

6 Times 431

Chapter 431 Titfuck With Amy

Amy though, seemed unworried. She immediately repositioned, lying between his legs since he was sitting on the floor. Seeing that he was too aroused to stop her, she pulled his shorts all the way off while she was at it. Mere seconds later, she had his boner trapped in her cleavage. "Cool! It's just like what we were talking about Christine doing to you. But the question about Christine is: you like her, but do you LOVE her?!"

Alan sighed, even as his body was buzzing with pleasure from feeling his boner trapped between Amy's big tits. "I don't know. It's so hard to say. I mean, I'm not sure how 'love' is defined. I love you, Sis, Mom, and Aunt Suzy as family, as well as sexually, so I don't think it's fair to compare to that. I've never had a girlfriend, so I don't have much to compare things to that way. I do know that my feelings for her are really strong, and I've had them for a really long time. If I don't love her now, I'm sure I would if she felt the same way toward me and things developed between us."

"Good answer," Amy said. So far, she'd just kept his shaft in her cleavage, but now she started the titfuck in earnest. "But you can't say you don't have a girlfriend. I mean, you're totally fucking Heather. You admitted that. And Kat and I are NOT happy about that, as you know!" She frowned at him, but she didn't stop sliding her tits up and down over his boner.

He sighed, although again he was so overwhelmed by the titfucking pleasure that it was hard for him to feel upset about anything. "I know. And I'm sorry. But like I tried to explain, it's complicated. Besides, Heather is definitely not my girlfriend. No way! She won't even say 'boo' to me at school. Just think of her as one of the girls helping me with my dick problem."

"M'kay. I understand. But still, why don't you get someone else to help out instead of her? If you need help at school, why don't you go for one of the other cheerleaders, like Kim? She's become one of your helpers too, right? And she's nice."

He didn't know how much Amy already knew, and he didn't want to reveal more than he had to. So he said carefully, but truthfully, "She has, and she is. And if she helps me out, that's great. But she doesn't really inspire me that much. She's short and skinny; her body type doesn't match what I really like. That's a taller, fuller figure, like you have, and like the other women in this house have."

Amy asked, carefully, "So you don't think you could fall in love with her?"

"Kim? No. Remember, she's two years younger than me. That's a big deal. Maybe in a couple of years, when she's matured both physically and emotionally, but by then I'll be a couple of years older too, so who knows. Besides, I think she's mostly lesbian."

"M'kay." Amy was still steadily sliding her tits around his shaft, while keeping up a very tight squeeze. "What about Janice then? Or Joy?"

He grunted with lusty need. "Um... It's kind of hard to talk when you're doing that." He nodded down at her titfucking action.

"Oh. Sorry. I'll stop for a minute." She repositioned out of the titfuck, but only slightly. She resumed jacking him off with both hands.

He winced, because that was very nearly as pleasurable. But he decided to soldier on, because it felt too good to ask her to stop. "Anyway, regarding Janice and Joy... Nah to both of them. I mean, I wouldn't kick them out of bed for eating crackers, as the saying goes, but I don't have any reason to think I'd have a special spark with either of them. A special spark is, well... special. What I feel for Christine... nobody else in school even comes close to making me feel that way. Not counting you and Sis, of course, 'cos that's a different thing; I've known you two all my life. But even just thinking her name makes my heart beat faster."

Amy was fondling his balls with one hand, like she'd seen Katherine do earlier. Her other sliding hand was soaked from all the pre-cum. "So why don't you ask her to help with your thingy problem then? She's a nice person. I'm sure she'd be glad to help."

"It doesn't work that way. It's complicated. For one thing, she's not that nice. I mean, she is to me, since we're friends, but she's also kind of prickly. I have to be really careful not to offend her. She didn't get the nickname 'Christine, the Ice Queen' for nothing, you know. Remember, she turned me down very recently, and that was just asking to spend time together outside of school. Playing with a guy's thingy is much more intimate."

Amy asked, "So, in that case, how is it you're getting help from everyone in this house, and Heather and Kim besides? Plus who knows how many others. ARE there others?"

He looked away shyly. "Um... no comment." Amy's handjob had him thrilling to an endless wave of sexual arousal. But the downside to that stimulation was that he wasn't as mentally sharp as usual, so he couldn't deftly dodge that question like he normally would have. In fact, his facial expression gave him away. bender

Amy said, "A-ha! There ARE others! I can totally read it on your face." She giggled. Then she blew fresh air on the tip of his cockhead, making him shiver with arousal. "M'kay, who? Let's hear some names. I'll bet Ms. Rhymer is one."

"What?!" He tried to act surprised and offended, as opposed to caught. "Why would you say that?"

She giggled. "Oh, come on. We know you've been moony for her for a couple of years now. You may think you hide it at school, but you never really hid it at home." She blew air on his cockhead a few more times between words, getting a good reaction each time. "Your face lights up when her name is mentioned, same as Christine's. In fact, let's see if Mr. Thingy responds in the same way."

She leaned in even closer and stuck out her tongue, lightly brushing it against his cockhead. That tantalizing feeling gave him goose-bumps. As her fingers kept on sliding over his sweet spot, she spoke to his erection, while making sure to continue blowing air on it. "Gloria Rhymer. Gloria Rhymer. Glory, Glory, Glory!"

She pulled her head back and felt his cock in her hands. "A-ha! That totally worked! Your thingy is all extra tingly! It's burning hot and practically jumping in my hands!"

He said with exasperation, "That's because you've been stroking it for a while and it feels really damn good! You're like a natural at that already. It's uncanny. And then when you blow heavily on it on top of that, of course it's going to react. It's the puffs of air, not your words, that are making it twitch so much."

Amy grinned slyly. "You say that. But I noticed you haven't actually denied that she's helping you out."

He protested, "Aaaaammy! She's my teacher! How could I get involved with my teacher?"

She replied while trapping his throbbing hard-on in her cleavage again. She resumed titfucking him, and with extra vigor, "I see; you're going to play hard to get. M'kay. You probably think you need to do that

to protect her and her job. Fair enough. But let me ask you this. We all know you've been crushing on her the past two years, kinda like you have for Christine. How do you think your feelings compare between those two? Or between either of them and the four of us here at home?"

Alan groaned, both from frustration and from sheer arousal. "Amy, why are you asking me such tough questions?! And while you're distracting me in such an arousing way at the same time!" He looked down at her titfucking with sheer disbelief.

She giggled with impish glee, but she certainly didn't stop or even slow down.

He griped, "I don't know! I don't like comparing people like that; I really don't. I don't think it's fair for anyone involved. But let's put it this way. Both Christine and Glory are very, very special to me. I've had a crush on both of them for a long time now, and not JUST because they're both so beautiful. What I was saying about Christine, how I feel a special connection emotionally, intellectually, and other ways, that goes for Ms. Rhymer too. The other girls at school don't interest me at all because I have not one but two major crushes there already."

Amy pointed out, "And yet you're fucking Heather, and doing stuff with Kim."

He groaned, again from frustration and lust. "It's complicated. Both those things were total flukes. You probably know how things started with Kim. That was completely by accident, especially since she's mostly lesbian. Bizarre stuff like that isn't going to keep happening to me, I'm sure. As for Heather, I'm just the 'flavor of the month' for her. I'm sure that'll die out soon."

He continued, "In Kim's case, she just has a minor curiosity about penises, and I'm a safe way for her to experiment. That'll end soon too. Christine turned me down, so that's over. End of story. She's not interested in me, I can tell. As for Glory, well... No comment there."

"A-ha again!" Amy giggled gleefully, while her tits kept on slipping and sliding over his pre-cum soaked shaft.

He ignored that and tried to continue. "My point is, I'd be lucky to have just one woman to help me out with my special penis problem. I'm unbelievably lucky that I have the four of you here at home. I'm not going to be picking up more and more helpers, like some kind of... pied piper of penis tenders. Look at me! I'm just a guy; I'm not some kind of hunky Adonis."

Amy beamed at him. "Hey! You're a pretty special guy to me."

He smiled right back. "And you're very special to me too. And now we're going to get to know each other in a whole new way with this penis-helping stuff. But it's not just my dick; there's no reason we can't get touchy-feely in other ways too."

Amy said enthusiastically, "I totally love touchy-feely! Let's get all huggy!"

He chuckled. "Yes. Let's. Amy, you're so adorable that I could just eat you all up." He opened his arms invitingly.

Breaking the titfuck, she immediately moved in closer and sat on his lap, wrapping an arm around him and cuddling in close. But she was careful to position herself so she could still at least keep one hand pumping up and down on his boner.

Amy purred happily as she rested her head against his neck. "Aaaah! I like this. And playing with your thingy is totally fun too. How long do--"

She froze in mid-sentence, because they heard the distinctive sound of the sliding glass door to the backyard opening. They both instantly knew that meant Susan was coming in.

Alan whispered, "Quick, Aims, run! Towards the bathroom!"

She started to get up very quickly indeed. She whispered, "M'kay!" Then she took off like a rocket past the foyer and the base of the stairs towards the lower bathroom.

Alan pulled his shorts up immediately. That was no problem. But then he noticed Amy's clothes scattered on the floor.

Susan called out, "Tiger? Angel!"

Oh shit! Since he was already sitting on the floor, he crawled the few feet to Amy's clothes and picked them up. Only then did he respond, "Hey, Mom! Over here!"

Susan had already started walking towards the living room. He just had time to hide Amy's clothes behind his back before she came into view.

She walked into the room and saw him kneeling on the floor, a few feet from the video game console but pointing in the wrong direction. She asked, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, I was just starting to come to you."

She chuckled. "It would help if you stood up then." She was so trusting with her family that she didn't suspect anything.

He nodded, but didn't get up because he didn't want her to see that he had a lewd bulge in his shorts. She would have been delighted to see that, but undoubtedly she would have slid his shorts off shortly thereafter and he wouldn't have any good explanation as to why his hard-on was already drenched with pre-cum.

Luckily for him, she'd been working hard on the garden and she wasn't paying close attention. She said, "I think you've had enough time playing around. I've got so much to do in the garden that I realized I could really use some help."

"I'd be glad to help, Mom." He was relieved that his fear of getting caught was causing his erection to go down.

"Good. Get ready to sweat. Would you get your sister too? If she's not doing something important, I can use her help as well."

"Sure. No problem."

A few moments later, as soon as Susan turned her back, he pushed Amy's clothes under one of the sofas and ran upstairs to Katherine's room.

He would have had his sister hurriedly help him get his rocks off, but by the time he got upstairs his penis was completely flaccid. That opportunity had passed. He briefly explained to her how Amy had jacked him off, which she seemed glad to hear. But they didn't have much time to talk because Susan called for them to "stop lollygagging and come help."

Alan, Katherine and Susan went outside and worked on the garden together. It was all shockingly normal, like a trip back in time. Alan was slightly disappointed that he hadn't gotten to cum, but he figured that he'd climaxed so many times lately that it was probably for the best. Besides, he found doing physical work outside to be a refreshing change of pace.

He never did find out what happened to Amy, given that he'd unthinkingly hidden her clothes under the sofa. But he figured she must have located them and gone home unobserved after he and his mother and sister had gone to the garden, because there was no sign of her, or her clothes that he'd hidden, when they came in from gardening an hour later.

Chapter 432 Heather's In Love With A Nerd!

"Man, you're in a weird mood," Simone said to Heather.

"What? No I'm not," Heather replied testily.

Heather and Simone were lying side by side, naked, on Heather's bed. They'd just had sex, and in fact they had sex with each other on Heather's bed nearly every Saturday morning.

Both of them were highly sexed. Even though they both preferred sex with men, they loved having sex with each other too, and did it about three to four times a week. Saturday mornings at Heather's were always an especially good opportunity for sex, since Heather's parents were usually gone, or else stayed downstairs while leaving the two girls alone to "work out" or "study" in Heather's room. After satisfying their lustful urges on each other, Heather and Simone would often spend the rest of the day at the beach, wearing a "just fucked" glow that few other girls could match.

Simone's dark body was cuddled up against Heather's own deeply tanned one. "You ARE in a weird mood. It's like you're all... moody, like you're on some other planet."

"No, I'm not," Heather said defiantly. However, she kept staring into space instead of looking over at Simone's gorgeous, dark chocolate figure.

Simone persisted, "Hey, it's me, your best friend. You can't lie to me. I know you better than you know yourself. What is it? Are we in a rut?" She didn't want to say it point blank, but the sex they'd just had had been unusually lackluster. It had seemed like Heather was somewhere else, and even now, she seemed to be spacing out, just staring at the ceiling.

"Yes," Heather quickly agreed. "That must be it. A rut. After all, we've been doing the same thing every week for ages. It's getting boring."

"Liar!" Simone protested strongly. "You're STILL lying to me."

Heather finally seemed to snap to the here and now, and turned on her side to face Simone. "What? No, I'm not."

Simone's eyes narrowed skeptically. "Yes, you are. Heather, I KNOW you. Sure, we're in kind of a rut, but if that was what was mainly on your mind, you wouldn't have agreed to my suggestion so quickly. Even you, Miss Blunt, would have tried a semblance of being diplomatic and breaking the news to me gently. No, you seized on that so you wouldn't have to tell me what you're REALLY thinking about."

Heather was flustered. Dammit, she's on to me! This is the downside of having such a close best friend: she knows me too well. But what can I tell her? The truth? That I'm totally into Alan Plummer, some loser nerd? She'd laugh. Hell, I'd laugh, if I was in her shoes.

How can I explain it? He rocks my world. She'd get the mind-blowing sex part of it, but there's so much more. He's not just some guy who gives me great orgasms. I've known guys like that before, and they're 'easy come, easy go'. But Alan... I can't stop thinking about him. Shit. Just thinking about him right now makes me wet! I mean, it's not like he's that handsome, or well hung compared to some guys I've had, but he's just... I don't know. There's just something about him, dammit! I don't know what it is though, and that intrigues me, and frustrates the hell out of me.

I can't stop thinking about how he just took and fucked me on the hood of that car! Fucking great God Almighty, that was incredible!

She realized that she was taking too long to reply, and that her lack of a reply was telling in and of itself. So she said, "Okay. I am in a rut, but it's not about you. I mean, all this mindless sex with all these partners we've been having... where is it leading? I can have any guy I want, or girl, but nobody truly satisfies me. I mean, you and I fit together nicely, but that's like a special thing. I'm talking in general."

Simone replied, "Come on. You've been totally sexually satiated, lots of times. I've seen you. Hell, I've DONE you until you were a sweaty lifeless blob, begging for mercy. Why, remember, what was it, a couple of weeks ago, when-

Heather testily cut her off. "I'm not talking about that. Yes, tab A fits into slot B, and it feels good. Big fucking deal. I'm talking... I dunno... about a deeper satisfaction. I mean... look at you and me. We're good, right? We have sex with each other, lots of sex, and that's great. But we're really good friends too, so when we have sex, it has more meaning, you know what I mean? I mean... why can't I have regular sex with someone like you, someone I actually LIKE, but who is some studly guy? No offense, but you know what I mean, don't you?"

Simone chuckled. "I do. God, Heather, you're freaking me out here. If I didn't know you so well, I'd almost think that you were talking about love."

That set Heather off. Her eyes seemed to flicker with an angry fire. "I am NOT! Fuckin' SHUT UP! Not even CLOSE! Love is for suckers and fools. The only person I care about is ME!" She poked herself repeatedly, right between her boobs. But then, realizing that comment could offend Simone, she added, "Well, okay, me, you, my parents, and a couple other people, like my grandma. But mostly me. People basically look out for themselves, and anyone who doesn't is an idiot."

Simone chuckled some more. "My goodness! Heather? Caring about other people? Even your grandmother? I take it back: you're not in love; you're ill! We need to take you to a doctor, and fast! I think maybe you got hit on the head and you've experienced serious brain damage!"

Heather rolled her eyes. "Ha ha. You know what I mean. I trust you, because we've been together so long. I've hurt you and you've hurt me and we've gotten over it."

Simone quipped, "Yeah, although I seem to recall a lot more of the you hurting me part." It was said as a joke, but she meant it too.

"Whatever. See? The fact that you could even say that to me is cool. I don't even feel like destroying you when you piss me off, because we have this understanding. But love? That's just fucked up. I mean, you fall head over heels with some loser dork that you hardly even know, and before long, you're doing all kinds of stupid shit. I've seen it happen to nearly all my friends. It's like they have lobotomies. I'm not about to fall for that."

When she said "some loser dork," she was thinking about Alan.

Simone carefully said, "But..."

"But what?"

"But you seem to be missing something in your life," Simone pointed out. "Something that you're yearning for."

"Me? Yearn? That's a laugh! I couldn't be happier. I'm not yearning for jack shit. I'm the fucking queen of this school, and everyone else wishes they could lick my feet. So shut the fuck up about this yearning crap." She suddenly sat up and crossed her arms under her sizable boobs. She even pulled her knees up to her chest.

Simone sat up too. She realized from Heather's defensive posture that she was onto something. She knew she'd have to press carefully or risk an explosion. "Okay, forget the yearning. But still, it would be nice to have a guy who was more than just a 'fuck and run'. Someone you could actually hang out with and want to talk to. Right? That's what you were just saying."

Heather mentally rewound the conversation and tried to figure out what she'd just admitted to. She conceded, "Okay, yeah. Is that so much to ask? It's not like I want someone to love. I SPIT on love! But just... you know..."

She thought back to her recent times with Alan. In truth, most of the time, he'd been fucking her while calling her rude names, but to her skewed vision it seemed as if they'd bonded deeply and were

soulmates of some kind. She pictured herself walking down the beach, hand in hand with him, laughing and smiling. bender

But then she said to herself, Shit, what's with me?! It's like I'm picturing some kind of stupid Hallmark moment. I like him, yes, but in a purely sexual way. It's not like I'm INTO him. Just because he actually has a brain and is interesting to talk to, that doesn't mean I love him. Fuck love! I just want him as my boyfriend, so he can fuck the shit out of me all the time, since he's so damn good at it. I tested him with that parking lot challenge yesterday, and he passed. He can ride with me. No boy has ever had the guts to truly ride with me. He's... interesting... that's all there is to him. It's like that R.E.M. song lyric: "A simple prop to occupy my time."

Changing gears, Heather asked, "What about you, Simone? Have you ever been in love?" She added hastily, "I mean, not like I'm in love now! We've established that. But most people aren't as jaded as me about this kind of thing, and yet you've never gotten all lovey-dovey over anybody. Not that I can remember, at least. Have you?"

Simone considered that carefully. In truth, she was in love, sort of, but with Heather. It was a weird thing, and she didn't really understand it herself, because Heather was a bitch most of the time, even to her. But she knew that if she didn't see Heather on a daily basis, she felt sad, and when Heather was gone on longer trips and such she really missed her. In truth, she felt more bonded to her than she'd ever felt for any boy, and she was pretty sure that Heather felt the same way about her, even though they'd never explicitly discussed the depth of their feelings for each other.

She thought, I can't talk about my feelings for Heather; she'd eat me alive. But aside from that, she's right - I don't think I've ever truly been in love, at least not in the classic, cheesy Harlequin romance way. And even with her, it's not really love in the traditional sense.

She replied, "I dunno. It's weird. I've been into a few guys, as you know, and in a big way even, but afterwards I saw that it was just puppy love or infatuation or whatever. Maybe the guys around here just suck, or maybe you've made me too jaded, or maybe it's a racial thing."

Heather's eyebrow rose with curiosity. "A racial thing?"

Simone just rolled her eyes. "You know. This school is whiter than Wonder Bread. I mostly date black guys, as you know, but there are so few good ones around here, and just so few around, period. White guys are so hung up about my skin color that our relationships only go so far. Sure, they'll fuck me" - she

chuckled at that - "but things get weird after a while. I can't wait till I get to college, where I'll have thousands of hunky, smart, mature men to choose from, of every skin color there is."

Heather nodded, but she was mostly focusing on her own situation. Hmm. Infatuation. Is that what I'm feeling for Alan right now? The truth is, not only have I never been in love, I've never even been infatuated. It's always been guys falling all over themselves to be with me. Is this what infatuation is? Or puppy love? Or some kind of strong lust? I wish I knew!

She looked over at her naked best friend. I wish I could tell Simone everything. But she's such a joker; she'd just laugh at me. I can almost hear her mock-singing: "Heather's in love with a nerd, / Heather's in love with a nerd..."

But I really need her advice. I mean, am I crazy here? Why can't I get this fucking Alan guy out of my head?!

Just then, Heather's mother Helen shouted from downstairs, "Heeaaaaather! Siiiiimooooone! It's lunchtime!" (Simone ate so often at Heather's house that she was practically one of the family.)

Normally, Heather would have been annoyed at being interrupted when having sex with her best friend. But they were done anyway, and she was grateful for any excuse to stop thinking about her strange feelings for her nerdy lover.

Chapter 433 Applying Lotion On Suzanne

bender

Alan napped again after lunch. When he woke up around two o'clock, he wanted to do some swimming. Although it was November, it was still a hot, sunny day in Southern California. He went to find Suzanne so he could take her up on her idea of a beach trip, but when he came downstairs, he found Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne all out back by the pool where they were sitting in lounge chairs.

He was already wearing his bathing suit in hopes of going on the beach trip, so he went out back to join them.

When Suzanne saw him walk up to her, she commented, "You know I've been keen to take you to the beach, but Susan insisted on this instead. Seems she didn't want to be left out."

Alan realized that Amy wasn't around, as had been the case when Brenda came over on Wednesday. He guessed (correctly) that Suzanne had sent Amy away so that the rest of them could engage in more sexual shenanigans. Suzanne was still largely unaware of Amy's recent sexual activity with him and Katherine; Amy's sexuality remained an unusual blind spot for Suzanne's otherwise very observant mind.

An obstacle Suzanne was trying to overcome was that Susan was very sexually free with Alan one on one, but she grew much more prudish and shy when others were around. She might be able to cope with the presence of one other woman if she were already very horny (such as when Katherine had walked in on her blowjob earlier in the day), but even then it had been difficult. With two others there she was even more prudish. However, her resistance crumbled when she got extremely aroused. That had even happened when a relative stranger like Brenda had been there the other night, when Susan had ended up doing things to Alan's dick with the others watching.

Suzanne had brought this exact group together for the strategic purpose of further reducing Susan's reticence about sexual openness in front of the others. She'd heard from Katherine how Susan had put her foot down earlier about giving blowjobs with others watching. That was the next barrier Suzanne wanted to knock down, basically by making Susan so horny that she'd break right through it without really realizing it. That barrier would probably come back later, but she figured that if it was blown away often enough, it would just disappear before long.

At first, Katherine, Susan, Suzanne, and Alan simply swam in the pool. But Suzanne found a way to use their 'swimming together' to increase everyone's arousal. Her bikini top was so skimpy that she had no problem repeatedly making it "accidentally" come off, especially when Alan was near.

Susan, by contrast, wore a rather conservative bikini because she had known that she would be in a group. Therefore she shot Suzanne some dirty looks, but fewer and fewer as time went by. In fact, the main reason Susan minded Suzanne's display was because she worried that Suzanne would steal all of Alan's attention. Yet she didn't dare to pull the same provocative moves while the others were around. So far, that had left her only mildly horny.

After swimming, the four of them reclined on four adjacent lounge chairs.

Suzanne and Katherine would have gone topless or altogether naked, but they still took their cues on what was acceptable from Susan. They, and Alan, kept a close eye on her to see how far they all could

go without upsetting her too much, since no one wanted to induce her into another multi-day prudish backlash phase.

Their lounge chairs were all only a few feet from the edge of the pool. Suzanne and Susan lay in chairs next to each other, while Katherine's and Alan's chairs made another pair right behind them, but facing in the opposite direction. They all had punch to drink, rock music that blared on the radio in the background, and trashy novels to read. Suzanne had secretly spiked the punch with alcohol, to help further things along.

Susan and Suzanne again put on high-heeled shoes after getting out of the pool and drying off.

Alan thought it almost silly that they were both wearing heels even while sunbathing, but he didn't say anything about it as he didn't want to discourage any behavior that 'sexed things up'. Besides, after Suzanne had told him that the mere sight of high heels made her horny these days, he'd thought about it and realized the same was true for him.

Their spirits were definitely reviving. The lounge chairs were all in the shade of some trees, but as the afternoon wore on and the intensity of the sun lessened, Suzanne pulled her chair out into the sun and the others followed suit. Suzanne normally avoided the sun like the plague due to her pale skin, but she knew that moving into the sun would be followed by a need for more suntan lotion.

As she'd expected, all eyes soon turned to Alan for help.

Suzanne was the first to speak up. She held up a bottle of lotion and asked, "Sweetie, would you be a dear and cover me up?"

She undid her bikini top and let it fall to the ground.

Alan happily moved to Suzanne's lounge chair and began applying the lotion on her.

That set off some kind of secret race to more nudity.

Susan quickly excused herself and went inside the house. Upset that she still was wearing such a conservative bikini, she quickly reappeared in her most revealing one. But by the time she got back Katherine had joined Suzanne in being topless. Susan was sorely tempted to follow suit, but she was reluctant to do so while the other two women were there watching.

She didn't feel comfortable ordering Suzanne around, since they weren't related (plus, her submissive nature made her deferential to Suzanne, although she didn't consciously realize that). But she could command her own daughter, so she forced Katherine to put her bikini top back on. However, despite all her efforts, she knew that she was still being upstaged by Suzanne, and that upset her.

Surprisingly, even Alan flashed a lot of skin, especially since he wasn't wearing his usual casual T-shirt. Suzanne had recently given him a European-styled bathing suit, of the kind that, only a month or so earlier, he'd said he'd detested. The short blue suit that he wore for the first time was almost like a male version of bikini bottoms. He wondered what would happen if (or, more accurately, when) he got a hard-on, because there was seemingly nowhere for his engorged boner to go.

In fact, it was rather remarkable that he hadn't gotten a boner already, because just seeing Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine in bikinis was a mouth-watering sight. But his penis had experienced so much stimulation earlier in the day that he figured giving it an extended rest was a good thing. He felt that he could will it to full size anytime he wanted, but so far he'd resisted.

He continued to gleefully run his hands all over Suzanne's nearly nude body, while Susan and Katherine impatiently waited their turns. Suzanne would have been his first choice anyway, because he wanted to get the greatest potential for mischief out of the way early before he got too excited. He remembered how, when he was asked to apply lotion to the three of them the previous time, he'd finally had to flee for fear of losing all control, to not just start fucking each and every hole of each of the women. He was determined to have more self-control this time, so he could take things a little bit further without going overboard.

Before long, he brazenly straddled himself right on top of Suzanne. Just being in close proximity to Suzanne made his penis fully erect, despite his best efforts to mentally will it to stay flaccid. That was a problem, because his boner was in severe danger of popping out of his tiny suit, so he pushed it to the side where it lay just under the thin fabric that connected the front of his suit to the back. That action kept it covered, but just barely.

Not surprisingly, Alan was eager to play with Suzanne's big breasts. But, mindful that his roaming hands were in direct sight of his mother's watchful eyes, he figured he needed to wait until she was more aroused. So he slathered the lotion all over Suzanne's back, then worked his way down to her feet.

Along the way, he devoted great attention to her ass. He would have slipped his hands under her bikini bottoms, but there really was no bikini to speak of in the first place - just a single string that ran down her ass crack. So he had free reign over her butt.

Susan stared intently at every move his hands made from behind her sunglasses, but she didn't say anything to stop him.

Almost as soon as he began, his hard-on popped out of his far-too-revealing bathing suit, despite his precautions. He modestly popped it back in, but each time he shifted his weight or made any sudden movement it would pop out again.

Susan didn't even chide him on this, so the application of lotion to Suzanne passed in nearly complete silence. Oh my goodness! Tiger is really exploring Suzanne's butt like he owns it! She might as well be totally nude, with all the liberties he's taking. I really do need to put my foot down and say something!

But, on the other hand... He's going to finish with her soon, and then he'll do me... Look, his penis is poking all the way out again. It just looks too long and thick and delicious to resist! My son's big strong hands are going to be all over my body! I wonder if he'll play with my breasts. Knowing him, he will! By the time he gets to me, I'm sure he'll give up on trying to keep his boner in his swimsuit. Oh my! I might have to hold it and stroke it to, well, uh, to keep it from getting into even more trouble! My nipples are rock hard, and my pussy is already too wet! I need to control myself; Angel and Suzanne are watching!

She licked her lips and her pussy quivered in anticipation of having his big erection rub directly across her naked skin. She even salivated as she fantasized about licking and sucking his dick. Her reluctance was weakening as her body fidgeted and her arousal grew.

It took a good fifteen minutes for Alan to do just Suzanne's backside. He figured it would take him an hour and a half or more to finish putting lotion on all three of them at the absurdly lazy pace he was taking.

They all seemed to make similar mental calculations, with the result that the other two were not happy. It was a hot sunny day, and sunburn was a real danger.

So Susan and Katherine put their own suntan lotion on while he was still working on Suzanne, to prevent themselves from actually getting burned. Of course that pretty much negated any reason for Alan to put

lotion on them, but no one wanted to point that out. Only Alan's skin remained unprotected from the very penetrating sun, but his skin was the darkest of the group, so that wasn't such a big concern.

Chapter 434 I Basically Own Mom's Tits!

Suzanne and Katherine had arranged a bit of a trick before they'd gone outside. They'd worked out a way to talk extensively about Alan's cock to get Susan more worked up.

Suzanne started it by saying, "My, my. Looks like Sweetie is hard, as usual." She was lying face down, but she could feel it had slipped out of his swimsuit and was rubbing against her thighs. "Angel, didn't you just take care of him a short while ago?"

"I sure did, and it was fantastic. As usual. I'm pretty proud of myself, because I sucked and stroked and tiffucked that big monster cock for a good forty minutes, at the very least! I don't think I could ever get bored with putting my brother's thick, wide, fuck-pole deep in my-"

"Angel!" Susan chided. "Please! Let's have some decorum. Let's not forget the boundaries. There's no need to talk about that kind of thing." Her prudish nature was back in full force in the group setting, at least on the surface.

"But, Mom, there is. I'm concerned."

Susan sat up, now worried.

Katherine continued, "I'm concerned about the state of his penis. As you know, I've given him handjobs and blowjobs before. Quite a few before we were even caught, as you now know. But today his penis seemed even bigger than before. Thicker. Longer. Tastier. I honestly think it must be changing."

Susan still looked worried, but she also unconsciously licked her lips. She continued to shift in her chair, as if she couldn't ever get comfortable.

Katherine went on, "And his endurance! Geez! It's unbelievable. It wears my mouth out. I mean, I licked and licked and sucked and sucked for the better part of an HOUR, like I said, and I almost gave up before

I could get him to cum. My mouth was simply tired out. It was like a race to get him to cum before I ran out of energy, and he very nearly won. Can you imagine that happening to you? Can you imagine being totally defeated and conquered by his powerful cock?"

Susan found her pussy growing moist, for some reason. Dear Lord, yes! It defeats me pretty much every single day!

Katherine continued, "His penis is so huge already, but it seems to be growing even thicker and longer. I'm thinking all the rubbing and sucking is making it grow permanently! What do you think?"

"It's possible," Susan conceded, suddenly wiggling about in her chair even more than before. The others insisted his penis was eight inches long, but Susan was convinced it must be ten, at the very least. She guessed maybe they hadn't measured it recently if it was still growing. "When I bobbed on it this morning, I must admit it did seem extra thick, and long, and even extra tasty. But that could just be my imagination." She turned to Suzanne. "What do you think?"

Suzanne turned her head Susan's way and showed a grave expression. "I'm afraid it could be growing. Think about what some people do to their ears, where they put in bigger and bigger earrings until their earlobes hang down many inches. Or think about those women in Burma who wear neck rings that make their necks longer. Or foot binding in China. The fact is, we've been keeping Sweetie's dick full and stiff a lot lately. We've been sucking and stroking it quite a bit. For instance, Susan, recall how you gave him a combo titfuck and blowjob earlier today that lasted for well over half an hour. He said that your prolonged efforts to service his big fat thickness were quite impressive. Is that true?"

Susan was torn between pride and embarrassment. "Well, uh, yes... I suppose I did okay... but do we really have to talk about that here? It's terribly improper!" She shyly covered her chest even as she hungrily licked her lips.

Suzanne hid a snicker. "No, of course not. It's just that we're worrying about whether it's getting bigger. Susan, think about how it feels to have his thick, powerful rod in your mouth. Think about how wide you have to stretch your jaw to cram it in. Think about how your lips feel sliding over his sweet spot, and how his pre-cum steadily dribbles out. Then compare that to how it felt when you first started sucking him. What do YOU think? Is it bigger now?"

Susan pondered that. "I don't know. It could be!" She didn't say much, because she was off in fantasy land. She wiggled and writhed in her lounge chair, staring at his exposed erection with undisguised longing. She was salivating so much that she was practically drooling.

Katherine went on, "Personally, I think it IS getting bigger. I can barely fit it in my mouth as it is!"

Susan pleaded, "Can we please talk about something else?" She was managing not to touch her nipples or pussy, but she didn't know how long she could hold out.

Suzanne said, "But this is a serious concern. What if the more we suck it, the bigger and thicker it gets? Susan, do you think it could reach a point where you couldn't fit it in your mouth?"

Susan gaped in dismay, even as her arousal continued to grow. She unthinkingly opened her mouth as wide as possible to test just how much larger than would be.

Katherine continued, "I'm wondering if it'll reach a point where he simply won't be able to fuck a woman with his oversized tool. I imagine it could barely fit into a vagina now, and if it did, it would fill it up and push against the sides and ram against the back so much that it would practically seem like giving birth. Imagine that feeling of fullness! Think about the poor woman who gets fucked by that monster cock! Can you just imagine screaming out in orgasmic ecstasy as he practically splits you in two? It must be ten inches long now or more!"

Of course Alan's dick hadn't actually grown in any way, although his endurance was continually improving. But this is what Suzanne had told Katherine to say to get Susan worked up and to start talking about fucking a little bit. And it worked only too well.

Susan wanted this conversation to end, and fast. She was getting so aroused that it was embarrassing, especially since she knew the others could almost certainly smell her wetness. So she complained, "Angel, what you're saying is impossible. Nobody's penis just up and grows a couple of inches overnight, or even in a few days. Really! You're too much. His marvelous cock, er, member, has simply been ten inches long for some time now, like I've said all along. Maybe it's grown a LITTLE, but the reason you have such trouble sucking on it is because it's so incredibly huge and yummy to begin with." She spaced out as she recalled her first blowjobs with him. One of her hands drifted to her own pussy, but then her other hand pulled it away.

She snapped to, and added, "In any case, we're outdoors. Anyone could hear us. Please don't talk like that about your brother's-"

"Mom, it's so true! I tell you, it's getting bigger. WAY bigger. Don't you agree, Aunt Suzy?"

Susan saw Suzanne nod.

Suzanne then lied authoritatively, "Susan, sometimes this can happen. Think about your private parts. Aren't your tits, ass, and pussy always kind of tingly and ready for action these days? I know mine are. Aren't you always thinking about how good it would feel to have your son penetrate you in all kinds of exciting ways?"

Susan nodded shamefully.

"Well, when a man is similarly and constantly stimulated twenty-four hours a day, his penis tends to just get bigger and bigger, in the same way that your nipples are almost always hard and your pussy lips are almost always engorged, wet, and ready to be fucked hard."

"Wow. Is that really true? I didn't know that." Susan considered, I AM always tingly and ready for action. Sometimes I feel like I'm just a package of tits, ass, and pussy put together, because all three spots are on fire all day long and they do most of the thinking for me. At least when I'm in a horny fog, which seems to be most of the time lately. It sounds bad when I put it that way, but I like it! Lord, help me! I should be ashamed that I've become one of my son's official personal cocksuckers, but the truth is, nothing makes me happier!

Katherine enthused, "Measure it yourself, Mom. Would you like me to get a ruler, so you could take his giant organ in your hand and hold it against the ruler? Do you want to take it in both hands and rub his fuck stick thoroughly so it gets as long and thick as it can get, and then you can measure it at its maximum size? And while you're at it, test if his cum is getting tastier too!"

"Yes! God yes! ... I mean, no. Maybe... No. I... I shouldn't! That would be terribly improper outside the house like this." Susan was writhing about in her lounge chair so much that it was almost comical, providing absolute and direct evidence to the contrary of what she'd just said. She desperately wanted the conversation to change before she was forced to rub her clit openly, but she feared the humiliation that would happen if she were to wantonly cry out in orgasmic bliss in front of the others.

She looked from face to face, wishing she could just be alone with her son, so she could "measure" the girth of his erection with her hands and mouth. "And Angel! Don't call his big cock a 'fuck stick!' Oh,

my!" she gasped with realization of her own lewd language. "I just said...! Please watch your language. In any case, I'm sorry, but it just doesn't get that long. And how could his spermy goodness possibly get even tastier? That's pure silliness. It's as delicious as it could possibly be already!"

Suzanne said gravely, "I'm not sure about it getting longer, or tastier. But one thing we can all agree on is that his stamina is growing. Look at today. From what I understand, each of us sucked and stroked him for at least half an hour per session. Think about that. Then think about how his stamina was even a couple of weeks ago. And yet I can feel that his huge pole is as stiff as an iron bar right now, poking me just below my ass. Now, project that difference into the future. Why, Susan, consider that it probably won't be long before you're sucking on him for an hour or two at a time!"

Susan's eyes bugged out, while her bikini bottoms got a lot wetter.

Suzanne went on, "Picture it: sucking his fat cock for two hours, non-stop! Can you imagine kneeling before him, wearing nothing but your high heels as usual, slathering his hot pole with your tongue and your sliding lips for two solid hours? Perhaps several times a day? Can you imagine the endless bobbing? Or the ache in your jaw, and the ache in your stroking fingers? Or how much cum would splatter all over your face when he finally blew his load on you?"bender

There was a long pause, until Susan realized they were waiting for a response from her. She stammered, "That would, uh, certainly, um, be, uh..." She wanted to say something like "lovely" or even "paradise," but she had a nagging feeling that she was supposed to be upset by that for some reason. In the end, she didn't finish her thought. She knew that the only thing stopping her from cramming his hot rod in her mouth already was the fact that Katherine and Suzanne were with her.

Katherine spoke up. "Getting back to the growth issue, maybe it's your technique, Mom. Maybe Aunt Suzy and I know how to make it get longer and harder than you do." She had gotten quite worked up with her own talk, so she hefted her bikini-clad tits with both hands.

Susan didn't seem to notice the movement, and replied hotly, "That's absurd! Why, I'll tell you, it gets PLENTY long when it's all slicked up and sliding around in my soft hands. And when I put it in my mouth, you should hear how happily he grunts and moans!" She launched into a spirited defense of her oral skills.

The conversation soon went into detailed discussions of various handjob and blowjob techniques, and that turned into a heated debate as to who was the best cocksucker. (No one directly made that claim, but they all tooted their own skills, knowing full well that Alan was listening.)

This was just as Suzanne had planned. The idea was to keep the conversation sexual at all times, to continually raise the heat and sexual tension until Susan's "boundaries" were left in the dust.

Even though Alan was there, the women ignored him almost completely (not counting their many glances at his bare chest and his throbbing erection). No one solicited his opinion on such questions as to who could blow him the best, as they all knew he would give a diplomatic, complimentary reply and avoid comparisons, trying to keep them all happy.

Soon Susan and Katherine were writhing around, rubbing their privates against hard corners of their lounge chairs at every opportunity. The brazenness of their behavior was limited only by their concerns about what they could get away with. Susan didn't want to be seen as a hypocrite after telling the others to cool it, and Katherine didn't want to get in trouble again with her mother.

Meanwhile, Suzanne had more pleasant rubbing to contend with.

Alan continued to apply lotion to Suzanne's fabulous body. He spent even more time on her front side than he had on her back. Starting from her legs, he saved the best for last: her giant pale jugs. They were completely unencumbered by any fabric, yet still stood out so stiffly that it seemed as if they must be fake.

He spent a lot of time getting to know them better than ever before. He pinched or brushed over her nipples at every semi-plausible opportunity.

Wanting to draw Susan's attention in particular, Suzanne acted incredulous about what he was doing. "Sweetie! You're taking my breasts and hefting them and kneading them so strongly! Then the way you're pulling on my nipples, I really don't know."

He wasn't sure what she meant, and asked, "You don't know what?"

Suzanne could see that Susan and Katherine were both sitting up in their chairs as they panted while watching Alan's squeezing hands very intently.

Suzanne winked at Alan in such a way that the others couldn't see, and asked, "Would you treat your mother's big tits like this? Would you show them this kind of sexy disrespect?"

He caught on enough to reply, "Well, actually, yes. The way I figure it, I basically own Mom's tits and can do whatever I want to them."

Susan gasped so loudly that it was nearly a scream. If she'd been willing to touch her clit, she would have climaxed on the spot.

Suzanne just acted as if she were more shocked. "I suppose it's true you pretty much do own her tits."

Susan held her breath. It's true! It's true! He does! SO HOT! And he owns the rest of me too!

Suzanne continued, "But would you just tug and pull and heft and lick her defenseless hooters until her pussy was gushing with a frantic, fantastic orgasm?"

He was inspired to fondle Suzanne's rack more intently with both hands as he answered, "Yep. Definitely." He bent his head and conspicuously gave each of Suzanne's nipples an enthusiastic lick.

That caused her ass to jerk up. Her back arched and she convulsively grabbed the armrests. (She didn't have to act that, since she was getting seriously worked up by his tit-play.)

Both of the watching women gasped, almost in unison, making Alan smile all the more. He was finally catching on to Suzanne's game, and running with it more than she expected.

Then he came up with the good idea of saying to Susan, "I should be done here before long. If you take your top off, I'll do you next."

Susan quickly took her top off. But Katherine was even faster. The two of them got into a brief argument over who would get the next turn, which was unresolved, since Alan was almost certainly going to be the one to make the decision.

Susan was secretly pleased to get topless - her erect nipples had practically been calling out for it. But, in an effort to maintain some level of decorum, and especially because she was getting too excited to know whether she was coming or going, she covered her rack with her arms, and said, "Okay, Tiger, I think you've gotten Suzanne's big tits, er, breasts, more than thoroughly covered with lotion already! And I don't see how licking her nipples helped at all."

Suzanne panted a reply, "Ah, I don't, uhh, know - my skin is so pale there. Oooh. It pays to be extra careful." Of course, her skin was equally pale everywhere. She added teasingly, "I think someone is just too eagerly waiting for her turn."

"It'll be sunset before the poor boy finishes, at this rate," Susan grumbled as she dodged the comment.

By this time, she wanted Alan so much that she could literally taste his cum in her mouth. Her whole body wiggled and writhed like she was dancing in her seat. She clenched her legs together fiercely and repeatedly to prevent herself from touching herself down below, but all the rubbing of thighs only spurred her arousal. Most importantly, from Suzanne's point of view, Susan was far too hot and bothered to enforce her boundaries much anymore.

Chapter 435 Suzanne

"Poor Alan," Suzanne pouted. "Sweetie, you must be getting all worked up, and there's no relief in sight!" So far, she'd been careful not to directly touch his boner, for fear of pushing Susan too far too fast. But she dared to slide a finger from the tip of his cockhead down to his balls, and then back again.

To no one's surprise, that made Susan gasp and pant even louder than before. She was getting desperate to get rid of Suzanne and Katherine, but she couldn't think of a good excuse.

Alan replied, "I am." There was nothing extraordinary about that, but as he said it, he stared intently at his mother's chest until she sheepishly removed her arms.

As he continued to stare, her sexual need caused her to strike a sexy pose, with her huge globes thrust towards him. Oh, Tiger! Mommy needs your cock so bad! Do you like my big tits? If only we were alone, you not only could look at them, you could FUCK them!

"Susan," Suzanne went on, "Angel was the last one to help him out today, but it looks like he needs some more special help. Can I do the honors... with my mouth?" She played her fingernails over his exposed erection. She held her nails just far enough away from his skin so that it was almost impossible to tell if contact was actually being made, but it created an exciting tingling for him.

"What? Now? Here?!" Susan asked incredulously as she looked all around. She wasn't surprised that things had reached a point where it was time for him to be pleased, but she had assumed he would be taken to a private spot inside the house for that first. They had already pleased him in front of others on Wednesday night with Brenda there, but Susan in her erotic mood had forgotten all about that, plus being outside during daytime made her extra skittish.

"Look how bad he needs it right now, Susan." Suzanne finally firmly gripped Alan's erection and began to stroke it very blatantly. She made sure that the others got an exceptionally good view of the action. "Isn't it better if he can calm down for when he does you and Angel? Do you want him to suffer in complete agony for the next hour? Is that how we repay him for helping us out?"

Susan stuttered, "Well, no, that would be mean. ... But you can't just do it here, in full view of everyone! In front of the neighbors? Can you?! I mean, his cock is just too big and hard! It's improper!" She covered her nipples again, but it wasn't because of modesty - she just wanted to furtively play with them.

"Who is 'everyone'?" Suzanne replied, while continuing to stroke his hard-on in a highly visible manner. "Just you. None of your neighbors can see in here, except me of course. Not even Angel can see from where she's sitting."

Katherine lay less than ten feet away and could see easily if she only turned around, but she'd been wisely keeping a quiet and low profile. She quickly closed her eyes and pretended to be napping in hopes that would help weaken her mother's resistance to Suzanne's schemes.

Susan asked, "Can't you just keep using your hands?"

"You know his stamina. That could literally take hours. Besides, are we not his official personal cocksuckers?"

"Well, yes, but what does that have to do with-"

Suzanne cut Susan off. "It has everything to do with it! That's not a part time job, only when you feel like it. If he snaps his fingers, it's your duty to crane your mouth open wide and SUCK!"bender

Susan gasped.

Suzanne was pumping up and down with both hands now. "And what about his medical need? Doesn't that come first? What's more important than giving him frequent, prolonged stimulation... with our mouths?"

"Um, well... I'll have to think about that one." Susan was really writhing about in her seat now, not to pinching and teasing her nipples in an increasingly blatant manner.

Suzanne concluded, "I have no choice but to help him out. It's cruel to leave him hanging. If you don't want to watch, just close your eyes."

Suzanne had softened Susan up so thoroughly with the discussion and everything else that Susan put up nearly no resistance, even though it was the first time for that to occur outdoors and in front of a group.

All Susan said was, "I think I will, then," and she did close her eyes. She leaned back deeper into her lounge chair. If she couldn't oppose Suzanne, at least she could be in denial about what was happening.

But as she lay still on her back, with her bountiful, naked tits thrust into the air, she realized that behind her sunglasses no one would know for sure whether her eyes were open or closed. Her intent to keep her eyes closed quickly vanished, but she was careful to only look over at Suzanne and Alan out of the corner of her eyes so that they wouldn't know.

However, she was fooling only herself, since the others knew how strong her cock lust was.

Alan was still straddling Suzanne's stomach, in an optimum position to play with her boobs while allowing her to easily reach his hard-on.

Suzanne motioned him with her hand to scoot backwards, and he kept on scooting until he reached her feet at the edge of the reclining chair. That enabled Suzanne to bend forward at the waist and lower her head to his crotch. After she pulled the fabric of his nearly useless bathing suit further down and away from his balls, she began to suck his meaty organ. One of her hands grasped his balls and the other stroked his lower shaft, while her mouth did all the rest.

Susan gasped loudly yet again, but the others pretended not to hear. Look at her! She's practically choking on all of that FAT COCK! Look at those sweet ruby red lips start to slide over his precious sweet spot! So HOT!

Did I just say "so hot?" Susan asked herself as she watched from behind her sunglasses, surreptitiously (or so she thought). What I really meant is "so wrong." Why did I agree to this?! I understand she really has no choice but to help him, but they should have just gone inside first. It's just that I feel so sorry for his 'blue balls' condition... He is such a terribly cum-filled boy... She was openly playing with her nipples and the rest of her breasts now, since she figured Katherine was sleeping and Alan and Suzanne weren't looking her way.

I really shouldn't be watching this, right? There's no real reason to watch ... except maybe to see how Suzanne does it. ... She's so good - better than me. I could learn some tips. Angel and I did agree earlier that the sharing of tips is vital, after all. Maybe they do get it more excited and bigger than I do?

If only Tiger had fucked me at the Halloween party, I could have satisfied my horny urges and I wouldn't be like this. ... No, I can't think that way! I'm going to be the best cocksucker there is, so I have to learn everything she's doing and do it better. I'll show them!

In truth, the chances of Susan learning anything useful was low. She'd already spied on Suzanne sucking him more than once. Plus, nearly all the action was taking place inside Suzanne's mouth, so there wasn't much to see. But it was a fig-leaf excuse for her to stare.

Oh my God! Did she just stick a finger in his mouth? She did! And now he's sucking on it just like how she's sucking on his big fat knob! Right here outside in the backyard, where anyone can see! I can even hear that damn slurping sound while he's ramming into her greedy mouth, over and over again! The neighbors could be watching. The scandal! I can't believe it! And now she's moving her finger in and out of his mouth just like it's a tiny penis. It's too improper! Sinful! Should I be allowing this, and outside, no less? This is too much; the neighbors would think we're total perverts. I have to say something!

But she didn't speak up to stop it. By now, she was tantalizingly close to her own big orgasm, thanks mostly to her nipple play.

Suzanne continued to use a whole series of tricks on Alan. But, halfway through, rather than staring up at him, or keeping her eyes closed, she stared directly at Susan.

By that point, Susan was so carried away that she couldn't look away, even though Suzanne kept on staring at her. She felt a growing bond between herself and Suzanne as the minutes passed, almost like she was communicating telepathically with her best friend over what needed to be done to Alan's erection.

Of course, there wasn't any real telepathy going on; it was just that they both had very similar ideas about how to best pleasure Alan's cock, and there was a certain amount of non-verbal communication between them. For instance, Susan might think more bobbing was called for, and she'd unconsciously bob her own head. Suzanne would see that and bob her head with the exact same timing. Or Susan would notice that Suzanne had been neglecting Alan's balls for a couple of minutes, and hold a hand up like she was cupping them. Suzanne would follow suit

It got to be that Susan really felt like she was stimulating her son's cock from afar. She loved it. When Suzanne started staring at her, she'd kept her hands still like she was covering her nipples instead of playing with them. But Suzanne continued to stare only at Susan's face, so it wasn't long until Susan resumed her "secret" tit play.

Knowing that she had a captive audience, Suzanne couldn't help but show off a little bit. She ostentatiously showed off things that only an exceptionally long tongue like hers could do, such as wrapping her tongue part way around his shaft, or flicking at his asshole from inches away. Then she started deep throating him, even as she kept staring right at Susan.

She didn't do that for long, though. She'd been getting so carried away that she forgotten about Alan's limitations.

He watched her swallow more and more of his shaft until her upper lip was grazing against his tuft of pubic hair, but then he lost all control. His balls pulled up and his hips started bucking, showing that he'd crossed the point of no return.

Suzanne very quickly pulled back, because she wanted him to shoot his load in her mouth, not down her throat. She didn't want to miss the chance to enjoy his delicious cummy flavor. She finally broke eye contact with Susan, as she had to concentrate on his spasming cum explosion.

Susan held her breath as she saw her son's hips bucking wildly. She knew he was squirting into Suzanne's mouth, and that was so exciting to her that her own hips bucked while her entire body writhed and trembled. Even though she wasn't on the receiving end, every time he pulsed another rope of cum, it felt like a joyous victory to her.

Suzanne was a very good cocksucker indeed, even when she wasn't deep throating him. Amongst other things, she was excellent at swallowing all of his big loads. She began by taking everything his pumping dick shot out. But half-way through, she pretended that it was too much to take, so she slowly pulled her head back until he was squirting all over her face.

She'd figured (correctly) that the sight of Alan's cum dripping down her face would help excite Susan even further. Since she couldn't fuck Alan today, she hoped this would help with her other main scheme: furthering Susan's corruption.

"Oh, it was just too much!" Suzanne bemoaned to Susan as she lifted her head from Alan's lap.

Susan had nearly cum herself just from watching, but she didn't quite get there, perhaps because she'd been so busy playing with her nipples that she'd never touched her clit. That left her even more flustered and frazzled than before.

Suzanne complained, "Look how badly he needed to shoot - he literally filled my mouth with cum! Sweetie, you must have been in pain, backed up with too much semen!"

Suzanne turned her body towards Susan to show just how much he had fired onto her, even after she'd swallowed so much of it. She showed off the cum as it dripped down her nose and chin and fell onto the upper slopes of her huge round tits, as if she was exasperatedly showing how someone had playfully splashed a glass of heavy cream all over her body.

Susan had a nearly overwhelming urge to lick all of Alan's cum from Suzanne's face and chest. She practically rose from her chair to do just that, but managed to restrain herself.

She thought, So much yummy seed. Mmmm. Yummy, yummy, yummy! Mommy needs it! Suzanne, don't just sit there and let it all fall to the ground! Don't waste a drop! Mommy knows what to do with it, even if you don't!

She involuntarily and unconsciously licked all around her mouth with her tongue, as if the cum were on her face instead of on Suzanne's. Her pussy literally twitched with the desire to be filled and pummeled, but still she couldn't cum.

Katherine experienced similarly pleasing frustrations. She also wanted a face full of cum. And with all of her recent lesbian experiences, she was turned on by Suzanne too. It would have been a double pleasure for her to lick Suzanne's face clean of her brother's cum.

Alan saw his mother greedily lick herself and thought, Jesus! My mom is acting like a total cum slut today. Is she some kind of slut, honestly? If she is, why does she always deny her true feelings and never lets me fuck her?

Susan was so aroused that she felt she needed to take steps to cool the situation. Recalling that she'd taken her bikini top off, she put it back on. At that moment, the most arousing thing for her was seeing all the cum dripping down Suzanne's face, so she said in an unusually firm voice, "Suzanne, you need to clean your face. Now."

Suzanne replied, "Don't worry about me, Susan. I'll get myself cleaned up. See?" She ostentatiously rubbed the cum into her skin while making a near-orgasmic face. "Mmmm! I'll bet all this protein is really good for the skin."

Susan thought, I didn't mean for her to do THAT! That's only making things worse! Her face is going to be wonderfully SPERMY, all day long! So hot! If I don't cum soon, I'm gonna die!

Suzanne suggested, "Why don't you put some lotion on my cute little Sweetie, or he'll get burned for sure. Then, since you're nearly as pale as me, he can do you next."

Susan was shaken out of her reverie. She saw how Alan was still not covered in lotion and in fact was getting slowly burnt. She called him: "Come here, Tiger." She sat up in her lounge chair and arched her arms back, which caused her tiny bikini to ride up, momentarily exposing her nipples.

Alan's eyes ogled.

She pulled her top back down. "Oopsies!" she giggled. (That was in part the alcohol taking effect.)

"Thanks, Aunt Suzy," was all Alan said to Suzanne as he got off her, as if she'd just done some inconsequential thing like handing him a glass of fruit juice.

Susan smiled broadly as it registered fully that Alan was headed her way; she thought about what he'd soon do to her. Her face was wholesome, like a normal, happy, suburban soccer mom. But her innocent look contrasted with the sex-hungry slut she felt herself to be at that moment.

He straddled his mother's stomach just above her crotch, but he put his back to her face so that she could apply the lotion to his backside.

She tried to act restrained, moving slowly so she could calm down a bit. "Now, Tiger, we've done some things lately that perhaps weren't so wise. I'm thinking of a certain chocolate frosting shower recently, for instance."

She lowered her voice so only he could hear. "You know how much I enjoy a nice titfuck or cocksuck, but not here! If you have any urges to do naughty things with your mommy, that's good and very healthy, but let me know so I can take you inside and help you out there, where we aren't a spectacle for our neighbors, not to mention Angel and Suzanne."

He nodded.

From her reclined position, she covered him with suntan lotion thoroughly but quickly. She rushed through that because she wanted to get to the phase where he would be putting lotion on her instead.

When she was done, he turned around to face her, again straddling her.

She ran her hands lovingly all over his face, arms, and chest. The prescription sunglasses she wore weren't really dark enough to hide her eyes, but they emboldened her, giving her a sense of concealment. She moved her hands down to the edge of his swimsuit, which hung so low that his tuft of pubic hair stuck out the top. She looked at his boner where it bulged out through his suit. She could see virtually every detail, every vein, as if he had no suit on at all. But she stopped there.

To get at his legs would mean having to get up from her reclined position, and she felt really lazy at that moment. Is there something in that punch? she wondered. I feel so relaxed. I have this overwhelming desire to spread my legs and let Tiger get really comfy with my body. Mmmm! But that would be wrong, wouldn't it?

She took the easy path. "Tiger, why don't you do me for a while, and then I'll get your legs later."

He simply remained where he sat, on top of her stomach, and began to cover her chest, face, and arms with the lotion. Her big boobs came last, before he had to shift farther down her body. Unlike Suzanne, Susan still wore a tiny bikini top. Just two little triangles of fabric were all that protected her nakedness up above. So he avoided those two spots, which meant he couldn't really play with her nipples, even as they stuck out temptingly like hard erasers. But he certainly tried to make up for that by extensively fondling and kneading the rest of her big melons.

Susan's pussy was on fire. Her nipples screamed for attention. Her mouth longed to be filled with a cock, or a tongue at the very least. The only reason she still kept her bikini top on was because she was worried that if he touched her nipples, she'd soon be begging him to suck and milk them, and that wouldn't look good in front of Suzanne, who obviously was watching everything from behind her own dark sunglasses, not to mention in front of Katherine.

The real reason Susan generally let him fondle her butt more than her tits was because her nipples were extremely sensitive, and when he touched them it drove her absolutely wild. She was afraid of losing all control in front of her best friend and her own daughter. In fact, it was a close call even when he wasn't touching her there. She reveled in a fantasy of him sucking her nipples like a full-grown baby, and that thought alone almost pushed her over the edge.

He could sense her very poorly hidden excitement. He finally decided that she was too horny to oppose him, so he pushed her bikini top up until it was resting uselessly around her collarbone area.

"Tiger, no!" she whined helplessly.

He didn't even dignify that with a response, but gave her a stern look, showing who was in charge.

She meekly bowed her head, breaking eye contact.

He generally avoided her nipples, thanks to the unusually unhappy mewling sounds she made whenever he pulled on them, but he gave the rest of her boobs even more attention than before.

As the minutes passed, any pretense of applying suntan lotion slipped away. His fingers plunged down into the tight crevice of her cleavage again and again. He put lotion on both hands and pushed her boobs together from the outside. Then he pulled them away from each other and then, scant seconds later, pushed them inward. He pushed and pulled and mauled them every which way.

Every now and then, she would whimper and say something like, "Please, Tiger, please!" But it wasn't clear whether she wanted him to stop or do more.

He thought, I can't believe my mom has such perfect boobs. I must have been blind all these years to not think of her more sexually. It's like someone took an ordinary pair of tits and pumped them up with a bicycle pump. Yet they're completely real. And they feel so soft and pillowy! So nice!

He must have spent at least ten minutes on just her tits before she finally, quietly said, "I think that's enough, Tiger." She had him stop because her pussy was very wet and she didn't want him to notice as it got even more obviously soaked (and fragrant). Again, she was on the verge of a powerful orgasm and feared that embarrassing fact couldn't be denied if she wound up thrashing around and screaming with him right on top of her. Somehow, she restrained herself, though just barely.

Alan got up and turned around so that he could begin to work on her legs. But he'd long given up on trying to keep his dick inside his far-too-tiny bathing suit.

As he stood over her momentarily, Susan looked up and gasped as she saw his erection poking far out of his tiny suit. About half of it was out of the suit and lay against his stomach. Pre-cum dripped from its tip like water from a recently-turned-off faucet, the liquid thick and translucent as it pooled near his belly button.

Holy mother of God! Susan thought. That looks so yummy! And his pre-cum - glistening in the sunlight like honey! Mmmm! Maybe they're right and it HAS grown even bigger lately. There's only one way to find out for sure, and that's to test its size with my mouth!

I would give a kingdom just to suck it all day long. No longer am I just a homemaker. I've started a new career: cocksucker extraordinaire for my darling son! That's what I do: I live to suck his cock! Mmmm! Yes I do! Oh dear, it's so tasty looking... If I could just slather it with my tongue... I know all his favorite spots, his favorite moves... I want to hear him moan with joy!

But I can't right now, with Angel and Suzanne expecting me to be the restrained one. They're watching me! I'd feel so self-conscious, especially to have Suzanne judge my every move. I'm not going to sink to her level and just do it anywhere, with anyone watching, like some kind of common hussy! I'll just wait until he says he wants me to go inside, and take care of it at great length there. Hmmm, great length. Mmmm!

But it looks soooo good! So long and thick and tasty. Maybe if I just touch it, like I'm trying to help him put it back in his suit... No, that's not gonna work. I'll start jacking off his magnificent thickness, and before long, it'll just end up in my mouth right here in front of everybody.

By this time, he had straddled her again, now facing the other direction.

She could no longer see his hard-on, for which she breathed a huge sigh of relief. What a close call! I almost came AGAIN! What torture. I would have lost it if he'd stood there any longer, waving that big log in front of my face.

But just as she thought she was out of the woods, she felt his boner lying on her lower abdomen. It pointed towards her pussy from mere inches away. Good Lord! God, if incest is so wrong, give me the strength to resist it. Give me the courage to tell my son to put his thing back in his suit before I embarrass myself in front of Suzanne and my own daughter. I really need to say something to stop this madness. We're outside where any neighbor could see, for crying out loud!

But still she said nothing.

He began to work on her legs. He started at her feet and worked his way up to her crotch. He kneaded her muscular flesh, giving her as much of a massage as a lotion application. She held her legs tightly together. As he got up past her knees, he said, "Open your legs a bit more, Mom."

She replied sheepishly, "Mommy doesn't want to."

"If you don't, your thighs'll burn later." He began to gently pry her legs apart with his oily hands.

Finally she yielded, relaxing the muscles in her well-toned legs. "Okay, but please don't get too close to my you-know-what..." Behind his back, her face was beet red with embarrassment even though she thrilled at his touch and his slightly insistent manner.

He took a good, close look at his mother's crotch. Her tiny periwinkle bikini bottoms barely made a pretense of covering her pussy; he could see a bit of pubic hair sticking out the sides. He also saw that she was really, really soaking wet. The minuscule triangle of fabric was soaked through and through, with her juices dribbling down her thighs and onto the lounge chair. He realized that this was one reason for her shame, so he said nothing to embarrass her further.

As his hands worked their way up her thighs, he saw her juices continue to flow down her inner thighs. The closer his hands got to her pussy, the more she leaked. There were so many rivulets all over her upper thighs that the whole area was a sticky mess. Finally, his two hands reached up to within an inch or two of her pussy and the gooey wetness around it. He could sense her hips begin to gyrate slightly. The heat and aroma from her moist mound left him practically intoxicated with lust.

Her legs began to spread of their own accord, as though her lower body was readying itself to be penetrated.

Susan looked over at Suzanne, who was blatantly staring, sitting up in her chair to get a better view of Alan and what his hands were doing. Suddenly, Susan felt a great sense of shame, so she said, "Tiger, I think that's enough. I'll take care of the rest ... in that area."

She felt a tremendous sense of relief that his exquisite torture was finally at an end, that she'd survived all of his temptations.

But then he said, "Okay, then, turn over."

Oh no! I've forgotten about the backside! she cried to herself. Oh God! Dear God! Tiger, please, no! It's too much! If he touches me any more, I'm going to cum for sure! I'm going to cum buckets. Everyone will see! I'm gonna scream! But at this point the idea of cumming so profusely sounded very appealing, audience or not, so she obediently, almost joyfully, flipped onto her stomach.

He said, "Mom, if you want me to do your ass properly, you'd better take off your bathing suit bottom." The bikini covered so little skin that it was fairly absurd to ask her to take it off, but he sensed that she wouldn't object.

She replied, "Tiger, do you want to see your mother all naked in front of our family and friends? Do you want your big-titted Mommy to just lie here, wearing nothing more than her glasses and high heels, while you brazenly run your hands all over her heaving, trembling, curvy body?!"

Before he could come up with an answer, she said, "Okay, if you insist. I guess you've seen me naked so much already; everyone here has seen me naked. I'm like a totally naked..." She wanted to shout "slut!" but she knew he wouldn't approve.

Instead of finishing that sentence, she turned to a new thought. "Do my ass. Do it properly!" Then she realized how that sounded: like she wanted him to impale her ass, especially as she said it so enthusiastically. So she added. "You know what I mean. The cream. Cream me! I mean, uh, the lotion. Put the lotion on."

He began to do her back at a nice, languid pace that, as time went on, became even more like a massage.

She felt completely relaxed as his hands dug into the skin around her shoulders in a pleasant, penetrating massage. She'd been gasping for air, but she was able to recover from that and almost grew sleepy. However, even though her pussy had calmed down a bit, she was leaking continuously, riding a wave of erotic bliss that seemingly never stopped but just varied in intensity.

By this point, with her eyes no longer able to see what he did, he not only kept his erection on her skin but deliberately rubbed it against her. It rubbed deliciously along the silky skin of her ass as he swayed his whole body back and forth while vigorously rubbing her back.

She obviously knew what it was that poked and stroked her, but she didn't speak a word about it, instead just enjoying every blissful, unacknowledged moment. Suzanne can see! As can my precious Angel! They know he's running his thick, powerful cock just inches from my trembling pussy! They must think I'm a shameless hussy. This is all terribly improper, but it feels soooo good!

Whenever he had an excuse, such as needing to get more suntan lotion on his hands, he'd put a hand on his dick and rub it in place, which also pushed it further into her flesh. Soon, it took him minutes at a time to get more lotion, whose ostensible application slowed down even more.

In fact, eventually, he was pretty much just holding his boner and running it all over her backside, while sometimes fondling her ass cheeks or ass crack as well. By that time he tended to leave a trail of pre-cum wherever he placed his hard-on, like a water gun that leaked a thin, continuous stream of viscous fluid right onto his mother's ass.bender

Susan thought, Dear God! This is so WRONG! Tiger's cock is taming my ass! He keeps running it into my ass crack, over and over! If he doesn't stop soon, I'm gonna scream! I'm gonna scream, "Son! Put it in me! I don't care what hole; I just need it!"

He moved his hands down to her butt and massaged that as well, while his stiff dick rubbed back and forth across her thighs.

Susan suddenly realized how close they were to fucking. "Tiger, be careful!" she said between very heavy breaths. "I trust you. I trust you won't stick your thing right in my... right in my..." she was too worked up to finish the sentence. Finally, she blurted out, "That would be so improper!"

He decided to change positions, especially since he'd have an excuse to go back later and do her naked ass more thoroughly when she might be even more amenable.

He was now quite a bit more sexually experienced than he had been a week earlier, so could sense how close to climax she was. He enjoyed keeping her right on the edge without letting her go completely over.

So just whenever she thought she would finally lose it and explode into an overwhelming torrent of sexual delight, he would pull back a bit, or even stop altogether. She was like putty in his hands. She

almost completely ceased to think; she just gave in to whatever he wanted to do, she was so awash in her lusty feelings.

From time to time, he continued to apply the lotion. She'd already covered herself with lotion before he even started, but he needed some thin excuse and it felt good to rub the scented fluid into her skin.

After a while, he pivoted around and moved to her legs. With each stroke of her lower legs, his erect dick also stroked along her skin, right on her ass cheeks, pointing directly at the barely-hidden cleft of her cunt. As a result, he spent more time on her lower legs than he otherwise would have. Soon, he was using just one hand at a time to rub her legs, while the other moved his erection around and simultaneously stroked it; he'd given up on trying to guide it with his hips.

She thought to herself, Mmmm, that feels so good! His cock is so HOT; it feels like it's branding itself into my skin! What a great idea! Imagine if I had a brand on my ass that showed I was his property? His servant! His SLAVE! Oh God, his slave! His TIT slave! That makes me so hot! A big "A" for Alan. GOD, that would be great! His fuck-cow sex slave! I'm a big, fat fuck-cow, but instead of having to be milked every day, I need to be FUCKED! Fucked AND milked, actually. Oh yes... Tiger, fuck me!

Shut up, Susan! Stop thinking such demeaning thoughts. Even though it feels so good... I'm his cocksucker now. His personal, cocksucking, titfucking, centerfold mommy slut. That's what I am, and that's as far as it can go. I have to accept that idea completely. Every day from now on, I'm gonna suck him dry! I don't care where he goes; he's never going to get rid of me. Every day. He's going to fuck my mouth. He's going to fuck my tits. He's going to fuck my ass - even that. Especially that! He's going to fuck me and use me and abuse me! I'll take his seed into every orifice I have, except for one, and BEG for more!

Stop it! There I go again. Those things aren't allowed either. Just think about the cocksucking. Imagine the taste of his cock in your mouth. Mmmm... Mommy loves it... MMMM! Tiger, your mother needs your cock right now! Put it in my mouth. No, don't just put it in. Shove it in. SLAM it in! God damn it, fuck my mouth, you horse-cocked bastard! Slap your balls against my chin and yank my hair with your hands as you force yourself into me! Fuck it! Fuck any hole! Take me anywhere, in any way! Fuck your moooooomyyyyy!

Susan, to her great relief, finally had an enormous release, a thunderous and fully engrossing orgasm that started from deep within her belly and pulsed straight out to her toes like a shockwave of pleasure. Her juices poured from her pussy like soda exploding from a shaken can. She was so overwhelmed that she literally saw stars. Her heavy breathing turned into brief yelps, which turned into screams.

Her eyes were closed the whole time. She had no idea how Suzanne, Katherine, or Alan had reacted to her outburst, and she didn't really want to know. She was completely lost to the moment.

But as she came to, a realization overwhelmed her. Tiger is still here. He's on top of me. He's still not done. There are still many hours left in the day. What'll he do to me next?

Chapter 437 But Would Tiger Do That? Would He Do It To ME?

When Susan finally came back to the world, she expected a wave of post-orgasmic guilt to hit her, but that didn't happen. Yes, she was ashamed, but that hadn't stopped her before when she was totally horny like she was just then. Okay, so I just came. Everyone knows. Heck, the whole neighborhood knows. But it felt soooo good! Tiger is all over me, playing my naked body like a fiddle. How can I stop him or his relentless cock? I can't! I shouldn't even try!

She tried to pretend that Suzanne and Katherine weren't there, even though there was no escaping the fact that they were lying on lounge chairs just a few feet away. Angel is asleep, thank the Lord. At least I hope and pray she is, behind those dark sunglasses. But Suzanne - can't she at least make a pretense of not looking my way? Grrr!bender

Alan's hard erection was still resting against Susan's skin. She decided that if she focused on that sensation, she could drive the other conflicting thoughts out of her brain. All she wanted to think about was how good it felt, and how much better it would feel with her lips around it. Before long her guilty feelings evaporated.

As she luxuriated in the sensation of his warm erection resting on her thigh, her horny feelings surged. For some reason, she found herself thinking in a British accent, Thank you sir. May I have another? Then she giggled inside and repeated it again. She thought it was from some movie, but couldn't recall which. (In fact, it was from "Oliver!") Thank you sir. May I have another? It was even funnier the second time, and she idly wondered if she hadn't lost her mind.

Alan wasn't idle; he was working the suntan lotion down her legs. He loved caressing her sleek, silky, muscular legs, as well as her fabulous breasts.

Time passed. He'd been sitting on her thighs, but eventually he pivoted and repositioned himself over her so he could do them next. As his hands worked their way up the back of her thighs, he didn't have to ask her to spread her legs again; she spread them widely and invitingly as his hands drew near. When his fingers finally came to the back edge of her pussy, she began to shudder in yet another round of quiet, tiny orgasms.

She bit down on her lower lip, hoping that he wouldn't notice her passion, but her body gave her away. She started clenching and unclenching her ass cheeks again, but now purely to pleasure his dick even more. Her pussy lips practically fluttered, trembling in delightful anticipation of being penetrated, pummeled and thoroughly fucked by her son while outdoors, in front of both her best friend and her own daughter.

She fully expected that to happen at any minute. In her mind, she cried out, Fuck your slutty, cocksucking mommy! She wants it! She needs it! Mmmm! Yes - right there. Closer! Put your hands on it. Put your fingers on my pussy - put them IN my pussy! No! Not your hands - YOUR COCK! Mmmm, yes! I want you to push your hard, throbbing cock-monster into your mommy's pussy! Punish me with that pole! Punish your naughty, sinful mommy!

Katherine and Suzanne had similar thoughts, just from watching. No one was looking at either of them anymore, so they were free to indulge in open gawking as Alan's hands and erection massaged his mother's butt. Katherine even removed her sunglasses for a clearer view.

Suzanne had recently reached sexual release so she wasn't too wound up. Weighing the pleasure of masturbating herself versus the potential displeasure that act might give Susan, she decided to just rest for a while.

However, Katherine was in agony. She was still being forced to wear a bikini top, though it was so tiny and tied on so loosely that it fell off her nipples more often than not. She resented the restrictions placed on her by her mother, even as the same mother was fully enjoying a lack of restriction herself. Katherine especially resented not being able to fingerfuck herself to satisfaction, since she'd promised Suzanne in advance that she wouldn't do that while with the others.

She thought as she stared, Shit. When is he going to get to me? Is he ever going to get to me? Once he gets started with Mom, he doesn't stop. She's going to drain his balls and leave me nothing. Dump a load on MY face, Brother! Dump it in MY ass. Anywhere. Just come over here with your monster fuck pole. Your number one fuck toy needs it! Have mercy on your sexy sister. I'm going to explode with frustration over here! Argh!

Eventually, Alan decided to put more lotion on Susan's back. He wasn't really interested in her back and she didn't really need more lotion there; he was just using that as an excuse to have more fun with her ass. His cock was practically poking right at her pussy, so he scooted up, away from that danger zone. Then he surreptitiously used a hand to wedge his dick into the crack of her ass. It stayed there, placed so that its tip was like a homing missile that was seeking out her deepest, darkest depths.

Susan clenched and unclenched her butt muscles in an attempt to push it away - or at least that's what she told herself - but her actions actually moved it deeper into her crack, as well as stimulating it. She could easily have moved it elsewhere by reaching around with a hand or by saying something to Alan, but she didn't. Indeed, although she wouldn't admit it even to herself, she really wanted it to delve deeper into her crack and, with any luck, penetrate her puckered hole until it filled her completely.

Her awareness was focused entirely on the hot erection trapped in her ass crack. She moved her hips up and down and kept clenching and unclenching her butt muscles around his boner. It almost looked as if her son were fucking her, or she was fucking him, just from his cock being squeezed by her butt so tightly and repeatedly as she humped under him.

Remarkably, he was able to keep his cool and avoid blowing his load. He'd realized that he could still fondle her ass from his current position, so that's what he did. It was almost as though he was on auto pilot, with his thoughts lost in an erotic fog. He wasn't thinking in the normal sense; instead, his mind was fully devoted to absorbing all the sensory information that flooded into it. Not only did he concentrate on her squeezing around his penis, but also on the feel of her oily skin as his hands repeatedly slid all over it. Even though they were outside and the air was stirring with a light breeze, the smell of her sex was overwhelming. He inhaled and savored it, as if he were a connoisseur savoring a fine wine.

By this point he'd forgotten about the pretense of applying suntan lotion. He just kept methodically rubbing her ass cheeks, lost in the moment. There was enough suntan lotion in the area to make her butt deliciously slippery and fragrantly oily anyway, which let him imagine that all the slickness was caused by numerous cum loads and sweat from his dick, rather than by the lotion. So much pre-cum drooled from his cock that it seemed as if he'd dumped at least one load on her already, which helped his fantasy.

Without warning, Susan was overcome by another tremendous orgasm. Her convulsions and contractions inadvertently squeezed his turgid rod even more delightfully. Her body stiffened and her mouth opened wide as if to cry out. She desperately wanted to yell "Fuck Me!" but, unfortunately for everyone else, no coherent words actually escaped her lips - just more heavy panting.

As she came down from her second orgasmic high, a strong wave of shame passed over her. She realized, I can't bear to look in Suzanne's direction, but she would have to be completely blind not to notice how I just came and came and came! True, I'm supposed to be helping Tiger out, but that kind of orgasm is NOT supposed to happen! This is all about pleasing HIS cock for HIS medical needs and because he's such a lovable, cum-filled boy. I shouldn't be enjoying myself so much. It's ruining my objectivity. I have to calm down and get him off me before I do something I'll really regret! Otherwise this could go on all day.

She replayed her thought: Get him off. Hee-hee. That's right. I have to get him off! Tiger, fill your mommy's mouth with your cum until it's all full and spills out onto her big tits. Mmmm! My tits... They need to be yanked at, just like the teats of a cow! I'm your sex cow. Moooo! Moooo!

She giggled out loud. Give me another orgasm like that last one, Son, and I'll be your sex cow forever!

He kept working on his mother, kneading her ass cheeks and even sliding his erection back and forth a little bit, almost as if he was titfucking her ass crack.

She tried her best to keep her butt still, since that was the focus of his attention. She hoped that maybe if her ass wasn't writhing and clenching around his dick so much, he might shift his attention elsewhere. She was pretty successful in not moving so much, but she was still so highly aroused that she needed some alternate form of release, so the rest of her body writhed instead. Her hands and legs flailed silently in the air, as if she were trying to swim away from her lounge chair. She simultaneously wanted him to stop and to not stop.

She thought a lot about the fact that she was outside under the sun, wearing nothing but high-heeled sandals and glasses. I'm such a naughty, naked mommy. The only reason I'm wearing heels is because I know how it lifts my ass and tits and firms up my leg muscles. And hopefully that makes Tiger's cock long and stiff, but that's not a problem right now. Oh no! There are ten inches of pure heaven crammed in my ass crack, or I'm a monkey's aunt!

Even though she'd just climaxed, within minutes she was working towards an even bigger one. Do me all day, Tiger! Do it to me again! Mmmm! Keep me naked, happy, and well satisfied. I'm your mommy, Tiger. Do nasty fun things to your big-titted mother!

Knowing that Suzanne's eyes were on her, Susan tried her best to make it look like she was having an ordinary lotion application and massage, but she knew that she was failing miserably. The only thing that she was really successful at was keeping her mouth shut. It was about all she could do not to moan, because she knew that if she gave in to that, before long she would scream or say really weird and embarrassing things. For instance, she had a nearly irresistible desire to cry out, "Moooo! Moooo! Sex cow! Mommy is your sex cow! Mooooo!"

After a few minutes, she could no longer keep her butt still. She began to flex and relax her butt muscles again, again stimulating Alan's boner.

Eventually that caused him to take his dick out of his mother's butt crack, because he didn't want to cum yet and he was getting far too close.

Susan almost cried out "No!" when she felt him pull it away, but she let it go silently, hoping that it would soon find its way into some other orifice. She wondered, Maybe he should stick his thick pole into my asshole instead. That's not really a violation of the boundaries, is it? He's allowed to touch me on the butt to get my attention, so isn't sticking his fat thing into my anus and pushing it in and out just another way of touching my butt? It certainly would get my attention! Maybe I should tell him that, from now on, in order to get my attention he has to fuck me up the ass!

Susan hadn't really thought about anal sex until her recent discussion with Brenda. Even after that, she remained very hesitant. But suddenly she was intrigued with the possibility, especially because that wouldn't be "true" incest. She was actually thinking, Do people really DO that?! Brenda says so. But would Tiger do that? Would he do it to ME?! It seems totally perverted! Even so, she still didn't talk.

Once he grabbed his dick to pry it from her butt, he couldn't let go of it. With one hand, he began to stroke himself while, with the other, he resumed exploring her ass crack, since his dick was no longer obstructing his access. He quickly found her anus and fingered the opening. He was so aroused by her ass that, for the first time, he even seriously considered the idea of buttfucking her.

He stroked his hard-on in sync with the finger of his other hand pistoning in and out of her asshole. He imagined that he was fucking her asshole with more than just a finger. He'd previously considered the idea of anal sex to be gross, unclean, and even "gay", but his feelings started to waver the more he stared at her tempting ass. Certainly the fantasy of doing something so forbidden with his mother had a very powerful attraction for him.

That didn't last; he decided that he didn't dare insert his cock there. That might cause her to freak out and end all this fun, he thought. If only he could have read her thoughts!

Susan whimpered and moaned. Oh no! He's fucking my ass with his finger! This can't be happening! I need to say something, but it feels too good! The shame! The sin! There must be something wrong with me. He's taming my ass, and I love it!

She spread her legs even wider, causing her feet to move off the sides of her lounge chair. Her bare ass bucked up and down so much that it made it hard for him to keep his finger inserted in her butt.

Meanwhile, Katherine knew that Susan was far too preoccupied to look back around her way, so she pulled the thin fabric of her bikini bottoms aside and allowed herself to actively finger her pussy. Even though she'd promised Suzanne not to do that, her lust was simply overwhelming her. She tore her bikini top off and frantically rubbed her boobs too, not caring who saw her or what they said.

Suzanne wanted to fuck herself just as badly, but still held back because she knew that Susan would notice if she ever came out of her own throes of ecstasy long enough to look up. The way the lounge chairs were positioned, it was hard for Susan not to see in Suzanne's direction if she ever lifted her head, while Katherine was more out of sight. But just the view of Alan working on his mother caused Suzanne's juices to flow freely. She found the sight of him giving Susan such intense orgasms to be extremely arousing.

But even Suzanne's self-imposed restraint could only last so long. So when Alan began to pay considerable attention to Susan's ass and backside, Suzanne reached behind herself and began to play with her own ass as she watched. Then, as Susan began yet another orgasm, Suzanne plunged her hands into her own pussy from behind as if she were doing herself doggy style. She started to have her own climax, while hoping that Susan was in too much of an erotic fog to recall that her best friend was sitting less than five feet away.

In the end, everyone climaxed at roughly the same time. As Alan reached his orgasm, straddled over his mother, he scooted down her legs a bit and pointed his dick down at her butt. He sprayed his seed all over her ass like a fire hose. It was almost as if he had to hit a moving target, because her whole body shook so fiercely.

Susan was already lost in a continuous series of orgasms from having her son so thoroughly explore her nude body. When she felt his semen spray onto her ass, it caused such a surge of euphoria that she fully

expected to pass out. She'd previously been trying to keep quiet, but at that point she couldn't help but gasp out several loud screams.

Oh God! He's marked my face and my tits, and now he's marked my ass! I feel so, well, MARKED! Mmmm! So spermy! So good!

Katherine and Suzanne both sat up and watched the sight while finishing stimulating themselves to orgasm. Again, Suzanne was reasonably satisfied, in part because she could still taste Alan's cum in her mouth. But Katherine felt her fingers just weren't enough; she longed intensely for the real thing.

Alan was so amazed by all that had happened that he sat back for a minute and admired his handiwork: his mother lying beneath him. Between his torrent of cum and Susan's own juices dripping down her legs, her butt looked like something out of a gang-bang movie scene. At that moment she certainly didn't look very motherly.

He thought he heard her mumbling, "Moooo, moooo, moooo," but couldn't figure out what that meant.

Chapter 438 Susan Feeling Competitive

Everyone calmed down and recovered within a few minutes, but they all stayed silent. Luckily the radio was still playing (now "Superstition" by Stevie Wonder), or the silence would have been deafeningly obvious. Susan, in particular, had never felt so good in her life. She thought for sure that her intense experience was over, and that Alan would now move on to Katherine.

But he wasn't done with her yet. He decided that his fantasy of covering her in cum instead of lotion could become almost real. He said, "Mom, I'm applying some more lotion here," and then began to rub his still-hot seed into the skin of her butt. As she realized what fluid he was using, she quickly regained her intense erotic buzz.

She kept her eyes closed, but now that she'd regained some situational awareness she knew that at least Suzanne must be watching her closely, and probably Katherine as well. That realization disturbed her, but it simultaneously turned her on. Once again, her attitude had shifted as her lust increased.

She thought, Certainly Suzanne can see that my butt is covered with my son's cum-cream! Here I am, buck-naked, with my ass high in the air so my Tiger can coat every single inch of it with his potent sperm. Can I get any more depraved than this? I think not.

He neither fucked her nor left her unattended; he just kept rubbing his cum into her skin. He had cum a lot, but surreptitiously added some suntan lotion to stretch the amount, so that he could massage it into her thighs, back, tummy, and tits as well. In truth, he could only lightly coat those areas with his augmented mixture, but it was the symbolism that mattered.

She was like putty in his hands; every time he kneaded her flesh strongly, she let out a loud moan of intense joy.

He went right to the edge of her pussy and rubbed his seed in alongside her own copiously flowing juices. He was glad that she was infertile, so there was no concern that some of his sperm might find its way inside her and make her pregnant. He pushed some of the mixture directly over her asshole and watched as the stream rolled down along her crack.

The rivulets flowed down to her pussy lips; he hoped that some would make its way within. Her clit became even more engorged than usual. Although he couldn't see it because she was lying face-down, it stuck out prominently, offering itself to be sucked or rubbed vigorously by the shaft of his penis were she to turn over.

Even though he approached it repeatedly, he still didn't dare touch her fuck hole directly, for fear that doing so might make her end the whole thing. Again, things would have been very different if he could have read her thoughts.

Feeling him rub his cum into her skin all over made her nearly delirious with sexual need.

Tiger... Tiger is taming me! He's marking me as his cum-whore! His Mommy-slut! I'm going to stink of his sperm for DAYS! God, forgive me, but if he can get hard again... Hell, what am I saying? Of course he can get hard again. This is my Tiger we're talking about!

Anyway, WHEN he gets hard again, if he wants to fuck my pussy doggy style like this, I'm just going to have to let him! I don't care if Suzanne is watching. I don't even care if Angel is watching. I don't care if I'm going to Hell for it! It feels too good to say no. At least do me up the ass, Son! Fuck your mother's

asshole! And if you don't have the balls to do that, then get off me altogether, because I can't stand the torture of your cock being so close to taking me to heaven!

However, she didn't know if she really meant it, or if she was just letting her fantasies run wild. When she spoke again, all she said was, "Tiger, what kind of lotion are you using there?" Her tone was playful, not accusing. "I don't know if the kind you're using is really PROPER!" She nearly shouted the last word as she shuddered in yet another orgasm. Now that her multiple orgasms had started, it seemed like they would never stop.

"Oh, don't worry, Mom; my cream is the best. It even tastes really good. Would you like to taste some? I could put some on my fingers and you could suck it." As he said this, he put a big gob on his fingers and ran it up and into her butt crack, even stuffing some of it into her anus.

"Oh no, Tiger! Please don't." she panted heavily. "Please don't stuff your cream, your tasty cream, in my mouth! What would people think? So wrong. So wrong to fuck your mommy's mouth here outside, with everybody watching. No! Not yet. Later! Fuck it tonight! Fuck my mouth with your Mommy-taming cock! All night long! Mommy's second pussy will be waiting for it. Consider my mouth a second pussy that you're gonna FUCK! Hard! Mmmm! But now just keep doing what you're doing to my ASS!"

He loved her filthy language. "Oh, do you mean this?" He plunged his cum-soaked finger all the way into her asshole.

"Yes!" she cried out. "YEEEESSSS!" But then she remembered that Suzanne and Katherine were watching, so she said, "Um, I meant no. So good! So good! But you'd better stop! Please don't... uh, take advantage... Uh, Oh! Uh, of your... God! Fuck! ... of your poor, defenseless mommy! Yes!"

Her whole body shuddered and shook so violently that it seemed to Alan like she was being churned by a giant blender on a puree setting. The main reason she discouraged him was that she simply couldn't take any more stimulation; she felt like she would literally lose her mind to her lust.

Her senses returned when it was over, but it had been such a dramatic departure that she felt as if she'd died and been reborn.

She opened her eyes and tried to make sense of the world. The first thing she noticed was the sound of Alan casually saying, "Okay, I'm done anyways." Then she felt him hop off her. She could hardly believe it.

She felt such an intense sense of loss as the pressure of his body lifted from hers that she wanted to cry. How long has he been on me? she wondered. What kind of naughty things did I allow to happen? What the hell did we just do, for crying out loud? What will Suzanne think of me now? Or my darling pure Angel? Does it really have to end?

She just panted while recovering a bit. Then she realized his legs still hadn't been covered with suntan lotion.

"Tiger ... your legs!"

It was the last thing he was expecting her to say. Then he realized how hot and exposed to the sun his own legs were; they were dangerously close to getting really sunburned.

As she regained control of her mind somewhat, now that he was no longer making skin-to-skin contact, she said, "Tiger, lie down where I was and I'll do your legs before they burn." Her tone was firm and uncompromising.

He looked at the lounge chair and noticed a huge wet patch that was his mother's pussy juice. He lay down on the chair, which made her cum stick to his lower stomach. The chair was padded with large cushions, so while most of her cum had dripped off the sides and down onto the concrete deck, enough remained on the cushion that it felt as if he had lain on a puddle.

His mother sat on the ground next to him and began to apply lotion to his feet. Her thighs and abdomen were slick and wet with her cum, not to mention his own smeared-in 'lotion', but she didn't care. She gradually worked her hands up to his butt, but because she was so sexually exhausted she didn't spend much time there. Instead she used the time applying the suntan lotion as an opportunity to slowly recover from her intense erotic high.

She very much wanted to strike up a casual conversation with Suzanne, to make it seem as if the situation were not unusual, but she was too afraid to even look in Suzanne's direction, guessing

correctly that her friend was likely to make some kind of wry observation, like "My, aren't we having fun?" or "Where did your bikini go?"

She had Alan turn over, causing his erection to point straight up in the air, while his European-style bathing suit hung uselessly across his thighs, no longer even covering his balls.

Susan gasped in delight at the sight of his hardness. Then, as if her hands had a life of their own, she began to apply oil over the front of his legs by starting again at his feet. She quickly covered him up to the edge of his balls. Then she sat there and stared openly at his erection, which jutted out like an iron pole. She thought about her boundaries and the need to obey them, but she felt her resolve quickly slipping away once again.

He lay back with his eyes closed and prayed silently.

Suzanne could sense that Susan was wavering, so she spoke up. "It's not a matter of whether you want to suck and stroke his cock or not, or whether you enjoy it. What's important is what's good for your cutie Tiger. He needs to be stimulated many times a day. Many! Repeatedly! Constantly! You've teased and tormented him with your outrageously curvy and very fit body, and now you have to pay the price with your lips and your tongue. Think about the terrible blue balls he must be suffering from. Now is your chance to help." Suzanne completely failed to mention that Susan should take him inside for more privacy.

Susan forgot about that option too. All she could focus on was the long, stiff dick in front of her. She still didn't dare turn to look at her best friend.

Suzanne was like the little cartoon devil on Susan's shoulder, but there was no corresponding cartoon angel on Susan's other shoulder to talk her out of it - if anything, she was afraid that a little cartoon "Katherine" would be there to cheer her on. Susan thought, I can't believe this is still happening. I've died a thousand times already today. But Suzanne's right: this is all my fault! I can't even keep my bikini on, and now my entire naked body is smeared with his spermy 'lotion'. How can I leave him stiff after all that stimulation? It would be downright cruel!

She closed her eyes and reached out with her hands to jack off her son. Her logic was, This is much better, from a moral vantage point, than having him fuck me. If I just jack him off, or even suck his cock, that's no big deal, right? That's not really all that naughty. Angel and Suzanne are his personal cocksuckers too, so they understand the need to constantly stimulate his powerful cock.

Anyway, I have to reward him for making me feel soooo good. A strong, demanding cock like his needs a lot of rewarding. In fact, if he wants my mouth, it's not for me to say no. My Tiger is hurting with too much nasty cum, and I'm a good mommy. Good mommies suck their boys dry of every last little spermie! Angel and Suzanne will understand that too!

Originally, she'd just wanted to cover his prick with lotion and jack it off for a long time, but it seemed her mouth had a mind of its own. Within seconds, she was sucking him off contentedly. He had just climaxed, so his cock was on the rebound, giving him greater endurance. Nevertheless, she battled to "defeat" his erection with her mouth and her hands.

Inspired by what she'd seen Suzanne do earlier, she did things with her tongue that she'd never done before, things that she hadn't even realized that she could do. She held his balls and began to play with them as well.

Then she used her other hand and reached into his ass crack. A lingering sense of restraint and acute awareness of the fact that Suzanne was watching from only a few feet away stopped her from penetrating his anus, even though she'd done it before.

Somehow, she convinced herself that Katherine had to be sleeping. The idea that her daughter was aware and watching was too disturbing to contemplate, and she was careful not to look in that direction to find out what the truth might be.

Then, as she fondled her son's firm ass, she thought, Why should I deny my Tiger anything? He made me see stars, and God dammit, I'm going to make him see whole constellations with the best darn cocksucking ever in the history of the world! If I have to fuck his ass with my finger to help him, then, dammit, I'll do it, even if it shames me in front of Suzanne. That's just tough shit. My big-titted body exists now only to please him!

So she wetted a finger with her pussy juices and then plunged it into his butt. But she didn't stop there. Probing in deeper, she found his prostate gland and stimulated it. However, she still kept her eyes closed in embarrassment and tried to pretend that, if she couldn't see them, then they couldn't see her probing his ass and bobbing on his cock .

She decided she had to be better than her friend. I'm not gonna let Suzanne be a better cocksucker! she thought fiercely. Damn her and her long tongue. I'm gonna be the best because of my love and dedication. My Tiger has to realize he needs to come to his mommy for ALL of his cocksucking needs!

She thought about all the other female help he was getting, and realized that her goal was wildly unrealistic. Well, okay, at least he can come to me for a lot of them.bender

She took his cock as deep in her mouth as she could and then backed off almost all the way, again and again. Then she decided she had to try something new, if she was going to become her son's best cocksucker. She recalled how Suzanne had deep throated him a short while earlier, even as Suzanne was staring right into her eyes. Just thinking about it sent shivers down her spine. She figured that if Suzanne could deep throat him, then she could also. So she stuffed his cock even deeper into her mouth. But she had no idea how to deep throat properly, so, unsurprisingly, she gagged immediately.

Even that failure increased her lust. Tiger is making me choke on his huge cock! What an unstoppable stud! But she had to give up the deep throating effort for the moment. To make up for that failure, she sucked on his balls for a while, taking one and then the other all the way into her mouth.

He found that surprisingly pleasurable, especially since her nimble fingers kept sliding up and down his shaft.

She thought to herself, How does Suzanne do that deep-throating thing? I'll have to read those sex books I bought. There's no way to put a cock down a throat! Is there? She felt an urge to immediately ask her friend about her methods, and that caused her to remember anew where she was and who she was with.

Oh dear! Suzanne is really right here with us! And so is my Angel! I'm sitting here, sucking off my own son - I actually have one of his BALLS in my MOUTH - while my daughter and my best friend watch me! I can't bear to check, but they MUST be watching my every lick. The shame! What have I become? I have truly fallen. A fallen woman, completely fallen into sin and lust. Please forgive me, Lord!

But she didn't stop. In fact, the thought of being watched only propelled her forward with even more lust. She let his ball ease from her mouth and sucked on the other one. I'm so depraved, but I even love this ball sucking! Just a few weeks ago the idea that I would ever do this would have been laughably ludicrous, but here I am! In fact, I clean his balls on a daily basis, and I love it!

But she knew that the thing that pleased him the most was cocksucking, so she soon returned to that. As she loved to do, she engulfed his cockhead and bobbed over his sweet spot with tight suction and excellent tongue action. She figured that attempting something new would have to wait for another time; with all eyes on her, she figured it was best to stick with the tried and true. Minutes passed while she was lost in her own little world of total happiness: sucking, licking, and making endless "Mmmm!" moans.

Her efforts, especially the way her tongue swirled and slobbered around and around his sweet spot, soon paid off. Alan began to cum.

Susan saw another opportunity to better Suzanne, since her friend had apparently failed to swallow all of his cum when it was her turn. So Susan held on for dear life as he shot a big, hot wad of cum directly into her mouth. She figured it would be much less embarrassing doing it that way than ending up with a face full of his spermy cream.

She took it all and didn't miss a drop.

One of her hands drifted to her crotch, and when she touched her clit she exploded into another orgasm. It only took the slightest touch. She managed not to scream this time, for fear that she might do harm to her son's cock, which was still in her mouth. But she breathed so heavily around it that it seemed as if she was on the verge of hyperventilation.

When it was over, she lay down and plopped her head on his legs, utterly exhausted. She could scarcely believe that she'd cum so much in such a relatively short time.

For the moment she had lost all moral restraint, and would have done anything and everything Alan might have tried with her. All she could think was: It tastes so good! Mmmm! I want more! More...

Chapter 439 Susan And Suzanne

Alan came to life, as if awakening from a dream, and looked at the world around him. His mother's sticky juices were on two sides of him now. It suddenly felt gross to him to be so sticky. He looked at his emotionally and physically spent mother as she rested near his feet with her eyes closed, and thought of

all the cum he'd slathered all over her, even though it had worked into her skin and couldn't be seen anymore. Her own juices, though, were visible all over her, and she looked a mess.

Susan repeatedly licked her lips, lost in deep reflection and oblivious to the world around her. Yeeeeesssss, she thought with complete and utter satisfaction. This afternoon has been the best, most pleasurable thing I've ever felt! Forget about regular fucking - that was better than any fuck I've ever had. I'm going to concentrate all my efforts on cocksucking from now on. More than before, even. I was having naughty thoughts about buttfucking and God knows what else, but I'm content just to nibble on his knob. It's soooo good! That'll keep me more than satisfied. Well, that and titfucking and handjobs, of course. As long as his cock is on me in some way.

Yes, Son, you don't know it yet, but your mommy's your happy little sex slut now. My son has conquered me with his potent, cum-filled fuck stick! Or maybe you do know it, Son, because your mother is such a shameless hussy, blowing your thick knob right in the open, in front of everyone!

I love it! I'm going to make you feel so good, every day! I'm like a junkie needing another fix. I'm dead to the world now, but I've got to feel like that again, and soon! I'm a sex junkie! Yes. Sex junkie. Sex cow. Moo. Sex slave! Sex, sex, sex! Yes! Sex with my son... Despite all that happened, that last thought sent a shiver of excitement down her spine.

Yes. He's going to fuck me. Right in my needy cunt. It's inevitable. It'll be even BETTER than cocksucking, if such a thing is possible! I'll be the ultimate sinner. My own son is going to fuck me so deep and so hard that I'm going to DIE of JOY! YES!

But she had no energy to move, so she just reveled in these wild thoughts and fantasies.

Alan looked up at Suzanne and saw her calmly sit back with her sunglasses raised high on her forehead. That was all she was wearing.

She looked directly at him and smiled. Then she gave him a knowing wink.

He winked back. He'd had a great time, to say the least, but he didn't fully fathom what a transcendental experience Susan had just had with her countless orgasms.

Suzanne, though, had a much better idea, and she was very jealous. At the same time, she was pleased that Susan's barriers were crumbling so rapidly. She knew that all this mind-blowing sexual pleasure would have a big effect on Susan's psyche, making her much more willing in the future to do sexual things with Alan in front of other loved ones.

Even Katherine, from the poor angle where she sat, could tell that something momentous had happened and that her mother had experienced some kind of mental breakthrough that would result in more sexual fun for everyone in the future.

Alan looked over at his sister and saw her apparently move back into a sleeping position. Finally stripping off his ineffectual bathing suit completely, he announced, "Thanks, Mom! That was great. You were super. I'm going for a swim."

He bounded nude to the pool and cannonballed in with a big splash. He swam quite a few laps in the pool. The water made him feel completely fresh and alive. He'd never swum naked before, and found it extremely invigorating. When he finally stopped for a pause, he looked around to get his bearings and saw that his mother and Suzanne now both stood in the pool as well. They caught his eye and smiled. He was glad that both of them seemed happy, naked, and unconcerned, despite all that had just occurred.

What Alan didn't know was that a few minutes earlier, when Susan and he were completely occupied with each other, Suzanne had hurriedly gotten up, scuttled across the back porch and into the house, and grabbed her purse, which was in the living room. She'd taken out a small egg-shaped vibrator and pushed it up into her pussy until nothing could be seen of it from the outside. So now she stood there in the pool with a vibrator designed "for the woman on the go" throbbing deep inside her.

Suzanne spoke quietly and reassuringly to Susan next to her. "Girl, I know you may be feeling a bit embarrassed right now, but don't be. Just look at your handsome son swimming naked in the pool. Just look at him! You don't even need to see his cock to know he's going to have a big, powerful one built to tame lots of big-titted women."

"That's true," Susan sighed dreamily.

Suzanne said, "And a demanding one! Why, I dare say that even without his special medical treatment, he'd be cumming close to six times a day anyway, now that he's entering his sexual prime. You, Angel, me - we have no choice but to be his personal cocksuckers. Who cares if the other one or two of us sees? That's good! We can watch and get tips that way, learning from each other."

"Hmmm. That's a good point." Susan loved to hear that, since she needed justification for her desire to be one of his personal cocksuckers. But she was a little uncertain, now that she was coming down from her erotic high. Still, her pussy tingled with need as she watched her son swim, even though it was painfully sore from so many climaxes. She couldn't stop admiring his bare buttocks move through the water.

Suzanne added, "I wish I'd been in your shoes. You got quite a rubdown there. How many times did you cum?"

Susan blushed a little bit. "Um, a few." She still liked to maintain the pretense that all her sexual activity was only to help her son, and that she herself didn't also get incredible sexual pleasure from it.

Alan finally swam up to where the two mothers had been next to each other in the water. They stood up as he approached, so that their boobs hung just above the surface of the water, where earlier they had been bobbing up and down like a line of four giant buoys. He noticed that his mother's bikini top was still off, but, looking closer underwater, he saw that she had put her bikini bottoms back on. Suzanne, by contrast, remained completely naked.

Their four naked tits, all in a line, were a truly unprecedented sight to behold. His exhausted penis returned to full hardness in seconds. He was struck once again by how similar their bodies were to each other. No wonder they're friends - it's like they have the exact same bodies. Not just kind of the same, but exactly the same from the neck down, minus the skin tone. And they're both so unusually tall. Sis too. It's a good thing I'm over six feet tall myself, or I'd be intimidated by their sheer size.

Suzanne spoke to him from across the pool. "I was just telling your mother that it isn't fair. Seems like she got a much better rubdown than I did! MUCH better."

Susan blushed. She lowered her head. "It was ... nice, very nice ... but I'm afraid it can't happen again."

"What?" both Alan and Suzanne said at the same time.

Suzanne had concluded that her "lotion application" scheme had been a total success, and Susan's comments to her a minute earlier had assured her that all was fine.

Alan figured for sure that his mother's taking off her bikini top was a sign that things would get wetter and wetter all day long. And he wasn't thinking of the water in the pool.

Katherine was upset too. I've been keeping a low profile here 'cos Aunt Suzy assured me that was best for the long term. She wanted Mom to know I was there, but not have me rub it in her face. So I behave perfectly, miss out on all the fun, and we still get THIS? Ugh! I just can't win.

"You heard me," Susan continued. "It's not the blowjob; I'm fine with that. Tiger desperately needed relief, so I had no choice but to help. It was some of the other stuff. We need to maintain boundaries, and I'm afraid I forgot my own rule, that Tiger is not allowed to touch me in certain places. That can quickly lead to even more boundary violations, as we saw today. Why, Son, you almost put your fingers in my... in my you-know-where."

The more her arousal was ebbing, the more she thought about her weak moments when she'd been eager for him to fuck her. That looked pretty bad to her now, and she didn't know which was worse: that she'd wanted to be fucked in her ass, or in her pussy.

Alan and Suzanne had a hard time keeping straight faces when Susan said, "Tiger is not allowed to touch me in certain places." It had seemed that was one rule which had been long forgotten.

Susan added, "And doing this out in the open in front of everyone is terribly improper! Even now, what if the neighbors saw? What if Brad or Eric came home and saw?"

"That isn't going to happen, I can assure you," Suzanne said.

"Still..." Susan finally raised her eyes again. "It's much too improper. ... Son, I understand we have to provide you with prolonged stimulation until you cum as many times today as we can, and that's fine. I'd love to give you as many blowjobs as you want, and I hope you'll, uh, you can..."

Her mood had swung so much back in the prudish direction that now she was embarrassed to admit that she'd had her own orgasms (though it hadn't swung so far that she wanted to go in the house and end all the fun). "Um, I hope you can make me feel good too. But we can't just do it willy-nilly. We have to have rules."

They saw that she was serious. Somehow, she had rediscovered some of her self-control. Once Alan had left her presence, it was as if the fog of lust had lifted from her brain and all her usual after-the-fact doubts had come rushing back. She was ashamed that she'd let Alan get away with so much in full sight of Suzanne and probably Katherine. She worried that she'd lost some of her authority. But the main issue was how she'd luxuriated in the thought of being fucked by her son. Since she hadn't expressed those urges out loud, the others didn't understand what was really bothering her.

Alan was glad that he hadn't just reached out to play with the two mothers' boobs, as he'd been about to do. Great. More teasing, less satisfaction, he thought bitterly. He started to say, "But-"

"No buts! Laying out here together and swimming and all is fine, but we ladies are more than capable of putting on our own lotion, thank you very much!"

Looking to lessen the defeat, he asked, "What about backs? Nobody can put lotion on their own back."

"Okay, the backs then. But that's it."

"And what about Sis? I covered both of you, but I still haven't covered her, and I promised."

Susan vacillated. "Okay, I guess that's only fair. But keep those boundaries in mind this time and keep her bikini on, or you'll both be in big trouble!" She furtively glanced down at his boner floating under the water. It had just engorged in the last minute or two, as he stood close to the two MILF beauties. Sheesh! Does that thing EVER go down?!

She added, "And put your bathing suit back on, as soon as you get out of the pool. And this is the last time you do this."

At heart, Susan was a big softy. But also, she was still feeling lusty enough that she could talk the talk about stopping things, but she didn't have the heart to walk the walk.

Suzanne commented, "Susan, I just realized something. You forgot to clean his cock and balls after his climax."

"Oh no! I did, didn't I? Oh dear!" She looked at his stiff cock as it bobbed under the water. "Well, I guess that's okay because his swimming has cleaned things up."

Suzanne said, "But that's not the point, is it? It's not just about getting clean; it's about showing your respect and your devotion. It's about thanking his cock for letting you suck it. Isn't it?"

"That's true," she said sadly. "But I was just so out of it..."

"Is that a legitimate excuse? Does that clean his cock?"

"Well, no, obviously..."

"I think you need to be punished. I think you need a good spanking!"

Alan was still standing in front of them, listening with great interest. He said, "Don't worry about it, Mom. It's not a big deal. I love that you do that, but it's not like a law you have to do it every time."

Susan nodded while remaining silent. She was secretly disappointed. Even though she was no longer riding an erotic high, she still loved the idea of having her son give her a good spanking.

Suzanne quietly sighed in frustration. Why is he so damn considerate? It makes my job more difficult. Oh well. Today has still been a huge step forward overall, and it's not even done yet.

Chapter 440 You're My Favorite Sister

Alan hopped out of the pool. He figured that he'd better start with his sister right away before his mother had a chance to change her mind yet again.

Katherine sat up in her chair in anticipation of Alan's ministrations. She'd been naked, but she'd put her bathing suit back on after she overheard what Susan said. She tied her top on as tightly as it could go, so her nipples would be apparent.

"You need some more lotion or you'll burn up," he said, providing the thin excuse to explore her body.

Katherine was frustrated that she had a fairly ordinary bikini, instead of one with the impossibly small triangles that Suzanne had found and bought for herself and Susan.

However, Alan didn't really mind. He figured that given everything else that had just happened, he could take Katherine's top off in a few minutes anyway. Susan would have to be extremely hypocritical to complain, since she still didn't have her top on and Suzanne was completely nude.

He sat next to Katherine's lounge chair and put a big gob of suntan lotion on his hand. While Susan talked to Suzanne in the pool, Katherine quietly and wickedly said to him, "Hey, Big Iron Spike Brother, why don't you give it to me like you gave it to Mom?"

"I wish, Little Sugar Walls Sis. But she just told me 'boundaries, boundaries.'"

"Yeah, I heard," whispered his frowning sister. "That's not fair!" With an even more quiet whisper straight into his ear, she added, "Your fuck toy is so horny. Her fuck hole is all lonely and empty. It needs a filling of brother-cock!"

He was a bit shocked by that. Her words sent a thrill up and down his spine, but he played it cool. He whispered back, "Well, let's keep our eyes open for an opportunity and maybe we can still have some fun."

She lay down and he straddled her. Since he was naked, he made sure to rub his hard erection all the way up the inside of her leg as he moved up her body. It eventually rested on the inside of her thigh. She whispered, "Mmmm. Just a few more inches..."

"Alan! Your bathing suit?" his mother barked at him from inside the pool.

He'd conveniently "forgotten" about his bathing suit. He could tell she was upset by the way she called him "Alan" instead of "Tiger." So he reluctantly got up, put his tiny European-styled suit back on, and then straddled his sister again. This time, he sat on her legs below her butt. His boner immediately popped out and he left it that way, in the exact same position it had been in before he'd been forced to put on the suit.

He began to cover his sister all over with lotion. He could hardly believe that, after such intense encounters with one gorgeous woman and then a second, he would immediately proceed to do it again with yet a third.

He could just barely hear the two mothers' conversation at times when the wind wasn't blowing, and he noticed how Suzanne was subtly trying to blunt Susan's post-orgasmic prudish resurgence. Suzanne was spending a lot of time explaining how the neighbors really couldn't see into the backyard. Then she started in on how it was Susan's "duty" to keep at least her bikini top off since the house rules dictated that Alan could decide what Susan had to wear.

Alan was soon drawn into the conversation. Susan yelled at him just loud enough for him to hear, "Tiger? Suzanne says that you're ordering me to keep my top off right now. Is that true?"

"No, Mom," he shouted back. But then after a pregnant pause, he added, "I'm ordering you to keep it all off."

Susan pouted, "Tiiiiiiiger! You're so mean!" But she couldn't help but flash a wide smile too.

"Sorry, Mom; them's the breaks." He grinned. "I'll tell you what; I'll let you keep your glasses. Oh, and your high heels if you're out of the pool."

"Gee, thanks," Susan replied sarcastically, but she was secretly delighted.

He watched while Susan briefly stood and pulled her bikini bottoms off, then tossed them out of the pool. She made a show of it, and even wiggled about in shallow waters in time to the song on the radio. (It was appropriate that the current song was "I'm on Fire" by The Dwight Twilley Band, since she looked scorching hot.)

Luckily for him and his sister, Suzanne and Susan were tired. Susan especially was wiped out after her many intense orgasms. They soon retired to their own lounge chairs (after putting their high-heeled sandals back on). That meant Susan wouldn't be looking their way nearly as much.

He turned his attention back to massaging Katherine with his hands and his erection.

She whispered to him, "Mom's such a pushover."

"I know."

She added, "It gets me all hot and bothered. I could totally picture it. She'd say, 'Tiiiiiiiger! Please don't stick your hard cock in my defenseless pussy! Please? I'm your mother!' And then you'd say, 'Sorry, Mom, them's the breaks', and you'd just shove it right in her hot hole! Then she'd kick her legs up in the air and whine, 'You're so mean!' as you start to really give it to her! Before long, you'd be drilling her so deep, she'd be able to taste your cum in her throat!"

There was a long silent pause. He stopped moving and just panted heavily. He was frantically squeezing his PC muscle, trying not to cum. It would be embarrassing to cum due to talk about fucking his mother while he was with his sister.

"You okay?" Katherine finally asked, their voices still too quiet for Susan or Suzanne to hear.

"Yeah, but please don't say that kind of stuff! Jesus H. Christ! Talk about torture! If she says no, I just can't go against that. I can't!"

"Even if she says no and means yes?"

"Unfortunately, even then. God, it sucks."

Katherine giggled, "And so does she, but in a very, very good way."

He continued working on his sister's body, but felt emotionally unsettled. I'm such a wimp. I should just fuckin' fuck Mom. I should. I should! If any other guy knew how much she teases me and all but asks for it on a daily basis, they'd think I'm crazy for not getting more aggressive. But if she had another prudish rebound afterwards and looked at me with those sad, disapproving eyes... Oh man. I'd rather have my fingernails pulled out than make her feel like a horrible person!

Meanwhile, the conversation between Suzanne and Susan slowly died out as Suzanne batted away all of Susan's feeble protests. For a while, they both turned their heads around to look frequently at what Alan was doing to Katherine. Susan was telling herself that she was checking to make sure Alan didn't go too far, but she was really getting off on watching their sexual contact. Suzanne was enjoying the sight too, but she was also making sure that the siblings didn't go too far and trigger another backlash from Susan.

Alan was mindful of being watched and judged, so he acted carefully. Even though there was no more than a square foot of clothing between the two siblings, and his erection and balls were hanging completely out of his useless bathing suit, nothing too risqué appeared to happen, other than his hard-on dragging across his sister's skin from time to time.

By recent Plummer family standards that wasn't such a big deal, so Susan was somewhat mollified. She gradually turned her head their way less and less frequently, and finally stopped looking altogether. She was tired out from her many climaxes, and swimming with Suzanne had exhausted what little energy she had left.

It was hard to tell, because Susan was wearing dark sunglasses again, but Alan eventually decided that his mother had fallen asleep. He wasn't sure about Suzanne, with her eyes also hidden behind dark sunglasses, but the important thing was that Susan was now probably out of the picture. At the very least, her head was turned away and all he could see was her long mane of dark brown hair.

By the time Alan had decided that Susan was asleep, he had already finished applying lotion to most of Katherine's body. But, cleverly, he had saved the best for last: her ample tits.

Katherine pretended to be worried. "Brother, you're scaring me! It's like you're a hungry wolf and I'm a sizzling steak."

"Mmmm. Yum!" He wordlessly took her bikini top off and gave her a secret wink.

She writhed around in a very sexy manner. "Oh no! Whatever will I do? My Big Bad Brother Wolf is intent on eating me! Or at least licking me!" She broke character and winked playfully.

When it came to his sister, he knew she was willing to go as far as he wanted, and then some. After he squirted a big gob of coconut-flavored lotion onto his hands, he began to rub vigorously. He liked to imagine that the lotion was his own seed. But, unlike with Susan or Suzanne earlier, he didn't feel the need to hold back much, now that no one else seemed too terribly interested in what he was doing.

After he slathered his sister's tits with the oil, he devoted his full attention to her nipples. He pinched, pulled, sucked, and bit them until she was ready to scream out in both agony and ecstasy.

He would occasionally look towards Susan's and Suzanne's lounge chairs, since he faced that direction anyway, but all he could see were the backs of their heads and their chests lightly rising and falling as they apparently lay sleeping.

Katherine closed her eyes so she could concentrate fully on the tactile sensations. She was afraid to speak much, for fear of drawing Susan's or Suzanne's attention in case one or both of them were just feigning sleep. So, instead, she had fun directing her thoughts to Alan, pretending that she could control his actions with her mind.

That's it, Brother. Touch me there. Tweak it - yeah! You know how to turn me on so well! Now scoot forward a little bit. Put your cock right in my hole! You know you want to do it, so do it! Come on! Don't be a chicken! Fuck me right in front of Mom and Aunt Suzy! What are they going to do? They're only going to fight over who gets to be supremely fucked next. You know it. Come on, just scoot a little. Slide it down, right over my smooth, shaven skin. Oh yeah, and do that too! So good!

He more or less followed her commands, not because she had any power of mental telepathy but because he wanted to do the same things that she wanted. He wasn't ready to start fucking her out in the open. But, sitting as he was below his sister's crotch yet reaching up to her boobs, it would be only natural when he scooted forward and brought his thick rod within inches of her pussy.

He seemed stymied by the fact that she still had her bikini bottoms on, but she quickly took care of that problem. She looked up into his eyes and mouthed the word "Oops!" as she pulled her bikini bottoms down her thighs. She kept at it until they were completely off.

He gulped. That meant trouble. What if Susan woke up? How would they explain the lack of bikini bottoms? But he was too horny to stop. With only one hand on her boobs, he brought the other to his cock and began to rub his shaft around the entrance to her love hole. With another glance at his sleeping mother, he poked the tip of his boner right at his sister's pussy lips and pushed her fat, engorged lips even further open.

Her pussy was already really wet from his ministrations. She was nearly delirious with anticipation. Is he really going to fuck me right here, right in front of them?! That would be so cool! So brave! Go, Big Brother, do it!

As the head of his erection slid over her wet inner thighs, the feeling for him was incredible. He looked down and saw the pre-cum oozing from his cockhead and mingling with her juices. His boner grew even more erect, if that was possible. He could see his erection throb as it literally bounced up and down on her wet, juicy pussy.

"Hey, Big Beef Injection Brother," his sister whispered very quietly, "Do you want to fuck me right now or what? I'm so totally game, if you are. Let's do it!"

He felt playful and cavalier, so he whispered back, "I don't know, Little Velvet Tunnel Sis. Have you been a good girl?"

"If by 'good girl,' you mean a good and obedient fuck toy, a willing fuck toy creaming at the mere thought of getting repeatedly speared by her very own brother, then yes!"

He was tempted. He looked around and realized that it wouldn't be too crazy to fuck her - they just might get away with it, if they were quick and quiet about it. But then he imagined Susan discovering them, and yelling at him in red-faced anger. He realized just how insanely dangerous it would be to fuck his sister, especially since he'd already gotten in trouble when his mother caught him with Suzanne in the "pool boy incident," and then later with Katherine when Susan had discovered how Katherine was helping him by walking in during his sister's blowjob. Also, it would set back his campaign to fuck his mother in a big way if she thought he couldn't control himself.

"Too risky," he whispered. He scooted his body forward until his pole was up beyond her entrance. But not by much - his dick now lay on top of the smoothly-shaven skin where her pubic hair had been, so that his pre-cum-dripping cockhead brushed against her clitoris.

In her mind, she cried out, No! Bring it back! Stick it in me! Fuck me! Take me! Do me! Do your sister! Your fuck toy! Don't you want to fuck your sister? I don't care who knows or who sees! I love you and I want you to have me! All of me! Bring it back!

But she did care who knew, at least somewhat, because she kept those thoughts to herself. She was much like her mother in this respect: thinking much nastier thoughts than what she was willing to say out loud.

Katherine was now too excited not to get her hands busy as well. She grabbed his prick and started to rub it back and forth over her sensitive, shaven skin. That turned into a handjob with one hand and the flicking of her clit with the other. But then she put both hands on his boner and began to stroke it with pure abandon.

As she did that, she whispered, "Mom's not the only one totally in love with your cock! I know those two are built like ridiculously stacked Amazon warriors, but don't forget your little sister! I'm pretty sexy too."

He smiled. "You're VERY sexy. I would NEVER forget you. You're my favorite sister."

She sighed in exasperation. "I'm your ONLY sister."

"Oh yeah."

They both smiled. This was a verbal game they played a lot.

He watched her rubbing his bare erection against her clit and pussy lips. He whispered, "Hey, be careful there."

"Don't worry, I know. No fucking. Still, this feels pretty good, doesn't it?" She rubbed two fingers against his sweet spot while the tip of his cockhead bumped into her clit.

"Hell yeah!"

Her smile grew wider. "My thoughts exactly."

Soon, four arms flailed wildly across their bodies: he had his hands high up to mash and pull his sister's boobs while she had hers underneath, double-pumping his shaft. Both of them rapidly built up to a dizzying climax.