go THAT far." She giggled, and said, "Sorry, I couldn't resist. That's payback for your 'breastacular' violation."

He didn't mind. "Understood. My bad. I guess I'm being a boob."

She laughed. She could have told him to cut out all the breast-related jokes and references, but she didn't want him to, because she thoroughly enjoyed this kind of playful banter. She joked right back, "You may be a boob, but that's still one less boob than me."

He liked that, a lot. "True. And not just any ol' boobs, but full-on chest-heads!"

She laughed even more. "Oh no. I should have banned 'chest-head' too. Consider it banned. But seriously, I think you do have an outside chance of getting into Stanford. We have to be realistic; I'm not saying that just to be polite. Frankly, if I was on the selection committee, I probably wouldn't pick you. But there's no telling. People joke that they take all the applications to the top of the stairs and let them fly. The ones that make it to the bottom get picked."

He said with obvious frustration, "Gee, that sounds encouraging."

"Hey, a chance is still a chance. You should at least be given serious consideration. And if you do get in, think how great that would be. We'd be going to the same place!"

He grinned. "Yeah, that would be pretty great. Then I'd be able to continue my research."

"Research?"

"You know, what I was telling you about in first period today. Since you won't let me say certain words, let's just call it 'the blonde with the multiple brains' theory."

She smiled in fond memory. "Ah, yes. If I recall, your 'investigation' involved extensively fondling my body, and especially my chest."

He quipped, "But of course! In fact, isn't that the solution to MOST problems? It is for me!"

"You must have a lot of problems then, seeing how I hardly ever let you do that."

"Oooh! 'Hardly ever.' I love the sound of that. So much better than 'never!'"

The two of them continued with their playful banter for a while. As usual, Alan was highly sexually suggestive while also limiting himself mostly to "safe" topics like fondling and breasts. And, as usual, Christine pretended to object while being amused and entertained, and often even aroused.

The only frustrating part was that all the fondling was only theoretical. Alan was coming to cherish and desire Christine more and more, but he repeatedly reminded himself that she had to remain off limits.

Eventually he had to end the call. He knew he had a lot of work to do, and even more than planned because he needed to implement Christine's suggestions at once.

He went back to work on his applications. But after that call to Christine, he had a smile on his face that wouldn't go away.

Chapter 1120 Fun Time With Aunt Suzy**

After two hours of the most academic productivity Alan had had in weeks, if not months, he found his concentration waning. He stood up and stretched, then walked across the hall to the bathroom to pee and splash cold water on his face.

He was only gone for a short time, but even so, when he opened the door to return to his room, he saw Suzanne lying on his bed.

She was sitting up on all fours on his bed, wearing little more than high heels. "Good afternoon, Sweetie, or should I say good evening?" It was seven o'clock already. "Looks like you've been working hard." The tank top she'd apparently been wearing at one point was bunched up above her pendulous breasts. The only other item she wore was a pair of red satin panties.

Alan felt a vague stirring in his loins, but his penis didn't spring to life as it normally did when presented with such a sight. Hmmm. What's wrong with me? Am I becoming jaded already to even the likes of Suzanne? Look at her! Her hips are so wide. Her breasts are simply massive! And that face! She's doing her "come hither and fuck me" look even more so than usual. She could be on the cover of any magazine. She's so smart, and that's sexy too. So what's the problem with me?!

Playing for time while waiting for his penis to revive, he answered, "Yeah. You could say that again. Very hard."

"I assume you mean that in more ways than one," she replied as she crawled across his bed towards him.

"What about finishing my Berkeley application?" he asked.

"That is VERY important, of course. But we voted. We all agreed that after a good hour plus of work, you needed a break." She rolled her eyes as she added, "Mom was particularly concerned that you might suffer from the dreaded blue balls."

He teased, "Hmmm. A break sounds like a good idea. Maybe I'll play video games for a while."

"Very funny," she replied, not amused. "I can see the lust in your eyes - although not in your groin just yet - so you're not fooling me." She sat up and idly scratched her cleavage, as if there was some kind of insect bite there. In fact, it was just a clever way to further drive Alan's attention her way. "By the way, how many girls did my big stud son fuck in school today?"

He walked to his bed and sat on the edge since she was taking up the usual spot where he lay. "You know, Mother, it's not that easy to fuck girls in school. The lack of time factor alone is such a drag."

He cupped the undersides of her big boobs with both hands. Thinking of Simone before school and Heather during sixth period, he answered, "I guess you could technically say I only fucked two, though I did get intimate with a few more." He smiled, belatedly realizing how incredible that would sound to any of his classmates, 99% of whom would never commit any kind of sex act on any school grounds in their entire lives.bender

She shot him an eager and sultry smile. "Hmmm. Only two? Are you sure that's all?"

He grinned. "Well, I did get basically blown, titfucked, and fondled by the entire cheerleading squad when they were warming me up to buttfuck the head cheerleader, now that you mention it. Does that count for something?" He still held her tits, so played with them awhile.

She cocked an eyebrow. She thought, I have to admit, that's pretty impressive even by his usual standards. I'm becoming more and more Susan-like in the way that hearing about his sexual exploits turns me on. She could feel her breath quickening.

She exclaimed, "Wow! You're not too tired now? I mean, you've had quite a full day already."

He thought about that, and then replied, "No. I'm good, energy-wise. It actually hasn't been that tiring. Think about earlier - I was just sitting there, while you and Mom did all the work." He brought his hands up to her nipples and started playing with them.

Now that she had the green light, she was ready to rock. She surprised herself by saying, "I'm very proud of you, Son. But I'll bet all that and everything you've done since you got back home just isn't enough, is it? My son's stiff pussy tamer is looking for some tight mommy holes to fill, isn't it? It's been about two hours now since any female touched your cock." She sighed theatrically, "That's an absolute tragedy! Now you're all bursting with a huge cum load that you just have to pump in thick squirts into some sexy babe, don't you? I wonder... What could we possibly do about that?" She winked in an incredibly sexy and endearing manner. She was the ultimate expert in seduction, and every move of her body was planned for maximum arousal.

Alan's flaccid penis twitched a bit, but he still didn't feel an erection growing. He was disturbed that Suzanne, who could just about give a marble statue a woody, apparently wasn't having an effect on him.

Stalling to give his penis more of a chance to respond, he commented, "You sound just like Mom."

She frowned. "I know. The scary thing is, I pretty much mean it. It's pretty addictive to think that way. Life's so simple, just living for sex, thinking about sex."

"Tell me about it!" he replied, still playing with her nipples. "Speaking of Mom, what happened to her? I kind of assumed she'd come by to drop off a snack or something, like she usually does when I'm studying."

Suzanne replied airily, "Oh, that was in the old days. Nowadays, I imagine she'd walk in carrying a snack with all the best intentions in the world to behave herself, take one look at your crotch, drop to her knees, throw off whatever top she's wearing - assuming she's wearing one, which is a big assumption,

mind you - crawl between your legs, and start sucking like her life depended on it. And once she gets her head or tits near your crotch, we all know how hard it is to pry her away. Needless to say, that could be a bit distracting for your work. Do you remember the whole stealth stroking idea, where one of us would slowly jack you off or blow you for hours and hours as you worked?"

"Of course. You make it sound like ancient history, but that was just last week." He laughed as he said, "I heartily approve of that idea, by the way!"

"I do too. And I think we'd all like to go back to that very, very soon. We girls would probably have to make a sign-up sheet so we wouldn't fight over who gets to do it when. But I've put a hold on that for now. Look what happened when Katherine came in here a couple of hours ago. Not good. First, we've got to see at least a couple days of solid progress with your work. So, for today at least, your mom and the others are banned from coming into your room unless I say so." She smiled and added, "I've nominated myself as the only one with the self-control to come in here today."

"Ah," he said simply, as he twisted her nipples like radio dials.lightsnovel

Suzanne was a bit put off by his reaction. "What? I have willpower. I haven't even touched Alan Junior yet."

lightsnovel He noted, "That's only because it's still flaccid."

She opened her eyes wide with pretend surprise. "It IS?! Sweetie! Are my senses deceiving me or what? Where's my erection?!"

"Is it really so surprising? Most guys can only get it up a couple of times a day."

"I know, but you're not most guys. Usually after a nap you wake up with a nice- hey!" Suzanne gave him a near angry look. "Don't tell me you were waiting for Susan and you're disappointed in me?"

"No! Nothing like that. My mind is willing, and I even have the energy, but I think my dick is just worn out. I'd totally be into having fun with you right now, but I dunno... It's just kind of hanging there. It's not even half hard. I mean, if there's a limit to how much stimulation a dick can handle, I've probably reached it, and then some. Today has just been too much."

"Hmmm. Sounds like it could be serious. Let's have a look at the problem."

As his second mother closed in on his crotch, he thought, This is odd. Who would ever have thought that Suzanne, especially dressed like that, or I should say undressed like that, wouldn't give me the hugest boner humanly possible? Am I maxed out on sex? And with the poke-her party happening tonight and everything. Talk about lousy timing.

Suzanne looked at his flaccid penis and reached out to stroke it to life, but then she changed her mind and stood up instead. "I'll be back in a second. Don't move. That's an order!"

As she rushed out of the room, she thought, He can say what he wants, but I'm sure that, even as oversexed as he is, he'd still get hard if Susan was here. And damned if I'm gonna be outdone by her! It'll be a cold day in Hell before I fail to get him hard!

He sat up in his bed and waited for her to come back. He didn't have to wait long.

Suzanne sauntered into view through the open door. She paused, as if she hadn't been expecting him, and looked in his direction. "Oh! Howdy, partner." She was trying to look casual, but she couldn't hide her excitement.

He gasped with genuine surprise. "I'd been expecting something sexy, but not THAT! Daisy! It's been too long!"

She smiled widely and walked into the room. She was wearing extremely short jean shorts and a thin yellow shirt that covered her boobs, or at least valiantly tried to, and little else. She'd quickly dampened her top in the bathroom across the hall and now it clung to her like a second skin. The wetness also rendered the shirt nearly transparent. She was a woman on a mission. "Oh? You know little ol' me? That's funny, 'cos I don't reckon I know you."

"You don't? Daisy, I've fucked you on two different occasions a month or more ago." He could feel his dick rising.

She shimmied her way closer, which set her unfettered breasts bouncing hypnotically before her son's lustful eyes. Since he was sitting up naked in his bed, she could watch his dick engorging. A-ha! I knew this would work!

All he could think was, Hot damn! That outfit is my Achilles' heel!

As she swayed her hips dramatically, she also pulled down her shorts until the top of her bush came into view. "Hmmm. Fucked me twice? I get fucked so many times a day, a mere couple of fucks ain't gonna leave much of an impression." Her eyes went wide as she got nearer and stared at his crotch. "Good Lord Almighty! Why, it's even bigger than Pappy's!"

His cock was now standing straight up. "Jesus, Daisy, look! I seem to have sprung up as quickly as if I'd just chugged a whole bottle of Viagra!"

She licked her lips. "Jesus? Hmmm. That guy with a beard, in a robe? I reckon I fucked him once or twice too."

Alan guffawed at that.

She pretended to slowly recognize him as she stared at his crotch. "Wait. Wait one cotton pickin' minute. I DO reckon that cock is familiar. I ain't no good with names or faces, but I never forget a cock!"

She wasted no time. She pushed him backwards, causing him to fall from a sitting position to lying back on his bed, although his feet were still on the floor. She turned, made an athletic hop up on the bed so her knees were on either side of his, and then sank herself down onto his stiff pole. The whole process took five seconds at the most. "MmmmmMMMMMMmmmm!"

He groaned, but he sounded exasperated. Then he groaned again as his mother went to work, grinding and churning on his cock. He had to admit that her vaginal talents were second to none. Her inner walls squeezed in the most delightful and unpredictable ways, even as her hips performed all kinds of tricks of their own.

She joked as she continued to slowly grind her way down onto her son, "What? I'm a Duke. I can't hardly be expected to sit down if I ain't got some kind of dick for me to center myself on."

He suddenly had a vision of the Duke family as they got together for dinner in a ramshackle Southern mansion. All of the many womenfolk pushed aside uselessly short skirts and plunged themselves onto wooden phalluses built into the middle of their chairs. Or at least, most of them did. Some simply sat naked in the laps of their fathers, brothers, or sons. The imagined scene was too arousing for him to take. He found himself groaning even louder and gripping Suzanne's midsection for dear life as his erection throbbed and twitched inside of her.

She broke out of character briefly as she moaned, "Holy shit. Dear God, this is SO. DAMN. GOOOOD!" But she quickly returned to her drawl, and said in a perky though raspy voice, "This is how us Duke girls say 'Howdy!' to strangers don'tcha know." Alan's cock had completely filled her up, and she liked it that way. Rather than bounce up and down, she wiggled and writhed her hips back and forth on him, doing all the work. At the same time, she squeezed his boner with her pussy muscles with still more expert movements, heightening the pleasure for both of them.

Most any man on Earth would have cum on the spot. But luckily he had grown used to such a high level of stimulation, and he could take it. The pleasure though, for both of them, was simply indescribable. He didn't understand how she could work her churning hips while squeezing her pussy at the same time, but somehow she did.

He was content to just lay there and let Suzanne do all the work. Partly, he was feeling lazy, but mostly he knew that if he got his hips pumping on top of all that she was doing, he would cum too soon.

There wasn't much need for talking though, since both of them were about as aroused as humanly possible. But they remained in character nonetheless, with Suzanne occasionally making wry comments like, "Here's another 'Howdy' for ya!" or "Just bein' neighborly!"

This went on for quite a while, with their mutual pleasure slowly rising and rising to great heights. Finally, he yelled, "Daisy! I'm too close!"

However, his words seemed to have no effect. The way Suzanne continued to relentlessly grind down on top of him, he knew he couldn't last for long. She seemed determined to get him to fill her up with cum, and right away.

