

6 Times 191

Chapter 191 First Time Sex With Katherine...

After a fifteen-minute drive, they finally reached Kim's house.

They were both so worked up that neither of them retained the slightest reluctance to fuck each other.

Alan pulled the car into Kim's driveway, after which they ran into Kim's house as fast as their feet could carry them. He sported such a massive wet spot around his groin area that it looked almost as though he'd pissed on himself. But he didn't care how funny he looked; he just wanted to get to a bed.

Katherine practically ran over Kim, who stood in the front doorway to open the door. She had quickly put on her cheerleader uniform, which nicely showed off her trim and petite figure.

Katherine briefly French-kissed and groped her. She was very grateful for how Kim had helped to make this day possible. She frantically asked her, "Where's the bedroom?" It was clear that she did not want to waste another moment. If her voice wasn't a clear enough indicator, then her nipples certainly were; they were so erect that even her areolae looked puffier than usual through her top.

Kim just smiled and pointed upstairs.

Brother and sister ran upstairs in a flash.

They sat on the bed as Katherine urged, "Quick, Bro, get the condoms!" They'd had plenty of foreplay in the car, and were ready to dive right in.

Clothes flew into the air as Alan fumbled around with the condoms.

Katherine impulsively reached out for Alan's hand. She suddenly appeared calm as she said, "Brother, thank you. I know that this is going to be the greatest, most exciting day of my life. And the best part has just started! In a minute, neither of us will be virgins anymore!"

The two held hands for a brief pause. He looked into his sister's brown eyes, saw the passion and excitement there, and said, "I love you, Little Sister!"

She looked back with a high, rosy color in her cheeks, and said, "I love you too, Big Brother! And I'm so glad we've found a new way of loving each other."

They kissed with passionate intensity. Katherine's heaving breasts brushed against his chest; her nipples were hardened rocks which poked into him like hot coals.

Katherine finally pulled him away. "That's great, but let's not wait another second!" She lay down on Kim's bed face up, and said, "I'm waiting for your big dick!" To further illustrate her words, she opened her thighs wide and ran an index finger over her rigid clit, which was engorged and stood out proudly from its hood.

Alan knelt on the bed between her legs, positioning his cock above her fuck hole. He looked at her and she wordlessly gave approval for him to go on as she hooked her heels around his waist. He took a big breath and tried to clear his mind. His whole world was now centered on his sexy, lust-filled sister.

She writhed beneath his body in impatient anticipation. She was hot and willing to accept him into her body, fully and completely.

She looked up at him, panting with longing. She thought, I feel like I've just run a marathon, and we haven't even started to fuck yet!

He pushed his erection into her. It slid down ever so slowly into her very tight pussy. He momentarily lost track of all parts of his body, except for a spine-tingling focus on every nerve in his dick. Warmth, wetness, tightness and softness - those were the sensations that filled his mind.

And as wonderful as it felt to slowly slide his insistent impaler into his sister's depths, even more wonderful was the sense of oneness and love he felt coursing between the two of them.

There were a million things he could have said, but all he could manage was a guttural "Ugggghh!"

"Oh, yeeeeesssss!" she yelled in return, a cry of release and pleasure. Although she'd never had a cock inside her before, from the very first instant it was in her, it felt fantastic. She felt the fullness, heat, and rigidity of her brother's dick as it moved and throbbed deep within her. His whole body covered her and enveloped her.

She clutched his arms fiercely.

Already she began to feel the onset of mini-climaxes, even though Alan had not yet begun to move inside her. She was very glad that her hymen had been broken accidentally five or so years earlier, so there was no pain or blood, only the sense of being stretched to incredible fullness. She could feel her brother's hot breath beat down on her neck.

Alan slowly pushed his hard dick in until he felt it could go no further, sure that he'd hit the impassable entrance to his breathless sister's cervix. He stayed there for just a moment, to enjoy the feeling of being so deep within her.

Impatient, she not-so-subtly wiggled her hips beneath him. She was eager for more.

He slowly began to pull back out. The coolness of the air around his shaft as it emerged was in extreme contrast to the heated depths he'd enjoyed just a second before. Then he pushed in again slowly, as though driven by a deep, primal urge. Then out. Then in and out.

He built up a rhythm and reveled in the fact that his sister, too, had begun to move in sync with his gentle thrusts. Katherine, athletic cheerleader or not, had always seemed so soft and fragile, at least from his protective, brotherly point of view. He didn't want to hurt her.

When her upwards thrusts became more powerful, worries about her fragility subsided. He began to push his thick meat into her body all the way to the hilt.

She wrapped her arms around his back, holding on to him as if she were on a wild roller coaster ride.

Out of the blue, Katherine started screaming, "Yeeeeesssss! My brother is fucking me!" Her plentiful breasts moved madly with the motion of Alan's thrusts and she loved that and everything else so much that she had to let it out. The sound carried into every room of Kim's house, but Kim had assured them

earlier that they could yell to their heart's content and the neighbors would never hear, provided they kept the windows closed.

Kim, meanwhile, sat in the room next door and fucked her own cunt with a dildo as she got off on their sounds and screams. Even from a room away, she could already start to smell the pungent odor of their sex. It drove her wild with envy and passion. She shoved the dildo as deep inside her as it could go as she imagined what it would feel like to be plowed like Katherine was getting plowed just one room away. She may have not liked men, but she'd decided she really liked Alan's dick.

"We're fucking! We're fucking!" screamed Alan joyously. He, too, reveled in the freedom to yell to his heart's content, after weeks of furtively and quietly sneaking around in his secret sexual life. He yelled as loud as he could, "I'm fucking my own sister, and I love it! Woooh, yeah!"

Their thrusts were no longer anything like the soft shoving from a moment before - they were steaming along in an insistent and solid rhythm.

Alan pistoned his pole into her as deep as it would go. He marveled at the hot-cold-hot-cold sensation of each insertion and extraction of his prick as it pounded into her, seemingly on its own volition.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she yelled in time to his thrusts as her large breasts slapped against his body. "More! More!"

There was no pretense at drawing anything out. They just wanted to cum as fast as humanly possible. Arms and legs became a blur of activity as they threw their bodies into one another and the powerful scent of sex literally poured out into the room from where they were joined in glorious abandon.

Things moved at a feverish pitch until neither brother nor sister could hold back any longer. Both teenagers stiffened as their bodies cried out for release. They reached climax together while yelling a seemingly endless stream of incoherent screams.

Alan felt his jism course through his prick, like a fire hose suddenly filling with water. Then the semen exploded from his penis and filled the depths of his sister's vagina. He thought, I'm doing it! I'm doing it! It's happening! He continued pushing his cock deep inside her and, almost instinctively, stopped on the downstroke so that he could deliver his seed at the gates to her womb.

Katherine felt the coursing and throbbing of his prick, timed to the beat of his heart. Then she felt the splash of his seed as it filled her depths, flooding her with tremendous warmth. All of a sudden it occurred to her that she shouldn't be feeling such sensations. The condom! Where's the condom? Too busy kissing - we forgot! Ah, hell. Just sit back and enjoy it. Oh fuck! God! So good! Screw it! Screw ME!

She calmed down enough to begin making sense with her screaming, and shrieked, "Screw me! Screw me! Screw me!" over and over.

Alan collapsed on top of Katherine. The two siblings just lay quietly for a minute as they recuperated, breathing heavily from their exertion. Both of them could feel Alan's semen as it slowly bubbled out of Katherine's cum-filled cunt and around her brother's semi-erect shaft.

He rose just slightly enough off her body so that he could look into her eyes. All he saw there, as she looked back up at him, was love, tenderness and deep appreciation.

Alan asked, "Did that hurt at all?"

"Not in the slightest," she replied. "It felt like your cock was born to be inside me. A finger or dildo just doesn't compare with the real thing! Now that I know how good it feels, I want your cock inside me every minute. Every minute of the day. Brother, do you promise to fuck me every minute of the day, for the rest of our lives? Will you make me your complete fuck toy?"

"I'll try my best," he answered, and laughed gaily.

Yes! Yes! a rapturous voice inside his head continually shouted while she happily squirmed in joy beneath him. He was on the highest of highs.

They rolled over to talk. He thought out loud, "You know, it's really amazing to finally fuck a woman. But for that woman to be you, my sister, it's just too much. I can't believe it."

Katherine hugged him firmly, and said, "I know. It's my first time too. We're on the same wavelength."

"Sis, I love you so much!"

"Oh, Brother! Me too! I love you so much, my heart is gonna burst!"

Flying high, he quipped, "Well, let's not have that happen. We don't want to make a mess in Kim's house."

She just laughed. Then the great idea came to her, "Hey, let's do it again, already!"

"Okay! I should have no problem getting ready to go with you to arouse me. But you know, it's funny, I'm really thirsty all of a sudden."

"I'll get you something to drink!" they heard Kim yell at them. They hadn't closed their door and she could hear even their whispers.

A minute later she walked in with a can of soda in her hand. She was buck naked, like them, though with painted-on panties, with her own cum dripping visibly down her legs. "Don't mind me," she said. "I'll leave you two alone for your special time together, but I just had to say you guys are fantastic."

She handed the can to Alan. "I'm shaking like from an earthquake, in the next room, just from hearing the sounds of you two. I can't wait to watch, or even get that big thing stuffed inside me. I wish I had a brother to fuck too, but I'm an only child. Now drink up, big boy, and give us round two."

They all smiled at each other. "Alan, your fuck toy is waiting for you," Kim added in a husky voice, with a strong emphasis on "fuck toy." She walked back out of the room.

Chapter 192 First Time Sex With Katherine Continued.

Alan said to Katherine, "I like the sound of that, what Kim just said: fuck toy. Are you my fuck toy?" He remembered Katherine had used that term before, both a few minutes earlier and when she had snuck into his room just after midnight the previous night. It sounded sexy, but he hoped that it didn't have any meaning beyond that.

"You know it!" she replied enthusiastically. Then she shifted to a whisper. "I live just to be fucked by you! Now I can tell you something. I wanted your thing deep inside me even before you started your medical treatment. I've secretly wanted it for years, ever since I saw you naked and aroused in the

shower one day. That's why I never really fooled around with any guy, and why I appeared so prudish. Well, that, and trying to be like Mom."

He was really shocked. "But you never let on. No flirting or anything."

"I know! It was my secret shame. I don't think I ever would have acted on it if it weren't for what's happened these past few weeks. I figured you were - and still are - such a good-hearted, morally upstanding guy that you'd hate me if I expressed any sexual feelings towards you. And I was chicken. God, I was unhappy sexually and didn't really understand why. I could barely even admit my feelings to myself. But now that's all over, thank God, 'cos I have you."

Alan was very surprised by all that. He'd never had the slightest clue she felt that way. He decided he'd absorb all this information later; right now he'd just get back to fucking.

Seeing him start to reposition himself, she eagerly began to do the same. "Let's fuck some more!"

"Okay," he said at first, but then an important consideration came to him. "Hold on, Sis. I have some bad news. Do you realize we forgot to use a condom?"

"Really? You're right. Oh well. You could be a father." She seemed completely unfazed by that possibility, and maybe even a bit gleeful about it. In fact, she now appeared even more interested in getting his erection back inside her before he could find a condom. She held it and drew it closer to her cum-smeared cunt.

"Wait a sec! Just hold on! Is that all you're going to say: ho hum, you could be a father? We're talking pregnancy here!"

"I know, and it gets me hot! Big Brother, I don't think you understand the whole fuck-toy concept here. Fuck toys don't complain, they don't make demands, they just get fucked. My pussy is now yours to use as you please, and so is my womb. The way I figure, if you get me pregnant then we'll be bonded together in a new and powerful way, and you'll just fuck me and love me even more than you already do."

Alan looked stricken. He thought she was taking the "fuck toy" idea too far. But even more concerning was her sounding serious about wanting to get pregnant.

Katherine saw his face and quickly changed her tune. "Awww, don't be like that. I know you're not ready for kids yet, and I'm even younger than you. That's why I'm on the pill already."

"You are?!"

"Yep! All of us cheerleaders are; Heather made us do it to stop our periods so it wouldn't interfere with our cheerleading. We take an active pill every day and skip the week of dummy pills that normally bring on a period. Aunt Suzy got the pills for me and Amy; she says that she's used the same method herself to stop her periods."

She continued, "Unfortunately, I might not have been taking them for long enough just yet to be really safe; that takes at least a month. But I am wearing a diaphragm as well. AND I've got a day-after pill, just in case everything else fails. We're totally covered."

"Phew! You scared me there. But don't you think a condom would be good just to be that much safer?"

"Nope. I took all these precautions 'cos I wanted to feel you bareback the first time and every time. That's how you fuck a fuck toy: bareback. Why should you care if you're knocking her up? All that matters is that she has a cunt and you're going to use it as you like to get your pleasure."

"Whoa, Sis, that's not how I look at it at all. A guy has to respect the girl's feelings and ask her if-"

She interrupted as she climbed on top of him, "Hey! I've been fantasizing about being a fuck toy for a long time now. Can't you just humor me and do the touchy-feely sensitive-guy thing another day? I guarantee you won't knock me up, but we can pretend otherwise. That's the fun of it!"

By the time Alan got a chance to reply, "Okay," she had already slid down over his pole and was balls-deep.

He joked, "I guess that's a 'No' to using a condom, then."

"Correct!" she said as she raised herself up and re-impaled herself. "Ahhh! In fact," - she raised herself up again, - "it's pretty much a rule that fuck toys always get fucked" - she lowered back down - "bareback!"

Alan thought with amusement, For all this supposed 'fuck toy' talk, in fact she's the same feisty and demanding Sis as ever. But that's just how I love her. Though I've got to admit that I could get into the 'sister as fuck toy' fantasy myself! Big time.

After raising herself up and re-impaling herself more times than they could easily count, she shouted, "Fill me up! Let's not leave the little spermies in there all lonely. Give them some new friends!"

He commented, "Wow, you are one sexy woman. Dangerously horny, too!"

"Mmmm. Big, Sexy, Sweaty Brother, this time, let's take our time." She clenched her vaginal muscles tightly while wiggling her bottom. The feeling of fullness while she sat on top of her brother with his dick buried so far inside her nearly overwhelmed her, it felt so great.

He was happy with that idea.

They proceeded much more slowly, like they were fucking in slow motion. He gradually pushed his prick deeper and deeper, up to the very hilt, and then pulled back just as slowly until all but the tip of his cock was out of her cunt. Then he did it again. And again.

He watched with awe as his sister's tits began to bounce slowly with each thrust of his dick. He thought, I guess this is the difference between fucking and making love. I've heard a lot about it, and now I know what they mean. This is even better than just plain fucking, because it feels like the love between us is growing stronger and stronger!

"God, I can hardly wait until you cum inside me again!" she sighed with a shudder. "Fill me up with your seed until it overflows and spills everywhere!"

"I would say what you just said really turned me on," he responded between labored breaths, "But there's no way I can be any more turned on than I am already... It's funny, 'cos I never really thought about you in that way. You know, before this all started."

"Awww, I'm hurt," she pouted.

He clarified, "Sis, I totally lusted after you, don't get me wrong. You're so beautiful! But it was forbidden, so I fought those feelings as hard as I could. Masturbating to a mental image of you made me feel really guilty. But the main thing was, I figured you'd think I was a freak and hate me for it."

"You were so wrong!"

"I know! Jesus. Just think about all the wasted nights with our bedrooms just across the hall from each other, and no fucking going on. What a tragic waste! Now help make up for lost time."

She sighed sadly. "Don't remind me! I feel the exact same way. It's like a physical pain to think about all the opportunities we missed, all the lost time! You're just gonna have to fuck me that much more to make up for it!"

She rose up just the tiniest bit to give him more room to thrust deeply into her tight, cum-soaked cunt.

He thrust up at her relentlessly, ever so slowly increasing his pace.

As they reached a frenzied climax, he pulled her down to him and rolled over, so that he ended up lying on top of her. They kissed and ran their hands everywhere. There wasn't as much screaming now since they were too busy kissing. The two siblings basked in the warm glow of their love-making.

Although the slow pace felt just as wonderful to each of them as their faster pace had, he abruptly pulled out of her altogether.

She suddenly felt empty inside, like someone had taken a part of her body away from her. She hated that feeling. "What are you doing?!" she yelled incredulously. "Why did you stop? Fuck me more! Harder! Fuck me now!"

From the next room they heard Kim yell, "Yeah, what's the big deal? Give her what I need! I mean, what she needs!"

"Both of you, slow down!" he said, while tapping the head of his cock on his sister's swollen, ember-hot clit.

That made Katherine arch her back in response, trying to impale herself again on his stiffness.

He said, "In these few weeks of my limited sexual experience, I learned that delayed gratification is twice as sweet. Let's hold off as long as we can, taking our time. That way, we can have fun for hours. Where'd those condoms go? Give me a sec to put one on."

"Don't you dare! Make me a mommy!"

He confirmed, "Fuck toy fantasy, right?"

"Right."

"Good."

While she was still relatively calm from resting, she explained, "You gotta understand, Brother. With a fuck toy, there's no breaking up, ever. There's no cheating, no running off with some hunky lifeguard. There's no, 'Sorry, I've got a headache.' Well, not unless I was like violently vomiting or something. Basically, my cunt belongs to you for as long as you want it."

He began to pound his sister with renewed vigor. He was getting off on her ideas. But he asked, "You mean, you're not going to still date other guys? I assumed that you would."

She giggled, "I know what you're thinking, Bro! You're thinking, 'If she's gonna be exclusive with me, then it's expected that I'm gonna be exclusive with her.' Nope! Fuck toys don't complain about sharing. In fact, I think it's only polite if you give Kim a good pumping before you go."

"Really?!"

"Really!" In fact, she burned with jealousy, but she figured there was no way she could have him exclusively, not given all the things happening with Susan, Suzanne, and even Amy lately. In fact, to compete with Susan and Suzanne in particular, she figured she had to try to be as open about sharing as possible. Besides, she wasn't totally opposed to the idea. Even as her jealousy burned inside, she found the idea of Alan fucking other girls strangely exciting and arousing.

They were getting too worked up with their piston-like movements to talk much more about it, but he decided, Weird! Too friggin' bizarre! The thing is, I'm really warming to the whole fuck toy idea. I guess she wants to shock me, to shake up my opinion of her so I'll have no doubt that she's not the clone of our prudish mom that she appeared to be. And thank God she's okay with sharing. That saves me from some big, big problems!

"Last time was good," she said with growing arousal, "but give me all you've got this time!"

"Hey, I gave you all I had last time," he chuckled.

"Give me more! Even more! Fuck me! Go deep! Break me in two! Fuuuuuccckkk meeeeeeeeeee!"

He obeyed her gladly. He literally bounced his hips up and down on her body, making his shaft slide completely in and out of her. He would rise up so that his cock was completely exposed to the air, then he would pile-drive his pole right back into her upturned cunt as far as he could go.

They screamed and squirmed and climaxed. Sweat flew everywhere as Alan's cum shot off deep inside. He realized it was a very satisfying feeling to fill a vagina. He'd already realized that he really got off on the idea of "marking" his women with facials and pearl necklaces, but he instantly decided there was no more definitive way to claim a woman than by shooting off deep in her cunt.

"Mmmm! That was soooooo goood!" Katherine said in a lazy and relaxed tone.

"Mmmm..." he happily agreed.

As they lay back and rested again, Kim poked her head into the room. "Thumbs up on round two, y'all," she said as she flashed them the thumbs-up sign.

They all laughed.

And then Kim said, "That gives me an idea," and stuck her thumb into her slit.

Everyone laughed again.

Katherine said, "Good idea," and stuck Alan's thumb into hers.

As Kim walked out of the room, she said, "Do either of you want anything this time?"

Katherine yelled back, "I'll take my brother's wide, thick, meaty cock deep in my cunt, please! And I'm thirsty, too. But don't get me a drink; I know just where to get all the tangy sweet cum I could ever need! At least until they put it on the cafeteria menu." She switched positions and began to suck his penis back to life.

Eventually she had success, so she kept sucking it with even more enthusiasm.

But after some minutes, Alan said, "Hey! You know, you can do that anytime at home. Let's fuck some more."

"But I want to taste you this time."

"In that case, when I'm ready to shoot, you can suck me off."

"That's a hard sell, Mister," she giggled.

He sat up.

She sat up on all fours and raised her ass to him. "This time, let's try doggy-style! So many things I've been reading about that I can finally try out for real."

He thrust his hips forward at the same time that she thrust backward.

He was amazed at the difference between this and fucking a relatively motionless body. He decided right away that doggy-style was great.

They worked in perfect rhythm. Not only did her vaginal muscles clench each time she thrust back at him, but his own posture made it possible to thrust with less exertion, which meant that he could keep going with a steady rhythm even longer.

Then there was the feel of her ass as it pushed back against his hips. It was so soft, smooth, and warm that he couldn't help but grab hold of her by both hips and luxuriate in the feeling of her skin even as he watched his rod disappear and reappear. Each time he pulled out of his sister's moist pussy, her inner lips seemed to drag along his shaft, like they were still joined even when he pulled out.

He decided, Doggy-style is definitely most excellent. I could do this for days! But the best thing of all is that I think I'm reaching a lot deeper this way.

Sure enough, he kept his promise to let her swallow his load even though he would have enjoyed filling her with his cum again. When he pulled out after many minutes of doggy-style fucking, she was right there to drink up his spurting ropes.

When they were done, he pointed out, "You know, I'm fairly amazed that you didn't mind that my dick was covered with your own pussy juices."

"Brother, you're so cute but so dumb. I'm your fuck toy now. I'll try anything, just so long as it doesn't involve another guy or guys. That's where I draw my line."

"As if I'd ever want to share you. Ha! I can tell you now that ain't ever gonna happen."

Chapter 193 My Fuck Toy

After their third time, they were both so tired that they instantly fell asleep.

Half an hour later, Kim had to come in and wake them up.

"Sleepyheads," she said as she shook them, "you're missing out on your very limited fuck time. You only have another half hour before you need to take a shower and get cleaned up. S-Club meetings can only last so long, even fake ones, and my mom will be getting home soon."

"Okay, Mom!" they both said in whining voices at the same time, because it was the kind of thing they would have joked around about at home.

Alan decided to run with the idea and pleaded, "Can't we fuck just a little bit longer, Mom? Pleeeeeease?"

Kim stood naked above them, playing the role of a stern and tut-tutting mother. She folded her arms under her medium-sized tits and glared disapprovingly. "I'm sorry. I don't go for all this sibling fucking stuff. You two need to get back to your Service Club meeting." The sight was almost comical because her pussy dripped with her own juices as a visual betrayal of just how aroused she was.

Katherine joked, "But Service Club is all about service. Alan hasn't serviced me nearly enough yet!" She rubbed Alan's now-flaccid penis suggestively and imagined that her true mother, Susan, was the one standing in front of her. Such a racy and erotic thought did wonders for her own libido. She very much wanted her mother to watch. She had visions of Susan crying, "It's so improper!" even as she looked down on her children and frigged herself frantically as they fucked before her eyes.

"I'm sorry, kids," said Kim. "You two are only allowed to fuck each other six times a day. Those are the rules!"

Both Katherine and Alan laughed a bit nervously, because neither had yet told Kim of Alan's medical treatment of needing to orgasm six times a day. Apparently Kim had picked the number out at random, thinking it was an improbably high target.

Katherine turned towards Alan lying beside her and said, "Wouldn't it be delicious if Kim really was our mother instead, standing there like that?"

They both grinned widely.

Katherine reached behind herself and found his dick. "What do you think Mom would think about this?" she said as she guided it into her slit, even while Kim watched her do this with intense interest and longing.

Katherine then said to Kim as a way of explanation, "We haven't really talked about it with each other much, but I think it's safe to say that both Alan and I have fantasies about fucking our very fuckable mother."

That statement came as quite a surprise to Alan. Whoa! I had no idea Sis feels that way towards Mom! But now that I think about it, why should I be surprised? For one, Sis appears to be getting into other women, and for two, Mom is such perfect centerfold material that any female with any bisexual or lesbian tendencies whatsoever would lust after her. Hell, statues would lust after her!

He didn't let the surprise distract him for too long, however, and continued to slowly push his meat into Katherine from behind.

"Now there's a fantasy I can get into," said Kim as she absent-mindedly grabbed one of her own nipples and gently twisted it. "I've seen her at some school functions. I don't think anyone's ever failed to notice her. How can they? She's like a giantess. She must be six feet tall, and she's perfectly built. She's so stacked! With the way she looks, it seems bizarre that she's just a housewife. I'm surprised she hasn't been kidnapped by a rich Arab sheik or something, to add to his collection."

He naughtily suggested as he ran a hand over his sister's left breast, "Well, if the Arab sheik isn't going to do it, maybe the three of us should kidnap her and make her OUR sex slave." Thinking about his mother made him think about tits, so he played with Katherine's.

Katherine added with a devilish smile, "Imagine her all tied up and yelling, 'Help me! Help me get fucked by your big cock, Son!'" She bucked up against his thrusting hips and added, "Just like you're doing to me now, Big ICBM Brother."

"ICBM?"

"Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile." She giggled as she suggested, "Or maybe Inter-cunt-inental Ball-slapping Muffin-stuffer. I'm not sure."

He laughed. "But you know, about Mom, it's like you read my mind." He thrust himself forcefully into his sister's cunt some more. "How did you know I've been having fantasies about her?"

"Bro, sometimes you're so thick, and I'm not talking about your dick for once. If you weren't having fantasies about her until recently, then that made you the only one in town. It's like we've got Jayne Mansfield for our mom." She wanted to tease him about how their mother was helping him, but she decided to wait until she knew Kim better before mentioning that in front of her.

"I guess I'm a bit slow at times, Sis," he huffed and puffed. "Hey, why'd you pick Jayne Mansfield of all people?"

"I was trying to think of a famous actress with really, really big tits. With a few exceptions, you kind of have to go back to another era to find the really full-bodied ones." She reached up and tweaked one of her own nipples. A shiver went down her spine, which caused her body to shudder and made her pussy throb even as he continued to plow her slowly and deeply.

"Oh. Good point. Anyway, of course I'd never do anything with her, since she's too prudish, but imagine her coming to pick us up one day and finding the three of us in a three-way. And then instead of getting mad, she rips off her clothes and joins in! I could imagine that actually happening!"

Then he remembered that Kim was listening, so he felt obliged to belatedly add, "Of course these are just fantasies. I would never really think of actually doing anything..."

Kim interrupted, "You two are getting me so hot again! How about we trade moms? Mine's a dear, but she's really let her body go to pot. Anyway, do you mind if I watch this time? I mean, since I kinda am already."

"Sweet Little Sis, do you mind?" he asked. "It's fine with me."

"No prob, Big Hunky Brother. Pull up a chair, Kim, and imagine him pounding into you on Monday."

Kim smiled broadly at Alan. "I think you just might convert me from being a lesbian. But then Katherine is bound to convert me back all over again."

All three fucked and fingered each other and themselves for what seemed like an endless amount of time.

Alan was worked up to his fourth ejaculation of the afternoon. It seemed like he could stay hard forever as he lazily fucked his sister on the bed. The powerful scent of sex in the air grew even thicker with each passing moment.

Kim sat in her chair and worked on her own orgasms. Or at least she tried to sit in her chair. Sometimes she would get so excited that she'd stand up and be practically over them next to the bed while she masturbated herself furiously.

He was half-convinced that Kim would end up in bed with them in a matter of minutes, which prospect didn't bother him at all.

However, she restrained herself. She knew that Alan was too nice to turn her away if she wanted to join them, but also that this needed to mainly be Alan's and Katherine's special time with each other.

Kim grew more vocal as their play continued, acting more and more like the cheerleader that she was. "Come on, Alan! Fuck your sister's pussy!" she cried while she frigged herself. "Show her how good you are, what a good brother you are. Slip it in and fuck her hard! Fuck her deep! Take your big bone and ram it into her. Plant your cock in her cunt!"

"That's what I'm doing, already!" Alan cried out in amused frustration. He and his sister had moved back into the doggy-style position so that he could hammer into her more aggressively.

"Well, keep doing it!" Kim yelled back. "Give her the fucking of her life! Fuck her tight, steamy twat with your monster boner! Stick that bone! You're her brother; fuck her like you mean it!"

Kim liked to point out every few sentences how the two of them were brother and sister, as if they didn't know that fact already. But that encouragement helped keep everyone steamy hot.

At one point, Alan's energy flagged, and he had to take a breather.

Kim, though, was ready to help. "Hey, I am a cheerleader after all. I think you two could use some inspiration." She disappeared for a minute and then came back with her pom-poms. Still naked, she started jumping around, shaking the pom-poms. She made up an improvised cheer:

"Fuck her hard

Fuck her deep

Make her cum

And make her weep!"

Alan and Katherine burst into laughter. Katherine in particular got the "sillies" - she just couldn't stop laughing. Kim's presence was most definitely appreciated.

The whole time Kim had been in the next room, she'd been imagining that it was her instead of Katherine getting fucked. She continued to think along those lines: Katherine is so fucking lucky! Imagine having Alan as a brother! And then Susan as a mother! Fuck! Insane! I never knew I could get off this much on incest until these two came along. Hell, I never seriously even thought about sex with a guy. Now I'm soooo jealous. I honestly want him to fuck me. Fuuuuuccckkk! Oh God! Fuck each other! Ah! Yeah! Fuck me!

Katherine began to have little orgasms, until finally they all merged into one massive orgasm. Just as she began to wildly buck under Alan, he shot his hot seed deep into her vagina.bender

Kim, too, came with them and staggered back into her chair.

Eventually they all shook themselves out of their reverie.

Kim looked around until her eyes fell on the clock. "It's been more than thirty minutes!" she yelled in sudden agitation. "We're running late. And how am I going to get these sheets cleaned up in time? I wasn't expecting a lake of cum. Shit! I guess I'll have to start the washing machine right now."

"Should we shower together?" Katherine asked her brother in a sexy voice. They dripped with sweat and cum.

He replied, "That would be nice, but I'm totally spent. I don't think I'd be any fun. I have no idea how I'm going to get it up for Nurse Akami tomorrow."

"What's that all about?" asked Kim, very curiously.

Alan realized he shouldn't have said that, and answered vaguely, "That's a secret we'll probably tell you later. We'll have to decide that. It's the story about how this sexual stuff all began. In any case, we don't have any time for stories now. Sis, why don't you and Kim take a shower together? You women can keep going long after us guys are all worn out."

"I don't know about that," said Katherine. She got up, but she obviously had trouble just standing, so she leaned against the wall. "You fucked me so hard, I don't know if I can walk. Kim, you'll just have to help me tend my wounds in the shower."

"With pleasure!" She threw her pom-poms over her shoulder, glad to forget them when faced with such a tasty proposition. She wondered what it would be like to suck Alan's cum out of Katherine's cunt, if there was enough left.

The showers were quick, since Alan and Katherine were exhausted, sore, and in a hurry.

Kim did help "tend Katherine's wounds" though, and it did turn out there was some cum left to suck out. She was happy to do it.

Everyone got dressed.

Alan and Katherine both spent many minutes kissing Kim goodbye one after the other, just inside her front door. The three of them eventually moved into a group hug and grope.

Private parts began to get uncovered again as the kissing and fondling intensified. But Kim finally said, "My mom is going to be here any minute. Let's save something for next time."

The two Plummer siblings finally and reluctantly disengaged after they had thanked Kim profusely for the use of her house and for her great hospitality.

Alan literally had to hold Katherine up as she walked to the car, she was so wobbly and her crotch was so sore from her first fucking.

As Alan took the wheel of the car, he asked his sister very seriously, "Any regrets?"

She replied without hesitation, "No. None. That was a dream come true. Fuck social convention. Together you and I can overcome anything. What about you?"

"I feel the same. No regrets. I feel like I should be feeling way guilty, but how could anything that feels that good be bad? That was awesome. Thank you, Sis. Thanks for encouraging this... We're a team. We'll stick together and deal with whatever may come."

They held hands and connected deeply as they stared into each other's eyes. It was the most romantic moment either of them had ever experienced.

He said, "I know I said this earlier, but I love you so very, very much!"

She replied, "I know."

He laughed, because he knew that was a reference to a famous line Han Solo told Princess Leia in the Star Wars movies. The fact that they knew each other so well that she knew that he'd catch the reference and really appreciate it just made the sexual intimacy between them that much more satisfying.

Katherine thought, My fuck toy fantasy is a total rush, but this is even better! What I wouldn't give to be his wife and share moments like this forever and ever. It almost makes me sad that the one thing I most want I'll never get. But this is no day for sadness.

And so the most mind-blowing sexual experience that either Katherine or Alan had had in their short lives came to an end.

Chapter 194 Why Should I Feel Guilty?

By the time Alan and Katherine got home, it was already past six.

Dinner would be ready in less than an hour, but Alan went back to his room and immediately fell fast asleep. He'd never imagined a person could feel so utterly exhausted.

Katherine did the same. She tried to walk around as little as possible, and when she did it looked like she'd just been in the saddle all day, which wasn't too far off, metaphorically speaking.

They tried to rouse themselves for dinner, but with only partial success. They were forced to make up stories about their fake club's first meeting to answer their parents' questions.

Alan was careful to continue acting tortured by his stimulation obligations in front of his mother. It was easy to do, since he was already in a sort of agony from sexual exhaustion after the fucking marathon.

After dinner, Susan took a shower. While switching tampons, she noticed there was hardly any blood there, signaling the end of her period. She therefore decided to just go with the regular menstrual bandage in her panties for the night, and see if there was any more spotting in the morning.

She was about to put some clothes on when she heard Alan come up the stairs. Still struggling within, she decided to just quickly wrap the towel back around her and go talk to him. She figured that would be okay since she was still wearing panties. She wanted to check how he was doing, since Suzanne's comments had her worried.

As Alan walked up the stairs, she met him at the top and asked if she could have a moment alone with him.

Ron watched TV in the living room downstairs, totally unaware of the other things going on in his house.

Alan couldn't help but notice that Susan was wearing only a towel. It had occurred to him that in recent days she seemed to frequently come and go from taking a shower. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what this was about: that allowed her to wear next to nothing to titillate him, but at the same time her husband wouldn't think anything was amiss in the extremely unlikely chance that he could be torn from the TV.

Plus, there was the danger that the towel could fall off altogether. Thoughts of that were more than enough to give him an instant boner. The fact that she was slightly blushing proved that she knew she was doing something "naughty," and that just aroused him even more.

She could even partially drop or readjust the towel, but so far she hadn't done that. She was still afraid to take things back to how they had been before Ron arrived.

As they walked along the upstairs hallway, she asked Alan in deliberately vague terms, "Tiger, how are things going with your problem?"

He put on another extremely pained expression, and replied, "I'm hanging in there, but it's hard. So hard." He deliberately used the word "hard" instead of something like "difficult," and really emphasized it to help ensure she would visually imagine his engorged dick.

Her eyes opened wide, so he knew his little verbal trick had worked. It helped that she didn't have to expend much mental effort to imagine his hardness: his erection strained the fabric of his shorts, fighting to get out.

They reached Alan's room and went inside. "Hang in there," she said reassuringly. "It's just another week." That was a vague reference to when Ron would finally fly back to Asia. Her voice sounded bland, but her eyes were glued to his crotch. She thought, Oh my. Just look at that thing! If he adjusts his shorts, maybe it'll poke right out the bottom. Do it, Tiger! Let me see all of you!

"I know, Mom, I know. Seven days. I can't last that long!"

Susan patted his head reassuringly. She said calmly, "Don't worry. It'll be all right."

But her thoughts weren't calm at all. It would be even better if I let this towel drop. Then Tiger would see me in the buff, and his thing would burst right through his shorts! I'd be forced to suck it off before Ron saw how obscenely his woody stood out. Isn't that the kind of help I'm supposed to give?

He said with heartfelt love, "Thanks, Mom. Your support gives me strength."bender

Saliva was building up in her mouth in anticipation of cocksucking. "Son, you can do it. Be strong." Be firm too. Firm, strong, and thick! Maybe if I let this towel fall, that could help you. Or you could really be a man, and yank it off. You know you want to! The door is closed, so don't be so shy.

Her hand drifted to where the towel was tucked in over her huge rack. She thought, If only Ron wasn't home, I'd drop it for sure... No, I can't think that. Lord, give me strength!

"Mom, you're the best. I love you."

"I love you, too," she answered, with a benign smile. But her inner voice was practically screaming, and it was all she could do not to gawk openly at his crotch. Her hand nervously grabbed the towel and she felt a nearly overwhelming desire to pull it open. If you love me so much, Tiger, rip this towel off! Take it off and ravage me! I don't care if my husband IS downstairs! Show me your love and take me! Do me right here!

Suddenly, she turned around and rushed out of the room. She fell onto her bed in her own room and sobbed quietly. Her mind was filled with visions of burning in hell. She cursed herself for her lack of control. That was too close! What's wrong with me?! I very nearly let my towel slip. I need to have my head examined! Lord, please forgive me, but my body is just too horny lately; I can't control it!

Alan was unaware of his mother's inner torment, because on the outside she'd acted the same as she'd been doing recently when she was titillating him. The only difference was a slightly trembling lip and a hand which clutched her towel far too tightly.

He felt a twinge of guilt for lying to her after just having had sex with his sister, but not nearly as much as he thought he should feel. As he headed towards the living room to watch TV with his father, he

thought, How could Mom really criticize me or blame me for doing anything with Sis, when she herself has sucked my cock so enthusiastically? Why should I feel guilty?

Shortly afterwards, Susan and Ron left for some social function with Suzanne and her husband Eric.

Alan and Katherine were left alone, but both were happy to just vegetate, especially since they had their own rule about fucking only at Kim's house so they wouldn't get caught. They were both so emotionally and physically spent that neither had any hope of doing any studying that evening, even though Alan had a big test the next day.

Chapter 195 Amy Touching Alan's Penis...!

Neither sibling was close to ready for more sexual play when Amy came over about an hour later.

"Hey Alan, hey Kat," Amy said to them as they lay flopped down in the living room, watching TV. "It's just the three of us at home, right?"

"Right," said Alan. He thought, Uh-oh, here comes something else.

"Goody. I'm still hoping you'll give me that homework help, but I'm also really worried about my pussy: it's overdue for another shaving. Can you guys please help me out? Pleeeease?!"

Alan turned around and finally took a look at Amy. He was incredibly turned on by what she wore. Once she'd walked in and confirmed that the Plummer parents were gone, she'd taken off her T-shirt and unbuttoned her cut-off shorts. All she had under the shirt was an oversized top that was dark blue on one side and white on the other.

Alan realized that Amy had started showing herself off deliberately. Her top had been sexy enough the last time she'd worn it, but now she'd arranged it so that both her nipples occasionally came partly into view as she walked towards him. He wondered if she'd stretched the material or something, to make the top hang even more loosely.

Her shorts were slung so low that he was amazed that they somehow managed to stay on her at all. With her shorts unbuttoned, nearly all of her pubic hair would have been exposed to prying eyes if she'd not been bare down there.

Unfortunately for both of them, he was completely exhausted. He thought, Why does Aims have to dress like this just after I've been fucked nearly to death? Bummer. It's such a shame to not fully appreciate her sexiness.

"Oh God, can you handle this, Sis? I don't think I can even get up out of this sofa, much less get up in other ways." Yet even as he said this, he felt twitches of life in his penis, thanks to Amy's luscious teen body that she was displaying so temptingly in her deliberately slutty clothing.

His sister replied, "Talk about being unable to walk - look at me! And do you remember what happened to me in cheerleading practice, on top of that? I'm even more wiped out than you are!"

"Yeah, wasn't cheerleading practice fun?" said an energetic Amy enthusiastically. "You want to work some more on the leakage problem?"

"Ugggghh!" both siblings sighed.

Amy looked puzzled.

"I'll take it," said Alan finally. "I won't enjoy it, much, but I gotta build up my stamina. It's all part of building up my energy, I guess."

But he continued to lie there, as if he were waiting for his body's energy to recharge some more first. He commented lightheartedly, "Boy, Aims, looks like you're really having some trouble keeping your clothes on these days."

"Oh goody!" she squealed. "You noticed! I love dressing up all sexily like this. It's almost as much fun as being naked. Aren't clothes just the biggest bother?"

That roused him a bit. Partly to stall having to move, he asked Amy, "You're really fine with nakedness, aren't you?"

"Gosh yeah! Totally! What's the point of clothes, anyway? Don't you think they're kind of silly? Like guys wearing ties. That's just silly! Okay, if it's cold, clothes are good, I guess. But on a nice warm day, why get

all covered up? I would have walked over from next door without any clothes at all except for everyone getting so upset when I do something like that. Mom and Dad never let me be naked, like, EVER! And you should see Brad's face if he finds me watching TV without any clothes on, which happens sometimes."

"I'll bet," Alan commented. He could well imagine Brad's consternation.

Amy continued, "Wouldn't it be great if everyone was naked all day long? Except for the really ugly people." She giggled. "But imagine if everyone was beautiful, and we were all naked, and it was sunny and green and we all lived in nature. Wouldn't that be, like, the super bestest of all? Kind of like Adam and Eve."

Katherine pointed out, with a bit of a leading question, "But if everyone is naked and good looking, then don't you think all the people would get lusty and start having sex all the time?"

Amy grabbed one of her boobs and clutched it idly as she thought. She appeared to contemplate taking her top off. But then she answered, "Yeah, but would that be a problem? I mean, isn't that how it was in the Bible? Weren't Adam and Eve, like, doing it to each other all over Eden? And when they had kids, weren't they doing it with their parents and each other? Sisters rutting with brothers and sons doing it with their mothers? Otherwise, who populated the Earth? I thought that was the utopia we all want to go back to."

Alan immediately had visions of himself fucking his sister. They were incredibly vivid images, from just a short time earlier. He momentarily wondered if Amy knew more than she let on about what they'd done, because she was talking about sibling sex for the first time ever. It wasn't exactly common to casually mention incest, and in an approving way. But then he concluded that Amy just wasn't clever enough for that kind of verbal subtlety.

Then he had images of himself, Amy, Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne running around Amy's perfect Garden of Eden. He would find them bent over some big rocks and take them from behind, over and over. Wherever they wandered in the garden, he would grab one of them and fuck the living shit out of them, and every time he did, Amy would just smile blissfully and say, "Wow!"

That roused him enough to motivate him to stand up. He went with Amy to the bathroom. He felt glad to realize that Amy wouldn't hate him and Katherine if she found out what they were doing to each other. He'd always suspected she would be loving and understanding about almost anything, but it was still good to get reassurance.

"Did I come at a bad time?" Amy asked, closing the bathroom door behind them and shedding her clothes with her usual boundless enthusiasm. "Both of you seem all poopy."

"Kind of," he said, "but that's okay. We're happy to help you out, anytime."

He was so exhausted he didn't even bother to take off his clothes.

"No, you seem really tired," said a visibly worried Amy. "Are you sure you want to do this? We can do it tomorrow instead."

"No, well actually..." A naughty thought went through his bleary brain. "The truth is, I have a problem. Can you keep another secret? A super secret?"

"Of course," she said, happy to be gaining his trust. "Haven't I been good with secrets?"

"Yes, I guess you have. Anyway, the problem is with my dick. You see, my dick is all tired out. And when my dick is tired, that means I'm tired, too."

"Oh gosh! That sounds horrible!" she gushed. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Well, actually there is. If you could get my dick excited again, then I could get a new rush of energy and I would have no trouble shaving your pussy."

"Oh goody! I'd love to help! And it would only be fair, since you've been helping me so much. But... everybody tells me that penises are bad. Especially penises and pussies put together. Like what almost happened with me and Jack Johnson last year. Aren't those thingies bad? My parents told me never to touch one."

"No, don't be silly! A penis isn't bad. Weren't we telling you the other day about all the wonderful things a penis can do, like how it can cure the hiccups and all that? It's just that certain men are bad, and they do bad things with their penises. So your parents gave you a blanket warning to make sure you'd be

safe. It's like when your parents told you not to talk to strangers when you were a kid. It's not like all strangers are bad, but your parents didn't know if you could tell the good ones from the bad ones."

"Oh, I get it. Well, I trust you completely. If you say so, then I'm sure it's fine. So what do you want me to do?"

"Do you mind if I take it out?" he asked, while his hands hovered at the band of his shorts.

"No, of course not. I wanna see it!"

He removed his shorts and underwear, then sat sideways on the edge of the tub and leaned against the adjacent wall. He didn't feel that embarrassed to have Amy see his privates, since he'd posed for her artistic sketches many times. Even though he'd at least been wearing tight briefs or bathing suits every time, those hadn't left much to the imagination. She'd even gotten him to pose in Speedos a few times.

His flaccid penis hung limply between his legs, as Amy could clearly see. Even her naked body and all their talking weren't enough to bring it back to life.

"Oh no!" she said with a frown. "It looks sad. Not at all like the ones I've seen in my anatomy books and stuff, and not like how it always looked when you were posing for me."

"Yes, very sad," he agreed. "If you could rub it with your fingers maybe you could invigorate it and make it happy again. Then it would stick out proudly like a flagpole."

"I don't know... Are you sure this is okay? I've never really touched a guy's thingy before, except when I was trying to push Jack away."

"Aims, let me tell you another secret. Do you remember a while back when you walked in on us watching TV, and you saw your mother sitting with her pussy wide open and pointed so I could see it?"

"Sure. That's when you first let me in on a secret."

"Well, the reason she was showing me her pussy was because she also knows about how my dick, my thingy, is usually sad. She was trying to excite me to help it get back to life. She touches and rubs it a lot to help, and even Sis and Mom do sometimes."

"Oh really? That's cool. You've been getting them to help you and you've never asked for my help? I'm hurt." She scrunched up her face in a pout. "I'm happy to help in any way. What do I have to do?"

He loved how easily accepting she was of anything. "Like I said, if you could start rubbing it."

She took his dick in her hands. It had already begun to show the first signs of revival, even before she touched it.

"Gosh, it feels weird. Kind of like a limp vegetable or something."

"Yeah, it's kind of like that now. Just rub it gently with your hands some and you'll see it grow and get better."

Amy began rubbing it.

"That's good," he said. He noticed that she seemed to have a natural knack for stimulating his penis, because from the very start her touch felt great. But to help her improve, he gave her advice on the best spots to rub and told her to focus on the sensitive spot just under the head.

His dick quickly grew to full size in her hands. He found himself thinking, I vaguely remember concluding that I shouldn't let Aims touch my dick. But I'm soooo exhausted, I can't even remember what that was about. Oh yeah - Aunt Suzy probably wouldn't like it. But hell, it's too late to stop now! Besides, things have changed in the last few days. It's becoming clearer and clearer to me that things are getting more sexed up all the time, and it's inevitable Aims is gonna get involved. Aunt Suzy may end up yanking her hair in frustration, and I certainly don't want her to know just yet, but she will understand before too long that this is how things have to be, I'm sure.

I mean, Aims comes and goes from this house like she lives here more than in her own, and she hangs out with me and especially with Sis all the time. How could she not get involved?

Distracting him from his thoughts, she asked, "Is that as big as it gets?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"Gosh, it's so big! Bigger than the ones I've seen in pictures and stuff."

"It gets to be almost eight inches, which they say is pretty good, but it won't stay that way for long today. It's soooo tired. I think we need something else. You know, boys have some favorite body parts. They love pussies, butts and boobies."

"I know that, silly! Guys are always trying to touch my butt and my boobies, but my friends and parents say I'm not allowed to touch them back!"

"Well, generally that's a very good rule. But with me it's different, like I explained before. Maybe if I played with your boobies, it would help my dick grow a little bit more."

He reached out and began to fondle her lovely boobs. They weren't gigantic like his mother's or her mother's, but were still damn big, and perfectly shaped for their size. They rode high on her chest and stuck out proudly, even when she wasn't deliberately thrusting them forward.

"Oh, look!" she said excitedly. "I think your thingy is growing even more! It's swelling in my hand. I'm so glad I could help. And it feels good to help, too. Especially when you touch my nipples like that."

He was already fully erect, but he didn't want to diminish her enthusiasm. Certainly he grew hornier with each passing minute, more because of the way that she was showing herself to be submissive to his every desire than the actual physical contact between them.

"Mmmm. Yeah," she cooed as he put more vigor into exploring her chest. "Feels so good. You can touch my boobies any time you want. You don't even have to ask; just grab 'em. Don't worry if I'm wearing any clothes; just take 'em off if you want to."

He thought about that. Man, life is good! Her boobs are so big and soft, too! What luck to have a next-door neighbor like her. How is it everything's falling my way all of a sudden? I wonder if Aunt Suzy put her up to this? Nah, she's really protective of her.

As she returned her attention to his dick, she asked, "Now what? Do I keep rubbing it?"

"Yes, you should keep rubbing or else it may go down again." In actual fact, he realized that his dishonest story had come true: Dang! My energy level IS reviving. Maybe I shouldn't doubt that diagnosis after all.

As she continued to rub, he began to feel that he had the energy to give Amy a good, solid fuck. He figured, If I asked her to fuck, she'd probably just say, "M'kay!" Only hours ago I was a virgin, and now I could fuck a second girl on the very same day as my sister! How amazing is that?

But it seems the conditions aren't right. For one thing, no doubt I'd catch hell from both Mom and Aunt Suzy. Especially Aunt Suzy. Just getting her to let Aims help me with her hands and stuff is gonna be a big, big step. Plus, I don't think my dick could handle anything more today. At the very least, I wouldn't enjoy it as much as I should. If I do it with Aims, I should make it a special experience for each of us, just like it was with Sis.

He was drawing dangerously close to a climax. "That's good, Aims; you can stop now." He pulled his hands away from her chest.

"Are you sure?" she asked, still rubbing. "I really don't mind rubbing at all, and I think what you've been doing with your hands is great."

"No, really, take your hands off NOW, please!"

"M'kay," and she did so, feeling slightly hurt. "Geez."

He explained, "Sorry for getting anxious there. It's just that, well, we really have to hurry things up so we can shave your pussy before everyone gets back home."

"That's okay; I'm kind of new at this. I'm sure to screw things up. But that was fun! If you want to rub my boobies, or have me rub your thingy anytime, just let me know!"

"I'll do that." He thought, Jesus, she's like a completely pliable sex object! She'll do anything I say and not even wonder why. Sis has all this bold talk about being a fuck toy, but Aims is acting like the real deal. Such a turn-on!

He said, "All right, let's get to your shaving. Today we have to hurry. Some other day we can do a more thorough job."

He stood up and got the shaving cream and razor. His dick continued to stand happily at attention.

"Your thingy looks funny bouncing around while you walk," she giggled.

Alan was too tired to think of a response. "Hold still, and close your eyes," was all he could say. He covered her pussy with shaving cream and began to shave it. Then he remembered the whole "checking for bumps" story. He felt obligated to follow through with that.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to check for bumps again."

"Mind? I just loooooove it when you check for bumps," mumbled Amy out of the corners of her mouth in an attempt not to even move her lips.

He could barely understand her words because she had apparently taken his command not to move very literally. He thrust his fingers in and out of her tight twat, giving her a vigorous fingerfuck without any pretense of "checking for bumps" on the interior walls of her vagina.

Then he finished shaving her as fast as any professional barber would have, especially since it wasn't a big job like the first time had been, when she'd had a full bush. "Aims, you can open your eyes now and you don't have to worry about sitting still anymore."

The shaving duty over, he continued to "check for bumps" for many more long minutes. Meanwhile, they talked.

"Gosh, I just totally love it when you check for bumps," she said again. "It reminds me a lot of something that happened to me earlier today."

"You mean with you, Kat and Heather at cheerleading practice?"

"You know about that?" said a very surprised Amy. "I thought that was supposed to be a special secret."

"It is, but anything that Sis knows I'm likely to know, and vice versa. Like I'll tell her later how you helped me out just now. And her secrets are always safe with me, so no worries."

"Oh. M'kay."

"Actually, checking for bumps is a lot like masturbating. Sorry to hear about your 'leaking fluids' problem, but Sis and I will be glad to help you figure that out later, on some other day."

"Really? Wow! You two are the best. Always helping me out!"

"That's what friends are for." A thought occurred to him: in the book reading he'd done recently to become a better lover, he'd learned about a woman's G-spot and how to find it. He decided to put the knowledge to use. So he said, "You know, Aims, there's one area in particular where a lot of bumps accumulate. Let me check there."

He searched the inner wall above her slit, and found a rougher area easily enough. He focused his attentions there.

After a few seconds, Amy said with a scrunched-up face, "Oh no, I think I have to go pee! But I don't want you to stop."

"Just fight that feeling; I think it'll pass. It's just that I think I've found one of those elusive bumps." He kept rubbing, and from the changing look on her face, knew he was onto something. Her G-spot slowly engorged until there was no doubt it was quite a big "bump."

"You feel that? What my fingers are going over? That's one of the bumps I've been warning you about. Now you can see why shaving is so dangerous and why we have to help you so much."

"Are you saying these are supposed to be bad? But it feels so good when you touch them! Please don't stop! I love my bumps!" She trembled and shook from another orgasm.

He waited until she came down from her orgasmic high. Then he said, "We can talk more about these bumps later. Now that we've found one, we'll have to redouble our efforts to find the others. But we really should stop here. I'm getting tired again." He pulled his fingers out of her slit.

She was very disappointed by that. "Oh no! Here, play with my boobies some more, and let me hold your thingy."

"I appreciate the thought, but I really have got to get going. Remember that this is all another super secret. And don't let anyone else touch you like we've been doing, unless one of us says so. You can't trust anyone else, and you don't want to have what almost happened with Jack Johnson happen again."

"Dear me, no. You two are the bestest pals! You guys would never take advantage of me. I don't trust anybody else. You're, like, super trusty."

Alan pulled up his shorts while watching Amy put her clothes back on. "Why don't you go find Sis and tell her everything we've just done. She'd like to know how it's going with the shaving of your pussy, and, like I said, we don't keep secrets between us. I'm so tired I think I'm just gonna go lie down in my room."

Chapter 196 Amy And Katherine

Alan lay down on his bed and began to drift off to sleep, even though he knew it was still before nine o'clock. He was just that tired.

He stirred when he heard his sister enter his room. "Someone has been a very naughty boy," he heard her say to him. He opened his eyes and saw her completely dressed, so that she would be presentable when their parents returned.

"Headline: Pot Calls Kettle Black," he tried to joke. He asked of Amy, "Is she gone?"

"Of course." She grabbed a pillow and lay down on the floor near his bed.

"You know," he pointed out, "between you and me, her supposed protectors, we're doing a pretty lousy job of protecting her. In fact, it seems like we're slowly turning her into a sex addict."

Katherine didn't seem perturbed about it. "Ah well, what can you do?"

"Very funny," he said. "You know I feel pretty bad about playing with her like that, but I feel even more turned on. She's just so damn fuckable! Talk about a fuck toy! She's so ready and willing. You know, I think that if I told her that my prick was a paintbrush and I needed to use it to draw a painting on the inside of her vagina, she'd probably believe it!"

They both laughed. But on another level, they both felt guilty as well. After all, they'd practically been siblings to Amy ever since they could remember, and they loved her dearly. But they couldn't resist having fun with her sexually. If she resisted, as she had earlier that day when Heather was involved, it was a very different matter, but with just the two of them she always seemed so eager.

"Yeah, I agree," Katherine nodded. "But keep in mind, buster, who your number one fuck toy is! No need to go all the way to Amy next door when my bedroom is only ten feet away."

"Don't worry. She can't compete with you, 'cos you're my sister and my best friend and I love you. But admit it: you want her too. You're gonna turn into a total lesbian if you don't watch out!" he chided playfully.

"Bah! When I could have your cock instead? No thanks, Big Penis-pistol-packing Brother. A pussy is just something to bide my time with, since you seem to be so busy with so many women. I gotta admit, I'm jealous of Aunt Suzy and Mom, not to mention your appointment with Akami tomorrow. I'll bet the clothes will be flying off pretty fast there!"

He replied honestly, "I bet you're right about that. And I'm totally into you, Sis. We're brother and sister and that'll never change, and I hope us being physical and fucking our brains out will never change, too. But you have to admit our two favorite moms are pretty incredible. I mean, now that you're doing it with girls, wouldn't you do either of them, or both, in a heartbeat? You have to figure I would as well."

She felt jealous, but tried to suppress it. "Yeah, okay, they're pretty fuckable. They're like porn stars or centerfolds. But that's the problem. I figure I can't compete with that. Their pretty faces, wide hips, long, muscular legs... And of course, each of their boobs could be an entire Macy's parade float, for crying out loud. How can I compete?"

He knew Katherine had self-confidence issues, and he tried to boost her spirits with sincere compliments. "Don't worry: your boobs are plenty big enough to keep me happy. And you're still growing, not to mention what good shape you're in too. Sis, you're gorgeous! You're a total fox!"

"But how can I compete with the supersize-boob moms?"

"Listen to me. You're one of the most endowed girls in school. You're already bigger in the chest than Mom was when she was your age, she tells us. If you keep that up, you're going to need a forklift in front of you holding them up whenever you walk around!"

"You say the nicest things, Big Horse-hung Brother! Do you really think my boobs are nice? They feel kind of inadequate to me." Ignoring the danger posed by their parents' imminent return, she sat up and took her shirt off so he could have a good look at them.

Alan took a good, long, appreciative look. "Are you crazy, Sis? They're amazing. You sound like a multimillionaire who complains about being poor 'cos he's not a billionaire. Virtually any girl your age would kill for boobs like yours. And they make me very happy, so please don't keep putting yourself down. I keep saying you're completely gorgeous because I mean it! You have such a perfect body! I mean, geez, forget about your great tits for a second. What about your ass? Or your legs? Your legs really do go on forever. I must have been blind not to try to fuck you years ago."

He wasn't just saying that to make her feel better either; he honestly couldn't understand how she could have a complex about her boob size or worry about her looks in general since she truly looked fantastic. He added, "But could you please put your shirt back on? We're supposed to be on our best behavior at home, right?"

"I've just taken it off for a second so I can get your opinion of them. And if you put it that way, I guess I can stand to share you just a little. Sucks to be you, huh? You'll come home and think: 'Who should I get to service my dick this time, Sis, Mom, or Aunt Suzy?' How are you gonna deal with a situation like that?"

He quipped, "I don't want to offend. So I think it's best if all three of you service it at once."

"Ha ha. But... who knows? It might happen."

He thought, Sis, don't say that. You're gonna make me horny all over again! Instead of telling her that, he just kept quiet, hoping for a change of topic.

She asked, "But what about Aims? She makes me jealous too. She's young, attractive, big-boobed, and growing. AND I know you love her a lot. Her tits are bigger than mine, you know. And speaking of asses, she has a particularly fine ass, I'm sure you'll agree. It's big, but not at all flabby."

"Jealous? You mean when your fingers aren't deep inside her and you're not playing with each other? She's your closest friend, and has been all your life. She's like a sister to me too, so I love her also, but she'll never have the place in my heart that you have. You're, like, my very best friend, much more so than even Sean or Peter! I can relate to the three of you, but I don't really connect with her mentally like with you three."

She was touched, and also greatly reassured. She'd assumed that Amy wasn't a serious threat because she wasn't nearly as much of an intellectual as Alan, but even so she was really glad when Alan confirmed that assumption.

He continued, "Boobs and asses and their sizes aren't everything, either. You know you're more toned and fit than she is, for one thing. She's kind of soft and squeezable, and you're more hard-bodied. Also, I'll need a girlfriend for school eventually, if only for dances and social events. What are people going to say: 'There goes Alan, the guy who never dated a girl in high school, and never dated a girl in his life?' But I only want to have a girlfriend who understands about you and me, and is willing to participate with us, even. I'm beginning to think Aims would fit the bill."

"I could live with that, on the outside," said Katherine. "As long as you treat me like your girlfriend at home. And we all know what your number one boyfriend responsibility is." She reached out to grab his dick.

He intercepted her hand and kept her at bay. He just didn't have the energy, plus there was the danger factor.

"Okay, fine. I'm tired too. But it's your job to keep me filled with that." She pondered the idea of Alan making Amy his official girlfriend. She could see the logic in it, but she didn't like it, and her facial expression soured as she continued to think about it.

An idea hit her. "Hey, what if you make Aims AND me your TWO official girlfriends? Wouldn't that be better?"

"Hell, yeah! That would be awesome! But let's get real. Everyone would kill me for incest with my sister, and then they'd kill me a second time for scooping up two of the foxiest girls in school. You want to see people kicking my corpse?"

She stared off into space wistfully. "Come on! It wouldn't be that bad. But can't we just... pretend? I don't mind sharing you with her, because she's my closest girl friend, and she's just, ya know... Amy. Wouldn't it be great, in a better world, if we could be a threesome?"

A big smile crossed his face as he considered that. "Yeah. Wow. Imagine if I took both of you to one of those fancy parties all the cool people go to. I'd leave the house and then turn around and come back to pick both of you up. You'd look so super sexy... Everyone would be amazed. But hey, I don't care what they think. Why even go to a party? The three of us could have so much fun up in my room all night long!"

Katherine laughed. "Now you're talking!" She had her own related fantasy of dressing up for a fancy party in extremely revealing and sexy clothes, with Amy doing the same. But then she realized that she wouldn't want others to see her like that, even in a fantasy, so she latched onto the idea of having fun up in Alan's room instead.

Then she changed topics. "Getting back to reality, what about Kim? Why don't you make her your girlfriend?"

He replied, "She may get her jollies with me; we'll see if that happens. But let's face it: at heart she prefers women. Besides, she's not really my type; she's too young and immature."

"Physically immature," she clarified for him. "I know what kind your type is: the kind with tits so big that they fall over forward whenever they try to walk. Like two certain mothers I could name."

He nodded grudgingly. "All right, there's some truth to that. As if that makes me different from every other male in the universe. But don't worry." He got up and comforted her with a warm hug. "I seriously love you just as much as either of them. After all, you're my sister, and there's a real thrill in making love to my sister that only you can satisfy. Plus, by the time you've finished growing, Macy's will be calling you to see if you have two new entries for their parade. You're a knockout already, and you're still coming into your own. In thirty years I hope we'll still be fucking each other, while Aunt Suzy and Mom sadly will already be senior citizens."

"Thanks!" she said, somewhat relieved. "You're the best brother anyone could have. I don't know why I doubt my looks so much. No, actually, I do. I mean, I have a mom who looks like Mom, and that would be daunting for anybody. But so what? I know that I inspire YOU, and that's all I really care about. In any case, let's not go any further with Aims for a while, okay? I feel like I have enough competition in your fantasies, what, between Mom, Aunt Suzy, Aims, Akami, Kim, Ms. Rhymer..."bender

"Hey, whoa, I've never even touched Ms. Rhymer!"

"Yeah, that's the only one of the bunch you can say that about, I noticed! And you seem to have a way with women nowadays. I'm sure she'll fall like a domino, if you're after her." She mocked Ms. Rhymer's voice, asking pleadingly, "'Oh Alan, my young man, please let your teacher help you with your medical problem!'"

He laughed.

She went on in her normal voice, "And then there's Christine..."

"Hey, there's one you don't have to worry about. She's made it pretty clear that she's not interested and just wants to be friends."

"Hrm. So you say. Anyway, I've told you before that I don't mind you doing certain other women, as long as you don't forget me. Especially since I seem to get a share of the action with them too, from time to time."

They both laughed at that.

Katherine continued, "I don't know about Christine, though, since she really does seem to be the ice queen. But if I were Ms. Rhymer, I'd watch out. You've had the hots for your teacher for three years already, and a certain unassuming teacher's pet is turning into quite the pussy tamer." She sang the Van Halen song:

"You've got it bad,

got it bad,

got it bad,

you're hot for teacher."

He rolled his eyes, but was secretly pleased at the whole teacher-romance concept. That song was frequently in his mind lately.

She continued, "If she had any sense, she should have been having you pound her through a wall with that jackhammer cock of yours, instead of giving you blue balls all this time. She has her nose in books instead of up your crotch."

"Why don't you tell her that?" he suggested facetiously.

Still running with the idea, she added, "Instead of you being her teacher's pet, you should make your teacher your pet!"

He groaned in frustration. That idea really turned him on, and the fact that it was his sister suggesting it aroused him even more. He could feel his penis starting to engorge, if only a little. Yet he was so exhausted that he felt he was being cruel to his body by staying awake for even a few more minutes. He muttered, "Oh, man, you're killing me." Then his voice grew determined. "Sis, I'm really beat. You're still topless, and I'm sure Mom and Ron would love to hear their 'model kids' talking like this."

Alan again lay on his bed with Katherine now back on the floor near him. He looked over the edge of his bed to see if she'd put her shirt back on, but instead of putting it back on, she'd taken her shorts off as well.

"Sis!" he whined. "That's not what I call putting your shirt back on."

She smiled up at him naughtily. "I know, but my shorts were chafing me," she giggled.

"You and your chafing," he said with a sigh as he rolled back onto his pillow. "What am I going to do with you? You seem determined to get caught."

"I have a suggestion on what you can do with me, Big Studly Brother, but it's only going to make you more upset with me. You see, I have this hole that needs to be filled with a hot injection of thick man-meat."

"Sis! Not at home, remember?"

"I locked the door to your room, you know, and these walls are fairly soundproof. I'm not stupid."

"Nope," he said firmly, "you're certainly not. But I really have to put my foot down. And whatever happened to you being all tired and sore, anyway?"

"I'm sore. Soooo sore. But any time is the right time to fuck. I think the only cure for my sore cunt is some Big Thick Brother cock! It's like drinking some more alcohol to cure a hangover. Why not a little more sister-poking? When it comes to you, just imagine a little sign above my pussy that says: 'Open 24 hours a day.' Just like the corner Quickee Mart."

They both giggled.

"Hey, take a look at this!" Once she saw he was sitting up and looking, she added in an extra sultry voice, "You sure your cock doesn't want to make a quick pit stop in your sister's pussy?" Then she twirled around to face him, spread her legs, and opened her labia wide with her fingers. "Calling all cock! Calling all cocks! Mayday! Mayday! All hands on dick!"

He laughed, especially at the "all hands on dick" part, but he also gave her a look that said 'No.'

She sighed. "But if you insist on leaving me horny, can I at least take care of you?" She sat on the edge of his bed and cradled his boner in her hands. Despite his exhaustion, it had grown hard thanks to all the sexy talk.

"We can't even do that while Ron is home. What if one of them walked in? As much as I'd love it, believe me. But a rule is a rule."

"But the door is locked!"

"Yeah, but it's a slippery slope."

She kidded as she ran her fingers up and down it, "I'll agree that it's slippery. Definitely slippery most of the time. I'm not so sure about the slope part though. A little bit crooked, maybe, but not much."

He swatted her hand away, in a playful yet effective manner. "One of us has to retain at least a shred of sanity and restraint, Sexy Little Sister." He smiled as he decided that if she always called him big brother with an adjective thrown in, he could reciprocate a bit more.

She smiled too. "Okay, tough guy. I'll go then. You're just leaving me wanting you even more badly, Big, Long, Hard, Throbbing, Sister-stuffing Brother. But remember that I'm serious about what I said about sharing. I don't mind setting you up with one of the other cheerleaders, like Janice or Joy. Their personalities don't really fit with yours, so they don't worry me. But someone like Christine, someone you really love who could take you away from me, that REALLY worries me."

"Don't worry. As I keep telling you, Christine is just a friend now. And sure, I have a crush on Ms. Rhymer, but she's a teacher, so that obviously is just a fun daydream. In fact, there's no woman in the world who will take my sole attention now that I have so many wonderful women all helping me out. I would be a fool to accept any situation where I couldn't fuck you constantly, Moist Little Sister. That's one thing you don't have to worry about at all."

"That makes me feel so much better. I wish I could be your girlfriend in school too, but I realize that ain't gonna happen."

"Yeah, that would be cool," he said wistfully. "But you never know. College maybe? We're not actually genetically brother and sister, so as long as nobody knows us from high school..."

"All right, don't get my hopes up already. There are always problems. Like, what if you're at college and Ron asks you, 'So Alan, who's your new girlfriend?' What could you say? 'Uh, actually it's someone you know...' Ain't gonna happen. Anyway, I'm out of here already, Big, Pulsing, Pounding, and Oh-so-filling Brother."

Alan laughed. "Hey, if we get so into these naming games, we'll never finish our sentences. Not to mention, someone might overhear. What's more is that it hasn't even been one day since I rammed you, as you so poetically describe it. Have a little patience."

She huffed, but playfully. "Easy for you to say. That's like saying to a heroin addict, 'Hey, only 24 hours of cold turkey withdrawal. What's the big deal?' But I'm curious. How many times did you get off today?" She stood up and finally started putting her clothes back on.

"Let's see... One after midnight, then once this morning, once at lunch, four times with you this afternoon, and almost once with Aims. Now my dick is pleading for no more tonight. So, seven. I've done better. But in terms of quality vs. quantity, I don't think it'll ever be possible to beat today."

"Well now I've got something to aim for, don't I?" She winked. "Goodnight, sister-fucker. Thanks again for the great day!"

"Thank you, too! Goodnight, brother-fucker!" he said with deep contentment.

She kissed him goodnight on the lips for several minutes. She tried to make it lead to something more, even getting aggressive with her hands, but Alan and his sore penis wouldn't have it.

He barely had the will to push her away, so he pointed out, "You see what I mean about the slippery slope?"

As she made to leave, she made the comment, "Too bad I have to go, but once you start fucking Mom, she and I can take turns sleeping in your bed! Or we could all sleep together. Wouldn't you like that, Big, Shove-your-huge-monster-sister-splitter-deep-into-me-and-then-make-me-suck-your-hard-cock-over-and-over-again-all-night-long Brother?"

He had no comment, but she could tell from his facial expression that he would like that very much. He looked cute blushing.

He was surprised again at how little his incestuous thoughts and deeds led him to feel guilty, at least most of the time.

Instead, he filled the void by saying, "Actually, Squeezy Little Sister, as much fun as we're having calling each other names, we're definitely getting carried away with that, and it's dangerous. So we can't do that, either. Not to mention, these names get me so hot that it really weakens my resolve. And it gives me too big a head."

"Awww. But don't worry, I'll give you head. Would you like me to give you big head?" She moved back towards his crotch.

"Sis! Please. I said, 'A big head.' Emphasis on the 'A.'"

She pretended to be dumb. "OooOOOoooh. My bad." She giggled, then winked, and finally slipped out the door.

Back in her room, she spent over an hour writing an entry in her diary that described her first fuck in extreme detail. She knew it was something she'd want to refer to in fond memory in the years to come.

Chapter 197 Mom, I Don't Like Your Attitude. Blow Me.

Alan was asleep within minutes, and got a good ten hours of rest that night.

He felt like a million bucks when his alarm woke him the next morning, and so did his dick. He looked back on his exciting experiences the day before, and then remembered bits of his dreams. Whoa! I actually had sex with Sis! Good God, it fucking lived up to the hype and then some! I can't wait to do that with her again and again and again!

But, now that I think about it, what's weird is that last night I had a pretty intense dream about fucking Ms. Rhymer. And now that I know what fucking is really like, that dream was so dang realistic and vivid! It was like I could feel the full pleasure of really pushing my dick inside her.

With all the great things going on at home with Mom and Sis and Aims and Aunt Suzy, why do I dream of Ms. Rhymer too? Am I that greedy? Aren't four total babes enough for anybody? I mean, true, I had other dreams about Sis and the others, but that one dream with Ms. Rhymer was, like, extra awesome.

Hmmm. I think maybe it's a reflection that things have been heating up in fourth period a LOT lately. Especially in the last few days. Yesterday was particularly weird, for crying out loud - my teacher was totally jilling herself with a Magic Marker while she was staring right at me! I swear she was! There's no other explanation. And then, when you consider how long I've been crushing on her, it seems like things are reaching some kind of peak with her or something.

What am I talking about here? She's my teacher! She'd never allow anything to happen. She'd get fired in a minute! But she keeps giving me this hungry look. Apparently I'm the same way. I can't wait to find out what'll happen with her today! No wonder I fucked her so damn hard and long in my awesome dream.

But if there's one thing I know, it's that I'm NEVER gonna try to put a move on her. That would be stupid. Maybe she has some feelings for me, but she's not the kind to ever allow anything to happen with a student. She'd slap me and get all hurt and angry, and that would kill our special friendship. No, I've got PLENTY of other things to be happy about, starting with a lot more sister fucking! He chuckled to himself.

After he went through his morning rituals, he got the book bag in which he had the black paint and brushes and secretly repainted his sister's crotch in the shower. The plan was to finish well in time for breakfast.

Katherine was surprisingly cooperative about it. Her worry about her parents catching them was great enough for her to stay quiet and not tease or tempt him, so they finished with time to spare.

When it was done and he was alone again, he thought, Man, I'm so glad the bathroom door has a lock. Especially since Ron knocked on the door to see if the bathroom was free; that was a close one!

No way am I going to get caught again. But if I have to get caught, I'd rather get caught painting here than in the supply closet at school. I could always make up some excuse to Mom and Ron about painting my sister, weird though it might look. After all, we're only painting. Plus, I'm getting pretty good at coming up with bullshit stories on the fly. Kim will just have to manage on her own, 'cos I'm not going back into that supply closet. Hopefully her paint job will hold up well enough to last through the day.

Alone in the bathroom, Alan masturbated as he showered. He had no shortage of inspiration, because he mentally relived what he and his sister had done the day before. He figured he was ready for anything Akami might dish out, and also fantasized about Ms. Rhymer throwing herself at him after school. Together those helped him unload a torrent of cum in the shower.

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After both Alan and Katherine left for school and Ron left for work - his vacation at home wasn't much of a vacation for him or his family - Suzanne came over as usual and joined Susan for their daily exercise regimen.

Susan was proud of herself that she'd gone all of Thursday without any inappropriate touching of her son. However, her urges were building inexorably. Given what had happened on Tuesday, Suzanne seemingly managed to bring every private conversation she had with Susan around to a discussion of Alan and his ever needy erection. She was so subtle that Susan never realized how Suzanne was deliberately goading and tempting her at every turn.

This day, Susan burned off her sexual frustration by attacking the exercise machines with unusual vigor. By the time they were all done, she felt like a limp noodle. She hardly talked to Suzanne, because she was so sexually frustrated and every topic tended to remind her of her frustrations.

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After Suzanne left, Susan went back to her bedroom and took a nap, something she hardly ever did. She slept and dreamed.

The dream started out as a replay of what had really happened that morning at breakfast. Ron was busy reading his usual Investor's Business Daily newspaper while Katherine and Alan gobbled down the big breakfasts Susan had prepared for them. Ever the dutiful housewife, she was constantly coming and

going to the kitchen to serve everyone else's needs. It was a wonder she found time to eat her breakfast with them as well.

So this was exactly how it was in her dream, except that she was wearing an outrageously sexy and revealing nightgown. The gown was semi-transparent, not to mention open to the waist, but neither Alan nor Katherine found this in the least bit strange. Whether Ron would have been shocked was unknown because he was so absorbed in his newspaper that he wasn't paying any attention to the others.

She looked down and realized that both her breasts were mostly hanging out of her gown, but it was cut in such a way that there was really nothing she could do about it.

At first she didn't even realize it was a dream and not reality, because things somehow seemed like they were supposed to be. She continued performing her usual morning rituals and duties in a bewildered daze.

Then when she brought Alan his usual fruit and bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios, he started to feel her up. Not surprisingly, his hands homed in on her 38G rack.

She stood there blushing while he groped at her bare chest.

He said casually, as if he did this all the time around Ron, "Mom, I'm checking to make sure you're following the rules."

She whispered worriedly, "The rules?"

"Yes. The rules that state you're not allowed to wear a bra or panties. Ever." His food temporarily forgotten, he twisted and pulled on her nipples with both hands.

Her mouth hung wide open. If her heart hadn't been pounding hard before, it certainly was now. She stared with horror at Ron's newspaper, fully expecting that he'd heard what Alan had just said and would lower the paper. Then all hell would break loose. But the paper stayed up. The only sign there was someone alive on the other side of it was the sight of some fingertips holding up the paper and the sounds of a bagel being chewed.

Time seemed to pass for her at a glacial pace. But her boobs were as sensitive in her dreams as in real life, so her arousal rose to nearly unbearable levels. She finally looked back down at her son and whispered almost inaudibly, "Tiger, it's been a few minutes, at least. I think you have your answer already!"

Alan spoke back without making any effort at keeping his voice down. "True. At least about your tits. Let's check your pussy." One of his hands dropped down to the front of her crotch, and the other reached around to her ass. Two of his fingers pushed deep into her slit, which was already moist and eager. All his fondling in front and back kept her gown elevated and her entire front exposed. It was a near miracle that her gown managed to cling to her shoulders and stay on at all (not that it covered much in any case).

After all this time, Susan remembered that Katherine would also be eating breakfast with them. In fact, Katherine wasn't in the dream yet, but she materialized just in time for Susan to look over at her.

Katherine seemed completely unperturbed by what was happening, and just kept chomping away on her kiwi fruit. However, there was no newspaper blocking her view, so she repeatedly looked over at what Alan was doing.

By this time, Susan had her hands behind her head, as if she were under arrest. It occurred to her that Alan hadn't told her to strike that humiliating pose, but she'd done it on her own, perhaps because he inspected her like this every morning.

Even as Alan probed her pussy and ass, Susan whispered to her daughter, "Angel, what's happening here?! Don't you find what Tiger's doing to me a bit... odd?!"

Katherine giggled. "Odd? Mom, you're the odd one today. Brother is just doing his usual underwear check. He's checked me twice already this morning, and he made me cum both times! See?" She was wearing a gown held closed by a sash, and without getting up she opened the sash and exposed herself from her neck to her knees. Sure enough, she was unencumbered by any underwear.

She leered at Alan. "Hey Bro, you wanna check me again?" Like Alan, she wasn't trying to keep her voice down at all. She added in a sultry purr, "With your special prober, perhaps?"

He winked at his sister. "Maybe later. Aunt Suzy gave the prober a pretty good workout last night. Besides, I think I'm gonna be checking Mom for a while. I might even give her a 'special check' right across the table!"

Katherine just grinned and went back to eating her oatmeal, while leaving her gown wide open.

Susan found all of these disturbing events to be terribly arousing. She thought, Oh no! Not the special check! God knows I love it, but not in front of Ron! She realized that in this dream world, Alan fucked her every day, and he didn't care who saw them at it.

Her gash was gushing, thanks to Alan's continued fingering. The squishy sounds his fingers were making seemed to fill the entire room, and even drowned out the sounds of eating. She knew that if she didn't get him to stop soon, she'd cum, and cum hard. She was certain the resulting scream would wake the dead. It would certainly serve to clue Ron in.

So she whispered urgently, "Tiger, please! No! That's enough!"

He frowned. "Enough? Mom, I don't like your attitude. Blow me."

"What?! How DARE you talk to your mother that way!" Since the others weren't whispering, her voice was growing louder and louder too. Yet even though she was trying to act defiant, she still kept her hands behind her head.

"Mom, I'm not going to warn you twice. Blow me now, or I'm going to have to take you over my knee and give you a good spanking." He looked like he was ready to do it.

Her mouth gaped like a fish. At first she rejected the idea of a blowjob out of hand. But she weighed her options and decided that if she had any chance of saving her marriage by miraculously keeping Ron oblivious, the blowjob was the lesser of two very horrible options. The loud ass slaps of a spanking would alert anyone who wasn't completely deaf to what was happening.

While she was making up her mind, Alan tugged on her gown, and kept tugging until it fell to the floor.

Susan immediately bent down to pick it up, but before she could, Katherine snatched it away. Susan then reached out for it, but Katherine crumpled it into a ball and held it away like she was protecting the ball during a basketball game.

"Naughty, naughty, Mom," Katherine chided her. "You know the rules in this house. Cocksucking Alan is always done completely naked. How many hundred times has Aunt Suzy told you that? Sheesh!"

Susan was feeling frantic. There was a part of her that wanted to blow Alan so much she could almost literally taste it, but a greater part of her was scared to death because Ron was right there. It seemed like she was sucking her son's cock very often indeed, so she didn't understand how her husband could be so oblivious.

Since at that moment Alan was busy eating his oatmeal, she decided to try and slip away upstairs without anyone noticing.

However, she'd only managed to lower her arms and take a step or two away from the breakfast table when she felt two feminine hands on her butt.bender

It was Katherine, standing behind her. She said, "Mom, now where do you think you're going?"

"Well, I thought I'd, er, go powder my nose first."

Katherine laughed as she intimately caressed Susan's shapely derriere. "That's a good one! If I didn't know better, I'd probably think there's something wrong with you today. Are you feeling okay? Is your stomach queasy from swallowing too much of Brother's sperm last night? Again?! Geez, Mom! Are you or are you not your son's sexual plaything?!"

Susan turned back towards Alan. She found herself hefting her breasts up and practically molesting her own chest, and she didn't know why. She looked at the large bulge in his shorts and grew angry, mostly at herself. Look at that! Tiger's cock needs draining and here I am, traipsing and gallivanting about like I've got something more important to do! My role is to suck! And to stroke! And to SERVE!

Those thoughts brought a sense of calm relief. It was almost as if this weird world was starting to make sense again. Her proper role in life was to serve her son sexually, and thinking otherwise, even temporarily, was the reason her head hurt.

However, Ron's presence was still terrifying her. She said to Katherine, "No, I'm good, Angel. Of course I'm his toy." She shivered with delight upon saying that. "But maybe Tiger and I could get more comfortable if we retired to my bedroom?"

"No, Mom. Do it here." Katherine gave Susan's butt cheek an encouraging slap, and propelled her in Alan's direction. "It's important to remind everyone all the time who the REAL man of the house is."

Just then, Susan heard and saw Ron's newspaper ruffle. Perhaps shaken from his stupor by the loud slapping sound, he was bringing the paper down to reach for the bottle of orange juice in the middle of the dining table.

Susan immediately ducked down below the table edge before Ron could see her standing there in the buff.

Katherine and Alan took advantage of her movement to position her head over Alan's lap. Katherine swatted Susan on the ass to scoot her forward.

Alan, meanwhile, put his hands on her head and guided her in close. Susan couldn't remember it happening, but somehow his shorts had come off, leaving him naked from the waist down. "There's my cock, Mom. You know what to do, and it's what you do best. Suck!"

Chapter 198 Susan's Dream

Susan was horrified, but at the same time her lips were drawn to his bobbing erection like a magnet. It just felt right and even necessary to suck on it. If Ron happened to be there and figured out what was happening, then so be it. Alan obviously was the naturally superior man here. But just before her mouth closed in on his dick, she complained loudly, "No fair! Two on one!"

Then her tongue made contact with his dick and it was like some internal circuit had been activated. She thought she'd been incredibly aroused before, but that was nothing compared to her level of arousal now. Her pussy tingled and throbbed, and her rock-hard nipples cried out for attention. But most of all, she was in love with the big erection that was sliding deeper and deeper into her mouth. Every touch of

her tongue or lips on it felt so good that it was like another mini-orgasm. She brought her hands up to assist with pleasuring the base, and stroking it made her cunt gush and cream even more.

She thought, I have no idea what's going on. But I know I love to suck my son's cock! I'll just worry about giving him the maximum joy, and let my children worry about Ron. Mmmm! Although, I should probably not be too loud and slurpy. Mmmm!

In reality, Susan's desire to suck her son had been growing to nearly unbearable levels ever since that fateful Tuesday, and now she had her chance. Her tongue seemed to be everywhere at once on his pole, because there were so many techniques she wanted to use on him. Hearing him moan in pleasure in response was the sweetest music she'd ever heard.

But just when she really started to get into it, she heard Ron say, "What was that, honey? Did you say something to me?" Apparently he was responding to her far too loud "No fair! Two on one!" comment some moments before. Or he might have heard her increasingly urgent sexual "Mmmm!" noises.

Susan wasn't sure if any part of her body was above the table edge, but she suspected the top of her head or her ass might be. She tried to duck down further as best she could, and in the process of bringing her head down, her son's dick went deeper and deeper into her mouth until she was almost deep throating it. Lewd gurgling noises came out of her mouth as she nearly choked. But she managed to readjust a bit, and then lovingly slather his shaft with her saliva.

Ron asked, "Susan? Did you hear me?" His voice sounded unconcerned and distracted. It seemed that, against all odds, he hadn't noticed anything suspicious and was back to reading his Investor's Business Daily. However, he did apparently still expect an answer from her.

Susan hoped that Alan would say something so she wouldn't have to, but he seemed totally happy and didn't say a word. In fact, as she breathlessly waited while her lips bobbed up and down, he raised the stakes still further by pulling his shirt off, leaving himself completely naked, just like her. Then he calmly went back to drinking his orange juice and eating his sliced pineapple.

The danger was so great that she wanted to cry, and some tears did roll down her cheeks and drop to the floor. It seemed as if it were practically a life or death matter that she say something soon, because if Ron figured out what was happening that would cause an enormous scene and she wouldn't get to swallow Alan's spermy load. But she was loving the blowjob too much to stop, even for a few moments. So, with about three of Alan's eight inches inside her lips, she just moaned, "Mmmm-hmmm."

Ron seemed to miss the sexual quality of the moan, and said, "You know, dear, I have to say, I'm surprised."

Susan panicked. Oh shit! Here it comes! He's finally caught on! She sucked and licked with all her heart. Her long hair flew about as her head bobbed up and down madly, because she was certain this would be the last time she could ever blow her son. She even played with his balls with both hands, hoping to get him to cum right away. She felt as if all her problems would somehow go away, or at least be rendered meaningless, if her son blasted a big, creamy load right on her face.

But incredibly, Ron merely said, "Yep. I'm just amazed at what a great job you did with the landscaping while I was gone. Just look at those hedges over there. Alan, was that your mother's idea to clip them like that?"

"It sure was, Father!" Alan's reply was unusually passionate and loud due to what Susan was doing to him with her lips, tongue, and both hands.

Ron said, "I'm not surprised. Susan, you've definitely got a green thumb. And honey, what about the lawn? Is it my imagination or did you reseed it?"

Susan thought, Oh crap! How am I supposed to talk?! I suppose I could just pull off my Tiger's tasty meat, but it's just too good! Mmmm! This is where I belong, with my nose in his pubic hair and my tongue lapping against his sweet spot. Mmmm, yeah! I just have to cum, I need to cum, and I'm gonna cum!

She wanted to talk, she really did, but instead her head kept going up and down, up and down, up and down. Her heart beat louder as the seconds slowly passed. Finally, she decided that a muffled mumble was better than no response at all. In between her increasingly loud moans, she managed to say, "I we-theeded ehh. Mmmm!"

"What was that?" Ron asked.

Katherine saved the day, saying, "She said she reseeded it, Dad." But then she giggled and added, "She really likes seed. In fact I think she's going to get some more seed very soon. Aren't you, Mom?" That resulted in another burst of giggles.

Forced to speak again, Susan could only manage another even more emphatic "MMMM!" In a way, it was a good thing she couldn't say more, because she felt a strong desire to say, "Oh yes! Mommy needs a lot of seed! Tiger's yummy spermy seed!"

Her hands were tugging on Alan's balls and she was plunging her mouth up and down the entire length of his rod now, swallowing about four inches with each downwards pass. Four was amazing for her, considering that she couldn't deep throat him in real life. She'd decided that she had to get him to cum as soon as possible, as that might bring an end to her dangerous humiliation, plus she just really needed to taste his seed. So she was using every trick she knew to get him to blow.

An improbably oblivious Ron continued, "You know, now that I'm at it, there are a lot of nice changes since I was here last, inside the house and out. You're just too good to me, honey." He sniffed the air. "The only thing I'm not crazy about is the smell. This place smells different. Susan dear, are you using a new air freshener?"

Katherine answered, "Actually, Dad, that was something Alan came up with on his own. In fact, it was about the same time he started working on a big seeding project in Mom's garden. He's really, really busy in her garden, in fact. He's planted so much seed in her, uh, garden, that she's just PREGNANT with anticipation to see what'll pop out." She snickered.

Susan wanted to add, "It'll take us about nine months to get the results!" But she was too busy bobbing up and down on cock. She started snickering at Ron's cluelessness too, but it was hard to tell, given the way her lips were loudly smacking and slurping.

"Oh really?" Ron asked with only marginal interest. "And just who's paying for all this?"

"Alan. He just kind of stuck it to Mom. He stuck it to me too. But he was so passionate about it that we both just kind of swallowed it. Now we both like it and can't get enough of it. All this planting of his seed in our gardens." She chortled back a laugh.

Ron said, "Oh. Well, that explains things. Alan, I appreciate your efforts, but it's best to leave the domestic stuff to the ladies. And Susan, please try a different brand of air freshener. This smell, well, it's decidedly odd."

Katherine was trying to hold back her giggles, but she appeared to be on the verge of a massive giggle fit. It didn't help that she added, "Actually, Dad, I don't think you can be too hard on Mom. Alan's been hard on her already. She had a big load to deal with. In fact, I think she's about to deal with another very big load today. Any time now, in fact!" She tittered and snorted. She looked down at her mother, whose cheek was actually bulging out with the shape of Alan's cockhead each time it approached her lips.

Katherine reached out and caressed the bulge on Susan's cheek, and Susan paused to let her daughter give it a prolonged feel. Somehow, that only amused Katherine more, while it took Susan to even higher orgasmic heights.

Susan tried to push her son's cockhead deeper into her cheek, hoping to create an even bigger bulge for Katherine to caress. It worked, and for a few seconds it seemed like her daughter was jacking off her son's dick right through her cheek, even as her tongue danced all over it inside her mouth!

"Don't get me wrong," Ron said, "I appreciate everything she does for the family..."

Susan couldn't hear any more because her efforts finally paid off and Alan started to climax into her mouth. It was a mighty flood, and because this was a dream, the amount was not bounded by real physical limitations. But not only was there a flood of cum gushing and squirting into her mouth and down her chin, but there was an unstoppable orgasmic flood of joy washing over her like a tidal wave, threatening to subsume her and drown her in bliss.bender

Despite the fact that Susan's mouth seemed crammed full with a tree trunk of an erection, she somehow found herself screaming at the top of her lungs. She knew the gig had to be up by now (and in fact she couldn't possibly figure out how Ron hadn't been clued in already, since she still wasn't consciously aware that this was all just a crazy dream of hers), but her erotic high was so intense that she had no control over what she did.

Finally, it was done and there was no turning back. Alan had emptied his balls into her stomach while she had alerted Ron, and the rest of the entire neighborhood, to her adulterous and sinful acts with her piercing screams. Despite the fact that she'd swallowed so much of his jism, there was still more of it all over her face, as apparently she'd pulled off at some point during her screaming while Alan had kept shooting and shooting on her. He'd unloaded about twenty times his normal amount.

She was too tired to clean herself off, and in any case there was no point in hiding what she'd done. She raised herself up from her humiliating position on all fours beneath the table and stood there in the nude, ready to face her husband's wrath.

All was silent while Ron stared at her with a curious expression. He crooked an eyebrow and said, "Susan, what's gotten into you? You're acting damnably odd this morning." Yet his voice lacked passion. It was like he was complaining about something inconsequential such as having a bad hair day. He stared right at her, but showed no reaction to the rivulets of cum dripping down her face and streaming down her chest as well. He didn't react to her nakedness either.

She tried to wipe her face clean of the simply ridiculous amounts of cum there in an obviously futile effort to hide the evidence. But there was just too much. Her face ended up with plenty of pearly white goo on it, and her hands were now covered too. Cum was dripping everywhere, and she was afraid to make a big mess on the floor, so she started wiping her hands on her legs. That helped, so she went back to her face for more. The only problem was, now she found herself really getting into smearing the cum all over her skin. She wiped still more of it across her tummy, and caressed her massive tits with her cummy hands.

Good God! My son is so virile! With this much spermy goodness, he's gonna knock me up for sure! It's everywhere! Look at my tits and legs - they're shiny and gooey, like a glazed donut! How is it that Ron doesn't seem to see or care?

Then, just as she'd made some progress cleaning her face, Alan grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her nude body down onto his lap. "I'll take care of this, Father."

Susan found herself staring at the floor with her ass in the air, splayed across her son's lap. There was no doubt he was still erect, as she could feel his hot steely bar pressing into her fair skin. Now that she was pointing towards the floor, the remaining cum seemed to sluice off her in buckets. Ever the homemaker, she idly wondered how difficult it would be to clean up the mess.

Alan's hands were fondling her all over as he said, "You know, Father, while you've been gone, I've discovered that sometimes Mom gets out of line. Like that totally rude scream she just made, for instance. I've found that nothing gets her back on track faster than a good spanking." He brought an open palm down and swatted her hard on the butt.

Susan couldn't see anything except the floor, but she heard Ron say, "Good. Very good, Son. I'm glad to hear you have things well in hand here. To be honest, I worry about your mother while I'm overseas. But it seems that's unnecessary."

Alan raised his hand up high and swung it down for an even harder spanking. The slapping sound filled the room. Then he plunged two fingers back into her cunt and groped her dangling breasts with his other hand. "Nope, Father. I've got things under control. I try to be the man of the house when you're not here. Mom needs to be spanked regularly, or she tends to forget her place. Plus, she sucks my cock with more vigor when I remind her I'm in charge. In fact, I've found Sis responds well to the same treatment. She always sucks my cock with more passion after she's had a really hard spanking. I usually spank both of them for some reason or another once or twice a day at the very least."

Susan thought, Well, he's gone and done it now! Maybe Ron is somehow blind, but he's not deaf as well. Oh God! It's so HOT! Tiger's right - I love it when he takes charge!

Alan let loose with another loud swat.

"Excellent," Ron said, still with an almost bored tone. "Nothing can take the place of a firm hand. And I see you've marked your territory by cumming on her face. I assume that you're taking good care of my marital duties in the sack, as well? I worry about her straying with all kinds of random men, and there's no way a man like me can keep her satisfied."

"No need to worry, Father. I'm literally on top of it. I fuck Mom's cunt good and hard every single day. Just listen: Mom, who owns your pussy?"

Susan was too insanely aroused to cry, but she said in an emotionally tortured voice, "Ron, I'm so sorry. You know that I love you, but... Tiger, you do! I'm your slut and you know it!"

Ron whistled appreciatively, sounding genuinely pleased. "Wow! Impressive!"

Alan explained, "I keep her pussy and mouth so pumped full of my cum that she practically sloshes around like a water balloon when she walks. She's so well fucked that she never even THINKS about random men. In fact, I've been boning her regularly even while you're here, just to be on the safe side."

"That's my boy! Son, I'm proud of you. I guess I'll be sleeping in the guest bedroom from now on. I hope you're not neglecting Suzanne?"

"Oh, definitely not! She's just as sexy and stacked as Mom, so she's got my sperm leaking out of all her holes all the time too."

"Excellent," Ron said, like he'd just read a promising stock report. "That's how a real man of the house does it."

Susan was flabbergasted at Ron's attitude. She thought for certain that she was going to lose her mind completely. Just then, Alan took his breast-fondling hand and brought it around for another powerful butt slap. At the same time, his probing fingers stayed within her cunt, and the combination of his thrusting, spanking, and groping, not to mention his hot dick burning into her skin, drove her to such a dizzying high that she thought the walls were melting.

As an orgasm to end all orgasms welled up inside her, she thought, I can't believe it! Tiger is in complete control! Ron realizes his place: bringing home the money, so all my Tiger has to do is stay at home and fuck me and his sister into oblivion! And I also have to realize my proper place: to serve! I know my purpose, and it's to serve my son's mighty cock, morning, noon, and night! It's unstoppable! I'm nothing but his big-titted plaything! Resistance is useless! Fuck my cunt next, Son. Fuck your mommy good!

At that, Susan woke up.

Chapter 199 Sexy Talk

After Susan awoke, she remained disoriented for quite some time. For one thing, even though her dream was wildly improbable, she had been convinced it was real until she opened her eyes to the harsh light of day. It took her some moments to piece together that she was lying on her bed and that she'd been taking a midday nap.

For another thing, although it was only a dream, she'd had a very real and very powerful climax. She'd been having seemingly countless erotic dreams in recent weeks, but she hadn't ever really had a wet dream, and hadn't realized that women her age could still have them. And even though she'd been doing nothing but sleeping, when she woke up she was sweaty all over as if she'd just run a race. Even her legs and arms were trembling.

She was very grateful that her period had ended. It would have been embarrassing to have to deal with the resulting mess.

She staggered to the bathroom and had a long cold shower to help clear her head.

When it was over she felt a lot better, but she also felt extremely disturbed by her strange dream. She immediately balled up her bed sheets and tossed them into the laundry basket, since the large wet spot on her bed reminded her of how she'd felt during the dream.

Trying to pretend there was nothing wrong, she painted her fingernails, a calming post-shower ritual for her. While she did that, as she stared at them, she thought, I'm so glad I followed Suzanne's advice and cut them way down the other day. Before, they could be dangerously sharp. But now they're just the right cock-stroking length. Uh, I mean, member-stroking length. Darnation, I have to stop calling it a cock. Erection, there's a good word. That's very technically correct, since it's erect and throbbing with need most of the time. Now, when I hold my son's erection, I can stroke it and not worry about damaging him. And when I fondle his balls...

Dear me! I'm at it again. I really have to stop these lewd and sinful thoughts. I need help! My dream was beyond sinful; it was seriously disturbed!

She did what she'd always done when she needed comfort and advice: she called Suzanne.

Lying on top of her newly replaced bed sheets with nothing but a towel wrapped around her voluptuous body, she spoke into the phone. "Suzanne? Are you there? I need your advice!"

Suzanne was in her private office at her house, typing on her computer. When she had spare time she liked to work there on her financial investments. "Yes, I'm here, my friend. I'm a little bit involved at the moment, but you always come first. What's up?"

"Suzanne, it was horrible! I just had the most depraved and disturbed dream of my entire life! Well, that's not entirely true. I've had some pretty disturbed dreams in the last week or two, but this one was right up there. But it seemed even more REAL than usual! And, well, I don't know how to say this, but I ended up all wet."

"You wet your bed?"

"Well, not like that..."

"You're sweaty?"

"Yes, there is that, but that's not the main thing..."

Suzanne concluded, "It was a sexual dream. You're wet that way. To be blunt, you had a climax in your sleep."

Susan shamefully confessed, "Yes. Dear goodness yes! There's something terribly wrong with me! At my age, to be having powerful wet dreams like this! It's wrong! It's a sin!"

"Calm down, Susan. I'm sure it's not as bad as it seems. Alan has that effect on women; it's only natural."

"You know it's about him?!"

Suzanne chuckled. "But of course. All your strange dreams lately have been about him, haven't they? Why don't you start from the beginning and tell me all about this one?"

"I can't!"

Suzanne spoke like a chiding mother. "Susan! We've been over this. You need to tell me your dream, and that's that. It'll be therapeutic."

So Susan described the dream in great detail. Her plan was to describe it in a clinical and dispassionate manner, like a psychologist dissecting it for meaning. She did start out that way, but as she got into the spirit of it, she naturally grew increasingly heated and passionate.

Suzanne helped by asking questions that seemed to be neutral, but somehow pushed her buttons and made her even more aroused.

Before long, Susan was so carried away that she was inventing new details that weren't even in the original dream. The dream memory had started to fade, forcing her to make up some parts to cover the fuzzy areas.

Suzanne didn't help her even a bit to keep calm - as per her overall plan, she took advantage of every opportunity to break down Susan's sexual barriers, and this was a golden one, not to be missed. Suzanne's questions started to become increasingly blatant and enthusiastic, like, "And was he groping your big tits? I hope he was. Did he give them a really good squeeze and knead them like he owned them?"

"Oh God! Dear God, yes he was! It was exactly like he owned them, in fact. And he even played with them while he spanked me! Isn't that wrong?"

"Not necessarily. Remember, you need to readjust your attitude to help with his treatment. Please continue. Did it feel good, the way he was pulling on your nipples?"

"So good! So good!"

And so they continued like this. Even Suzanne found herself getting really hot and bothered.

Susan had erred badly by calling her friend while dressed in just a towel (although, subconsciously, it probably wasn't an accident). It only took a minute or so before the towel had opened and her hands were roaming all over her body. Before long, the towel was on the floor and her fingers were pulling on her clit.

She was a woman in serious need of a dildo. However, there was no way she'd have the gumption to walk into a store and buy one, or even ask Suzanne for one, so she had to make do with her fingers.

Finally, after some more powerful orgasms, Susan's body was so sore and exhausted from too many orgasms in too short a time that she reached a more contemplative mental state. The explanation of the dream now done, she started to raise more serious concerns about it.

"Suzanne, I'm such a bad person. Horrible! Twisted! Sick! Evil! What kind of wife treats her husband like that?! I cuckolded him with his own son!"

"Susan, may I remind you that it was only a dream?"

"It wasn't really. It was an exaggeration, yes, but is it so far off from real life? Maybe this is some kind of prophecy! I mean, I HAVE sucked my Tiger off more than once. And the other day I was strutting around naked while you jacked him off, right in Ron's bedroom! It can hardly get any worse than that!"

Suzanne stated, "Let me remind you again that, first, you were appropriately covered in a towel most of the time, not strutting around naked. Sweetie hardly had a chance to stare at your sopping-wet pussy for more than a minute or two, tops. Not counting your naked hug, of course. Second, that's your bedroom, not Ron's. Given that he's gone eleven months of the year, you can't say he lives here in any sense of the word. You'd have to look hard to find any Navy wives who see their husbands less than you do."

Susan sighed. "Be that as it may, you have to admit the dream does have some basis in reality. And things are getting worse all the time! Who knows what it'll be like in a month! Maybe this is some kind of terrifying nightmare preview of my life to come!"

"Nightmare?" Suzanne asked skeptically. "Most people don't pass out repeatedly from multiple orgasms in their nightmares."

Susan whimpered helplessly at that.

Suzanne confidently continued, "Anyhow, let's look at this rationally. You're feeling a lot of irrational guilt over your assistance with Sweetie's treatment. Plus, you just found out that Ron is almost certainly repeatedly cheating on you. You're bound to feel extreme animosity towards him over that alone. Since you're such a nice and polite person, those feelings are sublimated and come out in dreams. As if that isn't enough, you're also finding out that your son is a total sexual stud with a seemingly endless need to cum, and an erection that just won't quit. If you add that all up, I'd say it's almost inevitable that you'd dream about him cuckolding Ron. You're letting out your desire for revenge in a harmless way, through dreams. If I were a psychologist, I wouldn't be worried that you're having dreams like that; I'd be more worried if you WEREN'T having dreams like that."

"Really?! Really truly? How do you figure?"

"Susan, what is the purpose of a dream? They serve many purposes, but one is to sort of straighten out our emotional knots while we're sleeping. You know, some other societies take dreams a lot more seriously than we do, and they put them to good use." She brought up a real example that served her

purposes nicely. "I read about this one tribe on some Pacific Island that has virtually no murder or violent crime. You know how they do it?"

"How?"

"When a person has a problem, he or she goes to the shaman and describes it. The shaman then tells that person to act out their violent impulses in dreams. They do, and as a result they lose the urge to do it in real life. It's the same in your dream. Of course you're not going to blow Sweetie at the breakfast table while Ron is reading the newspaper. That's just absurd. You're going to blow him elsewhere, when Ron is not around. Repeatedly. Daily. But for a variety of reasons, most especially your husband's cheating, but also his very serious and prolonged neglect and indifference towards your marriage, you have this fantasy of doing it right there in his presence. So I say, you need to have MORE dreams and fantasies like that. Let all those poisonous feelings OUT, like lancing a boil!"

"Really? So you're saying the dream was a good thing? I'm not a horrible sinner and despicable wife?"

"Of course not. You're the nicest, kindest person I know. This is just a phase you're going through. It's a good and necessary thing."

"Should I talk to Ron about it?"

"Dear God, no! Just like all your assistance in giving Sweetie handjobs and blowjobs, what Ron doesn't know won't hurt him."

"But I'm confused. If I were to do those kinds of things, doesn't that mean I really AM cuckolding him?"

"Not at all! Because Alan is your son, and it's for medically necessary reasons. Context is everything."

"But... It still feels wrong and sinful. The truth is, I rarely even think about those medical reasons anymore. I think about doing it just for the sake of doing it! Sometimes, I find myself... salivating... just thinking about doing it! Isn't that disgusting?"

"Susan, that's natural too. The more you enjoy it, the better off everyone will be. Would you prefer hating it? Does that make any sense, to want to hate it?"

"Well, no, not exactly... But what about if I have these same kinds of ideas and fantasies when I'm awake, like in a daydream? For instance, I have to admit I got pretty aroused just when I was describing the dream to you." She guiltily looked down at her still cummy hand. She'd wiped it against the sheets, but hadn't gotten everything.

Suzanne replied, "I'm not surprised. I got all hot and bothered just hearing about it. The thing is, you're learning you have a very sexually virile and well-hung son. You're trying to figure out, 'How do I square my new role as obedient, always wet and ready, big-titted cock stroker and cocksucker for my strong and demanding son with my old role as faithful wife to my nice but sexually weak and poorly endowed husband?' Am I correct?"

"Well, that sounds harsh, and rather vulgar. But if you put it that way, I suppose there's maybe some-"

Suzanne cut her off. "Okay, then. Naturally, you're going to be in an emotional jumble making that kind of transition. Add to that your unusually strict and conservative upbringing, and it's no surprise that you're having fevered and bizarre dreams. But it will pass."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm positive. I took a class called 'Understanding Dreams' in college. Do you remember me telling you about that?"

Susan did remember. "Yeah."

"You see then? This is all basic stuff and very common. Don't worry!"

"And what about this strange submissive aspect? In my dream, I called myself his toy. I think Angel called me his sexual plaything too. Now, you have to admit THAT is messed up. Right?"

"Actually, no. When a woman comes into close contact with a naturally superior, well-endowed male like your son is, it's common to have feelings of submissiveness. It's instinctual for a female to want to please her mate, and the more desirable the mate, the more she wants to please him. Don't worry; you'll get used to it."

Suzanne thought, I'm really laying it on thick, constantly talking Sweetie up to be the world's greatest super stud. And not only that, but I feel like I'm setting women's liberation back a couple hundred years. But hey, I know which of her buttons to press, and that kind of talk will get her wet every time.

Sure enough, Susan's voice was growing increasingly ragged. "Do you mean Tiger is my mate?"

"For the limited purposes of you regularly stroking and sucking him to orgasmic satisfaction, then yes."

Susan let out a sexy groan. "Oh God! I don't know... That sounds so improper... So what am I supposed to do?"

"Well, I think the more you resist your new role with helping him, the longer you're going to remain in an emotionally conflicted state. I suggest you put more effort into giving him visual stimulation, and also tactile stimulation as soon as you're ready for it."

Susan griped, "Awww. Does that mean I have to wear high heels more often?"

"You know it does. When your feet hurt, just remember how good it feels when his cock stretches your mouth wide open."

Susan let out a sexy moan. She was frustrated that it had been so long she could hardly remember how that felt.

Sensing victory, Suzanne's talk grew more blatant. "I could really use the help, you know. My hands and mouth get tired stroking and sucking, up and down and up and down, over and over. It just seems to never end, all that jacking and licking and guzzling of yummy cum. I get downright exhausted!"

Susan's heart beat faster. "But what about Ron? I mean, he's a good husband. I like him a lot."

"Is he? Ron, the 'gone all but a few weeks out of the year while he sleeps around in skanky old Thailand' Ron? That Ron? And I noticed you say you 'like him a lot,' not that you love him with every fiber of your being. What happened to love?"

That hit Susan hard. She didn't know how to respond.

Suzanne's voice grew more commanding and insistent. "The fact is, your marriage is in disrepair. You've done all you could and been a model housewife, almost too good a housewife. I keep telling you, you don't need to act like a servant. Well, at least not to Ron."

She thought about how hard she should push Susan's submissive tendencies, and decided not to run with the servant idea, at least for now. "But in any case, his absence, neglect, and cheating have brought things to a crisis point. But now is not the time to act. Not quite. As I keep saying, wait until we get the results about STDs as a first step. We got the blood sample from him using the ruse about him needing a physical, which is good. That was clever of you. Now we have to wait for the results to come in. Your marital problems have been so long in coming that waiting a little longer will make no difference."

Susan was indecisive. "Well..."

"And in the meantime, keep having your funky, bizarre dreams and fantasies! Seriously. Think of it as lancing a mental boil, just like what those Pacific Islanders do. The more you do it, the more you picture yourself sexually assisting your son, the better. Just continue to keep me in the loop, and especially tell me everything you can remember about your dreams. If they start to turn into something you should actually worry about, I'll let you know."

"Okay. I'll try that. And I guess I'll just wait with seriously talking to Ron. But as far as Tiger goes, I'm too weirded out to be able to help you with his daily target anytime soon, I think. I mean, my feelings for him are so strong. Too strong. I think a cooling off period can only be a good thing. Not to mention, Ron won't be here that long. This is just a short and unexpected trip for him, so I should hold out at least until he leaves. Regardless of the medical reasons, it's just basic respect to not do it when he's here."

Suzanne shrugged. She actually was impressed at Susan's attempt to remain at least somewhat loyal to Ron, even if it was misguided. "Suit yourself, then. But don't be surprised if other women pick up some of the slack in your absence. Six times a day is just too much for any one woman, and my jaw and hands are about to fall off!"

That upset Susan. "Like, who?!"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm just saying things happen sometimes."

The phone call wound down after some more chit-chat and eventually came to an end.

When it was over, Suzanne sat in her office practically bursting with delight. I'd say that call went well! Hee-hee-hee! I'll admit I do feel kind of bad about all but brainwashing Susan with my advice, but it's for her own good. She was brainwashed before with her prudish ways, and breaking all those years of religious mumbo-jumbo requires some pretty powerful counter-programming. Soon all of us will be living in a sexual heaven on Earth, just as soon as we can break down all of her mental walls and Ron takes a hike!

Chapter 200 Sexy Almost Naked Cheerleading....!

Meanwhile, Alan's time at school passed surprisingly uneventfully. For his first three periods, he started to get very excited about his plans to masturbate in Ms. Rhymer's classroom during lunch, hopefully with her watching like she had the previous time. But Christine sat next to him for all three of those periods, and she noticed him behaving even more oddly than he had been in recent days. So he had to force himself to look and act normally, even though he was bursting with anticipation on the inside.

Just as he had the day before, he was sporting a huge hard-on when he walked into Ms. Rhymer's fourth-period history class. And just like yesterday, he had to hold a textbook strategically over his crotch to hide that fact. He was looking forward to more sexy staring between him and his teacher, which would hopefully lead up to a very steamy lunch period.

But as soon as he walked in, she waved him over. Once she had him one-on-one, she muttered to him angrily, "Your plans for an extra credit session during lunch? Consider them cancelled!"

He was shocked, and he showed it. He quietly stammered, "Bu-bu-but..."

She glared at him. "You're in big trouble, young man! Meet me after school and we'll talk about it. As for lunch, why don't you try to spend it actually eating lunch, for once? Do you think you can handle that?"

Now, he was shocked and hurt. He had no idea that Mr. Jackson had talked to her the day before and told her about catching him in the closet with Kim, so he was completely confused by Ms. Rhymer's sudden about-face. He nodded, and muttered, "Okay, I'll see you after school."

He went to his seat, his penis having gone flaccid in a couple of seconds.

For the rest of the class, Ms. Rhymer seemed to go out of her way not to even look at him. This made him even more confused than before. As a result, he wasn't aroused or erect in the slightest.

When class ended, he lingered to see if she wanted to say anything more to him, but she continued to ignore him. So he walked out with the last few students.

As a result, for the first time in what seemed like ages but was actually only a few days, nothing special happened to him during lunch. He'd had big plans with Ms. Rhymer that were shattered, and although he ate with his friends Sean and Peter, he remained glum.

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In Katherine's cheerleading practice during the last period of school, her painting scheme was finally exposed. And it occurred on its last day, too, since Alan had pronounced it was too risky for him to continue painting them, now that they couldn't use the supply closet. The exposure, when it came, was due to a combination of Kim's carelessness and the fact that Alan hadn't touched up her paint job.

As the six cheerleaders stood around on their practice field to warm up and get ready for practice to begin, Kim bent down to get something out of her supply bag. In doing so, she bent from the waist and completely exposed her ass to her fellow cheerleader Joy.

A number of small gaps and missing patches in the paint job made the situation obvious, causing Joy's mouth to fall open. Without thinking, Joy said out loud, "Kim! Your panties... They're painted on!"

Kim immediately straightened up, but the damage was done.

Janice, the only other person truly surprised, said in confusion, "Joy, what are you talking about? Kim, what is she talking about?"

"I just saw... her..." Joy stammered. "Her panties, they're like, made out of paint!"

Heather moved closer, trying to rush to Kim's rescue. "Now, now, what's the big deal? Who cares if her panties are painted-on? What's the big deal?"

Heather was pissed off that their secret had been exposed, because she'd hoped to take Kim into the girl's locker room and get involved in a sixty-nine under the excuse of another "muscle cramp," just like she'd done with Katherine the day before. She was disappointed that she couldn't use the painted panties as an excuse for playing with another of her cheerleaders.

"What's the big deal?!" a still incredulous Joy asked Heather. "I would expect that you, of all people, would be having a conniption fit. Or you, Katherine! After all, today's a game day, and you can totally see that she's not wearing real underwear!"

It actually wasn't that obvious, but the game did pose a problem for Kim's now-spotty paint job.

Amy, surprisingly, came to the rescue. She already knew that at least four of the six cheerleaders, Heather, Katherine, Kim, and herself, didn't have a problem with it. "I think it's sexy!" she said. "What does everyone else think? Do they think it's sexy, or do they not like it?"

"I think it's sexy too," Katherine immediately added, pretending not to know what was going on while trying to help Kim.

"So do I," said Heather, also pretending to be clueless. "As head cheerleader, I give my approval."

"Well, I think it's out of control," said Joy.

All eyes turned to Janice, who appeared to be undecided.

"Can I... take a look?" Janice asked. "I want to see how obvious it is."

Kim bent over, and quickly flashed the others her painted butt.

Janice asked, "What's it look like in the front?"

More reluctantly, Kim turned around, and held up her skirt so the other five could stare at her painted and shaved pussy. Her face was beet red and she was too shy to speak.

"What on earth did you do it for?" Janice asked.

"It's not like I wanted to," she lied. "I... lost a bet. It's just for today and then it's over!"

Janice answered, "I have to admit - it IS pretty sexy. Are you really planning to go to the game like that?"bender

"Yeah," Kim admitted as she blushed even more. "I mean, what's my choice?"

"I think it's fine," Heather said again, resolutely. "What do you think, Janice?" she asked. "Do you think Kim should remove the paint before the game?"

"Hey, if she wants to go like that, that's her own get out. Like I said, I think it's pretty sexy. I just can't imagine in a million years that I would ever do something like that."

"What about you?" Heather asked Joy.

Joy stood farther back from Heather, still staring open-mouthed at Kim. After a pause, she said, "I can't believe I'm saying this, but ... if everyone else is cool with it, then I'm cool with it. I don't want to be a party-pooper. And it is pretty exciting. But no way would I ever do that, either!"

"All right, we're all agreed," Heather pressed on. "We'll allow it, but only if everyone here agrees not to tell a single soul. Can we all agree to that?"

Everyone nodded.

Heather figured that now that the cat was out of the bag, she might as well go all the way. She started to make up a story off the top of her head that would allow her to gain more control over the others. "It's really no big deal, and I should know, 'cos I've had to do it myself, before I was head cheerleader."

"Really? Wow!" said a wide-eyed Amy.

"Yes. It's a common punishment head cheerleaders give their cheerleaders who don't behave. In fact, the bet that Kim is talking about, what she really means is that she made a very serious error, which confidentiality prevents me from mentioning the details of. I warned her that unless her behavior changed, she would get this punishment. She didn't, so here she is. In fact, she's not the only one. At the same time, I'm punishing Katherine for another serious offense."

There was a gasp from Joy and Janice.

"Katherine, you want to show them?" Heather asked.

Now it was Katherine's turn to blush furiously. She turned around and briefly exposed her butt. "I'm... shaved in front too," she said very quietly.

"Heather, you can't give out punishments like that!" said an aghast Joy. "If that happened to me... I think I would die of shame!"

"I can and I will!" Heather said sternly. "If anyone here tells a single other soul, even your best friend or sister or whoever, then whoever tells will have this as their punishment. If someone tells and I can't find out who, then you all will have to be painted and go to a game that way. Does anyone want to challenge me about this?"

There was complete silence. No one ever wanted to oppose Heather openly.

"No? Then good!" Heather reveled in her newly-confirmed power over the other cheerleaders.

"All right, then. Katherine, you take Kim back to the lockers and get her paint job touched up, if you can. You know who to get help from." By this time Heather had figured out that Katherine's brother probably was the painter, so she was careful to refer to him obliquely. "Come back and rejoin practice when you're done, and have Kim come back and rejoin practice as soon as she's dry. Now, run along."

The two of them started to scamper off, but Heather had a new idea and stopped them. "Wait! Stay here for a sec."

"It's not as big a deal as it appears, girls," Heather realized that she might have gone too far in frightening her squad, judging from their panicked faces. Even easy-going Amy seemed panicky at the prospect of being painted and then getting found out by the crowd.

Heather continued, "The fact of the matter is, this happens all the time, in total secrecy of course. The only people who can possibly find out are the other cheerleaders, because everyone else is too far away to see clearly. Do you know, over the years, how many times this has happened to girls on our squad? Lots. Hardly anyone knows just how many, 'cos no one ever finds out. It's a head cheerleader secret."

She looked around with an intense stare. "The truth is, Katherine and Kim have actually been like that all week, and none of you suspected a thing!"

All eyes went to Katherine, who suddenly looked very sheepish and embarrassed.

Janice laughed. "No wonder Katherine said she was fine with it!"

Heather continued, "I don't know why Kim had such a bad paint job today, but if she hadn't you still would never have noticed. So don't worry about those two during the game today. This is the last day of their punishment."

That relieved the others a lot, even as they were shocked to find out that both girls had been like that for a week without them noticing. But the others were still intensely curious about it all, and especially keen to see what would happen during the game.

"Okay," Heather went on, "since that's all settled, I must say I'm still curious about this paint job. I want a closer look to see just what the problem is. Kim, can you lean up against that chain link fence over there?"

Kim nervously walked to the fence and wondered what new deviltry Heather had in mind.

Heather commanded, "All right, lean up against the fence. Higher. Stick your butt out further, so we can get a clear view. And don't get all prudish about a little nudity, because we all see each other naked in the showers."

Kim protested, "But we're outside!"

"Bah. We're practically miles from anyone else. It'll be fine."

Kim was forced to bend over and place her butt at an obscene angle, so much so that it was actually higher than her head.

"That's better," Heather continued. "Everybody gather round. This damn skirt keeps getting in the way." Heather had purposely let Kim's skirt fall over her hands twice to make it seem like an obstruction, when in fact it was not. "This damn stupid skirt. Better just take it off."

In one fell swoop, Heather pulled Kim's skirt down until it hit the ground. "That's better," she said as she suppressed a snicker.

"NooooOOoooo!" cried Kim. "I'm naked! The football players will see!"

Football practice took place not far away on the other side of the fence. Even though it looked like Kim wore panties, to Kim it felt like she was totally nude.

"No you're not," chided Heather. "Remember, nobody thinks you're naked unless they can see you up close. That's why I pulled your skirt off, to make a point. Look - the football players aren't taking any notice at all."

It was true; the football players were busy running plays. But even if they thought the paint job was real underwear, the sight of all the cheerleaders gathered around one person, staring at a skirtless crotch, was bound to bring lots of attention as soon as any of the boys noticed. Heather didn't care much though; she loved living dangerously.

Kim was silent, hoping that a lack of discussion would hurry things up.

Heather put her hands on Kim's butt and peered at Kim's ass closely. "Everybody take a close look. The pussy lips were painted originally, but now they're not. You can see her pink fleshy lips if you're paying attention. That's bad."

The other cheerleaders couldn't help but gather closely and stare, like passersby gazing at a car wreck.

"Heather, please stop this, I beg you!" cried Kim. "I'll do anything; just let me go! I'm so embarrassed. I think I'm going to cry!"

Heather reluctantly let Kim go, mostly because she didn't want to have the other cheerleaders, especially Joy and Janice, freak out too much.

Kim was allowed to put her skirt back on. She walked off to the locker room with Katherine. The whole incident had taken less than a minute, and luckily none of the football players had noticed anything odd.

Katherine, meanwhile, had no idea how she was supposed to touch up Kim's paint job.

As the two of them walked to the locker room, Katherine complained, "It's a real shame that Joy noticed. I can't believe Heather ratted me out too! And pretty much exposed my brother in the bargain, though at least she didn't mention his name. I'm gonna have to get her for that. Anyway, I think she's right about one thing: our only choice now is to find Alan and fix your patchy paint job. He should be playing tennis right now. You stay here in the lockers and I'll come back with him on the double."

"Thanks," was all Kim could say. She was very emotional, still on the verge of tears.

Katherine tried her best to reassure her new friend, giving her a supporting hug as they kept on walking. "Don't worry; I'm sure it'll be fine. No way will any of the others ever tell with that threat of a punishment. Heather sure gave a convincing story. And I thought your paint job was good enough. Anyway, I'll be back soon."

Katherine was able to get Alan out of tennis with the excuse of a family emergency. Ever resourceful, he had kept a brush and some of the paint in his locker in case of emergencies, so he went to get it.

He quickly painted Kim in the big shower stall of the girl's locker room, where he most certainly wasn't supposed to be. It was also the same spot where Katherine, Heather, and Amy had played with each other just the day before.

He wondered what would happen if another girl came into the locker room while he was there, but it seemed that neither of the girls wanted to even consider that possibility.

Kim's fright made it more difficult to paint her labia. It took him a few minutes of fingering her pussy lips to get them puffed up enough for him to paint properly. He had to first calm her down with soothing words, and then talk nasty to get her aroused.

Katherine, meanwhile, stood guard.

He returned to class as quickly as he could. One couldn't see the tennis courts from the cheerleader's practice area, but the other cheerleaders who didn't already know Alan's role had seen Katherine head toward those courts and return with Alan. That gave them an obvious reason to believe that Alan was the painter of the faux underwear.

Back on the practice field, Kim and Katherine felt very self-conscious as they did their exercises. The other girls were still somewhat shocked, and frequently looked in their direction.

Heather finally had to order the others to not give any unnecessary glances at Kim and Katherine during the game, for fear of drawing the crowd's attention towards them.

The game itself went without incident. There were some exposing moves like the high kick, but they were kept to a minimum by Heather and apparently no one in the crowd suspected a thing.

Kim and Katherine were nervous as hell the entire game, but really they were in little danger of getting caught. The crowd was so far away that no one could have noticed unless they looked for something suspicious with binoculars.

Both of them secretly enjoyed the experience. Like the thrill of a bungee jump or a frightening horror film, they enjoyed it and hated it at the same time.

After the game ended, all the other cheerleaders crowded around Kim and Katherine and fawned over them like little schoolgirls (except for Heather, who remained aloof to maintain her authority).

"Oh my God, that was so hot!" Janice gushed. "Every time we did a high kick or shook our booties, I got so excited, even though it wasn't me!"

"Me too!" said Amy.

"What about you, Joy?" Katherine asked.

"It was pretty crazy; that's all I can say." She shook her head in wonder. "Okay, I admit it, I felt the same way. You two are pretty cool, that you can do that. If it were me, I would have pissed in my panties in total and utter fear!"

Janice joked, "What panties? Piss in your painted-on panties?"

Everyone laughed at the absurdity of that.