

6 Times 291

Chapter 291 I Love Fantasizing

When Alan woke on Friday, he was glad that the end of the school week was near. More importantly, he knew that Ron would finally be gone. Furthermore, he was happy because his energy levels, sexual and otherwise, were back at full strength after a tiring week.

He had a feeling it would be a good day. Unfortunately, there wasn't the slightest chance for any sexual fun before school that morning because Ron was still in the house.

But Alan didn't mind that much. Every day it was as if all his sexual dreams were coming true, so he could hardly complain. Besides, he and Glory had plans to meet again, which really motivated him to get to school.

The school day seemed to drag by slower than usual for both Alan and Glory. They could hardly wait until their fourth-period class was over. Glory even went over to Alan's desk at one point during the class, as if to help him out with a problem, but instead gave him a surreptitious wink.

That was all she did, but it goosed his arousal level. He'd already had the old song 'Gloria', which he thought of as a personal theme song for her, running through his head for most of that morning: Gloria! / G-L-O-R-I-A / Glooooooria!

As soon as the last student left Glory's classroom, Alan rushed to the door to lock it.

Before he'd even finished doing that, Glory fought to get out of her clothes. She stroked him with one hand while they worked to take the rest of their clothes off.

She really got into the handjob, and was content to do that for many long minutes until she brought him off.

Meanwhile, Alan rotated between kissing her mouth, fondling her tits, pulling on her clit, and anything else he could think of.

When he finally came, she let his jism splash all over her face. "Alan, look at me!" she cried. "Is that any way to treat your favorite teacher? Such a BIG load, young man! I love it! Where is all this cum coming from?"

"I don't know," he answered honestly. "It seems like my loads are getting bigger lately, with more and more ropes. Is that amount not normal?"

"I haven't been with that many guys, but compared to them you're like Niagara Falls. It's so great! Especially your tasty cum. And you're literally getting better every day in knowing how to please a woman, young man. I really mean it. I need this every day, not just a couple times a week. I'm so glad we've found each other."

"Me too, Teach. Me too."

"You know," she went on, as she scooped cum gobs into her mouth, "I keep having these crazy little fantasies about you, even though we're together already. Especially while I'm teaching your class. For instance, I was just thinking, what if I forgot to change clothes before the start of my next-period class, after I have my fun with you? Wouldn't that be fun if I taught fifth period naked from the waist up, and with your jism covering my face and slowly dripping down my body? What if that got all the guys excited, and they dumped THEIR loads on me?"

She continued to explain, "Then I'd teach sixth period completely naked, covered in cum from head to toe! Then those boys would dump their loads on me too. But somehow we'd return to the class work. I'd stand there at the blackboard lecturing with everyone in their seats, looking bored. I'd be half covered in white. My chest would be covered, three layers deep. And every step I'd take, rivers of cum would pour off my body."

"I think you have a dangerously vivid imagination," he said, smiling.

Yet, with all the crazy happenings around him lately, a part of him felt like nothing was impossible. The fact that she was dripping with cum in her own classroom made her story much more believable and arousing.

"I think you're right," she agreed as she lapped up his cum, licking her tits clean. "I'd never actually DO anything like that though."

"I like it though. I love fantasizing. Let's do it together."

"Okay," she said very agreeably.

After thinking for a few moments, he said, "I know! Why don't we do that fantasy right now? It'll take a few minutes for my dick to rebound. Meanwhile, why don't you stand up at the blackboard and pretend you're lecturing to the class, naked with my cum dripping off your face?"

"Okay!" She got up and moved to the blackboard. She shook her head in wonder. "I can't believe I'm agreeing to this. I think YOU'RE the one with the dangerously vivid imagination, young man!"

Glory began teaching at the blackboard, making up insanely boring 'facts' that had Alan in stitches. "And in 1457, King Edmund the Unfortunate raised the land tax on the peasantry. The yeoman farmer was oppressed by the nobility until the reign of King Harold the Unready in 1459. King Harold's relationship with the church..."

Meanwhile, she wiggled her naked body around in very athletic and completely outrageous ways. It was almost as if she was playing an invisible game of Twister, but she always kept one hand pointing towards the chalkboard, even though there was nothing written on it.

This caused Alan's dick to revive quickly. He sat in the front row as if he were an eager and attentive pupil of her lecture, except that he was also naked and beating off furiously. She finished by doing the splits so dramatically that he wondered if she'd been a cheerleader or gymnast at some point. Then she rushed back to him and hugged him tightly, breathing heavily.

"I can't fucking believe you got me to do that," she said excitedly. "What if somebody saw me? Oh my God, the things you're making me do!"

"Me? I don't remember putting a gun to your head. Didn't you enjoy that?"

"Did I enjoy it? God yes, young man, God yes!"

They kissed again.

bender

He raised his hand, even though she was surrounding him with her naked hug. "Ms. Rhymer?"

She slipped back into her teacher role, pretending to call on him. She pointed at his face from inches away. "Yes, Alan?"

"Teacher, I'm not sure I caught all that about King Ethelred, because I was kind of distracted by what you were doing. Can you repeat that part? And now this strange thing has sprouted between my legs! What does it mean?"

"Hmmm. Very serious, young man. I think I'm going to have to teach you some basics of human anatomy tomorrow. I think we'll enjoy that. But first we need to get rid of this 'strange thing' of yours. I know I'm going to enjoy this even more!" She dropped to the floor and pulled his dick into her mouth.

Alan said while she sucked, "Honestly, I will never, ever look at anyone lecturing at a blackboard in the same way again!"

She chuckled even as she kept his dick deep in her mouth. It was such a deep lunge that she was flirting with deep throating him already.

"The next time I see you teaching in front of the class I know the only thing I'll be able to think about is you naked and doing the splits on the same spot," he said.

She popped his boner out of her mouth to say, "Well then, young man, we'll just have to do more fantasies here so you don't get hung up on just that one."

He grinned. "Hmmm. I like that logic."

She gobbled his cock again. It went deeper and deeper in long strokes. Each one went from having his dick nearly out of her mouth to having his pubic hair nearly tickling her nose. She wanted to go all the way with it, so at the end of an out stroke she pulled off all the way and asked, "I'm ready for some deep throating; are you?"

It was a joke since she'd been deep throating him for a while already.

He replied, "Are you kidding me? That's one question you should always know the answer to. However, let's wait a couple minutes before you do that again. I was on the verge before you even came back here and started sucking. Let me pleasure you a bit to keep you going. Then, when we do it, we can really do it right."

That's just what they did. Alan played with Glory's clit and generally roamed his hands all over her while he waited for his prick to recover.

Thanks to his pause and the fact that he'd cum once already a short time earlier, he was able to experience the unimaginable pleasure of a Gloria Rhymer deep throating for more than five minutes before he finally had to give up his load. Glory had a remarkable ability to keep him deep inside her mouth without breathing for almost a minute at a time, doing all kinds of things to his cock all the while.

Alan could hardly believe this woman strutting around naked at the front of the classroom and sucking him so deep was the same woman he had thought so prudish these past three-plus years. In fact, she wasn't prudish at all, as her surfing persona had hinted, but he'd had no basis for knowing what she was like when not behaving as a teacher.

As he left, she kept joking about not putting her clothes back on. She repeatedly pretended that someone from the next class had walked in, after which she stood, naked and surprised, as she had an imaginary conversation with the student while more students entered the room.

They both enjoyed it. It made Alan wonder whether Glory might have an exhibitionist streak, or if she was like him: happy to do it as a fantasy but scared shitless to do it in real life.

Katherine meanwhile had a very ordinary school day, even though there was a football game to root for. She wore her cheerleader outfit through all her classes as she did every game day, but she was back to

wearing panties just like all the other cheerleaders. It seemed disappointing and boring compared to all the fun she'd had the week before. But that's the way Heather wanted it, so no one dared complain.

Chapter 292 Turning Brenda Around.

Back at the Plummer home, Suzanne and Susan had a serious talk while they did their morning pre-workout stretching exercises.

Susan was initially very excited. The first thing she said was, "Suzanne, it happened to me too! Last night! I understand how you felt when Tiger wrote 'I love you' on your back with pre-cum, and all that!"

She embraced her friend, and said, "Do you know what he said to me? He said - and this is a direct quote, since I memorized it: 'I love you so much. You're in my thoughts every single minute of the day, either consciously or unconsciously. Just the knowledge that you're nearby gives me confidence and lifts my feet as I walk. I really mean that.' Isn't that just the sweetest, most wonderful thing anyone has ever said, ever?"

Suzanne

Suzanne was a bit jealous to hear that, so she had a hard time getting very excited for her friend. As she went back to her stretching exercises, she said politely, "That's very nice. He really is a sweet one, isn't he? That's why I call him my Sweetie. So, did you suck him all night long as a big reward?"

"I wish! But that wasn't an option, with Ron sleeping down the hall. Besides, it wasn't like that. Sure, we were both horny, but it was a romantic thing. We kissed! And kissed and kissed!"

That made Suzanne even more envious, but she kept her feelings well hidden. She reminded herself that her ultimate scheme required sharing, so there was no place for jealousy or envy. She let Susan gush at great length about how "wonderful" and "considerate" Alan had been to her. But eventually the conversation shifted and they again discussed what Susan would do after Ron was gone.

At times like this when Susan wasn't in close proximity to her son's erection, she was full of remorse, guilt, and resolve to avoid such 'immoral' behavior. Her recent "nightmare" still weighed heavily on her, as did her most recent vow not to fool around with Alan. Perhaps surprisingly, the loving, romantic high that she was feeling toward her son didn't impact her determination to hold to her vow.

Even Suzanne could only sway Susan so much when she was like this. However, the good thing about Susan's vow was that it was vague. She'd promised herself to stay away from Alan for a few days until she could sort out her feelings and firmly establish boundaries. Suzanne's goal was to make those "few days" very few indeed. She was confident that vow would be forgotten just like Susan's other recent vows about Alan had been. She figured the vow wouldn't last more than a few hours after Ron was gone, and he was supposed to leave later in the day.

Susan had something else she was excited to share. "Suzanne, you won't believe it. I have a big secret, a fun secret, but I can't tell you what it is!" She was thinking about the photo session with Brenda the previous night.

That got Suzanne's attention. "What?! Susan, you can't say that! I thought we shared everything!"

"We do. And don't worry, I'll tell you soon. But before I do, there's something I need to get." She wanted the nude pictures of Brenda in hand to really wow Suzanne with her clever scheme. She wasn't the scheming type, but she felt like this one time she'd even out-schemed Suzanne.

"What do you mean?!"

"You'll see. Probably later today. To give you a hint, it has to do with Brenda."

Suzanne was on edge. "What about Brenda?! Did you talk to her yesterday? Did you see her? Talk to me! Please!"

But Susan was mum. Suzanne tried to beg, cajole, and plead, but Susan wouldn't say any more.

Eventually, they went back to their morning exercises.

Once they were done, they discussed Susan's late night "tuck-in" some more. Susan had a happy memory of that, since she'd shared a loving moment with her son while resisting touching his cock - for the most part.

Suzanne was able to build off that. She didn't directly push Susan to help with more handjobs and blowjobs. Instead, they discussed how to further "sex things up" and give more visual stimulation. She pointed out that it would be easier for him to reach or even exceed his daily target if it was easier for his penis to get hard and stay hard.

Susan was heartily in favor of that goal. She salivated just thinking about it.

From there the conversation turned to fashion and what exactly to wear to inspire Alan. Suzanne was once again able to use her greater fashion experience to make concrete suggestions on how Susan should dress in a more boner-inducing manner. It was hard to believe that Susan had been screaming at Suzanne for playing with Alan by her pool just two days earlier, because now they were back to being the closest of friends.

After Suzanne went back home, Susan was left at loose ends for a while. Ron was at his office doing some last-minute things, and Alan and Katherine weren't due home for a couple of hours. Meanwhile, all their talk about inspiring Alan's erection and taking off and putting on sexy clothes had left Susan in a horny mood.

Under normal conditions she would have just gone to her bedroom or shower to masturbate. But on Tuesday, Suzanne had introduced her to the erotic story "Mom's Gotta Have Her Son's Big Cock," and Susan was eager to read it again. She took off her clothes, sat down in front of the computer in the den, and managed to climax several times as she read.

She loved the story so much that when she finished it she was tempted to read it again immediately. But she figured she did need to take care of some errands. Besides, she'd read it three times so far. She wondered if there were other stories like it that she could read, but she was reluctant to search the Internet herself, since she figured there were all kinds of "yucky" things out there. Instead she resolved to ask Suzanne for more stories as soon as she had a good chance.

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With Suzanne gone and her porn reading done for the time being, Susan stayed busy cleaning the house. She was vacuuming the living room when she got a call from Brenda.

After the usual pleasantries, Susan asked, "So how did the pictures turn out? When will you be coming by? I can't wait to see them."

Brenda's voice turned sad, which was an ominous sign. "That's what I'm calling about. I'm not so sure if I should bring them by later, or at all."

"What?! What are you talking about?!"

"I'm sorry, it's just... I'm having serious doubts about what we did last night. And not just that, but everything Alan-related that's happened in the last few days. I mean, Susan, I don't blame you, or Suzanne, or him. The problem is me! I've been acting like a crazy woman. All my wisdom and self-restraint have just flown out the window. I've been acting like a brainless idiot, letting my lust run wild and control me. It's got to stop!"

But that's the whole point and idea! Susan wanted to bellow into the phone. You're supposed to let your lust run wild and take control of you! However, she couldn't say that to Brenda, at least not yet. Instead, she complained, "Whatever ARE you talking about?! That's so untrue! You lacked wisdom before, not now. This is the smartest thing you've done in a long time. Think about it. You said you've been unhappy and dissatisfied for years and years. Haven't you been having the time of your life these last few days?"

"Yes, but... it's reckless, foolish fun. It's not sustainable. I'm setting myself up to get hurt. Susan, I'm not and can't be just another one of Alan's big-titted cheerleaders! I'm a mature woman with a teenage son. I have lots of prospects, lots of opportunities. I've been thinking about it since last night. Now that my divorce is imminent, the world is my oyster. I could go after any man I want. I could move to L.A. and pursue a famous Hollywood star, even, if that's what floats my boat. With my looks, don't you think I'd find success with that?"

"Well..." Susan couldn't deny it. "Maybe so. But what's fame? You've already made the mistake of going after the rich and powerful types - twice. Is that really what you want again?"

That hit home for Brenda. "Actually, no. But I'm just saying I could. I can do MUCH, MUCH better than a kid still in high school who's taken like eight times over already. Sheesh! I hardly even know him! He's just a symbol of my ideal man. He's not really real."

Susan said testily, "I can assure you he's very real!"

"For you, yes, but not for me. Our situations are very different. I really must have been temporarily insane these past few days. I mean, last night, I shamelessly posed for you while you took hundreds of pictures of my completely naked body, all for a BOY! A mere BOY! And I barely even know him! What was I THINKING?! UGH!"

Susan spoke calmly, from the heart. "I'll tell you what you were thinking. Don't you remember how GOOD it felt? That curious mixture of intense arousal and humiliation? That delicious feeling of being thoroughly dominated? He wasn't there, he didn't even know it was happening, but even still the mere thought of him was making you act like a shameless slut! One of HIS shameless sluts!"

There was a long pause. Then Brenda quietly whispered, "Fuuuuck!" Clearly, Susan's words were having an effect. "Um, pardon my language."

Emboldened, Susan continued, "Don't worry about it. Now, think about the night before, at the poker game. Didn't Alan show you that he's not just another guy? Don't you remember the private conversation you had with him?"

Brenda gasped in alarm, as if her darkest secret had been revealed. "No! Not that! Please don't mention that!"

"But I have to! Think about how he made you feel. Think about the things he said to you. It obviously affected you strongly. What did he say to you exactly, anyway?" Susan already knew some of what had been discussed, but she had to play ignorant.

"He... he... he told me about the kind of man I needed, in order to feel truly satisfied. It was HIM! He's that man! Then, then - and this is the worst - he told me all the things he'd do to me if I belonged to him! Sex things! Nasty, naughty, incredible things!"

"Like what?"

"Please, don't make me say them!"

"Brenda, it's important! It sounds like you're trying to make a decision here while ignoring certain facts."

Brenda was breathing heavily as she remembered. "Okay. Okay, already. Suffice to say... Oh, Gaawwwd! Basically, he'd have his total way with me! I'd have to serve his cock in every way possible! Treat him like lord and master! He'd fuck my mouth, my tits, my cunt - everything! Whatever he wanted, whenever he wants, because all I can do is obey!"

"And how does that make you feel?"

"Oh GOD! Please! Don't ask me that!"

"But I am."

"UNGH! HRRRNG! So, so GOOOOOD! I'm getting so HOOORNY, just thinking about it! And then, when I think about the way he looked at me, seeing right through me... tearing my clothes off... I'd do ANYTHING for him! ANYTHING! And I'd love it!"

Susan asked with genuine confusion, "He tore your clothes off? Sounds like fun! But I don't remember that at all!"

"Not literally, no. But he did with his eyes! I would have! I would have torn them off myself, if he'd just said the word!"

Hearing that, Susan lowered the boom. "And yet you're having doubts about all that? Brenda, what's wrong with you? What would you rather have happen to you? Would you rather find another steady, boring, safe husband like the last two and live a steady, boring, safe life? Let's say your new husband is handsome, sexy, well-hung, smart, rich, fun, and maybe even famous to boot. But he's not Alan. He doesn't know what you REALLY need and desire like Alan does. It's all VERY safe."

Brenda was silent, but she was listening intently.

"Or, if you're lucky, you could become one of Alan's many big-titted sluts. Life would be hard. Humiliation? Frequent. Nudity? Frequent too. Choking and bobbing on his big fat cock would be your lot in life, often in front of others. You'd basically be one of his sex toys, constantly fighting for his attention over all his other gorgeous women. Frankly, you might not even see him that much, and when you did

you'd generally be on your knees, sucking and feasting and bobbing on his thick cock-meat like your life depended on it! He'd cum on your face and then maybe even make you lick his cum off MY face! Like I said, it's a hard life. So which would you choose?"

Chapter 293 My Burning Lust-Brenda

A tormented Brenda whined, "Susan, please! Don't make me choose!"

"But you have to!"

Brenda

There was a long pause. Brenda hadn't mentioned it to Susan, but she was sitting in front of her computer, looking at the photos Susan had taken of her the previous night. She was lingering over one of her favorites, where Susan had encouraged her to strike yet another provocative pose while pretending she was giving Alan a blowjob. So much damn talk about blowjobs. Would I even really enjoy giving one? I doubt it; I never have before. But then again, it's not about my pleasure; it's about HIS pleasure. Even if I don't enjoy it, I'd get a certain amount of satisfaction just from knowing that I'm the one that's doing it for him.

Dammit, listen to me! I sound like I've been brainwashed or something. But... when I look at this photo, and others like it... how can I not explore that side of life? It's calling for me... Such a powerful craving... I can't resist! It's time I finally do something purely selfish, for ME! To find out how truly great my pleasure can be!

She finally responded, "Well, if you put it like that, of course I'm going to pick Alan! It's hardly even a choice! That sounds too thrilling to be believed! But maybe Suzanne's right. Maybe there are other men out there like him, men who can make me feel like he does. There have to be! Right? I can use part of my ample resources to find them. I've been thinking: I can find someone like Alan, but even BETTER! Mainly, someone I don't have to share with a whole bunch of other women. I can have him all for myself!"

Susan said dourly, "You know it doesn't work like that."

"Why not?!"

"If there's another man out there with Alan-like sexual prowess and abilities, he's not going to have just one woman. Would you even respect him if he did?"

"Well..."

"Think about it. How could he dominate you properly? If you're his only lover, or even his wife, you can use all the manipulative tricks you used on your previous husbands: deny him sex if he doesn't do exactly what you want, pout and ignore him until he buys you gifts, and all that jazz."

Brenda realized that Susan was right. She didn't want to go back to a relationship like the marriage she was getting out of, even though she'd often gotten her way. She pointed out, "I could just avoid using those techniques."

"Sure, you say that now, but they're way too tempting. We all use whatever leverage we have to get what we want. That's basic human nature. Except in your case, what you think you want and what you REALLY want deep, deep down are two different things. Now that you've seen Alan and you know the lifestyle he represents, how can you settle for a man who's only capable of satisfying one woman? A gorgeous woman like you - don't you deserve the best of the best, a man who controls MANY other women who are just as impressive as you are?"

There was a long pause. Brenda thought, That does sound hot. Seriously hot! Now that I've found a man like Alan who really does control a de facto harem of women just as stunning as I am, how could I ever settle for an ordinary man?

Brenda continued to stare at the picture on her computer screen of herself giving a pretend blowjob. Even as we speak, Alan is probably getting his cock sucked by some buxom stunner. I want to be a part of that. How could I settle for less?! Finally, she said, "Damn. I shouldn't talk to you. It's dangerous! How can you say those things? It's like you know what I want better than I do!"

With surprising authority and confidence, Susan replied, "That's because I do. I'm realizing we're very similar in many ways. I haven't been living my new lifestyle for that long yet, but I've given it a lot of thought. I've done a great deal of soul searching while trying to tackle my moral issues. So it's easy: all I have to do is speak to you as if I were speaking to a doubtful me. If I could speak to the doubtful me of a few weeks ago, I'd say, 'Don't chicken out! It's great now, but it gets even better, much better! The

things you now think are bad are actually good.' For instance, the sharing. That still rankles me a lot, but at the same time, sharing the whole experience with Suzanne is half the fun!"

There was another long pause before Brenda said, "Boy, you've given me a lot to think about. But I don't know. I just don't know. For one thing, even if I want Alan, will he want me? You told me yesterday that it's a long shot at best."

"Yes, that's true. I'm not going to sugar-coat it for you. But you don't strike me as a quitter. If you don't at least try, then you'll always be asking yourself: 'What if?' 'What might have been?'"

Brenda sighed. "Damn. You oughta get into sales. You're pretty damn persuasive."

"Only for what I believe in passionately. I've recently woken from my long slumber and discovered the joy of living. I want to see the same thing happen to you."

"I want that too! But it seems such a strange way to go. Is this really the way forward? Why do I have these strange feelings, these strange desires? Why can't I be normal, and just be happy with a normal guy? Susan, I'm going to need to think this over for a while. The pictures will have to wait until I get my head on straight."

"Fair enough. Take all the time you need. But I'm curious: how did the pictures turn out? Do they look good?"

Brenda brightened. She smiled wickedly as she clicked forward through more of the photos on her screen. "They look great! Soooo sexy and naughty! I know you're not exactly a professional photographer, but with these pictures it sure seems like you are." Her tone turned glum. "But that's part of the problem too."

"What do you mean?"

Brenda remained fully clothed, but she was so hot and bothered that she pinched her nipples through her clothes. "I mean, when I look at myself in those pictures, I can see the fire in my eyes. The lust, the burning lust! I think about how I felt when the picture was taken, and I get all horny again!"

Susan chuckled. "How is that a bad thing?"

Brenda chuckled a little bit too. "Okay, maybe it's not totally bad. But still. Looking at my future, each option is scarier than the next. I'm almost more afraid of success than failure! For instance, what if I jump through all these hoops and get Alan to want me, and then I find his lifestyle isn't all it's cracked up to be? What if I don't even like giving a blowjob that much?"

Susan was full of confidence. "Trust me, you don't have to worry about THAT! It's so much more than what happens with your mouth. Kneeling in front of your man while he stands towering over you, knowing that he has total control and you have none, feeling the thrill of serving a superior kind of man - I could go on all day!"

Brenda grunted. She clicked back to the photo of her giving a pretend blowjob. She'd been standing up, but now she was very regretful that there wasn't one of her doing it kneeling. "I have to admit that sounds pretty damn good. But that's another problem: what if I love it too much? What if I become obsessed and lose myself entirely to my sexual passion? It feels like I've gotta thread the needle very carefully. My feelings about this are very strong, which means the stakes are sky-high. So many things can go wrong, in every direction!"

Susan replied, "I feel for you. You're taking a big leap into the unknown. Like I said, I won't try to sugar-coat it for you. But remember that I took a big leap into the unknown too, and now I'm living the dream!"

Brenda sighed. "Thanks for talking to me. I envy you so much. You've given me a lot to think about. I'll call you back soon, okay? Maybe tomorrow. I should sleep on this, at the very least."

The call ended shortly thereafter. Brenda had been largely holding back from pleasuring herself during the phone call, but once it was over she immediately gave in and masturbated to another climax while again perusing the nude photos of herself. She made up sexy, submissive fantasy stories for each one to accompany her self-pleasuring.

Susan was frustrated that she wouldn't be able to reveal her photo-session surprise to Suzanne or Alan just yet, but she was confident that Brenda would come around soon enough.

She knew that she was supposed to be helping Alan seduce Brenda, but during that phone call she hadn't needed to use any hype because she'd meant every word. When considering Brenda, she merely had to look at herself. She realized that she'd crossed the point of no return into her new lifestyle weeks earlier, even before that fateful Tuesday two weeks ago. She had a good feeling that Brenda had crossed her own point of no return as well, even if Brenda didn't fully realize that yet.

When school ended, Alan came home and went straight to bed. He was exhausted after a long school week.

After he woke up, he looked at the clock and saw there was still another forty minutes before they had to leave for the airport to see Ron off. He went to the bathroom across the hall for only a minute or two. When he returned to his room, he found Suzanne lying on his bed, wearing nothing but pantyhose.

Suzanne lying on Alan's bed, wearing nothing but pantyhose

Not many days before, such a sight would have nearly given him a real heart attack from shock and excitement, but now, although he still loved it, he could handle it a lot better. "Hi, Aunt Suzy," he said casually. "To what do I owe the honor of your visit?" He made sure to lock the door behind him.

"To whom, not what. You can thank your mother, Sweetie. We don't want you to be all stressed out for the trip to the airport, do we? You know I have to get her permission for anything I do with you these days. Luckily, I was able to explain to her just how traumatic and dangerous it would be for you to make the trip with your balls full of all that nasty cum."

Her voice was sarcastic, as if she could scarcely believe the rationale she'd used on Susan. "She gave me permission to suck your dick, but said I had to be wearing something, at least below the waist."

She looked down at herself and smiled a naughty smile. "Technically speaking, these pantyhose do cover me from the waist down."

Without any further ado, Alan straddled her. Such encounters might no longer frighten him, but they got him hard as instantly as ever before. His heart also inevitably pounded harder because he knew he was about to embark on another wild ride. "Did she say anything about what I was allowed to wear?"

"No, but I assume she doesn't want you totally naked either. So keep a sock on." She pulled his shorts off while he pulled his T-shirt over his head.

He joked, "Just to be on the safe side, I'm going to keep both socks on. That way, in case something goes wrong with one sock, we have the other as a backup."

She joked back, "That's the kind of Boy Scout ingenuity I expect from you."

"Did she say anything about me playing and sucking on your tits?"

She thought to herself, It's always the tits with him. But that's what teenage boys like. I can't wait until pussies are no longer off limits and he starts thinking about mine, but until then why not let him have a little fun?

"No, but I think that's supposed to be against the rules in general, and I'm still in her doghouse for getting busted with you the other day. However, I don't recall the rules saying anything about what to do if your dick accidentally brushed up against my boobs."

In a flash, he positioned himself above her tummy (without putting his weight on her).

She grabbed his erection and pulled it to her twin globes. He let her control his body as she ran his stiffness all over her massive pale orbs. She used it to trace their outlines, then pressed it up against each nipple in turn. Before long, his boner ended up buried in her cleavage.

"Oh dear," she said, as she spat into her chest to provide some lubrication. "I believe we're starting a titfuck. You know, I don't think Susan has ever given much thought to titfucking, so her boundaries don't say anything about that."

Even as she said this, Suzanne stopped guiding his dick, instead using her hands to press her breasts together. He got the hint and began pistoning his dick in her cleavage. She added, "You should correct that, by the way."

"What?" He was enjoying the titfuck so much that he was barely paying attention.

"She doesn't seem to get what she's missing by not giving you titfucks, even though I've mentioned them to her from time to time. Your dick belongs in her cleavage, don't you think? It's a match made in heaven, given how sensitive her breasts are."

"That's true," he said in a pretend sober and seemingly concerned tone while stroking gleefully. "But there's another pair of equally incredible tits even closer that I'd love to fuck. They're somewhere around here..." He looked around the room with deliberate cluelessness, making sure to never look down.

She leaned forward and licked the tip of his cock to get his attention, and also because she loved doing that. "Hello...? Down here."

He grinned, but still pretended to ignore Suzanne from her neck down and to be unaware of the on-going titfuck. "Akami said that my homework assignment was to practice titfucking as much as possible. Isn't it important that we follow her instructions? Perhaps we should exploit that loophole in Mom's rules.?"

Chapter 294 Suzanne's Euphoria And Inner Struggle.

Suzanne joked, "I gather you've gotten pretty good at exploiting women's holes already."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," he replied with honest modesty. "Most holes are still off limits. It's just that great things keep falling in my lap, around my dick."

She joked some more, "That's funny you mention that, 'cos great things keep falling into my cleavage."

By this time he had hit a good rhythm plowing in and out of her tit-vagina, enjoying it so much that the conversation simply came to an end.

Suzanne, too, was happy just to lay back and enjoy it. She hoped that their titfuck would become a regular part of their future play.

He marveled at the feel of his rod sliding between the sexy redhead's boobs. Wow, getting to fuck Aunt Suzy's boobs is beyond great. Her tits are divine. So pillowy! She's soooo soft up top. She's softer than Mom, even.

Aunt Suzy is squeezy, but she's not at all fat. Kind of like Aims, I guess. It must run in the family. God, just imagine fucking both of them at once! That would be way cool. I'd be in the middle of a Petridge pillow sandwich. So soft! So squeezable! So sexy and feminine! Dang!

Suzanne meanwhile thought, I'm enjoying this far too much! He's just a kid, but he's such a natural at everything sexual. Somehow I must have known he had this potential or I wouldn't have picked six times a day; I would have settled for four or maybe five. Or maybe I'm just greedy and can't get enough of him! Probably the latter, hee-hee. It's like his dick was created just to be sliding between my breasts... or somewhere else! So fucking good! And he's so in charge, so casual. The shrinking violet, virgin Alan is long gone.

Imagine if he were stuffing my cunt like he should be doing every day! Oh yeah! Now there's a thought! ... Keep it cool, Suzanne. You have to remain the one in control if you're gonna pull this off. Don't let him get to you too much!

As time went on, Suzanne's long tongue got more involved. She liked to challenge herself, to see just how far she could reach and lick, even while titfucking. Although her tongue was extra long, she couldn't reach all the way down to his sweet spot, which frustrated her to no end because she was just the teensiest fraction of an inch too short.

She suggested they try some different positions to see if that could help her reach her target, but it seemed that no matter what position they tried, his sweet spot remained just out of reach.

TB: Suzanne leaning forward, pressing her boobs together, while Alan titfucks her

Still, Alan loved it. "Aunt Suzy, this is so cool! It's like a blowjob and titfuck in one! And you're lapping my cockhead so thoroughly that it's absolutely INSANE! Does it get any better than that?" She was too busy tending his cock to reply, so he added, "What if we try a sixty-nine? Wouldn't that be even better?"

She was still too busy to reply but she made some discouraging noises as she licked.

"Awww. Bummer. Look, this isn't fair. You're a total goddess and you're slobbering all over my dick like it's the most delicious dessert, and titfucking me at the same time! I don't deserve this. At least let me reciprocate. We'll have more fun that way too."

She gave him a discouraging look that made her position clear. She didn't want to be interrupted, and she felt she'd made her point sufficiently clear in the past.

He knew her position, but he was hoping he could get her to bend. He was frustrated that her pussy remained totally off limits. Nevertheless, he could hardly complain, given what she was doing to him with such skill and enthusiasm.

Finally, when she sensed he was getting too close to cumming, she said, "I've made a decision. I think it's important that we obey Susan's rules, at least for today. Not just the letter of the law, but the spirit of it, too. I think titfucking is wrong, don't you?" She winked at him.

"Oh yes. Very wrong." He winked back. He didn't know where she was going with this, but he knew that when it came to Suzanne, her schemes were always lots of fun.

"So instead of titfucking, why don't you put your dick in my mouth?"

That was what he was going to do at that point anyway, especially since his cockhead was already right there, positioned to do just that.

She continued to slide her breasts up and down as she nibbled and licked the tip of his erection. Slowly but surely, she took more and more into her mouth until she'd engulfed his entire cockhead. As she saw and felt the signs that his climax was imminent, she gave up on the titfucking altogether and took him deeper into her mouth so she could bob directly over his sweet spot.

That pushed him over the edge. He stifled an ecstatic yell, closed his eyes, and threw his head back as he started to squirt.

She eagerly guzzled his seed.

After taking a few ropes straight down her throat, she thought, Fuck! This is like putting a garden hose to my mouth! This is no two tablespoons, or whatever they say the average is. It's gotta be double that, at least. And it tastes so good!

More seconds passed, and still more cum pulsed into her mouth. This is unreal. When will his orgasm end? He's like a cum Coke machine!

When they were done, she continued to lick his flaccid penis under the premise of cleaning it off. In fact, she just couldn't get enough of his cum, since she felt that she'd been denied it too much in recent days.

She thought, What's wrong with me? It's strange enough that I've fallen in love with a teenager. Stranger still that I'm not that jealous when he's doing someone else. Hell, if it had been one of these yuppie types I used to run around with, I would have cut their balls off if they were cheating on ME, even while I was cheating on their wives and my husband. Now I'm the one setting him up with a harem, more or less. But what's stranger still is that each time I take another of his loads, it's like I become wedded even closer to him.

"Wedded." What a strange thought. He's just half my age, just a kid, but I feel like I want to be his wife! I love the horny bugger more than words can say. It's a good thing I have the self control to drive those thoughts away. I mean, talk about impossible. For one thing, I'm still legally a married woman. Even though I could easily make it on my own financially, I do have to think of my children; I want to keep the pretense of a happy marriage going until they graduate from high school. So here I am, licking Sweetie's dick clean and dreaming impossible dreams. Good God.

As they rested, he noted, "Aunt Suzy, that was amazing, that thing you did."

"Which one?" As usual, she'd used a lot of little tricks here and there.

"The way you licked my cock even while we titfucked. It was like a blowjob AND titfuck at the same time!"

"Oh, is that all? That's easy. Not everyone can do that, but I'm sure you'll find a lot of your women can."

She immediately thought, "Your women?" Where did that thought come from? The plan is, he's gonna be mine. Yeah, I'll share him with Susan and Angel, but I'm the one who's ultimately going to be running things. I shouldn't give him big ideas with this "your women" nonsense.

They continued to rest, with her face almost in his crotch. Every now and then she'd lick his flaccid prick, just to tantalize him and because it was right there. bender

He loved it. To think that I'm in bed with the incredible Suzanne Pestrige! She's like a fuckin' supermodel centerfold porn star, and we're hanging out in the nude and she's lazily playing with my cock. Who would believe it? Hell, I've always tried damn hard not to even think about her in a sexual way, partly because I assumed that she was way, way, WAY out of my league. But here we are. Sweetness!

Eventually, he looked at his clock. He still had five minutes to go before he had to leave for the airport with his family.

Suzanne also noted the time, pulled her head from his crotch, and asked, "Are you going to have time to shower and get this room cleaned up somewhat?"

As he put on some clothing, he replied, "Nope. I'll just have to go to the airport reeking of the smell of cum. That might make things a bit more interesting, don't you think?" Against all his good upbringing, he couldn't help but rub in the fact that he'd stolen Susan from her husband. He was pretty sure that Ron wouldn't figure it out, but that secret knowledge would give him a thrill.

"Oh, come on. You don't really mean that. That's not the considerate Sweetie I know. What did Ron ever do to you to deserve that?"

"Well, not being there for pretty much my entire teenage years, for one. But you're right. That's mean. I'll take a quick shower."

"Good. And you should do something about this room; it smells like a cum bath. Don't you open your windows anymore?"

"Nah. Not in the past couple of days. I'm thinking that if the room smells of sex, that'll help get Mom more excited. Not to mention you and Sis. Now that Ron is leaving, I want it to smell even more like cum."

Suzanne couldn't help but grin as she inhaled deeply. "I have to admit that it's working. When I walked in here and inhaled I started to get all excited. God, no woman can hope to resist. I wonder what would happen if you took a complete stranger in here and had her bask in this smell. Would she be able to resist you? It's just not fair that you make your room smell like this; it's stacking the deck."

"You know what's not fair?" he responded. "Hearing you talk. You have the sexiest voice. It's so sultry and gravelly and sexy. Those Jessica Rabbit comparisons people always make of you are so true. I don't even have to see you; just hearing your scratchy but oh-so-sexy voice drives me over the edge. You're completely irresistible. You're stacking the deck, not to mention just plain stacked."

She laughed. "Okay. Next time we'll do this with your eyes and ears closed and my nose plugged. Then we'll be even."

He needed to rush to take his shower, so he put on just enough clothes to get to the bathroom and back.

Suzanne was putting her own clothes back on, but at a slower pace.

He hurried to the door, looked back at her and said, "Love you." It wasn't the first time he'd ever said those words to her directly, but the way he said it seemed different than before. He'd meant to say it in passing, like saying "See ya," but instead his voice caught and he almost choked up. That left him blushing as he hurried off to the shower.

Suzanne felt her breath catch in excitement. He loves me! He really does love me! She skipped around the room like an excited child. Take THAT, Susan! she thought, because she was still feeling a little jealous of the loving things that Susan had told her Alan had told her the night before.

Suzanne's euphoria didn't last long, because she wrestled with her feelings and then suppressed them. There you go again, girl. He's just a fuckin' kid. I am NOT about to marry him. I'm not gonna go there, not even in my mind. Even though I might be able to wheedle him into marriage with all my tricks and schemes, that's one thing I would never force him into doing. That has to come from the heart. Besides,

it wouldn't be right to marry someone twenty years younger. Don't even think about it! We've just got a great sexual thing going on. Too bad that's all it may ever be.

Chapter 295 Bump Check -Amy/Kath/Alan

The entire Plummer family went to the airport to see Ron off.

Since he had to go through customs and then security, his family couldn't linger and have a long goodbye, so they ate a quick meal with him at the airport restaurant. Alan and Katherine gave him goodbye hugs at the security checkpoint.

Then Susan kissed him on the lips during a long embrace. She didn't want to do it, but it was a long tradition in their marriage. She made sure it was just a closed-lipped, quick kiss, but she still felt terrible, especially since Alan was standing right there.

Alan was surprised at how intensely jealous he felt as he watched his parents kiss like that. Susan actually slipped him a very sad, apologetic look, glancing over her shoulder even while she was still in Ron's embrace, but that didn't do much to cool Alan's rising anger.

However, he thought about what Suzanne had said to him earlier, that feeling ill will towards Ron wasn't becoming of him. He counted to ten and managed to look relatively normal, although he felt as if steam was coming out his ears. He was glad though that he'd already given Ron his goodbye hug before that kiss, because he didn't think he could have faked it afterwards.

Had Ron been more emotionally involved with his family, he would have been upset at the pro-forma nature of the goodbyes. It was an awkward scene which at least ended quickly, as Ron rushed off to his plane more rapidly than was required. Finally Ron was gone, at around six in the evening, at which point the rest of the family headed for home.

Susan, Katherine, and Alan were silent as they drove back home. Although all of them were both excited and relieved that Ron was gone, the pretense that he was a loved member of the family had to be maintained, so it was safest just to say nothing at all. Susan turned on an oldies radio station to mask the awkward silence. The station happened to be playing the old Turtles hit "Happy Together." She changed the station because the ironic meaning was just too embarrassing.

Alan was still pissed off at Susan's goodbye kiss, so his obvious angry mood brought a chill to them all. He knew it was irrational to mind a wife kissing her husband, but he couldn't help his feelings.

Susan wanted to apologize to Alan about the kiss, but she couldn't quite bring herself to do it. It was shocking enough the way she cheated on her husband with her own son. To actually apologize for kissing the man she'd wed would be terribly embarrassing, especially since Katherine was in the car. She vowed she'd make it up to Alan somehow. She had visions of spending the entire evening naked in his bedroom, making it up to him until his balls were drained completely dry.

However, as they continued to drive, Alan's jealousy slowly faded, especially when he began thinking more about how life would be better now that Ron was gone. He knew that Suzanne would be helping him more, and he was very hopeful that Susan would be helping more as well. He figured that he and Katherine would have to continue to avoid serious sexual activity at home, lest Susan catch them. That was okay by him, though, since they at least had their times together at Kim's house.

His feelings for his mother were increasingly confused. On the one hand, I've been feeling more and more guilty about lusting after her, now that she appears to be putting up more resistance than I'd thought. Or is she? She blows hot and cold. It's so frustrating. Sometimes her rules literally change from one minute to the next. I never know what I'm allowed to do! She must be under a lot of mental strain. That would account for all these mood swings she's going through. But I don't understand why she's been blowing so cold lately.

On the other hand, the kisses we shared last night show that our growing physical intimacy could actually improve our loving relationship instead of simply fucking it up. Let's hope the cards fall the right way.

But it seems like things could go wrong in so many different ways. There are just too many variables with so many people involved. Like my being with Mom could really crush Sis. I'd better keep trying to hold my libido back as much as I can and let the others take the lead. Especially Aunt Suzy. She always knows just what to do and how to do it.

Susan also was thinking more and more about life without Ron as she continued driving them all home. She found herself becoming incredibly bubbly and giddy. She would have pulled the car over and blown Alan by the side of the road to "apologize" to him for Ron's goodbye kiss had it not been for Katherine's presence in the car. Instead she tried to play it cool and keep quiet, but she was practically bursting with anticipation.

She fully expected Alan to be all over her as soon as they got home. Her head was filled with all kinds of things she could do to apologize more fully for the airport kiss. Deep down inside, she hoped that Alan would punish her severely. She daydreamed of being naked and tied up in Alan's room for days at a time. Failing that, she hoped he'd at least give her a good spanking session. Or two.

But she was in for a big disappointment. When the three of them got home from the airport, Amy was already in their living room, waiting in anticipation for her overdue pussy shaving.

Seeing Amy, Susan walked directly into the kitchen and began doing chores. She appeared unfazed, deciding, Good! This is a lucky break. I have to keep to my vow and avoid losing control until I get my head on straight. Nevertheless she was dying of frustration, so she had gone to the kitchen to be alone with her feelings while Amy was there.

Alan had been feeling much the same, horny and brimming with the expectation of having more fun with Susan. But that was before he saw Amy and her very short dress.

Amy completely co-opted his attention. After giving him and Kat big hugs, she put on a very sad, worried face.

Amy in a low halter top and skirt rucked up about her waist, pantyless, with arms folded under her rack, looking sad

She stepped back and put her arms under her ample tits, which caused her dress to ride up really high, displaying her pussy to Alan while also pushing her tits up and out. "Bo, can you help me out?" she asked with a pout. "It's my you-know-what. I can feel that it's getting hairy!"

He looked towards the kitchen, which was largely visible through double doors from where Amy was standing. It appeared that Susan hadn't heard or seen what Amy was doing. As tempting as Susan was, he knew she wouldn't let him touch her pussy - her self-control remained consistently firm about that - whereas Amy was practically begging for him to touch hers.

Amy spread her legs even wider as she stood there, idly rubbing her hand over her bare pussy. She seemed nearly frantic with worry about her pubic hair growth.

Alan looked over at Katherine, who stood behind Amy, playfully giving him fucking signals with her hands by sliding the finger of one hand into the loose fist of the other. Alan decided he needed to get Amy out of there before his mother saw what was happening.

"Yeah, sure. Why don't we see what the trouble is?" He took Amy by the hand and the two of them and Katherine walked upstairs to his room.

As they reached the stairs, Alan shouted out, "Hey Mom! Sis and Amy and I are gonna hang out for a while, okay?"

Susan shouted back, "Okay!" She tried to sound cheery, but she was crushed.

As they mounted the stairs, Amy whined, "Bo, it's been days since you've helped shave my pussy!" She raised her dress again. "Kat's been nice, but you've been so distant. Don't you see how hairy it's getting?"

"Yes, I do," he lied as he closed his bedroom door behind them.

In actual fact there was very little visible hair growth, as Katherine had been shaving her nearly every day. There was no real need for Alan to help, but he wasn't about to pass up the opportunity.

Alan considered going back downstairs to tell Susan that he would spend some time with her shortly, after first dealing with a "problem" that Amy had. He worried that the little he'd said to her might not have been enough, and that her feelings might be hurt. But then he realized that saying something like "spend some time" might really offend her, because she might feel it implied something sexual when he wasn't sure how she was feeling about things.

Amy began frigging herself while he was thinking about that, and Katherine joined in by starting to take off her clothes.

When Alan saw that he decided that leaving the room to speak to Susan wasn't really a necessity. He motioned to Katherine: "Oh Sis, can you go get the razor?"

She held her shirt up to her chest and quickly ran across the hall to their bathroom.

Alan continued with Amy, "Helping you with your shaving needs is fun. But be careful about talking or showing your body near my mom. Sometimes she doesn't understand."

Amy replied, "But I was just remembering how MY mom teased you a few weeks back. Do you remember when she sat on that same sofa and showed you her pussy? You said that was good for your sad penis, right?"

"Yeah. And I appreciate the thought. But my mom is in a bad mood lately. Why don't we turn on some music, and then be very quiet while we're talking. Then we won't have to worry about her overhearing us."

As Alan said this, his sister raced into the room, locking the door behind her. A minute later Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" began to blare out of his stereo.

"M'kay!" bubbled Amy. "But shouldn't we use the bathroom to shave?"

"That's better, of course," he replied, "but we can play with, um, I mean shave, your pussy just about anywhere, as long as we have a towel or two."

Alan was very obviously watching Amy's fingers as they moved into and out of her slit.

Amy saw where he was looking. She blushed momentarily and said, "Um, I'm starting to check for bumps already."

He smiled knowingly and continued, "Good. But first, Sis here is going to help me get energy by making my 'thingy' nice and hard, aren't you?" He pulled his shorts completely off, causing his erect dick to spring out.

His sister smiled from ear to ear and answered, "Don't you know it!" Eager for sexual fun, she had already stripped off her clothes.

Amy didn't need to be told to do the same - she shucked off the dress she had been holding up around her waist.

He looked from one nude girl to the other and thought, I'm the luckiest guy in my high school. Period. Playing with these two AND getting to fuck Kat and Heather and Kim? And that's just what's happening with the girls from school! The only way things could get better is if I could fuck Christine too, but sadly that ain't gonna happen.

"It doesn't look like his thingy needs much help," said Amy as she closely examined his long, stiff erection. "It looks happy!"

"Looks can be deceiving," he explained patiently. "My dick doesn't really give me energy until it's been stroked for a while."

As if on command, Katherine began stroking it.

"I didn't know that," Amy said, staring intently. "This is soooo educational!"

"Make sure that Aims can have a good view," he suggested helpfully.

Katherine moved so she had to reach her arms over his leg to get at his boner.

Amy was presented with a full close-up view of the crotches of both the Plummer children. She was already quite familiar with Katherine's; they had been mutually shaving and masturbating each other for the past week, with the "checking for bumps" always taking much, much longer than the actual shaving.

After a couple of minutes of silence, Amy asked, "Kat, you must be getting tired. Don't you think I should take over?"

He answered for his sister. "Sis, I think Aims is getting bored. Why don't you help her investigate her leakage problem with your other hand?"

"Good idea, Big Totem Pole Brother!" Katherine responded as she winked at him. "Aims, maybe you can check to see if I have a leakage problem too. Those problems are just everywhere these days."

"M'kay!" Amy moved over next to Katherine, which took her away from Alan.

Katherine temporarily pulled her fingers out of Amy so Amy could reciprocate full force with two fingers inside Katherine. Kat kept her other hand on her brother's dick, but generally leaned back so Amy could reach her pussy and view Alan's loins at the same time.

G: Amy checking Katherine for bumps while Kat strokes Alan and he caresses her closer breast

Amy found herself pressing her nipples into one of Katherine's tits while Alan rather obviously groped the other one.

All three were silent as they continued their fondling fun.

As they all drew near to climax, Alan said, "Sis, I just realized I forgot to bring the shaving cream! I know a cream we can use instead. Why don't you help me get that secret cream?!"

Katherine winked, immediately divining what he was hinting at. Knowing that Amy couldn't see her face, she ran her tongue outrageously all over her lips, sucking an imaginary cock for her brother's benefit.

He continued authoritatively, "Aims, close your eyes. I don't like people to see where I hide this very special stuff." Once Amy closed her eyes, he winked back at Katherine.

Katherine repositioned herself, getting out of the way so that Alan could move his dick closer to Amy. She pulled at Amy's legs until they were spread wide like a gymnast's. With his legs spread as well, his crotch was now less than a foot from Amy's.

Alan's erection stood only inches from Amy's almost virgin cunt. He was tempted to rub it up against her, but Katherine wrapped one of her delicate hands around his shaft and that made him content, at least for the moment.

After only a minute or so of insistent sisterly tugging, he began shooting his seed all over Amy's crotch and stomach.

Katherine was a bit sad to see his cum land on someone else, but at least Amy was making it up to her in other ways. Katherine had managed to change positions while keeping Amy's fingers pumping into her cunt the entire while. Katherine meanwhile returned the favor by repeatedly plunging the fingers of her other hand into Amy's cunt.

Alan shot most of his load just below Amy's belly button.

"Oh gosh!" a closed-eyed Amy giggled. "What's that? It feels warm."

Neither sibling answered her. They just watched until his spurts got weaker and weaker and finally came to a halt.

The semen that had splattered onto Amy's lower belly slowly dripped down toward her smooth pussy.

Katherine was breathlessly excited at seeing her brother's cum drip towards her still active fingers as they plunged into Amy. Soon, Amy's own nonstop fingers caused Katherine to orgasm and make her own "leakage problem" readily visible.

Amy too began shaking in ecstasy.

The two girls climaxed not long after Alan did. Amy shrieked involuntarily, but apparently she was being careful, so she stifled her cry as soon as she could.

Alan, suddenly spent, decided the time was right to take care of their one item of business. "Okay, Aims, it's time to get you shaved. Sis, can you do the shaving?"

He turned to his sister. "You both have to take your hands out of each other now so you can shave her. I think we're safe in that no one found any bumps, right?"

Katherine was a little bummed as she took her fingers out of Amy's vagina.

"Okay, Sis, now that you've stopped working on Aims' 'leakage problem', I think I'll help check her for bumps." He explained to Amy, "I'm worried that Kat might have missed some of them. I have more experience with this kind of thing."

Amy just nodded.

Katherine couldn't help giggling and snickering as Alan's fingers replaced hers in Amy's drooling cunt.

Katherine then said, "Aims, I'm going to move this 'secret cream' a little lower where I need it to shave you." She began sliding her fingers over Amy's cum-covered lower belly, pushing the cum further down towards the region of Amy's pubic stubble. But she was careful to avoid Amy's slit, since she didn't want to presume that Amy had been taking her birth control pills consistently at the same time each day, without which the potential for unintentional impregnation was much higher.

Alan had no idea if cum would really work as shaving cream, but it was pretty much a moot point since there really wasn't any hair to shave in the first place.

Katherine said, "Big Baseball Bat Brother, I don't know if we have enough cream here. Can you find some more?"

He smiled back at his sister. "I'll see what I can do." He was flaccid, but his other hand began working on getting an erection even as he kept some fingers inside Amy.

"Oh yeah," he remembered, "keep your eyes closed and stay still, Aims." It wasn't really clear why she had to close her eyes during the shaving, but he figured that since he'd started that tradition already, he should be logically consistent about it.

Amy found the second command to stay still the harder of the two to obey. By this point she was as hot as a fireplace poker, with her body writhing and gyrating against her will in response to Alan's fingering.

Katherine began shaving Amy, but was worried about nicking her because she wasn't keeping still. She chided, "Aims, didn't you hear my big, hunky brother? Be still, already."

Amy mumbled something inaudible out of the corners of her mouth. The loud music playing in the background to mask the sounds of their actions made it difficult to hear.

Susan meanwhile was dying of frustration while waiting for Alan. She came to the door of his room and heard little more than Led Zeppelin's pounding music. The song just happened to be "Whole Lotta Love." She was totally unfamiliar with hard rock music like that, but she caught the lyrics of the chorus: "Wanna whole lotta love."

That's me. Son, I want a whole lotta your love! Why are you leaving me alone like this? I need you! My tongue needs to make love to your magnificent cock. Is it punishment for Ron's farewell kiss? I'm so sorry about that!

She went back to the kitchen without knocking. She sat at the kitchen counter doing nothing, feeling very glum.

Meanwhile, Amy kept writhing in response to Alan's stimulating fingers.

Katherine complained again to Amy, "Do I have to stop until you can control yourself? How hard is it to obey such a simple request?"

Amy mumbled some more. All Alan could hear this time was "bump check" being said very emphatically.

"Aims, I can't understand you," he said. "Sis, I think you should stop and wait until Aims can keep still."

But thanks to Alan's continual fingering, Amy only began rotating her hips even more wildly. Her secretions were flowing liberally down her thighs. She was obviously working towards a second, even more powerful orgasm.

He winked at his sister, then continued, "Aims, look. As if you weren't disobeying us enough, now you're starting your leakage problem again! Stop that!"

Amy moaned incoherently as a series of small orgasms wracked her body. Her juices drooled from her slit, coating her thighs.

He turned to Katherine and winked again.

She could barely keep from laughing as she winked back.

His dick was again hard, so he continued masturbating to the sexy scene in front of him.

"I can't stop!" Amy finally managed to say, nearly in a scream. Her panting was loud and rhythmic. Not long after that her orgasms ended, largely because Alan had almost completely stopped his stroking of her velvety-smooth vagina. That enabled her to calm down and stop moving, relatively speaking.

Chapter 296 Amy And Kath Kissing ?

"You see, you can hold still," Alan chided Amy, now that she was still. "You've stopped moving just fine. I don't know why you were being so difficult. Here we are, just trying to help you out-"

"I'm so sorry!" Amy replied, speaking a little more coherently, though the words were still hard to hear through her barely moving lips. "I don't really understand what my body is doing..."

"If you don't know, who does?" he teased.

He thought, Aims is so utterly fuckable. Why on Earth haven't I fucked her yet? I don't know how long I can hold out. I've gotta fuck her soon. Then I'll have fucked four of the school's six cheerleaders. That's pretty dang sweet!

Katherine held the razor again and said, "Here, I can finally finish up the shaving job." She quickly finished the final few strokes with the razor.

He commented, "Sis, I hope you didn't let too much of that 'secret cream' get on Aims' pussy lips. That could cause a dangerous situation."

"Don't worry, Big Cucumber Brother." She smiled at him. In fact, she had been very careful to avoid such a thing, lest Amy got pregnant. She put the razor down and used her hand to caress, pull open, and inspect Amy's nether lips even as Alan's fingers went in and out of them with renewed vigor.

Amy asked between heavy breaths, "Kat, why are you calling Alan things like 'baseball bat' and 'cucumber'? I don't get it."

"I'm talking about his magnificent penis. My brother is a hunk who is hung like a horse. Imagine having something the size of a baseball bat shoved up your pussy. Or into your mouth. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"Oh gosh! I don't know. That sounds scary!" Apparently unconsciously, Amy shoved four of her fingers into her mouth and sucked on them, imagining what his cock would be like.

"You know," he went on, "I just realized I forgot something else. I forgot a towel as well. Maybe it would have been better to do this in the bathroom, but it's too late now. ... And look, both of you have leaked all over the carpet."

He realized with a start that Amy still had her eyes closed. "Aims, you can open your eyes now. Look at the mess that you made!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Amy mumbled through the fingers in her mouth as she looked at the floor. Then she looked at her own pussy, still covered with Alan's cum and the hands of both Alan and Katherine. "Gosh! And look. My leaky fluid looks just like your secret cream. I can hardly tell which is which. What's in that cream anyway, and why is it warm like that?" Her hand had paused a bit so she could say this, but then she resumed pumping her fingers in her own mouth.

He replied, "I'm not allowed to tell you. That's why they call it a secret cream, silly. Kat, my sexy goddess, best friend, sister, would you mind, since we don't have a towel, using your tongue to lick up my secret cream and Aims' own fluids? I'm afraid I can't think of any other solution for cleaning up here..." He pointedly ignored the towels and tissues sitting near his bed just a few feet away that he usually used when masturbating.

"Well, if you insist," Katherine replied, trying to sound put out while also trying not to laugh.

Alan, whose crotch was still a foot from Amy's, removed his fingers from her cunt to make way for his sister.

Katherine moved to where he had just been. She put her tongue on Amy's deliciously smooth, hairless pussy and began licking Alan's cum from the skin all around it. This was her first time licking Amy down there, but she felt certain it would be far from her last. She also took advantage of their shift in position, which allowed her to grab Alan's erection and take over stroking it.

"Thanks, Kat," Amy said. "Sorry to make you do that gross stuff, but I guess I make a mess of everything."

"I don't think Sis minds terribly." Alan responded for his sister, since Katherine was very busy with her mouth on Amy and her hands on him.

It appeared that Amy was so overwhelmed with her own impending orgasm that she didn't notice that Katherine was also jacking Alan off.

Alan suddenly realized that Amy might not be prepared to see him cum, so he grabbed Katherine's wrist and restrained her motion as a signal to reduce her stroking. He figured he needed a short rest anyway.

Katherine kept licking Amy's lower belly and loins like a preening cat until Amy was clean and dry.

Amy's hands had somehow drifted from her mouth to her breasts, and she was idly fondling her own ample rack.

Eventually Katherine pulled her head back for a minute, allowing her to speak. "Big Rocket Brother, I think Aims is pretty cleaned up of the secret cream now. The only problem is that her leakage problem seems to be continuous now! What should I do?" She pretended to be confused and deeply puzzled by this.

Amy gushed, "So sorry guys! I'm so embarrassed! I just can't do anything right today!"

Alan replied, "That's okay. We're here to help. Sis, why don't you stick your tongue in there and see if you can get to the root of the problem? If you can get her dry in there then she can't leak any more, can she?"

"Brilliant idea!" Katherine giggled. She darted her tongue in. Even though she'd just been tonguing the outside of Amy's twat, this was her first time on the inside.

"Oh! Oh!" moaned Amy. "I don't know if that will help! It just seems to be getting wetter!"

Katherine reached up and clutched Amy's ass.

Amy grabbed Katherine by her head and began trying to press her friend's head into her cunt. She complained, "Don't do that. You have to stop. It feels too good!"

Katherine ignored that, instead pressing her tongue even further into Amy's love hole.

Amy cried out louder, "Oh! Wow! Your tongue! It's tickling my insides so much, it's making me tingly all over! Don't stop!"

Encouraged, Katherine's tongue flicked and probed even more aggressively.

Amy tilted her head back in ecstasy. "Deeper, Kath-, deeper," she quietly cried out. Tremors shook her whole body and she bit down on her lip to stop from screaming.

Katherine withdrew her tongue, causing Amy to fall back onto Alan's bed. Throughout all this, Katherine never let go of Alan's cock.

"Damn, Aims, I can see that it's no good," he complained. "I don't think we'll ever get you completely dry."

Amy slowly drifted back to alertness. "Wow... Gosh! ... Wow... I really, really, really like it when you shave my pussy, guys! It's supertastically funtacular! Can we do it again soon?"

Alan still hadn't climaxed again, but now that they didn't need more "secret creme" he was in no hurry to do so.

Katherine took her hand off his erection, which gave him time to rest so he could last longer.

Alan tried to look serious as he said, "Well, your pussy needs regular shaving, that's for sure. Since I haven't been able to shave you for quite a few days, I'll try to make up for that by shaving you a couple times tomorrow as well. Opportunity permitting, of course!"

Amy showed no signs of thinking through the flaws in that logic, but Katherine got a kick out of it.

"Thanks, guys!" Amy looked at the clock by Alan's bed with concern, then got up off the bed. She kissed Alan and Katherine on the nose and cheeks. "You're the two bestest friends! But now I should be going." She stood up and began putting on her clothes.

The other two just nodded at her.

As Amy slid her dress up her legs, she asked, "How can I thank you two for helping me out so much lately? I'd really like to make it up to you somehow."

"Don't worry; we'll think of something," Katherine answered. "Don't you think, Brother?" The two siblings continued to sit naked on the floor while Amy stood, clothed.

"Oh yeah," he said, smiling. I've got a lot of ideas on how you can help me, Aims.

One particular idea popped into his head that he saw could happen immediately, so he said, "Aims, one way you could show your appreciation is to give Kat a big kiss on the lips. When a guy and a girl kiss, it often means something romantic, but between two women such a kiss is just a way to be friendly."

"It is?" Amy asked quizzically. "What about lesbians?"

"That doesn't matter, 'cos neither of you are lesbians. So let me see a kiss. Seeing it would also help my thingy get energy and make me happy."

"Not only that," Katherine added, "but you called me 'Kath' a minute ago. You know how I hate that. So you owe me big time. Either this kiss, or a spanking."

"Gosh. I'm sorry! I was just so excited I couldn't get your whole name out. I guess I have to do what you say..."

Amy still looked doubtful about kissing Katherine, but she leaned forward and kissed her anyway.

Katherine loved the idea of kissing Amy, so she simply didn't let the kiss end. It went on for many minutes. Both of them breathed through their noses fairly well, but finally Amy needed to catch her breath.

Although Amy was clothed, Katherine did her best to rub her naked body up against Amy's.

As always, Katherine had a hard time guessing what Amy was thinking. Amy always seemed to have a smile on her face, so it was hard to tell when Amy was anything other than happy. In this case Katherine quickly concluded that Amy was enjoying the kiss by the way she was kissing back and running her hands all over Katherine's body. Katherine wouldn't have continued kissing her for so long if Amy didn't seem to be really into it.

Meanwhile, Alan remained sitting, masturbating himself as he watched. Not surprisingly, he loved the way their heavy racks constantly rubbed together.

Katherine hadn't wanted to take advantage of Amy any more than she and Alan were already doing, so she'd just kept her hands on Amy's shoulders. But when the necking kept going on and on, even after Katherine made tentative moves to disengage, which Amy rebuffed, she got a little more aggressive, reaching down and cupping Amy's wide ass cheeks.

Alan saw that and thought, Whoa! Too fuckin' HOT! I love it! Man, this opens up all kinds of possibilities! Could Sis be really bi, and not just playing with women to pass the time until I'm available? Could Aims be bi too? I saw Sis and Aunt Suzy kiss in a really intimate way once, but at the time I thought they were

just revving me up or something. But THIS kiss right here seems like a lot more! My God. The mind boggles!

When the kissing finally ended, Amy said, "That wasn't so bad. We should do that more often, don't you think? Actually, it's kind of fun! And friendly too. Oh, and Kat, am I forgiven now for calling you 'Kath'?"

Katherine smiled wryly, and said, "You were, but you just said it again. So you have to kiss me again."

"M'kay!" Amy's smile widened. Far from being bothered, she seemed positively delighted.

The two girls took part in another scorching, prolonged kiss. This time there was no hesitation; they each put their hands directly on the other's ass. Soon they weren't just holding asses, but using their grips there to hump and grind against each other.

By the time it was over, the two girls were even more familiar with each other. Katherine practically had to pry herself away from Amy, who had gotten a lot better in breathing through her nose and now seemed to be able to kiss forever without pausing for air.

Amy panted. "You're the superest kisser ever, Kat!" She blushed, and turned to Alan. "Unless Alan is better..." Clearly she was keen on kissing him as well.

He was tempted, but he figured that if he started French kissing her, things would quickly escalate. He already couldn't stop masturbating himself lightly. He figured that before long, his stiff dick would get directly involved and the girls would end up stimulating it to orgasm in one way or another. He even envisioned them licking and sucking it together.

While that was an extremely exciting idea, he knew that he needed to save some of his sexual energy and cum for Susan. He was pretty sure that she was downstairs feeling neglected and sad, so the idea of cheering her up by offering her his dick to pleasure was extremely exciting. Now that things had gone this far with Katherine and Amy, he figured it was just a matter of time until things progressed even further. That could wait; Susan needed his attention right away.

When he remained silent, thinking things over, Katherine and Amy turned their attention back to each other. They were still in a close embrace with their racks pressed together. Katherine couldn't help but comment, "Aims, you have a really impressive bust. Do you know that?"

"Really? Thanks! Yours is pretty neat-o too." Amy reached up and held onto the sides of Katherine's round melons while keeping them pressed tightly against her own. "They feel all soft and squishy. Can I play with them?"

"Sure!" No longer seeing a reason to hold back, Katherine reached up and fondled Amy's boobs as well. Then she leaned in and French kissed Amy again.

Alan watched the two of them kiss and fondle. Oh, man! This is some kind of evil temptation to get me to forget about Mom. All I'd have to do is reach out and run my hands all over their firm asses. Then the two of them would turn my way, and soon the three of us would be exchanging kisses and more. It would turn into sexual fun-a-go-go! But Mom is downstairs, waiting. I could tell on the ride home that she was chomping at the bit to get some time alone with me. I can't just leave her hanging. It's not right!

He reached out abruptly, tapping both girls on their shoulders. When they broke their kiss and turned to him, he said, "Aims, sorry to interrupt. This has been great; we should continue it some time. But right now Kat and I have got other stuff to do."

Katherine was miffed. "Like what?!"

He rather lamely pointed out, "We still have to clean up the carpet here." There was a big wet spot at the edge of the bed where Amy had been sitting, and another right next to it where Amy had been fingering Katherine.

"Oh. Golly! Sorry again for the mess!" Amy said. "Do you want me to get you some wet towels from the bathroom to help clean that up?"

Alan replied while continuing to fondle his erection, "That would be great, Aims. Oh shucks, we should have thought of towels before! They're only across the hallway, after all. My bad!" he said falsely, enjoying his "forgetfulness."

Amy opened the door and walked out.

Chapter 297 Alan's And Kath's Fun Time

Katherine had already been making disapproving faces to Alan behind Amy's back. With Amy gone, she quietly hissed to him, "What the hell are you thinking?! Don't tell me you're still trying to protect her innocence. We're soooo beyond that now! You need to fuck her!"

He asked with genuine surprise, "You would be okay with that?!"

"Sure. Someone else, probably not. But Aims? She's my B.F.F."

"What's that?"

"My bestest friend forever!" She stepped forward and grasped his dick. As she began to stroke it, she added, "You should make her into your fuck toy too! Then the two of us could pleasure and serve you all the time, at least when Mom and Aunt Suzy aren't busy with you. Would that be perfect or what?"

Alan was utterly amazed. His jaw hung open and he just stared into space as he pictured the possibilities.

Katherine was so turned on by her own words that she dropped to her knees and engulfed Alan's stiff cock in her mouth.

He grabbed her head and held on tight, because he hadn't been expecting that at all and had to fight not to cum on the spot.

Within seconds, he was winded and panting hard. "Wha... what are you doing?!"

She didn't answer, but somehow managed to giggle as she bobbed.

In truth, she hadn't made up her mind about how she wanted things to work out with Amy. She'd been torn between love, lust and jealousy. But the very pleasurable kisses that she'd just shared with Amy

had tipped the balance for her. Amy seemed just as open and keen on having sexual fun with Katherine as she was with Alan. Katherine absolutely loved that, so it made her new stance a no-brainer.

Alan, though, knew that he'd sent Amy off to get a towel, which would take less than a minute. He whispered, "What about... what about Aims?!"

Katherine was well aware that Amy was about to come back at any moment, but she didn't worry about getting caught. In fact, she welcomed it as an opportunity. Good! Let her come back in and find us! I'll show her what I'm doing and teach her to do it too. I'm sure she'll love it, because she's nothing if not open minded, and she loves Brother, maybe even as much as I do. In a matter of minutes, we'll be licking and sucking his cock together!

But that's just the start. I'll teach her how to be a good, obedient fuck toy. We can be a threesome team, with everybody fucking everybody. Oh boy, I can't wait! Imagine getting to lick Brother's sweet cum out of Amy's sweet cunt?! Holy hell! Mmmm, YES!

Inspired, she went at his erection with renewed fervor. She bobbed back and forth so quickly her head was practically a blur.

Unfortunately for Alan, it felt too good. He was still very cognizant of Susan waiting downstairs, and he also knew that if he climaxed again he wouldn't be able to recharge for a while. He loved his mother dearly, and if she was dying to suck him off, as he expected, he didn't want to disappoint her.

So, feeling he had no choice, he pushed Katherine's head back until she was forced to disengage. It wasn't easy to do, because her suction was so tight and strong and she was unwilling to stop.

But she finally conceded defeat and sat back on her heels. As she wiped her chin of pre-cum and saliva she asked, "What was that about?"

"Shhhh! Aims is coming back!"

"So what? Let her see-"

He cut in. "No! Please, not yet. Don't clue her in just yet, okay?"

"Why not?"

"No time to explain! Please, just don't! Please?!"

She smiled and moved forward. Holding his boner with both hands, she resumed licking and stroking it. "Okay, if you insist. But only if you let me suck on you for a good long while."

He groaned in both frustration and lust at what she was doing to his hard-on. He couldn't believe he was somehow in the position of trying to talk her into sucking on him for a shorter time than she wanted.

Just then, Amy re-entered the room. She took a look at what Katherine was doing as she closed the door behind her.

Alan thought they'd been busted. He chided himself because, even though Amy had seemingly taken an extra long time to get a towel, he'd still allowed Katherine to be caught in a compromising position.

But Amy seemed not to care; she didn't even lose her smile. She asked Katherine brightly, "What'cha doin'?"

Mindful of Alan's plea, Katherine pulled back. "Oh, not much. I was just checking Brother for bumps. You know, guys can get them too."

"Oh. Cool beans. Can I help? I wanna help!"

Katherine looked at Alan beseechingly. Not knowing how keen he was to get back to Susan, she didn't understand how or why he would turn down this golden opportunity.

But he just shook his head.

Katherine let out a frustrated sigh. She said, "Maybe later." She reluctantly stood up. "Bro apparently has something very important to do right now."

"Oh..." Amy looked sad and disappointed.

Alan tried to act casual, even though his dick was jutting out as stiff and hard as ever. He didn't try to hide it; he knew that with both girls present and Katherine buck naked he wouldn't be able to will himself back to a flaccid state.

Amy handed the towels to them both.

"Thanks a lot, Aims," he said. He was feeling relentlessly horny, so he didn't want Amy to get the impression that he was rejecting her. But he also didn't want to shoot his load, and he had reached such a peak of stimulation that he wasn't sure how much longer he could last. Then an idea came to him. He said to Amy, "You know, though, there's one more thing before you go. Let me do just another quick bump check. You never know... sometimes they don't appear until a while after the shaving's done."

"Oh. M'kay. If you insist..." She giggled gaily.

He made her get down on her knees and sit on her heels. He pulled up the dress she'd just put back on, probing her vagina with his fingers.

Meanwhile, Katherine was trying to be good. She assumed that he still had issues about "corrupting innocent Amy," so she figured he needed some time to adjust to the new reality. She really did try to clean the carpet with a towel, knowing it had to be done sooner or later.

In fact, he didn't worry much about Amy's innocence anymore. She'd proven herself to be a woman, not just a girl, and one who was definitely ready for sexual exploration. It made perfect sense that she should do that with him and Katherine, and in fact he would have seen red if she'd gotten involved with anyone else at school. It was true that he was still reluctant to fuck Amy, but mainly because he didn't want to get Suzanne too upset if she were to find out about that.

In reality, the only reason he was trying to wrap things up now was because he needed to be with Susan. He kept thinking about her being sad, moping around the kitchen, listlessly loading the dishwasher. Still, he couldn't resist playing with Amy's body a little more before they were done.

"Gosh, it seems that there's a lot of different reasons you two have to put things in my pussy lately," Amy said, as if thinking aloud.

"Yeah... Funny coincidence, that," he replied, smiling wolfishly as he continued to finger her slit.

After some brief chitchat, Amy stood up and walked out, closing the door behind her.

Alan had figured that would be the end of it once Amy was gone. But it didn't work out that way, because he and Katherine were still far too worked up. As soon as the door was closed behind Amy, he and Katherine pulled together and kissed. It didn't matter who started it, because both of them wanted it.

Katherine grabbed his dick. It had gotten something of a break while he was fingering Amy, but everything was so arousing that he was still close to a hair trigger.

She noted wryly, using Amy's lingo, "I'm not sure if your 'thingy' is sufficiently 'happy.'" She stroked it as they kissed some more.

Between kisses, she said, "Okay, spill the beans, buster. What the hell is wrong with you? If you'd played your cards right, you could have had both of us sucking you off together!"bender

He didn't want to tell Katherine that truth, that he was holding out for a blowjob from Susan, because he knew she would turn green with jealousy. He decided it was harmless enough to play up the idea that he was still reluctant to go further with Amy, even though that wasn't really true.

"Sis, you're too naughty for words. God knows we want that, but we need to be prudent. What about Aunt Suzy? That's probably not a concern for you, but you know she'll go postal if she catches me getting it on with Aims, and..."

Katherine said as she stroked, "And you're addicted to our busty auntie's daily blowjobs. I get it. Okay. But you know you're just delaying the inevitable, don't you? I want you to have TWO teen fuck toys to play with! Aunt Suzy seems to have some kind of weird blind spot when it comes to Amy. But she'll come around before too long. It's inevitable that Aims is gonna have a big part to play in this. Aunt Suzy may gnash her teeth for a while about her 'cute little Honey Pie' not being ready, but eventually she'll see the light. I'm gonna help convince her."

"Good. And by the way, at least for now, even though Ron is gone I'm still gonna leave it mostly to you to do Amy's daily shaving. Sound good? Can you handle that?"

She nodded enthusiastically.

He went on, "By the way, what time do you think it is? We don't want Mom to come looking for us."

"It's the same time it always is, Big Pussy-punishing Brother," she answered. "Time to suck your cock!"

"Oh man! I wish you could, but we can't."

Even as he said that, she dropped to her knees in front of him again. She kept ahold of his dick and resumed stroking him down there. "Why the hell not?"

"I know this sounds bad, and it's not that I prefer one person over another, but I'm thinking about Mom. Did you see how raring to go she was on the ride home? Did you see the way she kept looking at me and licking her lips suggestively?"

Katherine didn't reply, but she had seen that, and more. Susan was terrible at hiding her desire. Luckily, fear had kept her from being so blatantly lustful on the ride to the airport, with Ron still in the car. Petulantly, Katherine refused to answer, instead just blowing air on her stroking fingers from a distance of just an inch or so.

He shivered all over from her heavenly blowing. When he recovered, he said, "Please have mercy on me. I don't know how to handle being sexually involved with more than one woman at a time. You've seen how Mom is lately. Can't you just picture how bummed she probably is right now, thanks to Amy's unexpected arrival? You know she was totally planning on giving me a nice, long blowjob as soon as we

got home, now that Ron is gone. I just had a lot of fun time with you and Aims, but if I cum again I won't be able to do anything with Mom. You understand that, don't you?"

She asked as she kept on blowing and fondling, "Is that why you rushed Aims out of here so fast?"

"Truth be told, partly. But what I said about Aunt Suzy is also true, and that's on my mind big time. We need to take things one step at a time."

Katherine sighed. "Very well." That settled, she started licking his sweet spot as well as blowing on it. "It kinda pisses me off, but I understand. And I do love how hot Mom gets for your cock."

She paused just to lick him for a while. She had his dick pushed up towards his tummy, so while she licked it near the crown she slowly pumped up and down the shaft. Sometimes, she licked all the way down and around his balls before heading back to his more sensitive areas.

Finally, she said, "I'll make you a deal. I'll let you go to Mom before she dies of sheer horniness, and I understand that you've gotta save yourself, so you can't cum before you go. But in return, I need AT LEAST fifteen minutes of non-stop cocksucking. That way I can cum a couple of times and everyone will be happy."

He looked down at her. Although he couldn't directly see her pussy, he could see that her hand was active down there, obviously fingering herself. He said, "No can do. For one thing, how am I supposed to hold out that long?! You're really good! And I'll be so worked up, I'll blow my load as soon as Mom touches me. Five minutes, tops."

"Grrr. Ten."

He sighed. "Okay. Deal." Again, he couldn't believe he was actually negotiating to make his blowjob end more rapidly, but not only did he want to be considerate of his mother, he knew that she would be so intense that she'd provide him even greater pleasure.

"Woo-hoo!" Katherine giggled with glee. Pausing while licking him, she said, "Truth be told, I find it really HOT that you're gonna go from your sister's hot tongue to your busty mommy's. She's well on her way

to becoming one of your sex toys too. Pretty soon you're gonna have quite a collection of beautiful women fighting for the right just to bob on your cock! Yum! Speaking of which..."

She'd just finished slathering her tongue down to his balls and back. Opening her mouth wide, she swallowed his entire cockhead with a happy moan.

Alan still had his hands in her long, dark brown hair. Shit! Too fuckin' good! How am I gonna last an entire ten minutes?! My dick has been insanely pleased pretty much constantly since we came upstairs. She'd better slow down, or else I'm gonna be in big trouble!

Katherine was busy making long lunges as far down his shaft as she could, given that she didn't know how to deep throat him. But Alan realized that he could do more with his hands than just keep them on her head. Applying gentle yet steady, firm force, he managed to bring her head movements to a halt.

She got the idea, so she changed her approach. She considered it a challenge to get him to cum before her time was up (never mind her promise not to!), and now she had the added difficulty of doing that while keeping her head relatively still. She compensated by focusing on more varied tongue work over his most sensitive spots, while keeping her lips sliding up and down with tremendous suction. She knew it was all about stimulating his sweet spot; she didn't need big herky-jerky movements to do that.

Time passed. He soon realized that keeping her head still with his hands wasn't working; her licking wasn't any less arousing than before. He hissed from time to time for her to slow down and take it easy, but it seemed that no matter what she did, it drove him wild.

After about five minutes he said, "Okay. That's enough."

She pulled off. "Hey! We had a deal. No WAY is that ten minutes."

He panted, trying to recover. "I know, I know. But if you keep going, I'm gonna cum for sure. Let me take a short break, at least!"

"Okay. Just because I'm your obedient fuck toy. But the break doesn't count against the time."

He pointed out, "If you're really an obedient fuck toy, you'll agree to being happy after just five minutes."

She responded indignantly, "I'm obedient, but not THAT obedient!"

That made them both laugh.

He shook his head in disbelief. What a crazy situation! God, I love Sis so much. I love her enthusiasm, her love, her sense of humor, her "uppityness," her devotion... Hell, everything! To think: I used to think she was just about as prudish as Mom. But now I know that was just a pose, whereas Mom really meant it, and still fights her old ways.

Katherine was merciful, so she just held his boner in her hands for the moment. Out of the blue, she said, "Cumming all over her was soooo good."

He realized she was talking about what he'd done with Amy. "Hey, that's my line."

"I know, but I got such a kick out of it. Do you think I can find some more of that 'secret cream' around here somewhere?"

He laughed. "That could be arranged, but not right now!"

"Soooo... Big Bro, what do you think about having Amy as your second teen fuck toy?"

He grimaced. "Can we not talk about that? It's not that I don't like that idea; it's that I like it too much. I'll never get a real strategic break here if you keep saying things like that."

She smirked, satisfied that he approved and that she was getting to him. She stayed quiet for a while, fantasizing about all the things she could do in a threesome with him and Amy.

Finally, he indicated that he was ready for more stimulation.

Katherine had been getting tired from all the stroking and sucking. But she'd used his break to rest too, which enabled her to start again with a renewed burst of energy. She began sucking even more strongly and vigorously than before, while also jacking off the parts of his dick that weren't in her mouth.

His pre-cum and her saliva soon had him awash with lubrication. She made loud, slurpy sucking noises as she gobbled greedily at his dick.

He was grateful that Led Zeppelin was still playing loudly, masking her audible cocksucking noises. He'd hardly paid any attention to the music, but he noted that "Kashmir," one of his favorite songs, was playing. He knew it was a long song, so he decided that he'd call time as soon as it ended.

A minute or two later, Katherine was still naked between Alan's knees and going at it with all she had when the door to his room opened unexpectedly.

Chapter 298 Caught By Mom ?

Alan happened to look up first and saw Susan. Shit! We're screwed! He grabbed Katherine by the hair so she'd pay attention and said, "Uh-oh, we're busted."

Katherine had been so into her cocksucking that she didn't realize Susan had opened the door, or even really register what he'd just said. So he tugged on her hair until it hurt and she looked up. She stared wide-eyed at her mother, with her lips still locked tightly about an inch below the crown of his cockhead.

Needless to say, there was no denying what their mother had caught them doing.

Susan looked more angry than shocked, which caused Alan to guess she wasn't entirely surprised about what she was seeing. She probably failed to knock or call our names on purpose, he deduced.

The three of them were frozen, staring silently at each other.

Alan didn't miss the fact that Susan was dressed in a sexy nightie. It was just decent enough for her to be seen in it by someone like Katherine, although the lower portion was surprisingly short. He could even see a little bit of her pussy peeking out below it. But at the same time, it was hard to explain why she'd be wearing a nightie when they hadn't even eaten dinner yet!

Words failed Susan. What is a mother supposed to say when she catches her daughter sucking her son's dick? Especially when much of her anger is because she wants to be the one doing it instead? I've been bursting at the seams waiting for Ron to leave, and then for Amy to leave, and I was so ready to do something fun with my cutie Tiger. Instead, I find this!

She was pissed off and hurt. Alan was right that she'd more or less intentionally failed to knock so she could find out what was going on, but she nonetheless was shocked and appalled at what she'd found.

Katherine continued to stare at Susan with big surprised eyes, but she instinctively and unthinkingly kept sucking on the tasty erection in her mouth. She was too close to getting a nice load to stop.

Alan knew he was right on the verge, so he clenched his PC muscle for all he was worth to stave off the orgasm.

Susan still hadn't said a word. Finally she cried out, "Angel, take that thing out of your mouth!" She was incredulous that she had to say that. Yet, despite everything, she was also aroused at the sight. She had developed an almost- Pavlovian reaction to Alan's erection: she couldn't help get aroused by it, no matter what the situation. And that went double or triple when she was watching it get sucked by a beautiful woman.

Katherine complied quickly, removing Alan's stiffness from her mouth with both hands. Susan could go months without so much as raising her voice, but Katherine remembered how angry she could get on the rare occasions when she did get mad. Nothing was worth that.bender

"I'd baked you both some cookies just to be nice, and I find ... this! As soon as Amy is out the door, you're on each other like, like, dogs in heat!" Susan stammered.

Alan thought quickly. This could have been a lot worse. Sis isn't doing anything that Aunt Suzy or Mom hasn't done to me already. Lucky she wasn't fingering herself too, or I wasn't shooting all over Aims, or... A lot of naughty possibilities flashed through his mind. It also dawned on him that her comment showed she still had no idea that Amy was involved. Man! It could have been A LOT worse!

"What's wrong, Mom?" he finally asked with false naïveté. "Sis is helping to stimulate me to orgasm. Isn't that okay, now that Ron is gone?" He tried to sound cool and collected, even though his heart was in his throat.

"No, it's not okay!" Susan huffed, her hand still on the doorknob. "We never discussed this! We never discussed if your sister... If she..."

Words failed Susan completely, but then she started again with another burst of anger. "Katherine Anne Plummer, you're grounded! You shouldn't have done this without discussing it with me first! Who knows what kind of unholy, sinful things could happen between you two if you don't use some sense!"

She stabbed her finger repeatedly in Katherine's direction. "You're going to be punished, young lady! Big time! I'm grounding you. No leaving this house for a week, my so-called Angel, except straight to school and back!"

"But Moooooom!" Katherine whined. Her hands were still grasping Alan's boner. Amazingly, it remained erect despite the interruption. Even more remarkably, Katherine's hands found themselves stroking him again. She didn't plan it or even realize it was happening; it had just become an automatic response: when she had her brother's dick in her hands, she naturally stroked it.

"Why is it I get punished and not Alan?" she asked.

Susan blushed and looked away as she answered. "Because his, uh, manhood has very great needs. He's a terribly cum-filled boy. He has to cum so often that he's desperate for stimulation. His heavy balls were probably so filled with sperm that he wasn't in his right mind when you two started this. He's burdened enough trying to find new ways to get rid of all that nasty cum. You're the one that has to have most of the restraint."

"That's so unfair," Katherine grumped as she stroked. "You don't even know the full story, and already you forgive him and blame me!"

Susan's eyes locked on Katherine's sliding fingers. "I know enough! Don't try to sidetrack me by pretending this is about Alan. And stop jacking him off already! Are you clear on your punishment?"

Katherine was clear, but as she thought about the ramifications she asked, "What about the S-Club? What about cheerleading for the football game?" She was particularly interested in not missing a single S-Club meeting, given that they were actually orgies with Kim and Alan.

"Nothing that school doesn't require! Now go to your room!" She tugged on the bottom hem of her nightie, knowing full well that it didn't quite cover her pussy. The tugging didn't make much difference.

"Okay, Mom," Katherine replied forlornly, but she delayed. Even after all this, she still had Alan's pulsing hard-on in her hands and it felt too nice to let go. In fact, she couldn't even stop stroking it, despite Susan's command to do just that. It was like being forced to get out of a toasty warm bed on a cold winter's morning. But more than that, both she and Alan were so close to mutual climaxes that to stop before that was like trying to stop a runaway train on the head of a dime.

Katherine was still in such an erotic fog despite being lectured by Susan that Susan's words were only half registering. She tried to look at her mother and pay attention, but her horny mind was distracted by the hot piece of meat she kept stroking, not to mention Susan's risqué clothing.

Susan's green nightie was another newly-purchased one that drew attention to her pussy because the skirt failed to completely cover it. Even a couple weeks earlier, she never would have worn something like that, even in her own bedroom.

Katherine giggled, and said without thinking, "You're wearing a nightgown?"

Susan blushed some more, aware that she looked silly since it was still hours before it was time to go to bed. She tugged uselessly at its bottom hem once more, failing again to completely cover her wet pussy. She'd expected to find Alan alone and wanted to tempt him before sucking his cock dry. She said while coughing nervously and looking away, "Um, yes. The, uh, dress policy is back to how it was before Ron arrived. Visual stimulation and all that. Now, go!"

Katherine dropped her head obediently. But she still didn't stop stroking.

Susan's gaze drifted back to her daughter's hands. They nearly completely covered Alan's erection, so it might have been a bit hard to see what exactly was happening if those hands had been keeping relatively still, but there was no way Susan could miss how Katherine's fingers were sloshing and sliding all over his wet pole. She hadn't made a big stink about it yet, mostly because she was as horny as she

was angry, but Katherine's continued defiance made it impossible for her to continue ignoring what was happening.

For a few seconds, the squishy sound of Katherine's fingers was the only noise in the room. Susan could feel her pussy tingling and throbbing, and saliva forming in her mouth.

Then she suddenly barked, "Angel, what are you doing? Stop that stroking this instant! I'm trying to talk to you!"

"Yeah, Sis, please stop!" Alan pleaded. "I can't hold on!" He was fighting for dear life to hold back, but his cock was already past the point of no return.

Susan nearly yelled when she watched his hips start to buck as he lost control. "Buster, you'd better hold that load in! I'm trying to have a serious conversation here, and this is no time to go and-"

"Aaaaaaah!" he screamed. "No good! I'm losing it!"

His boner trembled and shook in Katherine's hands like a volcano about to erupt.

Susan, with her hand still on the doorknob, gaped in shock at what she knew would inevitably happen next. Her eyes bugged out and her mouth hung open, making her look even more amazed than when she'd first burst into the room.

Katherine was still sitting between Alan's legs, with her face mere inches from the tip of his dick. Given that positioning, there was only one thing that could happen: his cum shot out the tip of his erection like water bursting through a crack in a dam. She closed her eyes and braced herself for the facial she knew she was about to receive.

His cock was already wet with saliva and pre-cum, with Katherine's hands slithering in excitement up and down his slippery rod. She figured that as long as this was happening, she might as well enjoy it to its fullest, whether Susan was watching or not. Occasionally, her sliding hands went over the head of his dick, diverting the blast momentarily from her face into her wet hands.

Overall, most of Alan's cum landed squarely in the middle of Katherine's face, almost as if he were hitting a bulls-eye. It was a good thing her eyes were closed, because her eyelids, eyebrows, cheeks and nose took most of the spray.

When it was over, Katherine was afraid to open her eyes because of the cum all over them. She was also afraid to see Susan's disapproving face. Since she was already thoroughly addicted to the taste of Alan's unusually delicious cum, she had a strong desire to lick her face and stuff her mouth full with his jism. But she suspected that such ostentatious licking would only get her in more trouble with Susan. She knew she'd already pushed her luck way too far.

However, it turned out that there was so much cum around her nose that some of it ran in rivulets right into her mouth. She delightfully rolled the fresh gobs of cum around her mouth, which her mother had no way of proving.

Susan was livid. "KATHERINE! Into your room! NOW! I've never seen such insolence in this family! I'm hurt! Shocked! Go before I fly completely off the handle! And clean yourself off, for crying out loud! Your face is so covered in your brother's yummy cum that... well, I don't know what!"

She couldn't say it, but she was twice as mad at Katherine as before, because she'd wanted Alan's hard cock for herself. Now he'd be flaccid for a while, and that ruined her plans.

Susan finally let go of the doorknob so Katherine could leave. Her eyes shot daggers as her daughter stumbled past, but the effect was lost since Katherine couldn't see.

Katherine fled the room with her eyes still closed. She couldn't remember her mother being this angry at her in years. She had no chance to pick up her clothes from the floor as she exited because she couldn't see them, so she just left them there as she hurried away. She did bump into one wall when she blindly made her way across the hall, but it wasn't too bad since she knew the house quite well.

Back in her room, Katherine planned to clean her face off properly: one hand would scoop cum into her mouth and the other would be deep in her pussy. She imagined it would be the last time for a while that she'd get the chance to taste her brother's cum, at least when in her own house, so she was going to enjoy the experience while she still had the chance.

Chapter 299 Placating Susan

Susan focused her anger on Alan, crossing his bedroom to stand right in front of him.

Alan sat on the edge of his bed with nothing on. His penis was a semi-turgid, gooey mess. His thighs too were dripping with errant cum streaks. He considered covering up his crotch with his hands, but then he looked up at his steaming mad mother.

Somehow, he found the rare instances of her being really angry extremely arousing. Partly it was because she had a habit when she was upset of crossing her arms beneath her tits, pushing them up and out, as she was doing at the moment. But mostly it was her face, which was flushed and intensely passionate.

He figured that if he held onto his dick, he might find himself unconsciously stroking it before long, just as Katherine had been busted for doing. So he decided to keep his hands clear of that area and think unsexy thoughts. He let his cummy dick just lie on his thigh in open view.

Susan's if-looks-could-kill eyes were now aimed at him. "Alan Evan Plummer! Am I ANGRY! Just because I'm not going to punish you doesn't mean you're off the hook!"

He knew that whenever she called him by his first and last name, it was a bad sign. To throw in his middle name on top of that was the Plummer family version of being sent to death row. bender

"But Mom!" he bravely defended himself. "Don't blame me! We were right on the edge of climax when you came in. I can't help my body. You know I can't stop these things once they get started. My body just takes over. My body betrayed me! I'm sorry!"

She nearly snarled, "Your 'body.' You mean THAT." She pointed at his penis. It was going flaccid quite rapidly. "As usual lately, that's the source of all our troubles. Your member has turned this house upside down!"

"I'm sorry! I can't help it! It's like what you were just saying to Sis, how I have great needs. The doctor said I have to climax six times a day, each time after prolonged stimulation. What am I supposed to do?! That's what I have to do!"

Susan was calming down, especially since she her jealousy had made her angrier at Katherine and Katherine was gone. After a pause, she spat out tersely, "I know, I know. But darn it, why does it, why does it have to be so BIG?!"

Alan hadn't expected that. He had to redouble his efforts to stay limp and not rebound immediately to full hardness, but he was losing the battle. Seeing her all angry was just too arousing for him. Additionally, he couldn't help but notice that an angry fist she'd been holding in front of her chest was now pumping up and down ever so slightly, as if her subconscious wanted to jack him off.

She continued to stand near the door and stare at him, though her facial expression had become slightly less angry. For what seemed like the thousandth time in recent weeks, he stared at her huge tits, which as usual made it difficult for him to think rationally.

Her nightie didn't particularly highlight her boobs, at least not compared to some of the other things she'd been wearing lately, but that didn't matter. It occurred to him that it was almost irrelevant what she wore anymore; everything about his sexy mother got him hard. Besides, he now knew every inch of her body so well from constant staring, not to mention frequently fondling, that when she was clothed he was able to imagine her naked and visualize that perfectly.

He noticed too that her anger was not that much different from her arousal: her face was flushed and her chest was heaving. In fact, he was pretty sure that the anger was fading and the arousal was taking over, in part because he could see the lower half of her pussy. He noticed that she was getting quite wet.

She went on, slightly less menacingly, "Why does it have to be so thick and hard and tasty all the time? Nine or ten inches, at the very least."

In fact, it was slightly less than eight inches, and he'd told her that numerous times, but she kept insisting that it must be two inches longer.

She raved, "Look! It's getting erect again even as I speak, God dammit! And so delicious! Damn you! How do you expect me to be a good, responsible mother in the face of all that spermy goodness? Stop being so sexy!"

She pointed at his dick with an outstretched arm while using her other hand to block her view. She made it seem as if Alan had some unholy demon between his legs that was too dangerous to even look at.

He was calmer now. He could clearly see her anger passing and her lust rising. "Mom, I can't help it. That's just how it is."

"I know. But it's not fair! Not fair!" She stared at his long, fat prick more overtly now. Her hands were clenched into fists, and she suddenly shook them in the air in abject frustration. "I try to run a respectable house here. But your sister obeys the throbs of your cock more than the weight of my words. She was sucking you off! Cocksucking! My innocent Angel! Did you see her face? Covered in sperm. Absolutely soaking in it! Obscene. Completely obscene! And of course you had to splooge out a really huge load, as usual. Her face was just..."

Her voice trailed off, in part because she was tempted to say "sexy" or "hot." Seeing Alan shoot his load all over Katherine's face had aroused her more than she was willing to admit even to herself.

She concluded helplessly, "What am I going to do?!"

In a flash, the remnants of Susan's anger faded away, to be replaced by anguish and defeat. Utterly drained, she sat on the bed next to him. She pointed at his rapidly engorging penis. "And look at that thing! It didn't even have time to get flaccid before it gets hard as steel again. What am I supposed to do with it? It just keeps needing to cum and cum and cum, and it never stops!"

He looked over at her face, and felt like his heart would break to see her so sad. He thought, Look at that. This is why I could never purposely go against her will or make her mad. I have to make her feel better! Come on; don't be sad, Mom!

He put his arm around her shoulders and hugged. "Don't cry, Mom. Don't cry." He could see that she was right on the verge of tears. "It's not your fault. It's my dick that's to blame. And this treatment. All this six-times-a-day stuff has made my dick extremely excitable all the time. Like right now. It has a mind of its own. I'm sorry Mom. I don't mean to blame you, but it tends to get like this whenever you're near."

Both of them looked down at his still exposed, slippery crotch. His dick was suddenly harder than ever, even twitching in the air as if looking for a tight female hole to fill.

That sight seemed to divert Susan from her sadness. Despite her anguish, she couldn't help but think, Look how hard I get him. And so fast. He just came minutes ago, and now he's like steel all over again, because of me! Is it my nightie? Or is it my body? I think it's my body, 'cos I have much sexier nighties these days. I wonder how much more he'd love it if I took my nightie all the way off.

He said pleadingly, "Don't blame Sis, okay? She sees how I have needs, and she was just trying to help. She was just doing what you and Aunt Suzy have already done; what's wrong with that? The two of you couldn't always be here to help, so she stepped in."

He could feel Susan trembling in his partial embrace. "I just can't imagine my darling Tiger with my sweet Angel. It's just too ... strange! Your medical treatment is simply too much for me to take sometimes."

She inhaled deeply and realized how much the room smelled like her son's cum. Oh dear. He really has to air this place out. It's so stuffy and smelly. She looked at the open door. I wish we had more privacy. It would look awkward if I got up and closed the door now.

"Mom, don't you think you're being too harsh on Sis? This wasn't the first time, that's true. But she should be commended, not punished. When I was hanging out with her and Amy, they were helping out with visual stimulation and so my dick got stiff. Really stiff, so much that it hurt. Blue balls. She saw my suffering and her heart went out to the brother she loves. Once Amy left, she tried her best to help out. She's seen what you and Aunt Suzy are doing, and she felt she needed to handle her share of the load. Er, so to speak." He grimaced at the accidental double meaning. "Even if it wasn't something sexual and pleasurable, she still would have done the same, because that's the kind of person she is."

He rubbed Susan's back comfortingly. Her nightie had very little fabric in the back, which let him be acutely aware of the sensual feel of his hand sliding against her silky skin. He was also quite conscious that he was still totally nude and that she was dressed in nothing but a skimpy nightie. Despite all the emotional distress, he nonetheless found himself horny as hell. The fact that she kept mentioning how big, thick, and tasty his cock was certainly contributed to that mood.

Her body language welcomed his touch, but she nonetheless began to cry. "I must be a horrible mother. To have my son... with my daughter..." She buried her face in his shoulder and sobbed.

"There, there, it's not your fault," he consoled her. "It's nobody's fault. It's just biological. I have certain needs that have to be taken care of, thanks to this crazy medical situation. She was just trying to help. It's not incest; it's just the same as how you and Aunt Suzy have been helping me..."

"I know, I know, but..." she cried. "But it's just... It feels wrong. Even merely hearing that word makes me queasy! The 'I' word. I know where she's coming from, but other people wouldn't understand. I just can't see how we could be put in this situation with that doctor's approval. It's crazy! I mean, she took such a big load right in the middle of her face! Did you see that? Your special seed completely soaking her face? All that fresh, potent sperm dripping down her cheeks?"

"It's called a facial, Mom. Or a pearl necklace. Although I guess that's more used when doing it on the chest."

"I know that. Suzanne's been teaching me things. You've painted my face enough times for me to know that term VERY well." She huffed at that, but it was increasing her arousal as well.

She went on, "But how am I supposed to react to that sexy sight, even if she had good intentions? Not to mention the sight of your pumping cock shooting out all that sperm. I meant, uh, your penis, or er, member. Penis, let's call it. Seeing that is rather, uh, troublesome. Not to mention coming here and seeing your thick, uh, penis buried up to the hilt in her mouth! How much can I take? This just isn't normal. And I'm worried. Two young people like you might be well intentioned and just trying to follow the doctor's orders at first, but do you know when to stop?"

"I know, Mom. It's weird. But please don't be mad at me or Sis, okay? Why don't you go to her now and have a talk about boundaries? Now that she and I have done this much already, what's the harm of her helping me out sometimes, if she understands the same limits that you gave Aunt Suzy? I need all the help I can get. Especially while Ron was here, you and Aunt Suzy weren't helping enough. Actually, Aunt Suzy tried, but you wouldn't let her either. It's been SO difficult for me to cum six times a day. You wouldn't even understand how tough it is! I've been having blue balls all the time, all week long!"

He wasn't really lying overtly; he was just playing up his so-called "needs" to gain sympathy.

Susan looked at his crotch once more. His prick was very erect and VERY inviting. Very insistently erect. She looked at the door to the room, which still hung open. She again consciously smelled the room. The scent of cum made her weak in the knees and drove all reason from her brain.

She'd been longing to suck his cock so badly since dropping Ron at the airport that she was practically aching with need. She remembered when she'd given Suzanne her punishment the day before yesterday. Then she'd envisioned that she'd be sucking Alan off four times a day at least, but it hadn't worked out that way at all. Her need was simply overwhelming.

She wrung her hands together and fidgeted. It was all she could do not to just lean over and force her mouth onto his erection while grabbing the base with her hands, pumping it both orally and manually until she was rewarded with a big load. But she held back, trembling.

"I'm so sorry," she said contritely. "Your father obviously wouldn't understand any of this, so I've been staying away from you, and trying to keep everyone else away from you. I haven't been that successful, but I've been trying. I forgot how difficult it must be for you. When your penis was hurting on Tuesday, it must have been because you had to do it yourself, without anyone helping. We can't have that. And I can't forgive myself for aiding and abetting your Onanistic sin last night. I'll try... I'll try to be better."

Chapter 300 Its Susan's Turn Now

Susan stared at his crotch and licked her lips. "Look at that. It's like that darned Energizer Bunny. Oops, pardon my language."

Sensing where this was going, he took her hand and guided it to his crotch. Without any additional guidance, her fingers immediately grasped his shaft.

He held his hand over hers. "Look at that, Mom. Feel it. Feel how hard it is. That's a problem, a big problem. A big, hard, continual problem. How can I keep that drained enough times a day? Sis loves me, and she just wants to be a good, loving, helpful sister. Is that so bad?"

"Well, no... Not if you put it that way..." The motion was very subtle at first, but her fingers started to slide up and down a little bit. This was helped considerably by the fact that his dick was so slicked up from what Katherine had done.

He moved in for the rhetorical kill. "Trying to keep up with my daily target is a never-ending struggle. And then, as if that wasn't tough enough, you had to go and kiss Ron even after you explicitly promised me that you wouldn't!"

Susan gasped, blushing, "Son! I'm sorry! I'm so very sorry! I thought about that in the car for the entire drive home, and have been ever since. I wanted to apologize to you, but I was waiting until we could be alone. Can you possibly forgive me? Please?" She stared intently into his eyes as she said that. Meanwhile her hand kept stroking his boner, seemingly on auto-pilot.

He wasn't so bothered by that kiss anymore. It already seemed like a long time ago, especially the more it sank in that Ron was finally gone. On top of that, Alan was enjoying a great erotic buzz thanks to her busy fingers. But he wanted to milk his grievance all he could, in the hope that he could use it to lessen her anger over what she'd caught him and Katherine doing. He said, "Well, I don't know."

She hastily (and truthfully) volunteered, "I kept my lips closed! I did! And he did too. It was really short. It was just like a peck on the cheek, except it happened to be on the mouth. What could I do? I didn't want him to get suspicious. I totally hated it! I really did!"

He hugged her. "Thanks. That makes me feel better." As he hugged her, he subtly pulled the straps of her nightie off her shoulders. The material slipped down some, but was held up for the time being by her erect nipples.

He said, "Still, it shows that everyone makes mistakes. And sometimes we're put in difficult, conflicted situations. Just like Sis. Think of her, wanting to help me, but also not wanting to do something that would upset you. It's kind of like how you were put in a no-win situation with that kiss with Ron."

"I see what you mean," Susan said thoughtfully. Her thumb was rhythmically rubbing his most sensitive spot just below his cockhead while she pondered the issue. "But still, two wrongs don't make a right. I'm still mad at her, but maybe not as mad as before."

Pleased, he kissed her on the lips. That quickly turned into a prolonged make-out session during which she kept jacking him off.bender

Once her nightie fell away further, he fondled her titanic tits freely. She finally broke the kiss to say lustily, "Son, a verbal apology about what I did at the airport isn't enough. I think I need to show you that I'm YOUR girl, and no one else's. Not Ron's, not anybody's! I belong to you!" She looked pointedly at his erection, and at her hand sliding around it in clockwise and counterclockwise motions. "Would you like me to apologize... with my mouth?"

"Of course, Mom. I'd love it." A shiver of excitement passed up his spine at the tone of her request. Her voice wasn't dripping with lust like Suzanne's almost always was. She'd said it in the same neutral way she'd always used when offering to help him button his shirt and the like. Somehow he found that even MORE arousing. He never forgot that she was his mother, and that taboo fact drove him wild.

She let go of his hard-on and stood up so that she could remove her nightie completely. "Mommy knows best," she muttered as she stripped down to just her high heels. "Mommy wants so very much to be a good cocksucker for you. Let me squeeze all that nasty, naughty sperm right out of you!"

He lay down on the bed to get more comfortable, stretching out with his hands behind his head.

She crawled up on the bed, positioning herself between his legs. She purred in a sultry voice, "I think I need to give a VERY special and prolonged apology to your cock! What do you think?"

He grunted his approval.

She bent down, closed her eyes, and went to town. She sighed happily as she strained to fit his bulbous cockhead in her mouth.

She tried to keep a cool demeanor and pretend that she had her emotions under control, but she was deceiving only herself. Just the mere act of slipping her lips around his thick shaft calmed her trembling nerves and soothed her mind, but also sent her libido into overdrive. She had a way of getting into pleasuring him 110%, which blocked out all other disturbing thoughts.

She thought to herself, It's so hard for me! So hard. My Angel, bless her soul, I love her dearly, but she clearly is no match for me when it comes to cock tending. Mommies DO know best. I'm not going to leave him unsatisfied. I don't care if the door IS open! If Angel comes by, she's just going to have to watch and learn how a proper cocksucking is really done!

It was a sign of her softening mood that she referred to Katherine as "Angel" in her thoughts.

As she bobbed on him, he said, "I have to tell you, when we got home from the airport I was hoping that you could do exactly what you're doing right now. I was looking forward to it more than words can say. But then Amy was here, and she needed to talk. I knew you'd be bummed, but what could I do? I tried

hard to get away and back to you, but it was like everything was conspiring against me. Ask Sis! She'll tell you I was trying to get away, but she was so horny that she wouldn't let me!"

Susan's heart soared. She loved that he cared, and that he understood her frustration. My goodness, how can I possibly stay mad at him? He was just trying to do his best, but this cock, this wonderful cock, it has a mind of its own! She slid her fingers lovingly up and down his shaft, pulling her lips off it so she could kiss it rapidly all the way down to his balls and back.

But it was only out of her mouth for a few moments, because she loved sucking it most of all. She bobbed happily for a couple of minutes, all the while in seventh heaven.

Her joy was disrupted when Alan coughed and said, "Um, Mom? Can you stop for a minute? 'Cos if you don't, I'm gonna blow!"

She pulled off and wiped his pre-cum, and her saliva, from her chin. Even so, she kept stroking his shaft with one hand.

"Um, Mom, you'd better stop even that. I'm too close!"

"Oh, poo!" she pouted, but took her hand off his pole as well.

Seeing that there was going to be a break in the action, she stood up and quickly crossed the room to close the door. Then she rushed back to the bed and grabbed his shaft again.

"MooooOOOOooooom! Please! I need a break!"

She giggled, "I'm sorry. It's just that I missed doing that so much while I was gone."

They both chuckled at that, since she'd been "gone" for all of two seconds.

After giving it a few more loving squeezes, she reluctantly let go again and asked, "Can I at least play with your balls?"

"I suppose that's okay." Geez! Mom is such a wild, sexy woman when she lets go! I love it!

She immediately cradled his balls with both hands and started gently fondling them. The look of sheer delight on her face made him feel just as happy as she appeared to be.

Within seconds, her fondling went to licking. Mmmm! Maybe I'll just lick them for a few seconds, just to let him know how much I love these sperm-filled sacks!

Before long, she realized she wasn't stopping after only a few seconds. Darn it. I know I said a few seconds, but... Mmmm! Good Lord, I love it so much! She'd meant to limit her action to just his balls, but soon her fingers resumed stroking his shaft as well. Goodness gracious! How did that happen? I'm just shameless. A wanton, shameless hussy! Look at me: I'm on my knees, naked! Completely and utterly naked! Serving my son with my fingers and my tongue! It's not my fault though. All those inches of HOT, hard cock, NEED to be stroked! Mmmm! And his balls! They need to be licked! They really do!

He loved what she was doing. It felt fantastic. But since she wasn't focusing on his sweet spot, for once, the urge to cum wasn't growing to uncontrollable levels. In fact he felt they could keep going like this for hours without him even getting out of breath.

Knowing how horny she was, he figured this was a good time to talk her down from her anger at Katherine. However, he also figured that she'd be more receptive if she was even more aroused, so he bent down, reached out, and pulled on both her nipples.

She shivered visibly all over and stared at him in disbelief. "Ti-Tiger! Wh-wh-what are you doing?!"

"I'm just playing with your nipples a little bit." He twisted them this way and that.

"Son, you can't! It's against the rules!" She clutched her soft globes from below, which seemed like a defensive move but actually pushed them up and out, making them easier to reach.

He gave her a skeptical look. "Mom, if you're buck naked on your knees, fondling and licking my balls while you wait to suck my cock again, you have to accept that your nipples are going to get played with from time to time. That's how these things work. Why are you so against it, anyway?"

"I'm sorry. It's just that it makes me too horny, and then I can't control myself. Oh God! So horny! Too much!" She jerked her head forward and resumed licking his dick, slobbering all over his cockhead. But then, remembering that she was supposed to be taking a break from doing that, she got busy licking his balls instead.

She was relieved, because by getting down and leaning so close to his crotch she took her nipples beyond his reach, which made him stop playing with them. Any nipple play, or even breast play in general, really drove her almost insensibly horny.

He sensed that this was the time to make his appeal, since his brief nipple play seemed to have had its desired effect. "So, I know it was a shock to find Sis doing what she was doing, but now that you've had time to get used to it, it wasn't so bad, was it?"

She replied while fondling and licking his balls, "Well, maybe not. But I'm still not happy. Son, you and Angel, you two are my life! Everything I do, I do for both of you. Well... plus Suzanne and Amy. I realize now that you all are my real family, which doesn't include Ron and his cheating ways. You are all the ones I love. We're a team, aren't we? We have to be honest and work together."

He replied, "I agree completely. Can't you let her keep helping me with my special need?"

Her expression softened some. "Well, we'll see. I'm going to have a talk with her about that."

He felt extremely encouraged by that answer, so he blew her a kiss in appreciation for her understanding attitude.

She saw his gesture and responded by smiling widely before kissing all over his balls.

Man! It's amazing how good she makes me feel, just from going nuts on my balls like this. Well, technically, she is holding my dick up and out of the way, and that's kind of morphed into more stroking than holding, but still. Dang! So much pleasure... Such a constant, heady rush! I need to focus though, while she's blissed out. He asked, "Well couldn't you please cancel her punishment?"

That caused her to stop licking and scowl. "Absolutely not! Her punishment still stands." She went back to licking and fondling his balls and stroking his cock while she continued with less anger, "She should have asked me first. If she wants to stroke or suck your big cock, then, just like Suzanne, she needs to talk to me first, every time. How else can I be sure that things don't get out of hand?"

He was disappointed, but also secretly thrilled, because although she sounded firm on the punishment, her words pretty much confirmed that she would allow Katherine to keep helping him sexually. That was many times more important for the future than a short-term punishment. However, he kept cool about that and continued to press, "But if she had talked to you first, don't you think you would have flat out said 'No?' I think you would have."

She pondered that while she lapped and stroked. "Maybe. But that's only because I want to protect her. Some people might see what we're doing as incest." Without realizing the ironic juxtaposition, she licked her way up his shaft, all the way to the very tip of his cockhead, and then licked back down. Realizing she wasn't supposed to be doing that during his strategic break, she went back to just licking his balls.

He thought, Well, duh! I do! However, he merely said, "Even so, with your attitude, asking you really wasn't a viable option. Please, just think about the situation and try to put yourself in her shoes. Sleep on it before you make up your mind on any punishment, okay?"

"Okay." She was fine with thinking about it some more, especially if she could keep licking his balls at the same time, but she was confident that she wouldn't change the punishment. She was already very determined on that score.