

## 6 Times 341

### Chapter 341 Ultimate Hotness

After everyone else left or went to bed, Susan came into Alan's room for his goodnight kiss and tuck-in. He was still sitting in front of his computer, dressed in the same T-shirt as before. He'd changed from shorts to blue jeans though, because the house got colder at night.

Susan was dressed in another revealing, newly purchased nightie, plus high heels. If her outfit didn't make her desires clear enough, her easily visible, erect nipples provided another clue.

She said, "Tiger, I'm concerned. I've been counting, and checking your chart. I think you've only 'done your thing' four times today. Is that right?"

"Well, yeah, but they were four really great times." A great smile spread across his face as he recalled his times with Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy.

"That's not good enough. What would nurse Akami think? I know you need a break, but can't you at least get it up to five?"

He thought snarkily, Hmmm. I wonder who she'll volunteer to help me with the fifth? I wonder, heh-heh! But he said, "Sorry, Mom, I'm really pooped. Today is Sunday, the day of rest and all that. I'll make it up later." He meant it, too. If there was anyone who could excite him it was Susan, but he truly felt sexually exhausted.

However, she wasn't about to take 'No' for an answer. "Alan Evan Plummer. Don't shirk your responsibilities. One day of only four means another day of at least eight further down the line, just to keep your average at six. Five is much better. I insist that this tuck-in include another blowjob. It's for your own good."

"Well, I don't know. For one thing, I don't think I could get it up again even if I wanted to. In any case, mentally I've had enough today."

"Tiger, it's my responsibility to make sure you don't fall off track. Sometimes you have to push yourself. What will it take? What do I have to do to squeeze one more load out of you?" She leaned forward and let her huge knockers sway and dangle.

He smiled, considering the tempting possibilities. He could hardly wait to get his hands on her round, supple tits and ass. He could feel his dick starting to engorge, after which his resolve to take it easy on his penis was quickly forgotten. However, he decided he might have more fun if he continued to play hard to get. "Well, for one thing, Mom, it goes without saying that you should take your clothes off. All of them."

Her cheeks grew flushed and her breathing became labored. "All of them?"

"Yes, all of them. Remember, I have total control over what you wear or don't wear in the house. And I want you naked. Now!"

She loved how forceful he sounded. She asked eagerly, "What about my high heels? Certainly I should keep them on, right?"

"Sure. But lose the rest. Then come sit on my lap and let me 'get your attention.' Then maybe, maaaaybe, I'll be up for another time."

She sighed, but it was obvious that she was just doing so for show. "Well, all right. Just remember that I'm doing this for your own good." She was out of the flimsy nightie in seconds, preening her bare body for him, stretching her arms up high. She basked in his obvious approval.

He was wowed, as usual. When she turned in place to show off her back side, that gave him an idea. "Hey Mom, could I ask you a special favor?"

She was brimming with excitement. This is it! He's going to want to make me kneel and SUCK! "Sure, Son. Anything for you."

"Could you bare your back for me? I love your long, brown hair, but I so rarely get to see your back completely exposed."

"But of course." She was slightly disappointed that it wasn't a cocksucking request, but she liked the idea of being even more exposed. She swept her hair aside and struck another sexy pose.

He thought, Dang! That's my mom! How many guys have moms like that?! None, that's how many. She could be twenty, twenty-five, tops. I'm getting so horny! And I love her long hair, but her ass looks even better when you can see her entire shapely back. UGH!

She went on posing like that for another minute or two, but she couldn't see the usual bulge in his jeans, so she was uncertain whether she'd gotten him hard yet or not.

His dick had definitely fully engorged, thanks to all her preening and posing, but he purposely kept his jeans on and positioned in a way that would help cover up that fact. He didn't want her to know his condition too soon.

Determined to take her stimulation effort to the next level, she stopped and asked, "How would you like me to sit?"

He motioned, "Here. Put both feet up on the chair, on either side of my legs. That way you'll be close enough that I can easily reach your ass."

She got up on the chair as he requested, but she complained, "But look. That puts my pussy practically right where your penis is. And I'm naked! We can't have that. It's far too improper."

"Don't worry. I'll keep it in my pants for the moment." He reached around and started groping her butt.

"We can't have that either! If your penis gets hard, you have to let it out. I don't want you to suffer on my account. You really should let it out and let it breathe. Please pick a different position." She longed to feel his cock in her hands, if not in her mouth already. But at the same time, thinking about his cock being in such close proximity to her vagina was causing her fuck lust to rise, and that concerned her. So a different position was the obvious solution.

He responded, "I'll endure just this once. I really feel like having an easy reach to grope your tits and ass at the same time. Here. I'll keep it in my underwear." He unzipped his jeans, leaving his boner poking through the fly of his jeans but still restrained by his underwear.

She looked at the phallic shape in his underwear and decided she could live with that. She leaned forward so that her boobs dangled in his face. "And look at this. I can't help but fall forward, so that now my breasts are practically smothering you."

He couldn't help but smile. "I'll try to endure that too."

Her protests grew more playful. "That's not the point! This isn't really a proper position for a moral, righteous mommy to sit in, don't you think? It's just so scandalous, the way you treat my hard, firm body like it's a soft and squeezable curvy toy for you to play with. I mean, do you think Sean's mother kisses him goodnight like this? Or Peter's? What would your classmates think if they knew your mommy sat naked in your lap to kiss you goodnight every night? Don't you think they might get the impression that she's nothing but your sexual plaything?"

Before he could answer, Susan yelled out, "Good Lord!" She cried out because he'd stuck a finger deep inside her anus. "Not that, Tiger! You're embarrassing me! Not up the butt! That is SOOO improper, I can't even begin to tell you!"

He stopped, worried that he was doing something wrong. He knew from Akami that his finger needed to be properly lubricated before one stuck it up an asshole, since the ass had no natural lubrication. However, he'd thoroughly coated his finger with saliva first, so he doubted that was the problem. He'd tried this technique on her before and she'd responded positively, so he was confused.

Surprisingly, she reached back, grabbed his wrist, and forced his hand to keep thrusting in and out of her asshole. Yet she also said, "That's a dirty, nasty, evil hole! You can't poke so deeply!" Sometimes not even she herself knew when she was teasing or when she really wanted him to stop. She did know what he was doing felt surprisingly good, so she humped her ass against his finger while voiced a particularly loud and lusty "MMMM!"

Encouraged, he quickly followed that by placing his other hand on one of her massive melons, which he groped vigorously. He brought her nipple to his mouth and sucked, even while he kept rhythmically probing her asshole with the finger of his other hand. Susan's forward-swept hair flew into his face as she started rocking. He couldn't see much, but he didn't care - everything felt fantastic.

She cried out, "No, Tiger! Stop that right now!" This time, she wasn't upset because he was violating some rule; she was just getting too horny from his nipple suckling. She wouldn't have said anything except for how close his dick was to her hot cunt. She could easily imagine him slipping it into her in

another minute or two, if he kept decimating her resistance with his extremely arousing fondling and suckling.

He came immediately to a complete stop, looking up as if awaiting further orders. He really hated to upset her.

Susan was so chagrined that she had to stop her rocking. She waited a few moments for him to resume any movement, but that didn't happen.

She stopped, pressing her body closely against him, which placed his erection nearly directly under her slit. Copious amounts of pre-cum had soaked his underwear, so she could feel a wet slickness right up against her opening. It was so exciting that she could barely breathe. She placed her faith in his underwear being able to keep his erection from accidentally sliding into her cunt.

Finally she said, "You don't have to always take me so darned literally. Sometimes when a woman says stop, she really doesn't mean it exactly."

"What does she mean?"

"She could mean that you should play with her big busty body! Grasp her titties hard, like you own them!"

His lips were no longer on her nipple, but he resumed sawing into her asshole and groping at her tit.

She returned to her rocking. His turgid cock was somehow still miraculously constrained by his underwear, but she delighted in rubbing her bush against it with every forward thrust of her body. With each new thrust, she tried to linger, pressed against him as long as she could. She squirmed around a bit until her labia found the head of his cock. Between his fluids and hers, his underwear was so wet around his cock that it was practically translucent. They were skating on increasingly thin ice.

He asked her casually, "How do I know when a 'no' means a 'no,' and when a 'no' means a 'yes?'"

"That'll come with practice, Tiger. Mmmm! Generally assume a 'no' means 'yes' and keep pushing. If you do that, then sometimes even a sincere 'no' will become a 'yes.' YES! Mmmm! Just walk all over me! I meant, uh, her. Be a real man. Force her to do what you want. MMMM! Bend her to your will!"

He'd resumed sucking a nipple, but stopped to say, "Okay." He reached down and pulled his boner free from his underwear.

Susan could immediately feel the difference of real skin on skin the next time she rocked forward. She felt her slit touch his stiff erection, and it hit her like a bolt of lightning. She could feel her vagina open and her labia almost wrap around the sides of his shaft. Oh crud! He's taking me literally! I didn't mean he could do THAT! Well, it serves me right, after giving that advice. I guess I'll just have to take whatever he chooses to do to me! I'm probably FUCKED! Literally!

She rotated her hips, sliding his stiffness all over her labia. Her pussy lips felt a thousand times more sensitive than her normal lips. She was leaking like a faucet, almost drooling between her legs as much as her mouth would while giving him a good blowjob. Yet she screamed in her mind, Suzanne! Please! Save me! Angel! Anybody! Don't let him stick his thick fuck-meat into my tight little slit! It'll feel too good, and I'll cum so hard that I'll probably DIE!

She was gripped by the idea of just how easy it would be to slide his boner right into her hot box. I wouldn't even have to make it obvious and use my hands. If I position myself right, my labia will grasp it and the underwear will get pulled the rest of the way off as he slides on in. Home run! We're supposed to be helping him in a way that doesn't chafe or abuse his powerful cock. Isn't the best way to stimulate him with my soft vaginal walls? It's so natural. So close. I'd just be following doctor's orders. Mommy needs to get FUCKED! All I have to do is move myself just a little bit...

But visions of eternal hellfire suddenly popped into her head. Years of conditioning that incest was an evil sin came to the fore. She changed her temperament again and belatedly shouted, "No, Tiger, no! I didn't mean me, now! I was speaking in general! Please don't! Really, this time! You might just rock your cock right into my vagina! And then we'd be fucking!"

He had more than half a mind to do just that. He thought, Shit, this is ridiculous! I never know what she wants! She's saying no, but she's still bouncing on it! And her ass is sucking my finger. God, this is some kind of torture. Maybe I should just fuck her and sort it all out later. Isn't that what she really wants, deep down?

Perhaps sensing that mood, she pulled back and hopped off him. "Tiger, really. I'm your mother! Boundaries! Anyway, this is supposed to be about a blowjob."

She dropped to her knees.

Alan nearly shot his wad just seeing her there, completely naked and deliberately wiggling her tits and hips at him from between his legs. But what turned him on the most was an almost wicked expression on her face as she looked up at him. She may have had issues with vaginal intercourse, but she was completely in love with cocksucking.

She cradled his throbbing erection in her hands and said, "Technically, I shouldn't be allowing you to touch such private places at all, especially that nasty thing your finger was doing to my poop hole. You've already thoroughly gotten my attention, for one thing, and if I remember, that's the only legitimate excuse for you to fondle my ass. But I'll let you keep doing what you were doing, this time. If you want." Her words sounded a bit reluctant, but her eyes said, "Don't stop!"

Alan wasn't able to keep suckling on her nipples, given her new position, but he leaned forward and played with her tits and ass while she sucked his shaft. His hands roamed all over her body - everywhere but her pussy (which was out of reach anyway).

However, his moves were only half-hearted this time, because he was so distracted by her talented and near-desperate cocksucking, especially her surprisingly strong suction.

He thought, just as he felt the inevitable tightening in his balls, I own your body now, Mom! I own it! Every inch of it but one spot, and that will come in time! I'm gonna FUCK you!

She pulled back a few inches and opened her mouth wide. With her fingers wrapped around his cock, she made sure his ropes of cum made it to her mouth. Then she closed the distance and sucked and teased his manhood in every way she could, to extract every last drop of cum.

She finished up with a thorough licking, a complete cleaning of his crotch.

He sat back and lazily ran a hand through her long, dark brown hair while she spent some extra time thoroughly licking his balls. Five times today. That's pretty decent. After all, I've been doing seven in

recent days, so I'm maintaining the average. What's even better is how happy Mom is these days, giving me blowjobs so freely and happily, not to mention so well!

I wonder what it would be like to fuck her ass? Nah. That's gross. But what about her other hole? Maybe I could help her get off one more time?

"Tiger! What are you doing?"

His thumb was now opening her labia. He was able to bend over and just barely reach her there.

He removed the thumb. "Oh, sorry. I was just..."

Susan was incredibly aroused by him touching her labia, but she feared where it might lead, and still really feared her ability to control her own urges. She hopped off him. "Mommy has to go! She has to take care of ... some things!" She ran off naked to masturbate in her room, forgetting to pick up her nightie from the floor.

Technically, she hadn't tucked him in yet, but it wasn't like Alan was upset about that. In fact it didn't even occur to him.

Later, as he drifted off to sleep, cradling her nightie in his hands and smelling her perfume on it, he recalled her words: "Just walk all over her! Be a real man. Force her to do what you want. Bend her to your will!" That's what I need to learn how to do. I need to get more aggressive. I could totally be fucking Mom already if I just had some fucking guts.

I think she secretly wants it. Didn't Aunt Suzy suggest that Mom secretly wants it? I kind of remember that from last night. But if I hear "no," I really believe it. Especially from her. ... But if she really wants it, then why did she leave all of a sudden?

Dang it! I get so confused. She's such a cocktease. I know she's going through a rough time lately. It's like she's flipping from being an Amish farm wife to a Las Vegas stripper in a matter of days. I'm trying to be patient, but how long will she keep flip-flopping with all her weird, contradictory rules? Ugh!



And Aunt Suzy doesn't want to get too far ahead of Mom. I get that. But come on! What if we do it secretly or something, when Mom isn't around? I should have just stuck it in her during that pool cleaning incident, but I was too chicken. Too fucking considerate. Yet I love them, and I don't want to see them hurt in any way. I can't just be selfish, can I? Or is it selfish, if that's what they really want too? Arrgh! My head is gonna explode!

You know, if I had more guts, I'd be in EVERYBODY'S pants already. Not just Sis, and at school. Enough of these blowjobs. I want to fuck you, Mom! And Aunt Suzy, too! And Aims! And Sis at home, so everyone knows! I'm gonna do it, too. It's just a matter of time, and being bold enough!

#### Chapter 342 Kath's Dream

Katherine was dreaming, although she didn't realize it. In her dream she was lying naked in Alan's bed, getting fucked by him from behind. However, this wasn't an ordinary fucking, because she was eight months pregnant, with a heavy belly the size of a beach ball. Instead, it was more like they were cuddling, except that Alan's erection was fully sheathed inside her, just the way that she liked to hold him. Sometimes he would twitch or move his dick inside her just a bit, and sometimes she'd rhythmically squeeze him with her pussy muscles. Either way, it was heavenly for both of them as they lay spooned together in his bed with one of her legs bent to give him easy access to her honeypot.

They could have gone on like that for hours, but eventually Susan interrupted by knocking on the door. "Morning, kids! Rise and shine!"

Katherine spoke through the door. "Hey, Mom. We're already up."

"Can I come in?"

Alan replied, "Sure."

Susan opened the door and strolled in, wearing nothing but a sexy see-through nightie. She evidenced no dismay or surprise when she saw her two children lying in bed fucking. Instead, she smiled broadly with pride and pleasure. "Look at you lovebirds. Angel, the way you're glowing, I'd think you're still on your honeymoon."

Katherine turned and tilted her head a bit to kiss her brother's cheek and nose. "Mom, that was way over a year ago. But you know what? It still feels like we just got married!" She smiled brightly and kissed him on the mouth.

Susan pulled the covers back, allowing her to see their actual coitus. She sat down on the bed and stared. "Aaah. Just look at that! Angel, are you taking good care of your hubby's big, thick cock, like a good fuck toy should?"

"Mom, you know it!" Katherine replied proudly. "That's why he calls me his favorite fuck toy."

Susan reached out to lovingly cradle Alan's balls. "Son, don't forget you have other fuck toys who love you just as much."

"Thanks, Mom," Alan replied while subtly churning his hips, keeping his pole stirring. "And don't be offended by the 'favorite' comment, okay? You know I love you as much as humanly possible, and you're a fantastic fuck toy too. But if I don't say nice things to my wife, I'll never hear the end of it."

Katherine playfully poked an elbow into Alan's tummy. "That's right, buster! Don't you forget it!" She giggled.

Susan's fingers roamed up to where Alan and Katherine were joined. Since their fucking was relatively stationary, she was able to run her fingers along Katherine's soaked pussy lips. "My sweet Angel... Just look at all this fat cock, filling you up!" A note of concern was added to her voice. "Are you sure this is okay? After all, you're eight months pregnant."

Katherine replied, "The doctor said it's still okay as long as we're careful, remember? And look how carefully we're doing it; we're barely moving."

"I can see that," Susan said, both staring at and touching where her children's bodies joined. "But I'm concerned. I'm sure it feels nice, but how will Tiger cum at such a relaxed pace. Besides, I came in here to tell you both to come downstairs. Amy's cooking, and she wants to know what you two would like."

Katherine asked, "That reminds me. Who's looking after Alison?" In Katherine's dream, she already knew that Alison was the name of her first child with Alan, who was less than a year old.

"Suzanne's still got her," Susan replied. "She's had her all night."

"How's she been feeding?" Katherine wondered. Again, without being told, she already knew that Amy had breast-fed Alison all night, since Amy was lactating after recently having her own child with Alan. As they sometimes did, one mother took care of both babies for a while, so the other could have private time with Alan or get some sleep.

"Wonderfully," Susan replied. "Both babies were perfect little darlings. But let's get back to the problem at hand. Amy doesn't have to start breakfast just yet, but you'll want to eat soon. Remember, Angel, you're eating for two."

Katherine rolled her eyes. "I know, Mom. You tell me that every day."

"Because it's true. And you know how hard it is to get Tiger to cum. Don't you think you should up the ante?" Susan ran a hand up and down Alan's thigh while fondling his balls with her other hand. "Son, don't you think some mommy loving would help?"

Alan answered, "Mom, we're kind of in the middle of something here. Maybe if I pick up the pace..."

But Katherine said, "No, wait. She's right. We don't want you to get too carried away and possibly hurt our baby with your deep thrusting. Why don't we switch to a fun little double blowjob for a while? Then, when you get close, you can get back to fucking me so you can fill me up."

Susan clapped her hands with glee. At the same time, she joked to Katherine, "You know you're already pregnant. You're gonna have to wait for that one to come out before he can knock you up again."

Katherine just giggled in response. She wanted to say something about how good it felt being fucked while pregnant, but she was careful with her words since she knew her mother couldn't have a baby of her own.

So Susan took off her nightie and she and Katherine got busy licking Alan's throbbing boner. In this alternate dream reality, it was clear that mother and daughter had shared this task many, many times, simply because they were so good at coordinating their actions. The two of them lay between Alan's

legs, each on their side to provide room for Katherine's big belly. They both just did whatever they felt like doing at the moment, which sometimes meant engulfing his fuckmeat and bobbing on his shaft, but they were also mindful of not being too greedy, so they usually contented themselves with just licking.

Time passed. Susan and Katherine licked and stroked faster and faster. Katherine's advanced pregnancy did nothing to hinder her cocksucking, so she and her mother played Alan's cock like blowjob experts.

Eventually Alan announced, "Daddy's ready to blow!" (In this dream world, he liked to call himself "Daddy," since he was father to Katherine's and Amy's babies. He also liked its other connotations, such as being head of the family.)

"Quick!" Susan cried out. "Tiger, reposition yourself. Shoot some more of your fresh baby batter into your sister-wife!"

Within seconds, Alan was lined up, ready to go.

Susan did the honors, holding (and stroking) his cock while carefully guiding him in. As she did so, she said, "Look at this beautiful scene! Oh, Tiger! I'm so very happy you married your sister, and that you generously made fuck toys out of us all! But be careful and go slow. I'm gonna poke a finger up your ass to make sure you blow, just when you say the word 'Go.'"

Alan's hard-on bottomed out in Katherine's pussy, up against her swollen cervix. He paused for a second to take a breath, then shouted, "GO!"

As planned, Susan thrust her finger up his anus, causing him to shout out with a surge of extreme arousal.

Katherine cried out too, because she could feel her brother's cum erupting in the far depths of her vagina, against her cervix, flooding the pocket of her fornix.

She gripped her mother's hand for support and screamed, "So good! So good! Oh, Brother! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck your fuck toy forever! Oh God, I think I'm gonna die, it feels so GREAT!"

Her powerful orgasm ripped through her like a massive earthquake. But all too soon it faded, to be followed by a series of smaller aftershocks. Throughout it all she held Susan's hand tightly. As she recovered her breath, Susan leaned over her, so that mother and daughter could share a passionate French kiss.

But just as the last echoes of her orgasm faded, Katherine's dream faded away too. She slowly became aware that she was lying alone in her bed. She tried to keep her eyes closed in the hopes that she would be able to go back to sleep and resume her dream, but it was not to be.

However, she wasn't that upset, since the day was full of promise. She sat up, opened her eyes, and looked at the alarm clock by her bed. She reached over and disabled the alarm, since it was a few minutes until her usual time to wake up on a school day anyway.

She just sat there for some long moments, savoring the dream. But then she suddenly raised her arms high in the air and let out a silent scream. AWESOME! YES! What a dream! BEST! DREAM! EVER!

Exulting, she shook her fists and waved her arms around. Woo-hoo! Yee-haw! That's what I'm talking about! Oh boy!

She closed her eyes, relishing the memories of her dream for a little longer. I've had lots of waking fantasies like that, but it's soooo much better in a real dream. So vivid and real! I swear, my pussy feels all wet and stretched out, 'cos it feels like Brother really was fucking me!

She reached down and fingered her pussy lips. The wet part certainly is real enough, hee-hee! God, that was great. I should really write that down in my diary, before I forget the details. And I would totally jill myself to completion right now, except I've got Mr. Brother-Cock right across the hall, and who knows what kind of fun we'll get up to during breakfast? I can't wait!

Her other hand went to her tummy. Awww... I was so into that that I half expected to really be beachball-size. But I'm not even a little bit pregnant. Oh well. Bro is just gonna have to work on that later today... WHEN HE FUCKS ME! Woo-hoo! She raised a fist, punching it in the air.

Inspired by that thought, she suddenly bounded out of bed and started to get ready for the day. I think that dream was a sign that today is gonna be a really great day. But then again, when plans involve massive brother fucking after school, how could it not be?! Oh boy, I'm so excited!

By the time she got to the bathroom to brush her teeth and take care of her other morning needs, she'd calmed down a bit. Looking in the mirror, she asked herself, I wonder what he'd think if he knew just how much I'm into having his babies. He'd freak out, I'm sure. And he'd have a good right to. I mean, we're WAY too young. Plus, the whole brother-sister thing. Personally I couldn't care less, especially since genetics aren't a factor, but people would talk. Boy would they ever talk!bender

But they don't know the DEAL! It's just that I love my brother so much! If I had at least one of his babies, it would bond us together forever and ever!

Her mental picture changed to life after giving birth. She was holding and nursing her first baby. Oh! And lactating! How can I forget about lactating?! Not only will that be great in and of itself, but Brother will be able to suckle me too. And my boobs! Good God, what if they were to get as big as Mom's?! So cool! I want it to be NOW already!

Fleshing out that image in her mind's eye, almost as if it were a real photograph, she noticed a golden wedding ring on her ring finger. She froze, opening her eyes wide. Oh my God! That's right, I forgot: in the dream we were MARRIED! How great is THAT?! And Mom was so cool and understanding. Hell, she even kissed me on the lips! We were, like, fuck-toy sisters, united in sexual devotion to our man. I swear, that really was the best dream ever! I wish I could tell someone, but not even Aims would understand. Thank God I have my diary.

The thing is, that really IS going to be our reality someday! Aunt Suzy is on the case. I don't know what she's doing exactly, but I know it's all good. She's gonna break down Mom's prudish resistance, and then it'll be all gravy from there. SPERM-flavored gravy! Yum!

Brother may not be into becoming a father just yet, but someday - some wonderful, hopefully not-too-distant day - my dream will come true. Haters gotta hate. They wouldn't understand why I love my brother so much, but then again they don't have him for a brother. He's just such a GOOD person! The nicest, most loving guy I've ever known, hands down. I know he'll be the best father in the whole world!

Just then, she heard a knock on the bathroom door. "Hey, Sis. You in there?"

Katherine swung the door open wide. Pulling her brother into the room, as well as into her embrace, she made ready to kiss him. However, he tried to slow her down, saying, "Uh-oh! Morning breath."

"I don't care!" She socked him with a powerful French kiss, which literally left him breathless.

While he recovered, she said joyfully, "That's for you being you, Daddy!" She giggled with pure glee at adding the "daddy" part.

He asked with sincere confusion, "What did I do?"

"What did you do? More like what DIDN'T you do last night."

"Last night?! All I did was sleep."

She winked at him mysteriously. "Shows what you know... Daddy!" She'd finished her morning rituals already, so she walked past her brother, allowing him to use the bathroom.

He wondered, "There you go again, saying 'Daddy'. What's up with that?"

She stopped in the hall just outside the bathroom and turned around to look at him. "What's up with that? What's up with THAT?! Don't get me started, not unless you want to nail me, right here, right now!"

He nervously looked down the hall towards Susan's bedroom and hissed, "Shhhh! Are you mad?"

She replied, more quietly, "Yes! Mad...ly in love!" Then she blew him a kiss and went back to her room.

Alan chuckled as he closed the bathroom door behind him. Geez. Sis is weird. Boy, is she in a good mood. She must've had a nice dream or something. Or maybe she's just looking forward to our afternoon plans? I know I am!

As Alan went through his own morning ritual in the bathroom, he looked ahead to the school week. The tennis team he was on was having a big competition. They were having a round-robin tournament amongst themselves, which meant that every day each player would play three matches. It was less a competition to see who was best, and more a test of dedication and endurance. The matches began at the start of the sixth period and would run at least an hour after school, sometimes more.

Man, that's gonna be a bear. On top of that, I've got a large amount of homework to do, especially since I've been falling behind. Given all that, I doubt there's gonna be time for a lot of sexual fun. If I can just come close to my six-times-a-day average, I'll be doing really well.

Still, compared to before, it's literally infinitely better! Besides, I've got some pretty awesome plans. Now that Aunt Suzy's talked Mom out of grounding Sis, we're gonna go to Kim's house this afternoon, and Thursday too! That'll rock! I'll get to fuck Sis again! And judging from her cryptic comments just now, I think she's got it on her mind just as much as I do - maybe even more so.

And then I've got another appointment with Akami on Friday. That'll be great! Given how the last one went, I think it's probably gonna be more of a fuck session than an appointment. Sweetness! Between the tennis and my homework crunch, I'll just have to endure and survive the week. Hopefully the Akami appointment will be a fun reward at the end for all my efforts, assuming I'm not too wiped out to enjoy it.

Then there's Mom waiting downstairs right now. Jesus, why would I ever have reason to complain about anything?!

And hey, it's time to have some fun! Yesterday was a relaxed day, at least by my recent standards. It's true that there was a lot of sexual excitement, but then I had a nap and a good night's sleep, so now I'm well rested. My dick is in surprisingly good shape too, probably from cumming "only" five times. Now it's time to see what kind of mischief I can get into with Mom and Sis before school starts! He chuckled to himself.

Downstairs, Susan was going through another mood swing. Her near fuck at the party had given her pause, and the way she'd almost ended up fucking Alan the night before when his shaft was sliding against her slit gave her even more pause. She was still in love with sucking his cock, but she feared her lack of self control would lead to real fucking very soon, and that prospect really terrified her.

As usual, she'd gotten up and gone downstairs to the kitchen while her kids were still asleep. She'd dressed in her ordinary clothes, like those she would have worn back in her prudish days. She'd even



walked barefoot instead of wearing high heels. This was all part of an effort to get back to being just an ordinary housewife and mother, doing typical homemaking things.

As she prepared breakfast for her children, she thought, I just need to get through the morning without getting carried away. Tomorrow's going to be a Tuesday, and things always get a little wild on Tuesdays. That's all the more reason for me to take a break today. I need to spend the entire day doing and thinking about things that don't involve my son's glorious member. Today has to be a day I simply chill out and calm down. Suzanne can help him with his special needs instead. Heck, even my Angel can do a little bit, if need be. But not me. My day is tomorrow.

Alan came downstairs full of energy, eager to start the day. He frowned to see the way his mother was dressed, but decided not to show it. He went into the kitchen and gave her a good-morning kiss on the cheek, but she seemed strangely stand-offish about it. He didn't let that deter him either.

Katherine was already sitting at one of the stools next to the kitchen counter. She patted the stool next to hers and called Alan over to sit on it. She quietly hissed. "Psst! Bro! Come here!"

He sat down, wondering what all the whispering was about. He asked her in a low voice, "What's up?"

She spoke in a voice just quiet enough so Susan couldn't make out the words. "Bro, I've been thinking. I'm living in fuck-toy paradise, and you are too! You know what I mean?"

"No."

It wasn't surprising that he didn't understand, because she was thinking about her earlier dream and how similar their sexual desires were. She added, "Your dream is my dream. We're living the dream already! Capiche?"

"Um, kinda."

"Here, let me make it clearer for you." She reached over to his crotch and unzipped his zipper. Then she flopped his semi-flaccid penis out and began stroking it. That did the trick; in a matter of seconds it was fully engorged. She was careful to keep her arm movements below the counter's edge, so Susan couldn't see what she was doing. "Understand now?"

He nodded happily.

They had kept up a lively banter while that was happening, both because it was fun and to help mask the way her hands were stroking him below the counter.

He decided to try to draw Susan into the conversation, hoping to lighten her mood. In particular, he complimented her repeatedly.

They were all so playful that, before long, Susan started to feel a little giddy.

Taking advantage of that, Alan's comments and compliments turned more sexual. He said, "Hey, Sis, are you cold?"

"No. Not even slightly. It's gonna be another beautiful, sunny day here in paradise." She muttered under her breath so only her brother could hear, "Fuck-toy paradise, that is." She giggled.

"Huh. Neither am I," he replied. "And yet Mom looks bundled up like she's about to head out on a polar expedition. Mom, where are your snow boots?"

Susan looked away in embarrassment. "Hey. So I'm feeling a little cold. What's so bad about that?"

"Because I can't enjoy your beautiful body, Mom. How many guys are lucky enough to have a Playboy centerfold for a mother? Not too many. And your boobs! They're not only huge, they're perfect! But under that thick sweater I can't even tell if you HAVE any boobs!"

Katherine realized that getting Susan to loosen up could lead to lots more fun for everyone, so she played along. "Yeah! Mom, you're embarrassing us. Seriously. I thought you'd gotten over your prudish ways. Let's see those famous tits of yours in all their naked glory."

Susan blushed, reflexively crossing her arms over her chest. "Angel, really! You can't say that."

"But I just did. Right, Bro?"

Alan said, "Mom, could you compromise a little? At least take off the sweater. Don't you want my dick to get stiff?"

Susan started to protest, "Son, that's not a proper kind of language-"

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But Katherine interrupted. "Mom, oh come ON! We all know how important visual stimulation is for his medical treatment. You can't deny that it would be a big help if his cock would get all thick and long, and hot and throbbing! Then one of us could help him out before school, and he could have a nice cum. Wouldn't that be great, if one of us could help him out?"

She giggled, because even as she was saying that she was rubbing intently over his sweet spot. She was just using a couple of fingers, sliding against it over and over. There wasn't anything special in her motions, and there was next to no variety, but she knew that that one spot contained so many nerve endings that it would be highly effective just the same. In addition, by doing it that way, she was able to keep her arm almost completely still, without telltale motion that could be seen above the counter edge.

Susan grumbled, "Well, I suppose I could take my sweater off..."

Once she had her sweater off, the two kids started encouraging her to do more. She kept most of her clothes on, but she wound up preening and posing, thanks to their continued compliments and cheers.

Before long, she was downright horny.

About five minutes later, when Susan walked over to the dining room table to bring them glasses of orange juice, she noticed something odd. Her two children had just moved from the counter to the table in anticipation of breakfast being served. But they were sitting on the same side of the table instead of on opposite sides as they usually did. What's more, they were on the far side of the table from where the kitchen was, which also wasn't their usual habit.

Susan walked around the table and gasped. Alan's erection was poking out through his fly, while Katherine's fingers were holding it and pumping up and down.

They both calculated that Susan was horny enough that they didn't need to play around in secret. In fact, Katherine continued to lightly stroke up and down Alan's shaft while her mother stared in disbelief.

"Children! What are you doing?!"

Katherine said dismissively, "Mom, it's no big deal. Brother got a little hard, and I'm just helping him out." Seeing that she'd been found out, she decided to go all out. She bent forward, tilted her brother's erection straight up, and began ostentatiously sliding her fingers all the way up and down it, instead of just furtively rubbing his sweet spot like before.

Susan couldn't help but step closer to get a better view, even as she complained, "Well, I'm shocked! And appalled!"

Katherine brought a second hand over to fondle his balls. "Why? You heard me giving him a blowjob yesterday, didn't you? You said it was okay."

"I know, but... this is different! I will not have this house turn into a den of debauchery, especially right in the middle of breakfast!"

Katherine was still stroking away despite Susan's complaints. More and more pre-cum was slowly oozing out and drooling down his shaft. That was giving her rhythmic rubbing an increasingly wet and squishy sound. She said, "Geez, Mom, it's no biggie. Actually, I take it back. It's a very nice biggie. And a thickie too." She giggled.

Susan was still staring wide-eyed. She felt her pulse increasing and her nipples hardening. I almost wish Ron were still here. Things would have to be normal if he were home. Who's gonna save me from Tiger's delicious manhood if it's just the three of us?

Katherine could tell that Susan's resolve was weakening, so she said, "If it bothers you so much that I'm doing this, you can take over. Do you wanna? We can't just leave him like this; that would be cruel."

"Well, no thank- I mean... Angel! Don't make me do that! It's not nice. I'm trying to have a calm, collected morning, and then you have to go and do... that!" She pointed at her son's hard-on, with Katherine's hand still sliding around it. "It would mean a lot to me if you would take your hands off him and go sit in your usual chair."

Katherine complained, "But Mom, check it out. Look at how long and thick his hard-on is. And stiff! Don't you think when it gets this stiff, it just NEEDS some soft, feminine hands to keep it tingling with arousal?"

"Well..." Susan didn't know what to say, since she agreed but didn't want to admit it.

Katherine pressed her point, "Hey Mom, check out his balls! Aren't they extra large and extra heavy? Just look at all the sweet, sweet sperm in there." She lifted his balls from below, lifting and lowering them a bit. "So much spermy cream, dying to get out? Certainly we can't send him off to school in this condition?"

Susan licked her lips. But then she decided to stand firm. "I'm sorry. I really must insist."

Katherine whined, "But MooooOOOOooooom!" Giving in to Susan's stern look, she finally took her hands off his privates and changed chairs.

Alan finally spoke. "Mom, that's totally mean! What am I supposed to do, after I'm all excited like this? My dick isn't just going to go down." He looked at his crotch. His dick was still as stiff as ever, angling upward at a forty-five degree angle.

Susan folded her arms under her big breasts and tried to look and act firm. "Well, I'm sorry, but that's how it is!" She was determined not to look at his exposed erection, but just knowing it was there was exciting her even more.

"That's how it is?!" he griped. "Talk about double standards. There's no rule against helping out, but there's specifically a rule about you dressing sexy, and look what you're wearing."

"No there isn't," Susan said triumphantly. "I'll admit that there's a rule saying you can tell me what to wear, but you haven't done that." She frowned, realizing she'd just set herself up.

"Okay, I'm telling you right now to dress in something sexy." He pretended to be thinking about his options before getting an idea. "Oh, I know. The shiny red outfit that makes your boobs all extra bouncy."

Susan reflexively crossed her arms over her chest and covered her boobs with both hands, even though she wasn't topless. "Oh no! Not that one!"

She looked down and confirmed that Alan's erection was still sticking straight out through his fly, and was just as hard as ever.

Katherine had changed chairs to be opposite Alan, slouching down in hers while the other two were talking until one of her feet could reach his erection. Then she began sliding her foot all over it. She said, "Hey Bro! Look what I'm doing! Mom said no hands, but she didn't say anything about feet. How does this feel?"

He looked down and saw her second foot arrive.

Susan saw all that too. She clutched her arms to her chest even tighter than before, as if that could somehow stop her erect nipples from throbbing in time to the beat of her heart.

Soon both of Katherine's bare feet were rubbing up and down the sides of Alan's erection where it protruded from his fly. She didn't have the same control or pressure she could have had with hands, but there was a kind of charm nevertheless.

"It looks pretty weird," he admitted. "But it feels great. Mom, is this okay?"

Susan had to fight to control her breathing as she replied, "Well, no, not really. But I suppose I'll allow it if you don't make me wear that red outfit. Anything but that! Besides, it's Suzanne's and I think it's back at her house."

"Okay then, deal. But only if you wear one of your new see-through nighties instead."

"See-through nightie?! But that's even worse!" Her eyes were still glued to his crotch, which she watched in fascination as her daughter's feet rose and fell around his cock. At one point, Katherine tried to catch his boner in the gap between her big toe and her other toes, but there was no way it would fit.

Susan thought, That's such an inefficient method. My hands would be so much better. How does she expect to drain his heavy cum-filled balls like that? It's just not right! Tiger needs prolonged, intense stimulation. He needs my hands to slip and slide all over him, and rub his sweet spot hard and fast! ... Or my mouth... Yes, I'm thinking my mouth would be good... Better! Much, much better! Tiger needs me!

He insisted, "Well, Mom, a rule's a rule, and that's what I want you to wear."

Katherine could see how her mother's resistance was weakening the longer she kept staring at her son's hard dick. She could see from her mother's face that she was going to agree before too long. Knowing that Alan was too kind to push for more, she decided to try on his behalf to see what they could get away with. "Yeah, Mom. And since you're being so ornery about this, you have to put it on right here."

"Here? Angel..." Susan's face was growing flushed and her chest heaved with excitement. "Oh, very well. I suppose rules are rules. But really, that's no way to treat your mother. So very improper!" Her eyes went back and forth in time to Katherine's sliding feet.

She went upstairs looking dejected, but in fact she was feeling increasingly excited. Being "forced" to do things meant that she didn't have to take responsibility for her actions. That's why she didn't protest Katherine's requirement very much; on a subconscious level, she didn't want to win that fight.

Chapter 344 Everyone's Always Conspiring To Get Me To Take All My Clothes Off.

When Susan came back with the nightie, Alan and Katherine were still busy with the feet rubbing, but they'd moved their chairs away from the table so there was now nothing between them. That way, Katherine could better see and control what her feet were doing.

Susan was still dressed in her ordinary clothes, but she began taking them off. "I hope the two of you are happy. This is so humiliating." She was still more huffy than usual and didn't make any effort to be particularly tantalizing while undressing.

Alan felt bad about her frustrated mood, which he didn't understand. He said, "But Mom, this is supposed to be visual stimulation for my medical treatment, remember? Can't you be more, well, stimulating?"

"Sorry, Son, it's just that this is so strange to me. It doesn't come easy." Since she was adhering to the no-underwear rule, it didn't take her long to get naked. Then it took her an extra minute to bend over and change into her high heels, during which she wiggled her ass in Alan's direction. Both of her children could easily see her pussy and how wet it already was.

But once she was undressed, she just stood there awkwardly with a hand over her bush, not knowing exactly what to do. She knew she had to put the nightie on next, but she rather hoped one of her children would give her a naughty order first.

At that point Katherine said, "I smell something burning."

"Oh dear! The French toast! I forgot all about it!" Susan rushed off to the kitchen, still wearing no clothes. She was forced to clutch her boobs as she ran to prevent them from swinging too wildly. She left the nightie she was supposed wear back on the table.

While she worked at the sink to dispose of the burnt toast and clean the pan, she thought, Why does this seem to always happen to me lately? I'm completely naked and serving my children hand and foot! It's so undignified. I'm the sole adult here; I'm the mother. Why does it seem like my son is the one in charge? Just because my nipples are so hard and needy, longing for his lips to suck on them like he did yesterday, does that give him some right to cram his tasty big cock down my throat all the time, whenever he feels like it?

Darn it, that sounds too sexy! I have to STOP thinking about slathering my tongue all over his sweet spot or I'll never calm down. I can't help it if my pussy gets this wet from being naked - my body is betraying me!

As soon as the nude mother was gone and otherwise occupied, Katherine whispered, "So, Big Bro, how do you like what I'm doing with my feet? Kind of like a handjob, so I guess maybe it's a footjob."

"Pretty cool, actually. I never would have thought of it, but it feels great!" He grew serious and leaned forward. "However, about Mom..."



Katherine also leaned in closer to hear his extra-quiet whisper. She put her hand on one of his knees to do so, but quickly moved from there to stroking his meaty shaft with that hand instead of just her feet.

He said very quietly, "As good as that feels, would you be willing to take one for the team?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, get Mom to take over. She's wavering, but we need to end her mood swings."

"You just like how she tends your cock better."

"Do not!"

"Do too!" Both of Katherine's fists slid up and down Alan's dick as they argued. She started going faster and faster as her jealousy and anger grew.

He spoke quietly but insistently. "Do not, really! You're fantastic. It's just that we need to be strategic here."

"You're just saying that."

Susan said from over in the kitchen, "Here comes breakfast!"

The kids looked over and saw her standing naked while attempting to bring over their breakfast cereal. Because one of her hands was modestly covering her pussy, she could only hold the cereal box in her other hand and had to leave the bowls and milk behind.

Tottering along in her high heels, she thought, Okay, things are back to normal. This is just like a typical morning. Well, almost. So I'm kind of naked. That's not a total disaster, is it? After all, some families live as nudists, right? Even Adam and Eve were nude. Besides, I'll be able to put on my nightie just as soon as

I have a minute. What's important is to get through this in a relatively normal way and get the kids off to school.

As she walked across the dining room, she said, "The French toast, unfortunately, was unsalvageable. But I'm making another batch. Meanwhile, you should get started with this." As she got closer, she saw Katherine was using two hands instead of her feet on Alan's boner. She chided, "Angel, what did I say about using your hands?"

"Sorry, Mom. I don't mean to be disrespectful, but it's just so hard to get him to cum! I can't get enough pressure with my feet, and we have to get to school before long. Do you want him to go to school practically bursting with all that tasty cum?"

"Hmmm. Oh dear. That is a good point." Susan stood with the cereal box held strategically in front of her crotch, but she finally had to put it on the table. She was blushing furiously, despite her attempt to look and act calm.

She placed her hand where the box had been to keep some semblance of modesty, but that left her fingers so close to her clit that she was tempted to start jilling herself right there. Dear Lord! I'm so very horny. Just look at Angel's fingers sliding up and down and all around Tiger's thick meat! There's so much cummy goodness needing to be stroked and licked and sucked that I just HAVE to touch myself! At least a little bit, can't I? Please?!

No! I can't! I have to be strong. I need to tell them to stop - right now!

Without saying anything more, she hurried back to the kitchen naked, trying in vain to cover her ass as she went.

Alan thought, It's weird. On the one hand I feel bad to see Mom so obviously distraught. But on the other hand it's a huge turn-on! That's so wrong. She's my mom. I shouldn't be making her do stuff like this. But I can't help it; she's just too busty and sexy! I lose all willpower around her!

Susan soon came back, with her breasts wobbling and bouncing in every direction as she attempted to hold the milk, two bowls, and spoons while keeping her pussy covered as much as possible.

His enjoyment of her sexy walk to and from the kitchen was greatly enhanced by his sister's continued two-fisted handjob.

Susan put everything on the table. "Finally! You two naughty kids eat up. We're running behind, thanks to all these shenanigans. I really shouldn't be allowing any of this."

But neither Alan nor Katherine was touching their food - they were having too much fun.bender

Susan put her hands on her bare hips. "You two, I go through all this trouble to cock you food; the least you can do is eat me. ... I mean it! Eat IT. The food!" She blushed.

Katherine burst into giggles. "'Cock you food?'"

Susan had only noticed the second Freudian slip, so she blushed even more when she realized that she'd also made the first one. Somehow, standing naked before her children and blushing profusely with her head bowed down in shame turned her on even more. She could feel rivulets of her juices rolling down her inner thighs, and hoped and prayed that her kids wouldn't see just how hot and wet she was for her son.

Looking anywhere but at her children, she decided to retreat back to the kitchen and recover from her humiliation there. She did so, but as she walked away, about the only thing she could think of was the hope that her son was admiring the rise and fall of her bare ass cheeks.

By this time, she was so horny that as soon as she reached the kitchen she turned around and headed back to the dining room table. She did her best to walk in a slow and sexy manner. But as she did she thought, Drat! He's hardly even looking at me. Angel is sticking close to him, using all of her feminine charms as well as her ten sliding fingers. I need to up my game!

Suzanne's been talking about giving me "sashaying lessons." I've been doing the practice exercises she gave me, but she says I'm still not ready for prime time. How I wish I could wow my Tiger by walking just like Suzanne does! It's true I've been getting good at strutting, but strutting moves me far too fast.

All too soon, Susan reached the table. She still wasn't having much luck attracting Alan's attention. Noticing the nightie still lying there, she picked it up and mumbled, "At least now I can finally get into

some clothes!" She slowly put it on, trying to surreptitiously wipe her thighs clean in the process. She wasn't sure if she was trying to be more responsible by wearing something, or if she was simply attempting a reverse strip-tease by getting dressed in a very sexy manner. In truth, it was a little bit of both.

The funny thing was though, the nightie was so transparent that it hardly made any difference at all. It certainly did nothing to support her still wildly wobbling breasts. If anything, it only made her look more desirable.

After she'd pulled the nightie over her head, she continued to stand there and watch Katherine's two-handed stroking. She thought, Okay, they have their cereal now. This is the time for me to put my foot down. I have to be like Suzanne. I have to be tough! We should have a NORMAL breakfast like normal people. No cock stroking! Or at the very least, if cock stroking has to be done, I should save Angel the indignity of having to do it.

Yes, the more I think about it, it's my duty to protect her as much as possible. I've already been corrupted by becoming his personal cocksucker, well, one of them at any rate, so it wouldn't be so bad if I were to take his magnificent, powerful meat in my hands, and rub and stroke it with love until he showers me with a fountain of spermy goodness! Mmmm! Yes!

Katherine could read Susan's mood from her face. She realized that something needed to be done before Susan started asserting control. That way, she could take credit for what was going to happen anyway. She winked at Alan behind their mother's back, and said, "Speaking of running behind, I've got a bunch of things to do upstairs. Here, Mom, why don't you take over?"

Susan's determined face crumbled into an uncertain yet needy one. "What, you mean, with Tiger's cock, er, I mean, member?"

Katherine grinned and nodded.

Susan's voice rose with alarm. "But what about the French toast?"

"Try multi-tasking."

Susan thought, NO! I'm going to put my foot down, just like I said! Someone has to put a stop to all this debauchery. But even as she thought this, she found herself taking Katherine's place in the chair, taking over stroking Alan's erection only seconds after Katherine let go of it.

As her hands started to pump up and down on his wet shaft, her boobs wobbled and swayed enticingly underneath her nearly nonexistent nightie. That wasn't by accident; she remembered Suzanne's advice to always keep her boobs moving through subtle methods such as sometimes pressing one or the other of her upper arms against them.

With Alan's cock in her hands and her boobs jiggling, she felt a sense of calm and happiness come over her. Somewhere in the back of her mind a voice was continuing to complain about the impropriety of it all, but she shooed the voice away, like she would for a bothersome buzzing fly. Hmmm. Well, maybe this is for the best. After all, I'm preventing my darling Angel from being seduced by this tall tower of male perfection! Mmmm! So thick and long!

Katherine just stood there watching her mother's hand slide up and down. She decided that she wasn't in such a big hurry after all. Playfully referring to Susan's earlier Freudian slip, she told her mother, "Now you're really cockin'!" and then burst into giggles.

Susan pouted, "Angel! That's mean." But her hands didn't slow their sliding even slightly.

Katherine suggested, "Boy, look at the time. Bro and I will have to go to school before too schlong." She was again poking fun at the Freudian slips, but Susan didn't know what "schlong" meant and Alan was too absorbed in the handjob to do much more than grin, so Katherine ended up being the only one to giggle at her own joke.

She went on with sincere encouragement, "Mom, maybe you should suck him off to make him blow that much faster."

Susan licked her lips. She didn't need much convincing. "Well, if you think so..."

"Definitely! After all, you don't want us to be late for school, do you? It's the only proper thing to do, when you think about it. Oh, and you'll need to take that nightie off. It looks really expensive and you could ruin it when Alan erupts his tasty cream all over you."

"Oh, poo! But I just put it on!" It's happening again! Everyone's always conspiring to get me to take all my clothes off. It's not right! But while one part of her mind was complaining, the rest of her loved the idea.

"Them's the breaks." Katherine figured that since she couldn't keep Susan from Alan's hard-on anyway, she might as well help with breaking down her barriers. That would help them all have more fun in the future. By this time she was standing behind Susan and looking in Alan's direction, so she winked secretly at him once again.

He just smiled back. Katherine's cooperative attitude was definitely winning points with him.

Susan compromised and pulled her nightie down to her waist rather than taking it all the way off. She knew Alan was probably going to squirt all over her face or chest, so she needed to keep those bared. I have to keep some boundaries, some restraint, or my son will be plugging my cunt with HARD COCK before too long! Mmmm! He'll ride his mommy hard and deep! MMMM! Yes! So full! Oh, I can't even think about it. I can't! Mmmm! Must suck cock instead!

Chapter 345 So... Enjoying Your Breakfast?

Susan held out until Katherine finally left to go upstairs, then she silently bent over and started slurping away.

As she ran her tongue up and down one side of his slick stiffness and fondled his balls, she thought, This is so embarrassing. How do these things keep happening to me? Is it always going to be like this? I just wanted to have a normal, non-sexual morning, and look at what happens! Somehow, no matter what I try to do, I always end up topless and sucking his cock! It's just not fair.

She mouthed his entire cockhead and then some. She liked to work on his sensitive spot by sliding her lips back and forth over it repeatedly while stimulating it with her tongue. It was possibly her favorite and most frequently used technique because of its devastating effectiveness (except maybe for her corkscrew technique).

Mmmm! Yes! This is the life! Why does he have to taste so good and make me so tingly? That's not fair either!

She was so inspired that she tried to deep throat him. She did make it about halfway down his shaft, but only for a second or two before it triggered her gag reflex. She quickly pulled back. She would have to think twice about trying that again.

A couple of minutes passed, with the busty mother bobbing with a steady rhythm and considerable suction. Alan was feeling great. He was tremendously aroused, but not so aroused that he had to struggle with his PC muscle all the time.

In fact, he was so in control that he was tempted to try for more. He said, "Mom, I almost forgot to get your attention." He reached out with a hand to grope her ass, if he could reach it.

But she glared at him. Her lips were still sliding up and down just below his cockhead, but her eyes all but said, "Don't push your luck, buster. Believe me, I know you're aroused!"

So he prudently withdrew his hand. The way she was going to town on his erection, he didn't have much to complain about. He was psyched that her cocksucking skills were improving daily by leaps and bounds. It was truly a multi-sensory experience for him. He couldn't begin to describe how aroused it made him to see her head bobbing in his lap, smell her mix of wet pussy and refined feminine fragrance, and listen to her constant stream of happy "Mmmm"-ing sounds. Sometimes he ran his hands through her long straight hair, which added to his joy.

Susan thought as she sucked, He's always pushing the boundaries. He knows I can't resist him. If he gets his hands on my ass, I'd love it so much that before long I just might wind up begging for him to shoot his superior seed deep into his mommy's womb! Why can't he be content to have his big-titted mommy be one of his dedicated cocksuckers? Why does he have to control every last bit of my body and my soul?! But most of all, why does sucking his cock have to be so darn FUN?! MMMM!

Before long, she found two of her fingers plunging in and out of her slit as she contemplated her son's near total control over her mouth. It's like my mouth was made to fit around this fat stick. It just feels so perfect! Mmmm! How can I stop myself?! I just can't swallow enough incestuous seed to satisfy my depraved urges! Mmmm!

He knew he wouldn't be able to last long, especially given the way she was wantonly fingering her pussy right in front of him. (He couldn't see her pussy from where he was sitting, but he could see the rhythmic movement of her arm.) But he didn't want the fun to end, so he desperately tried to figure out a way to keep it going. She was so consumed with her task, he knew he couldn't just ask her to pull off

and let him take a break. So after only a minute or two he said urgently, "Mom, the French toast! You should check on that!"

She stood up. "Oh no! It might be burned again." She rushed back to the stove. Luckily the French toast was still okay, since she'd set the heat to the lowest setting, but it took her some time to finish that batch and start another.

That was good for Alan because he'd been right on the edge of cumming. Even another thirty seconds of such intense stimulation would have been too much for him to take.

Susan came back and opened her nightie again, then let the nightie fall completely to the ground. There had really been no need to do that, except that she felt even more deliciously naughty sucking his cock in just her high heels. Being naked made her feel even more subservient to his lust. She raised her huge globes with both hands. "I hope you appreciate all the things I have to do for you."

"I do, Mom, I do!" He liked what she was doing to her rack, but he also noticed her glistening inner thighs.

She frowned skeptically. "Hmmm. Well, if you ask me, this is really not the proper way to start the day. We can't make a habit of this! After all, I'm still your mother; I deserve your respect."

But this time she got down on her knees, between his legs, and resumed her eager cocksucking. She would have been a lot more upset about the indignity of her position except that she loved cocksucking so much. Deep down, this was exactly the kind of thing she really wanted to happen.

Alan was loving life. He soon worked out a good system: whenever he would get too close to cumming he'd find some new excuse to send Susan back to the kitchen and then he'd get to watch her hustle around in the nude. He loved how she was forced to hold her breasts since they were so big and unwieldy. His system had a good practical purpose too, since she still did have breakfast cooking.

She continued to try to maintain some control over her body. Even though she was naked, frequently fingering herself and indescribably horny, she thought that cumming wildly would cross yet another line, especially since there was no telling what kind of lewd things she might shout out as her body writhed (unless her mouth was stuffed with cock, which it was most of the time). So she did her best to restrain her climax.



The interruptions helped with this, but on the other hand a part of her didn't really want that much help and just wanted to cum. Before long, she was practically a nervous wreck from her greatly growing lust.

Katherine came back naked, carrying her clothes and her backpack. She sat down next to Alan and started eating her breakfast, acting as if there was nothing unusual (which increasingly there wasn't) in seeing her mother's head bobbing in her brother's lap.

Susan was nearly delirious with lust, but pulled her lips off her son's dick long enough to complain, "Angel! Really. Get some clothes on. Please. That's so improper."

"Mom, how can you lecture me on being naked when you're not wearing a stitch yourself and your mouth is crammed full of cock? Besides, I don't want to wet my panties or my skirt watching what you're doing."

Susan realized she was in no position to object to that. However, in a rather counterproductive attempt to maintain some authority, she said, "It so happens that Tiger's cock is particularly needy. His fat knob has practically stopped throbbing because I haven't been lapping my way around it enough, and I've been neglecting the root of his shaft even worse. And don't get me started about his balls; I haven't licked them for minutes! The darn food cooking in the kitchen keeps ruining my concentration. So this is no time to talk, but we WILL talk about your troublesome attitude later, young lady!" She'd been jacking off Alan as she said this, but then her mouth went back to work too.bender

The two siblings ate their French toast together. All the while, Susan spent most of her time on her knees, bobbing her head back and forth over her son's long shaft.

Alan was too distracted to eat, but Katherine knew he had to get some food in him before school, so she cut up his French toast and fed it to him piece by piece. She also liked to lean into him and rub her hands over his chest when she could. Sometimes she'd nibble on his ear or plant kisses along his neck. Occasionally, she'd surprise him and stick her juice-coated fingers into his mouth, straight from her box, rather than the next bite of French toast that he expected.

He certainly didn't want to complain about that. Not only was it sexy, but her juices tasted good to him.

He thought, Man, this is the life! Mom's blowing me while Sis is feeding me. I'm living like a king! If only I could prolong this even more, I could live like this all day! But god-damned school starts so early. Shit.

As if reading his mind, Katherine asked, "So... enjoying your breakfast?"

He laughed. "You could say that again!"

His sister giggled too. "What do you like best? Is it the fact that you've got a naked and kneeling G-cupped mommy bobbing down your cock? Or do you like the way I'm feeding you? Or how you're playing with my tits, since your hands are free?"

Susan thought, Grrr! He's not supposed to be doing that! If Angel is at all like me, titty play is the key to total submission. If he keeps on playing with her tits, before long she'll be, well, she could wind up one of his tit slaves! Just like me! Oh God! So HOT!

Needless to say, Susan was too aroused to break her lip-lock for long enough to complain about what he was doing to Katherine.

Thus, she was extremely relieved when he finally blew his load shortly after he'd finished eating. He ended up shooting it straight down her throat, so she needn't have worried about messing up her nightie after all. To her great shame, the feeling of his pulsing erection squirting hot cum into her throat was so exciting that she climaxed right along with him. Since she'd been holding back the urge to cum the entire time, it was a massive whopper. The only thing she could be grateful for was that her lips were so busy trying to coax every last bit of sperm out of him that she never had a chance to scream. Even without the actual act, she imagined all her neighbors recoiling in horror when they heard her scream: "Tiger! Fuck your mommy's mouth!"

When her orgasm finally subsided, she slid to the floor, bedraggled and sweaty. As happened so often, she was wracked with guilt, but also happily drunk with (temporarily) satiated lust. Already she was beginning to feel forlorn about the eight hours her children would have to be away at school.

Alan was scarcely in better shape, slumping in his chair as if she'd sucked his soul out along with what felt like a gallon of cum. He was in no condition to go to school.

Susan soon got back on all fours, but only to put her face back into his crotch.

"What are you doing?!" Katherine asked, quite confused.

As Susan licked, she said, "Unfortunately, cocksucking is a very messy business. Bodily fluids fly everywhere. It's not right to leave Tiger's crotch all messy."

Katherine asked, "So you're cleaning up your saliva with more saliva? I don't get it."

Alan said, "I'm not sure how much cleaner things can get, exactly, but my dick is in a super-sensitive state afterwards, so it feels good in a weird way to get it licked right then, even though it's flaccid. Kind of like stepping in a really hot hot-tub. It hurts a bit, but in a good way. And when she licks my balls, hell, it feels so good that she can do that anytime!"

That was music to Susan's ears, causing her to redouble her resolve to regularly lick him clean. She also made a note to spend more time on his balls, and then got busy with that right away.

Katherine shook her head. "Whatever. But come on, Bro. Somebody's gotta get you ready for school. Where'd you put your backpack?"

She helped him dress, even while Susan kept on 'cleaning' his balls. Then Katherine brought him his backpack and all but shoved him out the front door.

Susan wanted to help, but although she was able to lick his balls just fine, she was barely able to stand. Her huge orgasm had practically wiped out her control over her big muscle groups, at least for a while.

All in all, it was a very good morning for everyone, and an especially great morning for Alan. As he and Katherine rushed out the front door with their backpacks, ready to bike to school, she muttered to her brother, "You owe me one."

Susan managed to stagger to the front door to see them off. Only as she stood in the front window, waving goodbye, did she realize that she was still nude. She ducked down, but luckily the Plummer house was screened well enough from the street that no one had seen.

She blushed as she chided herself for her carelessness and lack of control, but already she couldn't wait for Suzanne to come over for Susan's daily recounting of exactly what had happened and to get Suzanne's advice.

Had she been honest with herself, she would have been able to predict what would happen: Suzanne would come over a few minutes after all four of their kids had left for school. Then Susan would immediately rush to her and fret and bemoan her lack of willpower and the disturbingly sexual nature of what had happened during breakfast, after which Suzanne would reassure her that there was no problem and would half-convince her that things had worked out best for everyone involved.

Then, using leading keywords and phrases, Suzanne would get Susan so aroused that the formerly prudish housewife would describe her morning cocksucking in increasingly vivid detail. Susan would come close to cumming, but wouldn't quite get there since she was afraid to touch herself while Suzanne was watching. Then, to Susan's great frustration, the two of them would spend over an hour exercising, keeping her aroused the entire time thanks to her constant moving about as well as Suzanne's sexually-focused conversation. After Suzanne would leave, Susan would finally get her much needed (and much delayed) chance to masturbate.

And that's exactly what happened.

#### Chapter 346 Second Non-Date With Christine?

As often happened, Alan found himself walking with Christine between first-period and second-period classes. He was trying to be in the moment, but it was a struggle because he couldn't stop reflecting on what had happened at home that morning, before school.

Christine said to him, "I can't believe I'm actually speaking to you in the flesh. You've been so hard to reach lately. Are we still friends? Did what happened to us a while back ruin everything?"

"No. No, it didn't."

"Did our practice date ruin things then? You haven't spoken to me much since then, aside from a couple of times. I was just trying to reestablish our friendship, I hope I didn't mess things up even more."

"No, the date was great. No problem at all. We had a good time hanging out after school on Thursday, right? Remember that? And today's only Monday."

Christine nodded. "Yeah, that's true. It's just that... Well, that was pretty much the only time."

"Hold on. We had lunch together on Wednesday too, right?"

"Yeah, I know."

In truth, in the last week or so she'd been deliberately giving him more social time outside class than ever before, but her interest in him had been growing steadily, so now she wanted even more. That led her to complain: "But other than a couple times here and there, you haven't said much more to me than the usual 'Hey, what's up?' kind of talk. And all the weird stuff I pointed out then is still happening. It seems you're always spaced out, ridiculously happy, and you disappear as soon as class is over."

Trying to dodge the issue, he chuckled, "'Ridiculously happy?' Is that a bad thing?"bender

"No, but... You have to admit, it does kind of make a girl wonder."

He nodded, then replied vaguely, "It's not just you. I'm not trying to avoid you at all. I like spending time with you. But you may have noticed that I've been hard to reach for everyone lately."

She arched an eyebrow. "That's an understatement! You've become the mystery man. No one even sees you during lunch anymore. People are starting to talk. What's going on?"

"I'm just really, really busy. Lots of things happening at home..." He thought, That is technically true. If she only knew what kinds of things.

They were getting near their next classroom, so she slowed her pace considerably so that they could keep talking without people overhearing. "Is it because of what you told me on Thursday, that you're going out on real dates?"

"Well, that's a big part of it. Especially the 'ridiculously happy' part. But as far as disappearing all the time and not spending more time with you, that's just my lameness. I'd love to spend a lot more time

with you. In fact, I'd like for us to go on a second non-date date, if you know what I mean. Would you be into that?"

"Definitely!" She belatedly realized that she was looking and sounding too eager. "Um, I mean, that would be cool."

"Cool. I'll give you a call to work out the details. But as a general plan, how about some time this weekend? Like maybe Friday or Saturday night?"

"Yeah, okay. Let's do it!" She chided herself for sounding too eager again, but she wasn't good at hiding her emotions. Then she added uncertainly, "That is, I wouldn't be interrupting your real dates with a mere practice date, would I?"

He replied, "No, don't worry. I can juggle things around, I'm sure. It's like what I told you on Thursday: I'll always have time for you. Even though we've pretty much only hung out in school until lately, I consider you one of my best friends."

She was glad to hear that. Still, she was dying to find out just who his other date or dates were. Then she remembered that she'd promised on Thursday not to be nosy about that. She said, "Yeah, but Friday or Saturday night, that's the time for real dates." She hoped he might reveal more about his other dates by responding to that probe.

He said, "And it's the time for practice dates too. After all, they're pretty much real except for the romance part. Don't worry; like I said, I can juggle my other dates, no problemo."

"Cool." By this time, they'd reached the door of their next classroom, then stood there until they'd finished their conversation. Christine smiled as they walked to their seats together.

She'd tried to sound enthusiastic, but actually she was disappointed. Their "non-romantic" date had gone so well that she was starting to warm up to the idea of going on a real romantic date. However, he seemed very firm on not getting involved with her. What bothered her more was his mention of going out on "real dates" with other girls. He even mentioned that he could juggle his "other dates," which implied more than one. She was surprised at just how much that disturbed her.

Still, she looked forward to their weekend plans and hoped to further test his feelings and see if she could progress their relationship further.

As he sat in his chair and waited for class to begin, he pondered the notion of getting something sexual going with her after all. But he dismissed the idea almost as soon as he thought of it.

He thought, No way am I going to go through that agony again, just to be shot down and probably see our friendship destroyed for good. Plus, I've got so many women on my mind and in my life, I just can't deal with another. Christine is a Nordic blonde goddess and I really love her... well, I love her personality at the very least. And I could really love her body. She still turns me on in a big way, but she's so sexually inexperienced. She's still the "Ice Queen"; as far as I know, she hasn't even kissed a guy yet.

I'm so totally spoiled these days that when I hang out with a beautiful woman, I expect a handjob the way other guys expect a hello. It would be unfair of me to drag such an innocent girl down into my den of iniquity. She'd be better off without me. She needs to find some pure, innocent guy just like her. I can't give the women I'm already with the time or love they deserve; adding another one would be selfish of me and unfair to them all.

Alan and Christine shared nearly all their classes so, now that their friendship was back on solid ground, it felt natural when they walked together between their second and third-period classes. As they did, Christine asked him, "By the way, I've been wondering... Have you had a meeting with the college counselor yet?"

"No," he replied. "How 'bout you?"

"Oh, sure. I asked to be one of the ones to go first, so I could get it out of the way."

"Well...?"

"Well what?"

"If I'm not being too nosy, what colleges are you planning to apply to?" He was genuinely curious.

She looked around suspiciously. "I suppose I can tell you. But don't spread this around, okay? I have enough trouble with people thinking I'm elitist."

"My lips are sealed."

She smiled as she pondered her bright college future. "My first choice is Stanford. It's one of the best of the best, and it's here in California. But, failing that, I'm thinking Harvard, Princeton, or Yale. I have some back-up schools too."

Alan whistled. "Phew! No wonder you want to keep that on the down-low. Some people are gonna be envious when they hear about your choices. Especially since it's obvious that you're going to get accepted to them all."

"Really? You think?" She looked surprisingly worried.

"Are you kidding me?! You could get in on your academic accomplishments alone. But when you add in your athletic and extra-curricular stuff, you might as well buy your Stanford sweater now, if that's your top choice. And that's not to mention overcoming your big disability."

She raised a curious eyebrow, indicating he needed to explain.

He deadpanned, "I refer to your blonde hair, of course. As I recall, it's been decades since any blonde has gotten into Stanford, male or female."

She raised a book and acted like she was going to hit him over the head with it. "You! Argh!" Knowing they didn't have much time to talk before class started, she asked, "What about you? Where are you applying, Mr. Brown Hair?"

He thought, Oh, shit! I haven't been thinking about that AT ALL. And with the way I've been neglecting my homework in favor of sex, my options are narrowing. But he had thought about it from time to time for months, so at least he had a ready answer. "I'd love to go to Stanford too. That would probably be my first choice as well, but I have to be realistic. My chances of getting in would be a longshot at best. Heck, that's true for all of your top choices. But I think I'd have a really good chance of getting into UC



Berkeley. If not that, maybe UCLA. I figure that if I'm not going to luck into some top Ivy League college, I might as well stay in sunny California."

She nodded. She knew his chances of getting into Stanford were quite small, so she didn't want to give him unrealistic expectations. Instead, as they walked into class and sat down, she said, "You know what? If I get into Stanford and you get into Berkeley, we'll only be about an hour apart."

He smiled. "That's true. That would be cool. It would be a lot better than being on the other side of the country from each other. It would be nice to stay in touch."

"Yeah." She returned his smile. "I'd like that."

He felt all warm and tingly inside from looking at her and hearing her say that.

#### Chapter 347 Classroom Fun

Alan remained distracted throughout the day. Even after the diversion of talking to Christine, all he could do was think about his great morning and how his mother had sucked him off while his sister fed him breakfast.

But as soon as he entered his fourth-period history class, taught by Glory, the morning faded away. It was like a switch had flipped in his brain: his entire focus turned to his sexy teacher. His mind worked in such a way that he found it easy to live fully in the moment, which meant that whatever or whomever was capturing his attention at that moment tended to monopolize it.

Now that he had more sexual experience, he didn't just dream of seeing Glory naked - he very vividly imagined all kinds of sexual things they could be doing together. Occasionally he looked around the class and marveled that the other students weren't all staring at him, since he was practically drooling and cumming in his chair as he fantasized about spending private time with their teacher.

But the great thing was, as soon as class was over, his fantasies tended to become his reality. As usual, Glory was formally attired in business dress, with fancy stockings and lacy underwear. But as soon as all the other students left, leaving Alan alone with her, she removed her clothes piece by piece, drawing it out like a professional striptease to drive him wild.

Because of his tennis schedule, she said as she stripped, "This week, let me focus on pleasing you. You'll be able to play better if your dick is well-drained before your matches, so you should let me relieve you every single day this week."

He was staggered by how much that sounded like something his mother would say. Of course he didn't point that out.

Glory continued, "We don't want to get into the habit of meeting every single day all the time or people will get suspicious, but we can risk it this week, to help your tennis matches. Then, if you do well enough, I'll give you a really big reward when your tournament is all over, to celebrate your victory."

He was far from the best player on the tennis team, and knew he had no chance of winning the whole tournament. But he also figured, Glory knows I'm not a great player. I'll bet her definition of "victory" will be pretty generous. As long as I still have a pulse when the tournament is over, she's gonna give me something good. Maybe she'll even let me fuck her! I sure could use some more fucking opportunities, with all the frustration about that at home. It would be heavenly to fuck Glory!

By the time he mumbled his approval, her mouth was already around his prick, happily slurping away naked and on her knees. As he was generally doing at home lately, he just stood there reveling in euphoria, rather than actively thrusting his hips or forcing her head back and forth. Then again, she was doing a great job and didn't need any help or encouragement.

She thought, Aaaaah! Even though I got to suck him on Saturday night at the costume party, it still feels like ages since my lips were wrapped around his thick shaft! I missed this so much! I don't know why, but I'm totally hooked on this young man's great cock! I know that, in a way, he's taking advantage of me. I suck him off most every day, and he just kicks back and enjoys it. But so what? I'm having a hell of a great time, and I'm getting more orgasms than he is! So there!

We have great chemistry, that's for sure! Whenever we kiss, or touch, or especially when I'm bobbing on him like this, I feel this endless tingling, like an electric charge, buzzing through my entire body! Gaawwwd, I crave it so much. No man has ever made me feel this way. No wonder he has all his other lovers. I'm nothing more than his lunch time cocksucking slut. That's so demeaning, but even that turns me on! It's fucked up!

Alan loved the way her tongue worked. It wasn't particularly long, but it was relentlessly active, always darting from here to there, always coming up with surprises. That also made her a great kisser.

After a short while, she stopped and looked up long enough to say, "Let's work on our blowjob teamwork. There's nothing I'd like to do more than suck you off for the whole lunch period. You can work on your control, and I'll work on how long my jaws can endure. Tell me when you're getting close, young man, because I don't want to see you shooting off early!" She said this in a stern voice, as if reminding him to complete a homework assignment.

He thought, What the heck? Now it sounds like she's channeling Aunt Suzy! If she only knew how much I'm practicing improving my stamina at home.

And speaking of "if only," if only Sean or Peter could see me now. They both have her as a teacher and think she's hot. Heck, everyone thinks she's hot. What would they think if they heard her say to me, "There's nothing I'd like to do more than suck you off for the whole lunch period"? Of course they wouldn't believe it. I can scarcely believe it myself, even as I caress the back of her head and hear and feel her slurping and sucking. Who says women don't like giving blowjobs? At least some women seem to love it!

Sure enough, she sucked him and stroked him for the whole lunch period. She didn't properly deep throat him per se, since that felt so good to him that he wouldn't last more than a minute or two without squirting, and she really wanted to see if they could do it for the whole time. But was hardly bothered by her gag reflex and often plunged down so deep that she had more than half his cock in her mouth, which definitely qualified as deep throating, even if it only lasted a few seconds each time.

Alan remained standing as Glory knelt naked between his legs. It would have been much more comfortable for him to sit, but he preferred the dominance aspect of towering over her.

He thought about just that while she blew him. Man, all this sexual success is going to my head. I'm letting my bad side, my wild side, run wild. I dunno why, but standing up like this is like a serious rush! Seeing my teacher, who was just lecturing us fully clothed a little while ago, naked and kneeling and feasting on my cock... MAN! How could anyone resist this kind of power trip? I don't want to turn into a bad asshole, but this just feels so goddamned great!

It's like that quote by St. Augustine: "Lord, give me chastity, but not yet." Exactly! Give me the ability to resist this kind of power rush, but not yet! Ironically, I first heard that quote from Glory in this very class.

I wish I could tell her now that I remembered it, but, given the circumstances, it's probably better that I don't.

As usual, she used more suction than even Suzanne could manage, while fondling and licking him at the same time. She was even more passionate than usual, because she'd gone most of the weekend without any sex with a partner, except for her brief encounter with Alan at the costume party.

One thing she definitely didn't do was have sex with her boyfriend Garth. She knew she should have broken up with him already, but she couldn't bear to break the bad news to him. She knew it was taking the easy way out, but she was trying to let their relationship die a slow death. She figured that if she did it that way, by the time she broke it off with him, he wouldn't be that upset, and probably would even expect it. As a result, she had talked to Garth on the phone some, but she'd avoided seeing him all weekend. In fact, it had been a long time since she'd so much as kissed him.

In truth, having trouble breaking it off with him wasn't the only reason she was still technically dating him. She also got a sexual thrill thinking that although she was Garth's girlfriend, she really belonged to Alan. She didn't tell Alan to his face because she considered it demeaning and didn't want to give him a big head, but when she masturbated in private, she liked to fantasize that she was his personal slut, forced to do whatever he wanted her to do. A part of her was bothered that she couldn't have a conventional romantic relationship with her favorite student, but another part of her actually reveled in it.

She bobbed and licked with such enthusiasm that, after a while, her energy level inevitably began to lessen. They took brief breaks here and there, but, even with those, so much prolonged and inspired tongue action and jaw work was really tiring for her.

Alan remembered how much she got off on the idea of being naked in front of class, so he said to help revive her, "You know, I don't know if I'll be able to cum before class is over. Why don't I just stand behind the lectern and you can keep on sucking me? I'll pretend to be a guest lecturer while you kneel inside the lectern as much as you can."

Of course, he didn't really mean it. But Glory liked that pretend idea so much that she insisted they practice it right away, since they were in the middle of a strategic break anyway. She got up and repositioned herself and him. She knelt with her back against the lectern, which kept her head below the top of it. The class, had there been one, actually would not have been able to see her there while they were seated. However, if anyone stood near the door, there would be no way to miss her.

Alan shortly rued having come up with the idea, because Glory insisted that he pretend to be a guest lecturer and try to give a lecture on the European discovery of America at the lectern. She made certain that "try" was the operative word, because her mouth was crammed full of his cock before he even began to speak. She redoubled her efforts to distract him so much that he couldn't even think, much less talk at length about some ancient history subject.

Most of Alan's lecture sounded something like this. "So Columbus, he, uh... he sailed the ocean blue in 1492. ... Um, and uh... Let's see... There were, uh, three ships... UGH! God, that's so good. The Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. ... He, uh, was trying to sail to India and calculated that uh, that uh... The um... JESUS! Glory, how do you expect me to last the whole lunchtime if you keep doing that? I'm only human, you know. ... Um, where was I? Um, so Columbus, he uh, thought the world was round and- JEEEE-SUS! Not the balls too?! I'm gonna blow for sure!"bender

It would have been a pretty pathetic lecture, but it was a really great blowjob. The more Glory could make him stumble and lose his place, the happier she was.

As if lecturing wasn't tough enough, Alan was also forced to stand the whole time. He ended up clutching the lectern with a death grip, just struggling to remain standing. Her blowjobs were that good.

But as good as they were, Glory was holding back just enough to keep him from cumming. She was watching the clock and when she deemed it was time for Alan to cum, she went into overdrive, grasping his balls and flying forward and back over his shaft until it seemed to him that her whole head was a blur from moving so quickly.

He fell to his knees and slumped against the lectern, still clutching on to what he could so he didn't fall all the way to the floor. When he finally reached orgasm and pumped his load into his teacher's mouth, he felt as if the heavens had opened and a choir of angels were serenading him.

Still, as always, he was mindful that he wanted her to have an orgasm too. So even as his body was convulsing spasmodically, he cried to her, "Cum for me! Cum!"

And she did. Just as she was improving her ability to keep him right on the edge of climax without quite going over, she was doing the same to herself by occasionally fingering herself as she sucked. So when the time came for him to cum, she almost always could push herself over the edge with ease. She actually was getting better orgasms, and more of them, blowing Alan than she had through any kind of sex with Garth.

Holy fuck, man! he thought, as he started to recover after his big blast down her throat. She practically killed me with too much pleasure! I swear, even Aunt Suzy could learn something from Glory's techniques. WOW! There still is that special spark, that magical feeling, that makes her blowjobs extra awesome. How am I gonna make it through the rest of the day? I don't even know if I can walk, much less play tennis!

Then followed what was becoming a post-orgasmic ritual. Alan could do little more than melt into the floor; he was so overcome his knees felt like rubber. Glory, though, grabbed a can of air freshener and tried to mask the smell of their deeds. Her hair was particularly tussled from her rapid-fire action near the end, so she took some time brushing it until she looked semi-normal. She wore lipstick every day (which tended to leave red rings around Alan's dick), so she was careful to apply a fresh coat of lipstick to herself.

Usually she would make sure his penis was cleaned of her telltale lipstick marking. But occasionally, she would deliberately leave a red ring around his shaft, and say something like, "Let's see what your other sluts think of THAT! Consider that a message to them that this cock belongs to ME!" She knew she couldn't make that claim, but she liked to think that way anyway.

By this time, Alan would more or less revive. Glory would examine him and fuss over his clothes and hair until he was presentable, then send him on his way. It seemed she always timed it perfectly so that he left just a minute or two before she unlocked the door and the first students started coming in for fifth period. Sometimes, he would linger in the hall and watch for the others to arrive just to see just how much time they'd had to spare.

He was amazed that his body somehow managed to recover enough for him to play sports. He ended up playing tennis the entire sixth period hour, and then another hour and a half on top of it. There were sixteen players on the team, so he had five days to play the other fifteen players.

## Chapter 348 Rumors About Alan!

While Alan was spending his lunch time with Glory, Christine wandered around the cafeteria during her favorite part of the school day. It wasn't the food she looked forward to, but the chance to learn all the latest gossip. From a very young age, her parents had imprinted in her brain the saying that "knowledge is power." Christine had taken the love of learning to heart, which was a big reason why she so excelled in her studies. But it also meant that she liked to hear everything about everyone at school. Since she

didn't have much of a social life of her own, that also enabled her to live somewhat vicariously through others.

Christine had formed a spy network of sorts to get the best gossip, referred to somewhat derisively as the "Goody-goodies" by those who knew of its existence. (Alan, a social outsider, was completely unaware of this, even though he was one of her few real friends.)

Christine was too much of the "Ice Queen" to have lots of friends, but she'd taken advantage of her reputation as the top-ranking female student in academics, as well as her reputation as a paragon of morality and purity, to form her own clique of like-minded girls.

She was thus linked in with a surprisingly large group of girls who did well in school and were also "pure" and usually virgins, although often not by choice. They might have been considered female geeks, but Christine was so drop-dead gorgeous that no one considered her a complete geek. Christine's high social standing rubbed off on them the more they associated with her.

Their reputation as "Goody-goodies" meant that they were scorned by the most elite of in-groups, the clique that those in the know called the "Blondies." Heather was at the center of this all-female group, whose members tried to emulate her, even down to most of them dying their hair to look more like hers (which was also always perfectly dyed). Since Heather was their role model, they celebrated immorality and hedonism, living a wild life of sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Most were barely passing their classes.

Like Christine, Heather also was aware that 'knowledge is power', so she too used her followers to try to learn everything about everyone. Heather's grades were lackluster because she didn't care about academics, but she could be very smart when she put her mind to it.

As a result, the "Goody-goodies" and the "Blondies" couldn't have been more different. The "Goody-goodies" spent much of their time trying to figure out what the "Blondies" were doing, although the "Blondies" didn't much care about the "Goody-goodies" since they generally lived pretty boring lives and weren't socially important enough to be a threat. Heather considered only Christine herself potentially dangerous enough to be worth keeping tabs on.

Christine got her food tray and sat down at "her" table in the cafeteria. Boys were mostly oblivious to the vicious power struggles between the girls, but if one wanted to understand the power structure one only had to look at where people sat at lunch. Christine's table was a minor power center and it was hard to get a seat there, but it was also quite far from Heather's table, and that table was like the U.N. Security Council of school politics, except a lot more vicious.

As Christine sat down, she looked to the "lieutenants" in her network who were already there. She sat across from Michelle, one of her key aides due to Michelle's unusually good connections to the football team (through her brother who was on the team) and thus the "Blondies" and asked, "Hey Michelle. So, what's up? What's the latest scuttlebutt?"bender

Michelle was bubbly with excitement. She had news about Alan Plummer and she knew that Christine always liked that, especially lately. "All the girls are talking about your hot date."

Christine blanched and froze in mid-reach for her fork. "What? I told you that was a completely platonic thing!" She was surprised her practice date with Alan was being discussed so many days after the fact.

"No, girl, I don't mean your date itself; nobody cares much about that, or even knows about it outside of your good friends here. No, I mean the guy from the date, Alan."

Christine visibly relaxed and tried to act more nonchalant. "Oh really? What about him?"

Michelle grew more excited. "Well, there are even MORE rumors about him today. Further confirmation that he is gettin' it on!" She said "gettin' it on" in a sassy, streetwise tone, and shook her head from side to side while wriggling her shoulders.

Christine leaned forward, and then others sitting nearby all leaned in. "Well? Don't stop there."

Michelle pulled back, suddenly more hesitant. "Mind you, these are just rumors. I haven't been able to put it all together, but there's something happening between him and the cheerleading squad. Something sexual."

"The squad?!" Christine asked incredulously. "You're not talking about merely one person, but the whole group?" She sat back. "I don't believe it. The WHOLE squad?"

"Uh-huh. The main thing is, he's just a nerd, right? But all the members of the squad are suddenly talking about him like he's the cock of the walk. Where did that come from? Like before third period today, Tina was clever enough to ask that cute cheerleader Kim what she thought about Alan, and Kim totally blushed and got all nervous. What's up with that?"



Tina was sitting a few seats away at the same table and said, "Uh-huh! It's true! I mean, her reaction was EXTREME. So I asked Janice and Joy about him just a little while ago, and they were kinda all weird too. And you already know that Amy has been wandering around in a daze talking about how 'dreamy' he is. Of course there's no point in talking to Katherine since, as his sister, she doesn't really figure into this. And no one dares talk to Heather."

Michelle picked up where Tina left off. "HOWEVER, remember that Heather was seen at the beach talking to Alan in a friendly manner. Heather! Friendly! Actually, even more than friendly if you believe the girl who claims to have seen it. She was actually flirting with him, big time!"

Another girl at the table said, "Hold on. This is HEATHER we're talking about! Everyone knows she's a shoo-in to be the Homecoming Queen this year." No one needed to mention what a blow to Heather's chances it would be in that contest if she started publicly associating with nerds like Alan, even if just for a laugh.

Christine said crisply, "I think I know who Heather is, thank you very much! Although I do have to admit that something strange is going on. But Michelle, why are you so convinced that it involves more than one girl? Maybe he and Amy have started some kind of relationship. That would be a logical deduction."

Michelle's eyes were sparkling with excitement. She leaned in even more and her voice took on conspiratorial overtones. "A-ha! Furthermore, a brother of a friend told me that the other day he was standing near Alan and a couple of other guys when Kim and Janice bent over right in front of them to pick up their pom-poms and you could see their butts. Alan mumbled to himself, 'Dang, I'm such a lucky bastard.'"

Another girl at the table pointed out, "It could just mean he considered himself lucky to get a free peek at that."

Michelle replied, "But you had to be there, from what I'm told. Apparently he blushed and had this hand-caught-in-the-cookie-jar expression, like a big secret of his had been exposed. Everyone there thought it was really odd."

Her face lit up. "But wait! Here's where it gets REALLY good! I don't want to name names, but earlier today one of Amy's closest friends got all confidential with her and prodded her to come clean about her relationship with him. She replied, and I quote, 'Just between you and me, no, sadly, I'm not his

girlfriend. At least not yet.' She sighed, then her face lit up when she said, 'But I do like to play with his thingy!' Then they had a conversation in the strictest secrecy about his 'thingy.' She hinted that it's very 'needy' and that she's hardly the only one who plays with it."

Christine looked up and down at all the girls listening intently and snorted, "So much for 'strictest secrecy.'"

Michelle pointed out, "You always say that information wants to be free, right? But anyways, put together Amy and others having fun with his 'thingy', and the cheerleaders, not counting Katherine, suddenly acting strange when asked about him, and what do you get?"

Christine shot her down. "All I get is one girl with an overactive imagination who's jumping to conclusions. Get real! I could believe that Alan might be playing around a bit with Amy. After all, they've been next-door neighbors and close friends most of their lives. He's hinted to me strongly that he's dating somebody, so it's probably her. But he's such an upstanding guy; I can't imagine him playing around with more than one girl at a time. Frankly, I find it a bit hard to see him with a girlfriend at all."

She wasn't sure why she said that, especially since she didn't really believe it herself. Logically, she knew that he was almost certainly dating Amy or Kim, and quite possibly both of them. But emotionally, she was having a hard time changing her perception of him.

She added, "And you all know how stuck-up most of the cheerleaders are. I could see them being cordial to him, since he's Katherine's brother, but that's it. Amy and Katherine are obvious exceptions to that."

"But Kim totally blushed when asked about him," Michele pointed out.

"Kim's a lesbian, for crying out loud!" Christine complained. "Everyone knows that. Why would someone like that, and on the cheerleading squad to boot, get involved with a relative nobody?" Actually, Christine had seen Kim flirt with Alan on Wednesday, so she strongly suspected that Kim was at least bisexual and very likely did have something going on with Alan. But she didn't want the other girls to know that. She felt upset already just having to concede that he could be dating Amy; having him suddenly dating a whole bunch of girls, and not really her, was just too much to bear.

At that moment Michelle dropped what she considered to be her major bombshell. "What if his quote 'thingy' unquote was absolutely freakin' HUGE?! Even a lesbian might get a little bit curious."

Christine was incredulous. "Okay, Now you've gone completely off the deep end. Give me a break!"

"Hey, all I know is that Amy's not-so-trustworthy friend said that Amy made some big hints in that direction. And it all makes sense. When have you ever heard of Heather being honest-to-God friendly with a guy unless she wants something from him, or, especially, wants to have sex with him? We all know Heather is nothing like the sexually innocent priss that the clueless people in school think she is. What else could she possibly want from ALAN, of all people, unless he has a giant rocket in his pocket? Especially if he knows how to use it? Remember, she was seen flirting with him."

Christine sat back. She couldn't help but recall Alan's earlier mention of having to juggle his "other dates" this weekend, almost certainly implying more than one girl. She wasn't about to share that information with the others at the table though.

She said, "Huh. I have to admit, it is a bit intriguing. Still, it's just speculation piled on speculation. For starters, we can't actually confirm whether Heather was flirting with him or not. I'd say it's a lot more likely she deigned to talk to him just long enough to rip him a new asshole and taunt him with that 'You want it but you're never gonna get it' attitude of hers."

Tina spoke up. "True. But IF Heather was trying to get into Alan's pants, wouldn't that be the news of the year? Queen Bitch of the Universe plus Teacher's Pet Nerd equals luuuuve! Ha ha!"

The whole table burst into laughter and catcalls about that prospect. They all hated Heather, so any gossip that could take her down a notch was very much appreciated.

After that, the gossip exchange drifted on to different topics. But Christine only pretended interest while she ruminated about the gossip over Alan. She found herself more than a little bit disturbed by it all, especially the likelihood that something was happening between him and Amy. She hadn't been that daunted by the possibility that he was dating Kim, because she figured that she had a much sexier body than Kim did. But Amy was a different matter. She knew that Alan was a "tit man," and Amy was amply endowed, as well as all-around beautiful. She'd be seriously tough competition.

Then there was the possibility, although remote, that he was somehow getting involved with Heather as well. She found that so disturbing that she refused to even consider it. Still, the rumors suggested that he was getting increasingly sexually active, as well as increasingly desirable. She'd assumed that if she

ever changed her mind about him, he'd still be there, ready and waiting for her. But now she was discovering to her chagrin that this was no longer true.

#### Chapter 349 Sex After A Long Time.

When his tennis match was over, Alan rushed directly to Kim's house. He hadn't showered after playing, but he figured he could shower there. His low-energy problem was the same as always, so he really wanted to nap, but he figured he could work in an hour or two of sex and then take a late nap at home before dinner. That's exactly what he ended up doing.

Alan showed up at Kim's house at 4:30 p.m. He rang the doorbell, which was answered immediately by both Kim and Katherine, who had been waiting anxiously for him to arrive. They were both wearing especially sexy, revealing outfits just for him. However, he was so tired from the tennis, plus biking to Kim's house in a hurry, that he couldn't really appreciate it. He just smiled and said, "Hey, you two look great! Kim, could I take a quick shower? Maybe that'll revive me."

Of course Kim didn't object, so a minute later Alan was naked with the shower water running over his body.

The girls gave him a few minutes to get clean and hopefully somewhat revived. Then they surprised him by joining him in the shower.

He didn't have it in him to object, especially once he got a good look at their naked bodies. He said, "Oh, man. I can't believe this is happening. Girls, I warn you; it'll be a tight squeeze in here."

Katherine replied, "That's what we're hoping!" She giggled at the double meaning.

He shook his head. "Duh. I really walked into that one, didn't I? Kim, what are you doing?"

He asked that because Kim had wasted no time, kneeling before him in a flash. In fact, by the time he finished asking her what she was doing, she was already licking his penis. Unfortunately, it was flaccid, but that didn't discourage her at all. She did focus more on licking his balls though, massaging his perineum with her tongue until the proximate stimulation of his prostate made his penis grow erect.

Then Katherine moved in. She managed to kiss his lips without getting in the way of Kim's efforts. Between happy smooches he asked his sister, "So what's this all about?"

Katherine replied as she licked his neck, "This is called number-one-fuck-toy service! Kim has agreed to be assistant fuck toy for the day. So feel free to do anything to me, to us, that you want! Anything at all!" After some more kissing, she added, "In certain other places, we have to be careful about what we do. But here and now there are no rules at all!"

"I like the sound of that!" he exclaimed with genuine excitement. The girls were doing a good job of reviving him both mentally and physically. bender

Despite the "anything goes" situation, Alan was content to just let Kim suck him off while Katherine kissed him. He still wasn't all the way back, and his muscles were aching from all the tennis. Just standing there with his back against the wall, intimately kissing his sister while the water massaged his sore muscles, felt very nice. The fact that Kim was blowing him at the same time was a very big bonus.

They kept at it until he was on the verge of a climax. Then they got dry and moved to Kim's bedroom.

Alan was in a mellow mood. He wanted to fuck for a while, but in a way that wouldn't take too much energy. He told Kim and Katherine while he sat naked on Kim's bed, drying his head with a towel, "I've been reading some books on sex techniques, but last time I was too excited to use what I'd just learned. Now I want to try this stuff out. There's a book that goes on about how awesome tender, slow, love making can be. So that's what I'd like to try. Did you know a woman is supposed to have seventeen different erogenous zones?"

"Seventeen?" Katherine asked quizzically. "That can't be right." She and Kim sat side by side next to him, naked, eagerly waiting to see whom he'd choose to fuck first.

Alan pointed his finger at Katherine and tossed the towel aside. "Kim, hope you don't mind, but I think I'll start with some sister fucking."

No one was too surprised by that. Katherine immediately hopped up on the bed and lay down.

Alan resumed his train of thought about erogenous zones even as he smiled and pressed himself down onto his sister. "Seventeen zones, Sis. Seventeen."

"No way!"

"Yeah, way." He pushed his cock straight in. "You're going to find out. There's the back of the knees, the earlobes, the armpits..."

"Armpits? No way, Big Rig Brother. There's nothing sexy about that. ... Oh, God, it's so full! My poor cunt just ... can't take it. ... Push! Harder!"

"That's what the book says, Shaved Little Sister. Let's check it out. But I can't do two women at once. Let me show Sis first, then I'll show you, Kim. Then, once I get the hang of it, I can get some help from one of you, like I'm Santa and I've got a sex elf."

Kim laughed. "I could have guessed who gets the seventeen-zone treatment first, but that's okay. I'm happy to be a sex elf, if that helps. Looks like you're getting into the Christmas spirit early."

Alan smiled at that while he started to find his fuck rhythm. "Yeah, they say Christmas starts after Halloween these days. Let's do just a little bit of this in and out and then move to some slower stuff. Bouncy Little Sister, I like how Kim has you all lubed up with cunt cum and then some before I even start."

"Oh, I am. I'm so fucking ready!" Katherine panted. "Spear me! Fuck with it! Fuck! Fast fuck! Fast fuck! Hit me with your baby juice!"

Alan's plan to take it slow and easy went down the drain as he got swept up in her enthusiasm. He gave his sister a quick, hard and intense five-minute fuck. The sound of his balls repeatedly slapping against her filled the room.

But then, just as they were both about to cum, he became completely motionless, with eyes closed. Both Kim and Katherine were puzzled by that; they began to wonder if he'd passed out. But after a minute he re-opened his eyes and resumed his rutting, though now in a completely different manner. He settled in for a relaxed, "tender love" fuck, which was what he'd wanted to do all along.

Kim was content to watch and masturbate. She was realistic enough to recognize that she wasn't as beautiful as Katherine, nor could she ever compete with their incest taboo and close sibling bond.

With the slower fucking, Alan had time to try out his book learning about the seventeen erogenous zones.

Sure enough, Katherine discovered erogenous zones that she hadn't even known existed, like the soles of her feet. She really got into having her toes sucked. She also had a sensitive neck and ears.

Alan made a mental note to focus on her toes a lot more in the future. Then, during a strategic break to give his dick a second wind, he put his fingers in her slit and played around inside.

Even though she was somewhat sore from their just-concluded fuck, she wanted more. "Oooh! Yeah, just like that! Kim, I am in the zone!"

Kim asked, "What zone?"

"You know, 'The Zone'. The blissful state where everything is absolutely perfect. 'Cos my big brother is fucking me and loving me, and doing a damn good job of it!"

He modestly shifted the topic. "Speaking of zones, let's not forget the best spot of all. Your G-spot. Right here." He knew it pretty well on his sister from previous sessions, so he had no trouble locating it this time. "I'm gonna get to know this spot so well, I'm gonna be a god-damned G-spot-ologist."

She purred and moaned. She really was in seventh heaven.

As they played with each other, Alan spoke his mind freely. "Little Sis, I have to be honest. I really think you are the best-looking girl in school." Suddenly he remembered that Kim was in the room, masturbating just a few feet away from them. He belatedly added, "No offense, Kim."

Kim responded, "None taken. At least I have the looks to get on the cheerleading squad, so I know I'm not chopped liver. But then there are the drop-dead gorgeous types. And I'd agree that she at least ties

with that group, in a tall, willowy sort of way. When you get to the looks of like Heather, Christine, Amy, Donna, and Katherine, it becomes impossible to pick a best." (The Donna she referred to was Donna Giovanni, Heather's main rival in school, who was also well-known for her beauty.)

Alan was relieved that Kim didn't seem offended. He tried hard not to make comparisons between the women in his life, in part because it was such a potential minefield. "See Sis? Screw Heather. I think her tits are fake, and probably half the rest of her is augmented somehow. Your body is really outstanding." He ran his hands over her breasts and down her tummy, then to her hips. "You don't have a single blemish, or hardly even a scraped knee."

He brought one hand up to cup her face while his other hand kept exploring. "And your face is so pretty. You could be a model, and I do mean a really high-paid model. How lucky am I to have such an amazing sister?"

Katherine tingled all over from the compliments and the fondling. But she pouted, "What about Christine? Isn't she the most beautiful girl in school? That's what a lot of people say."

Alan realized that he had to be extremely diplomatic, because there was no denying that Christine was a total knockout and totally real. "I agree with Kim. When you get to that level of beauty, it becomes pointless to compare. All I know is that every time I see you, I want to love you, possess you, fill you up with my cum."

Katherine squirmed under him excitedly. "Oh, Brother! Me too! I love you too!" Her hands found his boner, which she stroked while trying to pull it back into her slit. "Every time I see you, I want you in me! Gaawwwd, I want you to fuck me forever! That's why I want to be your fuck toy! I really mean it. I love you so much!"

They kissed and shared their love for each other. He still needed a longer strategic break though, so he lay right next to her in a way that prevented her from fitting his erection in her cunt, or even from jacking him off much.

Then, not wanting to hurt Kim's feelings, Alan turned to her and said, "Kim, I think you're very beautiful too. And you're still growing; in another year you'll be even more of a stunner. But you have to understand that my feelings for my sister are inherently different, and very special."



Kim understood. "No problem. Believe you me, I completely agree. Your sister is hot. Your whole family is remarkably good looking, including you and of course your mother. You Plummers must have the most amazing genes."

Alan smiled a wry smile, because Kim was forgetting that both he and his sister were adopted.

Katherine finally replied, "You think you're lucky, Big Farm Silo Brother? How lucky am I to have such an amazing brother like you?" She gazed into his eyes. "I've loved you so long. I don't care if you happen to be my brother; you're the one that I love."

"I love you too, Little Sis. In fact, I'm really glad that you're my sister, because that means I'm fucking the girl I love the best. I have my own Playboy centerfold model just across the hall from my bedroom, ready to fuck any time."

"Not just ready," Katherine corrected. "I live for it! I suck on pens and pencils all day long at school, just dreaming about you filling my mouth or my cunt."

Kim laughed. "It's true. The funny thing is, she really does. Whenever I see her, I have to remind her covertly to not be so obvious about her pencil sucking."

"I stand corrected," he said, amused. "But my point is, not only are you the ultimate fuck, but you're also the kindest, most loving girl. You always made this brother very happy, way before our sex even started, just by being you."

Both of them shed a few tears of happiness even as they continued their gentle foreplay. Alan was still toying with her G-spot, which was having its intended effect.

Kim gave them their space and played with herself more or less non-stop. She ardently wished that she had a brother like Alan, after seeing how good he and Katherine were for each other.

The two siblings took another half hour to fuck the slow way, until they came together with a lot of clawing and screaming. Then there was more fondling afterward, until Alan's time at Kim's was running out.

## Chapter 350 Now It's Kim's Turn [DD Sponsored]

However, Alan was a gentleman, so he didn't want to neglect their hostess Kim. He spent his last half hour giving the younger cheerleader a slow, exploratory fuck. Just as with Katherine, he made sure to stimulate every single one of the seventeen erogenous zones described in the book. Some of his explorations were a success, others not so much.

But he didn't neglect some old-fashioned fucking as well; he worked up to that as his finale. His thrusts pushed her body along until he literally fucked her off the bed and onto the floor. That didn't stop them; he kept on going. The force of his thrusts pushed her backwards along the floor until they came to a wall.

Katherine thought that was hilarious.

He also remembered his mother's advice from the night before: Force her to do what you want. Bend her to your will. He had a hard time treating his sister gruffly or any differently than he normally treated her. But since he didn't know Kim that well and she seemed so amenable to just about anything, he practiced a new style on her.

Alan was normally a very polite guy, but this time he tried to do just what he wanted, and screw politeness. To his surprise he found that Kim seemed to like his aggressive sexual manner even better than his polite one.

She grew noticeably excited from him merely telling her what to do with her body. That excited him also. He told her: "Pull your leg up to your chest," or "Suck my balls," or "Lick the ass of my little supermodel sister," and so on, and Kim would do it without question. Before long it seemed she waited expectantly for more orders from him, or even from Katherine, as if she really got off on being told what to do.

He thought back to when he and Katherine were worried that Kim would blackmail Katherine into being her sex slave. It was obvious now that that wasn't in Kim's nature, that she was really more a submissive type.

Now that he was more comfortable with his new "seventeen zones" techniques from practicing one-on-one on each of them, once Alan had cum in Kim (using a rubber), Katherine joined in and the three of them just played around with each other.

For a while, Katherine and Alan practiced stimulating Kim's lesser-known erogenous zones to the point that Kim was so overcome with pleasure that she felt she would die. It seemed to her like she was in a sauna where the temperature kept going up and up until she just couldn't breathe.

At one point, with Alan sucking her toes while reaching up and tweaking her engorged clit and Katherine licking her neck and twisting her nipples, Kim cried out, "Stop! I can't take it! I'm burning up like an oven!"

But part of Alan's new experimental strategy was to just override Kim's wishes, so the two siblings didn't let up. It was the first time he could recall where he'd kept going when someone said stop.

After a while, Alan could sense that Kim was reaching a peak, so he decided to end things with a dramatic flair - he got Kim to stand up so he could fuck her against the wall.

She responded with the biggest orgasm she'd ever had in her life, causing her to scream louder than she'd ever screamed before.

When it was over, Kim said to Katherine, "Oh. My. God. I may be a lesbian, but good fucking is good fucking. We should enjoy sharing him now, while we can, because when word gets out about what this boy can do, they're going to be lining up around the corner just to get fucked!"

Katherine replied with mixed emotions, "They already are."

Now time was really running out, but there was one more thing Alan wanted to do. He said, "All right, I've pleased you both a lot today, haven't I?"

Katherine and Kim nodded enthusiastically.

"Right. Good. Well, even though the three of us have been getting to know each other pretty well, there's one thing we haven't done that I'd really like to do. Namely, I've never had two women suck me off at the same time, and I want you two to be the first."

Katherine responded jokingly, "Sure, maybe we can help you out. But first I have to ask, what have you done for me lately?"

Kim, though, didn't see the joke. She immediately griped, "Girl, what are you talking about? If Alan gives us a command, we have to obey it immediately. Are you so selfish that you'd put your needs above his? What's wrong with you? And don't you want to suck him off together? That sounds like a GREAT idea to me!"

"Chill, Kim," Katherine responded testily. "That was just an attempt at humor, you know, like the Janet Jackson song. The way Alan just fucked both our brains out until we were delirious with joy, I thought it was pretty obvious that 'what have you done for me lately' had to be a joke. I mean, have you ever felt better in your life?"

"Oh. Right. Sorry. But let's not sit here and gab all day. Look: Alan wants us to suck him off together and we're so thoughtless that no one is even holding his dick!" Kim immediately grabbed it and resumed stroking it. "If Alan says 'jump' then our only response should be 'how high,' right?"

"Of course. You don't have to tell me that. I'm all about being a perfect, obedient fuck toy."

"Then what are you waiting for? His cock needs us, and time is running out." Kim started tonguing it, and Katherine quickly leaned in and followed suit.

As Katherine swirled her tongue around the head of Alan's dick and then alternately lightly blew on it, she thought, Geez. What's with Kim? Those were my lines. She's trying to be even more ingratiating and eager than I am. She's been doing it all day long, but even more since Bro strangely started ordering her around this last half-hour or so. ...

Well, I'm sorry Kim, but you have to realize that you're the second fiddle here. Alan is MY brother. With the modest size of your tits and the slimness of your hips, you're lucky that he deigns to fuck you at all. Brother fucks only the best! He says that I'm centerfold material, and I have to constantly prove that's so. As soon as he isn't around, I'm going to have to make it clear to you that you can't upstage me. I'm

having enough trouble competing with all the giant jugs at home; I don't need real competition here as well.

The two of them were having trouble sharing his erection - each wanted too much of it. Katherine opened her eyes, and Kim, somehow sensing that, opened her own eyes and looked back to see Katherine shooting daggers of anger at her.

The younger girl immediately backed off. She mostly retreated to the base of Alan's boner, leaving Katherine with the top half where she could deliver more pleasure.

Katherine took full advantage, and soon was alternating between licking and sucking his cock.

Kim was slightly disappointed because she knew he didn't have many nerve endings down there. Still, she loved licking any part of his cock.

Alan lay back on the bed, enjoying things, while he played with a different girl's tit with each hand.

Katherine thought, as if she could pass a message to Kim telepathically, Now that's better. We're happy to have you and use your house, Kim, and I really like you, but don't forget that Brother wants to fuck me first and last. You'd best be serving not just him, but me too. ... Ah. That's much better.

Katherine was encouraged by Kim's continued deference to her position at the head of Alan's prick. Instead of bickering, we should work together to give Bro the best blowjob he's ever had.

Kim was now watching Katherine, so Katherine tried to project a telepathic message to her: "Go to his balls. Suck his balls."

Not surprisingly, the telepathy didn't work, but Katherine motioned downwards with her eyes and Kim lowered herself until she reached Alan's balls. She started sucking on his ball sack, at which Katherine gave an approving nod.

Katherine thought, as if talking to Kim, Good. Later I'm not only going to have to talk to you about your proper place, but we're also going to have to work out a nonverbal communication system so we can act

as one to please him. He's spent a lot of time giving us orgasms today, but Kim is right: we're the ones who should put HIS needs first. The more we pleasure him, the more he pleasures us. If he starts seriously boning the likes of Aims, Christine, Donna, and Heather, I'm not going to get much of a share of him. Kim and I have to keep him so satisfied that he doesn't feel the need to wander elsewhere.

Alan was oblivious to the jockeying for position that his request had created; he only knew that he was being given one hell of a blowjob. Dang! This is too awesome. I need these dual blowjobs more often.

As good as this is, just imagine if this was Mom and Sis! My sister and mother sucking me off together. I never would have imagined that in a million years, but now I'm sure it'll happen someday, probably soon. Or Mom and Aunt Suzy! What a combo that would be. Or Aunt Suzy and Sis. Or Aims with any of the above. Especially with Aunt Suzy's extra long tongue.

Or, hell, throw in Glory with anyone. She sucks some serious cock, even if you don't count her deep-throating skills. Glory and Aunt Suzy?! Fuck! The two most talented tongues at once. I think I'd die of pure joy with that combo. But this right here is pretty fucking awesome. We're going to have to do this every time from now on.

Katherine had let Kim migrate back to the tip of Alan's dick by the time he finally had to cum, and both of them were still working on it. But when he started to spurt, Kim backed off and let Katherine place her mouth over the tip to capture all his spunk. Katherine really appreciated that, so to show her gratitude, once her brother had shot all his ropes, she French kissed Kim and pushed some of his cum into Kim's mouth as a reward for a job well done.

Alan could well imagine that his cum was being passed between their mouths, and the thought nearly got him hard again. However, he was tired and didn't stir from his restful pose.

He wouldn't have been able to do much more in any case, because it was already six o'clock and time to go. Dinner at the Plummer house was usually around 6:30 p.m. and Alan still needed his daily nap. He decided he would tell his mother to save his dinner; he'd reheat it after waking from an exceptionally late nap.

As they were getting dressed and cleaning up, Alan asked the two girls, "So, what did you think of the stuff from the book? Is the slow, tender love better than the fast kind?"

Kim answered, "Both are great. It's like great taste vs. less filling. Why should I have to choose just one? The important thing is that you fuck us every way you can, as often as you can."

Katherine chimed in. "I agree. You know how to fuck us good, Big Umbrella Brother. You're like some kind of master lover twice your age. I don't think anyone would believe you've only been doing this for a couple of weeks! I don't care how you fuck me, fast or slow, front or back, or whatever, because you know and read my moods so well. Anything you want is good. The important thing is that you keep fucking me, a lot."

He replied modestly, "If you like what I'm doing, don't thank me; thank the books. Anyone my age could do the same. Between this and the PC muscle control I've been working on, it's all just book learning." Actually, he was learning more from talking to Suzanne than from books, but he avoided admitting that in front of Kim.

Kim pointed out, "Yeah, that may be partly true, though I think you've got a lot of natural talent. But how many teenage guys bother to read such a book, or even try to please the woman at all? Guys are such self-centered jerks." Realizing she was speaking to a guy, she belatedly added, "Um, you excepted, of course ... maybe. At least you know how to show a woman a good time."

Alan laughed. "No worries. I understand what you mean; guys generally are jerks. I can be a jerk too. But I've been learning that the more I please a woman, the more powerful my orgasms end up too. Mutual orgasms are the best, by far."

Katherine, trying to show that she was the more devoted lover, said, "That may be, but from now on Kim and I resolve to think not of our desires and needs, but only of yours. This is no longer the S-Club, the Service Club. It's now the SA-Club: the Service Alan Club."

Kim laughed gleefully. "Right! You said it, girl! Alan is naturally so good at pleasing us that we have to up the ante to keep up with him. We have to show nothing less than total devotion." She licked her lips and stared at his groin with slavish lust.

Alan laughed them off and made a couple of self-deprecating jokes, but secretly he was very pleased with their attitude.bender

He thought, This must be what it's like to be an alpha male gorilla. The alpha male gets as many females as he wants. The only difference is the gorilla has to fight off all the other male gorillas constantly, whereas everything is handed to me as if on a silver platter. I wonder how that happened?!