

6 Times 1123

Chapter 1123 Maybe I Need To Start Downing Viagra A Couple Times A Day Just To Survive Around Here.

All of a sudden, the door to Alan's room slammed open and Katherine and Susan burst in. Both of them were dressed in similar Daisy-Duke-styled outfits. Both wore cut-off blue jeans shorts cut down so dramatically that they practically looked like bikini bottoms. Katherine had cut up a flannel shirt to the size of a bikini top and then tied it in the front. However, Susan felt so proud of her milk-filled breasts that at the last minute she had shucked off the skimpy shirt she'd carefully prepared. Both women looked fantastic.

Alan took one look over the curves of Amy's delectable buttocks, saw the two of them, and burst into laughter.

Soon everyone else, including Katherine and Susan, was laughing too.

Alan joked, but also with heartfelt appreciation, "If they gave out Nobel Prizes for sexiest Daisy Duke outfits, I think we'd have all four of this year's finalists right here."

Amy replied, "Well, they should!" She sounded so sincere and adamant that everyone laughed even more than they already would have.

Once Alan calmed down a bit, he said, "I think I can figure out what happened here. Aunt Suzy was supposed to have me all to herself, but Amy got clever, picked up on her mother's role-play, and joined in. The two of you saw that, probably while watching us on video from the basement, and figured, 'Why not me?' Then you did the exact same thing as Amy. But unfortunately, the excitement's all over. We're winding down now and just chilling out."

Susan stomped her foot on the floor in frustration. "Oh, poo! I told you Angel, we shouldn't have spent so much time on the costumes."

Katherine explained to the others, "Unlike Amy, we didn't have cut-off jeans to start with, so we ended up ruining two perfectly good pairs of jeans."

Everyone laughed good-naturedly at that.

Alan looked contemplative, and said, "Hmmm. This opens up all kinds of possibilities. Role-plays are great, but we've never really done role-plays with multiple people." He bent forward and licked the inside of Amy's asshole with his tongue once more, just to feel her gasp and shudder again.

Amy said proudly, "Do you see what he's doing to me? He's licking my asshole!"

Susan and Katherine drew in, suddenly very curious. "Wow," Katherine said. "Does it feel good?"

"It feels awesome! Super duper awesome! I'm all, like, totally sensitive back there, so it's, like... super tingly tingle-o-rama!"

Katherine was all grins, but Susan looked conflicted.

"What's wrong?" Suzanne asked Susan. "You don't like what he's doing?"

"I do, but I'm torn. It's kind of unseemly behavior for a master. He should be the one getting his ass licked." She thrust her bare chest out and struck a sexy pose. "Tiger, can I lick your ass? Please?"

Novel "Thanks, Mom, but we really are just wrapping up here." He slapped Amy playfully on the butt as a signal that it was time for her to get off of him. He was beginning to grow numb from having all that weight on him for so long.

Amy hopped off. She realized that play time had to come to an end and that Alan had to get back to his work so he could finish his responsibilities before the party started. "Thanks, Brother! What was that you were saying about multiple role-plays?"

Suzanne smiled as she considered the role-play possibilities. "Yes. I think the luckiest boy in Orange County just got a little bit luckier." The wheels began spinning in her head as several different possibilities for more elaborate role-plays came to her. She thought out loud, "Imagine, for instance, that little fantasy Doris was describing, of the teacher who's fucking all of his female students. He's not so much teaching as leading an orgy. Wouldn't that be fun to act out?"

Alan replied, while looking off in the distance, imagining, "Hell yeah." His brain nearly exploded as he imagined the likes of Glory, his sister, his mother, Aunt Suzy, Simone, Heather, Amy, Brenda, Xania, and others all sitting in the same classroom, pretending to be students in a sex role-play meant just for him. He practically drooled as he imagined the school girl outfits they could come up with.

He forced himself to think of other things and pressed on with the conversation, saying, "I have a feeling all these newly cut cut-offs will come in handy. But Mother, you know what I'm thinking? When you dramatically impaled yourself on me earlier, I got this image in my head of all the women in the Duke clan sitting down to dinner on special chairs with wooden dildos built right into the middle of them."

He mentally cursed himself after he said that, because that image was nearly as arousing as the classroom one. He couldn't keep fucking until he dropped; he had to try to get back into a studious mode.

"Gosh!" Amy exclaimed. "That sounds like super fun! Serious super duper coolness! What if we actually did that? Who's to stop us?"

Susan, getting over her disappointment and into the spirit of things, said, "No one. No one can stop us. Or, more properly, no one can stop Tiger. He can do whatever the hell he likes, and all we can do is bend over and take it! Hard and deep!" Her hands drifted up, and she yanked on her sensitive nipples as she thought about getting royally fucked.

But then she grew a bit more contemplative. "The five of us are going to have sooooo much fun for the rest of our lives. In fact, we're just getting started. I know we're always going to be together to share it, too. Heck, The Pact guarantees we'll always be together, doesn't it?"

Alan could see Susan needed some reassurance, so he firmly nodded his head.

"That's right," Susan said just as firmly. "Let me quote from The Pact: 'Alan is the head of the family, and master of the family harem. We trust him to lead us-'"

Katherine cut her off, and continued her quote. "'... in sexual matters and we pledge to obey his every desire.' Mom, we've memorized every word."lightsnovel

Susan looked doubtful. "Really? What about the part that says, 'The women of this harem pledge to avoid-'"

This time, Amy cut her off and continued the sentence. "'...any physical intimacy with other men, without exception, and devote themselves fully to pleasing Alan and his insatiable cock.' Mom, we know it already, backwards and forwards. Geez, Louise!"

Susan looked at Suzanne, but Suzanne gave her a look indicating that she had it memorized too, and if Susan asked her about it yet again, she'd scream. "Right, then," Susan finally concluded. "That's a very key part. My point is, we're his sex slaves now, and that's a lifetime commitment. Let's never forget the magnitude of what we've pledged to each other."

Everyone was quiet with their thoughts for a few moments, imagining a road stretching out to the horizon and well beyond it, with years and years of good times together to look forward to.

Susan slipped her hand into her short shorts, and then yanked them down her legs because they were on so tightly she could barely reach her pussy. As she started to frig herself, she thought, I can't help it: every time I hear the words "sex slave," I get too hot to be believed! Even if I'm the one saying them, hee-hee! Every morning, I wake up and recite The Pact, and it makes me so horny! The fact that everyone has completely accepted the reality of The Pact makes my every moment on this Earth a living dream. My son is my master! Thank you, God.

But then Susan's mood grew more serious and motherly, "Speaking of getting started, Tiger, if you mean what you said that you were winding things down, then I think it's time you get back to the books, don't you?" She was trying to show that Suzanne wasn't the only one who could be a responsible mother at times.

He replied, "Oh, man! Unfortunately, you made the break far too enjoyable. How can I go back to the books when my mind is on the Duke girls?" He looked especially at Katherine and Susan, still dressed in their outfits, thinking about all the fun he could have with all four of them at once. He sighed loudly and steeled his resolve. "Okay. Fine. I'll give it a shot. Maybe if I take a shower first, that'll get me in the right mindset."

Suzanne, who had been sitting naked on the edge of the bed, got up and began shooing the others out of the room. "Good call, Mom, good call. Sweetie, let this be an incentive. Remember all the work that we agreed you'd try to finish today. I know it's a lot, but us four gals have all agreed that there will be no

poke-her party for you until you're all done and the work is approved. The sooner you finish, the sooner the fun can begin. So we're all rooting for you to hurry."

Alan knew that he could easily blow past their attempts to restrict him. He could just go downstairs to the poke-her party at any time of his choosing and do whatever the hell he wanted, to whomever the hell he wanted. If anyone had a problem with that, he'd simply tell them, 'No sex for you until you change your mind and let me have my way.' But he didn't want to do that. He truly wanted to do the right thing, get back on track with his studies, and ultimately get accepted to a good university.

Most of all, he didn't want to let the "Bad Alan" win and turn him into the kind of person that he would hate to meet. His greatest fear was becoming some kind of family despot or dictator and losing the special love they all shared. The fact that The Pact explicitly gave him tremendous powers made it all the more important that he had the willpower to resist using those powers willy nilly.

So, although he was tempted to do otherwise, he just shrugged, nodded, and said, "Maybe I'll hold off on the shower for a while then and use that as another break, later."

He thought, I don't know why I'm so keen on going to college, given that these four are going to out and out kill me with sexual pleasure before the year is over. Seriously! That is, if the football players don't get me first. His back stiffened at that unpleasant reminder of earlier events, but then he forced himself to think of other things. With all the fun he'd just had and the good feelings he still basked in, it was surprisingly easy to put the football player troubles out of his mind, at least for a while.

The others watched from the doorway as he put a shirt on (but still no shorts or pants) and headed back to his computer.

Amy said to Katherine, as the two of them started to walk away, "I think we need to check for bumps right now!" That had become their fond nickname for their mutual daily pussy shaving sessions.

Katherine replied, "You have to tell me EVERYTHING about how Brother's tongue felt up your ass!"

"M'kay!"

Susan and Suzanne lingered a little longer, standing near the doorway in a light embrace with each other. Both were so in love with their son that they didn't want to leave.

Alan looked at them and thought, This is completely insane. There they are, standing proudly over their son like some kind of Leave It to Beaver 50's sitcom parents. So serene and approving. But at the same time, they're both freaking completely buck naked and so scorchingly sexy! Even though I feel like I want to sleep for three years non-stop, it's all I can do to stop myself from rushing across the room and fucking them both again and again! It's not fair. It's like I have Venus and Aphrodite as my two parents now. One I might be able to handle, maybe, but two?!

Suzanne's the worst because she never turns off that "come hither and fuck me" look. She does something like walking down the hallway so sensuously that it's like she's having sex with the whole room as she goes. In fact, even as I sit here, she's subtly and rhythmically pressing one of her tits into Susan's as if to say, "Don't you want to be in the middle of a four-tits fuck sandwich right now?" Arrgh! How can I concentrate on finishing my college applications? How could anybody?! Maybe I need to start downing Viagra a couple times a day just to survive around here. Geez!

He tried to focus on other things to help distract his attention from his two hot mothers. A question popped into his mind, thanks to the recent reminder of his football player problem. "Aunt Suzy? Before you go, I have a question for you. You said earlier this afternoon that you have a plan to help take care of the thugs that are after me? What is it? It'd be nice to feel like I don't have to worry about that anymore."

Suzanne looked over at Susan briefly. "Actually, it's something both of your mothers are going to help out with. All those brutes are real flesh and blood people with mothers and fathers. I presume most of their parents would be appalled by their behavior, if they knew about it, but there are a lot of spoiled latchkey kids in this neighborhood. The plan is to befriend the parents, especially the mothers. If you just give me the full names of the worst troublemakers, I can pretty much guarantee you that Susan and I will be like long lost sisters to their mothers by the end of this weekend. Then there are so many possibilities to work with at that point, if one can just keep an eye open. Mostly, I plan to pump them for information on their kids so I can find out what makes their little brats tick. For instance, what if one of them has an unrequited crush on a certain girl? How can we use that to our advantage?"

Susan noted, "Speaking of pumping, wouldn't it be rich if some of those mothers turn out to be hotties, and Tiger got to fuck them? That would be sweet revenge."

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Mom, you don't know when to stop. That's asking for trouble. Besides, Sweetie has a clear 'no adultery' policy."

Susan pointed out to Suzanne, "Well, I'm married, and so are you, and so is Brenda. It gets me so hot whenever I think that Tiger not only enslaved my big-titted body, but he stole me away from Ron to do it."

"True," Suzanne conceded, "but those are special circumstances. Let's not go into that right now. Sweetie, what do you think of my ideas?"

Alan was impressed, but disappointed at the same time. "That sounds good, but it also sounds like a long term plan."

"Unfortunately, yes," Suzanne conceded as one of her hands idly explored Susan's ass cheeks. "I have a feeling that some of those thugs will soon find themselves getting an earful from suddenly much more attentive parents, but will that be enough to help if there's an immediate plan against you? I don't know."

"But you think you'll be able to make an impact by Monday?" he asked. "I suppose that's okay, unless they try something at the football game on Friday. There's no way Amy or Sis can get out of their responsibilities there."

"Well, Sweetie, I hope we'll start to make an impact by Monday, but there are so many unknown variables. My tactics will take a little time to bear fruit, and that's assuming you can find out their names. I've been trying to learn from Brad what he knows about your enemies, but he hasn't said much because of his divided loyalties. However, just a couple of hours ago I told him about the threat to Amy and he was suddenly a lot more forthcoming. The only problem is that he says that those guys have never forgotten that he's Amy's brother, so they could very well be feeding him disinformation. This is very, very tricky stuff. You've stirred up a hornet's nest at the school with your sexual prowess, my love. No doubt about it. I'm sorry, but there's no quick and easy fix."

Susan joked, "I think one solution is to show off that prowess more at home and less at school." Actually, it wasn't exactly a joke, since that was also her strong desire. Everyone knew that, so she teased with an infectious happiness, "That's just my completely unbiased opinion, of course." She reached over and gave Suzanne's nearest breast a playful squeeze.

"Of course," Alan replied, rolling his eyes but grinning. He recalled not so long ago when Susan was too uptight to have a sense of humor, and greatly enjoyed this newly revealed side to her. "And thanks for the help. I love you both so much. You're far too good for me."

Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Pshaw. Speaking for myself at least, it's my pleasure," she purred suggestively, "and then some. You know me, I'm just happy to have a fun new scheme to sink my teeth into."

He nodded. But inwardly he thought, Names! How am I going to get all the names? I know a few for sure, like Ryan and Rock, but for most of the rest I'm just making an educated guess. How do I separate the criminals from the mere assholes? There are so many egotistical assholes on that team. Could, maybe, the names Amy got be right? How can we be sure?

Susan and Suzanne continued to stand together in a light embrace and watch their son as he finally started to turn his attention back to his UC Berkeley and UCLA applications. They silently beamed with approval. Then, together, they pulled his door handle closed behind them and let him be.