

6 Times 301

Chapter 301 And Again!

Wanting not to beat the topic into the ground, Alan suddenly exclaimed, "Mom! Please, sit up straight!"

She straightened up, raising her great tits above his crotch. She still kept fondling his balls and "holding" his shaft. "Okay, but why?"

"No, higher." He had an ulterior motive: to get her hands off his crotch, because he wasn't getting enough of a strategic break due to her intense licking and fondling.

She stood up but remained between his legs, which forced her hands to disengage. "How's this?"

"Perfect. You're just so beautiful, it's like you're an angel sent to Earth. I just want to look at you." It was cheesy, but he meant it.

She proudly straightened up even more, thrusting her tits out further. "How's this?"

"Holy cow, Mom. Your boobs are so fantastic! I've missed them so very much. I haven't gotten to see you naked enough lately."

She snickered. "I don't know about that. I seem to lose my clothes around you pretty much every single day."

"Yeah, but I can't ever get enough of you. You're soooo insanely beautiful. Do you realize that? And you look so young. Twenty years old. Twenty-two, tops."

She beamed with pride. She preened and posed for him for a minute, just standing still like a model being photographed. She thought with glee, I'm Tiger's personal cocksucker again! Well, one of them. And now I'm going to have to share him with Angel too. I imagine he'll make her one of his personal cocksuckers too, if he hasn't done so already, which is what it looked like. But I should have seen it coming. Now that I think about it, somehow it just seems... right. Tiger really is becoming the man of the house!

She happily placed her arms behind her back, highlighting her humongous rack even more.

He groaned lustily. "Oh yeah! I love that. Geez, Mom, you're just like Aunt Suzy: you're a goddess!"

She was so naturally modest that she was momentarily struck with a loss of how to respond verbally to compliments like that. "Well... Thanks, but... just remember there's much more to your mother than just her bust. My entire body is here for you. Well, except for one part." She shyly brought her hands back around and covered her pussy as she said that.

"I know, Mom; I know. You're the greatest all around. And I don't just mean your body, though I do mean that, too. But when it comes to getting me excited, nothing beats seeing you naked. Not even Aunt Suzy. Every inch of you is perfect. Please be naked for me more often, please?" bender

"I'll try, if it'll make you feel better," she said, bowing her head, bashful with pride. She was especially pleased to hear that she excited him even more than Suzanne, because she knew that was the highest possible praise, coming from him. But she snapped out of her reverie when she saw how Alan had begun stroking his hard-on.

He didn't intend to end his strategic break just yet, but seeing Susan's voluptuous perfection in front of him was just too inspiring, and he couldn't resist.

"Just what exactly do you think you're doing, Alan Plummer?" she said in a mock huff with her hands on her hips.

"Sorry, Mom, but you get me so excited, I couldn't wait."

She quickly got back into position between his legs, figuring that if he was stroking himself, his break was over. "Well, hold your horses. I was waiting for you!" Her hands took control of his boner again, and as she moved her mouth into position, she looked up at him and grinned. "I'm still very sorry over what I did at the airport. I think my mouth needs to do a lot more apologizing, don't you?"

He groaned lustily, thinking of the intense pleasure about to come his way. "Definitely!"

But she started out merely kissing and licking the top of his cockhead. "Look, Son. These same lips that kissed your father earlier, look what they're doing to you now!" A big kiss on his cockhead turned into sucking the top inch or so.

His heart raced wildly. "Are you gonna be my centerfold mom?"

"Forever and ever, if you'll have me!" That idea excited her so much that she engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing her way down his shaft.

That change excited Alan a lot as well, but he asked, "And what about Ron? Will you kiss him like that again?"

She had to pause her bobbing to answer that properly. She looked up into Alan's eyes, but at this point she was so horny that she didn't stop licking and blowing air on his cock even as she talked. "Son, the short answer is: 'No!' The longer answer is, if Suzanne is right, and he's cheating, I may not even be married to him much longer, so the whole question will probably be moot. He doesn't know it yet, but I think that was our goodbye kiss. From now on these lips belong to you and only you! And not just for kissing, but to pleasure your cock! I've resolved that I'm going to be one of your personal cocksuckers from now on!"

That excited her so much that she had no choice but to cram her son's wide shaft back into her mouth and resume bobbing. She made her usual "Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm!" sounds too.

Unfortunately, her words, plus her licking and bobbing, sent such a surge of arousal through his body that he lost all control. That triggered his orgasm and he spurted wildly into the back of her throat.

My GOD! he thought when it ended. My fuckin' GOD! That was like a powerful punch in the gut, except it was all pleasure rather than painful. I'm supposed to look forward to more of this on a regular basis?! Holy hell! Her lips belong only to me?! Personal cocksucker?! And it appears she's okay with Sis and me continuing, though under her rules! DAMN! Greatest. Day. Ever!

When it was all done, Susan pulled her lips off his dick but kept her face close. Since she'd taken his load directly into her mouth, her face was quite clean, aside from some traces of his cum on her chin. She shook his prick back and forth, as if he'd just finishing peeing, and wiped the last dribbles of cum off it with her hand.

"You're the best, Mom!" he enthused. He bent over and kissed the top of her head. Then he lay back down. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll give you a nice facial next time."

However, he saw that she seemed dazed and conflicted. She was again having an episode of post-orgasmic guilt, so she kept her face in his crotch, primarily because she was too embarrassed to look him in the eye.

He asked, "So, did you mean that when you said you're gonna be my centerfold mom, forever and ever?"

She nodded. "Of course. I think I already was; it's just a matter of accepting it." She tilted her head up. "Son, I have to be honest - I could never love another man but you. Maybe before all this craziness started, but not now, not anymore. I already loved you with all my heart and soul, but that was motherly love. Like a good mother should. But now, now that we're doing these intimate things... when I think about how much I loved you before, and how much more I love you now, how can any other man compete with the hold you have on my heart?"

"Oh, Mom! I love you so much too!" He was careful not to say he could never love another, since that was obviously untrue. It made him feel a bit of a cad, but that was the reality.

Embarrassed by her frank confession, she buried her face in his crotch. Looking for an excuse and for something to do, she found herself licking his flaccid penis. Even though it wasn't erect, she still liked caressing it; right now focusing on that allowed her not to think or worry about the other things. She said, "Mmmm. Gotta clean this up good. Mommy's gonna make it so clean it'll sparkle and shine."

He noted, "That would be funny, if it did."

They both chuckled at that.

Then she closed her eyes and devoted her full attention to cleaning his penis and balls. She spent most of her time on his hairless balls, knowing he'd enjoy that a lot even when his penis was down for the count.

He was quiet for a while, but he'd been pondering her words. He wanted to know for sure if she'd let him continue with Katherine, because the answer to that question would profoundly affect them all. Finally, he said, "Mom, what you said... I'm so touched. I love you completely too. But... You know, I also love Sis, and-"

She looked up again and interrupted, "Oh, don't worry about that. Son, I know you have big sexual needs. To maintain your six-times-a-day pace, you're going to need all the help you can get. I suppose it was inevitable that she'd get involved in helping too. I don't think I can stop you two now that you've started. But just remember the rules! They apply to her too!"

"Sure." Actually, he didn't really know what the rules were, aside from no fucking and no touching of the pussy area. Other things, like touching breasts, seemed to depend on how horny Susan was at the moment. But he and Katherine already were violating the most important rule: no fucking, and they weren't about to stop that, so that pretty much made all of Susan's other rules irrelevant when not in her presence.

She continued, "I just want you to know that if you ever need my help, with my hands or my mouth, I'll be here for you. I won't try to shirk my cock-pleasuring duties anymore. But remember that, as mother and son, we can't go beyond that. Ever. That would be incest, and that's wrong."

He nodded, then thought about that for a while.

She licked his balls for a couple more minutes. She had an ulterior motive, in that she hoped if she kept doing that his dick would soon engorge again. In between her licks she said, "Tiger, I think you tricked me."

"What? When? How?"

"Just now. And I'm not sure how, but I walked in on you and Angel doing naughty things, and by all rights I should have been really mad. And I was. Boy, was I steamed! But somehow that whole issue kind of faded away, and I've wound up here, with a belly full of your sperm, licking your balls clean!" She licked them a couple more times just to make her point. "How did that happen?"

He chuckled. "Oh, that. But I didn't trick you, like in a bad way. I was just very persuasive."

"That's true," she easily agreed as she licked lovingly. "I'm afraid I'm no match for you and your clever words and your big cock. Er, member, I mean. I'd better watch out, or you'll have me naked and-"

She abruptly stopped talking, stopped licking, and sat up. She was a little freaked out, because she was about to say, "you'll have me naked and well-fucked before I know what's hit me." But intercourse with her son was the ultimate taboo, and she wouldn't allow herself to even think about that.

Trying to divert her attention from her own thoughts, she looked around and said, "Um, we should probably get this mess cleaned up." Although she'd taken all of his load in her mouth, Katherine hadn't, and pussy juice from all three women had been dripping everywhere, so his sheets and parts of the carpet were a mess.

He didn't know what had spooked her, and he was afraid to ask for fear of opening that particular can of worms, whatever it was.

She got up and put her nightie back on. As she brushed her hair back into place with her hands, she said, "I'll get some fresh sheets. You should get dressed if you still want dessert. Remember, I came up here to tell you and Angel that I'd made some cookies, and they're still downstairs, waiting to be eaten."

He grinned. "Wow, your homemade cookies? I'm there already, like white on rice." He got up, concluding that whatever had momentarily spooked her was no big deal.

She thought again about the cum smell permeating his room. "Oh, and uh, please open the windows. It's really important for you to do that. The smell in here makes me... dizzy."

Chapter 302 Super Sexy And Stacked Susan

Not long after, Katherine and Alan came downstairs for the delicious homemade cookies Susan had baked, Both of them were dressed in just T-shirts and shorts.

For Alan, that was no big deal. But Katherine's shirt stretched tightly across her chest and highlighted the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Susan frowned at that. She was very displeased, because it reminded her of Katherine's newly-extended role as one of Alan's helpers. But she felt she couldn't really say anything without being a total

hypocrite, since she was still wearing her extremely-revealing green nightie. She had worn that with the hope that Alan might be inspired to need more help later that evening.

As the three of them ate cookies, Susan laid down the ground rules for how Alan and Katherine could behave with each other. She confirmed that Katherine could help Alan "do his thing," but only with her hands for the time being, and only if Katherine asked permission from her mother first.

Katherine admitted that this was not the first time she'd provided direct-contact help, which wasn't a surprise to Susan since Alan had mentioned it to her earlier that evening. But Katherine and Alan still kept secret the fact that they were actually fucking.

That obviously was something they knew they would need to keep secret from Susan. Her attitude about handjobs and blowjobs had recently undergone a radical change, in large part thanks to Suzanne's almost daily brainwashing on the topic. But her attitude on fucking did not appear to have changed at all. They figured that she wouldn't be forgiving about that.

Suzanne came over not long after. Even though it was a Friday night, her social life lately was focused almost entirely on the Plummer family.

Susan felt self-conscious about wearing her nightie in Suzanne's presence. So even though Suzanne encouraged her to stay dressed "sexily" for Alan, she changed back into regular clothes.

The whole group ended up eating dinner and then watching a movie, as if it were just another night in suburbia.

It was hardly the hours-long cock-suckathon Susan had wanted and expected now that her husband Ron was gone. Being able to give Alan a blowjob before dinner had satisfied her somewhat, but she was disappointed that he didn't need more 'help'. She kept stealing glances at his crotch, but there was no sign that his penis had come back to life.

They watched a video of the 1983 comedy "Trading Places," which starred Eddie Murphy, Dan Ackroyd and Jamie Lee Curtis. Normally, Susan would have found it quite funny. But tonight, about the only thing she liked were the scenes where Jamie Lee Curtis displayed her big breasts, because she hoped that would inspire Alan's dick to resurrect again. Unfortunately, that didn't occur.

The truth was, Alan was also expecting more sexual fun to happen now that Ron was gone, but his energy was flagging. He too was disappointed that he couldn't get it up again, but his body could only handle so much stimulus within such a limited period of time.

Deep down, Susan was also frustrated that Alan wasn't more aggressive with her. Most of the time he honestly was trying hard to obey her confusing boundaries, so tried to do what she actually said, as opposed to what she really wanted him to do. She found it too difficult to be more honest with what she told him when it came to this issue, and in fact she often couldn't even consciously admit to herself what her real desires were. She decided she would need to take more of the initiative if she wanted something else to happen that night.

She waited until Suzanne had left. By then, it was everyone's normal bed time. She figured the late hour gave her a good excuse to enter Alan's room while wearing a nightie once again. However, this time she picked out a sexier and more revealing one (which came from the large pile of clothing that Suzanne had lent her). It was semi-transparent, which she hoped would make her intentions obvious.

Alan's door was partially open, so she entered after just a perfunctory knock. "Hi, my cutie Tiger! Am I disturbing you?" Again the smell of her son's cum assaulted her senses, nearly overwhelming her. As was his intent in keeping his room like that, it immediately kicked her lusty desires into a higher gear.

"Not really, Mom. I'm always happy to see you." He sat at his desk with a book in front of him, but he turned from his work and gave her all his attention. He undressed her with his eyes, no longer showing any shame in openly ogling her incredible body. He didn't have to exert much mental effort to imagine her naked, given the way she was striking a sexy pose while wrapped in a titillating, semi-transparent nightie.

She didn't know how to "force" him to get her to suck his dick, and she was too proud and in too much self-denial to just come out and ask for what she wanted. She tried to make small talk. "Kind of a relief, now that Ron's on his way to another continent, huh?"

"Yep. Sure is. Something on your mind?"

She was frustrated, because thanks to the way he was sitting she couldn't tell whether his penis was erect or not. "Are you ready for your goodnight kiss?"

"Actually, it's still early for bedtime on a Friday night, don't you think? I'm going to be reading for a while."

"Oh. Well I could give you one now, and another one later."

He smiled. "That sounds good. Anything else on your mind?"

"Well, I said before that we could reassess things once he's gone. So I've been thinking. I'm ready now to be more active in helping you out with your stimulation problem."

He thought, As if that wasn't clear from earlier today! But he kept the sarcasm to himself and merely asked with deliberate cluelessness, "What do you mean exactly, Mom?"

She blushed. She was terribly embarrassed as she stammered, "If you, for instance... if you're having a really tough time getting aroused, and you absolutely positively need some help, I could, you know, help out. You know... Whenever, uh, that may be. Like, for instance, right now, even, if your penis were to become hard... With my hands or even my mouth, if you really need that kind of help. You know, sometimes, mind you, if the alternative is bleak..."

"Thanks, Mom. You're the greatest. I kind of had a feeling you'd say something like that, 'cos I know you're just such a great mom." He stood up and gave her a friendly peck on the cheek.

His dick had grown erect when she'd entered the room, so when he stood up and walked to her she observed just how stiff it was.

But she was disappointed, because after the kiss he went back to his chair and seemed ready to resume his reading. "Um, you know, uh, how are you doing right now? With the whole, uh, penis stimulation situation? Do you have any kind of urgent need that you want me to take care of?"

With her son's room smelling like a whorehouse, tempting her and reminding her how good his cock tasted, she was eager to get his meaty slab back in her mouth. She'd been slouching and bowing her head, but after that offer she sat up straight and tried to strike a sexy pose. She was surprised that her sheer nightie wasn't affecting him more.

He said, "Thanks, but actually I'm doing okay. I'm afraid to push my luck. Of course, Sis helped me cum, and then you helped. That was not long before the movie started, so I'm still recovering from that. But if something changes I'll let you know."

In actual fact, that wasn't entirely true. For one thing, he didn't mention all the times he'd climaxed earlier in the day, due to wanting to keep things like his sexual relationship with Glory a secret. And for another, even though his energy was flagging, he wasn't about to turn down the chance for his mother to suck his dick. But he wanted to see how much she'd volunteer before he had to ask. The shoe was on the other foot now that she was eager to help, and he wanted to test just how much things had changed.

"Oh," was all Susan said. She hung her head dejectedly, obviously disappointed. "But isn't your member...? Oh, never mind."

That secretly amused and pleased him. He found it cute that she was so eager, and so unable to hide it. But he loved her so much, he didn't want to leave her feeling sad. Therefore he suggested, "On the other hand, when you dress really sexily, then I can't control my urges and I'd just HAVE to have you help me out."

"You mean this isn't sexy?" Susan ran her hands provocatively over her nightie. "I thought you liked this kind of thing." She spread her legs wider, exposing her pussy. She generally tried to keep his attention away from her pussy at all times, due to her fear of succumbing to "real" incest with him, but she was desperate.

"I do. I love it. And I find it really cute AND arousing when you blush. It shows that you're super ashamed, but your desire for my cock is simply too strong for you to resist."

Susan had been blushing already, but her blush turned a deeper red. She shyly closed her eyes and pinned her arms behind her back as she thought, Oh God, it's true! It's so true! Dear Lord, please forgive me for this unholy cock lust I have! It's just that I want... No, I NEED! I need him in my mouth! I need to have my lips locked tightly around his tasty pole! I need my tongue to dance all over his sweet spot! I need to practically choke on my son's incredible thickness!

Tacitly admitting he was right, she asked quietly, "Then... what's the problem?"

He replied, "Unfortunately, my dick is so overworked tonight that it would take something really extraordinary to get it going again. For instance, I was thinking that one thing which would be really sexy is if a woman wore an ordinary T-shirt, but cut out a big hole right in the middle for her boobs to stick completely out. I think that would be reaaaally sexy. Especially if that woman had really huge boobs."bender

Susan smiled widely and her spirits lifted immediately. "Do you? It just so happens I might know a woman with just such a shirt, though I don't know if she's as big in the chest department as you'd like."

"Oh Mom, I KNOW she's definitely stacked enough, and super sexy."

She inhaled deeply to fill her lungs with the cummy aroma of his room, then sighed happily. Encouraged, she raised her huge melons underneath her nightie and held them up enticingly. "You think so?"

"I know so! It's not that they're just so dang gargantuan. I love how they're so firm, and so high, and so round, and so friggin' perfect! The only way they'd look any better is if my cum were splattered all over them."

Susan had to bite her lip, she was so overcome with lusty need. She panted, "Oh, Son!" Her huge globes heaved wildly in time to her labored breaths, even though she was still trying to support them from below.

But then a new wave of doubt hit her. She asked uncertainly, "Then what's the problem? Is it that I don't have a long tongue like Suzanne? Is it that I don't have her experience?" She dropped her head. "Maybe... maybe Mommy is just a bad cocksucker."

He was rightfully incredulous. "Are you kidding me?! I love the way you suck my cock. You're a natural!" He teased playfully, "However, there's a certain kind of sexy shirt I wish you were wearing..."

She smiled like she'd just won the lottery. "You flatterer! Say no more! I'll be back in a minute. We can't have you not reach your quota of six times today." She winked, then hurried back to her room.

He was well aware that he'd already reached his quota, but he didn't want to dampen her enthusiasm by mentioning that.

Chapter 303 That Katherine - Was She Born In A Barn?

After a few minutes work with a pair of scissors, Susan returned to his room. She was also wearing high heels this time. But her mood had changed, because the cut-up shirt made her feel silly and ashamed, as if she were nothing more than a pair of tits.bender

She waited until he turned in his chair and devoted his full attention her way. Then she nervously asked, "How's this, Tiger?" It looked like her tits were so big that they had simply exploded their way through her plain white T-shirt.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" he said with real excitement. "Pardon the cursing, but Damn!, Mom, that looks really hot and sexy!" He looked her up and down, checking out her short sports shorts and seemingly incongruous black high heels. But he loved the overall effect.

He commanded, "Put your hands behind your back like you've been tied up."

Susan did so, even though that only amplified her apprehensive feelings. However, it also turned her on powerfully. Being ordered to do it got her creaming even more.

He whistled in appreciation. "Wow, man. I'm certainly getting a hard-on that needs serious assistance. I hate to say this, but that shirt makes you look totally slutty. But in a good way. You know what I think is great?"

"What's that?" She was eager to get out of this humiliating pose, even if only to get into another humiliating pose on her knees with her son's cock in her mouth. She didn't realize it, but the more humiliated she got, the more aroused she got.

Alan had realized that though, which is why he said, "I love how I can order you to wear anything at all, at any time. Or nothing at all. Hey, I've got an idea. Imagine if the next time Brenda comes over, you wear that shirt. In fact, that shirt and nothing else."

"N-n-nothing else?" She tugged her shirt down from the back, hoping that would cover her pussy and ass. Already, she was so aroused that she wanted to scream.

"Hey Sis, come here!" he shouted.

Since Katherine's room was only ten feet away, she was in Alan's room in seconds flat. As she came in, she heard Susan pleading, "No! Please don't bring my innocent Angel in here! This is so embarrassing and demeaning!"

A part of Susan wanted to flee the room, but the mouth-watering prospect of sucking her son's cock compelled her to stay. Also, she didn't understand her real sexual needs, so she didn't realize that Alan was calling in Katherine to help her out, knowing that the added humiliation would arouse her even more.

Katherine walked in wearing the same tight T-shirt and shorts she'd been wearing all evening. She whistled in appreciation at Susan's new look. She pretended not to know what was going on, but Alan's door was open, and hers had been open a crack, so she'd been listening to everything that had been said.

Alan asked Katherine, "What do you think: does the T-shirt make Mom look too embarrassing?"

Katherine replied, "Well, maybe, but who cares? I think it makes her look totally sexy, and that's the main thing. That's what she's trying for, right?"

He answered, "I agree completely. It's awesome! Look how it raises her boobs and makes them stick practically straight out. Way cool."

Katherine was in total agreement. "Yeah. Wow, Mom, you're so hot. So sexy! God, such tits. I'm jealous. I wish I could fill out a shirt like that. Good thing Sir Isaac Newton isn't here, 'cos you're violating his laws of gravity."

Susan's unhappiness was greatly reduced by all the compliments, and she bowed her head slightly in modest glee. "You're just saying that," she blushed.

Alan said to his sister, "Thanks for the input. You should go now, 'cos Mom is gonna suck me off."

"Oh, lucky you. And lucky her! Have fun." Katherine turned to leave, but then she turned back. "Oh, there's just one thing."

"What's that?" Now Alan was getting impatient.

"Sorry, Mom, but you gotta lose the shorts. They just don't match."

Susan trembled. "And wear what instead?"

Katherine just giggled. "You're Brother's busty cocksucking mommy now. Get with the program!" She giggled some more, then walked back to her room. She left the doors open as she went, so she'd be able to continue listening.

Katherine had overheard Suzanne indoctrinating Susan with sexy talk, which wasn't hard to do since Suzanne talked to her like that quite often almost every day. She'd deliberately chosen the phrase "busty cocksucking mommy" because she knew it was exactly the kind of thing Suzanne would say.

Those words had hit Susan like a lightning bolt. How dare Angel use that kind of language? I swear, you give an inch and she'll take a mile. But deep down, she was secretly pleased and aroused to no end. As shivers of pleasure ran down her spine, she repeated what had become a personal mantra of sorts for her: I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock! I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut! That made her feel a lot better; it helped calm her rattled nerves.

Susan complained, "Tiger, did you really have to do that? First, you bring Angel in here to see me like this, then you tell her I'm going to suck you off. I feel so terribly embarrassed!" She looked down at herself and fretted because she could see and feel the rivulets of pussy juice that were dripping down her inner thighs. She desperately hoped her daughter hadn't seen them. Her cunt was throbbing almost painfully because humiliation was such a turn-on for her.

"Sorry, Mom. I didn't realize. Definitely keep the shirt, though. Oh, and lose the shorts, like she said."

Susan found herself in a much better mood. She was even glad in a way that Katherine had come in, thanks to all the praise her daughter had given. She slipped out of her shorts, tossing them aside. Then she looked down and saw that her pussy lips and most of her bush were still exposed. She started to pull her shirt down to cover that, but then she thought better of it. I'm here to service my son's big cock! Visual stimulation is an essential part of that. It's true that he can't stick his hot, stiff pole into my

burning pussy, but he can still look at it, right? I know it's difficult for me, but if I stand like this, that'll make his stiffie even stiffer!

She looked at his crotch and noticed both a large bulge and a wet spot where the tip of his dick was obviously straining against the fabric. Oooh! Look at what an effect I'm having! All that yummy pre-cum is leaking out, and soon it's gonna be lubricating my lips as they slide back and forth over his sweet spot until he can't take it anymore! MMMM!

But she still sought reassurance. With her arms still pinned behind her back, she straightened up and thrust her big tits out for his further appreciation. That tented her T-shirt some, causing it to rise enough to expose all of her bush. "So, is my chest nicer than Jamie's?"

"Who?"

"Jamie Lee Curtis. You know, the buxom actress from the movie."

"Are you kidding me? She's a D-cup at best. Your tits are literally twice as big in volume. Sure she's very beautiful, but she can't hold a candle to you."

Susan flashed a smile so bright, it practically lit the entire room. "Tiger! Just for that, I think you need a really long, sloppy, slurpy reward! I'm gonna make you cum so hard your brain will melt!"

He laughed. "I'm totally ready for that! Let it melt."

She was across the room and on her knees in a flash. She unzipped his shorts and grasped his hardness. All her worries and embarrassment melted away and she was in seventh heaven again. Her fingers played on his shaft like she was playing a piano. It almost felt like tickling to him, with all her fingers appearing and disappearing all over his dick at the same time.

She was eager to get to her cocksucking, but she looked back and saw that both Alan's and Katherine's doors were open wide. She couldn't actually see Katherine, but she knew that if Katherine stood in the right spot she'd be able to look into Alan's room and see them. She mumbled, "That Katherine - was she born in a barn?"

She was torn between getting up to close the door and staying with Alan's cock. She started licking his cockhead while she tried to make up her mind. In the end she couldn't tear herself away from Alan's privates, not even for a few seconds. She spoke to the cock-meat her tongue was tickling. Darn you! Darn you for being so hot and thick and long and pulsing and alive! Most of all, darn you for belonging to my wonderful son! What if Angel gets up and look across the hall to see what's happening in here? Heck, she won't even have to move to hear my slurpy noises, once I really get going. What'll happen to my parental authority when-

Oh, darn it! She gave up and engulfed him, cockhead and then some.

A sense of peace immediately came over her. Aaaaah! This! This is what I need! Feeling my mouth stretched open wide and my face stuffed full of cock... it's the BEST! And if Angel looks in, then so what? She's just gonna have to get used to it, 'cos I'm gonna be doing this A LOT! And maybe she'll learn a thing or two about how to really serve a masterful cock like this one!

Susan sucked and licked her son's fuck rod for many long minutes. She kept the shirt on since Alan liked it so much. (Plus, she somehow sensed it was helping to keep her extremely horny.)

Meanwhile, directly across the hall, Katherine sat on her bed writing in her diary for the second time that day. (She'd already written about how she and Alan were caught by Susan and all the events leading up to it.)

Dear Diary,

Talk about bizarre! You want bizarre?! I can hardly concentrate on writing this, because of all the loud, slurpy noises coming from Brother's room! That's the sound of our centerfold mom wantonly sucking his cock! She must know that his door is open, and my door is open, and I can hear everything, but she obviously doesn't care.

It's so fucking arousing! I swear, if I hear one more "MMMM!" And you know I will... There she goes! I swear, I'm gonna scream. Okay, I'm not actually screaming, even though she's doing that non-stop, but I totally want to. I'm writing this on my bed one-handed, if you know what I mean. I know you do, but I'll make it clearer anyway: I'm totally jilling myself listening to the sounds of Mom blowing Brother! Is that crazy or what?!

I'm so, so, soooooo tempted to go over there and peek. Or hell, join in! Would that be great or what? I'd tell Mom, "Congratulations, I pronounce you Fuck Toy Number Two. Now, move over and let Fuck Toy Number One show you how it's done." Then I'd pleasure Brother's cock so well and for so long that he'd pass out! Mom could, I dunno, lick his balls or something. That would ROCK!

Unfortunately, I suppose I shouldn't do that. Technically, Mom says I'm grounded, like I told you earlier. I guess she's still freaked out about her "innocent Angel" having a sex drive, and being in love with Brother. She's probably jealous of the in-home competition. I'm sure Aunt Suzy has seen what's happening and has worked out some kind of plan. Otherwise, why is she brainwashing Mom so relentlessly? God knows I want to take a peek, but even that would probably be pushing my luck - she'd look up and give me more punishments just to make me go away.

That sucks.

But still, things are great overall! The fact that she didn't even get up to close the door shows that she's at least resigned to the fact that I'm a part of this now and there's no point in fighting it! Next time maybe I'll be the one in there making all the "MMMM!" sounds while she has to finger herself and listen! Then she'd find out what it's like.

Chapter 304 Susan Blowing While Kath Watching?

Back across the hall, Susan kept up her passionate sucking. She wanted to say really sexy things to Alan, but her mouth was too full, so instead she let her thoughts run free. As a result, she said more honest things to herself than she would have been willing to say out loud.

Look at your mommy, Son! She's such a slut! She just loves to suck your cock! Mmmm! God, I don't know what it is, but I just love this shirt too! And when you told me to put my hands behind my back to make it look like I was tied up and helpless - that makes me SUPER hot! Somehow the combination makes me feel like I'm some kind of tit slave. Mmmm! "Tit slave." I love the sound of that! I don't know what the hell is wrong with me, but I adore the idea of being your slave! Tiger! Mmmm! I'm forced to serve my son's big fat cock!

Normally, Susan kept her eyes down while cocksucking, mostly out of a continued sense of embarrassment. But now she looked briefly up towards his face. Look at your mommy suck your dick! Mmmm! She's your sex slave! She's your cum slut! MMMM! Her body is for your hands only, my darling boy! Ron, that cheating bastard, will never get so much as a kiss on the cheek from me again, not if I can help it! Tiger, you might as well be my husband, because you're the only man who'll ever get my love now.

Oh God. Alan, my husband! That makes me so HOT! Mmmm. MMMM! Yum!

That thought made her go to town on his cock even more than before. She tried to take him deeper and deeper, but she couldn't overcome her gag reflex, so each time wound up choking until she pulled back. But she wasn't deterred. She decided for finesse instead, going all out on his sweet spot. Her lips rhythmically slid up and down over it with great suction, often with a corkscrew twist. At the same time, her tongue flitted against it whenever her lips weren't on it.

She could tell her new approach was effective because of his increasingly loud and almost pained groans.

Mmmm! That's music to my ears! You like that Tiger? Is your tit slave mommy wife making you feel good?

She convulsed all over as she savored the words "tit slave mommy wife." She had an orgasm just from the thought, without actually realizing it at first, because she wasn't even touching her pussy area. She was so high on lust already that a small orgasm like that was only like a minor peak.bender

The convulsion caused her to lose her rhythm, but not for long. As she resumed her steady bobbing, she thought, I can say that to myself, but not to him. It's so WRONG, a mother thinking about marrying her own son. I can't go there. I suppose I shouldn't tell anyone how hot I get thinking of myself as his tit slave. I have to just focus on his cock instead, his glorious cock. Mmmm! If I can't be your wife, I'll be your permanent, personal nympho cocksucker! Just licking it, it's better than sex!

Look at my slutty mouth! I know your special spot, and I never stop stimulating it. Mmmm. You like that? You like it when I slide my lips up and down against it? Mmmm! You do, I can tell!

Her thoughts returned to the open door. Why did Angel leave the damn door open? She knew what I was going to do in here. Anyone could walk by and see me here with my lips sliding up and down my son's big tool. It's so humiliating to be on public display like this, in my high heels and naughty shirt with my big tits hanging out! Does she want to watch? Is she going to walk in and watch? Oh God! What if I have to give Tiger blowjobs right in front of her? And everybody else?

That idea sent a shiver of excitement down her spine. Am I that depraved? That desperate for cock? Am I just a hopeless, exhibitionist, cocksucking slut? YES! Yes I am! Do I even want her to watch? I do! Come

look, Angel! I'll show you how a loving mommy does it. Mommies are the best cocksuckers, because we love our sons so much! Your mommy is a cock-slave cum slut for your brother's fat fuck stick!

These ideas excited Susan so much that she started orgasming again. Except this time she didn't have just any ordinary climax - her whole body trembled so violently that she had to take her mouth off his hard-on briefly until she could calm down some. Then she screamed out loudly. She knew Katherine would hear her, but she was unable to control her outburst.

Although her body was still experiencing minor aftershocks from her great climax, she renewed her attack on her son's boner with increased vigor.

He was stunned at just how powerful her obvious climax had been. He knew she couldn't have been touching herself at the time, because he had been feeling both of her hands fondling his dick and balls. What he still didn't fully understand was that she very literally enjoyed blowing him as much as he enjoyed being blown - in other words, a great, great deal! She always had orgasms of her own while doing him.

Katherine heard Susan's scream, which sounded so arousing that she very nearly cried out herself. She'd already put her pen and diary down so she could focus completely on masturbating, but curiosity got the best of her. Fuck it! Damn the risk, I just HAVE to see what's going on in there that made her scream with such total euphoria!

She walked across the hall wearing nothing, since she'd taken off her shorts and T-shirt to play with herself. Her pussy was very wet. She reached Alan's doorway and peeked in. To her disappointment, she didn't see anything unusual except for the sight of Susan kneeling half-naked, sucking Alan's turgid erection. Admittedly, that was a heart-stoppingly exciting sight for her to see, but it wasn't unusual in the sense that it didn't explain why Susan had been screaming in such an out-of-control manner.

Hmmm, Katherine thought. I guess she just really, really likes doing that! Well, I can relate. She giggled out loud.

She'd just wanted to take a peek and go back to her room to masturbate some more. But Alan heard her giggling, looked up, and saw her.

Seeing that she was caught, she figured there was no point in sneaking away. Instead she boldly walked into the room and gave her brother a friendly wave.

Susan was so into her cocksucking that Alan had great latitude in communicating with Katherine as long as it was non-verbal. So he made a sour face and waved his arms frantically, as if trying to shoo her out of the room. When that didn't have any effect, he mouthed the words, "Go! Go! Go away!"

But Katherine was having too much fun with his pantomiming. She put a hand to her ear and pretended not to hear.

He rolled his eyes and tried waving his hands some more. When that didn't work, he threw his hands up in frustration and sighed.

Then he lost track of Katherine, because Susan tried out a daring move on his dick involving lightly scraping it with her teeth. It was so effective that he had to close his eyes and squeeze his PC muscle repeatedly to hold back his climax.

Katherine saw his obvious close call and was impressed. My God! I know it's not exactly considered a skill, but if anyone is good at getting his cock sucked, he is. I mean, look at what Mom is doing. Heck, just look at Mom, period! I should be jealous, but when I look at her doing that all I get is HOT! I can't even see Brother's cock or Mom's face; all I see from the back is her bobbing head and swaying ass. But just from that, I can tell she's soooo into it! How can I not feel inspired and want to take turns with her?

Katherine hadn't consciously done it, but somehow one of her hands was pulling on a nipple while the other one frigged her cunt. Would you like that Brother? Would you like Mom and me to take care of your cock together? 'Cos I would fuckin' LOVE it! Maybe I should make some noise so Mom'll hear. Hell, I bet she won't even blink! Maybe I-

Her thoughts were interrupted because she noticed that Alan had recovered enough from Susan's relentless rhythmic cock attack to look up again. His eyes went wide to see that she was masturbating and totally nude. He started waving his arms frantically once again.

Katherine giggled, but Susan was slurping and sucking so loudly and intently that she didn't notice. Silly Brother! What's the problem? Let Mom catch me again. It'll just speed things along that much faster. Besides, I'm already busted, so how much more busted can I be?

Alan switched from waving his hands to making an abject begging pose with his hands clenched together in prayer. At the same time, he looked at her so beseechingly that she couldn't resist.

Dammit! This is so much fun! But I suppose he has a point. After Mom caught him with Aunt Suzy the other day, and then what happened with me earlier, there's no telling how she could react. She could have one of her total anger freakout moments for all I know. She might even relapse to the old prudemom. Darn. She reluctantly retreated back towards her own room.

Alan was under a great deal of mental and physical strain. He'd used his ever-increasing control over his PC muscle to hold out for what seemed to be an incredibly long time, because the feelings were so intense and good that he never wanted them to end. In fact, it had actually been only a few additional minutes, but given how passionately Susan was working his cock, it was an impressive display of stamina just the same.

One big reason he was struggling with all his might not to cum was because he feared Susan would look around once he'd shot his load and see Katherine standing there. But now that she had gone back to her room, he ended his resistance. With a long, satisfied grunt, he let go and started to fire.

As his ropes pulsed to the back of Susan's throat, she had yet another awe-inspiring climax of her own. Inspired by what she'd seen earlier with Katherine, she'd been planning to let him do it all over her face. She wanted Alan to spray his sister's and mother's faces with cum in the same evening. She didn't know why, but the idea really aroused her. But with his pulsing erection in her mouth, she found she just couldn't let it go, so she ended up swallowing nearly his entire load.

Only at the end, when his boner was squirting its last weak shots of cum, did she finally take it out and let some of his seed splatter on her face. She rubbed it all over her cheeks, leaving slimy trails of cum here and there. She loved both the sensation and the idea, leading her to wish that she'd done more of that because it made her feel like he'd marked her as his possession.

Even that wasn't quite the end, though. She licked his penis and balls completely clean, continuing until long after he'd gone flaccid.

At one point, Alan looked up and noticed Katherine was again standing in her doorway, looking across the hall to see what was happening. He frantically and silently continued to shoo her away until she appeared to be completely out of sight.

Chapter 305 Tiger, You're Such A Wonderful Son!

Alan sighed quietly to himself. Sheesh! Man, Sis watching is sexy as hell, especially with her wearing nothing at all, but it's far too dangerous. Sure, when Mom is all horny she's probably pretty tolerant of that kind of thing. But then her lusty mood crashes and she gets all prudish again. As it is, I'll be lucky if she doesn't take a big step backwards. Sis just doesn't know when to stop!

Indeed, when they were finally all done, Susan was hit with a strong bout of post-orgasmic guilt. She had really let her thoughts run free, completely unedited by her conscience, because she was so far gone into her own pleasure. But now she remembered some of those thoughts, which made her feel lower than dirt.

My lack of willpower is bad enough, but I actually imagined Tiger as my husband?! I must be mad! And did I say "sex slave"? I think I did. "Tit slave," too. I'm a modern, liberated woman; why do I get so excited thinking such awful things?! I mean, just because I'm one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers now, that hardly means I'm his slave!

She looked at the still-open door, which also made her feel bad, particularly since she hadn't interrupted her cocksucking to close it. Even so, a part of her was disappointed that Katherine hadn't taken advantage of the open door to watch. She had a possessive desire to show the "competition" that she was Alan's best and most favored cocksucker, and she wouldn't play second fiddle to anybody. But at the same time, she realized that she probably would have gotten angry at Katherine for spying, resulting in giving her even more punishment.

Needless to say, she had a lot of conflicting feelings once the fun was over. She looked down and realized that her T-shirt was pulled up to her armpits and had been that way for most of her long blowjob. Somehow she found servicing Alan's dick more pleasurable when her boobs were bouncing free. But now her undressed state was embarrassing, so she pulled her shirt back into place.

That didn't change things much, since she realized this was the shirt she'd altered by cutting a large hole over her boobs. In a way, having her boobs burst through the hole was even more humiliating than if she had remained completely topless. She also remembered that she wasn't wearing anything below the shirt, so she yanked the shirt down in an attempt to cover her pussy. But as soon as she let go, the shirt rose right back into place, exposing her pussy once again.

She sighed in frustration and crossed her arms over her huge, bare melons, covering her nipples. She said glumly, "Tiger, you said earlier, 'I hate to say this, but it makes you look totally slutty.' Why do you hate to say it? Maybe we should just face facts and recognize that your mother is a slut - a sinful,

despicable, low-life slut. Look how I'm dressed. Look what I'm doing to you, my very own son. Look at your fertile sperm dripping down my face. I feel so ashamed, even though I can't stop. I need help!"

Alan took great offense at that. "No, Mom, you're not a slut. Don't EVER say that. A slut is a woman who sleeps around with just about any guy. Does that describe you at all? No way. In fact, you're not even sleeping with anybody right now. You may feel slutty, but that's just 'cos you're helping me out in lots of sexy ways and being such a great, caring mom. I love you, Mom! I love you. Don't you understand?"

She sniffled, "I love you too, and I do love helping you do your thing sometimes, but right now, I feel... slutty. Dirty. Sinful!" She pulled her T-shirt down in another largely futile effort to cover her soaked pussy.

"Mom, you're not dirty or sinful. Aunt Suzy's told me of your talks about 'The Sin of Onan', so you're actually providing a way for me to avoid sin every time you help me. Right?"

She nodded meekly.

"So this is something you should be proud of. This is the kind of thing a loving, caring Christian mom does when she has a son in need. Now, as for slutty, you might LOOK slutty, but that's a good thing because you're trying to provide visual stimulation. There's good slutty and bad slutty. I said it made you look slutty, but in a good way. Do you remember that?"

"Yes. But what's the difference?"

"I just described 'bad slutty' - someone who will sleep with anybody. 'Good slutty' is a woman who fully embraces her sexuality and enjoys sex to the fullest, but most definitely does not sleep with just anybody. Like Aunt Suzy, for instance. Slutty means someone who is indiscriminate. But that's not you, is it? You've pretty much pledged to be only with me, right?"

She nodded. She felt a little tingle of excitement thinking about her dedication to him.

"So how can that make you a slut? It's impossible. I want you to take back all those things you just said about yourself! I'm proud of you and I feel honored that you help me like you do."

His words did improve her spirits some. But she still frowned, since she remained unconvinced that she wasn't somehow wicked and evil for enjoying what she was doing. Still, she moved her arms and uncovered her tits as a token effort to try to be "good slutty."

He continued, "It's okay if you enjoy sexual things. It makes me really happy that you do. So no more talk of the word 'slut,' unless you're using it in a "good slut" way. Keep your dignity. You're smart, you're beautiful, you're kind, good, caring, and all kinds of other great stuff. I love you and I don't want you to feel bad about yourself. Ever! That's an order!"

She couldn't help but grin at that. "Yes, sir," she joked.

"And remember what we were saying last night about physical interaction just being another expression of love? There's nothing to be ashamed about at all."

The continued compliments and encouragements finally got through her self-criticism and lifted her spirits. "Tiger, you're such a wonderful son! You're too good for me!" She gave him a big hug. Since she was still wearing the open T-shirt, her tits pressed up against him so firmly that he was inspired to pull back and cup them in his hands.

He apologized, "Sorry, Mom. I don't know about the rules on this, but I can't help myself." His hands pinched and pulled at her nipples.

Her nipples were terribly sensitive, causing her whole body to shiver and tremble in delight. She was happy to suppress her worries and just live in the moment of feeling her son fondle her. She knew in the back of her mind that she'd feel guilty for all of this later, but at the moment she didn't care.

She belatedly muttered, "I suppose it's okay if you play with them a little. But just this time." That was a dramatic understatement, to say the least, as her whole body was humming with erotic pleasure, thanks to his fingering and fondling.

He told her as he groped, "Now that Ron is gone, we're going to have fun. A lot of fun. So thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of."

She felt a thrill run down her spine. She repeated those words in her head. "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." YES! That should be my attitude!

He continued, "You're just doing what the doctor says is needed to help me, so don't get down on yourself. You're sexy and loving and caring and good slutty, not bad slutty. Okay?"

"Okay. I'm sorry." She smiled at him gratefully, even though she still felt somewhat ashamed and "bad slutty." If only he knew my thoughts, he'd think twice about not calling me a bad slut. What about the ache deep in my loins that's demanding I get fucked? It's driving me crazy! What am I going to do about that? I don't even allow myself to think about those feelings most of the time, but they're there. At the very least, he should be playing with my pussy too! It really, really needs some tender loving care. But there's no way to avoid the fact that intercourse with my own son would follow, and that would be an enormous sin. If I ever let that happen I'd go to Hell for sure! If only, if only...!

"I love you, Mom," he said as he kissed her on the nose and gave her nipples a final tweak. "See you tomorrow."

"I love you too, Son," she replied, nearly tearful with both happiness and frustration. "But what's this 'See you tomorrow' stuff? Don't you want your goodnight kiss and tuck-in?"

"Of course! I thought this was kind of it, because it's so late already."

"Well, it almost is. Here's the actual kiss." She leaned forward and gave him a very chaste kiss on the cheek. Then she straightened his sheets and pulled away.

"That's it?" he asked incredulously.

Her tone was pouty and a bit playful. "That's all you get. It's your punishment for treating me so mean today. I thought you would be more excited to be with me once Ron left, but noooOOOoooo. You go running to Angel. And then it seems like you don't even want my help, and then you make me wear this shameful shirt!" She cupped the undersides of her huge orbs, thrusting them up and out even more for him to enjoy. In the process, she raised the shirt a bit, showing off that it was the only clothing she was wearing (not counting her glasses or high heels).

He laughed. "Fair enough. I was kind of playing around with you by asking you to wear the T-shirt and everything. But it was so much fun to confound your expectations. I promise not to do it again. Well, let's phrase it this way: I reserve the right to decide what you wear or don't wear at any given time, but I'll try my best not to abuse that power too much."

"Thank you," she said, with genuine gratitude. Somehow she'd come to take that authority of his as a given, even though it was far from clear how that presumption got started.

He slipped a hand down to her bare ass and gently caressed her there. "And as for Sis, I didn't go running to her. She and Amy just kind of grabbed my attention, and they pulled me away before I could do anything. Really, like I said before, I was longing to be with you as soon as we got home."

She kissed him again, this time with a dry kiss on the lips. "That's all right. But just remember that I'm going to tease you too sometimes. And the shirt is fun. If you wanna make me wear it again, I kinda might almost like it." She winked saucily. She lifted her great globes up and let them bounce back into place. Then she mock-pouted, "But you can be so frustrating!"

She got a little bit of playful revenge by leaving him without any more kissing. As she walked out into the hallway, still wearing just the cut-up shirt and carrying her discarded shorts, she left the overwhelming smell of cum that filled his room. It was as if her head cleared instantly, but at the same time she was filled with the desire to hurry back into his room just so she could inhale the odor some more.

In her bathroom, she cleaned her face of his cum, but her cleaning method mostly involved wiping it into her mouth. She felt bad about it, but she also wished there'd been more to clean.

Later, as she lay in the darkness in her bed, a new wave of guilt washed over her. Now that her desire for another cocksucking had been temporarily satisfied, she worried about how much she'd enjoyed it. I'm so bad! Yes, I suck my son's cock now. With Ron gone, I'm sure I'll be doing it a LOT from now on. And I suppose he's right that it's not sinful, due to his medical need, and I'm probably even saving him from sin. But my big worry is that I'm loving it far too much! I mean, all this talk about being his "tit slave!" Even if it's just in my mind that's actually worse, because no one is making me say something like that except me. I don't want to wind up in the embarrassing position of begging my son every day to suck his dick!

Darn it, I can picture myself on my knees, topless I'm sure, abjectly begging him just for a little suck! No doubt I'd be holding my tits up and thrusting them out in a desperate attempt to get his attention, but

he'd be sitting on the sofa with Angel and Suzanne already on their knees taking turns bobbing for joy, so why would he want me? He'd pat my head and tell me I have to wait my turn.

God. Good God. Why the hell does that make me SO HOT?! That's not right!

Worse, she had a growing desire to get fucked by her own son. She was worried that once she got started helping him to reach his target on a daily basis, before long she'd break down altogether and even beg him to fuck her. One reason why she didn't give him a deep kiss was because she was worried that the next thing she knew she'd be pulling herself down to the bed, and before long they'd be rutting like wild animals. But not only was she morally and religiously repulsed by the incest idea, she also feared that, if that happened, he would lose all respect for her and she'd lose all respect for herself as well.

She thought, He's such a great son. I have to do better by him. I have to have more self-control so I can please him and his constantly demanding member and at the same time not give in to my desires, not break the rules. Help him out, but no incest. That's the most important rule. What we did today wasn't incest - it was just some harmless little blowjob and handjob fun here and there. He needs to get rid of all that sperm! There's no harm in that; that's good and medically beneficial for him.

I don't know if I can handle not going further, though. I don't seem to be strong enough. I don't have the willpower to say "No" to him. Suddenly, sex has taken over my thoughts, and all I want to say is: "Yes, yes, yes!" I'll just have to take it day by day. In the meantime, at least I can dream and masturbate about what would happen if I said yes to EVERYthing. If I let him go all the way! If I let him fuck my cunt! Yes!

She proceeded to do exactly that in the comfort of her bed. She was still too shy to buy a dildo at a store, but her fingers did the job very well.

Chapter 306 Mom Gave Permission?

There was a big Halloween party planned for Saturday night, so Alan figured there wouldn't be much action earlier in the day while people were conserving their energy and preparing for the party. However, everyone was keen to test the waters on how things would be now that Ron was gone.

Katherine woke up fairly early and went jogging. She'd been exercising regularly to keep in shape since before she became a cheerleader, but lately she was even more dedicated because she considered herself her brother's number one fuck toy. The first thing she noticed as she returned home from her jog was that the underwear cabinet was back, once again placed near the front door.

She ran into Susan in the kitchen. She said "Hi, Mom," and gave her a kiss on the cheek. They chatted for a few minutes.

Katherine could see that Susan was wearing a sexy blouse and short shorts. It wasn't completely outrageous, but it was the most risqué thing she'd worn as normal clothing in two weeks. It was also clear that she wasn't wearing any underwear, but then again she'd never really stopped doing that once she'd started, except for a few days when Ron was home.

Staring directly at Susan's nipples as they protruded through the thin fabric, she said, "Mom, you're such a great mom. I can see that you're helping Alan again with some visual stimulation."

Susan smiled. "I'm trying," she said bashfully.

"Great! So do you mind if I help him 'do his thing' too? He must be up by now."

Susan was taken aback. It was true that just the night before, after catching Katherine blowing Alan, she'd had a talk with her and agreed, in theory, that she could help more directly with her brother's treatment. But she hadn't expected theory to turn to reality so rapidly, especially since she'd grounded Katherine at the same time.

Susan thought, Boy, she's really cheeky to push that so soon, isn't she? But what can I do? They've already done it, and I'm doing it. They're probably going to keep doing it whether I want them to or not, so I might as well have them keep it out in the open where I have some control over it. Besides, I can't be selfish and jealous, trying to hog him for myself. It's painful, but I can't undo what they've done. Plus, she is asking permission from me, as I required. Well, sort of, anyway.

She finally just nodded.

"Cool!" Katherine kissed her mother again and bounded out of the kitchen. She was secretly delighted and more than a little surprised that Susan had agreed. She made sure to leave the room quickly before Susan could change her mind.

Alan had just awakened and was lying in his bed, naked. He hadn't been accustomed to sleeping naked but, more and more, he was finding himself nude or at least without underwear, and he was growing to

like it. He was in a half-awake state and lightly masturbating his erection under his bed sheets while enjoying a nice fantasy.

In his fantasy, he woke up in the morning only to discover that Susan was already lying naked between his legs and in the middle of giving him a great blowjob. But he hardly had time to fully fathom that when Katherine came in looking for him. When she saw what Susan was doing, she wordlessly took her clothes off too and joined right in.

But the dream didn't end there. After enjoying a fantastic shared mother-daughter blowjob for a couple of minutes, Suzanne and Amy came into the room as well, since they were wondering where everyone had gone to. They also simply took their clothes off and joined right in. Amy helped lick his cock, but there was only so much room around it, so Suzanne French kissed him for a while.

Then his daydream got much, much more unrealistic, because Glory had somehow gotten in the house as well, and the exact same thing happened to her. Soon, she was lying naked on his chest and taking turns with Suzanne kissing him.

As he slowly stroked his boner, he thought, What's great is that it's kind of true! Okay, the part with Glory is a bit far-fetched, but I AM intimate with her! And if things continue at home like how they've been going lately, the rest of it actually COULD happen someday! At least, it's not completely impossible. How lucky am I?! Man!

Katherine came in all excited and bouncy, dressed in a negligée (which she'd just changed into from her jogging outfit). She was mindful to completely close the door behind her. She didn't notice he was masturbating since it was happening under his sheets and blankets. "Good morning, sleepyhead. I have great news. Guess what? I'm expecting!"

That woke him up completely in a hurry. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. Expecting? Oh, fuck! I've made my sister pregnant? Fuck! Yesterday? Was it from yesterday? Could she know that fast? Didn't we use protection?! Finally, all he could mutter was, "Expecting?!"

"Yes. I'm expecting to suck you off. Mom just said it's okay. So pull down your sheets." She carefully shook her shoulder just enough to let a strap of her negligée slide down her arm.

Alan felt his brain whipsaw. He had a stupid expression on his face for a few seconds as everything sank in. Then he got upset. "Sis! What the fuck?! You scared me nearly half to death!"

She laughed. "It did wake you up, didn't it? Let me make it up to you with a friendly 'good morning' blowjob." She leaned forward, pressing her arms to make her tits push forward and look bigger than they already were. She knew he always loved that.

He pulled down his sheets to expose his crotch, including his stiff erection. He was chagrined, but too aroused to complain much.

As she grasped his hard-on, she exclaimed, "Whoa! Looks like someone has been naughty with the self-love. You've even got it wet for me already. Don't tell me you've been committing the 'sin of Onan?'" She said "sin of Onan" in a sarcastic voice, making clear she didn't share Susan's concern about that.

He ignored her Onan question since the answer was obvious, and said, "Promise me you won't joke about that pregnancy thing again. I'm totally freaked out and my heart is pounding like crazy! Seriously. I've been completely disassociating what we're doing from the possibility of having children, despite all your frequent 'baby juice' comments. Please don't pull that kind of thing. Period."

"Okay. Sorry. You gotta admit it was pretty funny though. Would you prefer if I pull on this kind of thing?" She tugged at his dick while continuing to giggle.

He grunted with approval.

"Here, let me soothe your jangled nerves like a good fuck toy sister should, with a loving, prolonged cocksucking. Did you know Mom actually gave me her approval to do this?" She continued to jack him off, because she wasn't quite done talking.

"No way!"

"It's true! Oh, and by the way, no more masturbating, and that's an order. Not because of Onan, whoever the heck he was, but because you've got me living right across the hallway, you doofus!" She giggled. Then she immediately tilted her head down and engulfed his entire cockhead.

Alan didn't sit up, and instead just relaxed with his head on his pillow and his hands behind his head while Katherine bobbed up and down over his crotch like a busy woodpecker. Man! This is the life. And Mom gave permission. That's so huge!

Katherine really wanted to take off her nightie. Unlike Susan, it wasn't because she got extra sexual pleasure from blowing him while topless or nude; it was just that her clothes were in the way. This was especially true because she usually liked to finger her pussy or play with her nipples while she sucked him. However, she was mindful that Susan could look in at any time, so she left her nightie on, hoping that it might reduce the extent of Susan's distress.

Just when Katherine was getting into a steady bobbing rhythm, she pulled her lips off and sat up on his chest. "Oh no! What if your cock accidentally slipped between my tits? Then you just might be titfucking me." She folded her tits around his slippery shaft and briefly stroked it in her cleavage, despite the fact that she was still wearing her nightie.

But that wasn't enough. In an even more theatrical voice, she said, "Oh no! What if I slip up big time on your sticky fuck-monster and it slips on down my tummy..."

She scooted back, deliberately dragging his boner down her nightie, over her belly button and below. "What if it just keeps on sliding down and down, and we're both helpless to stop it. Gravity... Can't be helped..." She brought it down over her covered pussy, right to the top of her clit. She giggled, "Then we'd really be screwed. Or at least I would be!"

But he was especially intent to stay firmly within Susan's boundaries, because he was still feeling guilty for violating them with Suzanne when Susan had discovered them in Suzanne's backyard. He didn't want to go through that again. Although he'd noticed the door was closed, he figured the odds were better than even that Susan would spy or eavesdrop on them. She'd always respected their privacy before, but her cock-lust was too strong for her to stay away.

He grabbed his sister's hand and stopped her. "Okay, that's enough. No more accidents. Remember Mom. Remember the slippery slope. We shouldn't even be talking like this." He nodded knowingly at the door.

"Big Minaret Brother, you just skied down the slippery slope, oozing pre-cum all over my naughty nightie. After all that tough skiing, don't you want to rest for a bit inside my cozy ski chalet?" She pulled her nightie aside enough to expose her wet slit, and then tugged at his cock to slip it inside her.

However, his hand still held onto hers and kept it back.

He chuckled. "So it's a ski chalet now, huh? No. I'd rather ski inside your mouth for a while. I liked skiing in the twin peaks region, I admit. That was too brief. But blowjobs only, please. That's all Mom allows you, right?"

Katherine didn't press too hard to do more, once he'd clearly put his foot down. She knew she'd get her chances with him at Kim's house, and perhaps elsewhere. Besides, she figured the odds were good that Susan would be listening in before long.

She'd left the door closed, since that was the normal thing to do. But if Susan did spy or eavesdrop on them, she didn't really mind. She figured the more that kind of thing happened, the quicker Susan would accept her role as a fellow fuck toy, and the sooner they could share his cock together.

Chapter 307 Susan's Secret Fantasy

Susan probably would have given in to her urges and spied on them before long. However, she was self-aware enough to realize how likely it was that she'd do that, and she felt bad about violating her children's privacy. So she deliberately did something to distract herself: she called Suzanne on the kitchen phone. Many important events had happened since they'd last talked the previous afternoon, and Susan felt it was her duty to bring her best friend up to speed.

Suzanne started things off on an eager note. "Okay, it's time. Spill the beans! What's the big secret already? I didn't pester you about it yesterday; I used great restraint, but now I'm pestering!"

"What secret?"

"You know the one. You mentioned something mysterious was happening with Brenda. I need to know!"

"Oh, that secret. Unfortunately, there hasn't been much development there. I thought I'd hear from her again, but I haven't. You don't want to know, though, until I can present the entire thing."

Suzanne could tell that Susan was hiding something, since Susan was a terrible liar, but she didn't want to call her on it. Instead, she hoped to get Susan to reveal what she knew of her own volition, so she said encouragingly, "But I do! I do!"

Susan frowned, then replied, "Trust me. It'll be waaaay better if you wait. I'll call her later and see what's up. So we'll know one way or another soon."

Suzanne sighed. "Oh, very well."

From there, Susan switched to talking about her latest interactions with Alan. The conversation took a long while, since she was in the habit of telling Suzanne every last detail, including sexual details. In fact, recounting the sexual details was the part she loved the most. When it came time to describe her long blowjob when she was wearing the shirt in which she'd cut a large hole, she found herself also fingering her pussy through her clothes. By the time she was finished, her clothes were half-off and askew because she'd ended up playing directly with her nipples and pussy until she had a nice orgasm.

As usual, Suzanne pretended not to notice Susan's increasingly ragged breathing, her increasing number of sexy "Mmmm" noises, and all her other tell-tale signs of impending orgasm. Susan had no idea how obvious she was when she was giving in to her horny urges.

Once Susan confessed that she'd given Katherine permission to help Alan with his "special problem," Suzanne said, "I think that's a very wise decision. I'm proud of you, that you're mature enough not to let jealousy blind you. But how are you feeling about it right now? I'm sure it can't be easy for you."

Susan sighed. "You can say that again! It wouldn't be so bad, except, except..."

"Except what?"

"Except... even as we speak, Angel is up in Tiger's room, gobbling on his fat knob!"

"Really?!" Suzanne thought, The plot thickens. As does his cock. Hee-hee!

"It's true. I haven't seen it for myself, but I gave her permission when she asked if she could go do that, so of course she is." She asked hopefully, "It's not like Tiger's penis would be flaccid, would it?"

Suzanne said, "I think it's safe to rule that out, especially if she's been up there for a while."

"She has," Susan said sadly.

"So how does that make you feel?"

"Jealous! I'm green with jealousy! That should be ME up there! If I'd told her no and helped him right now, then instead of talking to you, it would be MY lips stretched wide, and MY tongue dancing on his sweet spot! I'd be lying naked between his legs, just like a good big-titted mommy should, fondling his sperm-filled balls, stroking those thick ten inches of rock hard- OH!"

"What?"

"I'm sorry, it's just that I'm making myself so horny!" She had to take a few long moments to try to control her breathing. Then she continued, "When I start thinking like that, it becomes very real for me. I start salivating and even open my mouth in a perfect 'O' shape if I'm not talking, ready to engulf him all the way in, until I'm practically choking and gagging on all ten inches of his delicious cock-meat!"

Suzanne knew Alan's penis was just a bit shy of eight inches when fully erect, but she saw no urgent need to correct her best friend about that yet again. "I think that's commendable. It shows me yet again just how much you love him. I also think it's very commendable that you let Angel go to him, despite your passion to serve his cock. That's a healthy attitude, because you're going to stand aside while others enjoy his cock quite a lot."

"I am?!"

"Sure. You're one of his personal cocksuckers now, and so am I, and so is Angel, but it's not going to stop there. We already know he's having sexual success at school, although we don't know the details. He's probably building up a little stable of teenaged hotties." Suzanne actually doubted that, since she didn't think he'd have much success with women without her secretly pulling the strings in the background.

But she figured it would help Susan's attitude. Plus, she had to admit that he must have had some success at school all on his own already.

Suzanne continued in a sadder tone, "Additionally, I'm not exactly thrilled about it, but Amy will join in before long. I'd stop that if I could, and I'll try to delay it as long as I can, but given how they feel for each other, and Amy's beauty, and other facts, it's all but inevitable."

"That's probably true," Susan said.

"And there will be others. He has what women want. For instance, what about Brenda? Don't you think it's fairly likely he'll seduce her eventually?"

Susan winced. "Probably. ... Almost certainly." She groaned unhappily.

Suzanne said, "I can hear the pain in your voice. But don't think of it as a bad thing, think of it as a very, very good thing!" Knowing that Susan was already very horny from the things they'd been talking about, she asked, "Doesn't it make you hot, thinking about Angel polishing his knob right now? To me, that's a sign of what an impressive stud he is. How many boys his age manage to turn their beautiful, busty mothers AND sisters into his personal cocksuckers?"

Susan was highly conflicted, but she admitted, "Not many."

"Doesn't it excite you to know that while all the other boys in school merely eat their lunches during lunch, Sweetie is off in some secret room, probably with a bevy of busty cheerleaders taking turns slurping on his cock?" Suzanne figured that had to be a wild exaggeration, even given Alan's great sexual fortune lately, but she also figured that would push Susan's buttons.

She was right. Susan breathlessly exclaimed, "Oh, yes! Heck yes! Now, THAT is hot!"

"What's the difference?" Suzanne asked. "Isn't it even hotter with Angel? She's one of the most beautiful girls in school. There's no doubt about it. She could have any boyfriend she wants. And yet she prefers to fully submit to the power of her brother's cock! Come on! If he snaps his fingers and she crawls naked to him and then lovingly licks his long bone from base to tip and back again, wouldn't the sight of that get your blood pumping?"

Susan's chest was heaving up and down. "If you put it that way, then yes! That's seriously hot!"

Suzanne said, "Of course it is. And think about the advantages. You and your daughter will have so much to talk about, so much to share. You can share cocksucking tips and all kinds of other tips. The next time you go shopping together, you'll go as two personal cocksuckers looking for extra sexy clothes to better titillate your shared man. Plus, it opens up all kinds of new possibilities for you. For instance, can you imagine kneeling naked under the dining table and bobbing on your son's delicious cock all through his breakfast? Or any other meal, for that matter? Now that she's fully involved, there's nothing stopping you from doing just that!"

Susan fretted, "I could never do that, not in a million years. It's just so embarrassing, not to mention degrading. Maybe... Maybe I could, if it was just Tiger and me there. But not with my sweet Angel watching and listening! I would simply die of humiliation!"

Suzanne responded, "You say that now, but tell me, haven't you thought about that? Isn't that a secret fantasy of yours?"

Actually, Susan had been thinking about that very thing a fair amount lately. She'd even suggested it to Brenda during one of their recent conversations. She was astonished. "How did you know that?!"

bender

Suzanne was pleased. Although Susan had shared many of her fantasies, none had been like that, and she'd merely made a good guess. She stated confidently, "It makes perfect sense. Sweetie is a remarkably virile young man. I must say that his stamina has exceeded all my expectations. And he's also a growing boy who eats a lot, so he always needs a VERY good breakfast!" She chuckled at that.

Then she continued, "It follows that he'll want his personal cocksuckers to help him through his meals. Don't be surprised if you start spending some meals UNDER the table. While he gobbles down his food, you'll be gobbling up and down his cock! And when he eats his sweet dessert off his plate, your dessert will be his yummy cum splattered all over your face and chest, and even more pouring down your throat! And of course Angel will be watching all the while, at least when it's not HER turn to spend a meal under the table!"

Susan clutched at one of her hefty globes with her free hand. She pictured that so vividly that for a moment she really thought she was under the table. She gasped, "That's... that's... SO HOT!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yes. Yes, it is." Although she had reluctantly admitted that she was one of Alan's "personal cocksuckers," since it couldn't be denied what she was doing to him and him alone, she didn't put herself in the same category as the obviously sexually submissive Susan and Katherine. She considered it way too undignified to ever "help" Alan with an under-the-table blowjob. So when she talked about such a thing, she was having a fun time imagining Susan doing that.

Whereas Susan was thinking solely about herself doing that. It had been a wild and fleeting fantasy of hers, but Suzanne's comments made it seem actually possible, if not probable, and that aroused her to no end.

Susan had remained fully dressed through the phone call. But she was wearing a sexy blouse and short shorts and nothing else. Suzanne's words had worked her up so much that she'd pulled her shorts down enough to access her pussy, once the under-the-table talk had started. Once she started furtively fingering herself, she found herself spiraling rapidly towards orgasm. She practically shouted, "Gotta go! Talk to you later! Bye!"

But before she could hang up the phone, Suzanne shouted back, "Wait! Wait!" Then, seeing the line was still connected, she added, "Do me a favor. Go upstairs and watch or at least listen to what Angel is doing. It'll help you adjust that much faster."

Susan panted, "I'll, I'll... consider it. Bye!" Then she did slam the phone down. She barely managed to stave off her climax long enough to end the call, due to Suzanne's last words. She actually started screaming in orgasmic ecstasy even as she was putting the receiver in its place.

Suzanne heard the start of that scream before the line disconnected, and that gave her a great big smile. I love Susan so much! It's exactly like I always thought: her prudish persona was just a facade. Her sexy, slutty side was always buried inside her, just waiting for a chance to come out. And boy oh boy, has it come out! Color me pleasantly surprised again. Just as with Sweetie, she's actually exceeded my hopeful expectations! Things can only get better as she comes to fully accept her new way of life.

Not surprisingly, Suzanne was very pleased by the latest developments that Susan had described. She had planned to gradually get Susan to accept that Katherine also needed to be helping Alan do his thing, but now those plans could be happily tossed aside. That sped up her timeline for her overall scheme quite a bit.

Chapter 308 Kath And Alan

Back in his room, Alan continued to just lie on his bed and love life while Katherine bobbed and bobbed on his shaft.

Unfortunately, Katherine wasn't as good a cocksucker as Suzanne was or as Susan had recently become. She still needed to develop a practiced and varied technique. But she was still pretty darn good. Besides, the fact that she wasn't as overwhelmingly talented actually allowed him to enjoy the experience more in a way, since it permitted him to stay relaxed for a longer time instead of having to constantly fight the urge to cum nearly from the very start.

As he lay there in bliss from her constant stimulation, he pondered the big picture. He could see a happy pattern forming, even though both Suzanne and Katherine now had to ask Susan for permission each time they wanted to help him. That didn't seem to be as big a barrier as he'd feared, given that Susan had given Katherine permission to be with him now. Things are coming along very nicely. It seems like I can look forward to frequent help from Mom, Sis, and Aunt Suzy at home, and eventually probably Aims too. Then there's Glory at school, and Sis and Kim to have fun with elsewhere. And who knows, maybe I'll get to be with Heather some more. That's seven total babes! Wow. SEVEN!

It couldn't possibly get any better than that. The treatment for my energy problem is easily the best thing that's ever happened to me! Well, I suppose it would be even greater if Christine could help me too, and Brenda is pretty stunning, but come on! Get real. Even my luck has a limit. I still can't truly believe I'm gonna end up having sex with Brenda, even after all Aunt Suzy has done to make that happen.

But the big thing is what's happening here at home. He reached out and lovingly ran his hand through Katherine's hair as his thoughts turned more to her.

Katherine mewled with pleasure in response, and tried out a corkscrew move that just happened to be Susan's favorite move (and thus something that he particularly enjoyed).

He hummed happily, letting her know to keep that up. Boy, am I glad Mom didn't freak out about Sis and me. Now we don't have to sneak around anymore. Well at least not as much. Right now it's all about blowjobs due to Mom's rules and restrictions, but that'll change. I don't know how long it'll take, but I think we're past some point of no return. Someday, I'll be able to fuck all four of them whenever I want! Hell, I could wind up like some kind of sultan with a harem, or something. I mean, it's so great that it almost defies belief!

The one thing I have to hope for is that I never get "well." Meaning, I never want this six-times-a-day treatment to end! Ever! Oh man! What if it did? What if next time I see Akami, she says, "Oh, by the way, it turns out there's a pill we found that can do the same thing?" That would suck!

But you know what? It's like I said, that we've passed the point of no return. I'll bet Aunt Suzy would give Mom some kind of fig-leaf excuse so she can keep going without guilt. Dang. My aunt is a total genius!

When Katherine felt that he was getting close to a climax, she suddenly sat up in his bed between his legs. Her boobs bounced freely, since both shoulder straps had slipped well down her arms. She quickly rushed to the door and opened it, hoping to catch Susan there by surprise, but there was no sign of anyone.

She was disappointed, but she didn't show it. She turned back to Alan and smiled wolfishly, making a show of wiping her chin clean of cum and saliva.

He asked in confusion, "Is that it? Are you done?"

"Not hardly!" She chuckled, as if he'd said something totally absurd. "I'm your number one fuck toy, and I'm not about to leave here until you've splooged me good. No, I stopped because it's time for your strategic break."

"It is?" He was having a great time enjoying a blowjob without all the usual struggle. He'd been thinking that when the urge to cum got too great, he'd just let go for once. In fact, he was close enough already to let go at any time.

She said, "It is. Remember what Nurse Akami said: 'It's not just the quantity; it's the quality.' You don't just need six climaxes daily; you need very PROLONGED and SATISFYING stimulation!" Inspired by her own words, she started to bend down to his shaft, but then caught herself.

He grinned. I'm still not happy with this "fuck toy" stuff, but how could I not love that attitude? She really loves having fun with my dick! He asked, "I do?"

"You do. I want to see just how long I can keep you right on the edge. Besides, it's Saturday morning. Where are you going to go and what are you going to do that's more important than getting your cock sucked for hours by your loving sister?"

He chuckled. "'Hours?'"

"Okay, maybe not literally, but we can try. Besides, I have a confession." She looked around conspiratorially, especially at the door, and then crawled up his chest to whisper in his ear. "I have to admit that I want to impress Mom!"

"Mom?"

"Yeah, you know, the busty sex bomb tinkering around in the kitchen right now?"

He gave her a look for stating the obvious.

She settled down on his chest and licked his neck a little, since she had to wait out his strategic break anyway. "Since I just checked the door, we don't have to worry about being overheard, at least for a while. I know what she's doing right now, or at least I can guess: she's thinking about what I'm doing to you right now and wondering just how long it'll last. She's probably looking at the clock a couple of times a minute and getting all anxious. She keeps thinking about coming up here to 'check' on us, which means if she can't suck your cock, she at least wants to see me do it. Frankly, it's a miracle she hasn't gotten here already!"

"And that's a good thing?"

"Sure! Look, I really want this 'Number One Fuck Toy' title, and I've got stiff competition. And no, I don't mean that!" She reached down and playfully flicked at his boner. Since it was poking nearly straight up from his crotch, that set it swinging. "I know that when it comes to cocksucking I probably can't compete with Aunt Suzy's talent and experience and Mom's sheer passion. Not yet. I'm working on it, but someone can't become an expert overnight. In the meantime, I want to at least see if I can win with endurance. I'll show that my dedication to serving your cock surpasses even Mom's!"

He wrapped an arm around her and pulled her close. "Sis, you don't have to do that. Really. Right now, everything seems to be turning up blowjobs lately, I guess because of all these rules not to touch pussies so I won't end up fucking anyone. But that'll change, with sixty-nines and cunnilingus and all kinds of fun stuff that's more equal. God knows I love what you're doing to me, but at some point I feel bad that it's so unequal."

"Bro, I'm sure you're right about the sixty-nines and whatnot, and things will get more equal, probably. But not THAT equal, because there's four of us and only one of you. I'm afraid this is your lot in life, to suffer through lots of blowjobs!" She giggled. "Besides, this is important for me to make a point with Mom, okay? I want her to understand that I'm not just a bit player here, that I can tend to your cock just as well as she or Aunt Suzy does!"

She hopped back on the bed and practically dove at his crotch. Seconds later, she was happily slurping and bobbing. In her renewed burst of enthusiasm, she went so deep that she came very close to triggering her gag reflex. The resulting choking and gagging sounds aroused both of them tremendously, although they wouldn't have been willing to admit it. In fact, she deliberately sucked him that deep for a while, getting a strange thrill from flirting with danger.bender

He knew that Katherine had self-confidence issues which largely stemmed from having such an impressive mother and "auntie." So he vowed to himself to last as long as he could. Not only would it be fun, but it would be good for them all if Susan took Katherine more seriously.

Time passed. Katherine sucked and sucked, and when her mouth got tired she jacked him off. Whenever he got too close, they took another strategic break. She sucked and stroked some more, and when she seemed too tired to continue she insisted he fuck her tits for a while. She pulled her nightie down to her waist while he happily did just that.

They would have done more, such as more overt pussy play, except that they both practically assumed Susan would be eavesdropping on them before long, if she hadn't started already. Whenever they spoke they were careful not to say anything they didn't want their mother to hear. And Katherine kept her nightie as least partially on just in case Susan came through the door at any time.

They were developing a good mutual understanding that allowed him to ride close to the edge of climax without actually going over it. In fact, it seemed like they might just be able to literally go for hours, as long as they kept taking enough strategic breaks.

Alan finally decided to cum, for several reasons. One was that he could tell that his sister was absolutely exhausted from all the stroking and sucking. The other was that he hadn't had breakfast yet, and his stomach was grumbling. It was time, and even Katherine knew it.

After getting a nice warm load in her mouth, she liked to keep some under her tongue so she could savor it for some time afterwards.

Feeling devilish, she pulled her nightie back up and went directly downstairs.

Chapter 309 Susan And Kath Discussion

Ironically, Susan never did go upstairs to snoop, even though Alan, Katherine, and Suzanne all were fairly sure that she would. The phone call with Suzanne had lasted a long time, and when it ended, she had such a big orgasm that she was down for the count for a while afterwards.

In fact, she was still in a post-orgasmic blissed-out state when she heard Katherine clomping down the stairs. Her bare ass was on the floor and her back was against the lower cabinets. Her blouse had been tossed aside and her shorts were pulled down below her knees.

Luckily for her, Katherine's clomping gave her an early warning, and she didn't have much in the way of clothes to put on. Acting fast, she was able to stand up and get her clothes on and more or less in order right as Katherine entered the kitchen.

"Hey, Mom!" Katherine said breezily. "What's up?"

Susan looked at the clock. Katherine had been right that Susan had been anxiously checking the clock all along, despite the phone call with Suzanne. She assumed that Katherine was sucking Alan nearly non-stop, and she wanted to know just how long it would take before he blew his load. She asked, "And just what have you been doing, young lady? Do you realize you've been upstairs for... fifty-six minutes?"

Susan had been looking at the clock but she hadn't been adding up the time for a while, thanks to Suzanne keeping her busy on the phone and then her highly distracting orgasm. Now that she thought about it, she was staggered. "Fifty-six minutes?! Don't tell me you spent all that time with Tiger's fat knob in your mouth?!"

"Yep!" Katherine said proudly. "Gaawwwd, I've been stroking and sucking for so long that I think both my hands and my jaw are gonna fall off!"

Susan was stunned. "But that's impossible! Not even he can last that long, not without his strategic breaks!"

Katherine admitted, "Okay, maybe it wasn't non-stop. He did take a few brief breaks. But I kept him going most of the time. My jaw and hands are sore, and I'm all licked out. But it was grrrrreat! Here, you wanna see?"

She walked over to Susan and kissed her on the cheek. Her mouth tasted and smelled like her brother's cum, and she breathed onto Susan's cheek as the kiss ended just to make sure that Susan didn't miss that fact.

Susan's eyes went wide and she clutched her hands to her chest. Wow! That's, that's his spermy scent, for sure! I love it, but to smell it straight from my daughter's mouth is just so, so... debauched! She wanted to chastise Katherine for what she'd just done, but that would have been hypocritical and she knew it.

Katherine watched Susan's nipples grow erect in a matter of seconds and the pace of her breathing increase.

Susan said disbelievingly, "You really were...?"

"Yep!" Katherine proudly licked her lips.

"Fifty-six minutes?!"

"Yep! I'd guess there was only about five or six minutes where I wasn't at least stroking his massive boner. Most of the time, I was like this." She held a hand up to her mouth like she was holding a stiff erection with it, and she bobbed her head back and forth on the imaginary boner.

Susan actually staggered backwards. "You...? Wow!" She shook her head, trying to wrestle with that information. It looks like I have some new and very serious competition! A whole hour? That means that I'm going to have to last even longer than that. Just a few days ago, it seemed a wild fantasy of mine that I'd suck my Tiger's delicious cock-meat for hours on end. But it's already kind of coming true!

She asked ruefully, "You're not a little girl anymore, are you?"

"Nope! I'm all grown up. I'm just like you now in that I've become one of his personal cocksuckers. Like you, I'm gonna be spending a lot of time servicing his cock. But I don't mind at all. In fact, I love it!"

bender

Susan was floored. She hadn't really thought things through about Katherine's future participation in the hours since she'd walked in on her blowing Alan yesterday. "I just got off the phone with Suzanne a little while ago, and she called you one of his personal cocksuckers too. Maybe it's true."

Her eyes narrowed, and her expression went from stunned to stern and questioning. "Are you SURE that's what you want? It's no shame to just want to help him sometimes without officially becoming a personal cocksucker."

Katherine said defiantly, "Oh, I'm going official. I'm going full on. Personal cocksucker all the way!"

"But... But what about dating and such? Do you realize the kind of commitment you're making? For instance, going to dances and movies and the prom and whatnot. Are you really willing to give that up, maybe for years and years to come?"

Katherine shook her head. "Mom, Mom, Mom. Surely you don't expect me to cheat on my own brother?!"

"Cheating? Who's talking about cheating?"

"You are. Serving his cock isn't some part-time thing. You have to be fully dedicated to it. Surely Aunt Suzy has explained that to you?"

"Well, yes, she has, but-"

"No buts! There's NO WAY I would ever kiss another boy now, much less play with his dick, not as long as I'm helping Brother. You must feel the same, don't you? Can you imagine dating some other guy, taking him home, making out with him on the sofa, and then sucking his dick?"

Susan reacted strongly, just as Katherine knew she would. "Angel! Don't make me ill! My mouth, my body, it belongs to my son and my son alone!"

"See? What's true for you is true for me too. Brother's cock is very POWERFUL and DEMANDING. You can't be half-assed about serving it. I'm saying I'm here to help in any way I can, as often as I can. You, me, Aunt Suzy - we're his personal cocksuckers now. We're a team." She was deliberately using some of the lingo Suzanne used on Susan almost every day, as well as throwing in some of her own ideas.

Susan could see what Suzanne meant when she said that sharing Alan with Katherine too could be more arousing than jealousy-inducing. Right now, Susan was feeling a little bit jealous but very, very horny. Hearing Katherine express her passion and dedication was practically driving her wild.

However, there was a part of Susan that remained mindful of her duty to be a good parent. So she protested, "But you're different. Suzanne and I are pushing forty and effectively unattached. Nobody will mind much if we spend the next ten or twenty years with our heads in Tiger's crotch."

Katherine cut in, "'Effectively unattached?!' You're both married! What about Ron?!"

Susan looked away in embarrassment. "It's... complicated. Let's not go into that right now, okay?" She resumed eye contact. "What about you? You're still young! There's so much you'll miss out on. Dates with nice boys-"

Katherine cut her off by sticking her tongue out in disgust. "Yuck! Mom, I don't care about that. Not anymore. I LOVE my brother, and being his fuck toy sister is what makes me happy."

Susan poked a finger at her. "I don't like to hear you call yourself that. It's demeaning."

"Come on, Mom. You and me, we're a lot alike, I can tell. Don't you get off on that kind of language? I know you won't let him fuck you, but 'fuck toy' is a state of mind, suggesting total submission and obedience. Doesn't that turn you on? Or, if not fuck toy, what about sex pet? As a good Christian, you're not allowed to lie. So tell me: don't you find it exciting to think of yourself as your son's sex pet?"

Susan's face reddened and she dropped her head down. She whispered. "Yes!" Somehow, confessing that doubled her already high arousal level in a flash.

Katherine smirked triumphantly. "You see? If you feel that way, why can't I feel that way too? Besides, this is his time of great need. What should come first, wasting my time on dating some losers, or helping my loving brother with his dire medical condition?"

"Well, it's not really THAT dire," Susan pointed out rather reluctantly. Most of the time she tried not to think about his medical condition at all, because she knew on some level that was a weak excuse for all the "helping" she was doing.

"True, but family comes first. We're lucky that playing with his cock is great fun, but I'd do it even if it wasn't, just because I love him."

Susan complained, "Same here. But when I caught you two yesterday, and gave you permission to continue helping him, this isn't what I envisioned at all! I don't mind you helping him some, but please don't become one of his personal cocksuckers. That's a big commitment that will prevent you from having a normal social life. It's highly improper!"

She was doing her best as a responsible mother to talk Katherine out of this path. But at the same time her massive boobs were heaving up and down inside her blouse, because she secretly found it very thrilling that her daughter would choose that path.

"Mom, this is a unique situation here. We have to think outside the box and throw old notions of 'proper' out the window. Brother's cock has big needs. BIG needs. You know that even with you and Aunt Suzy helping, he still has to masturbate by himself sometimes. That's forcing him to commit the Sin of Onan. That's just not right!"

Susan had a sinking feeling she would lose this battle, especially since she wasn't putting up much of an argument due to her conflicted feelings. Still, she said, "That's true, but with Ron gone I can help out more. A LOT more. And I'm here most of the day. Suzanne or I can handle almost any situation at home."

Katherine had already anticipated that argument. "Yes, but remember what Akami said. It's not just-"

Susan completed the sentence for her "-the quantity; it's the quality. I know. But I'm good at both."

"I'm sure you are, Mom, but the more we stimulate him, the better his stamina gets. I just sucked him for fifty-six minutes! Imagine if that was you. Fine. You can handle that. But then he gets stiff again an hour later. Could you handle THAT too? And then again another hour or two after that? No!"

She held her hands up. "Look at me. My hands are so tired from stroking that I can hardly lift them this high. My jaw, lips, and tongue are feeling wrecked as well. Don't tell me you won't feel the same after a hour or two."

Susan nodded, and then stared off into space. Oh my goodness! This is really happening. I'm going to suck him until I'm simply too tired to carry on, and then others will take over! My son is such a stud that it leaves me breathless!

Katherine stated, "A really powerful, dominant cock like his needs the three of us helping out, at a minimum. I'll bet Amy will be joining us too, and we'll need her help. I'm not just ready to be one of his personal cocksuckers, I already consider myself one. I have no problem totally dedicating myself to serving his cock. Can you say the same?"

"Of course I can!" Susan replied indignantly. "Nothing is more important to me than giving him those prolonged, highly satisfying orgasms Akami told us about! And I'll have you know I've made that commitment for a while now."

"Oh really? Is this the same woman who kissed Ron goodbye yesterday? On the lips?"

Susan suddenly blushed and looked away. "It wasn't really on the lips. Besides, that was a fluke, an emergency situation. Let's not talk about that. Like I said, it's complicated, and Ron will be gone soon. By the time he comes back, months from now, the situation will be completely different, believe me."

She looked back into her daughter's eyes with renewed determination. "Let's talk about YOU! You're a young girl who's growing up. You need to develop normal relationships so you can settle down and get married and have kids!"

Katherine had expected Susan to say that too, and she'd prepared an answer. She cleverly lied, "Don't worry, Mom, I've got that covered. Brother has his medical situation right now, so that comes first. But things change. He'll go to college; I'll go to college; his energy problem will be licked; all kinds of things will happen. I'll have lots of time to date guys later. I've got a twenty-year window to have kids, if not even longer. But for now I have to remain focused on what's most important, and that's serving my brother's medical needs! Naked and on my hands and knees if need be!"

Susan was greatly dismayed by Katherine's answer because of what it portended for herself. Oh my! Here I am, just starting out on this new path of helping Tiger, and Angel points out the end is in sight! What if he DOES get better? And what about when he goes to college? That's looming in the future, next Fall. It's inevitable, and I've been doing my best to completely ignore it! Oh dear!

Katherine knew Susan's ways of thinking very well, and so knew that after she'd made that point Susan would be too busy worrying about her own future with Alan to think much about Katherine's new status as one of Alan's official personal cocksuckers, or, as she preferred to think of it, one of his "fuck toys." And she figured that unless Susan really put her foot down quickly and specifically prohibited certain things, the de facto situation would become established tradition. That's what she was counting on.

Out of the blue, Katherine asked, "Soooooo... What's for breakfast, then? Brother should be down in a few, and we're both famished."

Susan grumbled, "Breakfast? More like brunch after certain people took a full fifty-six minutes to... well, never mind." She sighed. She was frustrated, because she sensed she'd lost the argument. Plus, she was hot and bothered, but now she had to cook. "I don't know. What do you want?"

"You know, the usual. How about waffles, pancakes, scrambled eggs, noodles, oatmeal, potato omelettes... any mix of that kind of thing will do. But make sure to make a BIG bowl of fruit for Brother, with LOTS of pineapple."

"Pineapple? Why?"

"It helps with the taste of his cum. It turns out that cum is alkaline, so acidic foods like oranges, lemons, and pineapple get rid of the bitter taste and make the cum taste better."

Susan protested, "But Tiger's cum is already delicious!" She blushed a little at that.

"I know. Believe me, I know. That's because he's practically a vegetarian and even a fruitarian already. But if he eats more sweet things, especially fruits like pineapple, it'll taste better still!"

Susan asked incredulously, "Is that even possible?"

Katherine giggled. "Mom, you're so cute. And speaking of our favorite cum dispenser, I'll go see what's taking him so long. Later!" She rushed out of the room and up the stairs.

Susan stood in the middle of the kitchen, wondering what had just happened. She felt like she'd been run over by a truck. I can't believe it. I thought she was just going to help Tiger a little here and there. Suzanne and I would take the heavy load, so to speak. She's such a willful girl. I don't know about this. I should put my foot down before she gets all kinds of wild ideas.

I know: I'll talk to Suzanne. She'll know how to handle Angel's willfulness. It's one thing for her to help him out from time to time. I suppose that's inevitable since she lives right across the hall from him and all. But really, it's MY duty to be his main personal cocksucker, with Suzanne also one, yes, but more helping out when I'm busy. Angel needs to live her own life!

She looked around the kitchen, figuring out what she'd need for breakfast. She didn't actually have any pineapple to put in a fruit salad, but she made a mental note to buy some more soon. She grinned as she took out some pots and pans. Yep, I'm gonna buy some pineapple. Lots and lots of pineapple!

Back in her room, Katherine chuckled to herself. That went well, 'cos Mom is soooo predictable. That was kind of brutal, but necessary. She needs to get used to the fact that I'm doing this for Brother, and that's not going to change. It's true he's going to go to college and all that, but I'm not too worried. I'm gonna stick like glue to his side, if he'll let me.

This is just the start. Hopefully soon, Mom and I will be casually talking and joking about his sperm all the time. Not to mention, licking his cock together! I can't wait for THAT! And, of course, he'll fuck all of us day and night! She snickered happily.

Chapter 310 Fun Time With Aunt Suzy

Alan followed his sister's blowjob with a long shower, after which he went downstairs for brunch.

Katherine couldn't stop smiling. She ate quickly and then left the house. She'd made her point, staking a claim to her brother, and now she figured she should back off for a while so their mother wouldn't think that she was too demanding of her brother's time.

However, Susan didn't get to be alone with him because Suzanne arrived shortly afterwards and joined the meal. Once the three of them finished eating, the two gorgeous mothers looked at Alan expectantly.

He thought to himself, I wonder what they're thinking. I bet they're thinking of helping me out. After all, that's just about all that goes on in this house anymore! But what'll I do now that it's not just Aunt Suzy openly helping me? My dick is getting stiff again, which is not a surprise, just looking at these two incredible six-foot-tall wonders. If I ask Aunt Suzy for help, then Mom's going to be offended. If I ask Mom for help, then Aunt Suzy's going to be offended. And if Sis were here too it would be that much worse! Mom won't allow two women helping me at once. So how can I divide my-

His thinking was interrupted by Suzanne, who leaned over the table where he was sitting. They'd been drinking tea, so she asked, "Would you like some more tea?"

He nodded.

She leaned further forward across the table with a teapot, sending her boobs soaring downwards towards him as they barely remained hanging in her skimpy top. Naturally, she was braless too, and it showed. She kept her head and eyes cast down so he wouldn't feel shy about scoping her out. She wriggled her shoulders subtly to present an extremely enticing "tit-quake."

However, Susan saw what her buxom friend was doing and said, "Thanks a lot, Suzanne, but I can handle it. A guest like you shouldn't have to-"

Suzanne cut in. "Nonsense! Technically speaking, this isn't my home, but you know I practically live here. I'm happy to help out. I'm especially happy to help Sweetie. I like to take my share of the load."

Then to Alan, she asked, "Would you like some more tea?" She leaned forward again, jiggling her boobs, knowing full well that his teacup was already full to the brim.

Susan crossed her arms under her own tremendous rack and frowned. She was still wearing the extremely revealing blouse and short shorts she had on during the earlier phone call with Suzanne, so that pose was even more titillating than usual. "Suzanne, thanks, but really, when it comes to serving him, I think I've got it covered." She glared at her best friend.

"Fine," Suzanne said, "but I'd like to serve him too sometimes."

Susan barked, "I can serve him very well, thank you very much!" She leaned forward as if there was something wrong with his teacup or saucer and she was fixing it. But her move was really just a blatant attempt to show off her cleavage by thrusting her chest forward outrageously.

Suzanne finally stood back up, acting as if nothing were wrong. "Okay, sure."

Alan thought, These two are getting really competitive all of a sudden. I don't want that. There's an obvious undercurrent in what they're saying, like Aunt Suzy saying she wants my "load" and Mom talking about "serving" me. God, so fucking hot! I have to diffuse this situation quickly, but I also have to be subtle, polite, and not act like some macho jerk. One reason they like me so much is because I don't say arrogant things like, "Hey baby, you'll get your turn."

He said to both of them, "Speaking of helping out, that reminds me. I could use some help with doing my thing today, and it would be great if you two could help me. I'd really appreciate it."

"Certainly," they both replied, at the same time.

"I'm going to need help more than once. Probably once now that I've finished eating, since you two have given me such outstanding visual stimulation, and once again in the afternoon. So maybe one of you could help now and one later?"

They both nodded enthusiastically.

He said, "Great! Then could the two of you please decide who goes when?"

Susan and Suzanne looked at each other. They were not loving looks.

For a moment, he thought his solution of letting them decide would only make matters worse as they fought over who went when.

But then Susan gathered all her willpower and said, "Suzanne, why don't you go ahead? It's probably better for me, anyway. In fact, why don't you take all of my responsibilities for the next couple days? I need to keep to my vow and clear my head."

She thought that would hit like a bombshell, showing everyone how understanding, generous and self-disciplined she was. She envisioned Suzanne giving her a grateful hug before running off to Alan's room while holding his hand.

But Suzanne brushed it off, literally, as she breezily waved her hand in the air. "Nonsense. I need your frequent involvement in this. There's just too much hard cock here that needs to be stroked and sucked for me to take care of it all by myself. Besides, I'll be particularly busy the next couple of days, so this is a really bad time." That wasn't true, but she didn't want Susan to get the time to clear her head by going without. "I've got an idea. Why don't we flip for it?"

Susan considered putting up more of a fight. She could have suggested that Katherine take over her "duties," if Suzanne was so busy. But she looked over at her son and thought about his next tasty load that she could swallow. Finally, she just nodded.

Suzanne flipped a coin, and she won.

Alan was a bit disappointed, because he knew his mother had been frustrated lately; in particular, her catching him with Katherine the night before no doubt especially still rankled and troubled her. He wanted to solidify her recent transformation before she had a chance to slide back once again towards her prudish instincts. But he had to live with their agreement and the results of the toss.

Suzanne was a bit disappointed also, because she too felt that changing Susan's attitude was really important, and she thought letting Susan have a turn right now would help with that. But winning the toss had a big practical upside for her: more intimate and arousing time with the man she loved.

He finished his food, then wordlessly took Suzanne in hand and began to head towards the stairs leading to his room.

But suddenly Susan said, "Wait! You two, stay here. Don't do it upstairs, 'cos I want to go there right now."

"Uh, okay," he replied. He realized that Katherine or Amy could walk into the house at any moment, so the living room area wasn't good. "We'll go to the basement. How does that sound, Aunt Suzy?"

"Fine." She pulled him out of the room, and they walked arm in arm like teenagers on their first date.

Susan hurried upstairs.

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Susan went straight into Alan's room. She had originally planned to return to her room so she could masturbate some more - she'd already had a wonderful orgasm just after waking, since now that Ron was gone there was nothing stopping her from jilling herself more often. But she decided to stop by Alan's room to check the chart on the inside of his door and see how many times he'd cum the day before. Checking his chart was still a daily habit for her.

As Susan entered the room, she was overcome with the smell of Alan's cum. He still hadn't opened his window recently. The room smelled stuffy and stale, but mostly there was the odor of sex. It was a powerful reminder of how his cock tasted. If she couldn't have it in her mouth right at that instant, being in his room was the next best thing.

She looked at his orgasm chart on the back of his door. Oooh! Seven times yesterday. Impressive. Tiger is getting to be such a sexual stud. Such a big, strong, cum-filled young man! Mmmm! His needs... He

just has such powerful needs! Sticky, gooey... So stiff and strong! He really does need three personal cocksuckers, at least!

Without warning, her legs nearly buckled. Oh no. My head - it's like I'm getting dizzy just standing here. Between looking at this chart and knowing what's happening in the basement, I don't know if I can control myself!

She closed the door to his room and rushed to his bed. Then she lay on top of the covers and friggged herself. She imagined that he was right there in the room, standing on the other side, watching her.

She knew that he kept some towels next to his bed that he liked to cum into; soft, silky towels. As she worked herself towards climax, she picked up one of the towels and sniffed it. It was still fairly wet with his cum - she figured the cum was some hours old and from some point in the middle of the night. (She didn't know it, but it actually had been used much more recently, since he'd cleaned his penis with it after cumming with Katherine.)

Susan was so eager for his cum that she didn't care how old it was. She rubbed it over her face and then licked at the cum, pulling it into her mouth. The cum wasn't fresh, but the towel had been rolled into a ball and there was a patch that was still wet instead of crusty and hard.

Look at me! This isn't right. I've lost all dignity and restraint! I volunteered to stay away from Tiger's cock for several days, but that was a total lie! The truth is, I couldn't last a day. I'm totally hooked! People say I'm an extraordinarily beautiful woman. I should be able to divorce my cheating husband and replace him with any man I want. And yet, the only man I want, the only man I love, is my very own son! I'm deeply ashamed to be one of his official personal cocksuckers, one of his big-titted sex pets even, and yet nothing makes me happier! I'm totally hooked on my son's fat cock! It's so wrong, but Gaawwwd it's so good!

She eagerly lapped at the cummy towel as her pussy exploded in orgasm.

Suzanne and Alan went downstairs to the basement, which was filled with the two mothers' exercise equipment (although there was plenty of open space as well). The two of them went there instead of Alan's room because they incorrectly assumed Susan wanted to do something in her room or bathroom without being audibly reminded that Alan was having his dick sucked only a short distance away.

Within a very short time, Suzanne found herself kneeling in front of a standing Alan, giving him a slow titfuck. She was wearing nothing but high heels, while he was naked too, at her insistence. The titfuck was just serving as a prelude to a blowjob, because she wanted to talk first and the titfuck left her mouth free.

She said, "Sweetie, I know what you were thinking. You're worried about a rivalry between mothers, given the tense and competitive situation we just left upstairs. But don't worry. She and I are the very best of friends; it would take a hell of a lot to split us apart. As long as there's plenty of your cock for both of us - and of course there is - everything will be fine." As she spoke, she raised one tit while lowering the other, keeping his shaft tightly squeezed while her boobs went up and down, up and down, up and down.

He was still discovering the joy of titfucks; he loved them so much that it was difficult for him to think. That made him slow to answer, "I'm trying, Aunt Suzy, I'm trying. ... It wasn't that long ago since I had to do most or all of my six times by myself."

Suzanne laughed. "Now that your father is gone, I don't think you'll ever have to do that again. We're going to make you feel so good, you won't know if you're coming or going." She giggled. Then she snaked her tongue out and flicked it at the tip of his cockhead. "I take that back. You're going to know very well that you're cumming."

They both chuckled at that.

He looked down and saw his rod sliding back and forth between Suzanne's ivory orbs. They didn't have any special lubrication this time, but his cock was already drooling so much pre-cum that it didn't matter. Dang! Titfucks are great! They're just as good as blowjobs even, in their own way. At least with big, pillowy tits like these. I feel like I'm really fucking, and her tunnel is so tight and yet still so soft!

A couple of extremely enjoyable minutes passed for them both. He liked the vigorous titfuck, where his shaft was trapped between two boobs quickly sliding up and down, particularly when they went in opposite directions. But then she slowed down.

When it came to Suzanne, he decided that he liked slow titfucks better. That's because with his dick staying more-or-less in place, her long tongue could come out to play. The things that tongue could do to his cockhead defied description. She could easily reach his sweet spot with the tip of her tongue, so she did so, repeatedly.

However, after a while, Suzanne had to slow down to a near stop, to avoid having him shoot his load too fast. For all practical purposes it served as a strategic break, even though his stiff pole remained buried in her ample cleavage the entire time.

As they rested, he asked, "Aunt Suzy, I've got a question. Titfucks are totally awesome, but when it comes to Mom it seems like they're not even on her radar screen. Is there a reason they're so taboo for her?"

"Well, I mentioned this to you the other day. Your mom has been so sheltered sexually that I don't think she even gets what titfucks are. I've explained them to her before, but she seems to think a titfuck would be little different than, say, rubbing your cock against her butt."

"That sounds like fun!"

She snickered. "Somehow I thought you'd say that. But I guess it's true that I'm mostly to blame. You see, I've mentioned it to her here and there, but only in passing. To be honest, I guess that on some level that was on purpose. I know you don't like to talk strategy with me for fear of me feeling like a co-conspirator against her or something, but I've kind of deliberately avoided cluing her in about them. I've been following kind of a one-step-at-a-time approach, and right now the plan is to get her fully onboard the handjob and blowjob train."

He kidded, "That train has left the station and it's moving full speed ahead - I can tell you that!"

"Yes, I've noticed," Suzanne replied with obvious understatement. She pressed her boobs tightly together, giving his cock an especially tight squeeze. "So I won't say any more about my strategy. But let's just say that now that she's making good progress there, expect more good things with her in the near future."

"Oh! I like the sound of that."

"Let's just say that I've looked into the crystal ball and I see your dick sliding through a pair of perfectly round, G-cup mommy boobs."

He stared down at his dick where it was trapped in Suzanne's cleavage. "Yeah, I see that crystal ball too, and it feels as good as it looks!"

She rolled her eyes, but grinned too. "I'll have you know, these are 38G auntie boobs."

He joked, "Anti-boobs? Is that like anti-matter?"

"I said AUNTIE boobs. Don't quit your day job to become a comedian." Knowing that this talk of titfucking Susan was firing his libido, she resumed sliding her tits up and down either side of his shaft. "Speaking of more good things, it's almost time for my lunch. I think I'm going to eat some Alan sausage, with a side order of balls, and then a cup of piping hot crème de cum soup!"

She craned her head down and tickled his sweet spot with the tip of her long tongue some more. "But I must admit that I do feel a bit of rivalry with your mom. Now that she's becoming a committed and talented cocksucker, I have to stay one step ahead. That's why I've been working on my deep throating skills. It's a real pain in the ass, believe me, but I want to do it for you, Sweetie."

That wasn't entirely true. She used to be very good at deep throating in her wild college days, but she hadn't done it in the years since then until she'd resumed recently with Alan. None of her lovers had moved her enough to make it worth the great effort. But, even so, it wasn't something that needed practice, just determination. She just said that to emphasize that it was difficult but she wanted to do it for him.

She continued, "I want to be your favorite cocksucker and stay that way. Deep throating is a special thing that only I can do to you."

She started to reposition for the deep throating, but a certain look in his eyes stopped her. She said with chagrin. "Wait. Oh no. Somebody else has done it to you?!"

He could have lied, but he loved Suzanne and wanted to be honest with her. He nodded shyly.

She sighed. "How can that be? I know for a fact it's not Susan or Angel. Right?!"

He nodded again.

"Then who?"

He blushed. "I can't say."

"Oh, come on. You can tell your Aunt Suzy." She squeezed his erection with her big melons more insistently. Then, she dropped her hand from where she'd been pressing her tits together, and used her upper arms to maintain the tit-tunnel instead. With her hands freed, she momentarily halted their titfucking rhythm and caressed his balls in a pleasurable way to help squeeze the secret out of him.

He groaned with pleasure but was still in control enough to say, "Nope! Can't kiss and tell. But to satisfy your curiosity, just know that it was someone from school." He figured Glory certainly wouldn't want him to tell anyone what they were doing. They had never really discussed the need for secrecy about their affair, but then again there wasn't a need, since the danger of her losing her job due to loose talk was so dire.

Suzanne resumed her intermittent licking of his cockhead with her freakishly long tongue. "Oh. That's not so bad then. I was afraid there for a moment that your mom had beat me to it. I can't imagine her knowing how to do that without my help, but she is full of surprises lately. Or your sister. I gotta admit I feel some competition there. Just what have you two done together?"

He remained mum, enjoying her sliding tits and flicking tongue as he thought over what he should say. Then he concluded, "I can't kiss and tell."

"Okay. Enough talking anyway. Deep throating time!"

Suzanne knelt down further and put her mouth over his erection. Just like Glory, Suzanne didn't try to go all the way at once. She slowly took his long dick in deeper and deeper each time her head bobbed on it.

But unlike Glory, Suzanne was clearly having trouble. She repeatedly gagged as his boner reached the point of triggering her gag reflex. She sputtered and choked.

He had to take his cock all the way out again and again, giving her a chance to recover.

She was frustrated that she was having such trouble, because she recalled that she'd previously managed to deep throat him with ease. She realized that she'd been overconfident, and she hadn't mentally or physically readied herself to do it.

She said, "Sorry. Just a sec. I'll get this." She thought, Now I remember why I gave up on this all those years ago. It's a total bitch! But I'm not about to let some slutty teenage girl outdo me! Since he mentioned it was someone at school, she assumed that it was another student. It didn't occur to her that it could be a teacher.

She focused her resolve and determination, and got into position to give it another try.

She simply bobbed on him for a couple of minutes, to get in the mood. She slowly took him deeper and deeper, until she was slightly gagging on him. Then she pulled all the way off him to take a very deep breath. Since he was still standing, she suddenly lunged her head forward until more than half of his erection was in her mouth.

That was well past her gag reflex and into her throat, but she didn't stop there. She kept going and going until her nose was pressed up against his body.

He exclaimed, "You did it! You're amazing!"

She was very glad, but she thought, Ha? You think that's impressive? Try this! Then, with his cockhead still lodged deep down her throat, her long tongue got busy with the portion of his shaft in her open mouth. It felt like his cock was enjoying a good fucking AND a good blowjob at the same time.

Alan loved it. Nevertheless, the experience wasn't as good as with Glory. The problem was that Suzanne didn't have her heart in it. She was doing it to prove something to him, not because she truly wanted to do it and was having fun with it. She had to be extremely aroused to be in the mood for it, and she was aroused, but not that aroused.

Suzanne deep throat him twice, keeping him down her throat nearly a full minute each time. But then she gave up and finished him off with a traditional blowjob. Although the deep throating wasn't as great

as Glory's, it still was extremely arousing, and she didn't have to suck him very much longer before he was ready to blow.

When she sensed he was close, she mumbled, "Face, tits, or tummy?"

"Oh man! What great options! You mean directly on your tummy, or down your throat to it?"

"Down the throat. But hey, whatever floats your boat."

He joshed around, acting like he was ordering from a menu in a fine restaurant. "Let's go with tummy, with just a little on the face. And I'll take a side order of two ripe boob squeezes, and an extra helping of Aunt Suzy awesomeness."

She had a good laugh at that.

So she squeezed and stroked and sucked him while he shot his load down her throat, straight into her stomach.

But she honored his request by backing off when they came to his last couple of ropes, letting them hit her on the nose and chin.

When they rested, Suzanne proudly said, "How'd you like them apples? I KNOW your teen slut at school can't lick you like that even when you're that far in her throat."

He was rather abashed when he apologetically said, "Actually..."

Like him, she'd been slumped against the wall as they recovered. But she sat up stiffly like she'd just been bit in the ass. "WHAT?! Are you kidding me?!"

He shrugged, also apologetically. "I'm really not. I wouldn't lie to you about this."

She shook her head and stared into space. "Unfrigginbelievable!" She kept on shaking her head a few more times, and then turned to look him right in the eyes. "You've got me really curious now. You HAVE to tell me. Just who is this girl?! How did you get intimate with her?! And how the hell did she learn to do all that at her age?!"

He was tempted to tell her that it wasn't a 'girl,' but he worried that if he did, she'd figure out right away that it was Glory. His crush on his history teacher was very well known to her. Therefore he said, "Unfortunately, I can't tell you anything. I want to, but I can't. It would be betraying a confidence."

"Grrr!" After a long pause, she asked, "At least tell me this: is she as beautiful as I am? Is she as curvy as I am?"

He carefully replied, "She's definitely beautiful, there's no doubt about that. But I don't want to make comparisons. As far as curvaceousness goes, I think it can't be denied that you're a fair deal curvier than she is."

Suzanne huffed, "Well, thank God for that, at least!" She thought, It sounds like I've got some serious competition with this mystery girl. She's beautiful, curvy, and she even knows my deep-throating tricks! I honestly didn't think he had it in him to snag a girl like that. His penis is larger and thicker than most, even if I hype it up well beyond that, and he's got impressive stamina and recuperative abilities. I've had some really intense orgasms with him, and I know Susan has too. He has a special knack, that's for sure. But he's not a true lady-killer, at least not yet. For starters, I don't think he'd know the first thing about how to seduce a stranger.

Hmmm. So it must be someone he knows well already. That narrows the pool considerably, since he doesn't have many girls that he knows to begin with. Christine?! Nah, no way. "Pristine Christine" is one of her nicknames, because she's well known to be a virgin. She can't possibly be deep throating like a pro already, and anyway, she's plenty curvy.

Then who?! I don't know enough about who he knows at school. Damn. I guess I'll have to put that in my pipe and smoke on it for a while. She didn't even consider Glory, because she still assumed that it was another student.

Both of them were tired and sweaty after that effort, so the two of them rested for a while in each other's arms. This was fine with Alan, who had been looking forward to a simple, restful day, with little more to do than be sucked off by his lovely ladies before and after brunch.

Suzanne asked him, "Okay, so you can't tell me about your mystery deep throater. But you CAN tell me about your recent help from your mother and sister, can't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose. We don't really keep secrets. Besides, Susan tells you everything already, and you could wheedle answers out of Sis if you put your mind to it. So why ask me?"

"Because I want your perspective. I'm going to get a very different account depending on who I ask, even though all the answers are sincere."

He ended up giving quite a long explanation about how he and his sister had gotten caught last night, about the new "goodnight kiss and tuck-in" tradition, and much more. However, he skipped most of the sexual details, since he considered that private.

Suzanne didn't mind his editing too much; earlier on the phone she'd already heard another version of most of the same events from Susan. Now that Alan had given his account, she could go back and question Susan further to get a still more complete picture of what had really happened. It wasn't that Susan was dishonest, but not surprisingly, she'd glossed over some of the more humiliating aspects. For instance, Susan had vaguely mentioned wearing a "sexy shirt" but she hadn't described how she'd worn a T-shirt with a large area cut out in front for her boobs to stick through.

At one point, he described how he'd cleverly managed to humiliate Susan, due to his belief that she "really got off on that."

Suzanne said to him, "You know, you're right that she gets off on that. You should explore that some more with her. I don't think you want to make her do something really absurdly shameful-"

"No! Definitely not! I love her too much to even think of it. Like having her do something in front of a stranger? Or even TO a stranger? Forget it! I love her too much to even consider it."

"Good. I figured you'd say that. But little things you can do to her around the house are good, like what you had her do with that shirt. Find some excuse for you to not like the clothes she's wearing and have her strip right in front of you. Or have someone like Angel or me watch while she blows you. Heck, even someone like Brenda, since she's in the know now. What do you think of that particular suggestion?"

"That would be okay, I guess. If the mood was right, and Brenda really is safe as we hope she is."

"Good thinking. I'm glad you worry about those kinds of things. Always be careful and mindful. You've got a secret power over your remarkable mother. I've seen that you've been using it instinctively for a while, without really realizing what you were doing, but now that you're consciously figuring out how it works, it's easy to go too far. I know she's got a body built for sex, but she's still your mom. It's a fine line, trying to humiliate her to turn her on while still leaving her basic dignity intact."

He pondered that. "Yeah. I'll have to think about that. I guess I should err on the side of caution."

"Smart. But don't err TOO much in that direction. I think she's beginning to understand how much she enjoys being humiliated by you in a sexual context."

Suzanne was cheered by everything she'd heard. She felt her overall plan was working out better than she'd expected, and on a much faster timeline too. Her only frustration was not knowing exactly what Alan and Katherine were doing with each other. Alan was frustratingly vague when it came to talking about that. He admitted that he was "involved" with his sister, but wouldn't say any more. He explained that he hadn't talked to Katherine about possibly sharing such things with Suzanne, so he wanted to err on the side of caution with that too.

Suzanne figured she wouldn't get much more from Katherine either. Normally, she "could wheedle answers out of Sis if [she] put your mind to it," as he said, but not this time. She was like Katherine's second mother, but she'd already pestered her with questions, to no avail.

Suzanne went back home, content to have a big load of Alan's cum in her belly.

As she walked the short distance back to her house, she thought, Excellent. As usual, another two steps forward and one step back. Sweetie and Angel getting caught is proving to be a really good thing, there's no doubt about it. Angel's sex activities are coming out in the open and Susan hasn't put up a big stink about it. The more her sexual "help" becomes normal and accepted around the house, the better, and the sooner we can push ahead into our new sexual life. Another piece leading to the fulfillment of my overall scheme falls into place.

I feel just like Mr. Burns on the Simpsons. "Eeeexcellent!" I wish I could do a convincing "Bwa-ha-ha-ha!" laugh. I don't even really need to actively scheme that much anymore - everything is developing as it should, naturally.

But there's still a long way to go. Getting Susan to actually fuck her "Tiger" is going to be the hardest mental barrier to overcome, by far. Getting her to have sex with Angel and me will be easy by comparison. Oooh! Won't that be fun? She snickered with delight.