

## 6 Times 421

### Chapter 421 Titfuck Continued

Unfortunately, Alan still hadn't cum, but Susan had to rest her neck and recover for a bit after her powerful climax.

She'd let go of her breasts while she was resting, so he took advantage and gleefully caressed her massive orbs with both hands.

She didn't mind that at all, even though it was technically against the rules. However, the way he'd been playing with her pussy up to and through her climax greatly distressed her.

Once she'd regained her breath, she complained, "Tiger, what did I tell you? You can't touch me down there! What's your excuse this time?"

She sounded upset, but he could tell she wasn't really upset, because when she was she never called him "Tiger."

He lightly grazed his fingertips over her bosomy curves as he said, "I totally wasn't going to do that, but I knew you hadn't cum in a while and I figured just a little touch there would set you off with a nice cum."

"Well, thank you, I suppose, but you can't make a habit of that. I know I've talked a big talk about giving my body to you, but in all seriousness, that's a no-touch zone. You make me too horny. If you keep doing that, I just know I'll wind up on my back with my legs wrapped around you and your big cock diving deep into my... Well, never you mind about that; just don't do it! Besides, if you want to make me cum, just play with my nipples for a couple of minutes."

He dropped his head and tried to look contrite, but avoided making any actual promises. Within seconds, he started fondling both of her nipples at the same time. His hands had been mere inches away anyway.

She felt thrills run up and down her spine. Dear Lord! Too intense! He's turning me into his tit slave!

bender

Oh God! So hot! He's not content to just use me anytime he desires as one of his personal cocksuckers; he's going to make me his devoted, obedient tit slave as well!

After revealing her phrase 'tit slave' to Suzanne, she'd promised herself never to use it again. She realized that she just couldn't help it, especially when he was playing with her nipples. She didn't even know what she meant by the phrase; she just knew that those words excited her powerfully, somehow seeming more "sinful" than almost anything else she could think of.

As her tongue reached out again for the head of his cock, she pouted, "No fair! You're just too good. You've totally taken control of my mouth AND my tits, and you haven't even cum yet!"

He smirked happily. "Sorry, Mom."

She brought her hands back to her tremendous rack and tightly squeezed his boner with her round tits. "I'll bet you are. But don't you DARE jack off in the middle of night and spill your seed, do you hear me? If you wake up and have any arousing thoughts whatsoever, you're to march in here and shove your lovely pole deep down my throat or into my cleavage, or both at once again, and play with your naughty mommy until you get release! That's an order!"

"Yes, Mom," he said with exaggerated tiredness, as if he was put out by such an "order." He resumed slowly sliding his shaft back and forth between his mother's giant orbs, now that she was again using her hands to press them in from the sides.

She continued to "order" him, "Or, if you must, I suppose you can also unload in your sister's mouth in the middle of the night. After all, you're the man of the house now and you have great needs, and Suzanne keeps telling me that variety is very important for you. So of course the choice is yours. But I'd rather you choose me since she needs her sleep for school. Whereas you could fuck my mouth all night long and I can always take a nap the next day."

He teased, "That's very selfless of you."

Busted, she smiled naughtily. "Yeah, well, it doesn't hurt that it feels so damned fantastic! Enough of the holding back and small talk. Let's see you just OWN my tits by fucking them as hard as you did last night! Remind your mommy that resistance is useless, that she has no choice but to SERVE her studly son with

her big hooters and hungry red lips! Prove to her again and again that she has to swallow every last drop of your spermy goodness whenever your balls need draining!"

He loved the titfuck/blowjob combo, but as his arousal grew, he desired something more proactive and vigorous. He spent the next ten minutes treating his mother's tits the same way that he'd earlier treated Heather's twat in the school parking lot. He plowed her chest so hard and fast that her tongue and lips couldn't really join in the fun. He only had to pause or slow down a couple of times to gather his energy for another burst of action.

But she didn't mind at all. Her breasts were so sensitive and easily aroused that she practically forgot her own name as her entire world centered on pleasuring the thick pole squeezed tightly in her cleavage.

When his stamina finally flagged and his thrusting slowed, she lurched forward and licked his most sensitive spot in such a delightful way that he immediately blew his load all over her face.

And a face painting it most definitely was. He fired his first rope from less than an inch away. After that, he pulled back a bit and liberally coated her forehead, cheeks, chin, nose, and neck. She had to wipe her eye sockets clean before she dared even open her eyes again.

That delighted her to no end. She wished she'd had a camera or at least a mirror by her bed, just so she could admire his "painting job." She could have easily gotten a mirror, or even a camera with a bit more effort, but she didn't want to disturb him by doing so.

After they'd finished and rested a bit, she got out from under him and had him lie where she had been. Then she climbed on top of him, with her pussy directly above his face and her big tits squishing against his lower abdomen.

"What are you doing?" he asked as he stared up into her dripping pussy lips.

She said proudly, "Mommy's a full service cocksucker and titfuckee. And that means your cock and balls need an exceptionally thorough tongue cleaning."

He groaned in lusty anticipation. He looked up and saw some pussy juice threatening to drip directly onto his face. Man, Mom is practically torturing me here. Why'd she have to pick THIS tempting position?

The "torture" went on for quite a while. She mostly focused on licking his balls, since she could tell he got a lot of pleasure from that, even when his dick was flaccid. She liked to kiss them and roll each ball sac around in her mouth too. At the same time, her pussy was constantly shifting in position a few inches above his face. A couple of times, it even briefly rested directly on his face.

That finally made him say, "Mom, I've gotta give fair warning. If you rest your pussy on my face one more time, and my tongue is in range, I'm gonna lick everything I can reach!"

Her voice sounded more delighted than concerned. "Oh dear! I'd better be more careful then. I should hurry up too. It's just that your balls are so big and they demand so much licking. They must be full with all those billions of little spermies eager to get to where they belong: on my face or tits!"

He groaned. Oh man! Better yet, what about in your hot cunt? How many sons would be this respectful of your proclaimed desire not to get fucked? It's like you're trying to push me over the edge. The horny smell of your pussy is enough to make me too fuck-mad to think!

It took her about five minutes to finish polishing his balls. Then she sat up on the bed next to where he lay, revealing that her face was still dripping with his cum. "Goodness! That's was just great. I can't wait to tell Suzanne tomorrow. She'll be so envious. Do you take total control of her tits like that? Silly me, I'm sure you do. How does she like it? No, wait, don't tell me; I want to hear it straight from her own cocksucking lips tomorrow."

He just grinned at his mother's enthusiasm.

She let out a few weary breaths as she lay down on the bed next to him. "Phew! I'm so sweaty and bedraggled and ... well, thoroughly fucked. I really ought to take a shower before I go back to sleep, but I just can't muster the energy."

He let out a long yawn. "Phew! I'm too pooped too. I'm just gonna go back to sleep too. We can shower in the morning. By the way, Mom, crazy thought: what if I just fell asleep right here?"

She bit her lower lip. "You know I'd love that, in theory. But I'm afraid we can't. Bodies move in the night. You might even wake up with your big cock deeply impaled in places it can't be before you realize it. Sorry, but remember, we can't ever cross that boundary, even by accident." To which she added mentally, especially by accident. That would be impossible to undo.

"Shucks. It would be so nice to sleep in your arms. ... Well, goodnight. I really love you."

"I really love you too, Son."

Alan thought about the Freudian implications of sleeping in his mother's bed. Despite everything we've done, somehow physically replacing my father in her bed would be a way huge step. The symbolism is pretty mind-blowing, actually. It almost takes my breath away, just thinking about it. It's like Mom would be my wife. Or if I slept with Sis all the time, then Sis would be my wife. Hell, what if I took turns sleeping in their beds so they were both my wives? Sweetness!

I guess I'll just have to be content with all I've got - at least for now.

He got up to walk away, but then he looked back and pointed to his own face, using it as a mirror for her own. "Mom, you've got something on your face here. And here. And here, and here, and here." He grinned as he kept pointing all over his face. "In fact, I think it's safe to say that your face is pretty well covered in my cum. Aren't you going to wash up before you go back to sleep?"

It seemed that comment relit her fiery lust. She shot him a passionate "come hither" look as she replied, "Maybe, maybe not. Maybe Mommy needs a sticky reminder of her proper place around here. Don't worry about me. Just remember that if you wake up and your cock is feeling at all twitchy, Mommy's mouth and tits will be waiting for you."

He shook his head in amazement at his good luck, finally staggering back to his room with his pajama bottoms in his hands.

Chapter 422 Here Comes AMY

Alan took advantage of the weekend and slept for twelve hours, not counting his half-hour midnight adventure with his mother. When he finally woke up, after nine o'clock, he felt like a new man.

And it was a lucky thing, too, because after having cum "merely" an average of five times a day for the last two days, the women around the house were all keen to make sure he would have an extra-active day to make up for it.

Susan cooked her son a North African style breakfast: ful mesdames with marrowfat peas and pita. Katherine was still asleep from having gone to bed much later, and Suzanne hadn't come over yet for the same reason. Thus it was just Alan and Susan.

Alan wasn't too terribly surprised to find that Susan was horny and hungry for cock. It seemed that she was always ready for action these days. She wore nothing but an apron, and not even a particularly big apron. In back, there was a big bow over her lower back and nothing else. In front, he could easily see her huge melons bounce and sway with every move she made, often causing her nipples to come into view.

He walked up to her, kissed her lips, and ran his hand over her bare ass. "Hey, Mom! Good morning. I love your outfit."

"You do?" Delighted, she spun out of his grasp so she could do a slow 360 degree twirl. "I call this style an 'erotic apron.' I was inspired by what Suzanne wore yesterday morning, and how much her apron inspired you."

He laughed and spun her around. "I love it!" He kissed her deeply while running his hand up her ass crack. Then he said, "I love how it reminds me you're my mother and you do all kinds of nice things for me, but you're also my personal cocksucker and my super sexy, big-titted centerfold mommy."

She practically swooned to hear him say all that, especially the "mommy" part. She beamed. "One of, Son. One of."

"Huh?"

"I'm one of your personal cocksuckers. You're building up quite an impressive collection. Watch out: turn around and blink, and you just might find yourself with an entire harem!" She winked.

He shook his head like she was talking crazy. But at the same time he thought, I wish! He walked to the refrigerator to get some pineapple juice.

Despite their sexy fun and banter, he was still so groggy from his long sleep that he was still not up for sex or really anything for a while other than eating and vegetating.

But Susan wasn't easy to discourage. For instance, she served him a bowl of fruit, then asked, "Would you like a titfuck to go with that?" And after she gave him another bowl, this time of cereal, she brought one of his hands to her hefty rack and asked, "Would you like some of my milk?"

He wasn't exactly sure what she meant by that, since she wasn't lactating, but it was damned arousing just the same.

However, even after she managed to arouse him mentally, his penis still wasn't ready to play. So after breakfast she finally conceded defeat by announcing that she had to leave to run some errands.

Amy arrived just as Susan was preparing to leave. Susan met her near the front door, so both of them were fully dressed. Susan said, "Amy, you know all about Tiger's special needs lately. Well, his penis is feeling extremely sad this morning."

"Awww." Amy looked very sad.

"I know. It's tragic. But don't worry. You can help stimulate it visually."

Amy clapped her hands in glee. "M'kay! That sounds like fun!"

"If you have any questions, ask Angel. She should be up shortly. Both my children are such sleepy-heads. Take care!" bender

As she walked out, she thought, Amy's such a great girl. And beautiful! Maybe she should help Tiger with his special spermy needs in a more direct way. I don't have a problem with her becoming one of his personal cocksuckers. Since Angel is doing it now, it's probably inevitable anyway. But still, I need to talk it over with Suzanne first; she's awfully protective of her Honey Pie.

Susan was still mostly oblivious as to just how sexually involved Amy had become in recent days, since nobody had told her much about it yet.

Once Susan was gone, Amy hurried home and immediately came back with something risqué to wear. As usual, she used the underwear cabinet by the front door to change. Her outfit, if it could be called that, was a robe that failed to even come down to her pussy, exposing her shaven folds to anyone who cared to look. The robe had once been much longer, but she'd shortened it recently to a very strategically sexy length.

When Amy was ready, she walked into the dining room where Alan was still eating breakfast. "Hey, Bo."

He took a look at her and nearly choked on his breakfast. "Aims, quick!" he sputtered, "You'd better change out of that."

"What? You don't like it? I made it 'specially short, just for you."

"That was really nice of you. I think it's great. But Mom's just gone shopping for groceries and she'll be back soon. She'll have a hissy fit if she sees you like that."

Amy smiled happily. "No she won't. I'm sure of it, because she's the one who told me to wear this kind of thing. She told me you weren't being stimulated enough in the past couple of days and that I was supposed to stimulate you."

He nearly choked on his food again. "She said that?! She told you that you could stimulate me? Did she say how?"

"She just said you needed a lot of stimulation today. I'm the only one around to help, I guess." Amy failed to mention that Susan had only mentioned visual stimulation.

She twirled around. Her robe was cut even shorter in the back, so that more than half her ass was exposed.



His eyes went wider in response, and a bulge began growing in his shorts.

She noticed his happy reaction, so she turned around again, making sure to bend over lewdly. With both hands wrapped tightly around one of her ankles, she winked at him as she looked at him, upside down, from between her legs.

He put down his spoon so that his hands could be free for other fun. "Stay like that," he said, unconsciously licking his lips.

"M'kay," she answered happily, thrusting her naked ass even closer to where he sat. She reached her left hand up to her pussy, seemingly absent-mindedly rubbing her nether lips as she added, "Gee, I never realized how cold this house can be sometimes. Bo, do you feel a breeze?"

He thought to himself, Strange. But then what isn't strange lately? Mom did say last night that she expected a big orgasm day from me today, but why would she include Aims? I thought she was protective of her, just like Aunt Suzy is. But who am I to look a gift horse in the mouth? Or, more appropriately, in the ass? What a lovely big ass. How am I supposed to say no to that?

Actually, now that I think about it, the other day Mom did say that nothing should be denied me. That was in relation to Brenda, but surely if she felt that way about Brenda, she must feel the same about Aims. Right? I sure hope so!

He finished off the last of his ful medames, then reached out and grabbed Amy's ass. He said to her, "If you're going to stimulate me, you're doing a damn good job already. But do you remember what I told you before about the three parts of the female a man likes the best?"

She giggled as she once again grabbed hold of her ankles, letting Alan massage her perfect derrière. "Gosh. That's easy. The boobies, the cunny, and the ass. Everybody knows that."

He ran his fingers up and down her ass crack, and didn't hesitate to probe her clit and slit. "Yeah. This outfit is good at showing off two of those, but let's see some more of your boobs."

She turned around and undid the sash of her robe. She let her robe open, but only on one side as she tilted her hip in the opposite direction and struck a seductive pose. "You mean like this?" she asked coyly, her voice high and airy.

He unzipped his shorts and let his erection jut straight out in the air. "Oooh, I like it. Yeah. Just like that. Showing a little, but still hiding a little, leaving me wanting more. And you've pushed your boobs together with your arms and given me a sultry look on top of it. Nice! You're really getting good at visual stimulation."

She wanted to keep her sultry look going, but couldn't help but break out into a shy smile. Fortunately, the shy grin made her look even sexier. Her eyes dropped down to where his fingers were stroking his erection, but she didn't say anything about it.

"Now, let's see if you need another pussy shaving today." He reached out and fondled her pussy and tits, occasionally including her ass as well.

She just stood there with a big smile on her face, happily letting him touch her anywhere.

He was still at it when Katherine walked downstairs a couple of minutes later.

Katherine put her hands on her hips and frowned when she saw Alan with two fingers in Amy's pussy, two fingers of his other hand pulling on a nipple, and his erection waving in the air. Dammit! More big-titted competition. Just what I need to start the day. If Aims wasn't here, that could be me.

But her attitude softened as she thought about it some more. Who am I kidding? Bro's going to be plowing through Amy's fertile fields any day now. It's a done deal, and I helped make it happen with all the Amy games I've been playing with him. I can either be a big pain in the ass about it, which will do nothing but piss Brother off, or I can accept it. After all, Aims is basically my best friend. Both of us having the same lover and master would be pretty cool, I have to admit. And I know she really loves him a lot, although she's too shy to talk about it.

Playing off the WWJD (What Would Jesus Do?) bumper stickers, she thought a little more jokingly, I need to ask myself: WWNOFTD? What Would a Number One Fuck Toy Do? That's easy! I'd just get on my knees and start slurping up and down one side of Brother's cock while letting Aims slurp up and

down the other side. Then we could have some hot threesome action. Now that I've turned bi, I have to admit she's looking mighty tasty.

Not only that, but it could be a brilliant strategic move. Let's face it: I can't compete head to head with Mom or Aunt Suzy; no one could. But if Aims and I work together, we could be his first choice. I've thought about it before, but it's time to actually put it in action! After all, Mom thinks sharing a cock with anyone else is "so improper." Her loss! The two of them are probably better than us at cocksucking, especially Aunt Suzy with her super-long tongue and all her experience, but two tongues are always better than one! Hee-hee!

But the problem is, in theory that sounds great, but in practice I'm too jealous to be a good fuck toy! To be honest, I'd rather Aims went back home, leaving me on my knees in front of Bro here with his cock down my throat!

She sighed.

The others still hadn't seen her, so she put on her happy face and strolled into the dining room. As she got their attention, she said, "Looks like I'm missing out on some fun, Big Super Dildo-sized Brother. Maybe you should give me a good spanking for sleeping in too late and neglecting my sisterly duties." She winked as she purposefully reminded him of the spanking she'd received two nights before. "Where's Mom?"

"Off to buy some groceries," he replied. "Aims here says she was left behind as a kind of gift to occupy me in the meanwhile. Isn't that weird?"

Katherine's eyebrows were raised in surprise as she walked right up to Amy and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Whoa. Our new mom is full of surprises, isn't she?"

Alan instantly understood her meaning of "new mom" - it was as though Susan had become a completely different person in recent weeks, a sexed-up Stepford-like perfect mother, although of course many aspects remained the same.

Katherine turned to Amy and ran a hand up and down her exposed hip and thigh. "Aims, good job with the visual stimulation. Look how happy you've made his thingy." She held her brother's erection and started stroking it from top to bottom. It was already slick with copious amounts of pre-cum.

"Thanks!" Amy said gaily. "It's totally fun to help, especially when he touches me all over. I get so tingly!"

"I'll bet you do," Katherine replied, rolling her eyes a little at Amy's naïveté. "Bro, let's see if Aims needs another shaving." Katherine moved in on Amy and began to fondle her too, using her free hand. That hand quickly zoomed in on Amy's pussy.

Alan laughed, because he'd just pulled his fingers out of Amy's gash. "Hey, I was using that pussy, Sis." He brought a hand back and worked on Amy's clit while conceding her pussy to his sister.

Amy writhed in pleasure as three hands roamed all over her. (The remaining hand, Katherine's, never left her brother's erection.) Amy's whole body bucked repeatedly in orgasmic ecstasy. Her robe stayed on, barely, but only because it was so ludicrously short that it didn't get in the way of access to any important body parts.

After another wordless minute of this, Amy said, "You know guys, I most definitely need a shaving. I'm so way super tingly! Right now! I'm getting all tingly everywhere! Please help! Or I'm gonna have a really big tingle if you don't stop that, right now!"

However, no one stopped anything, even as Amy practically doubled over in her attempt to hold back from cumming.

Katherine calmly said to Alan while still keeping her hand sliding back and forth on his dick, "Hey, Big Pole Vault Pole Brother, it's been too long since we've done her together. You should see the things the two of us girls have been doing lately in these 'shavings.'"

Amy butted in with the proud mention, "Kat says - OH! ... She says - UGH! I'm a good... OH! ... Good ass licker!"

Katherine clarified, "She means that in the good, literal sense."

He chuckled. "Why don't we give the shaving a shot right now? That'll give us some cover to make sure we interpreted Mom correctly."

"Oh goody!" Amy exclaimed.

But nobody shifted positions until after Amy came hard, again, from all the hands attending to her. Only then did Katherine let go of her brother's cock.

#### Chapter 423 Handjob From Amy

Katherine and Alan removed Amy's robe and led her to the bathroom. She was so limp they practically had to carry her there.

When they got there and settled in, Katherine reacquainted her hand with Alan's erection and stroked it with gusto. But remembering her WWNOFTD idea, she thought, This sharing isn't so bad. If it was someone else, that would be a different story. But Aims is just so easygoing and lovable. She'll never stab me in the back, that's for sure. It's time she starts to learn how to properly tend his cock.

So she said, "Aims, as you can see, keeping Alan's penis happy is hard work. It needs to be stroked and stroked and stroked, and oftentimes you have to lick it too."

Amy replied a bit irritably, "You don't have to tell me that; I know all that stuff already. Remember how you licked his thingy from between my tits the other day?"

Katherine replied, "I know you know a lot, but I'm just trying to emphasize how much effort is involved. In fact, my hands are getting kind of tired already. Do you want to take over for a while?"

Amy smiled brightly. "M'kay! I totally know your hands can't be tired yet and you're just being nice. I really appreciate it."

Katherine and Amy shared a loving smile. Katherine could feel her residual feelings of jealousy fading away, due to how much she and Amy loved each other.

Amy held his dick with her left hand, and frowned at how wet it felt already. "Does it always get kind of icky and sticky like this?"

"That's good," Katherine explained, while she switched to fondling Alan's balls from below. "It happens every time. That stuff'll make it a lot easier to slide your hand all over it."

Katherine loved that Amy didn't seem bothered in the slightest that she was playing with Alan's balls. This is easy! It should come as no surprise that Amy doesn't mind sharing, 'cos that's the kind of person she is. We'll be taking turns bobbing on his cock in no time!

Amy started to slide her fingers up and down Alan's shaft. She beamed brightly at Katherine. "Cool beans! Of course, I've done this to him a couple of times before, and I totally love doing it, but it's twice as much fun if I get to do it with you."

Katherine smiled in response. Again, she tested herself for feelings of jealousy and found she didn't mind sharing at all, since it was with Amy. She reached up and put her hand over Amy's hand. For a little while, they stroked his shaft together.

Amy really liked that. She exclaimed to Alan, "Check it out! We're doing it together!"

Alan was beyond delighted. He moaned and groaned with erotic joy and approval.

Katherine smiled at Amy. "We're going to do this together a lot, girl. His cock needs a lot of tender loving care, and two girls are always better than one."

"That sounds super awesome to me! I'm really digging this. It's making me feel all... tingly."

Katherine said knowingly, "Yeah, me too." She took her hand off Amy's and went back to playing with Alan's balls, cradling them from below. She wanted to give her best friend a chance to play with Alan's cock all by herself for a while.

Amy asked her, "So, what are you doing down there?"

Katherine explained, while continuing to fondle Alan's balls with one hand, "This is a lot of fun too. The penis gets all the hype, but playing with a guy's balls feels really good for him too. You have to be careful though, 'cos they're very sensitive. I'll teach you how to do it."

"Cool beans! Thanks!"

Katherine grinned. "No worries."

Amy whispered with awe, "God, it's so BIG! And slicked up... and hot and throbbing!" Then she stopped speaking as she focused all her attention on stroking Alan's long erection. Her face was close enough that her sweet minty breath blowing on it aroused him even more.

The quiet gave Alan a chance to think. Cool beans, indeed! Man, this is so awesome! First off, to have Aims playing with my dick, and she's totally into it! And she's sharing with Sis, and Sis's totally okay with that. I don't know why I waited so long before letting Amy have fun with my dick, when she's been so eager and Sis has been doing so much with me. Well, I guess Aunt Suzy's reluctance about her daughter doing anything sexual played a big role. And Mom's been reluctant about Amy's involvement too. But nothing's going to stop us now!bender

A few minutes later, Amy broke the silence by saying, "You know, Kat, how you let me have some special one-on-one time with Bo the day before yesterday?"

"Yeah?" Katherine asked.

Amy was rubbing Alan's sweet spot as she replied, while Katherine stroked the rest of his long shaft. "Well, I told you afterwards about the titfucky fun we had, and how we had to stop when Susan came by. I even told you how I sucked on him for a second or two, even though it's totally against my mom's rules right now. But what I kinda sorta forgot to mention is that even before that, before you came in, I asked Alan if I could be one of his personal cocksuckers. And... he said yes!"

Katherine raised her eyebrows. "Wow, that's interesting. That's a big step." She could feel her jealousy flaring up, but she was determined not to let it get the best of her. It helped a lot that she was getting a big thrill out of sharing her brother's cock with Amy.

Amy looked down shyly towards Alan's boner as she continued to rub it. "It's kind of... official now, and everything. I hope you don't mind, but... I mean, it makes sense. You... me... my mom... your mom... Doesn't it just seem right that the four of us should be the main ones to help him out?"

Katherine nodded. "It does." Again she searched her feelings, and she could already feel her surge of jealousy passing. It did make perfect sense, it was just that she was temporarily taken aback to hear it actually confirmed. So, after a pause to think things over, she gave Amy a smile, and said, "I suppose congratulations are in order."

"Thanks!"

Katherine added, "That said, this is a big responsibility for you. I'm not sure you have the right 'fuck toy' attitude. It's not just about pleasuring his cock at the drop of a hat, although that is a big part of it. There's a certain submissive attitude-"

Katherine was going to say more, but Amy cut in, "Let's not just talk and talk and talk. Let me SHOW you both that I'm serious! Kat, since we both have his thingy in hand, let's really drive him wild!"

Katherine relaxed, and grinned. She looked how her hand and Amy's hand were slipping and sliding on Alan's throbbing erection, and said, "That sounds like a great idea. What we're doing is good, but let's step things up a notch!"

Amy nodded, and said, "I can't suck him yet, as you both know, due to my mom's bummer rule. But Kat, you can! Why don't you bob on the top, and I'll take care of the rest?"

"Good idea!" Katherine immediately bent down, engulfed Alan's cockhead, and started to suck on it.

She moved so fast that her lips bumped into Amy's stroking fingers. But Amy quickly switched to pumping on his shaft while also fondling his balls.

Alan squirmed and clenched his teeth and his PC muscle, because the sudden increase in pleasure was almost too much to take. He had to take some heavy breaths as he tried to cope without cumming. Fuck me! Maaaaan! Fuuuuck! So goood!



Amy spoke proudly. "Now, that's what I'm talking about! Kat, check out Bo's face. He looks like he's suffering, but, like, in the best way, if you know what I mean. He's totally loving it!"

Indeed, Alan was having a great time. Katherine seemed determined to show off her oral talent to the utmost, so he was on a wild roller coaster ride of sheer pleasure. And Amy, determined not to be outdone, was stroking his shaft nearly as fast as her hand could fly.

Several minutes passed like that.

Alan had to rhythmically clench his PC muscle non-stop. He was beginning to wonder if he should call for a strategic pause when Amy asked, "What about our boobies?"

Katherine and Alan never did find out what she meant by that, because just then they heard the front door opening downstairs.

Chapter 424 Hot Damn! You're The Best!

"Helloooo? Anyone home? It's me!"

All three teens immediately recognized Suzanne's distinctively scratchy voice. They froze and thought about what to do.

Katherine sighed, letting go of his shaft. "Brother, you'd better handle that. I don't think she'd be too psyched to find Aims here, and we're having too much fun to stop. Go! Now! Before she comes upstairs!"

Amy asked in a worried whisper, "Does that mean I have to let go of it?" She was still rubbing his sweet spot.

"Yes, of course!" Katherine hissed.

"Bummer! That was a lot of fun!" Amy finally let go of his pulsing hard-on. "I could totally get into that!"

Alan had left his shorts downstairs, but his room was just across the hall, so he ran there. He put on a new T-shirt and pair of shorts just in time, meeting Suzanne as she was coming up the stairs.

"Hey! Aunt Suzy! I'm just coming downstairs for a snack. What's up?" He kissed her on the cheek and quickly walked right past, forcing her to turn and follow him back down the stairs. He felt he had to keep moving, so she wouldn't notice his obvious arousal.

When they got to the living room, she said wryly, "What's up? I'd say you are, in more ways than one. Is that a jumbo-sized cucumber in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"

He smiled. "It's a jumbo-sized cucumber, actually." He lay back on one of the sofas and kicked up his feet, trying to look and act casual. "Did I tell you I've started farming? I grew the cucumber myself."

She just rolled her eyes, sat on her knees next to the sofa, and pulled his shorts all the way off. "Yeah, right! Likely story. Don't confuse plowing through pussies and cleavage with actual farming." She began to stroke his boner as she talked.

He smiled. "Aren't you going to ask first before you jack me off?"

That got another eye roll. "Oh, puh-lease. You need this. You're so aroused all the time that not even the crack of dawn is safe."

He guffawed at that. Then he asked, "So, what have you been up to?"

She smiled enigmatically and answered even more mysteriously, "Oh, you know. This and that."

In truth, she'd been with Brenda for an hour or so. She'd recently promised to help make Brenda more "Alan-worthy," so she'd been making good on that promise. In particular, this morning she'd been helping Brenda set up a new exercise regimen that mimicked the one that she and Susan did almost every morning. She'd even helped Brenda order some exercise machines identical to the ones they used, so Brenda could have her own impressive workout facility conveniently in her mansion. In turn, that would make Brenda or Susan more comfortable working out together, at either's house.

But Suzanne wanted to hide all that from Alan, for fear that he'd get a swollen head. So she needed to distract him from her cryptic response. She pulled back a wet hand from his erection and looked at it. "This cock is soaked with saliva, as well as pre-cum. Who was just sucking on it?" She gave her hand a sniff. "Let me guess. Smells like an Angel."

"Yep." His smile grew wider as he made himself more comfortable on the sofa while Suzanne put both hands on his stiff pole. He was secretly glad she hadn't somehow also detected Amy's scent on his dick, although he realized the odds of that were very small since Amy hadn't put her mouth on it. He quipped, "Is that what angels smell like? I'll bet all of Heaven smells that good."

"Very funny, wise guy." Suzanne bent down and licked the top of his cockhead. "I think you need a severe tongue-lashing for inflicting such blasphemy on my innocent ears." She knew that comment would remind him of the "tongue-lashing" she'd given him in her car while they were parked at the beach during his lunch-hour the other day.

Sure enough, as her tongue got busy "lashing" him, he thrilled to memories of that erotic experience.

He reveled: Now this is the life! Moving from two incredible women on my dick to another! I'll bet Hugh Hefner doesn't even have it this good. Heck, these women put those Playboy bunnies of his to shame. Those are all blow-dried, air brushed, emotionless statues out to make a buck. Whereas these women are real in every way, and we have really strong love binding us together. Aunt Suzy doesn't even want me to do anything in return; she's totally psyched just to play with my cock!

After a minute or so, he said, "Aunt Suzy, let's go somewhere a little more private, okay? Anyone could just stroll in here at any time."

"Oooh! Tell me more. It gets me hot!" Actually, she was hoping Katherine would walk in. She wanted to see what would develop from there.

But he asked, "What if Amy walks in on us?"

Suzanne's ardor flagged. "Oh. She's here too?"

He nodded towards the stairs.

"Good point. I was wondering why you'd stopped with Angel."

So they quickly hustled to the den, near the kitchen and garage, to continue with their sexual fun.

Suzanne did a fast but sexy strip tease, as only she could do. Every move she made was designed to arouse.

He reclined on the sofa wearing just his T-shirt. He didn't really need it, but he got a curiously powerful kick out of being at least partly dressed while she crouched between his legs wearing just her high heels.

"Good morning, Alan Junior," Suzanne said as she lightly blew on the tip of his dick. "I understand today needs to be a big day for you. Isn't that so? A chance to get your daily average back up?"

"Yep. I guess that's so."

"Good. Your mom told me that my help would be needed. You can see that I'm not wasting any time. Have you given up any loads yet?" bender

"Nope." He added to himself, Partially because I keep getting interrupted, not that I can complain.

"Then there's no time to lose. Here - a handjob isn't good enough. You deserve better than just another blowjob too. I'm ready to give you another deep throating. Would you like that?"

"Sure. Man! Just when I think things can't possibly get any better, they do."

Suzanne began a very prolonged blowjob. Even though she'd promised another deep throating, there was no sign of that just yet. She figured that since it was Saturday morning and there was nothing important they had to do, she had all the time in the world to enjoy her cocksucking to its fullest for a good while first before she got to the "main event."

He wasn't in any hurry either. She got up on the sofa on all fours and leaned over his crotch from the side. This allowed him to easily reach, and play with, nearly all of her naked body. He generally kept a hand fingering her pussy from behind, or playing with her ass.

She definitely appreciated that. Before long, he'd brought her right to the brink of climax.

He thought, Oh, man! I can't believe it! For all these years, Aunt Suzy has been, well, an aunt for me. I never, ever imagined a day like this would come! She's like the perfect sexy, cocksucking slut, but she's also the Aunt Suzy I've always loved!

After a few minutes, he had some thoughts about her that he decided to speak out loud. "Aunt Suzy, I truly have to be the luckiest guy on Earth. I mean, forget about everyone else for a minute. You're a total MILF, some kind of supermodel-worthy goddess, and you seem to love whiling away your hours just sucking on my cock! It's crazy! What did I ever do to deserve this?"

She thought to herself, as she slathered his cockhead with her long tongue, I love you, okay? I know I'm usually too shy to say it out loud, but it's true. And I love sex, and you're not allowed to fuck me yet, so this is what happens. And I love this too!

Of course, Alan wasn't privy to her thoughts, so he figured she must have taken that as a rhetorical question. He was going to say more, but just as he opened his mouth, she engulfed his cockhead all over again. He was able to handle that rush of erotic euphoria, barely. But when she created an ultra-tight lip-lock and started sliding up and down over his sweet spot while also using her tongue to devastating effect, he very nearly lost his mind.

"GAH! Dang! Aunt Suzy, you're just... AH! God, that feels so fucking GOOD!"

She sensed he was dangerously close to cumming, so she eased up. She was extremely delighted when she sensed he'd managed to stave off his orgasm. Excellent! His stamina is getting better by the day. We're going to have so much fun!

Flirting with danger, she resumed bobbing on his sweet spot while he was still gasping for breath. But she did have mercy, so she refrained from moving her lips or tongue much, at least for a while.

After another minute or two of her relatively restrained action, he calmed down enough to say, "Just look at me. I wish I had a picture of this. Here I am, fondling your pussy and your perfect ass cheeks with one hand, while holding my dick in place so you can bob on it with my other. And this is, like... normal! This is becoming a totally normal, everyday thing!"

He found that astounding, but she didn't reply at all, probably because she was having too much fun with her tight lip-lock to stop and talk.

He had forgotten during their discussion last night to tell her certain things about his encounter with Heather the day before, and figured this was a good time to tell her about the three conditions he gave her. He preferred that she wouldn't be able to talk much in response, since she was likely to chide him again for doing anything at all with Heather.

He said, "Um, I've got some important stuff to talk about. Maybe we should take a short break."

But Suzanne didn't remove her lips. She had him right where she wanted him, and she was having a grand time seeing if he could carry on a conversation like this.

After enjoying another minute of her incredible blowjob, he said, "Um, I guess that's a 'No' about the break idea. I guess I'll press on anyway. So... There's something I forgot to tell you last night that happened in the parking lot with Heather."

Suzanne let out a muffled groan of disappointment. But she kept right on bobbing.

He went on, "For starters, I remembered to wear a condom, thanks to you making sure I put some in my wallet. And before we did it, I got her to agree to three promises. First, stop completely ignoring me at school. Second, break up with her boyfriend. And third, get tested for STDs immediately and let me see the results. She agreed to all three. Then I decided that it would be good for me to get tested too, so I did that after my appointment with Akami."

Suzanne kept on bobbing for another minute or two while she pondered all that. She was increasingly impressed with his stamina, not to mention his ability to speak semi-normally given what she was doing with her lips and tongue. He was breathing hard, but he wasn't panting desperately.

She finally couldn't stay silent anymore, so she pulled off to speak. "That's good about the testing. I'm pleasantly surprised that you're moving quickly on that after being such a dunderhead. But breaking up with her boyfriend? Are you kidding me?!"

Having said that, she went back to licking all around his sweet spot.

He replied, "No. What's wrong with that? I don't want her to cheat on some guy. I don't even care who it is; that's not right."

She chuckled. "So says the man who has a married woman licking his cock even as he mouths those noble words."

"Hey. You're estranged from your husband, and you have been for years. So that's totally different."

She grinned somehow, even while she continued to lovingly lick him in a corkscrew pattern. "I know. But still, it's kind of fun to point it out. And kind of hot too!"

In fact, she was so inspired by her "adulterous behavior" that she engulfed his cockhead once again.

He gasped loudly, clutching the sides of her head. "Dang!" After more or less recovering, he said, "So you like that, huh? Because you're a MARRIED woman, sucking the cock of your almost-nephew?"

She knew he was being playful, goading her on, but she decided to go with it since that could lead to even more fun. She suddenly sucked him so tightly that it was almost comically loud, applying so much suction that he felt his boner was going to stretch out another inch.

He laughed. "Damn, woman! Or should I say 'married woman'. That sounds like I turned on the garbage disposal or something. Dang!"

It was her turn to laugh. In fact, she found that so funny that she had to pull all the way off his cock again and catch her breath.

He was confused, because that time he hadn't tried to be funny. "What?"

"It's just... You really don't want to analogize a woman's cocksucking technique to a garbage disposal. Trust me on that little etiquette tip." She chuckled some more.

He winced as he pictured what a disposal could do to a penis. "Sorry. I guess I hadn't really thought that through. But hey, before you dive back down, you still didn't explain why getting Heather to break up with her boyfriend is bad."

Suzanne completely disengaged from his cock, since she knew that it needed a respite anyway. She sat back to explain. "The idea is noble. Good for you. But the fact that she agreed to that so readily, not to mention your other demands, is bad. Remember, I don't like you fucking her. None of us do. Angel and Amy told me about how they confronted you about it. Only Susan doesn't mind, simply because we haven't told her about Heather yet. I've tolerated it because I figure you're just a passing fancy for her. But if she's breaking up with her boyfriend for you, that sounds like she's a lot more serious."

Alan said, "You don't know the full story. Her boyfriend, this guy named Rock, is a total jerk. Completely selfish and inept sexually, with the personality of, well, of a rock. She's only been with him because of his status, because he's a big football player, the quarterback of the football team. But she was tired of him, big time. So I only gave a final kick to something that was probably already happening. Plus, the last thing in the world she'd want is to go out with me. I had to twist her arm to get her to agree to even say hello to me at school. Don't worry; I'm still just a temporary amusement for her."

He thought to himself, That's true, right? It is true. I mean, Heather and me? No way! God knows the sex has been awesome, but she can barely tolerate me as a person. The way I've been making demands on her, she's probably close to the breaking point already.

"Good. Enough talking." Suzanne bent back down and swallowed his cockhead yet again, then went right back to bobbing on it. But while she'd been sitting back, she'd noticed that some of her clothes were within reach. So she had furtively taken a box of breath mints out of a pocket and popped a mint into her mouth.

Thus, the next time her lips engulfed his entire cockhead, he noticed something was different at first, but he couldn't figure out what it was. Then, after a few seconds, it started to hit him. "Wha...? Aunt Suz...? Hey, holy... Jesus! What the hell is THAT?!"



She chuckled as she kept on bobbing. Even with her lips sliding relentlessly, her tongue was busy pushing the mint around. Finally she pushed it directly against the center of his sweet spot, where the resulting tingly blast, with its hint of mint astringency and its round shape, allowed him to figure out what was going on.

His entire body practically rose straight up off the sofa, it felt so good and strange. He laughed, though he didn't quite know why. "Holy hell, Aunt Suzy! A breath mint? That's crazy. So fucking... intense!"

She didn't like to talk while cocksucking, but she managed to ask relatively coherently, "You like?"

"Hell, yeah! Hot damn! You're the best!"

Encouraged, she kept on playing with the breath mint, bringing shockingly cool, minty sensations to various parts of his erection. She kept at it until the mint melted away to nothing.

But that didn't slow her down; she kept right on bobbing. And her freakishly long tongue kept on doing wonderful things to his cock that very few tongues could do. Plus, since he liked the breath mint, she experimented with some other techniques that she hadn't used on him before, like carefully using her teeth.

After a while, he tapped on her bobbing head, letting her know that he needed another strategic break.

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Suzanne understood. She pulled off again and sat up.

"Thanks!" he said. His heart was pounding like a drum, and he had to wipe the sweat from his forehead. "You're so damn good at that. Man, that mint was the killer! Also, I like how you were using your teeth."

She replied, "Everyone thinks teeth have to be totally avoided, but they can add to the fun if used in the right way."

He quipped, "Which means the very, very careful way."

She chuckled. "Right."

"How'd you do that, anyway? It didn't even feel sharp."

"I licked my front teeth, tilted my head sideways, and then pressed the flat of my teeth against the shaft, running them up and down its length. It created a new texture, and variety is what it's all about."

"Man! And the breath mint too. Has anyone told you that you really rock?" bender

She just grinned triumphantly.

He watched her sit back on the sofa and stretch her jaw muscles, like she was practicing yawning. Even that kind of turned him on. He looked her over from head to toe and said, "Aunt Suzy, one question. What's up with this naked but for high heels look that's so popular around here lately?"

"Do you not like it?"

"I never said that. I love it!"

She grinned widely. "There's your answer. But it's more than just for you. Your mom and I have talked about it lately, and we're in agreement that the mere act of putting on high heels makes us horny."

He semi-jokingly corrected, "You mean hornier. Both of you are always horny."

"True. But seriously, some kind of Pavlovian reaction is developing. Lately, all I have to do is strap my heels on and I start salivating. Your mom says the same thing happens to her."

"Really? Wow! That's so arousing!"

She suddenly got off the sofa and started walking away. She made her bare ass cheeks undulate slowly. She looked over her shoulder at him and said, "And you have to admit it firms up the legs and ass."

"And HOW! MAN!"

"Hold that thought." She slowly sashayed out of the den, still wearing nothing but her high heels.

However, once she left the room, she turned around and walked right back in. She grinned, muttering, "Hold on, I forgot something." She deliberately accentuated the bouncing of her breasts as she came back, setting them in motion via subtle shoulder movements.

She walked right up to Alan and dangled her breasts over him. Then she leaned down and kissed his forehead. Of course, that caused even more dangling, and much closer to his face. With a smirk, she turned around and walked away again, except this time walking even slower and with yet more sway in her hips.

He thought, Oh, fuck me! She's so sizzling hot that it's INSANE! God, she sure knows how to tease! I'm liable to cum without any touching if she keeps on walking like that!

He assumed she was going down the hall to the bathroom, but she came back far too quickly to have even washed her hands. That left him very confused. (Not that he was thinking much, given the sexy walk she put on for him yet again.)

His confusion was forgotten once she dropped to her knees in front of him and opened her mouth wide.

He got the picture, sat up, and planted his legs on either side of her.

As her lips closed in around his cockhead, she said, "By the way, don't be alarmed if you feel something shocking at first. Just go with it, okay?"

He nodded. "Sure. Aunt Suzy knows best."

She teased, "Those are words to live by."

He closed his eyes and anxiously waited while her lips opened wider and wider around his cockhead as they slid down it.

Then he felt it. Cold. Extreme cold. "HOOOLY SHIT!"

But she didn't pause or even open her eyes. She kept sliding her sucking lips until they were past his sweet spot.

He was relieved that the coldness lessened greatly. It dawned on him what was happening. Ice cube! She didn't go to the bathroom; she went to the fridge in the kitchen! Fuck, man! An ice cube on my dick? Is that supposed to feel good? It sounds like a nightmare! But "Aunt Suzy knows best." I'm willing to give this a try. Besides, she knew what she was doing with the teeth thing, and I wouldn't have believed that would work. Gotta have faith!

He realized that she'd let the ice cube slide to the side of her tongue while he recovered from the initial shock. But before long he felt the coldness directly against the side of his shaft. That made him shiver all over, almost like the feeling after an ice-cream-induced brain freeze in the mouth.

Then the cube disappeared elsewhere in her mouth for a while. But even though he couldn't feel the cube directly, her lips and tongue and breath were unusually cold, which gave him wonderful shivers of pleasure.

She continued to experiment, bringing the cube to his skin or just alternating between cold and warm sensations from different parts of her mouth. He feared the ice would cause his dick to go flaccid, like dipping it into cold water, but the opposite actually occurred: his erection seemed to become harder than ever before.

The pleasure was fantastic!

The only problem was that the ice cube melted completely away after only a couple of minutes. That was the end of that experiment, at least for the time being, but his frequent happy moans let her know that he'd love it if she ever wanted to do it again.

However, Suzanne was just getting started. She really wanted to keep working on him all day, if she could.

Time passed. He lost all track of how long they'd been at it. It could have been twenty minutes or it could have been two hours; he couldn't tell. All he knew was that he was drowning in never-ending pleasure. She used a wide variety of techniques on him, as well as frequent change-ups to her rhythms.

Upstairs in the bathroom, Amy and Katherine had plenty of fun shaving and "checking for bumps," even though Alan couldn't be with them.

Downstairs, Suzanne was staking her claim to be top blowjob queen in the Plummer household. She had no doubt that she was the most experienced and talented, but she was feeling the heat from Susan's endless enthusiasm.

He'd forgotten all about her earlier promise to deep throat him. In fact, at that point he could barely remember his name. So it came as a very nice surprise when she finally started deep throating him.

She'd been practicing. She figured that if he had any lingering doubts on who was the very best at cocksucking him, that would remove them. She knew the competition was heating up.

The first time that she'd deep throated him had been just a partial success, and her other attempts since then hadn't been that much of an improvement, but this time she was much better.

She just kept coming forward and forward, until her nose brushed against his pubic hair.

He was amazed all over again that so much of his dick could fit in a mouth. He simply couldn't get used to it; it was a mystery to him, like a sword-swallowing trick. Her saliva covered his erection, allowing her to slide back and forth on it like it was a greased pole.

But what was even better was her tongue. Not surprisingly, she considered her tongue to be her "secret weapon," in both blowjobs and kissing. It wasn't just shockingly long; it was remarkably agile and active, and had excellent reach. When she'd tried deep throating him previously, she'd mostly been focused on fighting her gag reflex. Now that she was more practiced at it, she brought her extraordinary tongue into play.

Before long, Alan was sitting on cloud nine. Suzanne's triple attack of tongue, throat, and lips felt almost as good as when Glory did her quadruple attack, which also used her hands. Glory admittedly had the better technique, but Suzanne scored points through sheer tongue length and dexterity.

A few times, Suzanne was able to snake out her tongue and lick his balls even as her lips were still sliding around his boner.

He was blown away. Glory, whom he considered the queen of deep throaters, not only had never done that; she couldn't, because she didn't have the tongue length to attempt it.

He'd been thinking off and on about revealing to her that Amy had decided to become one of his "official personal cocksuckers." He didn't even know what that meant, but he figured Suzanne wouldn't be happy about it. For a brief moment, he seriously considered blurting it out while she was deep throating him, so she wouldn't have her mouth free to reply. But he decided that would be kind of mean. Besides, he doubted he was capable of speaking a coherent sentence.

He couldn't hold out long against such a skilled tongue and throat massage, so eventually he cried out that it was time.

She quickly backed her lips down his penis so she could savor his cum in her mouth. Then she sucked him hard as he painted the back of her throat.

While they recovered, he said, "That was incredible! I'm totally unworthy!"

"I know," she laughed. "But seriously, you've got your medical treatment that we have to help you with."

"That's the best thing that's ever happened to me. No question! ... I'm curious though. What did you do differently this time? You really nailed that!"

"It's funny you ask that. As you may have noticed, your mom bought some sex books recently. I saw one lying around and started reading it. It said that if you're having trouble with your gag reflex, squeeze your left fist as tight as you can, and the cock will slide right on down. And damned if it didn't work!"

"Are you serious?"

"Surprisingly, it's true. Well, that plus the recent practice on you. I don't know if the fist thing works because of some weird body interconnections, like with acupuncture, or if it's just the distraction and the placebo effect, and frankly I don't need to know, so long as it works."

He wiped the sweat from his brow. "Man alive! You are GOOD! No, so much better than good, or even great. Not just the deep throating. Everything!"

She smirked. Her plan had been a success. Normally she wasn't consciously competitive with Susan, her best friend, but she couldn't help but say to herself, Take THAT, Susan!

While they were both recovering, he again pondered if he should confess that Amy had become one of his personal cocksuckers (even if, technically, she couldn't suck him yet). But he chickened out. He hoped that events would help make that more of a fait accompli if he gave it another couple of days.

Before long, Suzanne started talking to him about her plans for the day. "Sweetie, you and I have never gone to the beach together, just the two of us. I know you like to go to the beach almost every weekend when the weather's okay. What if you went with me instead of your boring friends? I think I can do a few things they can't do, if you know what I mean."

Not for the first time, she was scheming to get him alone outside of the house so they could fuck for hours without worrying about getting caught. When she did it with him 'officially' for the first time - not counting the "Elle" disaster - she wanted it to be a memory to last a lifetime.

"Hmmm, interesting idea," he replied noncommittally. He was all in favor of the idea in theory, but he worried about the personal politics involved. If I disappear for the day with Aunt Suzy, then Sis and Mom

won't take it too well. Even Aims might be disappointed. I left her and Sis in the lurch just a short while ago. Would it be better if maybe we all go together? But one can't exactly get a blowjob on a public beach anyways. But then again, Aunt Suzy might think of something. If anyone could find a way to swing it, it would be her...

"Oh, shoot!" Suddenly she sat up and began fumbling around for her clothes. She found the nightie she'd been wearing earlier and quickly slipped it back on.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"It's your Mom. Can't you hear the garage door opening? Let's make ourselves at least semi-presentable. Trust me on this."

He said, "Aunt Suzy knows best."

She impatiently leaned over him and cooed, "Sweetie? Please? If you go with me, I promise you won't regret it. I'll make you feel really, really good. I have a special surprise." She didn't want to just come out and say she'd allow him to go all the way and fuck her, as she wanted that to be the surprise.

"Special surprise? Better than a deep throat?"

"Mmmm. Much better. Trust your Aunt Suzy on this one too." She was eager to get his answer before Susan came in.

He thought, That sounds really good! What could possibly be better than the deep throating she just gave me? Fucking isn't an option, obviously. Hmmm, a threesome, maybe? That would rock! God, life is so good!

He mumbled, "What about the others?" He found it very hard to think. Her semi-transparent nightie did nothing to cover her charms as her body hung just above him.

She ground her pussy down onto one of his knees, which happened to be between her legs. Her mouth inched right up next to his.



He could feel her fragrant breath and smell her lavender-shampooed hair.

#### Chapter 426 Everything Is Hot With Susan

She delighted in slowly torturing him like this. She knew he was putty in her hands. But just as her lips nearly touched his, there was a knock on the door.

Damn!, he thought, Again! What lousy timing. Interrupted seconds before a kiss, just like in the movies. Today has been the morning of interruptions.

"Who is it?" he asked as Suzanne pulled away, even though he knew the answer already.

Susan spoke through the door, "It's your mother. How are you doing?"

"Pretty good."

She asked him, "Any reason you're in the den?"

"Well, Aunt Suzy was just helping me out with... you know..."

Still forced to talk through the door, Susan complained, "Suzanne, what did I say about getting permission from me first? You're still being punished, you know."

"I am?"

"Well, not severely, but getting permission from me beforehand each and every time still holds. Can I come in?"

Alan disengaged from Suzanne, stood up, and opened the door. "We just finished up," he said to his frowning mother. Although his loose T-shirt hung low enough to cover his crotch, it couldn't conceal his lack of a pronounced bulge.

Susan gave his crotch a good look. She couldn't hide her frown when she realized that he was flaccid.

Suzanne sat up, showing off her sexy lingerie. "Sorry, Susan, but you know how we're hoping he'll reach at least eight today to make up for his low numbers these past few days. So I thought we shouldn't waste any time. One has to strike when opportunity cocks, if you know what I mean."

Susan somehow missed the word play; she wasn't known for her sense of humor. She looked a little disappointed, but said, "No problem. I agree. It has to be paced out through the day and I did ask for your help in general today. But in the future, please check with me first, okay? Especially if I'm home."

"But you weren't home," Suzanne pointed out.

"No, but you knew I was out shopping and I'd told you I'd be back by ten. Couldn't you have waited a few minutes?"

"A few minutes? I've been sucking him off nearly the entire time you were gone!"

Susan's eyes went wide. "Nearly the entire time?! But I was gone a full hour!"

Suzanne smiled like the cat that ate the canary. "I know. I'm guessing I got here about fifteen minutes after you left, so I was sucking him more or less non-stop for about forty-five minutes."

Susan stood there with a blank expression while she thought that over. Neither Alan nor Suzanne knew what her reaction would be, but they both feared she'd be upset and jealous.

However, Susan finally broke into a big smile. "That's so... HOT! Wow! Really?!" She looked to Alan for confirmation.

He nodded with sheepish glee. "I lost track of time, but it must have been something like that. She did all kinds of things to me, including using an ice cube."

"An ice cube? Goodness gracious! I read about that in one of my books. That's so cool!"

"Literally!" Alan joked. "Man, it was great. Aunt Suzy's like a non-stop sucking machine. And she used a breath mint."

Susan gaped. "A breath mint?!"

His smile widened. "Yep! It felt amaaaazing! And she deep throated me, and did some cool stuff using her teeth, and so much more. It was a non-stop suckathon! She practically made me lose my mind with all her special tricks."

Susan found herself roughly fondling her boobs through her clothes, since she simply couldn't help herself. She stared longingly at his crotch, obviously hoping she could try techniques like that out on him too. She started to say, "Now, since you two are done, I think..." But her voice faded away and her eyes went wide all over again because she realized his dick was starting to get erect once more.

He was getting stiff, thanks to her unexpected approval of Suzanne's oral work, not to mention the way she was blatantly fondling her boobs without even consciously realizing it.

Susan pointed at his crotch and the way his T-shirt was rising. "Would you look at that, Suzanne? Isn't that just the most beautiful thing you've ever seen? Didn't you say you just finished? How insatiable can he get?! My son is just the most virile teenager ever, don't you think? What kind of woman can resist a cock like that, that never gets soft? I mean, Suzanne, if he gets hard that often, and if he stays stiff that long before cumming, then you and I are going to be sucking his penis pretty much all the time!"

Suzanne grinned knowingly. "Pretty much."

"Think of the implications!" Susan looked astounded, but not that upset.

"I know."

Susan licked her lips and stared at his now fully erect boner with undisguised lust. "Tiger, are you ready for some more assistance? Because if you are, I'd very much like to help out."

"Sure, Mom." bender

He thought, Dang, this thing is really getting a workout this morning. First Sis and Aims, including pretty much from Sis's mouth to Aunt Suzy's, then straight from Aunt Suzy's mouth to Mom's! Fuckin' A. And I've got a really high target to reach today, so the fun has only just begun!

"Will that thing ever stay down?" Susan asked rhetorically as she unbuttoned her blouse. She cast a "Please get lost" glance at Suzanne.

Suzanne got the message. "I'll go see if the mail is here. Maybe that 'Cocksucking Monthly' magazine you've been waiting for so eagerly has finally arrived."

Alan was puzzled. He knew there was a recent profusion of specialty magazines like "Cigar Aficionado," so he seriously imagined a glossy "Cocksucking Monthly" sitting between "Good Housekeeping" and "Better Homes and Gardens" on a supermarket magazine rack. But then he thought, No, that can't be. All this sex is messing with my mind.

Susan looked puzzled too, so Suzanne clarified, "Joke, folks. That was a joke. Ah, well. I'll be off now."

Susan failed to watch Suzanne leave, because her eyes were already completely fixated on her son's crotch. Ah. A joke. There should be a magazine like that, though. Breath mints and ice cubes - the different ways to pleasure Tiger's cock are endless! I don't ever want to marry another man. I just want to love my son and his great big cock in every possible way!

He looked up at his mother's chest and noticed she was wearing a bra. He raised a curious eyebrow.

She looked down in embarrassment and quickly worked to take it off. "Sorry, Son! I did just get home. Ahhhh! That's better." She dramatically tossed her bra on the floor.

"Indeed it is." He cupped her freed globes from underneath, stepped forward, and French kissed her.

She melted happily in his arms, letting him pull her skirt and panties down her legs. She kissed various spots on his face before whispering in his ear, "Son, you have me completely naked again. You're such a NAUGHTY boy! Whatever are you going to do to me?!" She tried to sound alarmed but she couldn't hide her bubbly excitement.

Feeling inspired, he boldly replied, "Whatever I want."

She loved that answer so much that she wrapped an arm around his back and pulled him in for a smoldering kiss. With her other hand, she started vigorously jacking him off. Dear Lord! My son is such a stud! He just takes what he wants! He just admitted it! Mmmm, and he's a good kisser too. And everything is better now that I have his cock in my hand. Mmmm, yes!

However, Alan wanted to head back to his room, so he took her hand and the two of them walked quickly up the stairs. He still wore just a T-shirt, and by this time she was wearing nothing at all, although she'd stopped by the front door to put on a pair of high heels.

Susan was so happy that she practically floated upstairs to the upper floor.

Just seeing his mother like that made Alan delighted beyond words. They would have gone faster, except they had a lot of fun tickling each other and playing grab-ass or, in Alan's case, grab-boob.

When they reached his bedroom, they were in such a hurry that they forgot to completely close the door.

Alan rushed to his bed and sat down on the edge of it.

Susan licked her lips as she moved into her favorite position, kneeling between her son's legs. She started stroking his thickness with her fingers, but she teasingly just kept her mouth open over his boner and breathed heavily on it. She winked. "I think I need to subscribe to that magazine and buy all the back issues. Don't you?" She added more to herself in a wistful voice, "'Cocksucking Monthly.' Suzanne is such a kidder. Wouldn't that be great if such a thing existed? Just think of all the tips I could learn. Hey! Maybe there's stuff like that on the Internet? Let's have a look later!"

"Okay."

"Great!" She swirled her tongue around his piss hole and let out a happy sigh, because making that tongue-to-dick contact brought her so much joy.

"What about those books you bought?"

She frowned. "They're not that good." In fact, she had learned a few tips from them, but the problem was they were mostly about fucking. She wanted to read the chapters on blowjobs, but she kept drifting to the other chapters on fucking, then inevitably masturbated to thoughts about her son fucking her. So she didn't let herself look at those books at all anymore.

She let out another happy sigh as she licked her way down to his sweet spot and lapped intently there. But then, trying to change the subject, she announced brightly, "I feel another titfuck coming on! Or did Suzanne and her snake tongue tire you out with a lot of that too?"

He thought to himself, I have the feeling today is going to be a very good day!

He exclaimed with glee, "I'm totally ready! Surprisingly, she didn't titfuck me at all, so bring it on!"

She sat up on the bed next to him, which was unusual, because once she made oral contact with his dick even a team of wild horses usually couldn't pull her away. But she wanted to get into a new position for a nice long titfucking, and to do a little posing in the process. She pushed her big tits together, showing off the tight tunnel he was about to slide his erection through.

She cooed, "So, Son... Do you like Mommy's big titties? Are you going to be a naughty boy, a very naughty boy, and fuck them with your big Mommy-taming cock?"

He practically leapt at her in eagerness, clutching at her huge tits from below. "Oh, man! Do I like 'em? I love 'em! Seriously, Mom, you're hotter than ANY Playboy or Penthouse model I've ever seen! And more stacked too! You're so beautiful that I almost can't stand it. Any time I so much as glance at you, my dick gets hard as rock in a heartbeat!"

She both beamed and blushed, because she didn't know how to handle such praise. She bowed her head shyly and muttered, "You're just saying that." But she was overcome with such an intense wave of love and lust for her son that she put the titfuck aside for a moment, dropped her head into his lap from where she sat, and engulfed his entire cockhead and then some.

He groaned as if he'd been stabbed when he felt the tight suction circling his shaft and then those magical lips rapidly sliding up and down. He wound up lying back against the headboard, totally loving life.

Susan was not the only one who heard him, since Katherine was listening from her own room and Alan's door was open.

He thought, Oh, MAN! Feels so friggin' good! I don't care how many blowjobs I get; I swear that each one feels as good as the first one. Especially when Mom does it. She's really as great as Aunt Suzy, even without the benefit of a freakishly long tongue. She's just so into it. You can actually hear her joy in her constant "MMMM!" noises, and I can definitely feel that joy in her tireless tongue and lip work.

About fifteen minutes later, across the hallway, Katherine opened her door wide so she could hear even better. She was going to stop there and just remain in her room, listening, but she wound up peeking into Alan's room for a few minutes without being noticed.

She watched Susan suck cock until she had a nice orgasm of her own. Then she returned to her room, leaving her door still partly open, sat down at her desk, and started writing another entry in her diary.

Dear Diary,

Brother certainly is one busy bee! Earlier, he got totally intimate with Aims and me, with her big boobs bouncing out of her robe. It was so much fun - I got to stroke and suck his big cock with Aims right there watching! She was totally helping out before we were so rudely interrupted. Plus, she revealed that she's agreed to become one of his personal cocksuckers, so that was pretty major!

Then Aunt Suzy did who knows what with him. I only overheard a hint of that, but she clearly was polishing his fat knob for a while. For fucking ever, actually. But what really kills me is that he's fucking

Mom's massive tits right now! And I'm not just guessing at that; when they rushed into his room like their lives depended on it, they didn't close his door all the way. I've just been peeking in. Naughty me!

Frankly, I'd still be watching, except that I kinda got a little excited and before long I had a pretty nice cum right there in the hallway. Now my pussy needs a little break, so I'm writing this. But I can actually hear Mom's non-stop "Mmmm!" moans very clearly even as I write this! She must have climaxed a few times already, at least, judging from the rising and falling of her "Mmmm" sounds. Damn lucky bitch Mom. Grrr!

So it's kind of an odd time for me to be strategizing, but it's also a fitting time. It just goes to show that I need to be smart if I'm gonna get my fair share of bobbing on Brother's fat knob. I keep thinking about Amy... She and I really do need to team up some more! She's too innocent and, well, Amy-ish, to fully understand, but she doesn't need to understand everything. The point is, I have to keep working her into threesome situations, even though my jealousy gets to me sometimes, so that she and I can present a united front.

Honestly, I'm happy for Amy and her new official personal cocksucker status. Anyone could see that from a mile away. But I wonder if Aims will really "get" the idea of being his fuck toy, or sex pet, or whatever one wants to call it? Like I was starting to say to her, I worry she doesn't have the proper submissive attitude. But I guess it's good that we were interrupted, because that's probably a discussion I should have with her in private. I mean, I know she loves him, but would she thrill to the thought of having him as our master? I seriously doubt it.

Aaaah. Alan, my master. My brother, my master! I love the sound of that! "Master." Aaaah. I love the sound of that word so much. Does that make me weird? Yes, it does. But so fucking what?! "Master, how can your sister-slut serve you? What hole are you going to take me in today? May I recommend my... cunt?"

Hot damn! So fucking HOT!

Well, in any case, Mom and Aunt Suzy are BIG TIME competition! What if they start sucking him off TOGETHER?! As hot as that would be to watch, Aims and I need to start doing that kind of thing first, before they do, or we'll fall behind. We have to work as an eager teen fuck-toy team to keep his cock constantly hard and happy. Kind of a friendly Girl Power vs. MILF Power rivalry. That'll keep me right in the middle of the action. As long as Aims understands her role and doesn't try to claim him as her boyfriend or anything, that should work out just fine.



Oops! Diary, I gotta go! I can hear Brother starting to grunt like a stuck pig. Again! Geez, Mom has been either titfucking or cocksucking him for a half hour, at least. He's obviously taken too many damn "strategic breaks," but I'm pretty sure he's FINALLY gonna blow for real this time. I've gotta see his cum fountain for myself!

Chapter 427 Hot Moment For The Family.

Katherine quickly put her diary in its usual hiding place before moving quietly out into the hallway. Alan's door was still open a crack as she had expected, since no one had gotten up to close it, which allowed her to peek in again.

Alan somehow still wore his T-shirt, but the only thing Susan had on were her glasses - she'd even kicked off her high heels, since she was on the bed. Katherine couldn't actually see much of the action, because Alan was sitting up with his back against the wall behind the bed and one leg dangling off the edge, while Susan was lying face down on the bed between his legs, with her head bobbing on his fat stick.

Katherine wasn't in a position to see Susan's face, and vice versa, but Alan happened to look up when he heard the door creak open a little more. He grinned widely when he saw Katherine trying to peek in. After thinking about it, he motioned for her to come into the room.

Then he barked, "MOM! STOP IT! NOW!"

Susan abruptly pulled her head off his dick. But she moved her arms to clutch at his boner with both hands while whining, "Awww, Son. Please! I was soooo close! You were just about to shoot. I could actually feel the trembling desire in your cock! I was at it soooo long and I needed your cum. Pleeaaaasse! Don't you think I deserve a nice sperm bath all over my face, after all that hard work? Don't be a meanie!"

She was right; he had been right on the verge of giving her his load. When she'd heard that Suzanne had blown him for forty-five minutes straight, she'd wanted to beat or at least equal that. But eventually her desire for his cum had grown too strong, so she'd started sucking faster and with greater intensity. Alan didn't have the willpower to keep holding out against the increased stimulation, particularly after all that Suzanne had done to him only a short time earlier.

As a result, they'd been moving rapidly toward his climax, and Susan had known it. He would have kept going and blown his load down her throat in less than a minute, but when he saw Katherine peek in, he decided to hold out a little longer and see where that might lead.

He didn't say anything at all for a minute or two, because he needed to recover his breath. But finally he said, "Mom, I really, really appreciate all your hard efforts. But remember what the nurse said: it's not just the number of cums per day, it's also the intensity and the duration."

"Oh, poo!" she pouted. She was still subtly stroking his shaft, hoping he wouldn't notice. She really wanted his creamy load. "Son, I know all that, and I was trying my best for what seems like a really long time, but you don't understand. Once I've got your cock in my mouth, the NEED to feel your hot seed sperming all over me and pouring down my throat is so powerful that it's almost more than I can bear! And so I try harder and harder to get you to cum. I tried every last trick Suzanne taught me, and it still wasn't enough. I was even tiffucking you for a long time while I was sucking you. Didn't you notice that?"

He chuckled. "Um, hell yeah! How could I not? It felt so good that I thought I was gonna pass out!"

"Then why haven't you cum yet?" Susan whined. "Why all these torturous strategic breaks?! Don't you know your big-titted mommy needs your sperm? I don't just want it; I need it. I need a fresh load on my face!"

She was staring up at his face, even as she clutched at (and subtly stroked) his erection with both hands as if holding onto a baseball bat for dear life. He sensed that Katherine had walked further into the room, but he was afraid to look over at his sister for fear that Susan would wonder what he was looking at and turn her head to look there too.

So he said, "Here, Mom. Lick it, but just a little, okay? Remember what the nurse said about prolonged stimulation, which means please don't make me cum just yet."

That made Susan very happy. She lovingly lapped at his sweet spot, while her two hands got busy stroking the lower half and also fondling his balls. He's gonna make me work for it more than usual this time. So frustrating, but it just makes me love it even more!

However, she was still looking at him with adoration and love in her eyes. He wanted her eyes closed so she wouldn't be able to see where he was looking. To accomplish that, he tried to embarrass her some more. "Hey Mom."

"Mmmm?" She was so keen on licking that she didn't want to talk much.

"Are you my cocksucker now? One of my personal cocksuckers, that is?"

"Mmmm. Mmmm hmmm!" She thought, That's so true! I'm glad he's accepting that fact. I love the sound of that: "one of his personal cocksuckers." Not the only one. No! That's not shameful enough. I have to share that duty with so many more. I don't even know how many; that's what a total stud my son is!

She inhaled deeply of his cummy smell. God help me, but I love this cock! Thinking about all her competition, she licked her way down to his balls and back, in an attempt to show that she was the best.

"Are you my big-titted Mommy cocksucker?"

Her voice sounded sexy and orgasmic, because she was close to the brink herself. Just hearing him call her that nearly pushed her over. "Oh, yes! Yes, I am!"

"Do you think about sucking and stroking my cock a lot?"

"Mmmm-hmmm. So much!" She resumed slobbering over his sweet spot, since that got the best results. I love it when he calls me "Mommy!" He hardly ever does that anymore. I need to reward him for saying that by pleasuring him even more. But I'm already doing all I can. And then, hearing him call me "big-titted Mommy cocksucker?" Oooh! Goosebumps and tingles all over!

He asked, "Do you think about it even in church? When you're sitting there in church, all dressed in your fancy clothes, does your pussy get hot and wet as you think about bobbing on my knob? As the preacher talks about sin, is your mouth salivating while you dream about a powerful fountain of creamy cum splashing all over your face and chest? Do you feel great shame thinking about the fact that it's your son's cock that you desire so much?"

She closed her eyes and blushed even as she kept on licking on and around his sweet spot. "Tiger, you're embarrassing me! How did you know all that?!"

But even though she was mortified by his mention of church, those same words drove her wild. Although he'd told her to take it easy, she couldn't help but engulf his entire cockhead and resume bobbing rapidly over his sweet spot. God, it's so true! Lord, help me! I can't stop! I can't stop! I love this too much! The worst part is, the shame somehow makes me love it even more! Oh, Tiger! It's so big and fat and filling my entire mouth! MMMM!

He grasped at the sheets and clenched his teeth. Oh my God! She thinks about it even in church?! Seriously?! Damn, I shouldn't have asked that. Gonna cum... any second!

That level of stimulation would have made most teens blow their load in at most a minute or two, especially since Alan was already close to the edge thanks to what she'd been doing to him so wonderfully for the previous half hour. But he was filled with renewed determination to hold out, particularly since he knew Katherine was in the room, so he rhythmically squeezed his PC muscle as hard as he could.

Knowing that his mother would be fully preoccupied, and expecting her eyes to stay shut for a while, he finally managed to look back at his sister.

To his surprise, Katherine was standing only a few feet behind their mother, at an angle that gave her a good view of Susan's mouth and hand work. But that went both ways, because it meant Susan wouldn't have to turn her head much to see Katherine.

Katherine had been listening to every word, and her mother's admissions about fantasizing in church about sucking off Alan had made her hotter than ever. Even with Alan staring at her, she didn't try to hide the fact that she was fingering her pussy.

Alan smiled at her, but he also felt frustrated, because he wanted to talk to her and he didn't see any way to do that. He tried to signal with his face that she needed to back up, but she obviously didn't understand. He considered making some hand gestures, but there was a risk that their mother would somehow sense that even with her eyes closed.

Before he could make up his mind on the hand gestures, Susan suddenly stopped her licking and turned her head around to face Katherine. Somehow she'd sensed that someone was there, perhaps because of Katherine's increasingly heavy breathing. "A-ha! Angel! What are you doing here?! Or should I call you 'Devil?' How dare you?! This is a very private, personal moment!"

She abruptly turned back to Alan, even before Katherine could react. "And you! You obviously saw your sister there and you didn't say a thing to me. I should be mad at you. I have half a mind not to finish your blowjob!" She frowned while looking down at her hands, which were holding his stiff boner. She looked as if she really was on the verge of letting go of it. However, she didn't.

He was suddenly regretting that he'd invited Katherine into the room. There really hadn't been any point to it; it just seemed like a naughty, somewhat fun thing to do. For once, his "go with the flow" instinct had led him astray, because his mother looked seriously upset.

However, he still had a silver tongue, so he spoke calmly. "Mom, sorry about that. The thing is, Sis really envies your cocksucking skills, and she wants to learn from you, but you never share your secrets!"

Susan growled, "Damn straight! It's not right for a mother to teach her daughter-"

But he cut her off. "Hold on, Mom. Haven't we thrown traditional ideas of what's right out the window? And where would you be with your increasingly impressive cocksucking talents if it hadn't been for all the things Aunt Suzy taught you? And let's be honest: she's family too. Are you selfishly going to learn all you can from her and then not teach anything to your own daughter? That's not the kind of caring mom that I know and love so well."

Susan pretty much crumbled upon hearing that; one could see the anger leave her eyes. But she kept at least some of her resolve (even as she kept both hands wrapped around her son's boner). "Son... Angel... it's... different. I know I'm going to sound hypocritical, but this IS terribly improper. Angel, I just see you as, well, my cute little angel. So sweet and chaste and pure..."

Katherine still hadn't said a word, since she figured Alan would be better at smoothing over situations like this. But although she was buck naked, in an effort to reduce Susan's shock she had placed an arm over her nipples while her other hand covered her pussy.

Sure enough, Alan came up with a plan on the fly. He said, "Mom, that may be, but you have to look at the bigger picture here. You've been bobbing and slurping on my cock for a good half hour, and you've used every last trick you know, and you still haven't made me cum. That just goes to show that it's not an easy task. What chance will Sis have to make me cum when it's her turn next time, if she doesn't know half the things you do?"

Susan closed her eyes, as if that would get her out of having to answer. She clearly was feeling highly conflicted. Darn it, he has a good point! She is one of his personal cocksuckers too now, which means she has to be the best of the best. A cocksucking elite! But I get so very embarrassed! She should go away and let me teach her in private on a banana.

Now came the time for him to reveal his plan. "I've got an idea: since you're self-conscious about her standing there, just close your eyes and it'll be like she's not there."

Susan opened her eyes and looked down at her fingers where they wrapped around his boner. "Son, I understand what you're saying, but it's not right. There have to be boundaries. When I suck you off, it's a very private, intimate, loving thing. I can't have others be watching. Besides, if I allow that, where will it end? That way lies madness, and, and... orgies!"

But even as she said that, she was having a difficult time resisting the urge to at least stroke him, since both her hands were still wrapped around his shaft. Her positioning left her mouth right at the tip of his slobber-covered cockhead, so that every time she breathed out she was blowing air on it, which aroused him greatly.

Alan understood that her cock need was growing, which was why she was deliberately blowing on him like that. It seemed that she couldn't bring herself to stop arousing him, no matter how upset or conflicted she felt. So he said, "Mom, trust me." Then he simply put his hands on the top of her head and guided her mouth to his bulbous knob.

Susan really was bothered by Katherine's presence, but her need to suck her son's cock was too great to resist, particularly when he was showing her his need. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth wide, and engulfed all of his cockhead. Lord, help me! The shame! Angel, please, don't look!

Within seconds, she was sliding her lips back and forth over his sweet spot, licking it with her tongue, even though Alan removed his hand. But, for once, she wasn't really entirely happy about what she was doing, because she couldn't forget that Katherine was standing right next to her, watching her every move.

She finally remembered to close her eyes, and that helped her cope with her embarrassment a bit, but not much.

The horny mother thought as she bobbed, The shame! The terrible, sinful, immoral shame and humiliation! I don't think of myself as an evil person, but I'm giving in to my carnal desires! All that matters to me is that my son's big cock is well-tended... by ME! I don't want to see Angel doing it. I don't even want to see Suzanne doing it. I want to be the one who tends to his glorious man-meat, every single time!

She inhaled deeply to savor the aroma of the cock she was sucking. Mmmm! But I have to be a good Mom. And that's not simply just being a good cocksucker for my son; I have to be just as good a mother for my daughter. Right now, that means letting go of my selfishness and helping her learn how to properly serve his cock as well. I mean, uh, service his cock. Er, his member. I mean... Dammit, I don't know what I mean anymore. But the point is, Tiger is right: it's really not such a terrible thing if she sees what I'm doing and learns a thing or two.

Of course, Susan had been sucking and slurping steadily while she was having these thoughts, but her face was red with embarrassment and her movements were simple and stilted. She was still far too ashamed to open her eyes, so she decided to keep them shut for as long as Katherine was there.

A minute passed, giving her excited breathing a chance to calm down some. Darn it! Angel simply isn't going to go away, is she? The truth is, I've been favoring Tiger too much lately. I need to be more giving towards my sweet Angel too. If that means helping her become one of his highly skilled personal cocksuckers, then that's what I'll have to do. It's bound to happen anyway, isn't it? I mean, just look at me: naked and humiliated, with my mouth stuffed full of cock, like always these days! He's just too smart and too well-hung to resist!

With that new resolve, she finally she started using some of her best moves in an attempt to show Katherine something new. In particular, her specialty was the corkscrew move: she rarely just bobbed up and down, but instead she liked to put some twisting into her movements. So that's what she did, only this time exaggerating the twisting motion to make sure that Katherine could see what she was doing.

Giving a blowjob isn't exactly rocket science, and Katherine already knew that twisting motion well. But she still found it interesting, and more than a little bit arousing, to watch what her mother was doing

from so close a vantage point, not to mention hearing her quiet (and not so quiet) murmurings, because Susan soon started "Mmmm"-ing and panting hard.

Although Susan was extremely embarrassed to have Katherine there, that embarrassment also served to send her arousal into overdrive. She actually had a hard time simply bobbing and twisting on her son's stiff pole, because she was constantly gasping for oxygen.

Alan knew that humiliation drove his mother wild, so he tried to push her buttons even more. He ran his hands possessively down her back. One hand made its way to her side, where he clutched a handful of "side boob." He leaned forward and managed to reach her ass with his other hand.

As he squeezed her ass cheek there too, he casually spoke. "So... Sis. Mom's a pretty good cocksucker, don't you think? She's got a body that's built for sucking cock; that's what I think. Check out this ass, for instance. This is an ass that needs to be sprayed with hot cum."

He brought a hand under her torso to grope at a dangling boob. "Oh, and these big tits too. And her face! They all need to be covered in pearly cream. What if one of the neighbors comes by? How will she answer the door, when the only things she's wearing are her glasses, her high heels, and my cum?"

The only problem with Alan's words was that they worked too well. Susan thought, It's true! I'm such a shameless slut for my son's cock! That really is the case! He could fuck me right now if he wanted to and I'd probably love it, even though we'd both go to Hell!

Even though Susan was already bobbing on his cock so intently that she could barely breathe, she went into some kind of mad cocksucking frenzy. Her long, dark brown hair started flying around, despite the fact that she was still lying down with her face in her son's crotch. The way that Alan continued to run his hands all over her nude body like he owned it pushed her over the edge; she started to cum even more powerfully than she had during any of her earlier orgasms.

That was too much for Alan. He was just getting warmed up teasing her with Katherine watching, and he had plans to milk that situation for all it was worth. Although it was a long shot, he wanted to at least try to work her up to where he had both mother and daughter sucking him off together. But he had been holding out for a very long time, and the way Susan's entire body started convulsing and twitching almost violently was simply too arousing for him. He started shooting his seed, ricocheting his cum off the back of his mother's mouth.



Katherine still hadn't said a word, or even done much other than just stand there while keeping her privates covered. But seeing the other two cumming hard lifted her to such a peak of arousal that she forgot about her plan to keep a low profile to avoid further upsetting Susan. She dropped to her knees next to the bed and put one hand on Susan's ass and another on her upper back. She cooed, while caressing her mother's skin, "That's it, Mom! Take it! Take all of his tasty spunk!"

It was hard to tell if Katherine's words were having any effect, because Susan was already guzzling Alan's spurting ropes as if her life depended on it.

Katherine felt emboldened by the fact that Susan was getting used to her presence and didn't even react negatively to her verbal encouragement. She thought back to the conversation between Susan and Suzanne that she'd overheard yesterday, in which Susan confessed to having a strong lusty reaction whenever Alan dominated and/or embarrassed her. Katherine wanted to take advantage to have more sexual fun with Susan herself, and she saw this as a good opportunity to try that out.

Thus, Katherine continued, "Milk him with your lips! Don't just let him cum like he's masturbating by himself. Milk him! Love him with your sliding lips! Coax every last baby-making spermie out of him! Mom, I want you to completely empty his balls, and that's an order!"

Susan's face was such a blur that it was still unclear whether she'd even heard what her daughter was saying. However, she was listening, and Katherine's words, plus the way that her daughter was touching and caressing her bare backside, had a huge effect. Susan knew that Alan had uncountable billions of spermatozoa in him, but she was determined to literally suck every single last one out, immediately.

When he finally stopped firing his ropes, that hardly affected her performance. His penis slowly went completely flaccid, but even that didn't faze her. She kept right on sucking and licking, but moved into "cleaning" mode. In fact, she was determined to "clean" him like she'd never "cleaned" him before.

If for no other reason, doing that allowed her to keep her eyes closed and continue acting as if Katherine wasn't in the room. She'd accepted that her daughter was there, but she still didn't like it, and that helped keep her cheeks cherry red.

Eventually, Alan motioned to Katherine for her to leave. He could tell that Susan was still riding a great erotic high, but she was bound to come down from it eventually, especially since she couldn't simply "clean" him forever.

Katherine was coming down from her own peak, so she didn't mind leaving. She went back to her room to write another entry in her diary about what she'd just seen and heard. She loved the whole experience, but she was particularly happy that her attempt to say bossy things to Susan had been accepted without comment by both Susan and Alan.

#### Chapter 428 Brenda, Just What Are You Suggesting?

After Susan left his room a short time later, Alan made an effort to return to a more normal day. His prolonged sex sessions with Amy and Katherine, then Suzanne, and then Susan, had taken up a good part of his morning, and he knew it would take a while for his penis to recover. He read the newspaper for a while and then surfed the Internet.

Suzanne went home to take care of some errands of her own, still without a commitment on the beach idea from Alan, because Susan had been underfoot the whole time, inhibiting any chance for Alan to talk to his Aunt Suzy in private.

Susan also took care of some chores at home. But once she was done, she rewarded herself by giving Brenda another call. She had their phone call from the day before on her mind, with Brenda's wild fantasy of them being sex slaves in the Middle Eastern harem of "Sultan Alan" at the forefront of her mind. She had been worried after that call ended that the fantasy went too far with its submissive themes. However, because Suzanne had given her reassurances that such fantasies were harmless, she didn't worry about it much.

Even so, she planned to start out with a warning that Brenda shouldn't go too far with the sex slave theme when they shared additional fantasies - and it was taken as a given that there would be such sharing, since they'd enjoyed their last call so much. However, Susan didn't know how to politely bring it up, and before long she got so swept up in the conversation that she forgot all about her intended warning.

Susan boldly started things off with a detailed description of the very real blowjob fun she'd just had with Alan. It wasn't long before they were both naked and freely masturbating, although they tried hard not to let the other know about the masturbation aspect, at least.

Then Brenda described a detailed fantasy about Alan. She pointed out truthfully that although it didn't happen to her in real life, it was based on an actual dream she'd had the night before.

Also, her dream actually started out with a very real event. She began telling Susan about her pivotal conversation with Alan in which he uttered the "lord and master" quote that had affected Brenda so deeply both then and ever since. During the real conversation, she was so turned on that she had to resist the urge to drop to her knees and suck him off right then and there. In her dream, he more directly goaded her with dominating comments, causing her to lose all control. Reality veered into fantasy as she described to Susan how Alan "forced" her to strip down to just her high heels before he vigorously face fucked her. Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine then came over from the kitchen and watched the oral action in shock, heightening Brenda's total humiliation even more.

Both Susan and Brenda had nice orgasms when Brenda got to the climax of her story, describing how Alan shot a creamy load all over her face and very ample chest. But in real life, both MILFs worked hard to stay quiet, thinking there was still a chance the other didn't know how they were masturbating.

As time passed and they started to come down from their sexual euphoria a sighing Brenda said blissfully, "Ahhhhh, I'm so ready for Sultan Alan to totally dominate me."

Unfortunately for Brenda, her mention of yesterday's fantasy reminded Susan of her brief anal sex mention. "Brenda I have a question... Um it's kind of embarrassing, but yesterday you said something about, er, the anus... and... um... I'm wondering..."

Brenda winced when she realized what Susan was trying to say, but decided to try and play it cool. She said shyly, "By any chance, are you talking about my mention of anal sex?"

After a long pause a perplexed and embarrassed Susan finally asked, "Anal... sex?"

Based on Susan's baffled tone of voice, it dawned on Brenda that Susan must know next to nothing about anal sex. She found that hard to believe, but then she remembered that Susan had lived an extremely sheltered sexual life until very recently. So, with caution, she replied, "Yes, anal sex. What do you know about that?"

"Um... This is an awkward thing to talk about, to say the least, but, uh... I know a lot about 'sodomy' from the Bible, but I don't really understand the details. Isn't that how gay men pretend to have sex, since neither of them have vaginas? Right up... right up the dirty hole you poo out of! Ugh! It sounds awful!"

Brenda had to suppress the urge to groan in frustration over Susan's ignorance, since she wanted to be very careful not to offend or mock Susan over this sensitive issue. "Ah, that's... partially correct, but only partially. Yes, that is something gay men do, but it's not pretend. I'm sure they enjoy it a great deal. Plenty of men do it to women too. It can be very enjoyable for both partners."

"Really?! How can that be?! It's unnatural, for starters. And disgusting! Have YOU done that? Don't tell me you've done it!"

Brenda had been avoiding mentioning anal sex in her stories out of consideration of Susan's feelings. But since she'd slipped in a moment of passion during her Sultan fantasy, she decided this was a good occasion to give Susan more of an explanation, in hopes that she would eventually change her attitude.

"Well, no, but..." Brenda was going to explain how she'd put a dildo up her ass, but not an actual penis. However, she decided on a different approach. "Let me ask you this. Has Alan ever put his finger in your anus? Or have you ever put your finger in his?"

"Oh, gosh! This is terribly embarrassing. The truth is, yes to both! I'm so bad! You must think I'm a fallen woman."

Brenda had known that Susan would give that reply, since she'd shared that information previously. "No! Why would I think that? You weren't being perverse. You had a good reason for doing that, didn't you?"

bender

Susan reluctantly replied, "Well... I must admit, when he's poked me there... it feels pretty darn good. I've discovered he really enjoys it too. So when I've got him buzzing with erotic joy and I want to take him to the next level, but I've already got his fat cock in my mouth and I'm licking and sucking and stroking and doing absolutely everything I can and it's still not enough to make him see stars, that's kind of a little trick I use. You should see his reaction! It gets him practically screaming every single time!" She giggled in fond memory, her initial reluctance forgotten.

Then she added, "The downside is that I have to use a glove or wash that hand clean before I can touch him anywhere else, since I just put it in such a vile, nasty hole. Yuck! Another problem is that it's so

effective that it can practically make him cum all by itself. So I don't do it that often. It's like my ace in the hole."

Brenda responded in a confidential tone, "Very good. There's absolutely nothing wrong with any of that. But think about it: that obviously feels very good for him, and it feels very good for you too. And that's just with a finger. Why do you think that is?"

"I have no idea," Susan admitted. "I try not to think about yucky things like that."

Brenda patiently explained, "The fact is, everyone's anus has a tremendous number of nerve endings. That's true for men and women. Think how it would feel if instead of Alan putting just one solitary finger up your ass, he stuffed his whole cock up there! Even though women don't have a prostate gland, wouldn't the pleasure be many times greater?"

Susan was horrified. "NO! Dear Lord, no! For one thing, that's too big! Way too big! A finger up there is an extremely tight fit. There's no possible way to get anything bigger up there. It would tear me in two! Besides, it's too disgusting to even contemplate!"

Brenda was frustrated, but patient. "Let's put aside the size issue for the moment. Why is it okay for him to put a finger in, but not his cock?"

Susan took a deep breath, then responded passionately, "His cock isn't just another body part. It's very special to me. I can't allow it be defiled like that! It goes in my mouth... a lot! And other mouths. Besides, the further something goes in there, the yuckier things get! When I do it to him, he's always clean for the first couple of inches, probably since he knows I like to finger him, and his other lovers might do so too, but beyond that... UGH! Don't even make me think about it or I'm going to empty my stomach!"

Brenda realized she had a long way to go to get Susan to understand very much about anal sex. So, for the next fifteen minutes or so, she patiently explained what she knew about the subject in the most clinical and factual manner she could manage.

To call it an eye-opener for Susan was an understatement. Back in her prudish days not so long ago, Susan had virtually no knowledge of sexual matters except what Suzanne had told her, and Suzanne had

deliberately avoided mentioning anal sex, titfucking, and some other sexual acts that Susan would probably consider perverse.

More recently, since Susan's sexual awakening, Suzanne had still been careful not to mention anal sex. She had a variety of reasons for not doing so, a chief one being that she didn't want Susan to get the idea that anal sex would be an acceptable substitute for vaginal sex, which would take some of the pressure off Susan from going all the way with Alan.

It so happened that Brenda knew a great deal about anal sex, due to what she'd learned through pornography. It was true that she'd never directly experienced it herself with another person, because her interest in pornography had come into being only after the decline of her second marriage. By the time she was seriously intrigued about trying anal sex, she wasn't interested in sex of any kind with her husband, let alone that kind. However, even though most of her knowledge of anal sex came from biased and exaggerated pornographic accounts, those did allow her to learn most of the important facets of the act more-or-less accurately. Plus, she had experimented with anal dildos, though not very extensively or often.

After passing her knowledge on to Susan in a relatively even-handed manner, Brenda concluded with a more emotional appeal. "So, that's what I know about anal sex. But there's one more thing I do know."

"What's that?" Susan asked.

"It's a crying shame that you won't let Alan fuck your pussy. Now, I understand your reasons, even though I don't fully agree with them. But, as long as that's the case, don't you think that doubles the importance of letting him fuck you in your ass?"

Susan gasped. "My ASS?! Brenda, just what are you suggesting?!" She actually clenched her ass cheeks together, as if she was in danger of being anally penetrated at any moment.

"What do you think? Why did I just give you this long explanation if there wasn't a reason for it, to get you ready?"

Susan held both hands up to cover her wide-open, shocked mouth, actually dropping the phone in the process. After she picked it back up, she said, "I couldn't! I just couldn't!"

Brenda spoke challengingly. "Why not? Seriously, why not? Are you or are you not your son's big-titted mommy slut?"

"Of course I am!"

"Are you not one of his personal cocksuckers?"

"You know I am! And darn proud of it, too!"

"That's good to hear. But we both know that being those things encompass much more than mere cocksucking. For instance, serving him with your tits is a vital part of the process. In fact, you keep telling me that now that he's the man of the house, your entire body essentially belongs to him, to do with as he sees fit!"

"That's true too." Then Susan added shyly, "Well, except for that one very important exception."

Brenda spoke passionately. "Exactly! He can't fuck your pussy. Don't tell me there's an ass exception too, because there isn't! That wasn't on your list!"

Susan had a triumphant "gotcha" moment. "True, I suppose there's no exception like that, but it's a moot point, because Tiger doesn't have ANY interest in anal sex at all! He's never even broached the idea with me! So there! I'm safe!"

But Brenda quickly replied, "Not so fast! Recall that you've told me all about his special way of getting your attention. He LOVES to fondle your ass, doesn't he? And Susan, let's be honest: you have an awesome ass! It's wonderfully fit and firm and nicely rounded."

Susan had a sudden sinking feeling. "He does, but that's a whole different thing. I love it when he 'gets my attention' in that special way. Once he starts fondling and even kneading me back there, I simply melt! Usually, it's not long before he's got all my clothes off, after which he's kissing the back of my neck while caressing my tits from behind as well. And then, not long after that, I'm on my knees with his cock halfway down my throat! Now, that's what I call good, clean, family fun. There's nothing wrong or immoral about that!"

"That's true," Brenda replied. "And I envy you about that more than you can imagine, particularly because he reasserts his ownership of your ass, and all the rest of you, every single day! But think about it. He IS a 'tit man'; there's no doubt about that. But he's clearly an ass man too! He's already started probing INSIDE your ass with a finger. Do you think he's going to stop there?"

"Well... yes."

"NO! He's not! Susan, the fact is, you're his personal slut! It may not be my place to say this, but I'll say it anyway: he WILL fuck your ass AND your pussy someday, and probably someday soon!"

Susan gasped, clutching at her chest with her free hand. "NO! He won't!"

"Yes he will! He's a good kid, and a loyal, loving son. Everyone can see that. He's giving you time, because he doesn't want to push you into doing something that makes you unhappy. But your body belongs to him! All of it, forever! Your new role in life is to sexually serve him! Blowjobs and titfucks are all well and good, but you can't expect him to be satisfied with that forever. No way! He's going to fuck your cunt AND your ass, and do any other damn thing he wants to do with you! He's probably just waiting impatiently for you to see the light. He'll probably eventually spank you regularly too, just because he can!"

Predictably, Susan gasped again. But that time she really was holding her breath - in awe, lust, and fear.

Brenda said, "So that's why it's important that I tell you what anal sex is all about. Frankly, I don't understand why Suzanne hasn't told you all about it already. You're going to need to take your submission to him to the next level before long. First, it was handjobs, then blowjobs, then titfucks. Since you seem so dead-set against vaginal sex, for now, that leaves anal sex as the next logical step."

Her voice grew excited as she elaborated, "If that means bending over, spreading your round ass cheeks for him, and begging for him to bury his cock in-"

"But I can't do that!" Susan interrupted with a distraught wail.

"Why not?"



"It's... it's just... it's just not done!"

"Yes it is!" Brenda exclaimed in exasperation. "Get out of the Middle Ages already. Like I was telling you, it's done by millions of people, including lots of straight couples! It's way more common than you think."

Figuring that the best defense was a good offense, Susan shot back, "Well, what about you, then? If you're so big on it, why don't you let Alan fuck YOUR ass?!"

Brenda grunted. "First off, I never said I'm 'so big on it.' Like I told you, I've never had anal sex myself, so it's daunting for me too."

"A-HA!"

"Hey, I'm being honest. And with Alan's cock being extra thick and extra-long, that makes it even more daunting for me, or anybody. The anal dildo I used that I told you about was much smaller than a penis, much less HIS big cock. However, if he and I can manage it, I'll bet his size will make the whole experience that much more pleasurable for both of us!"

Brenda went on, "But that's not the issue here. My status with him is extremely tenuous. I haven't so much as touched his hot, stiff cock yet! So isn't talk about him fucking his beefy cock all the way into my ass more than a little premature?"

Susan grumbled, "I guess."

Brenda said, "Like I was telling you earlier, anal sex is much more of a challenge than regular sex. It requires a lot of trust and patience to do it right. He can't just stick it in. It'll take a while before he develops a trusting relationship with me, if that ever even happens. Whereas, is there anyone he is more trusting and comfortable with than you? No! So, clearly, this is something that could happen to you, and soon. You need to prepare yourself!"

Susan was nearly panicky. "Oh, Brenda! I'm not ready! No matter what you tell me, it still sounds way too gross, and wrong, to even contemplate!"

Brenda realized that Susan could only handle so much at any one time. "Don't worry. It's not like he's going to fuck your ass tomorrow. Like you said, he hasn't even suggested it. But you need to ready yourself. Think how happy he'll be if he does broach the idea and discovers that you're already ready and willing!"

Susan asked in distress, "What do I do?! How do I get ready?!"

"Don't worry. I'll help you out. I'm sure Suzanne will help too. She's a woman of the world. She may not have talked to you about it, due to your... sensibilities... but I would be shocked if she hasn't had anal sex herself, lots of times. You'll realize that it's not such a scary thing."

Brenda comforted and reassured Susan awhile longer. Mostly, she emphasized that there was no imminent rush to have anal sex yet, so Susan had time to get ahead of the issue.

At the same time though, the way Brenda discussed the prospect made it abundantly clear that she expected it was entirely a matter of "when" rather than "if" it would happen. She also couched it in terms of having Susan submit and "surrender" her ass to her son, instead of it being something she did to him of her own accord.

Despite Brenda generally trying to encourage her and assuage her fears, Susan ended the phone call feeling very shaken. Woe is me! I wish being a big-titted momy was just about endless cocksucking and tutfucking. But deep down, I've got a feeling that Brenda is right and it's just a matter of time before my Tiger fucks me, one way or another. Since fucking my pussy is so morally problematic, how can I refuse him my ass too?! If and when he gets interested in anal sex, how can I be his sexual servant and deny him that?! And he probably will get interested eventually, especially if he can't fuck me the other way.

It was such a troubling issue for her that she resolved to put it out of her mind for as long as she could.

Even though she was a bit rattled from the conversation, Susan enjoyed talking to Brenda so much that she knew this would become a daily tradition. Susan and Suzanne already shared detailed accounts of the sexual adventures they had had with Alan, usually while working out together in the morning. But Susan now had a chance to tell some of the same exact stories to Brenda, sometimes with even more detail. They got her just as hot and bothered even with the second telling.

One difference had started to emerge in these exchanges. With Suzanne, Susan felt a bit abashed by her more submissive tendencies, so she tried to downplay them. But Suzanne usually saw right through her and got her to confess to them just the same. That embarrassed Susan, because she didn't see Suzanne as another sexual submissive who could fully empathize with those things.

Also, Susan and Suzanne always had many arousing recent real-life adventures with Alan to talk about, and Susan's dreams often featured the type of submissive fantasies she was reluctant to share with Suzanne. As a result, Susan and Brenda started having fun confessing that type of Alan-related dream to each other, allowing them to reaffirm and strengthen their more submissive tendencies.

It was becoming increasingly clear that Brenda was at least as submissive as Susan, if not more so. Thus Susan could revel in telling Brenda the very things that she didn't want to confess to Suzanne, expecting to receive hearty approval rather than discouragement. After all, Brenda had already shown a willingness to go even further than Susan was willing to go with her sex slave story involving the two of them willingly joining the harem of "Sultan Alan."

#### Chapter 429 Fun Time With Kath

Susan prepared lunch in the same "erotic apron" that she'd worn that morning. Even that wasn't sufficient to revive Alan's penis, at least right away, but it definitely helped.

When Susan sat down to eat lunch with her kids, still wearing the apron, she said, "Angel, I have to apologize. I've been thinking about it, and while I still feel strongly that cocksucking is a private thing, there's no reason why we can't share tips and techniques. But please don't just walk in on me like that, okay?"

"Sorry, Mom. Are you serious about sharing tips?"

"Yes. I have to face facts. You're one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers now, just like me. It sounds like it's official now." She gave her daughter a severe look. "Do you understand the duties and responsibilities that entails?"

Katherine was gravely serious too. "I believe I do."

"I hope so. It's not all orgasms and facials and pearly necklaces, you know. This is hard work! Serving his cock comes first for us, so we have to put aside our selfish desires to compete and appear to be the best. After all, it's a medical imperative for him to have prolonged stimulation many times a day."

Katherine nodded. "Yes. A, uh, medical... imperative." She had always found the medical justification dubious, but didn't think about it much, since she was happy to be her brother's fuck toy in any case.

Susan went on, "Instead of having you watch, what if I just try to explain some of my methods to you?"

"Sure. Sounds great."

The lusty mother relaxed a bit. "Well, I give all my techniques different names. Let me tell you about one I call 'the Countdown.' Instead of just bobbing over his sweet spot at a constant speed, I like to vary things up. So I start with five slow bobs. Then I give him four slow bobs and one fast. Then three slow, and two fast. Once I get to five fast ones, I start over again. Or maybe I do it in reverse order. The point is to keep changing things so he never knows what to expect."

Katherine replied, "Hey, Mom, that sounds great! I can't wait to try that out. And look: Bro is sitting there reading some news magazine, acting like he's not listening, but look at that bulge in his shorts!"

Susan licked her lips ostentatiously. "Mmmm! That's a lot of spermy joy, right there. But you know what? Angel, darling, I believe it's your turn to pleasure Tiger. Blow his cock and blow his mind. We'll talk sucking tips more later."

She was appointing Katherine to do the task because she recognized that Katherine hadn't been given much penis access lately. That was especially obvious after what Suzanne and Susan had done to him for so long earlier that morning. But Susan had also made her suggestion as a means of "making peace" with Katherine after getting upset at her earlier for watching.

Katherine stood up immediately. "Okay, Mom. I will. Thanks!"

She held out her hand to her brother, who she knew had been listening all along. "Come on. Mom's Countdown idea has given me all kinds of ideas on how to stagger my sucking rhythm."

Grinning, Alan gave up the pretense of trying to read.

Brother and sister retired to Alan's room. It had acquired the smell of cum again, even though he was now opening his window frequently. There was just so much sexual activity in his room that the cum smell had permeated its every nook and cranny.

He whipped off his shorts and sat on the edge of the bed.

Katherine wordlessly took off all her clothes and assumed the cocksucking position between his legs.

He commented idly, "I don't even know why we bother with clothes around here lately. It seems like half my day I'm involved in some sex act or another. Not that I'm complaining in the slightest, mind you."

She answered, "Clothes are fun. Taking them off for you and teasing you with them helps pass the time until you can be ready again to put your cock back in one of my holes." She leaned forward to engulf his cockhead.

To her surprise, he held her back. "Just a sec. Do you want to do that, or would you prefer a titfuck?" He thought back fondly to how Susan had started with a titfuck, which had quickly switched to a titfuck/blowjob combo and then to a full-on blowjob. That had left him with more of a craving for titfucks.

"A titfuck? Oh goody! You'll let me do that in the house?"

"Sure. Mom can't oppose that now that she's calling you one of my 'personal cocksuckers,' can she?"

"Good point. Cool. But wait. I've got a better idea: we can do both."

She reached to his bedside for some KY Jelly and squeezed it onto her cleavage. Then she proudly demonstrated how she could flick her tongue at his cockhead while he pumped his boner between her tits.

Of course this wasn't a new discovery for Alan, and in fact Susan had been doing that to him just a little while earlier. But he acted as if it were an amazing discovery. Even though her lips couldn't reach down to his sweet spot, her combined effort still felt fantastic.

Just as he'd done with Susan, he made very short strokes through her cleavage so she could keep her lips on his cockhead at the same time.

He'd been enjoying a great amount of titfucking and cocksucking lately, but that didn't lessen his enjoyment of what his sister was doing to him at that moment. The last couple hours doing completely non-sexual things had restored his desire. He particularly loved how hard Katherine was trying. She was just able to suck him down to the crown of his cockhead while continuing the titfuck, but it was obviously a great strain for her to do so. Nonetheless she kept at it, over and over and over again.

Eventually he actually felt bad for her, so he said, "Sis, please. Stop. You're making this all about me and my pleasure, but it's not. It's about us. I want you to have fun!"

She pulled off, slightly miffed at having to explain. "Oh, but I am! Look, you can't possibly know what it means to be a fuck toy. I get so much satisfaction and joy knowing that I'm doing what few other women could do to you. If I wanna stop, I'm gonna stop, okay? Trust me; I love this!"

"Are you sure?"

She could only reply "Mmmm!" because she'd already resumed her bobbing.

"What if I go down on you for a while, to try to kind of even things up?"

She merely laughed at that, causing her lips to vibrate on his shaft. That inspired her to experiment with humming and other similar vibratory effects.

He didn't understand why his suggestion was so laughable, but he dropped the idea, at least for the moment.

They went at it for a long time. True to her word, Katherine tried out Susan's "Countdown" technique, and found that she liked it. However, just as she'd promised, she experimented with variations to stagger the rhythm, as well as using many other techniques of her own.

Alan insisted on lots of strategic breaks because it felt so great, which made his joy last longer.

Katherine was content to ride the peaks and valleys of his arousal, keeping him on edge and then giving him a chance to recuperate. She also was aware that Suzanne and Susan had given him very prolonged stimulation earlier in the day, so she took it as a challenge to perform at least to their level.

During one break, he commented, "It's weird, isn't it, how Mom acts about this? She just said to you, 'Angel, darling, I believe it's your turn to pleasure Tiger. Blow his cock and blow his mind!' And that was it. Almost like she asked you to do the dishes."

"I know. It's weird." She appeared thoughtful, but she didn't say any more.

He added, "And yet she freaked out when she realized you were watching."

Katherine smiled up at him as she licked his sweet spot, even though they were supposed to be taking a break. "Yeah, but you smoothed that over. You're such a smoothie. And your cock is so nice and smooth too, not that veiny or bumpy at all." She showed what she meant by ostentatiously licking every last inch she could reach with her talented tongue.

Changing the topic, he asked her, "So which do you enjoy more: a straight cocksuck, or a cocksuck-titfuck combo?"

"Your fuck toy doesn't care," she answered, while still on a mission to thoroughly lick all of his cock and balls. "She's happy just to have her brother's fat, cum-filled baseball bat do nasty things to her in any and every way. He always gives her lots of orgasms and a big load of sweet jism any way she takes it. And that's the truth."

"Sis, you don't need to talk in the third person. That's weird. I'm still your brother, you know." He correctly guessed it was a sign that she was getting much more aroused, but it still felt strange to him. He was getting used to it with Susan, but not with his sister.

She giggled. "Please forgive me, Big Zucchini Brother. Maybe your sister, I mean, maybe I deserve a spanking for my disobedience."

"That's about the fifth time this morning you've suggested you deserve a spanking for something or other. If you don't stop it, I'm NOT going to spank you anytime soon. And you didn't disobey. In fact, you're not even supposed to obey my every whim. When did we decide that?"

Somehow, she managed to talk while still licking him. She dropped her voice to a whisper, just in case their mother was eavesdropping. "I decided that the first time you fucked me. It felt so good, I literally saw stars. A fuck like that demands serious loyalty. Your fuck toy lives to be fucked by you!" Then she chided him almost condescendingly, "It's kind of inherent in the name."

She resumed her usual voice. "Speaking of which, how can my mouth be so close to your dick without being fucked hard like the second pussy that it is? And look at my soft, sweet, firm tits: they've been totally unfucked for a good three minutes now."

She made big, sad, puppy dog eyes.

He relented as they both broke into laughter.

Since their break had pretty much come to an end anyway, he resumed thrusting into her tight cleavage. Most of their conversation during breaks was in a similar vein. He upbraided her for her self-degrading talk, but he secretly enjoyed it and she knew that. But she enjoyed it even more than he did (which is why she kept doing it).

Alan eventually climaxed, after she'd been at it for at least forty minutes. The tip of his cock was inches from her mouth when it happened, so most of his cum hit her there. However, she wanted a full facial, so she turned her head this way and that so the flood of his cum would hit her on the cheeks, nose, and chin as well.

Once he was done, he looked down at her body and saw that he'd given her an impressive pearl necklace as well as a facial. Gobs of his cum dripped down the sides of her neck and chin like viscous milk. I know I'm not the sexual super stud with the tree-trunk dick that they all seem to think I am, but I sure do cum a lot. Or is that a normal amount?



When it was over, he still felt weirded out by his sister's attitude, so he said, "Sis, now that we're not being sexual, things go back to normal, right? We're just the same old brother and sister, right?"

"Yeah. Sure. It's not like I'm gonna clean your room for you or anything. We're still cool."

"Good. Because I'm just a little freaked. Everything is sex, sex, and more sex! I mean, I love it, but I don't want to just interact with you and Mom and the others on a sexual level. I love you all for yourselves as well, ya know? Let's do something totally nonsexual for a change. Just like the old days." He found it a bit difficult to discuss anything nonsexual while she was rubbing his cum all over her face, but he persevered.

"Okay. What?" she asked as she finished licking her palm clean of his cum. Her eyes were doe-like and pretty as she stared up at him quizzically.

"Oh, I don't know. How about we play some video games? One-on-one shoot 'em up? I know you like that." He unstraddled her and stood up, his penis still at half-mast as it hung between his legs. He offered his sister his hand to help her sit up.

She glanced at her brother's penis and noticed that there was a large drop of unspent cum dangling lazily from the tip. She scooped that up with a finger and said, as casually as ever, "Cool. However, give me a minute. I have to ask Mom something."

He said, "You don't have to ask her anything, I can tell. It's just that you can't wait to show off how thoroughly I painted your face."

She grinned impishly. "What can I say? Guilty as charged. You're just too smart. I'll be back in a minute or two, unless she asks to lick me clean." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Katherine hustled to Susan's bedroom where she was busy vacuuming. "Hey Mom! Hey Mom! Look at the gift Brother gave me!"

Far from chiding Katherine for showing off, Susan happily declared, "Oh my goodness. Just look at your face. That's so hot!"

Katherine had been showing off a little bit, but she also was genuinely eager to show Susan the cum and share the joy with her, in the same way she might have wanted to show her mother a picture she had created when she was a little kid. Susan's "cool" and understanding attitude really impressed her.

She started to walk off. "It is, isn't it? Well, I'm off to the bathroom."

Susan exclaimed, "Wait! Stop! You're not going to wash that off, are you?"

"That was the plan."

"Angel, please. Haven't I talked to you about the sin of Onan? There's something sacred about a man's sperm. It's the spark of life. Please don't wash it down the drain, now or ever!"

So, instead, they sat and talked for a few minutes while Katherine slowly scooped the cum off her face and ate it. Eventually, Susan broke her resolve and asked for some too.

Katherine was beyond delighted to feed a finger into her mother's mouth and have her lick it clean.

All the while, Susan tried to lecture Katherine on the "serious responsibilities of being a personal cocksucker," while also revealing more of her effective blowjob techniques. Or at least she did when she wasn't sucking fingers.

Katherine seriously considered divulging that Amy had become a "personal cocksucker" too, but she figured it was up to Amy or Alan to share that fact.

Chapter 430 Alan And Amy

After that, Katherine and Alan dressed and went to the living room to play the video game "Grand Theft Auto III."

Alan was actually greatly relieved to experience this revival of old habits. He was even happy to see his sister completely clothed in relatively normal clothes, just as Susan was fully clothed while she worked in the nearby kitchen. To be honest, he was a little weirded out from having such prolonged stimulation sessions with Suzanne, Susan, and then Katherine, and particularly by having it all openly acknowledged by everyone. For one thing, it simply seemed too good to be true, so he was almost expecting some kind of problem to develop.

Katherine had seen that he really needed a mental return to normality for a while, so she purposely avoided any flirtation or sexy exposure. Indeed, he was happy to see they could still relate just as they had before his six-times-a-day diagnosis. Soon they were laughing and having a great time. The only lingering evidence of sexuality was the smell of his cum and a slight sheen to her face from her facial.

About an hour into their video game fun, Amy came by and found them in the living room, sitting on the floor in front of the big-screen TV. She was wearing a powder-blue Chargers jersey and shorts. She wasn't a football fan, but she liked how the jersey looked, and she knew Alan liked it. She said, "Hey, peeps! What's up?"

Alan explained, "We're just playing around, as you can see."

Amy smiled, like she usually did. "Cool beans! Can I join in?"

Katherine replied to her, "Sure thing. In fact, why don't you take over for me? I've got some things to do in my room."

"M'kay!"

In truth, Katherine didn't have anything really pressing. But she didn't like playing Grand Theft Auto, as she considered it too violent. She'd just been playing because she enjoyed being with her brother. She'd been hoping he might get aroused and need some help. But that didn't seem to be in the cards, and she'd had her fill of the game.

After a little small talk with Amy and Alan, Katherine stood to go. But she'd only taken a few steps when she saw Amy peel out of her clothes in a flash.

Alan asked in surprise, "Aims, what are you doing?!"

Amy kept right on stripping. She already had her shorts off, and now she dramatically pulled her jersey over her head. "Is this cool, Bo? I figure it's cool. Everyone's all hunky-dory about nudity around your house lately, right?"

Before Alan could answer that, Katherine said to Amy, "That's true in general, but you have to remember that there are some limits on what Alan can handle, both physically and mentally. Things have gotten really sexy here a lot lately, so sometimes he needs to just sort of rest his brain. Right, Bro?"

Alan nodded. "Right. That's definitely true. However, Sis, Amy loves nudity so much that I don't want to disappoint her. I can handle it. Besides, I'll be looking at the screen all the time, not her."

Katherine looked at him with concern. "Are you sure? I don't want you to mentally overheat or something."

He waved her away. "It'll be fine. If not, I'll just ask her to put her clothes back on."

"Yeay!" Amy had been standing, but she dropped down to where he was sitting and gave him a quick hug and a kiss. "Coolio! Alan, you rule-lio!" She giggled.

Katherine looked at Amy with concern. That hug and kiss seemed merely friendly, but Amy was nude while doing it. Katherine was worried that if her brother didn't get a proper mental rest, he wouldn't be up for more sexual fun later in the day. She asked him, "Are you SURE?"

"Sure, I'm sure."

Katherine reluctantly started to walk away. "Okay. But if things do change and you need some help with your special problem, remember that I'm right upstairs."

He nodded, and looked back to the screen. "Got it."

As Katherine walked up the stairs, Amy sat on the floor right where Katherine had been earlier. She asked, "By the way, where's Aunt Susan?"

"I think she's outside, doing some gardening."

"M'kay. Cool. So how does this work? I've never played before."

He started to show her how to play the game, while trying to keep his eyes on the screen instead of her naked body.

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Back in her room a few minutes later, Katherine wrote:

Dear Diary,

I got to titfuck Brother's big cock today! As usual, it was AWESOME! I love being able to gobble on his knob while squeezing the rest of his shaft to death with my boobs. I could do that ALL DAY LONG! And before that, I got to watch him blow his load down Mom's throat. That was surprisingly fun! I love what that suggests about how we're going to share our sexy fun times from now on. (Knock on wood!) I'll tell you more about it later, 'cos I want to remember every last little spermy detail.

But then he got all normal on me. I guess he needs some time to adjust to this whole fuck-toy idea. Why can't he understand that when you have a sister who also is your fuck toy, you can have your yummy cock pleased nearly every hour of the day? SIGH! I'm pushing too hard, aren't I? He even still has issues thinking of me as his fuck toy (or one of his fuck toys, I should say - just thinking about him having many busty, beautiful sex pets to splooge on gets me so horny!). I'll just have to take it slow for a while and tone down the language until he realizes my rightful role is to love him and serve him. I guess there's no spanking for me today. Shucks.

That's okay, though. The important thing is what happens in the long term. We're just gonna get closer and closer and closer until he'll be not only my brother and my lover and my best friend, but he'll also be the father of my children! And, I dare say, maybe even my MASTER too!!! Then we'll live together happily forever and ever. Sure, he's way too studly now to be happy with just one woman, but as long as

he knocks me up there's no way he could ever leave me. I'll always be right there by his side, one of his favorites! Besides, it just feels so good and so right if Mom, Aims, Aunt Suzy, and I become the inner core of his harem!

Mmmm... Diary, as usual, I find myself writing with one hand while fingering all my tingly spots with the other. I shouldn't have started thinking about his powerful seed flooding my vagina, with his cute little spermies finding an egg and fertilizing it! Oh God! I'll write more later. Gotta go! Gotta cum!

Alan was explaining to Amy how to play Grand Theft Auto III, but he hadn't gotten very far when she cut him off.

"Hey, Bo, before you tell me all that, can I ask you some stuff about what Kat was just talking about?"

"Sure." He could tell from her serious tone that it wasn't just a simple question. He gave up on trying to play the video game, at least for the moment, and turned to face his nude "cousin." "What's on your mind?"

She started hesitantly. "So, like... I'm kind of confused. Nobody seems to want to tell me anything, but I sorta figured out that you need help with your thingy six times a day, right?"

"Right. Not exactly six times each day, but that much on average."

"M'kay. So we're supposed to stroke it and stuff, until you have a big squirt? Like the way you and Kat let me do for a while earlier? That counts as one of your times, right?"

"Exactly." bender

"And if I titfuck you or suck you until you cum, or other ways, that counts too, right?"

"Right. Once your mom lets you do all that."

She nodded. "Cool. I think I get that; it sounds easy enough. But... six times a day would be no problem for a week, but is that, like, forever?! 'Cos that sounds hard! I mean, what if you just don't feel like having your thingy squirt at all one day? Or you're just super busy that day. The next day, you'd have to do it TWELVE times! Right?"

"Right. And that's the real challenge. This may not last forever, but it's gonna go on for the foreseeable future. Luckily, there are a variety of different ways to do it, like how you titfucked me twice, and variety is good. Also, I'm getting help from a number of women, so that keeps things really interesting and exciting for me with even more variety. I really need to get inspired every time so that my 'thingy' can get stiff."

"M'kay, cool. You're totally gonna let me be one of your regular helpers, aren't you? 'Cos I'll be super double duper bummed if you don't." She gave him a frowny face that was still playful.

He smiled at her. "Of course. If you want to, that is."

"Oh, totally! Since you already agreed that I'm one of your official personal cocksuckers, you're kind of stuck with me." She struck her tongue out playfully. "Even if Mom says I'm not allowed to do any sucking just yet."

With the video game temporarily forgotten, he ran a hand through her hair. He was still trying to take a sexual break, so it was only meant as a tender gesture. "I'm really lucky that I've got you, Sis, Mom, and your mom to help out. I can't even begin to tell you how much I love it and appreciate it."

"Yeah, but we're not all of your helpers, right? That's something else I'm super curious-y about. Who else is helping you, exactly? And who else do you want to help?"

He explained patiently, "By the way, you can just say 'curious,' not 'curious-y.' Anyway, I wanna be clear that help for this kind of thing is really unusual. I'm super lucky to be getting any help at all. Normally, a guy never gets to have a girl touch his penis unless she's been his girlfriend for a while. And I don't even have a girlfriend at the moment."

She pointed out, "But you asked Christine out recently, and she turned you down. That's a big bummer for you, but I noticed lately at school that you and her are all chummy again. So does that mean she's helping you with your thingy problem?"

A brief vision flashed in Alan's head of Christine helping him in that way. Improbably enough, in his mind she was kneeling between his legs and bobbing on his stiff boner in the exact same style, and with the same enthusiasm, as Susan usually did. She was even fondling his balls with one hand.

That was plenty arousing, but what got him going even more was what she was wearing. She wore a pornographic version of a private-school uniform. What was curious about it was that her top covered all of her arms thoroughly, and the neckline showed little more than her neck, but further down the fabric only came to the top of her breasts, leaving them exposed in their full glory. The skirt was similar: it was far too short to cover her pussy or more than half of her ass even if she were standing up straight.

The clothes blew his mind because they implied a sexy story. He realized that in his fantasy, not only was Christine sucking his cock in front of his teacher and classmates, but because her official clothes left her privates always exposed, that meant she had the permanent duty in school of serving him sexually whenever he desired it. (In theory she could have been serving others too, but it was his fantasy and he was far too possessive to even consider that possibility.) Furthermore, her face was cherry red, indicating that she never got over the thrill and humiliation of serving him like this, even though she did it for him regularly, several times a day.

Alan's penis had been flaccid, even though he was talking to a fully nude Amy. But, within seconds, it erected to full size. He was caught flat-footed by that unanticipated arousal, so he looked away in embarrassment.

Amy couldn't help but notice his newly-erect state, since his penis had engorged so quickly and markedly, tenting his shorts. She raised her eyebrows and pointed. "Wow! What happened there?! It's like, I'm naked and no problemo. But then I start talking about Christine and bammo! Super whammo! Instant stiffy city!"

He blushed in genuine embarrassment, in part because he didn't want Amy to feel bad. "I'm sorry! Amy, you're extremely beautiful and desirable. You turn me on in a big way. But I've had a crush on Christine for the last two years, and I've always considered you to be like family and off limits until, well, the last few days. So please don't be offended!" He considered sharing that momentary bizarre, vivid fantasy with Amy, but realized that might make her feel even more jealous.

Amy smiled encouragingly. "Don't worry. I get it. Things are changing for me too, so I totally get it. Besides, she is super hot. Like, supermegaultraboilinglavaburningfire hot! And that's really hot!" She giggled. "Especially if she helps you with her boobies. I think I've got pretty nice boobies, and I totally



love helping you with titfucks..." - she held her breasts out with both hands, looking down at them and lifting them slightly - "but hers are spectacular! And doubly so because of her age. Just think what she'll look like in five years. She'll be all boob!" She giggled at that.

Alan chuckled some too, but he was still very worried about offending Amy. "Yeah, that's true. But Aims, you're so beautiful that it hurts. A lot of guys I know think you're the most beautiful girl at school, and that's no lie. It's just that I have kind of a history of wanting Christine for a long time now."

Amy smiled easily. "Don't worry, Bo. I totally get it. No worries. I'll bet you thought about titfucking her, haven't you? Have you dreamt about sticking your thingy between her big boobies and feeling her squeezing and slide them all over it?"

He thought, If only you knew! Titfucking is only a part of it. I'm sure that, in my fantasy world, she titfucks me all the friggin' time! But that's wrong. If any girl I know is a modern, liberated feminist, it's Christine. So why do I have a twisted fantasy about her being some kind of... sex slave? All this sexual success I've been having must be going to my head! It's wrong! But, dammit, she IS "super hot!"

Amy stared off into space, as if in confusion. "But what about lube, so things don't get too friction-y? It would be better if she got some oil or lube and kind of oiled her boobs up first. Then your thingy would slide around no problem at all!" She smiled at that solution while running her hands over her own breasts as if lubing them herself.

Alan groaned lustily. He found himself gawking at Amy's hands sliding around her breasts, which made him groan even louder. He closed his eyes, but that didn't help because it left him with a vivid vision of titfucking Christine's very oily tits, while she still wore her ridiculously-undersized school uniform.

Amy said, "Uh-oh! I must have said something wrong. And you must be in a lot of pain. It looks like it's coming from your crotch-y region. Here, let me help."

While Alan was still out of his mind thinking about a glorious Christine titfuck, Amy put her hand in his shorts and had it on his erection before he knew what was happening. Then just as quickly, she started stroking him.

His eyes opened in surprise. "What the heck are you doing?!"

She smiled. "I'm one of your official helpers now, right? This is what we do." She slid his shorts down below his balls and resumed stroking.

He groaned lustily. "You really don't have to do that. You shouldn't feel obliged to help me."

"Do I look reluctant? I'm seizing the moment - and the cock!" She giggled at that. "It makes me feel good to make you feel good. When your thingy gets all stiff and you're not getting any help, then it gets all ouchy and hurt. But if we help it, then it feels really good! And then, if we keep helping until the white stuff shoots out, then that feels really, really good and your problem goes away for a while."

He groaned again. "Oh man! That's true!" He thought, This is supposed to be my mental break time. I was so not in the mood. But then she had to strip and talk about Christine, of all people! Damn! Now it's hopeless to get back in the video-gaming mood. I might as well let her keep stroking, since I'm going to have a raging boner anyway.

There was silence for the next minute or two while Amy experimented with slightly different ways of jacking him off. She was surprisingly good at it already, with a strong focus on his sweet spot, but she was still learning his penis. Eventually, she asked, "So how am I doing?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her loving, smiling face. "Good! Really great. Almost too good. The fact that it's you doing it is super-exciting. Aims, please don't be offended by how I got hard. You thrill me; you really do. It's just that I wasn't in an aroused mood at all, so it kind of took a one-two punch to get me going."

She kept on smiling. "No worries. Besides, I understand about you and Christine. She's the one you asked out a little while back. In fact, she was the only one. I know you have a special thing for her. Is this how she does it? Does she stroke your thingy, like I'm doing right now? I was watching what Kat was doing and I'm kinda trying to imitate that."

"You're doing a great job, like I said," he replied. "Almost too good. My heart is really pounding hard right now, and I'm getting goose bumps all over. Unh! So good! But, uh, the truth is, Christine isn't helping with my thingy at all. We're just friends. She turned me down when I asked her out, as you know, and I'm not stupid enough to ask her out again."

After a pause, Amy said, "Oh. Huh. That's a bummer for you, I guess, 'cos you really, really like her, don't you?"

"I do. Sure, she's so beautiful that it's ridiculous. But we connect emotionally, and personality-wise. Intellectually too. I love talking to her. I'm always learning new things. I feel like I can just barely keep up with her; she makes me stay on my toes. I respect her and admire her in so many ways, and she's also, well, a stone cold fox!"

Amy purred happily. "Mmmm... I can feel how much you're into her by your thingy; it gets all throbby and warm when you talk about her."

"That's due to you too, Aims. Big time! In case you didn't notice, I'm having to avert my eyes from you most of the time. If I look at you for very long, I'll get too excited, and that's not good. Then I'll cum, and I don't want to cum too soon." That was true; he had been averting his eyes for a while.

Amy said as she stroked, "That's pretty neat-o. You know, I'm totally bummed that Mom won't allow me to suck on you, 'cos your thingy is looking super yummeric right now. I wish I could, like, take it in my mouth and slide my lips back and forth on it, and lick it all over too. But... hey!" She suddenly brightened. "You know what? I AM allowed to titfuck you, right?"

"Well, kinda." He looked around nervously. They were in a highly exposed location, and he highly doubted Suzanne would approve of Amy giving a titfuck. That was probably an oversight when she'd said she wasn't allowed to use her mouth on him. And since he didn't want Suzanne to know, he couldn't have Susan know either, since they shared nearly everything.