

6 Times 331

Chapter 331 Sexy Time Continued

The three teens watched Susan go. Once she went in the house and closed the sliding door behind her, Amy turned her attention back to her hand sliding up and down Alan's boner. "Bummer. That would have been totally fun."

Katherine nodded. "Next time. She's afraid of losing herself to lust. I get that. And stupid religious ideas are still holding her back. But she'll get smart before long; I'm sure of it." She redirected her focus. "Now, Aims, let's titfuck!"

"M'kay! So we're definitely lubed up now, right?"

Katherine giggled. "Unfortunately, yes. But that's okay. I'll just sit back and watch, since it means a lot to Mom. Trap him tightly in your cleavage again." (Amy's upper arms had loosened their pressure on her tits in the last minute or two, while she focused more on jacking him off.) "Then, just slide your tits up and down. From there, freestyle! Experiment. Do what you want. It's super easy."

Amy created a tight tit-tunnel again, tighter than before, by using her hands instead of her upper arms. She resumed sliding her tits up and down in tandem. "Cool beans! Like this?"

"Exactly." Katherine watched for a minute, and then added, "The only thing is, it's good to vary things up. If you touch yourself, it's not that arousing, because your mind knows it's gonna happen even before it happens. If someone else touches you, it's a whole different thing, because you don't know what'll happen next. Getting in a steady rhythm is good in a way, but it also can become boring. So, every so often, change it up. For instance, instead of going up down up down, try down up, down up."

Amy gave that a try. "You mean this?"

"Yep! Good job. But don't stop there. You can vary all kinds of stuff. Like going from boobs in sync to having them out of sync. Or varying the pressure, or focusing on different parts of the shaft. You still want to stimulate the sweet spot most of the time. Plus, you can use your fingers, breathe on it, even lick it a little bit. And that's just for starters!"

Amy said with a tinge of sadness, "I probably shouldn't lick it."

"No, I guess not. But you can do all the other stuff. And have him hold your tits together sometimes. Then your hands are free to roam. You can even check yourself for bumps!"

The girls giggled at that reference.

Alan kicked back, closing his eyes to better savor the erotic joy. Since the lounge chair was tilted all the way back, it was as if he were lying down on a bed. His penis had been stimulated off and on for quite a while, beginning with Suzanne, so he was already highly aroused. His challenge was to stay there for a long time.

Katherine figured they'd be there for a while. She rushed into the house and found some suntan lotion, and then rushed back. She was surprised not to find Susan masturbating naked in the kitchen. (Susan was masturbating, but upstairs in her bedroom. She couldn't handle watching the titfucking, because she really was a little scared about it being too arousing for her to handle.)

Katherine wanted to respect her mother's rules this time, especially since the chances were high that Susan would be watching them from one window or another. So, while she kept herself from touching Alan's penis, she had fun applying the suntan lotion all over his body, her body, and Amy's body too. It allowed her to fondle most anywhere. If Susan complained about it, she figured she had the good excuse of trying to prevent sunburn.

Time passed. With Katherine's advice and guidance, Amy was able to keep Alan from cumming for a surprisingly long time. In addition to giving titfucking advice, such as when to vary things up, and how, she also showed Amy how to watch for signs that Alan was getting too close to orgasm, and taught her how to ease up just enough until the crisis passed. Sometimes, there was no option but to resort to a prolonged strategic break, and she showed her how to sense the timing for that as well.

But eventually, after half an hour, both Amy and Alan got too tired to carry on. Amy switched between titfucking and a handjob, but was in danger of running out of energy for both things. And Alan could only squeeze his PC muscle for so long. So eventually, he announced it was almost time.

Katherine got behind Amy for the big moment. "Okay, Aims! This is it! Now, you have a choice: where do you want his cum? In your mouth? On your face? On your tits? Or some combo?"

Amy's energy revived in anticipation, and she stroked his shaft vigorously. "My mom probably wouldn't like the mouth. So let's try... on my face! I keep hearing how great that is, from you and Aunt Susan!"

Katherine said, "Okay, Bro, you heard her. Ready, aim... fire!"

It took a few seconds after she said "fire," but he pointed his hard-on right at Amy's chin and let loose. Luckily, Amy knew to close her eyes, so he quickly splattered his way all over her face. It was already after lunch and he hadn't climaxed since the night before, so it was an especially large load. He would have targeted Katherine too, but she was behind Amy, so he painted some of Amy's bosom as well before the cum ran out.

Katherine had deliberately stayed out of the way so Amy could have the full facial experience. But she also reached between Amy's legs from behind and fingered her best friend to orgasm. She timed it just right, so Amy peaked right as her face was in the middle of getting doused.

Alan had sat up but with his eyes shut tight for most of their mutual peak experience, since everything was too intense to handle. Once he'd started firing, he'd had to guess with the rest of his aiming. But now that it was done, he opened his eyes and saw a very cummy Amy beaming with her usual bright smile right in front of him. Just the sexy sight of her marked with his cum made him shiver with arousal all over again.

Amy asked him, "So, how'd you like that, Bo? Did I do good?"

"You did VERY good! Wow! Aims, you're the best! Well, tied for the best, with certain sisters who shall remain nameless." He winked at Katherine.

Katherine repositioned so she could face both Alan and Amy. "Nice save, Bro." Her focus was mainly on Amy though. "Girl, the big question is, how did YOU like that?"

"AWESOME!" Amy raised her arms high up in the air, as if in victory. "Cummilicious! Spermtastic! Megaorgasmowonderiferous!"

Katherine asked, "What did you think about him cumming on your face?"

"That was the best part! Maybe it was because I was having a big tingly thingy of my own, but it was a total rush! I feel like totally, like... like..." She searched for the right word.

Katherine helpfully suggested, "Owned? Tamed? Marked?" She swiped a cum gob off Amy's nose and licked it up.

"Well, kinda. But I'm thinking more like... connected. It could get kinda yucky though, now that it's done."

"Au contraire!" Katherine gleefully told her. "Now comes ANOTHER best part, which is eating it all up. It's even better if you can share. You can feed some to me, and I'll feed some to you."

"M'kay!"

Alan was already lying back down on the lounge chair. He closed his eyes. Oh, man! I can't even bear to watch that. Seriously! Too sexy, too soon!

Her heard Katherine ask Amy, "So, how do you like the taste?"

"Yummy! Super yumtastic! I've heard what everyone has been saying about the taste, and it's totally true. It's like fruity candy. I could eat this all day!"

Katherine replied with smacking sounds and then a moan of pleasure as she obviously ate up some more. "Me too. And the cool thing is, we totally can! Stroking, sucking, and titfucking cock, and then feasting on his cum! That's gonna be you and me from now on. Of course, we'll have to share with my mom and your mom, but I figure there's plenty to go around."

"I'm totally cool with that," Amy replied with her usual enthusiasm. "Sharing is fun. Especially with you."

"Awww. Thanks!"bender

Alan kept his eyes closed, but thought, My GOD! Why won't that happen? That's definitely going to happen. That's amaaaazing!

A few minutes later, with all of Alan's cum eaten off her face and tits, Amy asked Katherine, "So, what comes next?"

Katherine said, "Here's a super great thing. If we can get his penis erect again, then we can do it all over again! I know you're kind of tired, since that was your first real time with him, so I can take a turn. If that's okay with you?"

"M'kay. Sure!"

But Alan said, "Hold your horses. For one thing, I don't think I can get it up again anytime soon, even if I want to. The downside of lasting that long is that I'm all tired out. But also, we can't just sit around and do this kind of thing all afternoon long."

Katherine put her hands on her hips and asked with irritation, "Why not?"

"Well, it's good to have some balance. We've got plenty of time for this, but we should make time for other things too. For instance, I don't want my social life to totally die. I already made plans earlier to meet up with Sean and Peter."

Katherine groaned and rolled her eyes. "UGH! Whatever."

Alan said, "I know. I'm not wildly crazy about the idea either. But the fact is, a man has certain physical limits. Six orgasms a day is a lot more than most guys can manage, I'm sure. That's about my limit. It's good to space things out. A couple of hours at the beach is a nice diversion."

He added, "Besides, let's not totally overdose on this kind of thing. The good news is, now that we've started with this kind of intimacy, we can keep doing it from now on. And Mom has her rules, and Suzanne has hers" - he looked to Amy - "but those will fall by the wayside before long. It's already happened with other rules. Things are just gonna get better and better."

Amy dramatically raised a fist up into the air. "Three cheers to that!"

Katherine and Alan raised their fists too, and the three of them spoke together: "Three cheers to that!"

Chapter 333 Alan With Friends @ The Beach

Around three o'clock, Alan left with his friends for the beach. That was a late start, but he'd made his plans with his nap habit in mind, and he didn't leave until after he'd had a good nap.

He generally went to the beach at least once a week, since they lived less than a mile from the ocean, but lately he hadn't been going so much. He thought it was time to fix that.

When he left for the beach he'd only cum once that day. He figured he'd end up well below six times for the day, but rationalized that he could use the break.

The last time he'd gone to the beach, he'd gone to White Sands Beach, the one most frequented by most of the kids from his high school. But that was where he'd had his embarrassing encounter with Heather, in front of his friends. He had no desire to run into her again; no matter how beautiful she was or how much fun having sex with her was, his instincts told him that she was very bad news.

He didn't want to live in fear of her. But he was going to the beach mostly to take a break from the extremely enjoyable but emotionally exhausting sexual roller-coaster he'd been riding lately, and he didn't want to deal with her. So he went to one of the other nearby beaches instead. It was a wide sandy beach frequented by lots of tourists, framed by a boardwalk used by bicyclists, joggers, and the like.

For a while, he had a very ordinary and uneventful time. He'd arranged to meet Sean there. They had fun talking and ogling all the eye candy.

But after he'd been there about an hour, he had a big surprise. As he and his friends walked down the main boardwalk, coming from getting snacks at a snack bar, he saw Katherine and Heather walking together down the boardwalk in the other direction, headed right for them.

He was quite surprised to see her doing something social, and apparently of her own free will, with the "evil" Heather.

Katherine and Heather standing on the boardwalk at the beach, Katherine in a white one-piece, Heather in a bikini whose left half was white and right half was black

Together the two girls made quite a sight as they walked down the boardwalk. Katherine wore sunglasses and a one-piece bathing suit, while Heather wore sunglasses and a revealing bikini.

Alan thought it interesting that, while he considered his sister quite tanned, she seemed almost pale in comparison to Heather's deep golden brown tan.

He was also surprised to notice just how tall Heather was. He figured she was only about two inches shorter than his sister's five foot eleven, and Kat looked really tall too. Then he realized that they were both wearing high heels. That was a bizarre thing to see at the beach, even if they were still walking on a concrete boardwalk, but that's what they were wearing.

Alan thought, Whoa! Look at the two of them sashaying my way. It looks like they're in a mood to flirt. Their high heels were certainly an indication of that.

Wait, what? High heels? The fact is, nobody ever wears high heels to the beach! But Sis knows how much I love high heels these days, so that must have something to do with it. I'll bet they conspired to wear them and then catch me while walking on the boardwalk, instead of on the sand where they'd have to take off their shoes.

But why? Why?! Heather must still be interested in me, even after we had sex, as mind-blowing as that sounds. I get that. But why on Earth would Sis help the one she always calls "Her Royal Bitchiness?"

Heather was the first to speak as the two groups grew close. "Well, well. Look who we have here. Alan. ... and friends." This was an inside joke, referring to the last time Heather had run into Alan at the beach. He had been with Sean and Peter but she couldn't remember his friends' names, so she had just referred to the three of them as "Alan ... and friends."

Even though it was a joke, Alan realized that it was also a clever cover-up because she probably really didn't remember Sean's name or the name of the two other friends he'd run into and happened to be with, even though she should have known them all from sometimes being in classes with them. Alan was the only one who showed up on her personal radar; she couldn't care less about the others.

Alan was a bit formal, unsure of how to act. "Hey Katherine. Heather. What brings you guys here?"

Katherine replied, "Oh, that other beach gets boring. We figured you never know who you might run into on this one."

Alan knew for sure from the way she said that that this encounter was no accident.

Before he could reply, Heather asked, "So Alan. How are things hanging?" The innuendo in her voice was obvious to all but the most clueless.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Alan's friends were some of those most clueless. He wouldn't have minded some sexual teasing, though the presence of Katherine was a bit disconcerting when doing that in public, but he realized that he was stuck with his three nerdy friends.

Each one of them was infatuated with Heather, with his best friend Sean having the biggest crush on her of all. He couldn't figure out how to get some time with her without raising suspicion or having his friends want to come along. If Heather had suggested that they all go roll around in the garbage at the local garbage dump they probably would have agreed immediately, just to prolong their time near her.

Alan knew how infatuated Sean was with Heather, so he tried to do something nice for him. He said, "Hey, Heather. I just realized you might not know my friends." He nodded to his left. "This is Sean." Then he pointed to his right. "And these guys are Derek and John."

"Hi guys," Heather replied with only the thinnest veneer of politeness. She all but yawned in their faces.

Sean was so moony over Heather that he appeared oblivious to the fact that she'd completely failed to recognize him from the last time he was with Alan at the beach, or when the two of them had run into Heather in the Baskin-Robbins, or the countless other times Heather had crossed his path. In her mind she classified him as a complete nerd and thus not worth remembering.

But to have Heather say "Hi guys" was like manna from heaven for all of Alan's friends. None of them were capable of a reply, so they just nodded their heads over and over like complete imbeciles.

Heather paid them no more mind, saying to Alan in a sultry voice, "It's a good thing we ran into you, 'cos we're looking for someone to help with some painting. I hear you're very, very good... at painting. I have a bare snatch of wall that could use your talented fingers."

Alan was highly distraught at Heather's innuendo. He knew that Heather figured the bizarre idea of painting a pussy would never occur to Alan's friends, so she was free to talk about it in such blatant terms without worrying much about them catching on. But he worried that saying things like "bare snatch" instead of "bare stretch" was pushing her luck. The fact that Katherine was giggling up a storm didn't help matters.

Alan tried to play it straight. "Um, yes. I can help with that."

"Good. I'd like to work you in real soon." Her voice was dripping with lust.

Sean though, was clueless and said, "I can paint too."

Heather brushed him off. "I'm sure you can, but Alan has the whole package." She looked at Alan with hunger. "So, bring your package around and we can work it in. That'll be a blast. You can cover my walls with your wet... paint."

Katherine was on the verge of death by giggle.

Alan decided the only safe option was escape. "Yeah. Let's do that. We've gotta go now though."

"Oh, do you? Looks like you're having a ball with your friends - or would you like to have a ball with me?" She thrust her hips out in a sexy pose to make her meaning clear.

Alan looked over at Sean and then at his other two friends. He couldn't believe that her innuendo went over their heads, but it did. They looked like they were struck stupid. Alan was embarrassed for them

and desperately wanted to get away from them, as much to avoid the pain of watching them flail about socially as for the chance to be alone with Heather, but he still couldn't figure out how to manage it. With their painful example in mind, he replied, "Oh, you wouldn't want to hang out with a nerd."

Heather in her bi-color-symmetric bikini, hand behind her head raising her ponytail, looking good enough to eat

Heather smiled, remembering fondly the last time Alan had bantered with her about the nerd topic. It was just after he'd fucked her hard and long for the first time. She raised an arm above her head to play with her ponytail in a deliberately provocative pose as she replied, "Oh, I don't know about that. I hear nerds are underrated. In fact, some of them are quite impressive, the way they SCORE highly. What about you, Alan? Would you like to score ... highly?"

He looked back at his friends. Sean appeared to be completely lost in some La-La Land, and the others weren't much better. Alan figured they were so awed by Heather's posing that they weren't paying much attention to her words.

But to his surprise, his other two friends were gawking at Katherine, not just at Heather. Even though Katherine's one-piece bathing suit was much less revealing than Heather's two-piece, it was way more revealing than the kind of clothes she typically wore at school. She never wore anything remotely revealing in public, except for the required cheerleading outfit. Other than some of the cheerleaders, everyone still thought she was as goody-goody as could be.

Sean knew Katherine well enough because he was so close to Alan, but the other two failed to recognize her as the socially conservative girl from school and assumed she was a new, tall busty hottie.

Alan finally remembered to reply to Heather's question. Seeing that immediate escape was futile, he tried to reply to her sexual banter with some of his own. "Of course I love to score, uh, well. But to do that you have to do a lot of cramming." He adjusted the hard-on that had rapidly sprouted in his bathing suit.

Heather was radiating sex so strongly and he was radiating it back so much that it felt like they were fucking each other without even touching.

Heather joined in with Katherine's giggling. Then she replied, "Cramming? What an excellent idea. I certainly could use a lot of help with cramming. Do you think you could help me with that? An all-nighter of nothing but solid cramming; that sounds like exactly what I need. I need to work you in with that, too."

Katherine's giggle fit was dying down, so Alan looked over to her to see how she was reacting to all of this.

She gave him a private wink. It seemed as if she was enjoying this tremendously, though Alan could also detect some frustration. Presumably, she was upset that she couldn't join in the banter as well.

As much fun as it was, Alan worried that if they kept on like this, either he would cum in his shorts or his friends would finally get wise (though he half-seriously guessed that Heather would have to yank off her bikini, bend over, and have Alan fuck her doggy style right there in the middle of the boardwalk before they caught on that something sexual was happening).

He said, "We'll have to do that one of these days, Heather. But right now we're going to, uh..." He struggled to think of something they had to do, since all they were really doing was lazily hanging out, but then he remembered the boogie boards they'd brought along. "Um, boogie boarding. Ah, er, go boogie boarding. Yeah. We'd better do some of that while the waves are good."

Heather was hardly deterred. "Oh? You're going to ride the waves? Well, if you can think of anything else you'd rather ride, give me a call." She wiggled her hips, the invitation blatant to all but nerds who were too agog to really listen to what she was saying.

"Okay. I will." He waved goodbye to both girls.

However, Heather had one last trick up her sleeve, thanks to the bikini she'd chosen to wear. She and Katherine turned as if they were about to walk back in the direction they'd come from. But then Heather stopped and looked over her shoulder. She said to Alan, "You know what? It's probably for the best that we go. I've been meaning to call my friend Simone. She told me that if I didn't call her this afternoon, she'd have my ass. Can you just picture that, Simone having my ass?"

Alan's friends had already started to walk away and talk among themselves, but Alan was rooted to the spot. He knew that Heather's dialogue was completely unnecessary except as an excuse for more blatant innuendo. What she really wanted him to do was to stare at her ass.

p: Heather showing Alan her tanned ass with just the dental floss of her bikini between her nether cheeks

And what an ass it was. The amazing thing was that from the front, Heather appeared to have a fairly standard two-colored bikini. But from the back, the bottom piece was little more than a narrow G-string-like thong. There was nothing but acres and acres of extremely firm and toned ass cheek to admire. Heather may have been vain about her looks, but she was also a fanatical exerciser. There wasn't an ounce of fat to be seen anywhere on her backside.

Alan's heart was pounding as he gawked at her gently undulating butt cheeks. He was fairly certain that he would cum in his shorts if Heather didn't get away from him soon.

But instead, she just continued to stand there, continually and slowly shifting her weight from one leg to the other. Her bronzed skin was alluringly shiny from all the suntan lotion she was wearing. A light sheen of sweat from being out in the sun sparkled seductively in the sunlight as her powerful buttocks lazily moved and rubbed against each other.

The situation was made even worse for Alan when Heather asked him to imagine Simone "having" her ass. He didn't know what that meant exactly, but it brought up all kinds of debauched images of black-on-white lesbian lust. He knew that Heather was all but daring him to sink his rock-hard erection into the hot, steamy valley between her clenching ass cheeks, humping her in broad daylight.

Finally she prodded, "Well? Alan? Are you sure you aren't up for some ... cramming? Maybe later tonight, perhaps? Or painting. We could do a lot of cramming, and then end with you painting my walls. Maybe even two or three coats."

You could have knocked him over with a feather. Had he been more coherent, he might even have taken her up on her offer, because the sight of her ass and all the talk of "cramming" sounded pretty great to his frazzled brain. But all he managed to say was, "See ya."

Heather frowned in confusion. She was so surprised by this apparent refusal of her none-too-subtle invitation that she didn't know what to say next. She didn't know what else she could do to convince him, given that they were in public. She resolved to regroup and try other tactics with him some other time.

She walked away slowly, making sure to cock her hips with each step to greatly emphasize the shifting of her weight from ass cheek to ass cheek as she moved.

Katherine did the same. They walked in tandem for greater effect, moving as if in slow motion, turning lots of heads as they went.

Alan's friends had been talking to each other, because they had assumed the girls had already walked away. But they finally turned around, immediately joining Alan in his intense ogling.

Sean's jaw almost literally clattered to the ground. He looked so happy that he seemed to be on the verge of joyous tears.

Once the two girls were out of earshot, John sang from the Spinal Tap movie,

"Big bottoms, big bottoms,

talk about bum cakes, my girl's got 'em!

Big bottoms drive me out of my mind,

how can I leave this... be-hi-ii-ind?"

That got good laughs as the four of them watched the two tanned asses slowly fade into the crowd on the busy boardwalk.

Alan was also greatly relieved to feel the urgent need to cum fade away, although his hard-on lingered.

As soon as the girls were out of eyesight, Sean plastered himself at Alan's side and said to him excitedly, "Dude! I knew Heather knew you, but I had no idea you were actually friends with her! She was treating you like a real, actual friend, talking to you and everything. How did that happen?!"

Alan responded, "Did you notice she's with Katherine? I know her 'cos she knows Katherine. Remember? They're on the cheerleading squad together."

"Oh. Yeah. Can you introduce me?"

Alan rolled his eyes. "I just did."

Sean was disappointed to realize that was true, and that it hadn't amounted to that much, but before he could formulate a reply Derek blurted out, "Who did you say the other one was? Katherine? Damn, she's hot! I'd totally do her."

John nodded. "Totally! Holy shit, which one is more fuckable?"

But then Sean, finally showing some sense, said, "You idiots, Katherine is Alan's sister."

"Oh! Sorry," Derek said apologetically.

"Yeah, sorry man," John agreed. "I really didn't know. I mean, I know your sister from school, but I thought that this girl was so sexy that... in that hot swimsuit... And with the sunglasses I couldn't..." Realizing he was just digging himself in deeper, he tried to change the subject. "Hey, did you guys hear what Heather said? She likes nerds! She's actually into guys with high academic scores!"

Sean was extremely happy about that. "Yeah! Who knows, I might have a good chance with her!"

Alan, though, just shook his head sadly. Jesus. I'm with dumb and dumber ... and dumbest. Poor Sean. So sadly deluded. Was I ever that much of an idiotic dork? I hope not. I think it's that they're all so infatuated with her that their brains stop working. Man, I've either got to clue these guys in a little bit or find some new friends. To think that I just missed out on doing some "cramming" and "painting" with Heather just 'cos I couldn't shake these guys. He sighed.

As now happened nearly every day, he thought to himself about the irony of his general situation. My friends don't even know I've kissed a girl. If only they knew what I've done with these two girls in private! BOTH of them. Even my sister! Whereas Sean would probably have a heart attack and die if Heather so much as hugged him. I should ask Heather to give him a charity fuck; that would be the highlight of his life.

Alan was torn away from his thinking when he heard Sean liken Heather to Galadriel, the beautiful, angelic Elven queen from Lord of the Rings. Alan just shook his head sadly at the depth of his friend's delusion. He saw that Sean was so far gone that he didn't notice the head-shake either.

But while Alan mentally kicked his friends for being brain dead, he could lose his own head as well. Prior to running into Heather, he'd resolved to avoid her at all cost. But afterwards, he'd completely forgotten that resolution. Instead, he started to think about when and where he might be able to fuck her again. So, in that sense, Heather's teasing invite was a success: she was simply too deliciously fuckable for him to resist completely.

Chapter 334 Susan The Schemer.

Suzanne had been doing some paperwork while sitting in her living room. But her thoughts were often on what was happening in the Plummer house, and she tried to keep tabs whenever possible. So, when she heard the sound of a car going by, she looked up and saw Alan in it. She realized that she had a golden opportunity to find out about something that had been driving her bats.

She hurried next door to the Plummer house and found Susan up in her bedroom, sorting through her clothes. She proclaimed dramatically, "A-ha! I've got you now! There's no escape!"

Susan was nonplussed. "Oh, hi. Back so fast? What's up?"

Suzanne had her hands on her hips. "What's up is that you've been slowly driving me insane with this great Brenda secret of yours. There's always one excuse or another why you can't tell me what it's all about. But now Sweetie's gone, so nothing important is happening. You can't possibly wiggle out of it this time!"

Susan's face lit up. "Actually, I don't want to wiggle out of it. This is a great time for that. Let's go downstairs to the den and I'll show you."

Suzanne huffed melodramatically, "Fiiiiinally!"

"Oh, but first, we need to take off our clothes. You'll see why shortly!"

Suzanne pumped her fist. "YES! Now, we're talking!"

After they both got naked, Susan went first and got the zip-lock bag containing the memory card of the nude photos of Brenda out of her hiding place. Then she had Suzanne enter the room where she showed Suzanne the card. "THIS! This is the mystery! It's a memory card from a camera."

"I can see that," Suzanne barked impatiently. "And?!"

"And... it contains over a hundred pictures of Brenda in the nude! Taken by yours truly, with her full approval, so we can show them to Tiger!"

Suzanne was shocked, not to mention impressed. "Are you kidding me?! How did you swing that?!"

"It's a long story, and I'll tell you all about it. But instead of just talking about it, why don't we look at the pictures too?"

"Yes, please!" Suzanne eagerly snatched the memory card from Susan's hand and practically flew to the computer. She waited impatiently for the computer to awake, then put the card in the card reader. "This is great! Have you seen them yet?"

"No, I haven't. But I took them, so I know what we'll see. Believe me, this'll knock your socks off!"

It wasn't long before Susan and Suzanne were sitting at the computer desk, looking at the first photo in the series. It was of Brenda standing completely naked but for high heels, striking a sexy pose.

Suzanne immediately asked, "This is the FIRST picture? Is that right?!"

Susan proudly proclaimed, "It is! AAALLL of them are of her COMPLETELY naked! Did I do good, or what?"

"Susan, this is incredible! I'm so blown away that I could just kiss you! In fact, I will just kiss you!"

They shared a brief smooch while rubbing their great racks together. However, it didn't last long because they were both keen to see more pictures.

Suzanne whistled in appreciation as she clicked through a few more.

"It gets better," Susan said. "She started off a little hesitant at first, but before long she relaxed, and then became VERY horny. I'll bet those are the best. We took them expressly to show Tiger, but I promised to crop her head in the ones we select so he won't know it's her."

Suzanne exclaimed, "Fuck that! Oops, pardon my language, but that's bull honky. That would just ruin some great erotic art. Besides, what would be the point? Doesn't she know that nobody else has a body like hers? Sweetie hasn't even seen her naked yet - and he will, boy, will he! - but it doesn't matter. Her curves are unique. Nobody else has tits that huge on a frame that slim and shapely. Nobody! Ditto with her ass. She's got a 'booty ass' that rap singers should be writing entire albums about! And what about her nipples? Have you noticed how unusually long and erect her nipples are?"

Susan said, "Yes. Well, I hadn't really thought about all that. But I made a deal with her not to show her face. It wouldn't be ethical to do otherwise."bender

"Okay, I'll make a deal with you. We'll show him some cropped photos. If he doesn't recognize her, then fine. But I figure he'll see it's her in about two seconds flat. If he does, then why pretend otherwise?"

"Hmmm. I suppose that would be okay. But don't give him any hints."

Suzanne was slowly clicking through the pictures as she talked. She stopped at one in particular and whistled. "Wow! What's happening here?! You've got her bent over, clutching her ankles like she wants

to get fucked in the ASS! How did you talk her into THAT?! And why is she willing to show these to Sweetie in the first place?! You have to tell me everything!"

Susan frowned uncomprehendingly, looking at the picture of Brenda bent over. "Like she wants to get what?"

Thinking fast, Suzanne quickly muttered, "Never mind. You probably didn't intend anything more than getting a sexy pose." She clicked through to the next picture, hoping to avoid further discussion of the subject. Fortunately, it seemed that there were no objections from her friend.

Susan explained bits and pieces of what had transpired with Brenda while Suzanne clicked through the rest of the pictures. As they viewed them, they both masturbated vigorously. Susan had a better time of it since she could use both hands while Suzanne had to use one to manipulate the mouse.

It turned out that Susan had taken nearly two-hundred photos. Many of them were duds, of course, but there were quite a few startlingly impressive ones as well.

After they reached the last of the photos, Suzanne asked Susan to cover everything that she hadn't already told Suzanne about what had been happening with her new friend Brenda. There was a lot to tell: not just the details of the impromptu photo session, but other important events like Susan's pivotal retelling of her tennis court humiliation, complete with Brenda's use of the dildo, and how they went shopping for sexy lingerie afterwards.

Susan and Suzanne were hot and bothered by the photos, so as they kept talking they continued masturbating. They didn't really touch each other, perhaps so the story-telling wouldn't get derailed, but by the time Susan finished they each had experienced two nice orgasms.

After getting Suzanne all caught up, Susan asked her, "Well? What do you think? How did I do as a schemer?"

Suzanne opened her eyes wide. "You did great! You out-schemed me, practically! Damn, girl. I'm more than a little impressed."

Susan smiled from ear to ear. But then she asked uncertainly, "Do you think Tiger will approve?"

"Of course he will! My God! Brenda is definitely past the point of no return now. Oh, but wait."

"What?"

"Uh, it's not a big deal, but after I had manipulated events for the last poker party so carefully, Alan was somewhat chagrined. He felt kind of like a puppet on a stage, because the outcome had basically been determined in advance by my scheming - that is, unless he totally screwed up. So I promised that I wouldn't interfere for the next poker party; I'd just let events take their natural course. Which I did. But then you came along and schemed even better than I could have!" She laughed.

Susan laughed too. "I guess he'll just have to live with it. He can drown in his sorrow while Brenda is ceaselessly sucking his big, fat cock! I can't imagine him getting too upset at that."

Suzanne chuckled at the image. "No, I can't either. And I don't see him crying in anguish over these nude photos of her. But still, we should probably lay low and just let whatever happens at the poker party on Wednesday happen. Brenda's at such a point that her momentum will keep the sexy times going. We don't need to interfere."

Susan looked away shyly. "Well, it's kind of late for that, because I sort of made some plans."

Suzanne arched an inquisitive eyebrow. "Oh? And what are those?"

"When Brenda and I were shopping yesterday, we had a grand old time. It was magical. The whole time we were shopping, we were talking and thinking about what we'd wear to make Tiger's cock nice and stiff. And in the middle of that, I sort of invited her to have dinner here tomorrow night."

"Oh, really? Monday night, huh? Well, I don't see what's so bad about that. True, you set that up, and he'll obviously have to know about it, but it's up to him how to play it. He could be aggressive and try to make a move on her, or he could play it cool and make it a 'getting to know you better' kind of thing. We should let him take the lead, and go with whatever method he chooses. How does that sound?"

"Good," Susan replied. "But knowing him, he'll take full advantage and take the horny approach."

"True!"

They shared a laugh over that.

Suzanne wondered to herself, I must say, Sweetie is turning out to be MUCH more of an endlessly horny stud than I ever could have imagined when I started my scheme rolling. His stamina seems to be improving by the day! Did I just get really lucky with him? Or do many men have that potential, who would react similarly if a whole bevy of busty beauties were fighting over the chance to please them every single day? I'll bet it's about half and half.

He really is one lucky dog. Almost absurdly so! I should tone things down a notch or two, except that we're all having so much fun! No matter how many great sexual adventures he has, he always treats the next one with wide-eyed wonder, and always brings his nice, stiff cock to the party. As long as that's the case, why should we ease off?

Suzanne still had one or two more important questions to raise. "Susan, I must say, you really earned your scheming wings. I love how you've got her thinking that she has only a small chance with him, so she'll have to go all out to impress him. But I know from years of experience that you're not the scheming type. So how did you manage this so well?"

"That's easy. First, I just followed the instructions you'd laid out already, like the 'playing hard to get' and 'small chance' stuff. Secondly, I was one step ahead of her all the time because she's just like me. She's how I was when all the sexy fun started over a month ago. So I just imagined what I would do if I were in her shoes, how I would think, and I figured things out from there."

"Excellent!" Suzanne was impressed again. "Does that mean you're getting to like her better? Or are you still letting your jealousy about her big boobs affect you?"

Susan considered that carefully before replying. "Both, I think. I am getting to like her a lot. She and I are on the same wavelength on a lot of things, which is nice. But at the same time, I can't get over my feelings about her bigger breasts, and the rest. But I manage to push that aside most of the time, especially when Tiger isn't there so we're not competing directly for his attention."

Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "'The rest?'"

"You should see her naked, up close and in person. It really is daunting. Not just her boobs. For instance, you wouldn't believe how easily she cums, or how copiously she leaks! Where is all that liquid coming from?!"

Suzanne said, "Believe me, I noticed, from the photos. It really is something."

With some more time to kill before Alan came home, Suzanne got busy using Photoshop to crop some of the best pictures of Brenda. She saved all the original non-cropped versions in a different folder. Then she printed many of the photos, both cropped and uncropped, until the printer ran out of ink.

Susan and Suzanne decided to delay showing the printed photos to Alan. They wanted to wait until a particularly ripe moment. They weren't sure when that would be, but they sensed they would know it when it happened.

While Suzanne was still working on printing the photos, Susan called Brenda and informed her of the progress they were making in cropping and printing them. Brenda was disappointed to hear that there might be a delay before Alan would see them, but she couldn't complain too much since it had taken her two days to hand the photos over to Susan in the first place. Susan promised to call Brenda and let her know when there were any new developments.

Chapter 335 Have You Or Have You Not Gotten Intimate With Her In Any Way?

Alan stayed at the beach less than two hours, since he'd left late and it started to get cold in the late afternoon. He was sitting in a chair and relaxing on the upper floor sun deck when Katherine sat down next to him. She was wearing just thin blue bikini bottoms, the same as the ones she'd been wearing with Amy earlier.

"Hey, Bro. How's it hangin'?"

"Hey, Sis. What's up?" Then he did a double take as it fully registered just who he was speaking to. "Sis! Boy, am I glad to see you. I've got questions. Lots of questions!"

"Fire away. Fuck Toy Number One, at your service." She gave him a playful salute.

"You don't have to call yourself that, you know. I find it vaguely disturbing."

"You'll get used to it." She stuck a tongue out at him, and winked.

He made a chagrined face. But he was eager to question her. "What the heck is the deal with you and Heather showing up at that beach together? Heather?!"

Katherine nodded in sympathy. "I know, I know. Normally, I wouldn't spend one second more with the über-bitch than I have to. But, not long after Aims and I finished having our way with you... speaking of which, when I asked how's it 'hangin',' I meant that in a literal sense." She nodded knowingly at his shorts. "Need any help?"

"Thanks, but I'm good for now. What's the Heather mystery?"

"Oh yeah. She called me up, which is quite strange in and of itself. Then things got stranger still, because she was asking me some really weird questions, like if it's true that Mom is super prudish and is it really a problem if we have visitors?"

"What did you say to that?"

"I definitely told her we can't have visitors. I don't want her coming over to our house!"

"Thank God for that. Phew! Then what happened?"

"By and by, I sort of figured out that her questions were not-so-subtle attempts to find out more about you. I got a hunch that she had a sexual interest in you, and I kinda asked her about it. She flat-out denied it, but the way she denied it made me even MORE suspicious! So I decided to test her. Since you'd just told me which beach you were going to, I found a way to mention that in passing. And, as the clincher, I told her that you have a thing for high heels. Then I went to that same beach to see if she'd show. Sure enough, she did, and in high heels too! Case proven! She DOES have a thing for you!"bender

Alan had to admit to himself that Katherine had been pretty clever. But he couldn't admit it to her, since he was trying to keep his sexual encounter with Heather a secret. He asked, "I guess that could explain why she was wearing high heels, but why were YOU wearing high heels?"

Katherine smile-smirked. "Because it's true: you DO love to see a woman walking in high heels."

"I do not."

"You totally do!"

"Well, okay, maybe I do, but no more than any other typical guy."

She made a disbelieving face. "Whatever. We've seen how you react. Not just here" - she pointed to his eyes - "but here." She reached out and grabbed his crotch. To her disappointment, she found that he really was flaccid. She pulled her hand away.

He asked, "That explains most of the mystery, but why were you hanging out with her at the beach?"

"That is kind of a curious thing," Katherine admitted. "I guess we were both using each other. Given that I found her at that particular beach right after that call, and she was wearing high heels to boot, it was pretty obvious that I'd figured out that she wants you. So she pretty much dropped the pretense and asked me all kinds of questions about you. And I went along with it, because I was trying to figure out all I could about her level of interest in you. What IS the deal with you two, anyway?"

"Uh, what do you mean?"

Katherine huffed. "You're a terrible liar. You can't just dodge the question like that."

"I'm not at liberty to say. Just call me Sergeant Schultz: I know nuuusssink!" (Both he and Katherine were fans of the old World War II TV comedy "Hogan's Heroes.")

"Really? You're not even gonna tell your own number-one-fuck-toy sister? Your lover AND best friend? It's not like I'd be jealous. After all, I'm already sharing you with Mom, Aims, Aunt Suzy, Kim, and who knows who else besides."

He said sarcastically, "Oh no, not you. You'd never be jealous."

"Okay, maybe a little jealous," she conceded. "But it would be weird not to be jealous at all. That would be a sign that I don't care. And I do care, very much. Besides, we've got a major mystery here. Why the heck would Heather of all people be interested in you?!"

He said, "I can't say a word about anything she and I might or might not have done, but that's not such a big mystery: obviously, my job as painter of invisible panties for the cheerleader squad has put me on her radar screen."

"True. In fact, she didn't entirely drop the pretense. She said she was questioning me about you because of that. She said she doesn't want a 'possible psycho' to be messing around with her squad, so you need to be checked out."

"That sounds reasonable."

Katherine huffed, "Yeah, but this is Heather we're talking about! She's so hung up on popularity and status and being cool and all that. You're a great, great guy, Brother, but you're kind of the opposite of the kind of guy she'd normally be interested in."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe she's just being really conscientious about protecting her squad."

"Well AFTER you started painting panties?! The timing doesn't make any sense."

"Hmmm. It seems like you do have a mystery on your hands, then."

"Ruh-roh!" She spoke in her best Scooby-Doo voice.

He smiled at that. "Toss me a few Scooby Snacks, and let's get to the bottom of this. Where's Fred? Or Velma?"

She chuckled. "You and Velma again. I swear, we'd solve more crimes if you didn't spend most of your time shagging Velma and Daphne."

He smiled at that, and said, "Hey, that's why they call me 'Shaggy.'" But he dropped the role-play and stood up. "Too bad I've gotta go. Got stuff to do."

"Not so fast!" She grabbed hold of his shorts before he could walk away. "Please answer me this, at least: have you or have you not gotten intimate with her in any way?!"

He winced. He'd been hoping to avoid that question. "I can't tell you that. I wish I could, but I can't."

"A-ha! The mere fact that you can't answer, and the pained look on your face, proves that you've done something with her!"

He tried to ask innocent. "Me? Mr. Nerdy? With our vapid, bitchy head cheerleader? Really?!"

She wagged her finger at him, and pretended to be Colonel Klink, another character from the TV show "Hogan's Heroes." "Hooooogan! I've got the feeling you're up to something!"

He smiled enigmatically and walked away.

Once he was in his room, he thought, Phew! That was close. I was thinking that encounter with Heather was a one-off thing, but I guess not. I'll bet she was angling to make a move on me today at the beach, but she was foiled by the fact that I was with my friends. I don't know if that's a good thing or not, to be honest. She's bad news all the way around. But fucking her was awesome!

And what'll I do about Sis now? I guess I'll have to play dumb as long as I can. It's embarrassing to admit that I'm letting my dick do all my thinking. Maybe Heather's interest in me will blow over - knock on wood. But if I were Sis, I'd be 99 percent certain that if Heather hasn't done something with me yet, she will soon.

Alan putzed around in his room for a while. He actually did some homework, mostly as an excuse to be doing something important so Katherine wouldn't ask any more questions about Heather.

Katherine did check in on him, but left him alone after seeing that he was studying.

Chapter 336 Susan Blowing Alan

Later, just before dinner, Alan felt he was in need of some "servicing." Neither Suzanne, Katherine, nor Amy turned out to be around, so his choice was easy: Susan.

He found her in the kitchen, dressed in typical housework clothes. But to his surprise and amusement, she was singing along to a song. And while she wasn't exactly dancing, she was moving about in time to the rhythm as she cooked. That was surprising, because she almost never listened to music unless someone else had it on. But the real shocker was what she was listening and singing to: "Born to Be Wild," by Steppenwolf.

Still not aware that he was there, when the chorus came around, she raised her arms in the air like a headbanger at a hard rock concert and yelled, "Boooooorn to be wiiiiild! ... Boooooorn to be wiiiiild!"

Then she pumped her fist repeatedly in time to the power chords that followed.

Alan couldn't help but laugh, which alerted her to his presence.

Her face lit up with joy as she rushed to him. The following hugging and kissing was filled with wandering hands and sexual promise, although the fondling was somewhat restrained since she kept redirecting his hands when he tried to touch her big tits. But once they'd stopped necking, she asked, "What's so funny?"

"Sorry, but you. I just don't picture you as a rock n' rollin' headbanger. The closest you get to real rock music, is, I dunno, maybe 'You Really Got Me' by the Kinks."

She tickled his underarms as she complained, "Hey! I like that song! It's on that hits collection you gave me a couple of Christmases ago. And it's true - you do 'really got me.' I'm all yours!" She kissed him passionately on the lips again.

He thought, Unfortunately, "I'm all yours" isn't really true. Obviously, fucking is forbidden, as are a bunch of other things. You don't even let me touch your tits most of the time, unless you're really worked up already. How I'd love to give you a good titfuck! But that seems to be off limits too. Still, having Mom greet me like this is pretty awesome!

After the kiss, he said, "So how'd you end up rocking out to Steppenwolf?"

"To what?" She gripped his boner through his shorts.

"That's the group singing that song."

She started stroking his shaft through his clothes. "Oh. Well, I've been thinking. So many of the things I was taught about sex turn out to be completely wrong. It was like a bunch of unhappy people wanted to force everyone to think sex was wrong, kind of like, 'If I can't enjoy it, then I'll make sure no one else can either.' I don't think God would give us this glorious gift of sexual pleasure and not want us to use it often."

Feeling frustrated at having to jack him off through his clothes, she stuck a hand into his shorts and gripped his stiff cock. "Mmmm!"

He thought, Geez. How does it make any sense that she's all over jacking me off, yet she just blocked me when I tried to fondle her tits? I guess she's just not aroused enough yet.

She appeared to be done talking, especially once her hand began stroking up and down inside his shorts. But then she added, "So, if that was wrong, maybe some other things were wrong too. Like music. I finally GET rock and roll now!"

"You do?"

"Yes! It's all tied in to sex! The rhythm is sexy. It makes me want to fuck!" She suddenly blushed, since that was a very taboo topic, not to mention a vulgar word. She was particularly embarrassed because that reminded her of what had almost happened at the party. As her fingers pumped up and down, she added, "You know what I mean. It makes me want to do wild things. To you!" The chorus happened to come around again just then, and she joyfully sang, "Boooooorn to be wiiiiild!"

She let go of his dick, but only because she started to slink her way down his body. "What do you think? Do you like it when your fuddy-duddy ol' mom gets a little bit wild?"

He groaned lustily.

Kneeling, she unzipped his fly, letting his newly firm erection spring out. "Whoa! Son! I think I've got my answer right here. Mmmm! Yum!"

He looked down just in time to watch her engulf his cockhead. Oh, man! So friggin' sexy! Mom is the BEST! Jesus! That feels so damn good! Oh God! Those lips, starting her tight suction! And now her tongue is coming out to play! Fuuuuuuck!

She began giving him a very pleasant cocksucking. But something niggled at him - he didn't like the ordinary clothes she was wearing (even though his clothes were just as ordinary). It also seemed odd that she hadn't so much as taken her top off yet. So after she'd slurped up and down the underside of his shaft for a minute or so, he said, "You know, Mom, you're doing great. But you know what would be even better? If you did it wearing nothing at all."

She reverted to licking, not sucking, so she could talk. "Really? But then again, you ARE in TOTAL CONTROL over what I can wear and what I can't. Aren't you? Mmmm!"

Far from sounding upset about that, she appeared so ecstatic that she seemed to practically orgasm just from talking about it. In fact, she was so inspired that she engulfed his cockhead again and went back to bobbing on it.

That felt good, but he really did have a thing for seeing her at least topless. So after another minute or two, he said, "Um? About taking off your clothes?"

She pulled her lips off him again and went back to just licking. "Oh, yes. What about my feet? I should have something on my feet, right?"

"I suppose." He was enjoying the lapping of her tongue against his sweet spot so much that he didn't really care about footwear at the moment.

But footwear was a very important issue for her. In only a week or two, high heels had become a fetish item. She could get horny just looking at her heels. She concluded, I knew it! I should never get caught without my high heels. Suzanne said they get his balls churning, but I didn't listen! What'll I do now?! My bedroom is so far away! Then she remembered she'd left a pair near the front door.

To his surprise, she abruptly pulled her tongue off his sweet spot, and even let go of his hard-on altogether. "Just a sec! I'll be right back!" She got up and ran out of the room.

Figuring she might be a couple of minutes, he decided to make himself comfortable. The CD Susan had been listening to had just come to an end, so he walked to the living room to pick something else. Hmm. What's good music to get one's cock sucked to? I hope I'll be asking myself that question a lot from now on! He picked up a CD mix of songs, mostly from the 1990's, that Katherine had made a year or two earlier.

He was somewhat familiar with it, but he looked at the song list. As I thought, this has "Sex and Candy," and Madonna's "Erotica." And songs like "1999" by Prince can create a fun party mood. This'll work.

Then he pulled his shorts all the way off and sat down on a nearby couch. He closed his eyes briefly and fantasized about the pleasure he was about to receive.

By then, Susan had stripped and put on her heels. She wanted to rush back to him, but the heels limited how fast she could move. So she put her strutting lessons to use and strutted over in a very sexy, hip-swaying manner.

But he couldn't compliment her, because he was groaning with a surprising surge of pleasure. Dang! Mom has such an awesome hourglass figure! She should always be naked! He liked that last thought so much that he said it out loud. "Mom, you look so incredible in the nude that I think you should stay like that all the time."

She loved the idea so much that her face lit up like a light bulb. She didn't waste time, but dropped to her knees and swallowed all of his cockhead plus about two more inches in what seemed a split second.

He groaned as electric tingles of joy shot through his body. "Yeeaargh! Wow! Holy Christ!"

She made a couple of deep bobs, then pulled off briefly to chastise him. "Don't take the Lord's name in vain." She even wagged a finger at him reproachfully, which set her big dangling melons swaying nicely. Then she went right back to her contented bobbing.

He chuckled inwardly. Mom is such a case. Swearing is a sin, and "Onanism" is about twelve times worse than murder, but cocksucking is totally peachy. Oh well; I'm not complaining!

Her lips made a ring right below his cockhead, creating an extra-tight seal. Then she started practicing extra powerful suction techniques. As she sucked like an industrial vacuum cleaner, she thought, Tiger is so right! Cocksucking in heels and nothing else is the best way to go! I feel so especially wanton and subjugated. It's glorious! And sucking him down here on my knees with my big tits swinging freely while he lounges up there on the comfy sofa like a lord just gives it an extra kick! MMMM!

It's so naughty to do this in the living room too. Mmmm! I kind of hope Suzanne walks in and finds us like this. She'd be soooo jealous, tee-hee!

After a few minutes, she changed styles again, reverting to her favorite corkscrew technique. Mmmm! I love doing it this way. I wish I could do this forever - naked! Tiger is so right. I should be naked ALL the time! Naked and sucking cock! Mmmm! He could wake up with his big-titted mommy already bobbing over his crotch! And when he takes his shower, I'd be right there on my knees! He'd fuck my face hard while the water rains down on me!

As she licked her way up and down the underside of his erection, he found some temporary respite from his heavy breathing, so he figured it was as good a time as any to bring up a tricky topic. "You know what, Mom? I have to confess something. I was with a very beautiful woman last night, at the party."

Susan's tongue froze in mid-lick, and her heart leaped to her throat. She was terrified that she'd been found out.

He continued, "Her name was Elle. She was amazing. I mean, really truly amazing. But you know what? She wasn't as beautiful as you."

Susan's heart melted with relief and delight, and then confusion set in. Finally, she shrugged and went back to her joyous licking. Oh God! That was a close call. What if he knew? I haven't even been thinking about that, and I'm not going to think about it now. Mistakes were made. Let's leave it at that.

What's important is that he DOESN'T know, and no one will ever know. Not only that, but he says I'm beautiful! Mmmm! What a wonderful son! Mmmm! I just wish there were some way I could keep his dick pumping in my mouth every hour of the day to show him how much he means to me. Mmmm! So yummy! Being one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers is THE BEST!

But soon she stopped licking and reverted to jacking him off so she could look up into his eyes as he revealed more about this Elle. She asked, "What did you do with her? Tell me all about it. Tell me all about the hot, nasty, sexy things you did to her! I'll bet you really STUCK it to her! Did you fuck her? Did you put her in her place? Did you slay her with your big FAT COCK? Did you pound her into submission with your big pussy tamer?"

"Whoa, Mom!" He was very surprised by her language and attitude, since she never, ever talked to him about actual fucking. "To be honest, I can't remember much. I was too drunk. I do remember fucking her. But it's all a blur. I don't think I was very good."

Her pride battled with her jealousy, and pride won out. Not to mention lust. In fact, her heart seemed to beat double time as soon as she heard he'd been fucking. "Nonsense! You fucked her good; I just know it. Mommy's so proud of her big, strapping son. Such a good fucker! I'll bet you flooded her pussy with your hot, sticky cum! Or did you take precautions?"

He blanched. "Um, probably not." Oh shit! That's bad! I definitely remember the feel of my dick sliding in and out, squeezed tight by her cunt, and there was no condom involved! His dick surged and twitched with powerful jolts of pleasure as he recalled firing into Elle's pussy without a condom. The possibility of contracting or passing a sexual disease didn't cross his mind; he was thinking only of driving his seed deeply into her.

"You're so potent and full of superior cum, that could be a problem," Susan noted. She tried to sound matter-of-fact about it, but her tits were heaving with excitement. Her pussy throbbed as she imagined her son knocking somebody up. But she wasn't really thinking about Elle; she was thinking more about

herself. She cupped and squeezed his balls with her free hand and thought about the billions of sperm inside, all suddenly released and heading towards her ripe egg.

She was so taken by that, she even lost her cock-stroking rhythm briefly. But then she recovered and asked, "Did she have big tits? I'll bet she did!"

"Actually, I do remember that part. The biggest! They were freakin' huge! Almost as big as yours, even!"

Jealousy burned within her, mixed with pride. But for some reason it was a good sort of burning. It would have been the bad kind though, if he hadn't added the "almost as big as yours" line with obvious sincerity.

She enthused, "I knew it! Only the best for my strapping son! Are you going to see her again?"

"I don't think so. I don't have any way to contact her. That really sucks."

She breathed a secret sigh of relief. Although she got off on the idea of her son fucking a busty beauty as a one-night stand, she didn't like the idea of serious competition from this Elle woman.

She said, "Speaking of sucking, you need to be rewarded for some excellent fucking. Mommy's so proud of you." She swallowed his dick again.

He thought, Holy crap! To fuck a woman as beautiful as Elle, then have my mom actually REWARD me for it with a nice long cocksucking?! How could life get any better? Although she would have done it anyway. But still, it's the principle of the thing.

Susan continued to think about the Elle incident while her tongue circled around and around the cockhead she was holding inside her mouth. She thought, As much as I love to hear that Tiger is actively fucking and is no longer a virgin, and as much as I love to hear about his sexual prowess, I don't want to battle for his attention or for a fair share of his cock with this Elle. She sounds like some hot young vixen. If he fucks a big-titted babe, it should be ME!

No, wait! I didn't say that! Why do I keep thinking of fucking today? Last night only made my pussy-need ten times worse! I can't go there. Blowjob only! I'm gonna satisfy him just with my mouth so often and so well, he won't want anyone else, or to stick it in me anywhere else. Mmmm. He's fucking his mommy's mouth and I love it! That's all the fucking we need, right?

She redoubled her efforts on his throbbing cock. Soon she settled into a good groove that was eliciting an endless series of happy moans from her son. That was music to her ears, as much as her constant erotic "Mmmm!" noises delighted him.

But while acutely listening for his reaction to her techniques, she also paid some attention to the songs playing on the CD. The song "Supernova" by Liz Phair happened to be playing. She'd never heard it before, and she didn't recognize the singer. But by the end of the song, she'd figured out the chorus:

"Cause you're a human supernova,

bender

A solar superman

You're an angel with wings of fire

A flying, giant friction blast,

You're a giant, flying friction blast"

She really liked that, plus one more line that she liked even more:

"And you fuck like a volcano, and you're everything to me."

She thought, This singer has got it goin' on! I don't know who she is, but it sounds like she's personally been fucked by my cutie "superman" Tiger! She giggled inwardly as she had an absurd thought: Maybe she was Elle last night! Yeah, right. But cocksucking has to be the greatest "friction blast" ever! I just love

sliding my lips tightly over his sweet spot, over and over and over again! Mmmm! And again and again and again! MMMM!

Inspired, she somehow made an even tighter lip-lock around his shaft than before, then sucked hard, like she was in a contest to create the greatest suction. She also went down on him as deep as she could, until she was practically choking on the length and thickness of her son's cock.

As she did that, she continued thinking, And this song confirms that rock and roll is pretty great! It's like sex coming out of the speakers. So hot! And to think that I thought the Carpenters were pretty cool.

She kept on with thoughts like those, rubbing her clit through a couple of nice orgasms. She was moaning continually in her usual fashion, "Mmmm, mmmm, mmmm... MMMM! MMMM! ... Mmmm..." At times, it sounded like she was trying to cry for help through a gag.

Alan had been building and building towards a climax for some time. With Susan going all out like that, it didn't take much longer before he slipped over the edge.

As had become her recent habit, she couldn't bear to take his squirting and spurting rod out of her mouth until he was done, emptying his last drop of cum. But this time she let her mouth fill up, rather than quickly swallowing the thick flavorful cream that erupted from her son's dick as she usually did. She held his load and, for a while, enjoyed the flavor soaking into her tongue.

She found herself wondering what it would be like to have her son's seed soaking into her pussy. But she thought of the sperm heading towards her egg and remembered that idea was taboo, so she quickly forced it out of her mind.

When she finally swallowed the last of the cum that was swirling on her tongue, she licked his cock and balls completely clean. That had also become a recent habit of hers. Then she sat up on the couch and let him cuddle up against her.

They were both extremely satiated and satisfied.

When dinner ended, Alan went to the living room to unwind and watch some TV.

But before he found a program to watch, Katherine came in and sat right next to him. "Okay, spill the beans."

"What do you mean?"

"You were trying to avoid me earlier, hoping I wouldn't follow up with the rest of our Heather discussion. But you might as well tell all now, because I'm not going to let you slide on this. Tell me what's going on already!"

He evasively joked, "Okay. 'What's going on already.' There, I told you. Hey, that was easy."

"Ha ha. Now, let's continue where we left off. What exactly have you two done with each other?"

He tried to avoid answering by going on the offensive. "Okay, let's talk. But first, I still don't understand your behavior with her today. I know you said you set up a trap for her, but you could have just seen her at the beach with high heels and moved on. But I saw that you two hung out there for, like, an hour. And yet it looked like you two were actually having FUN together. What gives?"

Katherine frowned. "You're right. It is weird. To be honest, I'm almost as baffled as you are. I told you that I was trying to be nice to her because I was trying to figure out clues about her interest in you, and she was trying to get info out of me. But, to be honest, we talked about other stuff for most of the time. And she was NICE! It's like she wanted to be all buddy-buddy with me!"

He prodded, "And?"

"And that's what happened: we were all palsy-walsy. It was bizarre. She actually was genuinely enjoyable to be with! You saw us there; we were having fun together. I can't deny I had a good time."

"What about her being a bitch? You can't just forget all that if she's suspiciously nice for an hour or two, right?"

"Right. But I figured it wouldn't hurt to get on her good side and kind of play along. I mean, you have NO IDEA how powerful she is at school!"

"I think I do."

"No, you don't! For one thing, you're a guy. Sure, she's good at manipulating guys, especially with her looks, but her power amongst the girls is simply INSANE. Okay? Trust me on this. Besides, I can't stand how she treats us, the rest of her cheerleading squad, every damn school day. I figure if she gets friendly with me, maybe that'll help not only me, but the rest of the squad as well. Like, you should see how she acts around her best friend Simone. She's almost normal with her, and Simone somehow manages to hold Heather's bitchiness down to dealable levels. So I was thinking maybe I could play the Simone role for the squad."

He pondered that. "Okay, I get that much. But what does she want from you? She must have some motive."

"That's obvious. I think she has the hots for you. She figures that if she gets on my good side, that'll help her get on your good side."

"Hmmm." That made sense to him, but he was reluctant to admit it. "So when she was questioning you about me, what did she ask you, exactly? Did you tell her anything I wouldn't want her to know?"

"Nah. It was all getting-to-know-you kind of stuff, pretty much. What kind of music do you like, that kind of thing. I'm no dummy. I'm not going to give away any of our big secrets."

Her tone suddenly got more aggressive. "Now that you had your turn asking questions, it's my turn. I have some questions for you, buster! Have you or have you not gotten intimate with her?!"

He squirmed under her scrutiny. "Um..."

She pressed him, "The clues are there. The things she was saying to you, that was not beginning flirting; that was advanced flirting. Like, grad-school advanced! All this talk about 'cramming' and wanting to 'get

a ride' from you, and trying to 'work you in.' I mean, come on! That's seriously blatant. What's up with THAT?!"

He pondered that question, and couldn't find a way out. Then finally he said, "Sis, I cannot lie to you. So... I'm gonna take the fifth."

"WHAAAAAT? Broooooother!" She shook her fist at him. She wasn't really going to hit him, but it was the kind of body language she used with him at times of great frustration.

He chuckled a bit at her angry fist gesture. "Sis, you crack me up."

"Come on! You gotta give me more than that! Are we best friends or what?!"

"We are."

"Plus, I'm your fuck toy and one of your personal cocksuckers. Doesn't that entitle me to at least a few clues about who else is polishing your fat knob?!"

"Okay, I'll tell you a little bit. Out of the blue, a few days ago, I ran into Heather after school. She kind of acted all interested in me. Things happened."

"Things happened?! Care to clarify?!"

"No. I don't kiss and tell."

"A-ha! So there was kissing!"

"Maybe."

"GRRRR!"

He pleaded, "Seriously, now that I seem to have fallen into this lifestyle of having multiple lovers, I have to be super careful about not kissing and telling, or I could get into hot water fast. Can you please try to cut me some slack on that?"

"A-ha again! You all but called her a lover."

"No I didn't. 'Things happened.' That's all I can say. Maybe it was just heavy flirting, or a simple kiss. It could be anything." Trying to deflect her prying, he said, "It's weird. I mean, why would SHE be interested in ME? I've been thinking about it. The panty-painting thing doesn't explain it, not by itself. My theory is that Kim talked to her about me and hyped me up."

Katherine's eyes lit up with recognition. "A-ha! THAT makes sense. Now I get it. Kim is sky high over you, so I could totally see that. Oh, shit! That's not good! I'm gonna have to talk to Kim before she does any more damage."bender

Alan nodded. Although he'd enjoyed fucking Heather, he didn't want to be blindsided like that again. Besides, he already had more beautiful women in his life than he could handle.

He added, "It's possible Amy said something to her too."

"Oh shit!" Katherine was lost in thought for long moments. Finally, she said, "Since you've kinda told me some secrets here, I have a secret too. 'Things happened' between Heather and me too."

"What?! Really?! No way!"

Katherine nodded. "Yeah. I kind of felt obliged to as part of having to cover up the whole painted-panties thing. It's a long story. But it was a totally casual-sex kind of thing. Nothing serious. In fact, when I hung out with her earlier today, it was like it had never happened."

He asked, "Do you have any idea how amazingly sexy that is? Geez! I can totally picture you two getting it on!"

Katherine rolled her eyes. "Guys. What's up with guys watching lesbian sex? So predictable." But she was secretly pleased. She figured anything that made her more arousing in his eyes was a plus, especially since she had to compete against the likes of Susan and Suzanne, and now maybe Heather, for his attention.

She went on to explain a lot more about the secret politics and personality conflicts amongst the cheerleading squad.

It was a real eye-opener for Alan. He found himself even more awed by Heather's power and the way she used it.

Later that evening, Suzanne and Amy came over to the Plummer house after dinner. The plan was for everyone to watch TV or a video together.

The whole gang sat down in the living room: Alan, Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy. The women weren't dressed in any particularly sexy manner, but they all were so gorgeous that Alan's dick got erect in a matter of minutes just the same.

Amy was the first to notice. She pointed at his crotch. "Oooh! Look! Check out Alan's thingy; it's all hard and stiff!"

That made everyone uncomfortable, especially since Amy was the one who'd said it.

A particularly displeased Suzanne said, "Um, Honey Pie, about that. You see..."

Before she could get far, Amy said, "Chill, Mom. Don't worry; I know what's going on. Alan's getting a lot of help, so his thingy doesn't stay all stiff and hurt-y. Don't mind me. I'm just gonna pick out something to watch while you work out who helps him this time."

Suzanne squirmed uncomfortably. "Um, it's not exactly like that..."

But Katherine said, "It IS exactly like that. Aunt Suzy, Amy is a big girl. She's here so much, how could she not figure out what's happening? And she has an excellent question: Who is going to help him this time? Or are we just going to leave him like THAT?"

All eyes went to Alan's crotch again, except for Amy who seemed very busy looking over the DVD collection.

He crossed his legs, but there was no hiding the fact that he was sporting a big boner. He glanced around, noting all the hungry looks. If his dick hadn't already been erect, it would have become so just from seeing the way that Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne were each licking their lips as they stared at his crotch.

An uncomfortable silence seemed to stretch into eternity. It was clear that all three of the women wanted to help, but there was no established procedure for this kind of situation.

Alan thought, Shit! What to do, what to do, what to do? I need to say something fast before things get even more weird. But who do I pick? Hmmm. Not Mom, since she just helped a little while ago. Probably not Sis either. After all, Mom still has issues with her helping, and I don't want to push her on that. What about Aunt Suzy? I suppose she's still "in the doghouse" from what happened in her backyard the other day, but Mom seems to have forgotten about that. This would be a good test to see if Mom has really let her off the hook.

So he said, "Um, since Mom helped me out a little while ago, and I know Sis is still being grounded and all, I guess that leaves you, Aunt Suzy. Would you mind helping me with, well, you know... Doing my thing?"

Suzanne smiled and stood up. "Not at all. Shall we?" She nodded towards the stairs.

Alan got up and took her hand. The situation was awkward, but also very exciting. The fact that everyone knew exactly what was going to happen, even Amy, was major. He had visions of this kind of thing happening a lot from now on. He said, "Why don't you guys watch whatever? Don't wait for us. I'm sure Aunt Suzy and I won't be gone long, and we'll be able to catch up."

The mood remained awkward after Alan and Suzanne had left. Both Katherine and Susan were lost in thought, mulling over their missed opportunity.

But Amy quickly broke the mood by suggesting, "Hey, if it's just us girls picking, we should go for a rom-com. Something cheese-ariffic!"

Susan tried to focus on the movie suggestion, rather than on the joys of slobbering all of her son's thick shaft. She frowned in confusion. "'Rom-com?'"

Katherine explained, "Romantic comedy. I think that's a good idea. And before you ask, 'cheese-ariffic' I assume means something really cheesy. You know, over the top. Right, Amy?"

"Right!"

Meanwhile, Suzanne stopped in the front foyer to put on a pair of high heels. She'd been relaxing in bare feet in anticipation of watching a movie, but high heels were becoming an integral part of the cock-pleasuring experience. She also slipped on a pair of panties while he wasn't looking.

As Alan walked hand in hand up the stairs and out of hearing range of the others, he said, "Well... that was weird."

Suzanne replied, "I know what you mean, but what could we do? It's like Angel said: Amy is there, and there's no easy way to get around her finding out certain things. I'm need to have a talk with her about all this, soon."

Alan realized that Suzanne misunderstood. He'd been talking about the entire situation, and she was thinking just about Amy. He decided not to say anything more, figuring he'd probably only mess things up.

As soon as they reached his room, Suzanne said, "Now, go sit on the edge of the bed and think about what you want to do first."

He crossed the room while she lingered near the door. "Um, okay. But aren't you going to close the door?"

She gave a naughty smile as she looked back to the door. She'd closed it most of the way, but left it open an inch or two. "Oopsies! I might have forgotten to close it all the way. I sure hope no sexy, busty mommy types come upstairs and take advantage by listening and peeking in." She winked knowingly at him.

His eyes bugged out. "Man! Really?! But what if Sis comes by instead?"

"Mmmm... Sounds like fun! Just be mindful of what you say, keeping in mind that one of them might hear, okay?" She started to sway slowly as she unbuttoned her blouse, even though there was no music playing.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"What does it look like? A striptease." She leaned over, showing off her huge tits as they swelled forward in her mostly unbuttoned blouse.

"You know I love it, but it's really not necessary. I mean, I'm as hard as I can get!" He realized there was no reason to keep his clothes on, so he quickly shucked off his shorts to illustrate just how erect his dick was.

"Ooooh! Yummy!" She kept on swaying as she unbuttoned her blouse all the way, freeing her tits. "As far as necessary, let me be the judge of that."

He admitted, "The thing is, I feel kinda bad. I mean, you're doing all this amazing stuff for me, and what do I do in return? It's not fair."

"Fair? You let me decide what's fair. The fact is, I consider myself the big winner here. After all, you chose me. The fact that there are three of us eager to help you and only one of you means you've gotta redefine your meaning of fair."

He wanted to argue against that but his brain wasn't working very well; all he could do was gawk at Suzanne's perfect body. But as the silent striptease continued, he blurted out the first thought that popped into his head: "Hey! You're wearing panties!"

She turned around, showing off her fine ass as she slid the panties down it. At the same time she teased, "I am? Are you sure?"

His head pounded wildly but still he managed to reply, "Sure? Sure, I'm sure! I can totally see them!"

She chuckled, pleased at how frazzled she'd gotten him already. "Okay, you got me." She suddenly turned around to face him.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped in awe as her big globes jiggled around, swaying, and her dark brown bush came into view.

She bent over, pulling the panties down to her knees. That also naturally set her heavy but firm tits dangling. "See anything you like? Anything you'd like to... fuck?"

He gasped again. It was too arousing. He couldn't help but start stroking his exposed erection, even though he knew he wasn't supposed to do that.

As she pulled the panties down to her feet she said, "By the way, you're right, I am wearing panties. Or at least I was." She tossed them away and stood back up. "I know that's against the house rules, so you're probably gonna have to spank me. But would it help my case if I say that I just put them on a few minutes ago, solely so I'd be able to take them off when we got upstairs?"

He stared wide-eyed at her nude body. He was too horny to speak. He was stroking his erection faster and faster.

She belatedly realized that her striptease was too effective. He was so worked up that he was liable to masturbate himself to orgasm if she didn't act quickly. She crossed the room to kneel between his legs. "So... what did you choose?"

He couldn't remember off hand what her question was about, so he was going to ask her to repeat it. But as soon as her fingers closed around his shaft, he forgot what to say. Then she started stroking, and he even forgot her last question. Partly it was the physical pleasure, but he also just adored the sight of her perfect face and the impossibly curvy, naked body below him.

She chuckled a little, then snapped her fingers. "Sweetie? Your choice, remember? How do you want to do me?"

He grinned as an idea came to him. "How 'bout a sixty-nine?"

"You know better than to ask for something that's against the house rules, like a sixty-nine. Your choices are handjob, blowjob, and titfuck."

"Oh man! Hard decisions. I wonder what a handjob would feel like."

She snickered, since she knew as well as he did that she was in the middle of one.

He continued to ponder. "Hmmm. Tough call. I would say titfuck since that's pretty new and your tits are out of this world, but then I think about your extra-long tongue and all the things you can do with it, not to mention your sweet lips..."

"You mean this tongue?" She leaned forward and licked circles around his cockhead while her hands continued to steadily pump up and down.

"Oh! MAN! SWEET!"

She chuckled some more. "Hmmm. I doubt we're gonna get much more out of you since you're so lost in the moment. Since you can't decide, I guess I'll just have to do both at once."

She scooted up and encased his erection in her deep cleavage. Then she tilted her head downward and managed to lick all over his cockhead. At times she barely managed to reach his sweet spot with the tip of her tongue, but it was such a difficult effort that she couldn't do much with it. She was frustrated because she was so close yet so far away.

She made up for that by alternating between focusing on cocksucking and bobbing down his shaft, and pulling back for a licking and titfucking combo.

He didn't care much about what she was doing, because he knew that whatever it was, it would be heavenly. He felt like he was raging drunk, but drunk on lust.

Suzanne knew how to keep him maxed out on pleasure, while being careful that he didn't go over the edge and cum. In addition to wanting to prolong the experience just as much as he wanted to, she figured that if they took a long time, eventually someone would come by to see what was taking them so long. She hoped that would be Susan, and that the experience would further weaken her sexual resistance.

As a result, the naked redhead spent over half an hour licking and sucking every possible way, as well as sliding her hefty melons all over his shaft.

She also practiced deep throating again. Even though this was only her second attempt on him, the improvement was substantial. She still gagged a little bit, and she couldn't stay down all the way for very long, but this time it provided Alan with great pleasure. Her throat squeezed his cockhead so tightly it was like he was sliding in and out of a cunt. On top of that, her long tongue would roam against the remainder of his shaft. She even experimented with a few things, like repeatedly gulping while he was in her throat, which would momentarily and unexpectedly tighten the pressure against his dick.

Additionally, she had taken to heart his complaint from when he thought he was talking to Elle, that she didn't let him touch her enough. So she let him explore her tits and ass whenever he took one of his strategic breaks.

Alan was beginning to understand that cumming six times a day, every day, was a hell of a lot of times. And not only that, but the quality of those times was simply off the charts. He felt like he'd experienced more ecstasy and arousal in the last week than in his entire previous year of masturbating, and he was pretty sure he was right.

Chapter 338 Aunt Suzy

bender

Downstairs, Katherine, Susan, and Amy were watching "There's Something about Mary." The comedy was too zany and risqué for Susan to have sat through it before, but now that her sexual mores were changing drastically, Katherine thought she'd see if her mother might find it funny.

However, after Susan had watched yet another scene that made her uncomfortable, she stood up and said, "I don't know about this. Is this what kids watch these days? It all seems terribly improper to me. I think I'll go check on what Tiger and Suzanne are doing upstairs. They've been gone half an hour, at least."

Katherine and Amy gave each other knowing looks. They were sure Susan had more than a passing interest in what was happening upstairs, but they were smart not to say anything.

In truth, Susan had been so focused on what might be happening between Alan and Suzanne that she'd only paid slight attention to the movie. She wanted to run upstairs to satisfy her curiosity, but she forced herself to walk at a relatively normal pace, knowing that Katherine and Amy would notice any unseemly rushing.

When she got to Alan's door, she couldn't believe her good luck that the door had been left open just a crack. She didn't hesitate to peek in.

Suzanne had made sure that she and Alan were both at right angles to the door, instead of having one of them looking directly towards it. That way, Susan would feel the odds of being discovered were much less, and she'd get a better view. As a result, when Susan looked in, she saw a profile of both of them. Even though one of Alan's legs was partly in the way, she was able to see Suzanne's mouth bobbing just above it.

Susan staggered back. She felt like she'd just opened the door to a blast furnace, from which the heat was more than she could bear. But it was a sexual heat. She clutched at her pussy and her breasts at the same time - they tingled with need.

It was only a matter of seconds though before she was again peering through the crack. Oh goodness! Oh my! Would you just look at that?! Suzanne is just... My God! She's... she's... she's loving it! Oh! I wish that could be me! Just look at that satisfied look on her face as her lips slide up and down his thick cock! Mmmm!

Susan felt something dripping down her chin which she hoped was Alan's cum. But she wiped a finger though it and realized to her disappointment that it was just her own drool, since she was salivating with her mouth hanging open. She closed her mouth, but her lusty desire only increased.

She continued to watch for the next five minutes. Suzanne had been anticipating her arrival, and within a minute or two she'd sensed Susan was there without looking towards the door. It wasn't hard to do, because Susan got so very horny that she started to make her tell-tale "Mmmm!" noises without realizing it.

Once Suzanne knew that Susan was there, she changed tactics, performing more for Susan than for Alan. She made sure that her moves would look good from Susan's perspective. She even had Alan shift one of his legs into a rather uncomfortable pose that gave Susan a nearly unimpeded view of his crotch.

Susan worried that if she stayed too long, Katherine and Amy would wonder what was keeping her and possibly even come up after her. She kept telling herself that she'd leave in just a moment, but that moment never seemed to arrive. She tried hard not to masturbate too blatantly, for fear that she'd be caught either by those in Alan's room or by the two downstairs. But she couldn't stop herself completely; she fingered her nipples and pussy through her clothes. She was glad that she no longer wore a bra or panties when in the house.

She noticed that Suzanne often had Alan's boner trapped between her tits, and she wondered about that. She'd seen Alan doing it with Amy earlier as well. She'd heard Suzanne talk about titfucks, and she'd read descriptions of them in her recent Internet research of erotic stories, so she surmised that she was seeing one. But she was surprisingly uninterested. She didn't know how good they could feel for either the woman or the man, and Suzanne's tongue was always busy, so her main focus was there. She was learning a little bit from Suzanne's licking techniques, but mostly she was just living vicariously, imagining that it was her tongue instead.

Susan's worry at being caught was increasing steadily, but she simply couldn't tear herself away. Finally, the issue was decided when Alan let out a loud grunt, before crying out, "Oh shit! Gonna cum!"

Sure enough, his cum-stick began to fire.

Since Suzanne knew Susan was watching, she pulled her lips off his cockhead and sat back, letting Alan choose whether to give her a facial or a pearl necklace.

Not surprisingly, he chose to do both. Even though he was out of his mind with arousal, he was careful to fire the first half of his load all over her beautiful face and then the rest on her great rack.

Even as his dick was pulsing with his last weak dribbles, Suzanne was still thinking about her audience. Keeping her eyes closed, she tilted her head way back. "OH! OH! Sweetie! That was fantastic! Look what you did to me. Look how thoroughly you painted me with your delicious, creamy seed! Just look at this spermy feast! I can't wait to gobble it all up. You make me so proud to be one of your personal cocksuckers!"

Alan thought it odd that Suzanne called herself one of his "personal cocksuckers," since she didn't normally use language like that. He still didn't realize that Susan was peeking, and so didn't know that Suzanne's words were mainly for Susan's benefit.

Susan was feeling extremely frustrated. She was close to cumming, but still hadn't managed to reach a good climax. Now that Alan had finished his orgasm, the room had gone completely silent. She knew she wouldn't be able to cum quietly enough. Her concern about being caught increased suddenly. True, Alan had flopped back to the bed and seemed to be passed out or at least asleep, and Suzanne still had her eyes closed and was facing away from the door as she luxuriated in her cum bath while sweeping gobs of it into her mouth. But Susan knew that things were likely to change soon, and in particular that it was just a matter of time before Suzanne opened her eyes and looked around.

Still, the sight of all the cum on Suzanne's skin was simply too arousing for Susan to take. She knew she couldn't cum in this dangerous situation, but she couldn't seem to take her fingers away from her nipples and pussy. So hot! Mmmm! So hot! Lord, give me strength! I'm tempted to go in there and clean Suzanne with my tongue, but that would be so wrong!

Eventually, Suzanne did open her eyes, which gave Susan a big scare, but Suzanne was careful not to look at the door. Instead, her eyes fixed on Alan's now flaccid penis before she asked, "Sweetie, are you still awake?"

"Unh." He sounded half-dead.

"Goody! Because I'm going to clean your cock and balls very, very thoroughly. A powerful, demanding cock like yours needs to be treated with the utmost respect!"

Again, Alan thought that was an odd thing for her to say, since he still didn't know that Susan was listening. But he was too wiped out to think about it very much.

Susan waited until Suzanne got busy licking Alan's balls, then finally made her escape. She snuck downstairs as quietly as she could, but when she reached the front foyer, she went down a side hall away from the living room so she could find a bathroom to calm down and make herself presentable.

Chapter 339 Shit! It's A Sex Conspiracy.

Once Suzanne had thoroughly licked Alan's privates clean, she got up and went to the door. She peered up and down the hall, closed the door, and came back to Alan. She said, "You do know we had a visitor, right?"

He was finally starting to revive, so he sat up. "We did?" He nearly fell down to the bed again, because he was so staggered by the sight of Suzanne wearing nothing but her high heels and plenty of his cum.

She smirked, pleased at his bug-eyed stare. She struck a sexy pose (not that she needed to) and said, "It was your mom, of course. Your sexy, big-titted mom. I never actually looked over to check, since I didn't want to scare her off, but there was no way to miss the sound of her panting, or her constant erotic moaning."

"Wait. She was? Huh? But I missed all that." He was still out of it.

She grinned. "I'm not surprised. You were, let's say... preoccupied. Whereas I was keeping an ear out for her, so to speak."

"Oh." He shook his head slightly, trying to clear it. "Is that, uh... Is that why you said some of that stuff, like how my 'powerful cock' needed to be treated with the 'utmost respect?'"

She was impressed that he had been aware enough to notice and then remember it later. "As a matter of fact, yes. And I know that sounds strange to you, as it does to me, but trust me on this. I understand how your mom's mind works. I'm not sexually submissive myself, but I guess there's a part of me that can relate. I let that part kind of run wild when I'm in a situation with her nearby."

"Oh." He lay on the bed like it was his death bed.

It took some time for Alan to recover. That gave Susan time to get settled back in the living room. She was still quite horny, especially since she'd never had her climax, but she managed to mask it. She even was able to pay some attention to the on-going movie.

However, her mind was mostly on what she'd seen upstairs. My goodness! I can't get over how BIG my son's penis is. Sure, I'm reminded of that fact every single day. But it's one thing to feel it in your mouth; it's a whole different thing to see it bulging through Suzanne's cheek! Oh boy, and all that creamy cum exploding everywhere... I can't think about it or I'm gonna burn up. At least Suzanne cleaned him up properly afterwards. That makes me feel better. I heard her say "a powerful, demanding cock like yours needs to be treated with the utmost respect." That is so true!

When Alan came back downstairs, holding Suzanne's hand again, it was a trip for him to see Susan and Katherine both smile at them without showing any jealousy. Only Amy appeared to remain fully absorbed in the movie, laughing at Ben Stiller's predicament.

Alan and Suzanne joined the others in watching the film. For about fifteen minutes, that's all they did.

However, there still was a sexual vibe in the air. The more Alan recovered, the more that vibe seemed to grow. Suzanne in particular was in a mood to tease, in hopes that he'd get hard and she'd be able to "help him do his thing" again.

It started when Susan paused the film and announced a break for snacks. Amy went to help Susan make some oatmeal and raisin cookies in the kitchen. Alan was left sitting in the living room between Suzanne and Katherine. He was still too tired to get up, so he just used the remote control to surf TV channels while waiting for the others to come back, when they would resume the movie.

With Susan and especially Amy out of the picture for a minute, Suzanne felt she could turn up the teasing a couple of notches. She asked Katherine, "Angel, did you have a chance to help Sweetie today?" She licked her lips in a seductive way to indicate that she was referring to Alan's "treatment," even as Alan watched with rapt interest from a few feet away.

"Nope," replied Katherine. "Not yet." She started rubbing her tongue around her lips in return. "How was it upstairs?"

"Mmmm hmmm!" Suzanne answered. She stuck her tongue out and pretended she was licking Alan's boner from just a few inches away.

"Lucky you," Katherine replied. She giggled, adding, "I know what you mean. That says so much more than words!" She upped the ante by also licking an invisible dick.

Just like Suzanne, Katherine wore a strapless dress. Looking back and forth only at their shoulders and above, it was easy to forget that they were wearing any clothes at all.

Suzanne pointed out, "Oh, but Susan had a nice suck before dinner, so that means it's your turn next. That makes you the lucky one!"

"Sweet! I hope you're right. You never know with Mom. What did you do to him?"

Suzanne replied with zest, "What didn't I do? It was divine. There was a lot of titfucking, and probably even more cocksucking. I did one or the other or both at the same time pretty much the entire time, although he did have a few strategic breaks."

"Phew! That sounds hot! Did you keep his cock stiff and thick and constantly throbbing with pleasure?"

Alan couldn't believe they were talking about this so openly.

Suzanne winked knowingly. "You know I did."

"Beautiful! I love it. I could just kiss you!" Katherine blew Suzanne a kiss.

Suzanne responded by opening her mouth and pretending to French kiss back.

Katherine responded in kind.

From Alan's point of view, sitting between them, it appeared that Katherine and Suzanne were mimicking actually French kissing each other, though of course there was no real touching since they remained a good ten feet apart. It seemed that they were really getting into it, ignoring him completely.

Finally, after nearly a minute of this, Amy came into the living room to say that the cookies were almost ready. Katherine and Suzanne stopped their antics immediately, before Amy could see them.

Alan was confused, just like the time he'd seen them French kiss each other a few days earlier. Are they teasing me? Trying to turn me on? They certainly succeeded in that! Are they just having fun describing how they're "helping me out," or are they even having some kind of competition? Or is there something sexual happening between those two? Things here are good, but really weird.

Then Susan came into the living room, holding a tray of steaming hot cookies. "Snack time, everyone!"

As Katherine took a few cookies from the tray, she said, "Sounds like Aunt Suzy already had her snack time. She was just telling me that she sucked Brother off for over half an hour, nearly non-stop!"

Susan frowned. She said, "Angel, please! Can we not talk like that? It's not proper. Especially because..." She nodded towards Amy.

Amy was already eating her cookies and seemed unaware that she was being discussed.

Suzanne's demeanor changed as she thought about Amy listening in. "Yes. Angel, please. Your mom has a good point." She also nodded knowingly towards Amy.

Amy went back home shortly after the cookies were eaten. She'd already seen "There's Something about Mary" a few times, so she made her excuses by saying that she had a painting which she wanted to work on.

The rest of the gang resumed watching the movie. With Amy gone, they could all act and speak a little more freely, but things didn't change much. The women were fairly thoroughly clothed, at least by recent standards, and they all got caught up in the movie.

The only major difference from the way things had been in the "old days" was that everyone knew Katherine would be sucking Alan off next, and Suzanne at least wasn't shy about openly acknowledging that fact. For instance, when they paused the movie for a bio break, Suzanne helped herself to a Popsicle from the kitchen refrigerator, then said to Susan as she sat back down, "Would you like something to lick, like a Popsicle? Not all of us are lucky enough to have Alan's cock on our menu later tonight." As she said that latter, she nodded her head toward Katherine.

Susan protested, "Suzanne! Please. That's so improper."

Suzanne purposely pretended to misunderstand, to believe that it was just the one word that offended Susan. "Oh, I'm sorry. I should refer to it as a penis, not a cock. I always forget. What if I say instead, 'Unfortunately, Angel is the only one on deck to get a swing from Alan's big bat.'"

Susan gave a disapproving look, but could hardly complain about "bat" since she herself was now saying the word "cock" dozens of times a day. She only said those words when she got really horny, but that now seemed to be the case quite often. Still, with Katherine in the room, she was trying harder than usual to maintain some degree of propriety.

Suzanne turned to Alan as she unwrapped her Popsicle, "Although, Sweetie, aren't you still a long way from six times today? Couldn't you use some more help? Is one tongue at a time enough to get you off, or would you like two at once?"

Susan was quick to say, "Suzanne, stop that. Really! We're trying to watch the movie."

Suzanne began licking her Popsicle. "It's on pause, Susan. Don't you think that if Sweetie needs two tongues at once, we should oblige?"

"That's very unseemly, if not downright immoral. I told you already that cocksucking, I mean, uh, pleasuring his penis, is a very private matter. Two at once, I don't think that's proper. And although, admittedly, his penis is a tough beast to tame, I've... I've..."

Suzanne prodded, "Yes? You've..." She was now blatantly licking her Popsicle as if it were a big prick. She let it drip down onto herself, which wasn't really a problem since she was wearing very scanty clothing to begin with.

That sight made Susan completely lose track of her words. It was like she was having a flashback to what she'd seen while peeking in on Alan and Suzanne upstairs, again setting her privates aflame with lust.

She thought, What's wrong with me? Why, I'm looking at that Popsicle as if it was, as if it was ... a penis! If Suzanne only knew what she was doing to me! But I can hardly ask her to stop her innocent snack eating. I must be going sex-mad!

Suzanne gave Susan a slightly wicked smile while continuing to lick. There was nothing even slightly innocent or accidental in what she was doing.

Susan looked at Suzanne's Popsicle with a desperate longing. It was quite penis-like in appearance except for the pinkish color. She licked her lips and lurched slightly forward, but then she regained some self-control. Finally, she managed to say, "I've, uh, I've always managed with just my one tongue, thank you very much."

Alan and Katherine were also transfixed by Suzanne's drippy Popsicle. Katherine realized what Suzanne was really doing, which left her more amused than aroused. She did her best to suppress a fit of giggles.

Alan attempted to appear not to notice how Suzanne expertly and lovingly consumed the cold, round bar, but it gave him a raging erection. He thought, I've seen long tongues, but Aunt Suzy's is simply unreal! I mean, I know how it feels in action, but I don't usually get to SEE it from this perspective. It's almost like an out-of-body experience. It's as if that's my dick she's licking right now!

In fact, on the whole, Aunt Suzy seems less like a human being and more like a succubus, a creature perfectly designed to give a man pleasure. Perfectly designed to wrap that freakishly long tongue around my dick and jack it off in her mouth even while she sucks on it with her thick, red lips... To think that just a little while ago, that tongue was licking my balls clean. Oh God, I can't take it! Serious painful schwing time!

Suzanne was always looking for opportunities to bring references to Alan's dick, handjobs, and blowjobs into normal conversations with Susan, but this had been her boldest move yet.

Katherine also was excited by Suzanne's sensuous licking. When she saw that the big lump in Alan's shorts wasn't going down even after the Popsicle was gone, she winked at Suzanne and said, "Brother, we need to talk."bender

He was confused, especially since she made quote marks in the air when she said "talk." But he said, "Okay, sure. What about?"

"I'll tell you in private, in the den." She dragged her brother to the den - a family office that shared a wall with the kitchen.

When they got there, Katherine was careful to keep the door open a crack.

"Okay, what do you want to talk..." Alan's voice trailed off, because he saw Katherine take off her clothes. Unlike Suzanne's striptease earlier, Katherine didn't want to tease, but just get naked as soon as possible.

She dropped to her knees before him and took his boner in her hand. "As for talking, I could give you a lot of lip service, or... I could give you a lot of LIP service, if you know what I mean." She giggled. She lashed her way down to his sweet spot.

They were standing just inside the room, so Alan tried to reach over her and close the door to give them some privacy.

But Katherine saw that and stopped him. "Nuh-uh!" Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Let's see what happens. I'll bet Aunt Suzy is smart enough to figure out what's going on in here and get Mom to listen from the kitchen."

He thought, Shit! It's a sex conspiracy. Both Aunt Suzy and Sis seem intent on corrupting Mom as fast as possible.

Dang! I love it!

Once the teens left, Suzanne took Susan straight to the kitchen to have a talk.

Susan didn't think anything special of the locale, since she often had conversations with Suzanne there. But Suzanne had chosen it precisely because she knew they'd be able to hear some of what was

happening in the den, since Katherine had told them that she was taking Alan there. From the lusty look on Katherine's face when she'd left, Suzanne had been certain that a lot of mouthing, rather than talking, had been her intent.

Suzanne chastised her best friend, saying, "Why did you treat Katherine so harshly for giving Sweetie a blowjob the other day, when the girl was only trying to help out with his ever-erect penis?"

Susan retorted, "I caught her in the act! She was doing it behind my back!"

"True," Suzanne conceded. "That's not good. But still, isn't it hypocritical to punish her for doing the same thing you've been doing behind her back? Is it fair for you to lick on his hard rod, and stuff it in your mouth whenever you please, and then slather your tongue all over it even while your lips slip and slide up and down his sweet spot, but deny her the same pleasure? You're letting her do it openly now, so how could it have been wrong before?"

Susan decided to stand her ground. "It IS wrong! The Bible says it's wrong. I'm being far too soft letting her do anything with him at all."

"Oh, is that so?" Suzanne pulled out a small piece of paper and waved it around. "I figured you'd be stubborn about this, so I did a little bit of Biblical research on the topic of so-called brother-sister incest. It turns out the Bible says that's perfectly okay."

"What?! No it doesn't!"

"Well, see here." Suzanne read from her paper. "Did you ever hear of the story of Jacob, in Genesis?"

Susan was taken aback. "Um... In Genesis? I don't think so..."

"Then check out Genesis 29. Jacob marries two sisters, Rachel and Leah, who are also his first cousins."

Susan said, "Yeah, but those are cousins. Angel is Tiger's sister!"

"True, but current definitions of incest include first cousins. Clearly, those don't jibe with the Bible. And note there were TWO sisters married to the same man. That's yet another example of polygamy being okay. Besides, what about Genesis 20, and the story of Abraham and Sarah? I even wrote down a direct quote: 'She is indeed my sister, the daughter of my father though not the daughter of my mother, and she became my wife.'"

Susan asked, "Is that THE Abraham, the patriarch?"

"Yes!"

"Oh dear." Susan fretted and fiddled with her hands.

Suzanne waved the paper around some more. "Here it is, clear as day: sister and brother sex is approved of in the Bible! And yes, you could say they're only half-siblings, but need I remind you that Angel and Tiger aren't genetically siblings at all? So what do you have to say to THAT?!"

"Well..." Susan didn't know what to say. She was shocked that was actually in the Bible.

Suzanne waved her hands around, her passion rising. "Furthermore, what about the immediate descendants of Adam and Eve? There had to have been all kinds of brother and sister baby making there, since they were the only people on Earth! Or what about the story of Noah? The only people to get on the ark were him, his wife, his sons, and his son's wives. How the heck could they repopulate the Earth without a whole lot of so-called incest? To have enough genetic diversity, everybody would have had to have babies with every other possible partner. That's a scientific fact. Which means there had to have been mother-son incest there as well."

Susan was stumped. Finally, she ventured, "Maybe... maybe some of those stories are exaggerations or misunderstood. I mean, it could be some other people survived the Great Flood, high up on mountain peaks or something. We don't necessarily have the whole story."

Suzanne was secretly shocked to hear that, since Susan normally took the Bible very literally. She didn't want to shoot down a possibly more flexible way of thinking. So instead she countered by saying, "Maybe so, but what about the story of Abraham and Sarah then? There's absolutely no wiggle room there. They were brother and sister. They got married. They had kids. Which means they had sex! And it's in the Bible without a hint of disapproval!"

"Oh dear." Susan fiddled with her hands. She didn't know how to dispute that.

Suzanne handed the piece of paper to Susan. "Here, this has all the citations so you can look these things up yourself later. Anyway, I think you're just being selfish, and you're using religion as an excuse to justify your behavior."

"Selfish?!" Susan clutched her hands to her chest defensively.

"Why are you the only one in this house allowed to fill your belly with his warm, sticky semen? Is it maybe that you're just jealous, and you don't want to share his delicious gift? Perhaps you want his hot, throbbing cock all to yourself? Is it that you want to spend hours and hours lapping his big fat cock with your loving tongue while your sliding lips make him moan lustily for his big-titted mommy?"

Susan was overwhelmed by the barrage of questions, finding herself increasingly both flustered and aroused by the sexual way Suzanne described things. But the accusation of jealousy finally prodded her into a response. "No! I'm not jealous, and I'm not selfish either. It just takes some getting used to, that's all. I mean, to have a sister suck off her own brother..." She frowned, and felt her moral indignation returning.

Suzanne quickly interrupted that train of thought. "So it's all right for the mother, but not the daughter? If you prohibit her then you have to prohibit yourself. Maybe you should leave it to me. I'd be happy to take his beefy rod and slaver my saliva all over it, and work it, pump it with my lips, and generally treat it with the love and devotion it needs, several times a day. Do you really have what it takes to properly pleasure and revere his erection any time he needs it, or are you going to get all morally indignant again? Do you really have what it takes to expertly serve his big cock? Maybe you should leave it to more experienced experts."

Susan protested, "No, please! I promise, I'll do better! It's just that, with Katherine, my sweet Angel, I'm her mother. I suppose you're right about the incest part, although I still find that hard to believe, but I need to have some authority and control over what happens in my house. Surely you can understand that? I'm afraid of losing control!"

As Susan was talking, she became aware of what sounded like slurping sounds coming from the nearby den. The sounds bothered and flustered her, because she knew exactly what was going on. At first she tried to ignore them, but the moans, grunts, and slurps grew louder and louder. She tried to push the sounds from her mind and focus all her attention on what Suzanne was saying.

Suzanne conceded, "It's not such a bad idea if you give permission first before Angel helps him out. After all, you're the natural one to coordinate his orgasms and make sure that his fat tool shoots out its thick ropes of sticky cum at least six times a day." She continued to make a point of dropping in keywords and phrases that she knew would trigger Susan's lust, even as she was trying to make a serious point.

She continued, hyping Alan at every opportunity, "A well-hung boy like him probably could use a coordinator to keep track of all the busty babes sucking him off, to make sure everyone gets a turn slurping and sliding their hands and lips up and down and all around his big hard man meat. Not to mention pleasuring his balls. But don't you think that grounding her for a whole week is too harsh?"bender

The words were having an effect. Susan was finding it harder and harder not to slip off to a happy cocksucking fantasyland. Nonetheless, she was about to launch into a defense of her actions when she heard Alan shout out, "Oh fuck, yeah! Like that, Sis! Suck it just like that! I'm in heaven!"

Susan's mouth froze and her eyes glazed over. She spaced out, thinking intently about what was happening in the next room and how it could be her in there instead of her daughter. First I happened to see what happened upstairs, and now this! I thought we had a big house, but I can hardly turn around without seeing or hearing Alan's cock getting pleased. It's not fair!

After a prolonged pause, she snapped to and said, "Uh, where was I?"

Suzanne tried to stifle a chuckle. "Pretty thin walls, huh?" Although the den and kitchen shared a wall anyway, Katherine had intentionally left the door ajar that led from the den to the kitchen, so there really were no walls to muffle their joy.

Susan blushed. She had to clutch at her breasts to keep them from bouncing around too much, in time to her heavy breathing. "Yeah. Next time I'm going to have to insist they go to his room. ... What was I saying? Oh yeah. The reason that I-"

"FUCK!" Alan yelled, interrupting her again. "Sis! Holy fuck! Where the hell did you learn how to do that with your lips? Dang! ... Do that some more!"

The slurping sounds grew louder. Susan felt as if the cock-licking was happening mere inches from her face, but she was beyond frustrated that in fact there was no cock there for her to lick.

Susan reflexively brought her hands down to her crotch and just clutched them there. She crossed her legs too and squeezed, making her look very much like someone who had an urgent need to pee. That left her braless tits bouncing, but she had only two hands. Her eyes glazed over again as she got lost in the sounds of continued sucking, but she slowly returned to Suzanne and said in a spacey voice, "Huh? We were talking about... Oh yes - punishment for Katherine."

Alan could be heard very clearly saying, "Sis! Please! You never did THAT before. Stop for a sec, or I'm going to lose it!"

Katherine replied even louder, "Oh, Brother! God, I love you! BIG Brother! So big! So hard! So yummy! I LOVE this! Let me suck it! Please? Please let me suck it some more?! Give it to me! Mmmm."

"You think YOU love it? This is awesome! You are SUCH a good cocksucker! And I love how you're playing with my balls too."

In the kitchen, Suzanne nudged Susan and said quietly, "Did you hear that? Remember what I always tell you?"

Suzanne had been "always telling" Susan a lot of things lately, but Susan understood that she was referring to the importance of fondling Alan's balls. She nodded, since she didn't want to miss any of the conversation in the adjacent room.

Katherine cooed, "How about this spot here? ... Mmmm. Yum."

Alan exclaimed, "YES! Right there! That's the spot! Fuck! ... Oh Jesus! Sweet Jesus! I'm gonna lose it if you keep doing that!"

Susan grew both huffy and uncertain as she listened intently to every word and sound coming from the other room. Finally, she forgot all about her previous conversation and asked quietly, "Suzanne, what exactly do you think she's doing in there? What spot are they talking about?"

Suzanne said, "You know the one. It's gotta be his sweet spot, the frenulum. Don't tell me you don't know that. How many times a day do I tell you to focus your attentions there?"

"Of course," Susan enthused. "That's the BEST! Whenever I lick there, his moaning is so happy, and really loud! It makes me cream, just listening to him. I just know that waves of pleasure are shooting out from there, flying up and down his big cock, and making him tingle everywhere!"

"You mean moans like how he's making now?"

Susan listened closely, but she was upset because he was even louder than usual. She didn't realize that he and Katherine were deliberately playing things up for her ears. "Yes, but... He's never that vocal with me... Am I doing something wrong? Do you think she knows some techniques I don't? I thought I was doing pretty well. You have to teach me more!"

"Why don't you ask her when she's done, Susan? Then you two can trade techniques and both become better. Don't you want to be a loyal, obedient cocksucker worthy of your son's fabulous tool?"

"Well, yes, of course!" Her breathing was growing even heavier, and she finding it difficult to fight the urge to play with her sensitive nipples. But even if she'd tried to play with them, she would have been going after a moving target, because her tits were in such continual motion.

"Just think how much more cum he'll shoot every load after you and Angel become a sexy team, working to share knowledge to get better at it all the time."

Susan blushed, but nodded. What have things come to? Two weeks ago I couldn't have imagined sitting around with my own daughter, discussing how to suck Tiger's cock. Even if it is for his medical treatment. But there's no way I'm going to be the second best cocksucker around here! I can't allow Angel to keep her superior techniques secret. Oh boy, listen to him moan! He never sounds like that with me. If only I could stick my head in there... If we share, at least no one will have an unfair advantage.

Suzanne saw Susan's heaving chest. Her nipples were poking straight out, and she had a generally sexually delirious look on her face. Now was the time to ask her again about Katherine's punishment, in hopes of getting some leniency. She prodded, "But what about the grounding? Please explain why you have to ground her. I just don't think it's fair. How can the three of us all work as a big-titted cocksucking team if you treat her like that?"

Susan barked impatiently, "Screw the grounding! She doesn't need... Look. Fine. No grounding. But I can't believe what my children are doing to each other. Let's get out of here! Let's go outside. I need some air!"

Susan truly hated to punish her children; she'd always kept them in line through a heartfelt combination of love, guilt, and expressed disappointment. Punishments weren't really her style.

Mission accomplished, Suzanne walked outside with Susan.

When Susan got really horny, she easily forgot how loud she could get. As a result, she hadn't realized that Katherine and Alan could hear a lot of what she and Suzanne were saying to each other. Katherine pumped a fist in the air triumphantly when she heard her grounding punishment being canceled. She pulled her lips off his shaft and whispered, "Aunt Suzy rocks, do you know that?"

"I do!" He laughed, because even saying that she rocked was an understatement.

Then his sister engulfed his boner to below his sweet spot. Her cheeks became concave as she turned on the suction.

He clutched desperately at her hair as he tried his best not to cum. But things were simply too exciting and he knew it was a losing battle.

A few minutes later, after the blowjob was over, Katherine came out to the back patio where Suzanne and Susan were sitting in the cool night air. (Alan was still in the den, recovering from yet another fantastic climax.) Katherine had to stifle the urge to laugh out loud, because Susan and Suzanne were both sucking on Popsicles. Susan was attacking hers as if it contained the essence of life itself.

Susan was so into her licking that she didn't even realize that Katherine was there. She lapped at it just as if she were concentrating on the frenulum below the head of a cock. She was still high on lust from listening to her children going at it in the den, and the Popsicle was her only outlet since Suzanne was still with her.

Suzanne happened to be facing the door as Katherine arrived, so winked at her young friend.

Katherine winked back. Susan didn't catch either wink, since she was facing Suzanne but concentrating on the Popsicle.

Suzanne decided to act as if Katherine wasn't there, even though it was no big deal that she was. She just wanted to have some fun with Susan. "You know, Susan, I'll bet Sweetie is about ready to give up his creamy load right around now. He's got incredible stamina, so who knows, but I'll bet he's ready to blow. In fact, he could be spewing his load all over Angel's face even as we speak!"

Susan was licking her Popsicle so intently that all she could manage to say was, "Suzanne. ... Improper."

Suzanne pretended not to hear, or care. "Yep. Our sweet Angel is growing up fast. I'm sure she's going to be a very talented cocksucker before long. I'm curious though: I wonder if he came on her face, or her chest, or in her mouth?"

Katherine stuck out her tongue, proudly showing off a gob of Alan's sticky seed resting right on the tip. She hoped that Suzanne would understand that attempt to answer the question non-verbally.

Suzanne just smiled knowingly. She said to Susan, "Your daughter is showing a lot of spunk."

Katherine found that hilarious. She wanted to not laugh, but she couldn't help herself. The best she could manage was that she covered her mouth with a hand and rushed back into the house. Luckily, the screen door was still open. She made it all the way to the kitchen before she broke into a giggle fit.

Susan turned around at that point, since she could hear the giggling due to the open door. She saw Katherine standing alone in the kitchen, so she figured that she'd just thought of something funny.

In fact, the naïve mother had completely missed Suzanne's innuendo, especially as Suzanne covered up for it by further explaining how Susan should be proud of her daughter's take-charge attitude when it came to sucking off her brother.

Suzanne was pleased. Even though they hadn't worked it out in advance, she had worked with Katherine to set up the situation, maneuvering Susan into the kitchen to overhear the purposely loud blowjob in the room next door. Suzanne hoped this would only be the start of closer cooperation to help Susan lose her remaining sexual restraints that much faster.

That incident went further to breaking down Susan's reluctance to have Katherine fully involved. Afterwards, when Susan thought of Katherine blowing Alan, she still tended to get upset, but she also got more aroused than upset.

Suzanne really did know exactly how to push Susan's buttons.