

6 Times 391

Chapter 391 You Promised: No Pregnancy Comments

That day's tennis matches seemed to last forever, and Alan lost all three. The last match, against the best player on the team, was a complete humiliation.

That left him in a lousy mood when he drove over to Kim's house for the biweekly S-Club orgy. He was completely exhausted, and also sweaty and dirty from tennis. He hoped that a shower at Kim's would liven him up and put him in more of a sexual frame of mind.

He thought, The day is already more than half-way over, and the only naked woman I've had fun with so far was Mom. How bizarre is that? Talk about changing expectations. I'd never even SEEN a real naked woman until a matter of a few weeks ago, when I saw Aims first, then Kat and Mom and Aunt Suzy.

Oh well. At least the S-Club orgy will make up for a relatively inactive day. My balls are practically bursting and I'm ready to deposit a couple of hefty loads in my two cheerleader beauties! He chuckled to himself.

By the time he arrived at Kim's house, Kim and Katherine had already been going at it with each other for two hours.

Alan let himself in, then went up to Kim's bedroom.

His sister paused briefly from sucking Kim's nipple, long enough to say 'Hi', but then she went right back to it.

He was amused, and a bit chagrined. He said, "This is funny. Last time, both of you greeted me at the door and couldn't wait to get started. Now I can't even get you to look my way and see the big bloody gash on my arm."

Both Katherine and Kim suddenly turned and stared at him with fear.

But he just chuckled and raised his arms, showing there was no injury. "Gotcha!"

Katherine went back to playing with Kim. "Very cute. I'm going to get you back for that. The two of us are gonna punish you with a long, loving double blowjob; just you wait and see."

He laughed. "Oh no! Somebody save me!"

Kim pointed out, "Don't worry, Alan. We're not ignoring you. It's just that we're both on the edge of some nice orgasms. Once we're done and warmed up, we'll be all over you."

"That's great. Take your time. I really need to take a shower anyway."

He took his shower, but he didn't feel terribly revived afterwards. However, anticipation of the sex to come gave him an insistent boner well before the shower was over. By the time he was dried off, he was in serious need of sexual relief.

The first thing he wanted to do was fuck his sister, which he did. But his performance wasn't up to his usual recent standards. He reached his long-awaited and much-needed release, but he was like a half-dead man who had collapsed on top of her. She'd had to do most of the work by churning her hips.

Their fuck was over in less than five minutes, which was shockingly short by comparison with his recent performances.

Alan was very disappointed. "Sorry, Sis. I don't know what happened there."

She joked, "I just hope THAT wasn't the time you knocked me up. Anyway, I know you were just getting warmed up yourself."

"Siiiiiiiis! You promised: no pregnancy comments."

"Oops. But what if later on I get that special tingle that indicates you've fertilized me?"

Alan just rolled his eyes disapprovingly. Changing the topic back to his apology, he said, "The thing is, I just finished playing tennis for this stupid tournament until I was almost too tired to stand. And on top of that, I've only cum once since last night, which is unusual for me these days. So I was majorly pooped AND needing fast relief. I'm really sorry."

"Why? Bro, I'm your number-one fuck toy. I'm your busty, beautiful sister, put on Earth to satisfy your every desire. Right now, your need was just to empty your sperm into me, your oh-so-fertile sperm, and I was happy to be your cum dump."

"Sis! Please. Don't talk about yourself that way. You're not put on Earth to satisfy me, and you're not a cum dump! You're my sister and I love you. I should be YOUR cum dump, if that were possible."

She giggled while tenderly running her hand through his unruly hair. "It's not, at least not unless you go down on me while I'm above you, which maybe should be called 'going up.' Otherwise I'll just have to be your cum dump." She giggled some more. "Don't worry; you know I love this over-the-top way of talking. I get off on it and there's no harm done, so don't worry. Okay? Remember, you like it that I'm uppity."

"That's true." He happily snuggled into her, wanting to just rest and recover for a while.

But then he remembered that Kim was still there in bed with them. He knew that he'd established an impressive image with Kim, and he didn't want to ruin that by having her seeing him when he was down. So he tried to be commanding and build on the authoritative style he'd established the last time they were at her place. Even while he was laying there cuddled up to his sister, he opened his eyes briefly and said, "Kim, clean it up. Clean up everything."

"Yes, sir!" Kim said with a salute.

Alan liked that. Her response even revived him slightly.

Without protest she licked all of his and Katherine's juices from his dick. The stimulation of her tongue kept his penis partially hard.

However, he still felt like he was without energy, especially after all the demands of his tennis matches.

Yet, funnily enough, even as his mind was shutting down for a rest, his dick responded to all the licking and grew harder the more she "cleaned" it. Before he knew what was happening, she was sucking him off. He didn't even want it - if he was going to shoot another load, he would have far preferred another fuck. But he was too tired to do anything but let her continue.

Katherine grew increasingly aroused watching Kim suck and lick. She said, "Girl, you really inspire me. I mean, that's just such a fucking big cock for your mouth. You struggle mightily just to keep your lips locked around it and keep breathing. But that doesn't slow you down! You're bobbing and licking and stroking and using a lot of suction, I can tell." She nudged Alan. "Is she?"

"Hell, yeah!"

Katherine continued, "Kim, you're practically worshiping that cock! It's like, the only thing that matters is bringing it pleasure. It's like you're nothing but a slave and that cock is your lord and master!" She suddenly sat up. "Oh, fuck me! What am I doing just sitting here and talking and making myself all hot and bothered when there's plenty of cock for both of us?!"

Alan had to sit right on the edge of the bed to provide room for both girls to kneel together. But the effort was worth it, despite his exhaustion. Just seeing the two naked cheerleaders shoulder to shoulder, eager to suck, gave him new life.

As usual, Kim was deferential to Katherine (as well as Alan). So Katherine bobbed over Alan's sweet spot for a couple of minutes while Kim mostly just licked his balls and around the base of his shaft.

However, Katherine realized that Kim was the one who had gotten him hard again, thanks to her cleaning efforts. Also, she knew that she'd been fucked already while Kim had not. So she pulled off and let Kim take control of the much more sensitive top half of his cock, instead replacing Kim at licking his balls.

Alan hardly even noticed the switch, because they were both doing such a good job blowing him. Kim really loved cocksucking, and the double blowjob brought out her competitive instincts; she really wanted to try harder to outdo or at least match Katherine.

Many minutes passed. After a while, Katherine got frustrated at being so close to, yet so far from, the sweet spot she craved to lick, but she still didn't want to be pushy and take Kim's place. So she stopped her licking and sat back up on the bed to neck with her brother for a while.

For a long time, Alan was at an ideal pleasure plateau where he felt great arousal but didn't have to worry too much about fighting the urge to cum. Eventually though, his arousal increased to the point that it would have been a big effort to keep holding back. He was too tired to use his PC muscle to delay his ejaculation, so instead he simply let go. His cum burst forth into Kim's mouth as from a breaking dam.

Kim was still inexperienced with blowjobs, and he hadn't given her any warning of his imminent climax. Furthermore, this was an unusually large load, since he'd been building up a charge for the better part of the day, during which he'd only come once. Her eyes bugged out and it looked like she would choke as the flood of cum filled her mouth and poured down her chin. But she struggled to keep up, managing to swallow most of it.

When she was done, she asked him, calmly, "How was that?"

"Good for me, of course, but how about you? Are you okay?"

"Never been better. I just love doing that. If only women had penises." There were actually tears in her eyes from the struggle, but she really had enjoyed it. In fact, she actually preferred the difficulty. She wiped her chin clean of her saliva and his cum.

Alan was too sleepy to ask more. He merely said, as he closed his eyes, "Now do my sister, please. Get her all clean."

"Mmmm. More Plummer family cum. I'll take it any way I can get it." Kim dove into Katherine's pussy. A river of seed was seeping from Katherine's hole from her earlier fucking, but Kim soon took care of that. After the cum was finally cleaned up, Kim continued to lick until Katherine arched backwards and screamed for joy.

Unfortunately for Alan, he missed most of that arousing sight because he'd gone from metaphorical collapse to literal collapse. He'd closed his eyes and was out like a light; the next thing he knew it was just after six o'clock and past the time for the two Plummer kids to go home.

Kim and Katherine had let him sleep for over an hour. He woke up alone, since Kim and Katherine had vacated the bedroom to allow him to sleep while they continued to make love to each other elsewhere in the house.

He was a bit disappointed that he hadn't had the energy to fuck them some more. But upon reflection he thought it was probably for the best. He'd needed to sleep more than to fuck. It was only his pride and sense of obligation, and the fact that the other two were waiting for him, that had brought him to Kim's house in the first place.

He felt that way mostly because he didn't want to let down his waiting sister. He'd often been worried lately that she was feeling neglected and inadequate, since she had to compete with Susan, Suzanne, and now Brenda. He'd guessed her feelings rightly, but on the other hand her newfound sexual desire was so great that she would have felt neglected even if he'd been fucking her twice daily. He figured that perhaps in time her desire would abate some, but right now she was completely thrilled with the discovery of sex and so couldn't get enough.

Even after his nap, he felt tired beyond tired. Four consecutive days of the tennis tournament were catching up to him all at once. He offered to fuck his sister again, but she could see that he wasn't up to it, so she insisted that they leave.

Katherine drove the two of them back home. He slept for the entire trip.

His mother and sister left him alone during a sedate dinner, and they silently shared an aubergine casserole. Afterwards he flopped into a chair in the living room and spaced out watching old Red Dwarf reruns.

By his recent standards, he'd had a bad day. The worst thing was, he had an essay due in one of his classes the next day and he hadn't even started on it. That impending deadline had weighed heavily on his mind throughout the day. He decided that he'd delayed the inevitable long enough, and it was time to get started. He figured he would be up late finishing it. At least it was a creative essay, a mock college application, so he didn't have to do any research.

To help him avoid distractions, Katherine retreated to her room and Susan actually left the house for a social visit. His body was rested up but his brain was still too tired to think much, so he vegetated and

watched TV instead. His plan was to get started in a few minutes, but the right minute never seemed to arrive.

Chapter 394 Flexible Amy

bender

Alan hadn't been watching television very long when Amy came by for a visit. She was unaware that the others were trying not to disturb him, and wanted his undivided attention. She came bounding into the living room dressed in her cheerleading uniform.

"Howdy, Bo. What's shakin'?" She struck a sexy pose.

Alan was always aroused by cheerleader outfits, but this time he tried not to show it. "Oh, nothing much. Just blowing off some school work. I've become such a juvenile delinquent lately."

"Hey, if you're wasting time, can you help me out?"

"Sure. I'm just looking for excuses to put off this essay I'm supposed to write. What is it?"

"Tomorrow's a big football game and I want to make sure I've got all my routines down right. Can you watch me do my routines and give me a review?"

He thought as he smiled to himself, Ah, the ol' "Can I practice my cheerleader routine on you" gambit. Sis tried this on me just a few days ago, and to great success for both of us. Dang. That seems like years ago. I was a totally different guy back then. I wonder if Aims knows about that incident. Probably not. I don't think Sis would be talking about that kind of thing with her.

The question is, what should I do? I really should do my homework. But I wasn't doing it when she came in, so it's not like she's stopping me. Maybe an inspiring sight will get me going and turn my day around, giving me the incentive to actually do my work.

"Sure. Sounds great." He turned off the TV and sat back in his chair.

She cried "Goody!", picked out one of his CDs and put it in the stereo. The song was "My Lovin' (You're Never Gonna Get It)" by En Vogue. She knew he liked that one. Before she started, she said shyly, "I hope you don't mind, but I'm kind of not wearing any underwear. Since that's the house rule and all."

Sitting on a sofa across from him, she placed a leg up, hiked up her skirt, and showed off her shaved pussy. "So you might see a lot of this. Is that a problem?"

He smiled. This should be good. Just what the doctor ordered. "Why should I mind? That's all the better."

"You don't mind that you can totally see my cunnie?"

"No, I definitely don't mind."

She had a worried look on her face, but it was apparently just an act because then she said, "And if we don't watch out, you might also see a bunch of this." She turned around in her seat and pulled up her skirt again so he could get a nice eyeful of her broad ass.

He swore he was able to see a hint of a knowing smile on her face, hiding beneath her concerned facade. "I think I could survive that too. Please go ahead."

"M'kay!" She stood up and clapped her hands, suddenly exuberant with joy. She launched into her cheerleading routine and danced up a storm. She was good. Very good. She had a natural knack for cheerleading, and was reasonably adept at showing off her pussy or ass at every opportunity. It seemed half the routines she did involved kicking, including lots of high kicking where she brought a leg all the way up to her face and kept it there.

But Alan had a problem. Although he was unmistakably aroused mentally, his penis just wasn't responding. It lay there like a dead fish. That wasn't really that surprising, since it was sore and he generally felt like the walking dead anyway, but it was still disappointing for both of them. Previously, it had always seemed that no matter how bad he hurt or how tired he was, his penis would always rise for the occasion. But this time was an exception.

The song ended with Amy doing a dramatic split.

Alan clapped and said positive things about her performance, but still he frowned. He asked, "Aims, can you do me a favor and take your top off for a minute?"

"M'kay! Heck, why not take all my clothes off? Don't you think that's better?"

He chuckled with glee. "That's a great idea!"

He thought, Okay, I'm pretty much a breast man. But there wasn't much breast movement in that dance. Aims has a great pair. If she can't revive me, nothing will.

Amy went to the CD player and put the B-52's on. She seemed to take extra long, and starting the CD seemed to involve a lot of sexy wiggling of her very sexy bare ass.

As the song "Strobe Light" played, Alan grinned. "You and the B-52's."

She responded, "I do play them a lot, but that's just 'cos they're one of the few bands you and I both like. Would you rather I play one of my favorite boy bands?"

He reacted with mock-horror. "Oh no! Please no! God, no! Help us all, Jesus!"

She giggled. "You're funny. Now just sit and watch. I hope this helps your thingy!"

She pirouetted and danced around the middle of the living room until the song came to an end. She used cheerleader-like moves, but she had to hold her boobs most of the time to prevent them from bouncing around in a painful manner.

He was most definitely inspired mentally, but his penis was still limp. "Dang!" he cursed out loud.

Amy came over to the sofa where he was now sitting and put a hand on his shoulder, looking intently into his eyes. "What? What is it? Did I do something wrong?"

"No, no. You did great. You're really inspiring. But for some reason I can't get happy. I think I'm just too tired."

"Oh no! That's bad. Can I take your thingy out and take a look?"

"Sure."

She unzipped his shorts and flopped out his penis. It didn't look very impressive in its flaccid state. She tried to rub it, but it wasn't even partially hard, and there was no reaction. "Aaaawww. It's so sad. I'm so sorry."

"You? Why should you be sorry?"

"Bo, I hate to say this, but it's true. I just don't inspire you like the others. This is all my fault. I'm sure if Aunt Susan, Mom, or Kat were here, this would be very happy." She squeezed his penis a couple of times, but still got no reaction.

He wondered if she was right. He thought about the other females, one by one, and imagined them naked and cocksucking, but there still was no reaction down below. "No, Aims, you're very inspiring. Just as much as them. I'm thinking about them right now and I have a very vivid imagination. But nothing's happening to me."

"Well then, why don't you do stuff with me? You're doing all kinds of fun stuff with them. I'm not totally blind. But you don't do anything with me. You fucked my tits once, but that was four days ago. I thought I'd get to play with your thingy every day. You hardly help with my shaving anymore, even." She stared downcast at the floor.

He thought, She's got a damn good point. True, she's not allowed to use her mouth on me, but titfucking is just as great. Plus, she's just all around sexy, fun, and awesome. Why haven't I done that with her since then?!

Suddenly she hopped up and looked energized. "Look! I can show you! I can do stuff. All kinds of stuff. I can even do stuff they can't. I'll do anything with you that you want. Anything. Here. Look at this." She stood on her head. Then, resting on her forearms, she leaned her body away from her head but stretched one leg far over in front of her head until she looked either like a work of abstract art or someone in a very tough yoga position.

"See?" she said with her body still upside down. "My body is very flexible. I'm double-jointed and stuff. I can do all kinds of things. Not even Mom can get into this position, I'll bet. I may not know much, but I can learn. I like you so much, Bo! You can play with my body any way you want. Why don't you, you know, take me and do all kinds of things to me?"

She dropped back down onto the floor. She sat with her legs spread wide in open invitation.

He was intrigued by her comment, "Not even Mom can get into this position." He knew Suzanne had been a gymnast back in high school, and he pondered what that might mean when they were fucking. He wondered if great flexibility could be a genetic trait in the Pestridge family.

He thought, Man, I'm just gonna have to pretend Aims isn't all but inviting me to fuck her! Sure, I'd love to, very, very badly, but Aunt Suzy would be extremely pissed if we do it and it gets discovered. Unfortunately, it's nearly certain that we'd get found out, and sooner rather than later. It's true that she hasn't found out about me and Sis fucking yet, but we've been extremely lucky about that. Besides, she keeps a much closer, protective eye on Aims.

Aims and I have to take things step by step, just like what's been happening with me and Mom. It would be better to get Aunt Suzy used to the idea of me doing other sexual acts with her "Honey Pie" first. Plus, I kinda promised her that I wouldn't let Aims use her mouth on my dick, at least not yet. It goes without saying that actual intercourse is out of bounds too. Heck, we're probably pushing our luck with titfucking. I certainly don't want to get on Aunt Suzy's bad side. Not only do I love her all up; she's the one who makes the sexy fun happen!

While Alan was still pondering the situation, Amy spread her legs and did the splits so wide that it was almost painful for him just to watch. That captured his full attention.

Then she bent her whole upper body backward in a big arc until the back of her head touched the floor. "Or this. We tried this in cheerleading practice, but no one else could do it. Not even Kat can do this; I'm the only cheerleader who can stretch this far."

Her position opened her pussy so wide that it seemed like a penis had just been removed. For a moment it looked like she was opening and closing her pussy like the mouth of a sucker fish. It caught his attention so much that he leaned forwards in his chair and closely examined her shaved crotch. That started some stirrings in his loins, but not enough to get him hard.

"Aims, please sit normally for a second."

She did so, panting for breath as she recovered from her extreme contortions.

He said, "Look. You don't have to show me how flexible you are. I'd love to do all kinds of things with you! You're already practically my second sister, and I love you more than words can say. But I sort of made a promise with Kat that I wouldn't do some things with you until certain other things happen. But that's only a temporary restriction; it's bound to change, probably in just a little while."

Amy moved closer towards him. "Hrm... What other certain things?"

"Well, to be honest, it's mostly about your mom. We have to kind of ease her into the idea that you're getting involved. We don't want her to get all angry. You know how she still thinks of you as her cute little 'Honey Pie.'"

"Grrr! Tell me about it!" Amy clenched her fists. "I'm not little or innocent anymore. I'm a woman!"

Before he could respond to that, she exclaimed, "Hey! Is that why I didn't get invited to the card game with Brenda last night? I can tell that you all had a lot of fun, even though everyone is trying to hide everything from me."

"That was at your mom's insistence. She thinks she's protecting you. You have to have patience. Before long, she'll have no choice but to bow to the inevitable."

"I don't wanna wait! I wanna do stuff now!"

Alan wasn't precisely sure what she was talking about when she said "stuff" or "things," except that it was sexual. He was pretty sure she meant she wanted to fuck, but wasn't positive how much she even really knew about intercourse. "So do I. But remember that we promised her you wouldn't use your mouth on me yet, or do anything beyond that. We have to be patient or-"

"Look!" Amy interrupted, her eyes wide, looking into his lap. "You're starting to get happy! Here, let me help out." She reached forward and took his semi-erect penis in her hands. She rubbed it vigorously, making it respond even more. "You DO like me!" she squealed joyfully. "I guess I just have to try harder to please you. Boy, this happy-penis stuff is tough to do!"

She leaned in even further, rubbing her tits across his chest. Her face was now inches from his, so she kissed him on the neck repeatedly. "How do you like that? Is that good?"

Chapter 395 We're Gonna Have Tons Of Fun.

Just then, Katherine said, "Hey, what do you guys think you're doing?" She was angry, crossing her arms in a defiant stance.

Alan was surprised, since he hadn't realized she was there. He realized she was standing just a few feet behind him. He felt a wave of guilt, but then wondered about her timing. "Hey yourself. How long have you been there? Were you eavesdropping on us?"

"No. ... Well, maybe. Okay, just a little," she admitted. "You can hardly blame me for being here, since you're in the most wide-open, public part of the house! But that's not the point. You said you wouldn't play like this with Amy. At least not without me playing too." Now she was pouty. "I'm hurt."

"Oh damn." He looked down between his legs. Amy had stopped rubbing his penis as soon as Katherine had made her presence known, so by that point it had deflated like a punctured balloon.

Katherine saw the problem and walked over. She was still cross. "Amy, you just don't know how to please him. Here, let me take care of that." She pushed Amy's hands away and took over.

Amy was angered and hurt. She sat back with large, doe-like sad eyes. "Bo, is that true? Am I no good? It did take so long to get happy..."

"No, it's not true. Kat, take that back! Tell her that's not true."

His sister seemingly ignored his command - all of her attention was now focused on her brother's dick. "God dammit! It's not responding." She was rubbing frantically, but his penis wasn't even half erect anymore. "Amy, what did you do to it?" She wasn't wasting time. Her face dove into his lap and she sucked on his penis like an industrial vacuum cleaner. But there was still no response.

"I didn't do anything!" Amy said sadly. "I'm so sorry, Bo. Did I break it?"

"Aims, it's fine," he soothed. He momentarily wondered at her comment asking if she'd broken his penis, and wondered just how naïve she really was. But he returned to the matter at hand, saying, "Kat just said some things in anger. She didn't really mean them, did you Sis?"

But Katherine was too busy cocksucking to talk, or at least she was using that as an excuse not to answer.

The three of them sat there in silence for several more minutes as Katherine licked and sucked with all her skill. She probed his asshole, fondled his balls, even sucked and stroked at the same time, and yet there was no response.

She wanted to prove that she could get it up when Amy couldn't, but in desperation she eventually had Amy join her. Amy even lathered up her tits with the KY Jelly that was kept in the underwear cabinet near the front door. She rubbed her lubed tits up, down, and all around Alan's back and chest, but that didn't help either. Finally Katherine had to admit defeat.

In truth, Alan had purposely thought of unsexy things while Katherine was working on him, to make sure his penis stayed flaccid. It wasn't hard to do since his dick hadn't been very responsive anyway, but he knew that if he did get erect, it would make Amy feel like she wasn't as good as Katherine, and it would also reward Katherine for being so pushy.

He was happy that he was able to say, "Look, Aims, it wasn't just you. Like I was saying, I'm just really tired. Sometimes it doesn't happen. You did even better than Sis did. You had me going fully there for a while before she burst in."

"I did, didn't I?" Amy said happily. She smiled for the first time since Katherine had entered.

Alan took Katherine aside and said quietly, "Will you please apologize to Aims? She's very sexually naïve, and you've confused her and hurt her feelings."

"No. I'm not going to apologize, because you were here without me. You broke your promise. I'm hurt! You should be apologizing to me!" Katherine left quickly, noisily stomping up the stairs towards her room.

He thought, When the hell did I ever make a promise like that? I knew the plan was to go slow with Amy until Aunt Suzy adjusted, but never doing anything with Aims unless Sis was there? Did I really say that? The problem is, so many amazing things have happened lately that I can't remember all the details.

Alan talked to Amy for a while until she was feeling better. She remained naked, so after she was feeling better they kissed and fondled for a while. It was nice, but more of a loving and bonding thing than a highly arousing and sexual thing.

At least, that's how it started. Amy ended up with her buck-naked body on his lap, and she seemed to have no problem letting him do whatever he wanted with her, and doing what she wanted with him. Somehow, her wet slit wound up repeatedly brushing up against his privates. Eventually even his weary penis couldn't help but respond, and he grew fully erect.

Amy giggled when she felt his boner engorge against her pussy. "Oh boy! It looks like - and feels like - somebody is starting to feel better!"

He replied, "See? This is what you do to me. You have no idea how tired I am right now, physically and emotionally. But with your gorgeous, voluptuous body on mine, I'm helpless to resist your charms."

"Goody!" She giggled some more, bouncing up and down with glee. Whether by accident or not, she wound up rubbing her juicy slit along the top of his hard-on while also bouncing on it in a very arousing manner.

She didn't attempt to hold it, but she exclaimed with her usual enthusiasm, "Hey! Let's play 'Bouncy Bouncy!'"

"How does that work?"

"We're kinda doing it already." She giggled some more as she continued to bounce and/or slide on his boner. "Just play with my body while I bounce on you, m'kay?"

He chuckled. "Okay." While she drove him to distraction with her movements, he thought, Maaaaan! It would be soooooo easy to fuck her right now. Hell, we're practically fucking as it is! But I feel like I'd be taking advantage. Would she really know what we're doing and the full implications, or is this just a 'Bouncy Boucy' game to her? God, she's so fuckable that it's ridiculous!

He was so tired that he closed his eyes, leaned back against the sofa, and rested, rather than responding and actively fondling Amy much. He luxuriated in the erotic pleasure her movements were giving him.

Eventually her bouncing and pelvic gyrating subsided and they went back to more French kissing.

Out of the blue, Amy broke one of the kisses and made eye contact with him. "You know what?"

"What?"

"I'm not interested in any other guy. No way! Just you!" She grew shy and looked away. "Bo, I just wanna, kinda... belong to you. And share you with Mom and Aunt Suzy and Kat and stuff. Is that okay?"

He held her chin and brought her gaze back to his. "That's VERY okay, Aims. I'd like that very much too."

Her face lit up and she flashed a toothy smile. "Cool! Cool beans in the blue jeans!" She giggled. Then she French kissed him again while somehow simultaneously resuming her bouncy motions.

They kissed and fooled around like that for another ten minutes. Amy still didn't touch his boner with her hands, but she more than made up for that by nearly continuously sliding, grinding, or bouncing her soaked cunt on it.

Alan wasn't sure, but he guessed from the way she shuddered that she eventually had a nice, quiet orgasm.

That made him realize that he was bound to cum before long if their activities continued. He didn't feel up for that, and he doubted his penis could handle it, so he said, "Aims, I'm totally loving this. You're one very, very sexy girl! But I think I need to go to my room and chill out. I'm kind of burned out from too many exciting things happening to me lately."

"M'kay, cool. But we'll get to do this again soon, right? We'll play 'Bouncy Bouncy' and all kinds of other fun stuff, won't we?"

That made him smile from ear to ear. "Sure. Definitely! We're gonna have tons of fun."

"Yeay! Don't forget me though, m'kay? You don't just have three women who want to help you here; you have four."

"Don't worry. I won't."

They walked hand-in-hand up the stairs to his room.

Once they got to his doorway, they shared another reaffirming French kiss. Then she said sadly, "I guess I should go, if you're feeling all tired and stuff."

"Yeah. I'm sorry, but I'm totally beat." He walked to his bed and sat down on the edge of it. He was ready to lie down, but he wanted to maintain eye contact until she left.

To his surprise, she followed him and wound up on her knees between his legs. She took his stiff boner in her hands and said, "Before I go, I've got a favor to ask."

"Sure. Shoot."

"Can I... would it be cool if you make me one of your personal cocksuckers too? I know I'm not allowed to suck your thingy yet, even though I totally want to." She was stroking his stiff pole with both hands, and breathing heavily on it, but she wasn't touching it with her tongue or lips. "But even so, couldn't you kind of pencil me in?"

He asked with genuine surprise, "You know about that 'personal cocksucker' stuff?"

"Sure! It's not like I try to eavesdrop, but I hear stuff, just 'cos I'm hanging around a lot. Heck, the other day, I came over right when Susan was in the middle of lecturing Kat about the 'duties and responsibilities of being a personal cocksucker.' She was all super serious about it. I know I'm not as sexually experienced as they are, but I want to be a full member of the group. Can I please?"

"Please what?"

"Be one of your personal cocksuckers, you silly! I already told you I'm not interested in any other guy. Just you! I'm totally cool with sharing you. In fact, I kinda like that even better, especially if I'm sharing you with my super best friend." She smiled and nodded towards Katherine's bedroom. "And I know Mom won't let me suck you just yet, but I'm working on her. She'll change her mind soon, I'm sure. And in the meantime, I can still titfuck you a lot! Isn't that almost as good?"

He was staggered by her offer. Wow! Fuckin' A! Am I lucky or am I lucky?! Jesus! He said, "Actually, that is just as good. I love titfucking a lot. And yes, if that's what you want, I would be honored and-"

"YEAY!" He was going to say more but he didn't get a chance, because she suddenly leapt up into his lap again and covered his face with kisses.

They necked for a minute or two while she continued to jack him off.

But just when he was really getting into it, she pulled off him and stood up. "Stay right there! Don't go anywhere, m'kay? Promise? I'll be right back!" She was out the door in a flash, before he could even respond.

Once he was all alone, he let out a big sigh. He closed his eyes, scooted back to his pillow, and then laid back on his bed.

He'd figured that Amy would come back in just a minute or two, but five minutes passed and there still was no sign of her. Damn. I guess she's not coming back after all. I wonder what the heck happened there. Maybe she figured that I was just too tired, and she's giving me time to rest. Perhaps that's for the best. What a bummer of a day. I feel like I let Aims down. She was up for some sexy fun, and I was like a lifeless blob most of the time. I upset both her and Sis in different ways.

Aims is right to feel left out. That's not really fair to her. She's so able and eager. She says she's only interested in me. That's pretty big. And she wants to be one of my "personal cocksuckers?" That's even bigger! I should have reacted more, said more. But it's like my brain is fried. Ugh! Plus, it's like I'm already having such great sexual success that I can't even keep up. I need to call "time out" for a while!

Besides, Sis is acting like a totally immature bitch today. Grrr. Although probably her frustration is due in large part to her feeling that I don't spend enough time with her either.

But we were just together this afternoon! Geez! True, we were with Kim, but I did fuck her first. There's just not enough of me to go around these days.

Back in his room, he continued to rest on his bed. But he didn't feel like calling it a night just yet, so he didn't get under the covers or turn off the light. His body was tired but his mind was racing. Also, it was only nine o'clock.

Chapter 396 Amy In French Maid Outfit.

It had been about fifteen minutes since Amy had left. Alan was lying on his bed, alone in his room, when he heard a knock on the door. "Bo?"

"Aims, is that you?"

"Yep! Can I come in?"

"Of course."

Amy opened the door, but only a crack's worth. She peeked in with just one eye, and only briefly. "Is it really okay? I'm not disturbing you?"

He explained truthfully, "I've been kind of drifting in and out, but it's not time for me to nap anyway. Come on in already."

"M'kay." However she still merely spoke to him through the crack in the door.

"What are you waiting for?! What's with all the sneaking around?"

"Um, I just want to check if this is a good time for us to play around, especially if I can play with your thingy. 'Cos otherwise I'll look kind of silly."

He said, "Well, I'm not aroused right now, but I probably will be after I get a good look at you. You inspire me."

"Oh. M'kay." She opened the door wide, stepped into his room, and closed the door behind her. "Ta-da!"

He sat up with increased interest. He was right that she was an inspiration at any time, but she looked even better than usual, due to the sexy French-maid outfit she had on. His heart started thumping and his penis engorged in seconds. "Whoa! Aims, you look good enough to eat! What's the occasion for this special treat?"

She beamed at his approval. "No special occasion. I just wanted to show you that I'm serious about being one of your lovers. I want you to feel good, and all stiff and tingly."

"Well, thank you very much!" He nodded towards the erection protruding upward from his crotch. "As you can see, I'm feeling 'all stiff and tingly' already, thanks to you."

"Cool beans!" She suddenly raced across the room and jumped on his bed. They were entwined in a deep lip-lock a second or two later.

Before long, they were freely fondling each other. She got busy stroking his raging erection. For once, she wasn't keen on getting completely naked, due to her wanting to use the full impact of her French maid outfit. But that wasn't much of an impediment for Alan; her skirt was extremely short and she wasn't wearing any underwear, so he had a grand time fingering her slit and stimulating her clit.

After a while, as they continued to kiss and fondle each other, he asked her, "By the way, nice get-up. Where did you find it?"

"That's why I was gone for a while. First, I had to go to Kat and straighten things out with her. You know, about sharing you and stuff. We're good now. I suggested that we come back to your room and play with your thingy together, and that made her glad. She got all generous and stuff, and told me I should have some special one-on-one time with you. Besides, she pointed out that two-on-one fun is against Aunt Susan's rules, and the odds of Susan peeking in on us are pretty high." She giggled at that.

He replied, "True. And I'm glad to hear you worked things out. But that still doesn't explain your outfit."

"Oh yeah. I was getting to that. I wanted to wear something super duper extra special to show you how much you mean to me, and you've pretty much seen all the sexy stuff Kat has to wear. So we kinda made a secret raid on Susan's closet. She's got, like, half of my mom's mountain of clothes in there, I swear. We found all kinds of way cool stuff, including this!"

She pulled away from him, stood up, and struck a sexy pose. "You like?"

"I love!"

She giggled with glee.

Then he said, "Since you're standing up, would you please turn around?"

"M'kay. No problemo!" Not only did she turn her back to him, she seductively walked away, undulating her hips so effectively that she made him groan with lust.

"Aims, I know it's a cheesy line, but it's also true: I hate to see you go, but I love to watch you walk away!"

She giggled some more. Then she turned around to face him and rushed back to him. "Here, let me help you with that pokey thing!" She snuggled back into Alan's chest and resumed jacking him off.

He said, "Well, I'm very pleased. But - and this is very important - I don't want you to feel like you need to do special things like that for me all the time. And I don't want you to get the wrong idea about this 'personal cocksucker' thing either. Things have kind of gotten out of hand around here lately."

She cut in, "Nope! Things are very much in hand!" She giggled with a knowing look down at her fingers, which were sliding up and down his increasingly wet shaft.

He chuckled. "True. But that's just the point. Mom gets kind of carried away with her, well, let's call it her submissive enthusiasm. Do you know what that means?"

"Yeah, sure. She gets into serving you, like, in a super big way."

"Exactly. And Kat kind of does too. As for your mom, she just plain loves sex like nobody's business. So, between the three of them, I'm sort of drowning in special attention around here lately. But I don't want you to fall into that. Don't believe the hype, is what I'm saying. I love the adorable ever-smiling Amy, and I hope things won't change between us."

Amy said boldly, "Oh, things are going to change, big time!" She smiled widely at his surprised response. "But don't worry; they'll get better and better. I'm still the same ol' Amy. Don't worry about that. I know what you mean about the hype. I've been hearing a lot of pretty wild talk around here lately, and that's with everyone trying to be careful about what they say around me. I know you're still the same ol' Alan,

just like I'm still the same ol' me. But now we can be super good friends AND super sexy fun friends too! So isn't that a big change, but a really good one?"

He smiled with relief. "It is. It sure is."

They shared another scorching kiss. All the while, they continued to play with each other's privates, but that wasn't the main focus. They were mostly just happy to be intimate and very comfortable with each other.

He said, "You know, Aims, you're a great comfort to me. Things have gotten crazy lately. I don't understand how, but I'm having more sexual success than I could have ever imagined. And not just at home."

"I know. You're even playing around with that icky meanie Heather." Amy kept right on sliding her fingers up and down his shaft.

He sighed. "Isn't that bizarre? It would be so easy for me to get carried away and think it's because I've turned into some kind of stud muffin, when in fact it's mostly just being in the right place at the right time. But you, you keep me grounded. You know I'm still the same guy I always was. Sure, we're getting intimate, and I love it, but you don't buy into all of this 'personal cocksucker' business."

She suddenly stopped stroking and looked him straight in the eye from inches away. "Now hold on. I never said that. I still don't understand all this medical treatment stuff, since I only get told bits and pieces, but it sounds like Aunt Susan, Mom and Kat started helping you with orgasms to help cure you of your tiredness, and then they found out they really loved doing it and they're totally psyched to keep doing it anyway. Am I right?"

"Yeah, that's about it."

"Well, can't it be the same with me? You and I haven't done much yet, but I'm having a super great time right now! Just what we're doing, sitting on your lap with you playing with me and me playing with you, this is way better than hanging out and sitting in separate chairs. Why not do this, like, A LOT?! I'm totally up for it! That's why I was all excited earlier when you said I could be one of your personal cocksuckers. That doesn't mean that I'm going to be super submissive-y for you. It just means, let's be friends in a whole new way!"

She resumed jacking him off. She looked down at her sliding fingers. "Like this. I'm not doing this just 'cos I think it'll make you feel good; it makes me feel good too! It's fun! Especially when you play with my cunnie at the same time." She winked encouragingly.

He thought that over and said, "Okay, that sounds good - very, very good. As long as you understand that things are still the same between us, just with sexual intimacy added. If you were to start buying into the hype and saying the kind of submissive stuff Mom or Sis has been telling me, I think my head would swell up so big that I wouldn't be able to walk through a doorway!"

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She giggled at that. "Yeah, that would be a problem. But please don't say I can't do special things for you. Like wearing this French maid outfit. It's totally fun getting to dress up like this. It's like Halloween all over again! I know you're worried that things won't be balanced. Like, if I do something special for you, you should do something special for me, so everything's always even-Steven. Don't sweat it. What's important is that we're both having a great time. Ya know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I guess I do." He said that, but the imbalance still bothered him. He had to remind himself to stay modest and not let his great fortune go to his head.

Amy said, "I won't call myself one of your personal cocksuckers if that kind of lingo rubs you the wrong way. But I'll totally think it to myself, and it'll make me sing with joy! Because that means I'm one of the gang now." She spoke with surprising determination. "Mom keeps trying to keep me out of it, but I'm not going to let her do that! Why can't we all love each other, with our bodies as well as our hearts, and be naked and free and tingly and cummy all the time? That's MY big vision!"

He chuckled. "That sounds like a pretty good vision to me."

"Goody!" She slipped off his lap, and then down to her knees between his legs. "And with that in mind, I think it's time for some more titfucky fun! It's been FOUR DAYS since I did this last, and that's waaaaay too long in my book." She acted quickly, pulling her top down so her breasts were completely freed. Then she enveloped his boner in her tit-pillows and started sliding and squeezing with them.

He grunted with lusty approval. But as soon as he recovered, he said, "I love when you do that. But I just want to make sure you don't feel like this is something you're required to do to be 'part of the gang,' now or ever."

She looked up at him with exasperation. "Bo, you don't know the deal. I've totally practically been counting the minutes until I could do this again! Mom has kept me from doing any sexual thing whatsoever pretty much since forever. I've started having sexy fun with you and Kat, and it's super wondrously fantastic! I would totally love doing this, gang or no gang. It's a total blast!"

"Really?" He'd believed that already, but it was good to hear her confirm it.

"Really! I've been waiting for this moment for YEARS! And not just to do it with any guy, but with YOU. In fact, I'm kind of bummed that it took so long before you let me do this kind of thing for you, especially since there's some kind of medical-y reason for it."

He felt bad about that. "Yeah, well, I'm sorry. I've been trying to respect your mom's wishes. And, I must admit, I was similar to her in that I had trouble seeing you as fully sexually mature. But I was wrong."

"Darn tootin'!" Amy said with surprising force. "I'm as much a woman as Kat or Heather or Kim or any other girl my age. Don't forget my hormones are all excited too. I have dreams at night too, sexy dreams, and most of them star you!"

"Me?! Really?!"

"Yes, really. Who else?" She rolled her eyes at him. His boner had been lodged in her cleavage for a minute or two, but they'd been so busy talking that there had been no action with it. However, she looked down and got busy sliding her big breasts up and down either side of his stiff rod. "Aaaah! See? Now, isn't this fun, for both of us?"

"Definitely!" He looked down at her and smiled widely. Dang! I really am too lucky to be believed. Amy's so great! Gaawwwd, just look at her with her French maid outfit pulled down and my dick trapped deep between her round tits! She may not be the sharpest knife in the drawer, but she's all heart. She's so adorable and lovable, AND she's got a VERY mature, voluptuous body. I've gotta stop being so reluctant with her. She should be "one of the gang!"

After about a minute of mutually enjoyable titfucking, Amy said, "Like I said, I've been waiting for four days until we could do this again. The only bummer is that I wish I could crane my head down and lick the tip of your thingy too. I know Mom can do that to you way easy, with her super long tongue. In fact, I'm totally frustrated that I can't just slip your thingy deep in my mouth and give it a good sucking! Why does my mom keep putting limits on me like that?! It's so frustrating!"

He said, "That just shows that she loves you; she's looking out for you."

Amy huffed, "I know, but why does she have to look out for me so darn much?! There's so much stuff I want to do with you, Bo, so much!" She looked around nervously, as if Suzanne were in the room, and then spoke quietly. "What if... I just suck on it for, like, a second? Who would know, except you and me? I'm totally dying to try it out!"

He said, also extra quietly, "I don't know about that. Not much gets past your mom. And my mom could be spying on us already, for all we know."

Amy whispered, "Pleaaaaase?! Pretty, pretty please? Just for one second. One micro-mini second. I wanna see how it feels in my mouth. I promise I won't tell anybody, not even Kat!" Even though they were talking, she was still intently sliding her tits back and forth over his boner.

All that titfucking was making him so horny that he didn't have much resistance to her suggestion. He wavered. "Well... I don't know..."

She looked up at him with needy puppy-dog eyes. "Please?! If I'm gonna be one of your official cocksuckers, don't we need to make it all official-y?" She sat back, disengaging from his erection. "Here, stand up. That way, you're in more control. You can push my head back if I somehow forget to stop, which I probably will!" She gave him a naughty wink.

He couldn't resist, especially since the pleasure had stopped when his boner was freed from her cleavage. He stood up. "Okay, but just for a second or two."

She cried out, "Yeay!" Then remembering the need to be secretive, she whispered just as emphatically, "Yeay!"

He chuckled at that.

She pulled her French maid outfit back over her breasts again so it would have the full visual impact on him. Then she leaned in and abruptly engulfed his entire cockhead in her mouth.

He clenched his hands at his sides. The titfuck had felt great, but this was even better. Oh, man! Having my dick in Amy's innocent mouth! Dang! A great surge of pleasure washed through him.

She quickly slid her lips back and forth, right over his sweet spot, making his entire body tremble.

But then, after only half a minute or less, she pulled her lips all the way off. She whispered, "See? That didn't count, right? That was just, like, a sneak peek."

He was secretly disappointed that she'd stopped, but he decided it was for the best. He was particularly worried that Susan could be eavesdropping, in which case word would get back to Suzanne.

Luckily for him, the pleasure didn't come to an end, because Amy pulled her top down again and resumed her titfuck while he continued to stand there. She went at it with great vigor.

But, after another couple of minutes like that, they heard steps coming up the stairs.

Fearing it was Susan, they scrambled to separate and make themselves presentable.

Sure enough, it was Susan. She knocked on the door, and then let herself in. She wanted to check on things, and especially check on the state of his penis. But her interest backfired, because the fear that she'd figure out he and Amy were doing something borderline "illegal" caused his penis to rapidly deflate. She stayed and chatted a few minutes, asking Amy how she'd come to wear the French maid outfit.

By the time Amy explained her way out of that, the sexual mood had been broken. (Luckily, Susan hadn't realized that the French maid outfit had come from her own closet, since she wasn't that familiar yet with most of the clothes that Suzanne had lent her.) Amy ended up leaving the room along with Susan.

Alan decided he needed to focus his energies on something other than sexual pleasure, so he sat down to write his school essay.

However, at first, he couldn't stop thinking about what had just happened. Phew! That was pretty mind-blowing. That was kind of a sneak peek at what's going to happen. I've known all along that Amy is remarkably sexually willing; I've been the one holding back. But why should I hold back any longer? Aunt Suzy just has to get it through her head that Amy's not a kid anymore. I certainly have! Boy oh boy, is that true!

For a few minutes, he let his mind drift, fantasizing about Amy's sexual promises and possibilities. But then he resolved to hunker down and get serious.

To his great relief, he found that the words seemed to flow as if he were just dictating them. It was as if his mind was so tired of sex-related stuff that he shut that part of his consciousness off completely, which let the essay write itself. He finished in a remarkably short two hours.

Chapter 397 Alan With Mom.

By the time Alan finished his essay, it was already eleven o'clock. He figured that crashing immediately wouldn't give him nearly as much sleep as he needed, given his exhausted state, but at least it wasn't a total disaster. He had half a mind to just drop his head on his pillow and fall asleep before doing any of his nightly rituals, like brushing his teeth. But there was one new ritual he didn't want to miss out on: his good-night kiss and "tuck-in" from his mother. He wandered down the hallway to his mother's room and told her he was going to bed.

Susan had been waiting up for him. She was wearing an old-fashioned, frilly robe and was knitting Katherine a sweater. She looked very much like a granny in the dim light, staring at her knitting needles through her glasses. She said quietly, "I'll be there in a minute, Tiger."

He returned to his room and lay on his bed. He could barely keep his eyes open.

Then Susan came in, and his eyes opened wide.

Her appearance was totally transformed. The granny robe was gone; it had been replaced by yet another newly-purchased, semi-transparent nightie that dramatically showed off her incredible G-cup breasts. She looked like a twenty-two-year-old sex goddess. She acted like one too, and didn't waste any time.

She was all smiles as she said, "Oh dear, Tiger. You look like something the cat dragged in. I'll bet your powerful, demanding cock isn't even half-hard, and that's just not right!"

She dipped and swayed her way across his room, then pulled his covers down and looked at his flaccid penis. "Oh my goodness. I was right. My Tiger, not rock hard? I hardly know what to do with myself. Looks like you need some visual stimulation, don't you think? I just can't give you your goodnight kiss until I know you're hard for me."

"Mom, I'd really appreciate that. Today just hasn't been a good day, all around. It's had its good moments, but I've been in kind of a weary funk. If you can get it up, it'll be a pretty amazing feat."

"I can't bear to stand here and do nothing while my son is in a weary funk. I guess I'll just have to get naked and strut around like a naughty big-titted trollop, and then suck his cock until he feels all better. That's what the best, most loving mommies do."

Alan was amazed at how quickly she'd transformed herself. A few minutes earlier she'd appeared to be completely sexless, or at least as sexless as someone with movie star looks could be. Now she was acting as if she were a professional whore who was waiting to fuck, yet at the same time she never lost her kind, motherly demeanor. The main thing was that she was filled with a pure love and joy for sexually pleasuring him, and that kind of enthusiasm was impossible to resist.

She didn't do a striptease. Instead, she took her clothes off in a flash (not that it was hard to do, since she wore only the one-piece nightie), and then got down to some serious, fully-nude teasing.

She stretched and preened in every possible way. It was almost as if she were doing naked warm-up exercises for him. She thought, So SHAMEFUL! I'm acting like the worst kind of wanton harlot, like I'm one of the shameless hussies my mother warned me about! But it feels so GOOD! I've never felt this ALIVE! Tiger's cock is already starting to engorge. In a couple of minutes that thick slab of manly might will be in my mouth, and then my joy and arousal will be never-ending!

Indeed, Alan's dick was growing stiff as he watched her. As her cheeks reddened, he thought, I must be sick, but I get totally turned on watching Mom blush and get all embarrassed. It's like she gets so hot for me that she's totally incapable of controlling herself. That's passion! And she's somehow so innocent, yet so slutty! My God! And her body! So perfect in every way! UNGH!

She continued to preen and pose. She made a particular emphasis of thrusting her chest out at every opportunity. She pulled a leg up over her head. She stood up, touched her toes, then backed up until her ass was literally in his face. Half the time she looked like she was in the throes of orgasm, almost as if she were being fucked by an invisible man.

After a minute of this, she started speaking as she continued to pose for him. Her voice was calm at first. "Son, you know I work out diligently with Suzanne every morning. I've done it for years and years, but only because she insisted. It helped fill my empty days while you and Angel were at school. But now I'm so happy I did, because it means I have all of this to share with you!" She ran her hands sensuously down her sides. "Now I work out twice as diligently as before. I want to have the PERFECT BODY so I can serve you better!"

The lusty enthusiasm in her voice rose steadily. "I think about my hands running over you, and your hands running over me! Do you want to touch me? Do you want to make use of your centerfold mommy?" She cupped her giant tits from underneath and squeezed them together, like she was ready for a titfuck. "Use me as you see fit!"

But when she said "Use me as you see fit," she took it for granted that her permission didn't include her pussy. And while she flaunted her body, she tried not to make her pussy the center of attention. She didn't want Alan to be thinking about that area and thus thinking about fucking her. She aspired only to be his favorite cocksucker, and tried to push all other desires involving her hungry and needy vagina out of her mind. But he still got to see her pussy most of the time anyway, since she was completely nude, and her obvious efforts to hide it made it that much more fun when he could see it clearly.

She kept glancing at his dick. It took a while - he really was wiped out! - but it finally fully engorged. Her mouth salivated and her heart pounded hard. She crawled up on his bed until her mouth was inches from his ear. Then she whispered in a sexy purr, "This is the body of a personal cocksucker, dedicated to constantly serving you and your cock!" She picked up one of his hands, brought it to her cleavage, and trapped it between her tits. "Another one of your personal cocksuckers, a wise busty bombshell named Suzanne, once told me that cocksucking is not merely done with the mouth, or even just the mouth and the hands. It takes the whole body!"

She started churning her hips, causing his hand to slide in between her massive melons. "Son, when I'm happily humming on your fat log of a cock, I can feel it in my nipples. So much! I can even feel it down in my toes!"

He realized, I guess there's some truth to what Aims said earlier. I don't think she or Sis can compare with Mom or Aunt Suzy when it comes to getting me hard. It's not that they aren't super sexy too, but there's just something a bit extra with my mom and aunt. Maybe it's Aunt Suzy's experience that comes with her age? Maybe it's the taboo with Mom? Maybe it's that they're both so fucking voluptuous, and with kinky passions to match!

Susan finally reached into Alan's lap and felt about for his dick, as if she couldn't see it perfectly well. "Hmmm." she said uncertainly. "It's starting to feel a bit hard. It'll probably just take a couple more minutes of intense stimulation to reach full strength."

He cried out in agitation, "MooooOOOOooooom! What do you mean? It's as stiff as a board!"

She smiled at him, and then he realized that she just wanted to play some more first. "Tiger, I don't expect mere hardness. Not from my stud son. I expect it to be throbbing and hot to the touch. I expect it to pound through steel! Since I'm obviously not exciting you..."

He interrupted again, although with more amusement this time. "Mom!"

She winked. "Since I'm obviously not exciting you enough, perhaps I need to talk dirty at the same time." She resumed her sexy contortions. "Did you know I got a phone call from Brenda today?"

"You did? What did she say?"

"Hey, none of that." Susan was referring to the fact that he was starting to stroke himself. "I never want to see you do that ever again. You've got too many big-titted hotties eager to help. No more Sin of Onan!"

He stopped, then pinned his hands under his ass. He realized she had a very good point.

She stared lustily at his thick erection as it poked up into the air while repeatedly licking her lips. "Leave your slick fuck stick to me in a minute, because I can't talk and... Oh, dammit, I can't help myself! I can at least lick it while I talk, can't I?!"

She sighed with blissful relief as she wrapped a hand around his shaft and started stroking. She repositioned herself, and got busy lapping against his sweet spot. "Mmmm! Oh yesssss! That hits the spot. Literally!" She giggled, and then repeatedly flicked her tongue at his sweet spot to show her originally-unintended double meaning.

With one hand pumping up and down his shaft and her mouth alternately blowing on his cockhead or tickling it with the tip of her tongue, she tried to get back to her account of the phone call from Brenda. "Anyway, she was very happy. She appears to have remembered quite a lot of what happened yesterday. More importantly, she seems to understand what a total sexual stud you are. My son! She totally wants you. Carnally. Biblically!"

Hearing that sent a shiver down his spine. My God! BRENDA?! She's so sexy, not to mention stacked! His gaze went to his mother's twin globes, which were lightly swaying in time to her stroking. I still can't believe her tits are even bigger than Mom's! That's crazy. I'm just a teenage nobody. What does she want with me?!

He forced himself to calm down, and asked, "Were you nice to her?"

"The nicest! I really tried my best. I thought about what you told me last night, and that helped. Suzanne also talked to me today about the need to be nice to her. She reminded me that your powerful cock demands many different helpers. It demands variety!"

He thought, I seriously gotta thank Aunt Suzy! I love these notions that she's putting into Mom's head!

She continued, "Anyway, Brenda and I talked about why you wouldn't let her suck you off, and why she wasn't yet worthy of your cum. She's going to try harder to please you next time so you'll be more likely to let her suck it."

That thought thrilled him but he tried hard not to show it. He asked, "What did you think about that?"

"I was in favor! I even hinted that you'd paint her face with spermy goodness if she blew you really well. Would you do that for her? For me? She told me how much she loved seeing my spermy face last night and she can't wait for you to splooge all over her too! She really wants to be another one of your personal cocksuckers!"

"No way!" Another thrill ran through him, tingling him down to his toes.

Susan would have said "Yes way!" except that she'd just engulfed Alan's cockhead and was busy bobbing down to his sweet spot. She kept at it for a wonderfully pleasurable minute or two.

He squirmed in bed, trying hard to cope with the arousal without cumming.

Just when he was sure she was done talking, she pulled off to say, "She's coming along quickly. She's beginning to understand her role in life, which is to be a big-titted cocksucker just for you. One of many! Do you like that?"bender

"Mom, come on! You know it turns me on. But she didn't really say all that, did she?"

"Okay, maybe she didn't. I really did talk to her on the phone, though. And she was thinking it. I could tell. Her voice was practically oozing desire. And we really did talk about some of this stuff."

"What stuff?!" Between the talk and Susan's oral work, he felt like his heart was going to burst through his chest.

"Never you mind." She lifted her head and winked at him, and then got back to licking his sweet spot. "The key thing is that she said she wants to come back soon, and she promised to wear something sexy, just for you."

He thought, That part probably is true. But I'll bet the rest of her description is mostly just wild exaggeration. I mean, it's not like she'd actually discuss being one of my personal cocksuckers, would she? She's gorgeous AND really rich. She can have anyone she wants! He felt a bit disappointed, but he had to admit to himself that at least the call hinted at positive progress.

Susan went on, "But Son, I'm concerned. Are her tits really that great? Don't you like mine?" Even though he'd praised her tits the night before, she still wanted more reassurance.

In fact, she was so keen on getting good feedback from him that she stopped her licking and stroking and repositioned herself up his body. She thrust her chest out again and pushed her breasts right into his face, smothering him with her titty goodness. Then she rubbed one of her nipples in circles around one of his cheeks. "Aren't your mother's 38Gs good enough for you?"

He was relieved that one of her hands dropped into his lap and resumed stroking his shaft while she waited for an answer. He loved licking her soft tit-flesh, but he was also greatly enjoying what she was doing to his boner. He licked a nipple instead of answering.

She actually felt alarmed at how good it felt when he did that. She worried she'd lose what little self-control she still had if she let him suck on her nipples. So she lifted her chest until his forehead was encased in tit flesh.

That enabled him to speak with an unobstructed mouth while enjoying the depths of her cleavage. "Mom, you know I love you. You have THE perfect body. I even love your glasses; they make you look more intellectual and sexy, like a naughty professor. Your legs, your ass, hell, your back. Your earlobes. They're all so glorious. And your tits are perfection too. It's like I told you: Brenda could never compete with you for my love. No one can. You have a special place in my heart!"

"Oh, Tiger! You say the sweetest things. No wonder Suzanne calls you 'Sweetie.' You ARE such a sweetie. I'd like to see Brenda turn you on, because you deserve more cocksuckers of her caliber. There's nothing you should be denied. But only so long as you don't want her more than me. If that happens, I'll go on the warpath."

"Don't worry, Mom. You're number one. You and Aunt Suzy. You two will always be tops with me, forever!"

She laughed, even as she jacked him off with more intensity. "Tied for number one. Well, I guess that's better than before, when I was clearly behind your auntie as your go-to cocksucker. And I've got Angel chasing close behind. Plus who knows who else from school, if your daily cum chart is anything to go by. Looks like I'll just have to do an even better job of constantly draining your balls dry - better than ever before!"

She stopped talking and took him back into her mouth. At the same time, she squeezed his balls and even sawed a finger into his anus, using her pussy juices as lubrication. It was an all-out erotic assault.

She thought, MMMM! This is so humiliating! I'm bobbing and licking his cock non-stop, like I can't get enough of it. And I can't! Yet, at the same time, I'm promoting Brenda to be another one of his personal cocksuckers. That's messed up. But somehow, it makes me even hotter for him! If Tiger has an entire stable of big-titted babes constantly servicing his cock, than what chance to do I have of resisting him? NONE, that's what! Mmmm! Which means that... Mmmm... Every day... my mouth is going to be crammed full of hot cock, like it is right now! MMMM!

She employed her favorite moves, including the corkscrew and reverse corkscrew, to bring him right to the brink of orgasm. He clutched at his sheets with sweat actually trickling down his forehead.

But that turned out to be merely the warm-up to put him in the mood for what she really wanted to do. She pulled her mouth off his wet dick, and said, "I was just getting reacquainted with my favorite little cocky feller. Now I want to talk to you about something very important."

Alan's erection softened a bit as he braced himself for some kind of lecture or serious discussion.

But then she said, while her fingers kept sliding up and down his pole, "The other day, Suzanne was telling me about the latest fun she'd had with you. Do you know how we like to tell each other everything we do to you, every last lick, every last suck, down to the very last drop of sperm we lick off your balls, so we can relive it all over again while we wait for you to come home from school?"

"Well, no, actually. Do you really do that?" He had some idea that they talked about many things during the day, and especially during their morning workouts, but he had no clue that they were that explicit and that detailed when it came to sex.

"Yes! In the last few days we've started being totally sexually graphic and honest, usually while we're doing our morning exercises together. It's great! I tried to hide my cock lust for a long time, but now that I don't we have such fun! Anyhow, we were doing that when she casually started talking to me about titfucking. I had to say to her, 'Whoa! Titfucking? What's that?'"

"Come on, Mom. You MUST have known what that is."

"Well, I did, but not for real, if you know what I mean. What I mean is, I'd heard of it somehow, but I thought it was just a weird thing done for show only. Real people wouldn't actually do that for pleasure."

That was mostly true. She'd learned more about titfucking the last few days, thanks to the erotic story that Suzanne had had her read, but she didn't want to admit to him that she was reading such "wicked" things. Her belief system was going through a sea change, and it was full of contradictions.

She added, "To make a long story short, Suzanne told me all about it. She made it sound as pleasurable as cocksucking, if you can imagine that!" With that reminder, she nibbled on the tip of his cockhead some more, sucking and kissing only the top inch or two.

"I can," he replied with some amusement, not to mention growing anticipation. "And it is. At least for me."

Susan's whole face lit up and her body tingled with visible excitement. "Then it's true?! It's really true?!"

"Sure, Mom. How could you not know about something like that? It's like not knowing about handjobs or blowjobs."

"I'm sorry, Son. I've just been so sheltered. Believe it or not, it wasn't that many weeks ago that I barely even knew about those two things. I knew about them intellectually, I guess, but they seemed like completely impossible, crazy things no normal person would ever do."

Susan continued, "Even after Suzanne told me about it, I could scarcely believe that such a wonderful thing exists. I was going to try it out with you last night, but then I got so carried away with your blowjob that I forgot all about it. You know how I can get carried away, especially when it comes to knob gobbling." She laughed, since that was a term that Suzanne had recently taught her and she really liked it.

"Mmmm! Speaking of which..." She crammed his cockhead in her mouth and got busy bobbing again.

Alan knew that she didn't know the full story. He remembered Suzanne telling him some days ago that she was deliberately avoiding the mention of other sex acts like titfucking until Susan was fully

committed to cocksucking without any more moralistic backsliding on that. The fact that Suzanne deemed it time to clue Susan in to titfucking implied a lot of progress with his mother.

He was enjoying her oral attentions, but a titfuck from her sounded like a dream come true, so he suggested gladly, "Well, you did it to me a little bit this morning, although that was only like half a minute. What did you think of that?"

"MMMM!" She helplessly waved her hands in the air, trying to indicate that she was in no condition to talk. If she had been able to speak, she would have said that it had been too brief for her to get much of opinion on it, especially since he was moments from cumming when she started.

He suggested, "We didn't have time then to do it properly. But we've got lots of time now. So I say let's try it out for real, a nice prolonged titfuck together."

She quickly removed her lips. "YES! LET'S!" She playfully kissed his sweet spot.

He had to laugh, because she was practically lost in orgasmic la-la-land already, just from thinking about the prospect of how good a titfuck might be.

She found herself licking his sweet spot some more, but she forced herself to stop. Squirming with excitement, she said, "Let's get in position. How do we do this?"

"Here. Let me help." He grabbed her left tit with one hand and her right ass cheek with the other. He spent about a minute just fondling her body until she started to wise up to the fact that he wasn't getting her in position.

He actually had been stalling for time to give his penis a chance to recover, since her all-out oral attack a couple of minutes earlier had brought him so close to the edge. In addition, it was just plain fun to play with her perfect, naked body, especially when it was wriggling all over his own.

Just as his fingers were starting to probe around her pussy lips, she complained, "Tiiiiiiiger! Please don't torture me. I'm dying for you to fuck my tits! Besides, you're getting dangerously close to the forbidden zone."

He thought, Man, I could never have imagined in my wildest dreams I'd hear my prudish mom say that! Life is good! Then a curious thought came to him. "Hey. Why is it you're ready for a titfucking, but you usually say it's against the rules for me to play with your tits?"

She was startled and embarrassed to have that contradiction pointed out. But she'd given it some thought, so she said, "I know that may seem strange, but this is all about pleasuring your cock. Remember, you have a serious medical need that has to be taken care of every single day. If titfucking is a viable alternative to handjobs and blowjobs, I need to give it a try. After all, there will be many times I've sucked you so long that my mouth will be too tired to go on."

He asked, "But why is there still a problem about me touching your wonderful tits?" Even as he said that, he brought his hands back to them and caressed them from below.

She shivered visibly. "THAT's the problem! You see how much what your fingers are doing affects me? Look. I understand that as your big-titted sex-pet mommy, there will be times you want to play with my tits. That's only fair and right. But sometimes it makes me TOO horny! I lose all control! Especially when you play with my nipples?"

"Like this?" With a big grin, he rolled her nipples between his fingers.

"UGH! HNNNG! Exactly like that!" Her tremendous G-cups heaved up and down as she struggled to breathe. "Please! Stop!"

He relented and went back to just caressing their sensitive undersides.

Once she had her breathing under control, she said, "So that's why we have to have that rule. This is about YOUR pleasure, not my pleasure. Luckily, titfucking doesn't seem to involve the nipples much, so I think we'll be okay."

He complained, "But Mom, I want you to feel pleasure too, and lots of it! What's wrong with that?!"

She frowned. "Let's not talk about that, okay? If it's not all about helping you and your medical problem, then the morality of what we're doing changes."

He decided to let the issue drop for the moment. He figured her attitude would slowly change over time, the more she got hooked on their sexy fun times together.

He was glad that the discussion was giving his penis a much-needed break. He finally decided he was ready for more, so he said as he swiped a finger through her wet inner thighs, "Looks like YOU'RE ready. Let's see... Why don't I sit on the edge of the bed and you can kneel between my knees?"

She glowed with happiness, thanks to the prospect of kneeling naked between his legs. "Yes! It's just like Suzanne said! She told me that being an obedient titfucker is just like being an obedient cocksucker! The proper position is naked and on my knees, worshipping your big cock as it dangles in front of my nose!"

He was surprised. That sounded a bit extreme for Suzanne, even given her obvious recent effort at sexual indoctrination. "Did Aunt Suzy really say that?"

Susan's lingering blush reddened a little more as she repositioned on the floor. "No, not exactly," she admitted. "I embellished it a little. But I'm just so excited! Let's do it! Shove your big thing into my cleavage! Please! It's what my tits were made for!"

He scooted into position too, and then he did just that. He sighed with contentment as she pressed her tits snugly around his shaft, encasing him in a tunnel of soft tit-flesh. He remembered how sleepy he'd been when she'd first come in. That was long gone; he was now totally wired with energy and lust.

But then she paused, frowning. Worse, she pulled back, forcing his dick to lose contact with her ripe body.

Impatient to feel the joy, he asked, "What?"

"Well, it's just... When it comes right down to it, this is just so dreadfully sinfully naughty. If my parents could see me now, or my sister... Oh dear!"

Oh man! She can't be serious! Now? She has doubts now?! He said, "But they're not here. Don't worry about it." He scooted forward, drawing his erection to within inches of her chest again.

She looked even more indecisive, keeping her cleavage frustratingly out of reach. "But still..."

He thought, What a fine time for Mom to have a prude attack! She totally wants it, we both know that, but it seems she needs a little push. He said, "You know Aunt Suzy would totally approve. And Nurse Akami thinks it's great for the chafing problem."

"I know, I know, but somehow the image of my parents looking at me popped into my head and I just can't get it out." She covered her breasts, as if her parents were staring at her nakedness from somewhere in the room.

Alan was stumped. He knew this was the time for his cleverness to shine through, but he was too horny to think straight.

Chapter 398 I Can Half-Seriously Imagine Simply Being Stimulated To Death By This Bunch

But then Susan's face suddenly brightened. "I know! I've got it! What if we turn off the lights? Then I can't picture them being able to see me."

He just frowned. He'd grown used to having sexual fun in broad daylight or well-lit rooms, with women who didn't have such hang-ups.

But she took his silence as enough of a yes to get up and walk to the door to flip the light switch.

As she walked, he complained, "But Mom... Watching you in all your bouncy, bountiful glory is half the fun."

The room went dark, except for the moonlight coming through the window. She headed back to the bed. "I know, I know. But I'm sure there will be other times. Just do this for me this one time, okay? This is kind of scary for me. If it's as good as I'm hoping, it could radically change how I serve your cock every day!"

"Okay. ... Hell, what am I saying? I'm so grateful anyway; I'd be happy to fuck your tits nude and painted red on the North Pole."

She giggled. "That's the spirit! We'll put that on the to-do list. Now, how do we do this?"

Both of them let out contented sighs as he slid his erection back in between her round hooters. She pushed her breasts together with both hands, making it a nice, snug fit again. "Mmmm! This feels nice. I have shivers down my spine, just thinking about the possibilities!"

"Me too!"

But then she panicked. "Oh no! The lubrication. I forgot the lubrication!"

He didn't mind though, and started to push back and forth. "Don't worry. You got my dick so wet already from the way you slurped on it earlier that we don't need any."

"Are you sure? I don't want to mess this all up! This is so important to me!" That was true. In just a short time she had come to see being her son's personal cocksucker as a big part of who she was.

"Mom, my cock is totally soaked with pre-cum, not to mention all your saliva. God, I'm so hard!"

She smiled a bit wickedly. "Feels good, huh?"

He was pleasantly surprised at how quickly his eyes were adjusting to the darkness. Actually, he could see pretty well by the bright moonlight, so the darkness somehow made it feel even more naughty. Mom looks just as hot as ever! And the sight of my cock trapped between her huge tits? Priceless!

He replied, "Feels great! In fact, it's like my dick is caught in a mixer, you're shaking and squeezing it so much."

"I'm sorry. I'm just so excited!"

He laughed. "I noticed. But if you don't calm down and stop jiggling your beautiful big tits, I'm gonna cum too soon."

That stopped her. Both of them came to a near halt and then slowly started up again. He was hardly a titfucking expert, but she was squeezing from the sides too hard without realizing it, so he gave her some tips on how to ease up a bit and apply just the right amount of pleasure.

Before long, he was sliding in and out her cleavage at a very nice pace.

Susan was ecstatic. "Tiger, are you loving this as much as I am? You know that my breasts are so sensitive all over. So tingly! I can't believe they're getting FUCKED! I don't know what was wrong with me a couple of minutes ago. This is like a dream come true!"

Alan's voice was more strained, as he was using all his self-control to prolong the joy. "For me too, Mom. Me too. But I can't understand why we haven't done this already, lots of times!"

"It's your fault too. Why didn't you say anything?!"

They both laughed. It was a good point though. He was bummed he hadn't been more assertive.

As his dick continued to slide through her cleavage, she said, "Suzanne is so right. Again! I swear, she's a genius. Foolish me. I still didn't quite believe her, but it's even better than she said! I didn't realize just how much you could turn my cleavage into a substitute pussy!"

Her eyes went wide as she was hit with an epiphany. "Gaawwwd! A second pussy! It's like you're fucking my pussy! It really is! Better, even! Now we don't have to worry so much about you spearing my real pussy if we can do this all the time!"

He didn't agree with that last point, but in other respects her enthusiasm was very contagious. He thrust into her chest with renewed vigor as the tiredness that had been dogging him all day was completely forgotten.

Out of the blue, she exclaimed, "I can't wait 'till you cum! You see how your cock naturally points towards my face? I'm gonna get a spermy facial from inches away!"

He chuckled. "Yeah, but not yet! I'm having too much of a good time to stop."

They continued for another minute.

Then she suddenly blurted out, "I know I'm going to go to Hell for this, but I don't care!"

He was struggling to breathe from all the excitement. "Mom, you're not gonna" - he panted - "go to Hell, okay?" He had to catch his breath again, "You're beautiful and caring and I love you!"

She was emotionally overcome with love and lust. "Oh! Son! Use me! Use my tits for your pleasure!"

He thought her enthusiasm meter was already pegged at her max, but somehow it burst through to new levels. The mechanics of what they were doing didn't change, but the passion and emotion radiating from her as she did it was more intense, and his erection gave evidence of his response to that.

In fact, her enthusiasm was so great that he knew he couldn't last much longer. He loved the way she tried with all her might to extend her neck down in order to lick his cockhead. She made contact repeatedly, but his dick was moving with such speed in and out that it was a fairly meaningless addition to his pleasure.

He held out as long as he could, but when he came, he came with great gusto. "I'm FUCKING CUMMING!" he cried with all his might as his balls tightened.

His bedroom door muffled most sounds when it was closed, but Katherine heard that as she lay in her bed trying to sleep. She sighed with longing and started to masturbate. But before long, she got up and went into the hallway to listen at his door.

Susan cried out nearly as loudly, "Cum on my face! Take my chest!"

Unfortunately, he ended up cumming more on her neck and the underside of her chin than directly on her face, but she didn't mind much; she eagerly scooped and lapped it all up just the same.

After she'd eaten all his cum off her skin, she spent the next several minutes thoroughly "cleaning" his penis and balls with her tongue.

She'd made such a habit of this lately that he'd come to expect it from her. That didn't mean he didn't still enjoy and appreciate it though.

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Meanwhile, Katherine returned to her room and wrote in her diary.

Dear Diary,

"Cum on my face! Take my chest!" That's what my cock-hungry mom just shouted so loud that it practically shook the house off its foundation. Sheesh! I can't believe there was a time when I'd cringe with embarrassment at how fuddy-duddy she was. I'll bet you dollars to donuts that she's busy licking his cock and balls clean right now, as if that's actually needed. NOT!

How on Earth am I supposed to make any headway as Brother's Number One Fuck Toy? I keep trying to up my game, but the competition is killing me. And I totally blew it earlier, getting all frustrated and jealous about him and Amy. I don't even want to tell you about that! At least I talked to her later and cleared the air.

Despite that sentence about not wanting to tell her diary, Katherine continued to write about the events of her day in detail, including that unfortunate incident. She might not have consciously realized it, but writing about such things made her more mindful about her behavior. She didn't realize that Susan was taking part in her first titfuck, or she would have written a lot about that too.

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When Susan was done, Alan lay back on his shoulder, recovering. Strangely, even though he was feeling mellow after his climax, he wasn't nearly as sleepy as he'd been when she first came in. A part of him was still energized from his first-ever titfuck with his mother.

When he had mostly recovered, he turned on the lamp next to his bed so they'd at least have some light. "Mom, you seem totally blissed out and not morally conflicted anymore. What happened to all that stuff about your parents seeing you?"

"Oh, that?" She chuckled as she said, "I guess I was having some kind of flashback, like a drug user, only for me it was a prudish flashback. I have these guilty feelings at the oddest times, sometimes."

bender

"So are you bothered by the incestuous yuckiness of this act, or whatever it is that normally bothers you?"

She thought about it. "Nah. Mind you, tomorrow I'll probably feel guilty, at least when I'm home alone. But right now I'm just so overjoyed that there's no room for worry."

"But what was that when you shouted out about going to Hell? You didn't really mean that, did you?"

"No, not really. It's strange. I know logically that that can't be true, since Suzanne explained it all to me. In fact, she's pointed out that I'm actually doing a good deed every time I save you from the sin of Onan. But sometimes I worry about those things. Then I think about helping you avoid sin, and that gets me even MORE horny!"

She giggled. "Not like I needed it this time. I mean, titfucking! The BEST! Am I right?"

They both laughed gleefully.

She added, "Think about it. What are my two favorite body parts in the whole wide world? Your cock and my breasts. Of course they've only zoomed to the top of the list recently - heck, there wasn't even a list, before - but they're very safely numbers one and two, respectively, now. So to learn that there's a

sex act involving them both? That's like discovering that every day is better than Christmas!" She turned her head and scooted up his body a bit.

"It is pretty great, Mom. And I love how much you love it." He reached behind her neck and over her shoulder to begin gently caressing her breast and brushing her stiff nipple, so softly that she was barely aware of his touch.

"Of course I love it! Until today, when I looked into the future, knowing that Ron was out of my life, what did I see? An endless, glorious road full of daily handjobs and cocksucks! Gallons and gallons of your precious sperm splashed across my face and chest! And while I love that, now there's a THIRD thing we can do to keep your balls constantly well drained!"

There was a new fire in her eyes as she stared at him from inches away. She said, "I'm almost mad at Suzanne. I'm gonna give her a piece of my mind for not insisting that you fuck my tits a lot sooner. At the very least, you should have been regularly fucking my tits ever since that fateful Tuesday. I'll never forgive her!" She said this last line in a clearly joking mock-angry style.

The excitement in her eyes burned brighter and she poked him hard in the chest with a finger, playfully pretending to be mad at him too. "As for YOU, buster, have I told you lately how much I love you?"

He grinned from ear to ear. "Yeah, but I'd love to hear it again."

"I love you, Son! Every time you cum all over me, I feel even closer to you than before, if such a thing is possible." She swept a finger through the cummy streaks on her neck. "To me, your sperm, it's like liquid love. I want you to cover my entire body in it!" Impulsively, she suddenly shrieked, "Kiss me!"

They shared a long kiss that started out frantic but ended up romantic and tender. He was careful not to contact the cum on her face, or the more plentiful cum on her neck and dripping down into her cleavage.

When she broke off the kiss and they went back to snuggling, he decided that his earlier classification of the day as a bad one had gone right out the window. Then she looked at him mischievously and said, "That was just the warm-up kiss. Now comes the official goodnight kiss."

When that kiss ended a few minutes later, Alan decided that his day had definitely been a good one after all.

Then she started to kiss her way down his tummy.

"Where are you going?" he asked, since his penis was still flaccid.

"Gotta clean you up down there."

"You gotta?"

"Yep! What kind of personal cocksucker doesn't clean her son's cock after each and every orgasm? Not me!"

"But you cleaned me up already."

"I did? Are you sure?" She started licking his balls.

He laughed. "Yes, I'm sure."

Some long moments passed as she lapped and lapped. Finally, she said, "Well, maybe so. But perhaps I didn't do a thorough enough job."

"Mom, I think you just want to lick me until my dick gets hard again."

She didn't reply, except to lick her way up and down his flaccid penis.

After another minute or so he prodded, "Well?"

"Maybe," she admitted with a happy chuckle. "But would that be so bad? Think about your friends, like Sean and Peter. How many of them are in bed right now with their naked big-titted mommies licking their balls clean?"

"Um, it's safe to say none." He chuckled.

"See? I rest my case."

He laughed at that absurd logic, and decided just to stop talking about it and luxuriate in what she was doing.

The way she lapped his balls for a while felt so good, he wondered if he could somehow climax just from that.

It was true that she was trying her best to get him hard so he could titfuck her again. She'd loved it so much that she wanted to do it again right away, and for a lot longer. But she finally had to admit that it wasn't going to happen again that night, so she crawled back up him and got to his "tuck-in," which ended with a very enjoyable tickle-fest, not to mention a lot more kissing and fondling.

By the time that was over, many minutes later, Alan decided that it was safe to reclassify the day as an excellent one.

As they continued to cuddle, he wondered why his mother had been able to get him hard when Amy and Katherine had been unsuccessful. Well, that's not true. Aims succeeded, but it was when Sis came in and really irked me that I became completely hopeless. And I did have a few more hours to recover, which was key. The fact is, all four of these foxy femmes are so hot that it would be inhuman not to get hard. I can half-seriously imagine simply being stimulated to death by this bunch. Then I'd die of sublime pleasure; either that, or my penis would plain fall off.

He mentally reviewed his day and surprised himself in that he'd only climaxed four times. He decided not to tell his mother because he felt fairly sure she would insist on draining his cum again. The more time passed since his previous climax, the easier it would be for him to get hard again. He didn't doubt she could inspire him; she was increasingly like an unstoppable force of nature. The problem was, he doubted his penis could handle more friction and he was sure his heart couldn't handle any more excitement.

As it was, he very nearly was ravaged by her all over again when he told her "I love you" as she was getting ready to go. But he held her back with the promise, "Tomorrow."

The light was already off, so he just closed his eyes as soon as she was gone, feeling very content and loved.

Chapter 399 I'm In Love With Multiple Amazing Women.

Alan thought that surely his wearisome day had ended, but it had not. Shortly after Susan left, the light switch next to his bedroom door turned back on again. He opened his eyes and looked to see who was there. It was Katherine, wearing a loose robe.

She walked over to his bed and stood there. Her robe was open to begin with but opened even more as she crossed the room.

She seemed serious and hesitant. She brought herself to say, "Brother, can I have a good-night kiss?" The hands behind her back grabbed the fabric of the robe from the back and tugged, opening the robe in front.

He could now see her shaved pussy and most of her tits. But he didn't feel aroused, simply because Susan had just sucked all the life out of him, along with all the cum. Obviously his sister was very needy for attention, sexual and otherwise.

He did feel a bit sad for her, but more pissed than anything as he recalled her behavior with Amy earlier in the day. He said, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that Mom is coming in here every night and giving me a kiss."

She exclaimed, "A kiss? I heard you cry out, 'I'm FUCKING CUMMING!'"

He quipped, "Well, it was a really great kiss."

She wasn't at all amused.

"Okay, we kissed and a lot of other stuff too, obviously. And you're thinking: 'Why can't I?' I can understand that feeling. But I don't feel like kissing you right now. Frankly, I feel like telling you off. I think you were very mean to Aims tonight."

She crossed the room, got down on her knees, and put her hands on his. She kept her robe wide open. "I'm sorry. I really am. After she left, I stewed in my juices a bit. But I did eventually apologize to her, and I explained some things to her. We've been a bit mean to her. Both of us; not just me. We've been taking her for granted. She and I talked about that for a bit. But I was particularly naughty today. And I apologize to you too. But I feel so disappointed." She turned her head away, and it looked like she would cry.

He gently held her chin and turned her face back towards his. His hard feelings softened; he was pretty much a softy anyway. "What is it? You can tell me."

She kept her eyes averted, but said, "I know it's selfish of me. You're probably going to be mad. But it just seems like you're not interested in me anymore. It's almost two weeks since we first fucked and I said I wanted to be your exclusive fuck toy. I thought we'd be fucking like rabbits every single day. But no!"

She continued, "I know you've got your reasons, like secrecy issues around the house, and I know I should consider myself lucky compared to Amy. But I can't help but feel frustrated. That's why I was so petulant and mean earlier. If it weren't for the occasional fuck sessions at Kim's, I think I'd go crazy. And it's great to have Kim there with us, but what I really want is to be alone with you and just feel you in my arms for hours and hours. But you don't seem to want that."

She was closer to tears now.

His anger drained away, especially after knowing that she'd apologized to Amy. He moved his hands to her face and stroked her cheeks. "Kat, I love you! I can't tell you how much I love you. If we had the time and the place, I'd love to hold you forever."

Before he could get any further she broke down, buried herself in his shoulder, and cried.

He'd been hoping to avoid tears, but instead his declaration of love had inadvertently triggered them. He held her in a tight hug for a couple of minutes until the tears slowed.

Then he continued, "It's true. I love you very much. And I love making love to you. You're very beautiful, and a great, enthusiastic lover."

Her sadness turned to visible jealousy. "Maybe. A little bit beautiful, perhaps. But nothing like Mom and Aunt Suzy. You know I love you too. So much! But when you're not with one of them, you're with the other. And now Amy. Grrr! And especially lately, I can hardly find a chance to say 'boo' to you without finding Mom between your knees, happily slurping on your dick." She rolled her eyes. "Does Mom's tongue EVER get tired? Geez! I had to wait a loooong time before she was done just now so I could come in here. I heard all the screams of pleasure. I doubt you two were getting really excited about the theories of Aristotle."

He felt like sighing, but he repressed it. "Sis, we've talked about this before. You shouldn't feel like you're inadequate in any way. You're the hottest girl in the whole high school, in my book! And not just in my book, but in lots of people's books."

She asked bitterly, "What about Christine? Or Donna? Or Heather? Or-" (Donna was a reference to Donna Giovanni, Heather's beautiful main rival at school.)

He cut her off. "Who cares about them? I don't love them; I love you. One look at you gets me hard as steel, except when I'm half dead like I am right now. But maybe it's best that I'm brutally honest about something else. The fact is, there are a number of women who want to please me. I don't quite know why, but that's how it is. We both know that, but let's talk about it. I love all the attention I'm getting and I'm not going to be a monogamous guy. Period. As long as so many women want me, I'm not going to turn them down. That's how it is. Period! You need to accept it."

She sighed. "I know. I don't want to be your only girl; I just want to be your special girl, your number one fuck toy."

His tone softened. "You have a very special place in my heart. You ARE my number one fuck toy!"

"I wish that were true. What about all the other women you're getting it on with?"

"You and I are family. That'll never change. Women like Kim or Heather or Akami don't even hold a candle compared to you. Even Aims, as much as I love her, can't compare to you."

"Ha!" she complained bitterly. "I notice you left out Mom and Aunt Suzy. What about them?"

He thought about how he'd told his mother earlier in the evening: "You're number one. You and Aunt Suzy." He wasn't really thinking when he'd said it, and now it irked him greatly as he realized how much he was being forced to make comparisons between the people he loved.

He said, "What you're asking isn't fair. It's not right to make me compare how much I love people. I feel bad even for what I just said about Aims. I shouldn't have said that, because I love her dearly too. I'm not going to say if I love you more or less than Mom or Aunt Suzy, because I love all of you very much. Sexually, yes, they have some advantages, like Aunt Suzy's greater experience that comes with age, or her extra-long tongue. I have to admit that being with Mom is a particularly big turn-on lately. There's the Oedipal thing, weird as it is. And there's also the big tits, and of course I'm a tit man. Not that yours don't turn me on, too, mind you, because they're totally great. Then there's Mom's reluctance slowly breaking down. That turns me on, to see her changing like that."

Katherine punched a fist into an open palm. "Dammit. I shouldn't have been so eager. I should have fallen into debauchery more slowly, just like her. But I can't help it. You captured me totally from the very beginning, and I had no resistance. I wanted you even before all this started. I just can't help wanting to fuck you twenty-four hours a day." She grasped him tightly with one hand while her other went underneath his sheets in search of his penis. She quickly found it, and that it was still flaccid.

He said, "Whoa, Nelly. Hold on. There's no way I can get it up again. My dick is hurting me so bad that I can't even contemplate how painful it will be to pee. Please don't even touch it. If it gets hard again tonight I'm gonna be in big trouble. Remember how wild the party was last night? This needs to be kind of a recovery day."

"Sorry." She withdrew her hand reluctantly, but at the same time she pulled her robe the rest of the way off and threw it on the floor. The extra nudity didn't make a big difference, since she'd been wearing it wide open anyway.

He said frankly, "Look. Here's the problem. There's only one of me. There are too many other women. I just can't give you one hundred percent of my attention. That's a simple, honest fact. I'm sorry. But ditto with Mom and Aunt Suzy and everyone else. I basically live a polyamorous lifestyle now. You know what that means?"

She nodded.

"It's a good word, because it literally means 'many loves'. I'm in love with multiple amazing women. I'm like a kid in a candy store. With all these stunning women throwing themselves at me, how can I say no? I challenge any male on Earth to be put in the situation I'm in and stay completely monogamous. It's just how males are: we like to spread our seed around."

He continued, "Maybe some guy would say, 'I'd never stray from my one true love,' but that's just because he hasn't seen the likes of you and the others up close and in the flesh. I mean, imagine if that guy wakes up to find a randy and naked Marilyn Monroe lying on top of him. There's no way anybody can resist. That's kind of what it's been like for me. I'm trying to make sure I spend at least some time with you every single day, because I love you so much. But you're going to have more energy for me than I will for you, 'cos there aren't any other guys you're doing it with."

She pouted, "Maybe I should, then. Maybe I should start dating some other guys at school. There are many who would kill just to date me, let alone to fuck me."

It appeared to him that she was saying this just to make him jealous, but he answered honestly regardless. He said, "Maybe you should. I wouldn't try to stop you. But I'll admit it would hurt me and make me jealous. Really, really jealous! I know that makes me totally hypocritical, given all the women I'm with, but those are my feelings. I love you and want you to be mine, all mine. I can't say no if a woman throws herself at me, and I can't but burn with jealousy if some guy throws himself at you. If you're with a woman, that's probably cool, but guys burn me up. It's fucked up, huh?"

To his surprise, she said, "No," and hugged him tightly, kissing him all over his face and neck. Then she said, "I'll tell you what's fucked up: that I don't mind! I don't want any other guy; I only want you. I know it's not natural to love my brother that way, but I do. I love that you get jealous and want to keep me all to yourself too. It's proof that you love me! I was just bluffing; my body belongs only to you!"

She hugged him again.

He was really regretting the state of his penis, because her words were turning him on in a big way.

She continued, "And it turns me on to see you with other women. You deserve it, if only for your medical needs. I like to see you so happy and asserting your dominance and sexual prowess. Aunt Suzy says it's a medical must. It especially turns me on to see you with Mom or Aunt Suzy or Aims, to see the sexy but profound love between you."

He thought, Again, I really have to thank Aunt Suzy! Sounds like she's telling Sis great stuff too!

bender

Katherine went on, "Did you know I had my ear to the door while Mom was in here just now? Well, eventually I just couldn't ignore all the moaning and 'mmmm'-ing and screaming. I listened and jilled myself. I couldn't really hear much of the smooching or cock slurping, but I could imagine it, and that got me going big time. I'm so bummed that your dick isn't up for more fun right now, because my blood is boiling with passion. I could use a good, solid FUCKING!"

"Hold on. You've promised to be good around the house and keep that a secret."

"Brother, Big Jackhammer Brother, you're so totally mean." She was playful now, running her hands over his chest. "The fact is, I AM your fuck toy. I LOVE being your fuck toy. I would NEVER go out with any other man; I wouldn't even consider it. I could never do that to you. I've already vowed that you're going to be the only man I ever have sex with, and the father of my children before you know it. All I want to do is be naked for you and spread my legs for you so you can fuck me silly on an hourly basis, my handsome, hunky brother!"

He was pretty blown away by that, especially the part about her wanting him to be the father of her children. It was one thing to joke about that, but he could tell this wasn't a joke this time.

She went on in a more sultry tone, "As a fuck toy, I shouldn't question you. I should just obey you without question. Good fuck toys shouldn't cause trouble; they should just spread their legs and gladly take your big demanding cock as it pounds your potent seed deep in our fertile wombs. And I especially shouldn't be causing trouble when it comes to your other fuck toys or future fuck toys. Most of the time, I love thinking about how you've tamed Mom and Aunt Suzy and are taming Aims, and how you're turning us all into your personal cocksuckers and fuck toys. I'm trying to be totally obedient, but it's so hard. I get too jealous. I can't help it!"

"Sis, I don't want you to be a mindless sex toy. I like that you're intelligent and independent. Having an independent woman sometimes act like a sex toy is sexy, but don't stop being yourself. I need a good friend much more than I need a fuck toy. You're my sister! Did someone slip something into the water that made everyone so desperate to have sex with me all of a sudden? I don't get it."

"So you don't want me to be your fuck toy?" she asked, confused.

"Oh, I do. Call me selfish, but it really turns me on. I like that you get so damned horny all the time. I just wish I could please you more often, like you deserve to be pleased. I'm totally fine with you fucking other girls. We should fuck more girls together. That would be a happy solution."

"Now you're talking!" Her hand went down to his crotch and found his penis, which was now half hard and getting harder. But then she remembered he'd told her not to touch it. She took her hand away.

He playfully pointed at her and said, "Busted. Banishment to the foot of the bed for you."

She scooted down the bed until she sat just past his feet. "Oops. Sorry, Big Javelin Bro. I was getting so excited there, but I forgot how tired you are. But that idea gets me really turned on. For instance, how would you like to get into a threesome with Aunt Suzy and me? She may already be willing to do it. I'm game if you are. Can you imagine her and me stacked on top of each other, our pussies lined up so you can take turns spearing us?"

He moaned. "Don't even talk about that! My penis is cursing you just for mentioning it. But the other thing is, maybe I've been too cautious about not doing things with you around the house. With Ron gone and Mom turning into such a huge cocksucking enthusiast, I don't think we have to worry too much about getting caught fucking, as long as we don't actually fuck right in front of her. I don't want to disobey Mom. But there's no reason why we can't be a little more physical at home, as long as she doesn't specifically prohibit the action. For instance, kissing. I don't remember her ever specifically saying you and I couldn't kiss on the lips. Probably because she didn't think she'd need to say that, but hey, the thing is, she didn't say it. Or if I just wanted to go into your room and feel up your tits, would that be okay with you?"

Katherine replied excitedly, "Brother! You know it would be fine! I'm your fuck toy. I'll do anything you like. Anything. Anything! My body is literally your toy to play with 24 hours a day. Wake me up in the middle of the night if you feel like cupping a tit or whatever. I need to apologize to you again. Your fuck toy is so sorry for being jealous. Since you're the owner of this particular fuck toy, it's your duty to punish me. I think you have to spank these jealous feelings clean out of me. Starting right now."

"What, you want me to spank you at this hour? That's totally going to wake Mom up. And then we'll be majorly busted."

"They don't have to be loud slaps. In fact, I'd prefer it if you gave me rather mild ones, followed by lots of fingering of my pussy to make it all feel better. That shouldn't tax your penis."

He rolled his eyes. "I don't think that's much of a punishment. Sounds like a reward to me."

"Oopsies. Is it?" She put an extremely stupid expression on her face, and then broke into giggles. "I guess you're right. You did just say you wanted to please me more often like I deserve to be pleased. You don't want to get your fuck toy all rusty from lack of use, do you?"

"Hey. I just gave you a good fucking this afternoon."

Katherine was sitting up on his bed with her legs spread wide. Her fingers were spreading her pussy lips open as well, as a visual invitation to fuck. She smiled naughtily and let go of her nether lips, but otherwise didn't respond to his admonishment.

Instead, she answered, "You did, and I love you for it, but that was hours ago! What have you done for me lately?" She giggled some more. "Your fuck toy needs a good, solid brother-fucking every night before she can get to sleep. But a naughty spanking will do the trick in a pinch."

He shook his head in wonder at her constant teasing. He seriously considered the idea of spanking her. It could help her get off, and it'd leave my sorry dick safely away from her aggressive hands. Not a bad idea, actually. I really owe her more orgasms.

He said, "I should be soooo asleep right now. I can hardly keep my eyes open. And my dick is crying for mercy. Today's been a weird day, but I guess every day has been a weird day these last few weeks. But I'll do it to show you how much I love you."

"You will? Really? Cool! You're such a good brother. But first, I like what you were saying about kissing. I want my goodnight kiss too." She slid up the bed and they kissed on the lips for many enjoyable minutes.

He was put in the paradoxical position of enjoying the electric kiss and running his hands over her body while trying to think unsexy thoughts to prevent a full erection.

At the end of the kiss, he said, "I really don't mean to neglect you. It would be a dream come true for me if we could fuck every day, right in the middle of the living room. I want that too, if we only could."

"I know that, Brother; I do. Sorry for being so demanding. I really do deserve a good spanking, so give me all you've got."

She bent over the edge of his bed and presented her ass to him.

He stood up and swatted her repeatedly. The sound of his hands striking her ass cheeks wasn't so loud; it was about the same as a loud clap. He knew the walls of his room would muffle the sound. It helped that she diligently refrained from crying out.

Just as she'd hoped, his strikes weren't terribly hard, and there was actually much more fingering of her pussy between the strikes. However, the strikes were harder than she expected, as he let out his pent-up anger at her treatment of Amy.

As with the kissing, he had to think unsexy thoughts to preserve his penis. He mostly kept his eyes closed and swatted blindly so he wouldn't get too turned on by the sight of his sexy, nude sister in such a submissive position. After all, he was doing it solely for her pleasure.

She made it more difficult for him by talking after each swat. She whispered things like, "Oh yes! Do it again! Your dirty, nasty sister needs another!"

So he gave her another slap.

She responded with, "Yes! So good! Brother is teaching sister her place! She needs his firm hand and his firm pole. Ooooooh. Firm finger too!" That last comment was in response to the finger he put back in her pussy. "So nice, but give me another bitch slap with your finger wiggling around like that."bender

He swatted her again.

She replied, "Again! Again! Train me! Bend me! Mold me into the perfect fuck toy! But don't take your finger out! Oh good Lord fucking Jesus H. Christ! Yes!"

"Shhhh!" he whispered. "And don't call yourself a bitch. That's not nice."

"Show me who's boss! Spank me harder!"

She had several orgasms and left his hand coated in her pussy juice. Yet she still demanded to be spanked longer. It wasn't surprising, since the strikes were hard enough to smart quite a bit, but weren't intensely painful. They just heightened her overwhelming feeling of pleasure and elation, like sour food making sweet food taste all the sweeter. Even though no single ass-slap was that tough, the sheer number of slaps eventually took their toll, turning her ass cheeks rosy red.

After he gave her about forty smacks, he looked at the clock and was startled at the time. His penis was hard, very hard, but he was sure it couldn't handle any more tactile stimulation so he hid it from her.

He whispered, "Crap. Spanking's over. Another half hour of sleep I've blown, thanks to your visit. I'm going to be so hating waking up tomorrow that I can't even bear to think about it. Time for my Leaky Little Sister to get out of here. Go!" He swatted her on the butt one last time, making it particularly hard just for fun.

She replied saucily, "Now that's the brother I love. We need to have these talks more often, especially if they always end in a spanking. I like how you spanked me so hard. You're taking firm control of your sister. I love it. I feel like I've died and gone to fuck heaven." She giggled, "This'll keep me satiated, for a few hours anyway. Goodnight my love!"

She grabbed her robe from the floor and blew him a kiss.

He didn't have the energy to really ponder her strange attitude. But he thought about some of what she'd said and especially about how she felt neglected. He set his alarm clock to three in the morning instead of his usual morning wake-up time and decided, I'll wake up then and see how I feel. I can always just go right back to sleep.

He fell into a deep sleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow.