

6 Times 441

Chapter 441 I Really Need A Spanking- Kath

"What do the two of you think you're DOING?" It was the unexpected sound of Susan shouting shrilly.

Alan looked up and saw her sitting up in her chair, shooting daggers at them with her eyes. She was leaning forward, causing her huge tits to sway and jiggle.

Suzanne was up and turned around towards him and his sister as well, but she wore a more amused expression. She managed to preen and pose her naked body sexily while shifting positions.

The two siblings removed their hands from each other as if they'd suddenly touched hot irons.

Susan got up, put on her bikini bottoms (but not her bikini top), and headed in their direction. Even though they'd just been busted, about the only thing Alan could think of was how sexy his mother looked in her minuscule bikini bottoms as she angrily stalked towards them. Her jugs swung from side to side and forward and back with every step as she drew closer.

They listened to the sound of her high heels click-clicking on the concrete as she walked their way.

He was right on the edge of orgasm, thanks to several minutes of rubbing his cock against his sister's pussy while she stroked him, so he was afraid that he'd shoot his load just from the sight of his walking mother. As he realized that ejaculating wouldn't make their predicament any better, he clenched his PC muscle with all his might in a desperate attempt to stave off a climax. He thought, At least I had the sense not to fuck Sis. Man, that would have been a total disaster!

Susan folded her arms under her breasts, further pushing out her boobs, and glared.

That made her look even more fuckable to Alan's eyes. Despite his predicament, all he could think was, I wonder if she needs me to apply lotion to those nipples and all over her tits some more. I should point out that they're exposed to the sun and are going to get burned. Maybe I can even put some of my special cream on them. He chuckled silently.

But in fact she was very irate. "Alan Evan Plummer! For SHAME!"

He struggled to focus. His penis repeatedly jerked as it tried to shoot a load, while his PC muscle control barely held it in check.

"Didn't I just finish telling you about no improper touching? And yet I find your big hard cock lying right near your sister's defenseless pussy! And you, Katherine Anne Plummer! You're supposed to ask my permission first, young lady! You're also flagrantly ignoring my wishes and violating the clear boundaries I've set out, jacking him off in your hot little hands, stroking all those inches of his fat cock like it was the most important thing in the world!"

She continued, "Look at you two! Why, Katherine, you could have simply lifted your sexy ass and guided him into your tight pussy, and he would have been pounding you with his fat cock! And what happened to your bikini bottoms?"

Alan was having a hard time, since he found her angry words to be so arousing. He continued his intense clenching.

Katherine looked away in embarrassment. "Um, they kind of slid off."

"Slid off?! Ha! I'll bet. All the way down your legs? I don't think so!"

Katherine figured the best defense was a good offense. "Well, what about you? Why aren't you wearing your bikini top right now? It's right over there." She pointed to where the tiny top lay, near the edge of the pool.

Susan sounded indignant, even though she knew she was on shaky ground on this point. "That's different. It so happens that there's a rule that Alan has total control over what I wear, and we always obey the rules around here. Just like how you need to obey the rules I gave you!"

Katherine pointed out, "But last I heard, Brother said you had to take your bikini bottoms off, and yet you just put them back on."

Susan looked over to Alan, hoping for support.

But he just looked disappointed that she was breaking the rules.

Susan realized she'd lost that round. Peeved, she shimmied out of her bikini bottoms and tossed them aside, so her daughter couldn't complain about her hypocrisy. "Fine," she huffed. She clutched and hid her pussy with both hands, but that just left her massive melons even more exposed. "I forgot he said that, okay? But that doesn't excuse what you were doing!"

"I forgot too!" Katherine claimed defiantly.

He thought, Man oh man! Everybody needs to shut up and go away, or I'm really gonna cum! Mom's getting naked on my whim, even while trying to lecture Sis? It's like a sexy conspiracy against my dick!

Susan wagged her finger, still keeping her angry stance. "I don't think I can trust you two together." She pointed at Alan's crotch. "Just look at your big erection! It's all slippery and slick and wet. And throbbing. And hot. And so long..." Her voice lost its angry edge and grew soft as she kept staring at his exposed boner.

She lost her train of thought. She was nearly overwhelmed with the desire to drop down and shove his thickness deep into her mouth.bender

He saw the desire in her eyes and the way she licked her lips, and he was so aroused by the idea that her angry rant could be cut short by stuffing his dick in her mouth that his pole twitched even more. He had to redouble his efforts not to cum.

Rallying her resolve, she asked, "Son, can't you make that thing go down? I'm chastising you. Shouldn't this be the kind of time you go flaccid, at least for a little while?"

"Sorry, Mom. But look at Sis. She may well be the most beautiful girl in school. And then look at you. I've got to cope with having a Playboy centerfold of the year as my mom."

Susan huffed in exasperation. "You know I've never been a centerfold."

He pretended to be clueless. "Really? Are you sure about that? Wasn't that you, Miss December, last year?"

She rolled her eyes. "No, it was not." But his flattery was having an effect, and her mood was softening. She again crossed her arms under her hefty rack, striking a determined pose that showed she wasn't falling for his bullshit, but at the same time that completely exposed her pussy. Belatedly realizing this, she quickly dropped a hand back down to cover it.

She thought, He's making me all flustered. I can't let myself be swayed by his clever words and his huge, throbbing cock. I have to be tough! She willed herself back to being angry.

Then she turned her head away from his crotch, looked at Katherine, and continued, "Your sister is all wet too. You two have been up to something. Alan, you're grounded for a week. And not only that, but no blowjobs from me for ... for... three days!"

She'd meant to say one week for that, as well, but just as she was giving out the punishment, her eyes had drifted back to his erection and she'd decided a week would be far too long for her to take. She licked her lips hungrily. After all, I'm punishing him, not me!

He complained, "Three days?! But what about Tuesday?"

Susan did a mental calculation and realized that Tuesday would be the third day of her punishment. She definitely didn't want to miss out on that. She sheepishly and quietly added, "Counting today." That made her red in the face, but she wasn't about to miss out on a Tuesday full of cocksucking for anything.

His erection still twitched as he teetered on the verge of orgasm, but the sense of imminent climax slowly passed as the disappointment at the punishment set in.

Then Susan turned to Katherine. "And Katherine, my supposed Angel, I was too nice when I lifted your grounding last week. This is how you repay me! I don't know what I'm going to do. ... You're grounded for a month! That's right, an entire month! And no helping your brother with blowjobs for that whole time either!"

Alan looked down shamefacedly.

But Katherine maintained a defiant attitude. "What?! What about you..." She was about to launch into how hypocritical her mother had been, given how Susan had just busted through her own boundaries a short while before when Alan was on top of her, but then Katherine realized that she was supposed to have been asleep the whole time. What a gyp!

"What about me?" Susan said angrily.

"Nothing..." Katherine trailed off. She'd rarely seen her mother so angry, and didn't want to exacerbate her tirade and get an even worse punishment. She privately groused, A whole month of punishment for me, and Brother gets grounded for a mere week. That's so unfair, just 'cos he has the tasty penis. Sheesh!

Susan said to her daughter, "I know my punishment sounds harsh, but I'm convinced the two of you would have started actual intercourse if I hadn't happened to look over here."

Alan protested, "We weren't! Honest!"

Katherine vigorously nodded in agreement.

But Susan said, "Argue all you want, but I know what I saw. Katherine, there's just no way you can have such a fat, powerful cock that close to your pussy and not find him balls-deep in me, screaming his name to the sky!"

Katherine was going to point out that Susan had said "in me," not "in you," but decided that wouldn't help any.

Susan said to her daughter in a softer tone, "Look. Being one of his personal cocksuckers is a wonderful thing. Upon reflection, I'm proud that you've stepped up and have been so willing to help out. But there's a big, big difference between that and actual intercourse! I don't want you to commit a grave, terrible sin! You have to learn how to control yourself!"

"How can I learn that if I can't suck on him for an entire month?!"

Susan didn't really have a good answer to that, so she said, "We'll talk about it later."

She went back to her lounge chair, lay down, and tried to cool off emotionally. She poured herself another glass of punch and quickly downed it. She considered putting all or part of her bikini back on, but she decided that rules were rules so she had no choice but to stay naked until Alan gave her permission otherwise. Damn, I hate having to get tough with them, but it's for their own good. Not that I'm really being fair, I'll admit. Suzanne and I both got him off, so of course she figures it's okay for her to do it too. But it's different with her.

Look how his cock was nearly at the entrance to her pussy. She's too young and innocent to be able to resist a big, powerful cock like that. That would be real incest, for crying out loud! It's not right. I know I'm probably being too tough, but I have to protect her virginity. I don't think she understands that real, incestuous intercourse could lead her straight to the Gates of Hell. Actually, when I look at it that way, I can't be tough enough!

As usual, Susan's feelings for her son were too passionate for her to see the hypocrisy in her ideas. Jealousy was a big factor in her maintaining a hard line. She knew that if Katherine were banned from blowjobs for a month, she herself would have to help pick up the slack.

Alan sheepishly got up off his sister and retired to his own adjacent lounge chair. This was the first time he'd actually used it for more than a few seconds during the whole afternoon. His erection finally subsided completely after his mother's upsetting buzz-kill.

"Not so fast, Susan," said Suzanne as she stood up and walked over to where the kids sat. Suzanne was still buck naked. She folded her arms as if in a huff, just like her best friend had just done.

Susan walked over. She thought that Suzanne would try to defend the two youngsters.

But instead, Suzanne said, "Those two need to be taught a lesson, but I don't think Katherine got the message. Did you see how she defied you even after you spoke? Here she is, flagrantly violating your orders just after you've grounded her. Not only that, but you heard during the card game with Brenda Katherine's own confession of things she'd done with Alan in secret and against your orders. She's been

defying your orders over and over lately, and simply grounding her isn't going to work. In fact, it'll probably just give her more opportunities to fool around with him behind your back!"

Katherine's mouth gaped open wide. Betrayed by Aunt Suzy?! I don't believe it! And after I restrained myself so much, at her request!

"I ... was thinking that," Susan replied sheepishly, "but I couldn't think of any other suitable punishment. It's always worked in the past." In fact, she was bad at giving out punishments because she so rarely had to. Katherine and Alan had always been model children, more out of an attempt to win more of her love and affection than out of fear of punishment. The number of times Susan had been forced to get angry lately was completely unprecedented.

"Stern methods are needed," Suzanne said firmly. "You're too nice. You need to be made of tougher stuff. Katherine needs to suffer. The only way to drive thoughts of pleasure out of her mind is with pain. She needs a good spanking! It's Pavlovian. Associate her misdeed with an immediate dose of pain, and her body will connect the two together. It's automatic."

Katherine was totally baffled until Suzanne mentioned spanking. Then her eyes lit up as she fondly recalled the spanking Alan had given her just the night before. She started to realize that Suzanne hadn't betrayed her after all. But she wisely kept her mouth shut to see what else the wily redhead would come up with.

"A spanking?" Susan was shocked. "But, but, they're not little children anymore! Is it really the only way?"

"Are you too softhearted to punish her properly?"

"Come on! There has to be another way. Katherine, Angel, you'd never agree to this, would you?"

All eyes turned to her daughter.

"I agree with Aunt Suzy," Katherine replied confidently. "I really need a spanking."

"WHAT?!" Susan nearly yelled in shock. "What's gotten into you? This isn't the Middle Ages!"

"I know, Mom, but I've been naughty lately. Aunt Suzy's right. I've been doing all sorts of terribly naughty things. The only cure is discipline and a firm hand. Literally."

Katherine had begged for another spanking that very morning, so she could hardly believe her luck. Her only concern was that it would be a real spanking and not an erotic spanking like the one Alan had given her. But she knew that Suzanne was the one who'd engineered this whole excellent suntan lotion session, so she figured that Suzanne was probably going somewhere sexual and fun with the spanking idea. She looked up at Suzanne to quell her doubts, and was rewarded with a surreptitious wink.

Alan's penis started to engorge again. He was very careful to cover it with his legs though, because he knew that if Susan saw how much the spanking idea was arousing him, she might get wise.

"You see?" Suzanne said triumphantly to Susan. "How can you disagree with that? Or is it that you don't have it in you to administer the proper punishment?"

"Well, no, that's not it..." Susan was on the defensive now, embarrassed and hesitant. "But... Maybe it would... Okay, I'll admit it: I just can't do that to my daughter!"

"I'm willing to help out," Suzanne volunteered. "Is it okay if I administer her punishment?"

Susan finally nodded faintly. She was greatly relieved, because she couldn't imagine spanking anyone, much less her own daughter. Seeing her bikini bottoms on the floor, she picked them up and put them back on. She hoped that would help her from getting too aroused.

Suzanne saw that and waited until Susan had put her bikini bottoms back on. Then she said, "Okay, Susan, take off your bikini bottoms and I'll get started."

"What?! Me? Why? I just put them back on!"

Suzanne said sternly, "Well, you're free to ground Alan, but that doesn't take away his right to decide what you wear. Did he or did he not tell you to take them off a little while ago? I didn't hear him rescind

his order. Are we or are we not about obeying the rules?" Suzanne wanted to reassert Susan's sense that Alan was really the one in control.

"Oh, poo!" Susan pouted as she slid her bikini bottoms off again. "Why do I always end up naked and horny? It's not fair!" But her submissive side was quite delighted, and she made sure to put on another sexy show for her son while taking them off. Already her anger with her children was mostly gone, swamped by a general horny feeling. (All the talk about spanking had helped fire her lust.)

As Susan gyrated and writhed her way out of her bikini bottoms in the sexiest way possible, Suzanne said to her, "And watch this spanking closely. It should be instructional to you, because Alan will have to give your ass a stern spanking if you keep flagrantly disobeying the rule on dress."

Susan nearly spontaneously burst into flames, because hearing that made her so hot. She was disappointed that she didn't have more clothes to strip out of.

Suzanne walked over to Katherine's lounge chair. She looked upset and concerned, but she was secretly having a great time. The only thing she was still "wearing" was the small vibrator secretly humming deep inside her (plus her high-heeled sandals). The vibrator didn't provide enough stimulation to send her over the edge, but it kept her close to it, thanks to the other visual and mental stimulation all around her.

"This chair will do," she said of the lounge chair Katherine was lying on. "Katherine, please get up and adjust it so that it lies completely flat. Then lay down with your butt in the air. And take off those silly bikini bottoms so you'll feel the full impact of my hand."

This last comment was completely absurd since Katherine's soaked bikini bottoms were so small that their string was lost deep in her butt crack and would in no way hinder a spanking, but the dazed Susan failed to call Suzanne on it. Susan was too horny, especially since she was imagining herself in Katherine's place and Alan in Suzanne's place.

Soon Katherine lay down completely naked. As Suzanne had ordered, she thrust her butt up about a foot in the air, away from the lounge chair, and wiggled it. She also spread her legs to the very edges of the lounge chair, but she wished it were wider so that she could spread herself even more.

Susan still sat about ten feet away in her own lounge chair and pretended not to be particularly interested. But curiosity compelled her to turn around frequently and watch from behind her sunglasses.

Alan had an even better view of the proceedings since his chair was adjacent to Katherine's. By this time he had given up all attempts at keeping his erection within his European swim briefs. His dick had been stiff for so long that he was getting a real case of blue balls. But he didn't know how to get relief without possibly pissing his mother off some more. Besides, he was tired from all the suntan lotion fun, so he was satisfied for the moment to just watch and see what would happen with the spanking.

Chapter 442 The Naughty Women In This House Need To Be Punished And Spanked

"All right, Katherine, get ready," Suzanne said sternly. "You've been bad and now you have to pay. Keep your butt up and brace yourself." Suzanne raised her hand high in the air, preparing to spank Katherine.

Suzanne brought her hand crashing down, making a great smacking sound.

"Ow!" cried Katherine.

But, in fact, the smack sounded worse than it actually was. At the last second Suzanne had pulled her strike a bit so that the smack was much gentler than, for instance, the first strikes that Glory had given Alan the previous week.

Katherine didn't really mind the pain much, since she had a "hurts so good" attitude about sexual spankings. However, she knew it was important for Susan's sake to keep up the pretense.

Susan watched the first smack, but when the blow actually came, she turned away and closed her eyes. She absolutely abhorred violence of any type. Even though she didn't see the actual strike, she cried out, "Oh, dear! My darling Angel! Suzanne, please, don't be too rough."

Suzanne replied in her sensual, raspy voice, "Sorry, Susan, but that's the whole point. No pain, no gain. Don't worry, though; it'll be over soon."

Curiosity got the best of Susan, so she periodically turned back to look, but only when she guessed it was between strikes. She wanted to make sure that Katherine didn't get hurt too much. Since Katherine was faced towards her, she kept an eye on her daughter's facial expression to see if the punishment got to be too much for her to bear.

As for Alan, he began to lightly stroke himself. He knew that Susan would get extremely upset if she caught him "committing the sin of Onan," but he decided that she was unable to see what he was doing from where she sat. The way Katherine was positioned, with her buttocks a foot high in the air and her legs spread wide, was too blatantly erotic for him to take, and then seeing Suzanne's breasts swing and sway wildly with every swat she made drove what little self-control remained from his brain. He simply couldn't resist.

"Be strong and don't cry out," Suzanne told Katherine sternly. She brought her hand down again from a dramatically high starting point.

This time Katherine kept silent. However, she deliberately made her face grimace in pain.

Susan, from her angle, could see Katherine's face quite clearly. From Susan's vantage point it looked like Katherine was suffering quite badly. The concerned mother winced and bit her lip. She was both concerned and hot, because she was visualizing Alan smacking her ass just like that.

Oh dear! What if I disobey his rules? What if I wear the wrong clothes? Oh my goodness, what if I'd kept my bikini bottoms on, even after Suzanne said something about it? That would probably be me right now, getting my bare ass whopped. Tiger is just so strong and handsome. I think his cock needs to be sucked... A LOT!

After the second slap, Katherine's butt retreated back flat against the lounge chair. "Keep your butt up so you feel the full force," Suzanne ordered haughtily.

Suzanne reached under Katherine and pushed her crotch up. Then she left her hand there, inches from Katherine's wet slit. Her fingers slid around a bit until she was delighted to discover the smooth feeling of Katherine's shaved pussy. Against her wiser instincts she began to feel it up a bit more. She knew it was risky with Susan right there, but she was convinced that Susan couldn't see the action from her angle and position.

Katherine didn't offer even the slightest muffle of complaint. Far from it: she let out a distinct but subtle moan of pleasure.

Suzanne and Katherine had never touched each other's privates sexually. Though they hadn't spoken about it, their growing attraction to each other was so strong that Alan could practically feel the waves of desire that radiated from each of them. But Suzanne was in a bit of a fix: probing the girl's slit would require her to reposition her hand into a far too suspicious position.

Suzanne suddenly thought of a way that could help shield her true intentions even better from Susan. "Just a second," she said out loud to Katherine. "Let's see if I can adjust this chair so you don't need to hold your butt up quite so much."

The lounge chair was the kind that had three segments, with two joints to bend. Suzanne got up and adjusted it so that the middle section was elevated while the other two hung down towards the ground. Then she had Katherine position herself towards the foot of the chair.

The overall effect was that Katherine's head hung down one side while her butt hung down the other side of the high middle section. Now, her butt was nearly completely out of Susan's sight, since Susan could see only the top of her butt cheeks.

Suzanne repositioned herself and once again placed her hand underneath Katherine as if to hold her up. But now that she was sure her actions couldn't be directly observed by Susan, she immediately stuck her thumb into Katherine's tight pussy, which was already slick from her juices. By using only the thumb, Suzanne could keep her hand in a position that didn't look too obvious, as the palm of the hand and the other fingers were further away from Katherine's pussy.

Katherine didn't say a word or give anything away by her facial expression, but she was secretly very pleased. She had half-expected that Suzanne would do something like this once she'd heard Suzanne's spanking proposal. Ever since Katherine had fucked Alan for the first time and made out with Kim, she'd started to look at Suzanne in a whole new way.

Lately, Katherine had begun to figure that, because things had been so highly sexed since Alan began his "treatments," it was only natural that everyone in the house eventually would fuck everyone else, sooner or later. She was ready for more - much more, if possible. In the past few days, Suzanne and Katherine had eyed each other, and even sometimes French kissed each other hello and goodbye when

Susan couldn't observe (and even once when Alan had seen them), so this kind of intimate contact wasn't completely unexpected.

The horny girl thought, YES! This is great! Suzanne is too hot to be believed, and she's into me! Literally! She giggled out loud at that accidental double entendre, but then she remembered she was supposed to look pained. This is gonna change everything, again. And to think that I'd just concluded that she'd betrayed me.

Alan watched the repositioning closely. The idea of Suzanne fingerfucking his sister mere feet from Susan was too exciting for him to ignore. He got out the suntan lotion, covered his boner with it until it was slippery and shiny, and sped up his masturbation.

Suzanne was the only one in a position to see what he was doing. Her only reaction was a knowing wink.

Suzanne brought her hand down again on the cheerleader's exquisite butt. "That's four," she said. "I think twenty will do."

"Twenty?" Susan asked from her chair, true concern and worry written broadly across her beautiful features. "Don't you think that's being too harsh? It looks like you're really hurting her!"

"Don't worry," replied Suzanne as she began to move her thumb in and out of Katherine's pussy. "It may look like I'm hurting her, but she's not really in so much pain. Right, Angel?"

"Um, right," answered a highly aroused Katherine. After the initial shock of being spanked wore off, she began to find the smacks quite pleasurable, in a weird way. It was just like the night before - the pain of the spankings only heightened her pleasure. If anything, she wanted Suzanne to spank harder, but she couldn't figure out how to convey that without Susan possibly overhearing. She was so ready to orgasm that it was all she could do to not thrust her butt up in the air even more, to accentuate and encourage the movement of Suzanne's fingers.

"But, uh," she added, "although it hurts some, I neeeeeed it! I really do. I've been so very bad! So naughty!" Her long legs writhed and she clenched and unclenched her butt cheeks, along with her saturated pussy walls, squeezing Suzanne's thumb like a small penis.

Luckily, Susan's suspicions weren't aroused despite the enthusiastic and even erotic way Katherine said, "I need it!"

Susan said, "Wait! Hold on! Is this really necessary? I can't stand to watch my darling baby suffer!"

Suzanne looked at Susan. "Necessary? You bet it is. Things have changed around here lately, and without spankings the order will fall apart. With Ron gone, Alan is the man of the house. He can keep us all in line with spankings. Just imagine if you displease your son. Look at Katherine and imagine that's YOU instead, and that Sweetie's the one giving your ass a harsh spanking!"

Susan's eyes went wide. "Oh... my!" She'd been imagining that already, but hearing Suzanne say it made it much more real. She's right! Tiger's in charge of us now. He needs to be obeyed! And serviced!

Suddenly Susan was far less concerned for Katherine and far more aroused. In her vivid imagination, the naked ass being spanked WAS her ass, and the strong hand swatting it was Alan's hand. She squirmed around in her lounge chair as new gushes of pussy juice flowed down her inner thighs.

But Susan asked, "Suzanne, why would Tiger need to spank me? I'm his mother. I'm the one who's supposed to punish him."

"True. You punish him if he lets you down, but what if you let him down? What if, for instance, you put your own selfish needs ahead of keeping his cock well-drained? Would it not then be his right to spank your disobedient ass?"

Susan's arousal level shot through the stratosphere. Not thinking about the larger implications, she mumbled, "Yes, but..." Her wet thighs rubbed together like they were sticks some Boy Scouts were using to try to light a fire. "Bu-bu-but, does it have to be so many?!"

Suzanne replied, "I imagine that once Sweetie starts to spank you regularly, he won't stop at ten swats, or even twenty. He'll keep going as long as he feels like it, until you've been shown your proper place!"

Susan gasped loudly. "Spank me regularly?!" Oh God! Oh God! Have mercy! She clutched her pussy and came hard. She furtively tweaked her clit to accentuate the climax, hoping the others didn't notice.

Suzanne's thumb continued to probe Katherine's pussy even as she slammed her other hand down onto the insatiable girl's butt.

Katherine almost cried out again, but this time from pleasure, not pain. All the excitement was too much, and she began the first of a series of tiny orgasms.

Suzanne thought, Good God, I love this! I can't believe I've never engaged in sexual spanking when it's this much fun! I thought it would be mildly amusing, plus arousing for her, but it's making me horny beyond belief! I have to do Angel in the worst way! We've got to get inside, away from Susan's prying eyes, and fast.

As Susan watched this latest spanking, she fantasized, Tiger! No! Not so hard! Mommy will be good! Please! Please stop! Mommy will be so good to you, if only you stop spanking my bare ass! Just give Mommy a chance to show how much she loves you! I'll do anything for you. ANYthing! Please bring your big, powerful cock to Mommy's mouth and let me suck it! You're the man of the house now and Mommy needs to serve you! To service you! To keep your cock thick and long and pulsing with pleasure!

Susan kept playing with her clit even after her climax ended. Her naked body was so hot, it was a wonder smoke didn't pour from her ears. She more or less completely forgot that she was outside, where neighbors hypothetically could see her.

Meanwhile, Alan continued to stroke his oiled-up erection. He could see clearly what Suzanne was doing to Katherine, and now both Suzanne and Katherine could see what he was doing to himself, although in her new position Katherine could barely look back in his direction. But everything appeared nonsexual enough from Susan's vantage point, since Suzanne and Alan were both doing what they were doing in such a way as to conceal it from Susan's view.

Suzanne continued to smack Katherine's butt.

Katherine did her best to scrunch her face up so it looked like she was in agony instead of ecstasy.

Suzanne finally abandoned restraint and repositioned her hand so that she could probe with more fingers even deeper into Katherine's pussy.

Susan remained oblivious to that while she got more and more sexually worked up about spankings in general.

Alan finally had to slow down his masturbation. His well-oiled hand, as it slid up and down his wet pole, felt so much better than usual that it was especially torturous to stop, but he had the self-control to hold back. If he had kept on to the point of cumming, it would have led to predictable trouble with his mother.

The problem was, he was ready to ejaculate but he didn't know how he could do it or where the cum should go, given that his mother was so close. Even if he had cum into his hand without making any noise, Susan was so attuned to his cock that he feared she'd be able to smell another load of fresh cum waft through the air, like a bloodhound, and then she'd investigate.

Suzanne reached twenty and came to a halt. "We're all done," she said, and stood up. "You did very well, Katherine, very well."

Just the unexpected sight as Suzanne stood up and the consequent jiggle of her massive pale rack nearly caused Alan to lose it, but he carefully held back at the very edge of his ejaculatory need.

Katherine's orgasms came to an end, but she didn't move from her lewd position with her butt stuck high in the air. She didn't really want the spanking to stop.

"I'm sorry, kiddo," Suzanne said to her.

"Don't be!" Katherine replied quickly. "I deserved it. Mom, did you hear that? I deserved it. I think I've learned my lesson. The naughty women in this house need to be punished and spanked when they've been bad. Can you forgive me now for what I've done?"

Susan was out of it. She was sweaty and in a lusty fog as she dreamed about her son strongly disciplining her ass. The constant shameful awareness that she was buck naked in the outdoors just added fuel to her strongly burning sexual fire. She clenched her pussy, with one finger plunged deep inside her slit. She tried not to move that hand, hoping the others wouldn't notice what she'd been doing.

It took her some long moments to get herself together enough to respond. "Of course you're forgiven, dear," she replied in a shaky voice. "It hurts me so much to see you suffer! If anything, I should have been the one spanked, not you!"

"How do you figure?" Katherine asked.

There was no real reason, except that at the moment Susan had an overwhelming urge to get spanked by Alan. So she mumbled, "Never you mind that." Trying to change the subject, she said more firmly, "Let's hope we never have to do that again to you, Angel. Forget about the extra month's grounding; this spanking was too much punishment already. Well, I suppose I should give you some grounding. You get one week, just like your brother. Suzanne, you're too tough!"

Alan raised his hand quickly, and said, "Wait. A week for me too? I thought you said three days."

"No," Susan corrected with a glare at his obvious attempt at subterfuge and the painful reminder of her own "sacrifice". She pointed to herself. "For three days you don't get any blowjobs from ME."

"Starting today," Katherine added for her mother.

Susan blushed a bit as she recalled her alteration of the punishment to preserve her special Tuesday tradition. "Yes. Starting today." She licked her lips and wiggled her secretly buried finger as she thought about what happened on Tuesdays.

Chapter 443 Does Your Butt Feel Better?

Suzanne walked around, first one way and then another, as though she was looking around for something on the ground. "It pains me too," she said, "but I think you'll find Katherine will be much more obedient now."

Katherine interjected, looking Alan right in the eye, "Oh, yes. I'll be very obedient. I'll follow orders exactly and do EXACTLY what is asked of me, at any time of day or night." She winked at him and barely suppressed a giggle.

Susan, mistakenly thinking Katherine's words were directed at her, answered, "Um, that's good, Angel. I guess." She was a bit flummoxed by Katherine's strangely enthusiastic obedience and sudden attention to rules, and wondered about the power of a spanking.

What if that happens to me?! She pictured herself telling her son, "Yes, sir! Mommy has learned her lesson. I'll never disobey you on anything! Look at my red, well-spanked butt cheeks. That just shows you're the big strong MAN around here, and Mommy will obediently serve your cock without question! I'm nothing but your tit slave! Play with my big tits right now, please! Pinch my nipples and make me scream!" YES! Mmmm! God help me, but YES! That is just so right!

She found herself nearly creaming all over again, as she diddled her pussy even more blatantly. She thought, I pray I can go inside soon and get out of this sexual inferno! Everything that's happening out here just gets me more worked up than before! Too hot!

Suzanne announced, "Now that the punishment is over, we should soothe Angel's sore butt. I'm looking for the suntan lotion, but I don't think that'll be good enough." She scanned the ground, but, in fact, she'd been thinking ahead and had secretly hidden the bottle a few minutes earlier.

She looked up at Alan with a curious glint in her eye. "Sweetie, can you run into the house and find some appropriate cream to soothe a red butt?" As she said the word "cream," she looked directly at his exposed erection. She winked to make sure he understood the covert message she'd just given him.

He got the message loud and clear. "Definitely. I know just the thing." With a conspiratorial nod, he stuffed his erect dick back into his minuscule bathing suit and began to run back into the house. However, his stiff hard-on bounced back out immediately, which led him to hold it against his abdomen as he ran.

As soon as he reached the bathroom, he resumed stroking his erection with one hand and started to rifle through cabinets for an empty jar with the other. He opened cabinets and began to test bottles by their weight. He found a few that felt nearly empty. He reluctantly took his hand off his pole because he had to use two hands to open the jars. One was a skin moisturizer which had just a little bit of lotion still in the container.

The lotion was white and creamy. He was going to empty out the container, but on a whim he took a taste of the lotion. To his surprise, it didn't taste bad, though it didn't taste good either. It was just flavorless. He decided to keep the cream in and add his cum to it, to create much, much more material.

His steel-hard erection was more than ready to shoot after he'd watched Katherine's spanking and heard her proclaim her total obedience to him. But just to be sure, he fantasized about spanking Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine in turn as they lay naked and bent over in line. That did the trick.

He ejaculated into the jar, firing a surprisingly large load, considering how many times he'd cum earlier that day.

His whole body shook as stream after stream of hot cum shot into the jar. Oh God, that feels good! he sighed with great relief. I really needed that. Too many fuckin' sexy and stacked naked ladies outside who need to be spanked! Phew! Fuck! Man, that was some bad blue balls.

He mixed his warm cum in with the cool, white lotion, stirring it with a finger. There were about equal amounts of each. He chuckled. If Mom only knew that I just committed the heinous "sin of Onan", she'd blow her top. Heh!

He rolled his eyes over the whole "Onan" silliness. Maybe I'd be the one who got spanked. Not that that would be so bad, probably. I'll bet Aunt Suzy would find some sneaky way to make it fun and orgasmic. She's great!

The whole process only took about three minutes, since he had cum so quickly. He rushed back outside and found Suzanne already massaging Katherine's butt.

Susan was turned around and apparently sunbathing with closed eyes, content that the spanking situation had been resolved. She was glad that all the sexual excitement was over and that the group could have a "normal" time outside on a nice, sunny day. It was true that she was still naked, and so was everyone else, but she secretly kind of liked that. For the first time in ages, she remembered that the radio was playing, and tried to focus on just enjoying her new-found love of rock and roll. She tapped her feet and sang along with the catchy "na, na na na na" chorus of Wilson Pickett's "Land of 1,000 Dances."

But, from Suzanne's point of view, the sexual fun had just begun. Susan's distracted state allowed Suzanne to have more fun with Katherine. She sensually ran her hands all over the girl's impressive curves.bender

"Sorry it took a while," Alan said to Suzanne as he walked back to her side. He looked down at what Suzanne was doing to Katherine's pussy, then looked over at his oblivious and nude mother, and grinned.

Susan's heart skipped a beat when she saw her son standing there naked in the light of the sun. He wasn't that muscular, and his penis was flaccid, but in her eyes he looked like some kind of strong Greek god. She sat up and preened, thrusting her bare melons forward, hoping he'd notice her some more.

But he looked at Suzanne first and handed her the jar.

Suzanne put a dab in her hand, brought it to her nose and smelled it. She smiled widely and winked at him.

Once again, he winked back.

"This is just the kind of lotion I was thinking of," she said loudly enough for Susan to hear. "My favorite brand."

She pulled her fingers out of Katherine and walked around in front of her. She held the cum/lotion in front of Katherine's nose.

Katherine took one good whiff and smiled grandly. "Mmmm! Yum! My favorite brand too. Especially when it's fresh."

Suzanne winked again. "Me too." She looked at Alan significantly. "In fact, it's the only brand I use."

Then, with a glance to make sure that Susan still wasn't paying attention, Suzanne took a dab from the jar and put a little bit into her mouth. Then she took a bigger dab, stuffed it into Katherine's mouth, and briefly plunged her fingers in and out of Katherine's mouth as if her bunched fingers were a penis.

Katherine smiled even more widely as she turned her head towards Alan and winked at him. Apparently it was a good day for winking.

Alan wanted to help Suzanne with the sexy fun, but he felt obliged to return to his lounge chair, since he would have no good excuse for why he had to help massage Katherine's butt if his mother turned around to see. Now that she'd calmed down, he didn't want to give her any reason to increase her punishments.

Susan was frustrated when Alan lay back down, because she loved the sight of him walking about naked. Even though his penis was flaccid, she'd found herself wondering if maybe he'd need some "special help" soon, only to remember that she'd banned herself from giving him any blowjobs until Tuesday. She was already starting to rue that. With Alan out of sight, she closed her eyes and relaxed.

Suzanne rubbed the cum-lotion mix into Katherine's skin while she continued to finger her deeply. The vibrator in Suzanne's own pussy continued to shake and buzz quietly, which made Suzanne want to do even nastier things. She was tempted to put some of Alan's cream on her fingers and then push them into Katherine's pussy, but she didn't know if Katherine was taking her birth control pills consistently or not, so she abstained. Even so, she found the idea of feeding Alan's cum into his sister's pussy highly arousing.

Suzanne used up most of the 'cream' within a few minutes, but she continued her ministrations for another good fifteen minutes.

Katherine's butt bucked up into the air over and over again - she lost count of how many times she'd climaxed (though always without a sound). Whenever she was on the verge of another orgasm, she would nod and Suzanne would respond by stuffing a hand in her mouth so she wouldn't scream. That naturally would lead to a face fuck with Suzanne's fingers and, before long, Katherine would have to cum again. So Suzanne had her hand in Katherine's mouth as often as not.

It was lucky, too, that Susan wasn't looking toward Katherine anymore, because Katherine's second round of orgasms soon created a flood of pussy juice which rained down onto the lounge chair's cushions and dripped over one side onto the ground. Susan was drifting towards sleep, but she was still too aroused from her earlier fun to fall asleep completely. The way she kept shifting positions showed that she might stir at any time.

What Suzanne was doing to Katherine grew so obvious that, eventually, Alan tossed a towel towards them to help. Suzanne used her foot to position the towel over the puddle they were making, to make things look less obvious and also to muffle any sound of dripping pussy juice.

After a while, Alan's overtaxed penis grew hard yet again, since he had a front-row seat for a buck-naked Suzanne endlessly fondling Katherine's equally-naked body. But in an attempt to pace himself, he refrained from touching his cock. Eventually he gave up and began to stroke it slowly as he continued to enjoy the show, but he made sure not to get too excited. He'd already cum seven times that day, and he knew the day was far from over.

After some minutes, Katherine raised her hand in a "cry uncle" gesture of surrender. Suzanne wasn't sure if it was because Katherine couldn't take any more pleasure or if she had concluded that the massage had gone on for too long and was worried about their being caught. (In fact, it was mostly because she couldn't take any more.)

Spanking Katherine had taken Suzanne to the edge of orgasm, and the fact that she'd been rubbing Katherine's butt with her brother's semen had moved her even closer to the edge. So now that Katherine wanted to stop, she made sure to bring herself off. She brought a finger to her own clit, expecting to rub it, but the mere act of touching it set her off. As her body bucked with pleasure, she looked over at Alan's rigid penis, then up to his face, and winked yet again. She spread her legs wide to avoid falling and managed to stay upright, even though her self-induced orgasm was fantastic and prolonged.

"That should do it for now," Suzanne said as she popped her fingers out of Katherine's pussy. She considered it fortunate that the rock music on the radio covered up such tiny sounds. "Does your butt feel better?"

"Much. Soooo much better!"

"All right. If we want your red marks to go away quickly, we should do that again soon. Sweetie, I used up nearly all of that cream. Do you think you could find some more?" She winked as she said this.

"I think there's a whole other jar," he lied. He was really turned on by how much his seed had been spread around today.

"Good," Suzanne said officiously. "Angel, in another hour I'll come by and we can do it again in the bathroom, with more of Sweetie's special cream. How does that sound?" Suzanne was still envious of how much pleasure Susan had gotten from Alan's lotion application. She was determined to keep the sexual games going until she'd cum at least as much as either Katherine or Susan had.

"Sounds great. I'm ready to do it whenever you are. Whatever you say. I'm very obedient now, thanks to your spanking." Had Susan listened, she might have wondered at the way Katherine said "do it".

Katherine realized that in the bathroom they could do almost anything, now that the ice had been broken between her and Suzanne. She looked forward to a hot session of Sapphic lovemaking, with a chance to finally explore every inch of Suzanne's perfect body. She particularly couldn't wait to feel Suzanne's experienced and extraordinarily long tongue at work.

Suzanne announced loudly, "I've had enough of the sun. This heat is too much for my pale, nude body. I'm going to go inside. Susan, there's still a little bit of cream left over. Would you like me to put some on you? It's really quite exquisite skin moisturizer, and after sunbathing for so long, it's good to put something on to prevent wrinkling." She had kept a little corner of the cream untouched in the hopes of rubbing the son's cum into the mother.

She had a really naughty desire to stuff it up Susan's pussy, but she didn't see how she could get away with that. Susan needed excuses to justify her behavior and that of others, and there was no plausible justification to do that, no matter how horny she got.

Susan stirred and opened her eyes. "No thanks. Maybe later. I think I'll go inside also. Maybe take a shower. This sun is beginning to tire me out too."

"Sounds good. Can I use the shower in the other bathroom?" asked Suzanne.

Katherine and Alan also got up, and the four of them made their way back inside.

Chapter 444 Heather And Alan, Sitting In A Tree, K I S S I N G !

At the same time the Plummers were having fun around the pool, Heather was lording over her "subjects" at White Sands Beach. As usual, her best friend Simone was with her.

Heather should have been in her element and enjoying herself, since this was "her" beach. She and Simone wore even more revealing bikinis than they usually did, so Heather could bask in more attention than usual.

However, there was an issue nagging at her: Alan. Heather had many friends, but she knew they were only fair-weather friends attracted to her power, persona, and sex appeal. If not that, they were simply afraid of her.

She also knew that she had only one real friend, Simone. She sincerely valued this friendship and tried her best to tone down her usual bitchy self when she was around Simone, though she didn't always succeed. The two of them talked about everything and anything as they hung out together virtually every single day, so they didn't have many secrets from each other.

Furthermore, Heather greatly enjoyed sex with Alan. She wanted a lot more of it, to the point that she'd even promised him that she would acknowledge some level of friendliness with him in public, despite his "nerd" status. Therefore, Heather knew that it was just a matter of time before Simone would learn of her having sex with him.

She knew that the longer she put off telling Simone about it, the worse it would be. But on the other hand, Heather had mocked Alan in front of Simone, even deriding him as a "pathetic virgin" in her presence. Heather absolutely loathed ever admitting that she was wrong about anything.

As she walked down the beach, she came to the spot where she'd first spoken to Alan and his friends exactly two weeks earlier. She decided it was finally time to come clean about her secret "nerd lust" with her best friend. She said to Simone, "Hey, I'm getting hot. Let's take a dip."

It was a nice day and the water was unusually warm for Southern California at this time of year. So they just strolled into the shallow water. Heather wanted to be in water above her knees so she would be far enough from everyone at the beach to talk to Simone freely without worrying about being overheard, yet not so deep in the water that they'd spend most of their time fighting the waves and be shivering with cold afterward.

Their relocation accomplished, she broke the ice by saying, "Hey, you remember right over there, what was it, two weekends ago, when we had a 'nerd invasion' by those three geeks?"

"Yeah?" Simone listened closely because she could tell from Heather's demeanor and the way she'd dragged her into shallow water that she had something confidential to say.

"You know, what's kind of funny is that not all of them were total losers. That guy Alan, the tall one, was kind of surprisingly handsome for a dweeb..."

"Oh yeah, Alan? What about him?"

"Well, it's just kind of funny..." Heather was struggling to figure out how to casually drop in the fact that she'd had sex with him. So far, she was only digging herself a deeper hole by calling him more names. She decided to start from the beginning. "An interesting thing happened last Tuesday. You know how I like to keep an eye on my girls?"

Simone nodded. "My girls" was a reference to the other cheerleaders on Heather's squad. Heather did more than just keep an eye on them; she liked to spy on them or have her spy network spy on them whenever possible, because she believed that knowledge was a key to power.

"Well, I saw Kim chatting excitedly with Amy between classes and I sneaked up behind them to see what got their panties all in a bunch. Kim was talking about how she'd been royally fucked by some guy the day before."

"But Kim's a lesbian," Simone pointed out. While that was generally a secret at school, Simone pretty much knew everything Heather knew, and Heather knew a lot about "her" cheerleaders.

"That's what I thought. Total dyke. But it turns out that she'd just had her first taste of cock the day before. And she liked it! But that's not all. You'll never guess who took her cherry."

"Alan?" The only reason why Simone tentatively guessed that was because Heather had started the discussion by mentioning him.

"Yeah. Crazy, huh? I mean, a clear-cut nerd, doing it with a cheerleader. He'd even managed to get a dyke to bat for the other team, at least for the day. But that's not all. I overheard Kim talking to Amy, going on like he was the best fucker in the whole world. That was when I couldn't help myself and joined in the conversation. Between Kim and Amy, the brain-dead virgin, I figured the two of them wouldn't know a good fucker if someone slapped them on the face with a big cum-soaked cock, if you know what I mean. So I wanted to set them straight. But Kim was insistent. She described Alan's eight-incher in mouthwateringly loving detail. She went on and on about how he'd fucked her in this position, in that position, hell, he even fucked her doggy-style on top of a coffee table. It seems like he did just about everything but fuck her up her nostrils."

Simone's eyes grew large as she mentally skipped ahead to where Heather was going with this. Suddenly the weird conversation they'd had earlier in the day where Heather tentatively hinted about wanting more out of her lovers made sense. "You didn't!" she breathed disbelievingly.

"Didn't what?" Heather replied, playing innocent.

"Tell me you didn't have sex with him. He's a total loser nerd; you said so yourself!" Simone was a lot more tolerant of others than Heather, but she still had internalized some of the idea that nerds were an untouchable social class for the elites of the school such as Heather and herself.

Heather tested the metaphorical waters a bit nervously. "What makes you think I'd do it with the likes of him?"

"Ha! That proves it! Heather, I know you. First of all, I know you've been complaining about your male lovers for a long time now, Rockwell in particular. I can almost see your eyes light up as you hear there's someone in school who might know how to really pleasure a girl right, the way she ought to be, instead of just pleasing themselves. And that's before we even include the fact that he's pretty well hung. I saw the way you were staring at his crotch when we ran into them here at the beach. In fact, I made a note of how he was hangin' myself. Secondly, I can read your face like a book. You're obviously building up to something." Then she teased, "The question is, was it worth getting nerd cooties?"

Heather's first reaction was to downplay the whole thing. "Simone, you have to understand, this was just a lark. ... A joke! ... I happened to see him at a store later on that same day. I thought it would be fun to cuckold Rock with a nerd, right under his very nose. I knew from Alan's whole panty-painting thing that he was discreet, so I could toy around with him without worrying about him boasting, as just about every other guy at school would do. The situation dropped into my lap and I just HAD to run with it! It's not like I'd want Alan for my boyfriend or something. Get real!" She laughed derisively. Then she looked around the beach to double-check that the coast was clear.

"Well, at least I see you haven't been totally brain-damaged. And I can't say I'm shedding tears for the way you treat 'dumb as a rock' Rockwell. But was he good already?" She grinned maliciously. "Tell me all about making mad nerd love."

Heather smiled and stared away in fond remembrance. "I have to admit, he had a certain... appeal." Then, realizing she probably had a tell-tale moony and way-too-dreamy look on her face, she caught herself and put on an indifferent expression.

Simone was starting to see the teasing possibilities. "Did you find yourself getting smarter after he pumped you full of his nerdy goodness? You're gonna get pimple cooties from him for sure. Oops, I think I see one on your left cheek already."

Heather looked at her best friend sharply and then bent over and splashed her with water. "Simone, shut your fuckin' trap! I cut you a lot of slack; sometimes I don't even know why. But if you keep up with wisecracks like that you're gonna find yourself at the top of my shit list. And you know what that means. You know how much I like to do wild, unexpected things, like when I went down on you in the middle of that restaurant a couple of weeks ago? This is just another crazy prank. In fact, let me tell you..."

Heather slipped into deeper water for even more privacy, and then went on to describe her first time with Alan in great detail. She tried to make it seem as much like a crazy prank as possible. She also made it seem as if she had been in complete charge the whole time, with her using Alan as little more than a human dildo who was completely awed into incoherent stammering by "the mighty Heather," as Heather called herself. She very deliberately avoided any mention of how Alan called her insulting names like "cunt hole". While it was true that she was calling the shots with him at first, she failed to mention how he had her literally begging for him to fuck her again before they were done.

Then she went on to describe her second time with him. She emphasized all of the sexual innuendo that passed over the head of Alan's mother. Again, she painted him as being hapless and putty in her hands. To justify why she would bother with him at all, she repeatedly highlighted the above-average size of his penis and his remarkable powers of endurance and recuperation.

Feeling very relieved to finally tell someone about these events, Heather just couldn't stop talking. She went on to tell an increasingly incredulous Simone about her third time with Alan, when the two of them had sex in the school parking lot after Simone had passed him her note. The way she painted it, she'd practically raped him in public just for her own twisted amusement. There was no mention of the promises that he'd extracted from her as she begged him to fuck her.

By the time Heather was done, Simone was in stitches. As a big joker herself, she particularly appreciated all of the blatant innuendo Heather had slipped past Alan's mother, Susan.

But as Simone's laughter died down, she considered Heather more closely. There was something about her blonde friend's demeanor that was extremely odd. Not only was she uncharacteristically uncomfortable, but she seemed wistful and even moved as she described her sexual encounters with Alan. Simone couldn't understand what he could have done to her to elicit such a response from the notoriously hard-hearted girl. She thought about their earlier conversation, and realized that Heather had to be in uncharted emotional waters with her feelings about him. But Simone had to be careful about what she said or asked. She knew that she'd have to keep things light and jokey or else Heather would clam up.

So Simone gently tried to draw out the information she felt Heather was still holding back. "Damn, Heather, you've still got it. That's the crazy bitch I know and love! Knowing you, though, there's more to this Alan guy than what you've said, or you wouldn't be coming back to him two more times already. I noticed both times you were the one to seek HIM out. What gives?"

Heather just stared off into space.

Simone briefly took off her sunglasses, unconsciously trying to press Heather to be more honest through better eye contact. "I mean, eight inches isn't THAT unusual. Remember Ted 'The Big Ten Inch' Pulaski? Even if he didn't quite live up to that billing, he was still pretty damn huge. And if you want endurance, why not just get two guys to tag team you again? Remember how much fun that was? There must be something more to this guy to make you bother with a mere nerd. You keep talking about giving him a pity fuck, but you don't give pity fucks. Ever. So what is it? Spill!"

Heather was in a bind. She couldn't even admit to herself what she found appealing about Alan. Even if she could, Hell would freeze over before she'd ever tell Simone how she loved being dominated by him and always thrown off balance whenever she was around him. She also thought about how he'd made real love to her when she'd visited his house, and that set off all kinds of powerful feelings that she was afraid to discuss.

So instead, she said in a deliberately flippant tone, "I dunno. Like I said, he does have a certain curious appeal. For instance, he's not as fawning as most of the guys I play around with. And he's got some good moves, I must admit. But, you know, what's that French saying for an indescribable something you can't quite put your finger on?"

"Je ne sais quoi," Simone replied without thinking. She did a lot better in her studies than Heather did (though she was far from being a top student, since she was devoted to a very active social life, as well as playing sports).

"Exactly."

"Hmmm. I might just have to take him out for a test fuck or two then, to see what the fuss is all about." Simone joked, "Maybe the reason nerds pull their polyester pants way up their chests is to hide their monster cocks. Yeah, a test drive sounds pretty good."

Heather blurted out, "NO!" Realizing that she'd said that far too forcefully and quickly, she amended, "I mean, don't bother. He's just a nobody."

She saw that line of reasoning wasn't going to be successful, given everything else she'd just said about him, so she tried a different tack. "What I mean is, I like to think of him as my personal plaything. He's like a charity project, an amusing trifle. I want to handle him on my own. I'd like to see if nerds are at least partially redeemable. Maybe I can even get him to shape up enough to associate with real people." She was proud of that comment, since it would lay the groundwork for Simone to accept when Heather eventually had to publicly acknowledge her association with Alan at school.

In actual fact, Heather was worried about Simone being with Alan for two big reasons. First, she found herself surprisingly possessive about him. Normally, she couldn't care less what any of her sex partners did when they weren't around her, as long as they didn't catch any diseases, but she wanted Alan to be hers and hers alone, all the time. This was so disturbing and unusual for her that she could barely even admit it to herself. Secondly, she was concerned that if Simone had sex with Alan, Simone would quickly discover Alan's domineering and name-calling ways. Heather knew that if Simone found out about that, she'd never hear the end of Simone's jokes and taunts on the subject.

Luckily, Simone didn't seem to be too serious about pursuing Alan. "Ah well. It's probably for the best. I'll just have to go out and get my own little nerd groupies. Hee-hee, I'll get them to fog up their thick glasses as they excitedly stroke their slide rules while trying to work out my measurements." Simone realized that Heather was distorting her relationship with Alan to hide her true feelings, but she figured that having Heather tell her even this much was a big breakthrough. It was smart just to play dumb and make jokes, for now.

Heather, to her own great surprise, found herself annoyed by such jokes. "Simone, those are such tired stereotypes. You know enough about him to know he's not like that. Maybe he's just smarter than most and doesn't want to play the popularity game." This was highly ironic, since Heather was all about "playing the popularity game."

Directly aping what Alan had said to her the last time they'd fucked, she asked, "Anyway, what's so shameful about getting good grades and having a certain taste in popular entertainment?"

Simone looked at Heather incredulously. "Okay, the joke's over. Heather, defender of nerds! Can someone bring out the real Heather? Man! You must really have it bad for your jizz whiz, girlfriend. Showing some sympathy for the lesser mortals? Has the heat of the sun gotten to you, or are you just going into heat? Next you're going to tell me you're volunteering at the local soup kitchen!" Now, even Simone didn't know how much of that was sincere joking or playing dumb. She did find Heather's behavior with a nerd hard to believe, no matter how sexually accomplished he might be.

Heather scowled. "Very cute, Simone. Cute. Look, maybe I'm just a little touchy about 'doing it' with a nerd, okay? It is a bit out of character, granted, but I'm all about being unpredictable. It's not like I have any feelings for him or anything. Jesus Christ, no! Ha! Don't make me laugh. I can't help it if God has a twisted sense of humor and endows the least deserving. I mean, what if it turns out that the school janitor has a twelve-inch cock? Wouldn't you be curious to try it out just once, and who cares what his job is?"

"No. That sounds painful, actually. With you, it's always about getting the biggest and best toys. I'm not like that."

"Well, why not have the best? Look. Look out there." Heather nodded towards the shore, and stared out to where hundreds of teens lay sunning themselves on the sand.

Since Heather had steadily drifted deeper into the ocean as she'd talked, Simone had to turn around to see what Heather was referring to.

Heather proudly explained, "I can have sex with anyone here that I want. Male or female, if they're going steady or not. I don't even care if it's a completely straight girl. No one dares oppose my wishes, or can resist my charms. I can even do it with a nerd if it amuses me. In fact, maybe that's part of Alan's limited appeal. He's so socially out of it, so completely clueless, that he doesn't even realize the extent of my power. Like I said, he's not at all fawning."

But Simone wasn't so easily fooled by Heather's verbal protests. She knew her so well that she could pick up on the most subtle verbal and visual cues. She could tell that there was something different about this Alan that was strongly affecting her best friend. She decided to prod her to gauge her reaction. Grinning, she teased, "I think you actually like the guy." She sang a variation on a familiar children's taunt: "Heather and Alan, sitting in a tree, K I S S I N G !"

Heather's face turned red underneath her deep tan. "Shut UP!" She splashed Simone furiously with both hands.

But Simone just playfully splashed back, which upset Heather even more.

The intensity of Heather's reaction further confirmed to Simone that Heather was hiding something important about her relationship with Alan. However, Simone realized that she'd have to be patient and not pry too hard.

Heather calmed herself a bit and considered various ways to get Simone to keep quiet. She decided on the "heartstrings" approach. "Simone, I'm upset at you. I consider you a friend and I tell you my innermost secrets, but all you do in return is joke at my expense. Frankly, I have no idea why I put up with all your shit."

She decided some implied blackmail wouldn't hurt as well. "Think about all of YOUR secrets that I keep in strict confidence. Are you going to act like a baby singing your stupid kissing song to everyone, or are you going to be a true friend and shut the hell up about this whole Alan thing?"

Simone was genuinely chastened. "Sorry. Don't worry; I won't breathe a word to anyone. And sorry about the jokes too. It's just that sometimes I can't resist. You know how I am with teasing."

Heather acknowledged her friend's apology nonverbally with a slight nod. "Come on. Let's go in; I'm getting cold."

As they started to head back to shore, the tanned blonde thought, I have no idea why I bother with this Alan guy. He's not worth the grief. It's not like I CARE for him or anything. Really, it's not. It's like I was telling Simone: he's just a lark. A project. A change of pace. Maybe he'll amuse me for a few more weeks, if he's lucky. Then I'll chew him up and spit him out like all the rest. And when I'm done with him

I'm going to make him pay for all of his insults and his sheer gall at forcing ME to do what HE wants. God, is he going to be sorry for not knowing who he's been messing with!

She felt a lot better as she plotted a variety of ways to get revenge on Alan. As she waded in to shore, she envisioned him facing a variety of cruel Medieval torture devices. While she wouldn't do that in real life, fantasies of hurting him helped her convince herself that she had no real feelings for him after all.

Simone, however, was intrigued by Heather's unusually strong reactions to her teasing. Those convinced her even more that there was something very unprecedented and important about Heather's relationship with Alan. Simone knew she was hot, so she figured she'd have no trouble seducing a "mere nerd" such as Alan unless he had some kind of racist phobia, and she strongly doubted that from what little she knew of him.

But since Heather seemed adamant about keeping Alan as her personal "project", Simone decided she'd better keep her distance from him - for the time being. Amongst other things, she had a very healthy respect for the consequences of being on Heather's shit list.

Given how rarely Heather opened up about her feelings, the fact that Heather had told her anything at all about her unusual feelings for Alan was a huge breakthrough. Simone saw this as possibly an exciting new development in her relationship with Heather. She would have to be extra careful not to fuck up the trust Heather was placing in her.

Chapter 445 Suzanne Perceived Alan's Sex Life.

Back at the Plummer house, even though everyone had moved inside and the group excitement was at an ebb, the day's sexual activities were far from over.

That was because Suzanne wasn't about to let the fun stop. She sat in the Plummer living room feeling quite pleased with herself. She'd been holding back a lot, for instance in the sexual contact she allowed herself with Katherine, and she was tired of restraining herself so much.

She'd taken an after-pool shower at the Plummer house and had put on only a bathrobe. She figured that would make it easier to get naked quickly, something she figured she'd be doing a couple more times before she went to her own home for the night.

She'd left the robe partly open just in case Alan or Katherine might wander by. She wouldn't have bothered with wearing a robe at all except for her concern that Susan might think she'd gone too far. Hell, I wouldn't EVER wear ANY clothes in this house if I had my way, she thought with wicked glee.

Alan's application of suntan lotion had gone far better than Suzanne had expected. Susan seems very primed to be fucked by her son. Physically, she's there. Her body needs it. We just need to get her ready mentally.

The spanking idea was an inspired improvisation on my part, hee-hee. In one fell swoop, not only did I secure Angel as one of my lovers, but it happened under the eyes of my Sweetie, who clearly approved; I could tell he loved the way I was fingering her. I'm so very happy to see that. I'd assumed he'd be cool with it, but it's absolutely key to have that hunch confirmed. My future sex family is gonna see a LOT of lesbian sex going on, that's for sure!

And the fact that the whole thing happened within ten feet of an unaware Susan made the victory that much sweeter. This is actually better than if I'd been able to get him away from the house to fuck, because we're setting Plummer family precedent here that'll last forever. Oooh! I love how Susan was so eager to get spanked! How delish! Having her defer to Sweetie's authority as well as mine will speed things up nicely.

I can't BELIEVE how much fun my scheme is, or how well it's going! I got both brother and sister off on the same day! And their oh-so-moral mother isn't far behind. I'm SO wicked. Gaawwwd, this is fun! Sure, things are going slower than I'd like, but the anticipation and teasing is great too. I should savor these pivotal first days in our new life.

My Sweetie needs a reward for being so understanding about sharing. I can go further with him now that the barriers are coming down some more, and that's tremendously exciting! Maybe he could even fuck me soon. Susan is so horny that you could knock her over with a feather. Although tickling her with a feather would be more fun, hee-hee! Not to mention, it would be nice to get some more of my Sweetie's "cream" in time for my second round with Angel, which is coming up soon. And then, when we finally have a mother-son-auntie threesome I can help Alan put the "cream" right in her, straight from the source! Phew! Be still my beating heart!

Of course Suzanne didn't actually need his cream. She didn't need any cream at all, since Katherine's butt wasn't even red anymore from the light spanking. But she figured it would be a fun thing for the two of them to play with later.

Mmmm. That reminds me. Spankings. How delightful. I've been reasonably aroused when Sweetie has treated me like a submissive or a slut. It's usually not my thing, but that Daisy Duke role-play gets me going every time I think about it, for instance. But that's nothing compared to my enjoyment of seeing someone else get spanked! I'm mostly a natural dom, a sexual dominatrix. Today has been such a watershed day, sexually spanking Angel for the first time. The first of many, hee-hee! Just imagine if I could spank my Sweetie. Now THAT would get me seriously HOT! Or Susan! She was getting off on the idea of being spanked so much, I'm almost surprised she didn't push Angel out of the way and demand that I do her next!

Oh! And if Sweetie and I could spank Susan together - geez, I seriously have to stop. These ideas are like BURNING LAVA!

Even as she thought these things, her tiny vibrator continued to buzz deep inside her. It felt really good, like a constant high, bringing her attention repeatedly back to it. Why don't I keep it inside me all the time? I've only used it occasionally in my house to relieve the boredom there, but I think it's more fun here. I'll have to do this much more often! I seriously wonder what it would be like to have my pussy stimulated all day long. I have a feeling I'm going to find out, the way things are going around here.

Suzanne had no desire to have sex with her own children. She saw that as real incest, since Brad and Amy were her own genetic flesh and blood. Brad was just on such a completely different wavelength that she couldn't even imagine wanting to seduce him. She knew Amy was very attractive, but she figured that Amy was so naïve that to seduce her would be downright mean and cruel. To Suzanne, Amy was the essence of innocence; she would shiver in dismay at the thought of anyone doing anything sexual with her daughter, especially after what had happened the year before with Amy's near-rape. In any case, the Plummer family was infinitely more appealing and challenging to seduce.

Suzanne's overall scheme to fuck Katherine, Alan, and Susan, separately and together, was advancing well. The major obstacle remained what was left of Susan's restraint. So she considered the day to be a big victory, because Alan had clearly further worn down Susan's resistance. That would give Suzanne the opportunity to exploit the breach in Susan's defenses herself. For instance, blowjobs in front of others had been a no-no, but hopefully not anymore. She knew that Susan's acceptance of such public acts was a key step in turning their many sexual situations into all-out orgies.

Suzanne had a feeling that Alan and Katherine had gone a lot further with each other than they let on. I'll bet they're fucking each other. There's been a subtle difference in the way they interact, especially in the last few days. But where and when? No way could they do it at school; Sweetie at least would never allow that, since he's generally smart and prudent. Maybe late at night after Susan goes to sleep?

Oh, wait, I know! He must be doing it at Kim's house! That makes perfect sense. He's already admitted to fucking Kim in threesomes with Angel there, and Kim apparently totally approves of all the incest, so it would be the perfect opportunity.

But the problem is, once they've started fucking, it's inevitable they'll be tempted to do it at home too. And if Susan catches them, that would be a big setback for me too. I'm going to have to have a talk with them soon, even if that means breaking the sort of "don't ask, don't tell" stance we've had on that.

Dammit, that sucks that practically everybody is getting fucked by him but me! If I had a private place for fucking I'd be doing it on a daily basis already, but these days I can't even get him out of the house for part of a day. The Halloween party didn't really count, since he was so drunk and wasn't even aware that he was with me. Today's "lotion application" was ten times as much fun for me as that, and probably even more fun for Susan, damn her. But an opportunity like that party comes along so rarely.

How do I get him alone and out of this house? If I take him from the house on a regular basis, Susan will certainly guess why. And now he's grounded for a week. Dammit! On the other hand, perhaps it's for the best. Maybe I could get away with taking him to a hotel for an afternoon once or twice, but when I start getting healthy injections of his cock I'm not going to be satisfied with just a little every once in a while. I'm going to want to do it right in the middle of the living room, with Susan and Angel watching and even joining in!

That would be paradise: the three people I love the most all loving me and each other without any boundaries.

It's better if I stay the course and keep corrupting Susan and Angel until the Plummer house becomes a complete, nonstop orgy. It's a constant struggle to break Susan's prudish beliefs, but if today has been any indication, it won't be long until I can fuck any of them at will!

Speaking of which, I believe it's time for Sweetie's reward. This'll be fun!

One thought bugged her, though, and she lingered on it before she left for Alan's room. But what about Amy? She's over here all the time. Plus, I have to admit, she's highly fuckable - even if she IS my daughter. I can admit at least that much to myself. If my plan succeeds, it may just be a matter of time before she's sucked into the vortex of sex the Plummer house is becoming. Amy and Angel have shared

almost everything since they were little, and she's over here as much as I am, so it's only fair if they share my studly sex muffin's big cock too! Hee-hee-hee!

So she may be one other person I have to share him with. That is a downside, but I might just have to live with it. After all, the five of us really are a family. She has to fit into that somehow. Besides, thinking of my Sweetie poking TWO mother-daughter teams - how can I not get turned on by that, even if I'm part of one of those teams? Hell, ESPECIALLY if I'm on one of those teams! Hee-hee!

But I can't REALLY let that happen, can I? Amy is still my cute little Honey Pie. I have to protect her from sexual exploitation. Maybe I should keep her from this for another year or two. No way can she just jump into this sexual madness, or she'll be hopelessly corrupted. I guess I've always realized that she's the fly in the ointment of my grand scheme. I'm going to have to figure out what to do with her sometime soon or else I'll wind up finding myself fucking my own real daughter!

She giggled. Oh God, I'm so bad. I can't believe I just had that thought. Going up these stairs, I'm tempted to spread my arms like the wings of a succubus or vampire wafting through a house of sin! I'm closing in on my prey! Sexing it up with brother and sister while their mother sleeps! And tonight I'm going to tempt both about fucking their mother! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha! Everything is going to end up sex, sex, and more sex, all thanks to me.

She was having fun pretending to be evil in her own mind, in a campy sort of way. But at the same time she sincerely believed that what she did was for the overall good of everyone involved.

Chapter 446 Show Me Who's Boss!

Suzanne walked into Alan's room still wearing just her loose robe and high-heeled sandals. She closed the door and turned on the stereo to mask the noise of any activity. She preferred to listen to classical music, but she had a soft spot for New Wave music because that had been popular when she was in high school and college. She knew that classical wasn't Alan's taste, so she put on a New Wave mix CD with "Tainted Love" by Soft Cell as the first song, which raised her spirits.

Alan was in bed asleep, but Suzanne didn't mind waking him. She'd calculated how long he'd been in bed and had decided that he'd had a long enough nap. He also needed to shower badly since he still smelled like coconut-flavored suntan lotion and sex. (It seemed likely that he'd fallen asleep while waiting for one of the two showers to become available.) But Suzanne didn't mind his cummy tropical smell, and she knew he'd soon revive. She shook his shoulder lightly, but that didn't wake him. Then she clapped to the syncopated rhythm of the song, but that didn't wake him either.

She cackled silently, Hee-hee, I have a better way to get his attention. She reached under the sheet and lightly stroked his dick until it started hardening.

He looked up at her with bleary eyes. He was so out of it that he didn't even realize that someone's hand was rubbing his boner.

She sat on the edge of his bed and said, with an obvious double meaning, "You up?"

"I am now," he grumbled.

She spoke in a mocking baby voice. "Awww, my widdle boy has such a tough wife" (meaning "life"). She pulled his sheets down, revealing his naked body and the erect penis on which her pale fingers were sliding up and down. She was also pleased to see that he was using the red satin sheets that Susan had recently bought for his bed. "Oh, and wook! What's this? What happens if I wub it?"

"There's an original thought," he grouched.

But she kept stroking his dick. She knew he was grumpy from being woken from a deep sleep, but his attitude was certain to improve very soon. She leaned forward some, exposing more of her bare breasts as her robe fell wide open.

"Feeling better now?" she asked in her usual voice, about a minute or two later.

"A widdle," he replied, unable to suppress a grin. Staring at her rack, he exclaimed, "Damn, woman, you're seriously stacked!"

"Now, that's the Sweetie I know."

He joked, "Or, I should say, you're werry, werry, werry well wendowed."

They both laughed.

There was silence for a minute or so as she stroked his cock and let him wake up more fully.

She waited until a big grin crossed his face. That showed her he was greatly enjoying what her talented fingers were doing to his stiff boner. Then, with a devious smile, she said, "I have to ask you a big favor. In about half an hour I'm supposed to put some more cream on Angel to soothe her spanking, but it seems like I'm all out of your special brand. Do you think you can get some more?" She held up a mostly empty jar of skin moisturizer - the same one used earlier.

"Hmmm," he replied with mock seriousness. "I only know one container with more of that, and it takes a special pair of hands or even a mouth to get the stuff to come out."

She got down on the floor and knelt next to the bed. Even though she was already jacking him off, she wanted to be in position for some serious two-fisted stroking that could morph into a titfuck, blowjob, or both.

He remained lying down, but he scooted over to the edge of the bed so she'd have easier access.

Soon all her fingers were sliding up and down his slick pole. She said in an extra sultry purr, "What about one of your personal cocksuckers? Do you think one of us might have what it takes? Do you think I could coax your cream out with my extra long tongue?"

She flicked her tongue at him like a snake, proudly showing off its length.

He groaned lustily. "Oh man! What have I done to deserve all this? Seriously! I mean, who has 'personal cocksuckers?' It's just nuts!"

"I take that as a 'yes.' And yes, there are nuts involved." She bent over and briefly licked his balls. "What do you think about my hands? Do you think they're up for the task?"

"I'm sure your hands are fine," he replied, temporarily overwhelmed by her furnace blast of sexuality.

She lapped her way all around his cockhead, causing him to groan loudly once again. But then she suddenly stopped, with a concerned look on her face. "Oh dear, Sweetie. I think I've drastically

overdressed for the occasion!" Her robe was already completely open in the front, but she slipped it off altogether. Now they were both buck naked, except for her high-heeled sandals.

His mind reeled in the face of such beauty and enthusiasm. His cock was already hard, but it suddenly got even harder. This is not happening. How is it possible that I'm this hard yet again? It feels like I've been cumming, or on the verge of cumming, like, all day!

Aunt Suzy is what's happening. She's like a succubus. She could make a dead man pop a boner! And I HAVE been on the verge of cumming all day. I must have enjoyed at least two hours of cocksucking, if you add it all up!

"You know, Sweetie, I could give you a handjob," she said with deliberate irony because she was in the middle of doing so, "or we could do something else. After what happened by the pool today, I don't think we have to worry about barriers too much. Don't you agree?"

He nodded his head in happy agreement.

She continued as she stroked him relentlessly, "It seems your mother is ready to suck your cock anytime, anywhere, in front of anybody, and is willing to let Angel and me do the same. A bit of an exaggeration, perhaps, but not much, you must admit. Mark my words: that'll be happening soon. You'll hardly be able to walk from your room to the bathroom across the hall without getting blown by some big-titted vixen or another."

He joked, "Alas, a common problem for kids my age."

She kept on stroking his rigid pole, sliding her talented fingers up and down its full length. It was still somewhat greasy with suntan lotion, though soon his pre-cum dominated. She stopped at his cockhead long enough to massage it gently with the tips of her fingers. She thought, God, I love this big cock. This is heaven right here. Endless stroking, and my big, tasty reward ready to burst out of the tip if I keep going. I know I sound like the propaganda I always feed Susan, but so what? This is fun!

She continued, "I love it when you touch me all over. There's only one barrier that really matters, and that's fucking - the penetration of my vagina with this rock-hard cock, right here." She bent down and licked the tip, as if that was necessary to indicate which cock she referred to. She never stopped stroking it either. "I know that isn't something you want to do anyway, is it?"

That was a tricky question. He couldn't really decide from her tone what she meant. He decided sarcasm (plus a compliment) was the safest route. "Of cooouurse not! What guy in his right mind would want to do something totally gross like that? Especially with such a beautiful woman like yourself."

It seemed that he'd said the right thing, since she smiled broadly. "Well then, we're in agreement. As long as we're careful not to do that, then why don't we try out a few other things? All in the name of your medical treatment, of course. Not that I would actually find pleasure in any of this!" she added with a sly smile and the same sarcastic tone that Alan had used.

She gave his shaft a squeeze and let go.

He sat up in bed and reached over to fondle her big boobs. Despite the many blowjobs, titfucks, and handjobs she'd given him in recent weeks, he felt he hadn't been given nearly enough opportunity to play with her giant melons (especially since he would have been happy to play with her body all day long).

She didn't stop him, but instead asked coyly, "Sweetie, I thought that was against Susan's boundaries?"

He answered, "Aunt Suzy, you know as well as I do that her boundaries are more than a bit flexible. Technically, nothing is allowed except handjobs, cocksucking, and 'getting her attention' with ass grabs. Oh, and goodnight kisses. But there are violations of that every day. In fact, the violations are more common than keeping to the rules."

She asked wryly, "So, when you rubbed your cum into her skin earlier, and just generally fondled every inch of her perfect, naked body, do you think that was a rule violation?"

"Um... yeah." He grinned.

Alan was sitting in bed fondling Suzanne's tits while she jacked him off, but she wanted to reposition him for what she planned to do next. She pulled him forward until he was sitting on the edge of the bed. She lathered up her cleavage with some of the skin moisturizer from the jar she'd brought for him to cum into. Then, without any discussion, she grabbed his pulsing hard dick and guided it between her twin peaks.

He naturally began to titfuck her. Fuuuuck! Feels so good! DANG!

She asked, "So, what do you think about tits? Do you think it would be okay with Susan if I let you touch mine?" She said this with deliberate irony since he was more than touching them at that moment.

He responded, "What she doesn't know won't hurt her. I've explored her tits in so many ways today alone that she could hardly complain, and I've given her a couple of nice titfucks already. That's a seriously hypocritical boundary. I'm not going to worry about it; I'll just play with her tits whenever I like from now on. She totally wants it."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you notice? We didn't see the usual Susan prudish backlash after her first titfucking? She loves any tit-play so much that she can't work up any outrage."

"Ah. I'd say that's true."

"What I'd like to see, though, is more pussy action."

She smiled knowingly. "Oh, would you? Color me shocked!" She chuckled. She raised and lowered her melons on either side of his rigid pole. "But what about your homework?"

"Homework? Ugh! Why did you have to remind me of that? Talk about cooling my ardor. I'm so far behind that it's not even funny." He still swayed back and forth as he plowed Suzanne's chest.

"Sorry. I wasn't meaning that kind of homework. I'm talking about the homework that Akami assigned you. You know, how you told me she said you need to regularly practice titfucking."

"Oh, that. Yes. If only I could find a willing partner..."

They both laughed.

So far, Suzanne hadn't really brought her tongue out to play, to add to the titfucking joy. But when she took a break from moving her heavy tits around, she licked the tip of his cockhead to keep him fully aroused.

He commented, "Jesus, Aunt Suzy! You can reach me without hardly bending your head down! What if you really stretch to the max?"

She smiled knowingly. "You mean like this?" She extended her head as far down as it could go, while continuing to keep his erection in her tight tit-tunnel. She not only thoroughly licked all over his cockhead, she even managed to lick his sweet spot.

"Jesus H. Christ!" he exclaimed, once the tip of her tongue reached his most sensitive spot. "How do you do that?!"

She shrugged. "Good genes. I'm lucky, I guess." Then she proceeded to lick his sweet spot AND resume the titfuck, sliding her tits up and down around his shaft at the same time.

It was so stimulating that he didn't know up from down. Holy crap! It really is the best of both worlds. Her tongue is a killer weapon! I'm seriously gonna die of pleasure here!

After they'd been titfucking for a while, there was a knock at the door. It was Susan. "Tiger? Suzanne? Suzanne, are you in there?"

Suzanne both smiled and rolled her eyes at Alan. She spoke up loud enough for Susan to hear. "Yes. Yes I am."

"Just what's going on in there?" Susan asked. She'd just come from cleaning the kitchen and then taking a shower, so she was wearing nothing but a loose robe.

"What do you think?" Suzanne replied.

Susan muttered something neither Alan nor Suzanne had any hope of hearing.

Alan asked, "Mom, can you speak up?"

"Sorry. I said, 'It doesn't involve Tiger's penis, does it?'"

Suzanne replied quite loudly, "No, it doesn't. It involves his cock! Even as we speak, he's giving me a good titfucking!"

Susan bit her lip with desire.

Suzanne added, "I hope you don't have a problem with that, because this is a cock that needs a LOT of tender loving care! Since you're punishing yourself and Angel, that leaves me to handle all of this spermy goodness!"

Susan panted, Oh no! Spermy goodness! I love Tiger's spermy goodness. It's so wonderfully... well, spermy! I'll bet she's bobbing on it right now, just to make me regret my earlier punishment decision that much more.

Actually that's exactly what Suzanne was doing. She'd even paused in the titfuck for a minute so she could bob down to his sweet spot.

Looking up and down the hallway to make sure Katherine couldn't see her, Susan reached inside her robe and pinched one of her nipples. She asked, "Is it... Is it... big and hard... and tasty?"

Alan had to pick up the conversation. He couldn't help but feel cheeky as he said, "Mom, Aunt Suzy can't talk at the moment. Her mouth is, uh, full. But she's nodding a lot, so I think she's agreeing about the big and hard and tasty comment. Or maybe she's just bobbing like that already; I can't really tell. Do you want to come in and join us?"

Susan's robe had opened even more, and she'd started playing with her clit too once he'd mentioned that Suzanne's mouth was "full." She was sorely tempted to join them, but she wasn't as horny as she'd been earlier, so her resistance to sex acts when in front of others was back in force. She said with both sadness and obvious lust in her voice, "I... I can't! Too... improper! Sorry, Tiger!"

Alan replied, "That's okay. Aunt Suzy has things well in hand. Although it's more accurate to say well in... mouth, if you know what I mean. And in her cleavage too, as a matter of fact. She has this amazing ability to do this blowjob-titfuck combo that's out of this world! By the way, what are you wearing?"

Susan's lust was rising by the second, especially since she was going to town on her clit and nipples. She had a hard time coming up with a reply at first, she was so distracted. "Um, I... uh... Oh. I'm wearing a robe. I was just taking a shower, and I'm about to take a nap."

"Who said you're allowed to wear any clothes? Did I give you permission? I don't recall doing that!"

Suzanne was busy bobbing, as well as lapping against Alan's sweet spot within her mouth. But she too was listening closely, so she gave him a thumbs-up after he said that.

Susan's arousal shot up like a rocket blasting into space. OH NO! He's right! I have no excuse!

She quickly shrugged the robe down her arms, allowing it to fall to the floor. Then she looked down at herself. Good Lord, he's done it again! I can't even talk to him for a minute from another room before he somehow takes off all my clothes! Dear Lord, the power of his mighty cock even goes through walls!

As she frantically fingered herself, she worried, When will he let me wear clothes again? Maybe never! Sweet Jesus! What if he keeps me as his naked big-titted mommy forever? I'll never be able to leave the house! I won't be able to do ANYTHING but stay on my knees, slurping and stroking and titfucking his heavenly fat cock!

SO HOT!

Alan had given her some time, then asked, "So what are you wearing now?"

Susan proudly replied, "I'm naked! Totally gloriously naked! Just like a good big-titted mommy should be!"

He loved that. He had to tap on Suzanne's head to tell her to take it easy, because between the talking to Susan and Suzanne's bobbing and licking he was in danger of cumming. He said, "Mom, you've been very naughty lately. I'm not sure if I should trust you. You'd better open the door and let me see. Don't worry; it's not locked."

"But... but..." Susan dropped her head in defeat. If I open the door, I'm going to see Suzanne worshipping his wonderful cock. And that'll make me so horny I'll practically die! But what choice do I have? It's like he owns my soul! She slowly opened the door.

It was just as she'd predicted: Suzanne was going to town all over Alan's erection. Knowing that Susan was watching, she was fondling Alan's balls and shaft with both hands as well as bobbing with his cockhead in her mouth. She was careful to do it in a way that would give Susan a good view from the door.

Susan's jaw dropped. Even though she knew what she'd see, actually seeing it hit her like a sucker punch. She started to resume playing with herself, but then she forced herself to stop when she remembered that Alan would be looking her way.

But he didn't look her way, at least not yet. His eyes were closed and he was luxuriating in Suzanne's bobbing and fondling.

Susan got a very long look at the two of them. She felt like her body was going to burst into flame, it was such a thrilling sight. Look at him, sitting back like a king on his throne! And Suzanne, the mighty Suzanne, it's like she's one of his harem slaves! Clearly, she loves pleasuring him as much as I do! MMMM! SO HOT!

Finally, she said, "Um, Tiger? I opened the door." She pinned her arms behind her back and thrust her chest out, hoping he'd like that.

But he still didn't turn his head to look, even though it would have been very easy to do. He finally said, "Hold on, Mom. Just a sec."

Susan's anticipation grew. She decided it would be sexier if she raised her hands behind her head, so she did that. It helped that the pose increased her delightful feelings of submissiveness. She also hoped that

doing that would keep her from embarrassing herself even further by wantonly masturbating in front of her son and Suzanne.

But still, Alan didn't look her way. She wanted him to look so badly that it practically made her cry. Her pussy throbbed, her nipples tingled, and her mouth watered with cocksucking need. She fretted about the fact that she wasn't wearing high heels since she hadn't been expecting to be seen, and she hoped he would understand and forgive that oversight.

Finally, he turned his head. "Oh. Hey, Mom. You look yummy, like always. Check out Aunt Suzy. Isn't she great? You wouldn't BELIEVE what she's doing with her tongue right now! She can practically wrap it all the way around my dick!"

Susan was suddenly weak in the knees. She had to grasp hold of the door frame to remain standing. The sight of Suzanne's hungry cocksucking was simply too much for her to take. She quickly said, "Okay. I'm gonna go take a nap. Take care!" She hastily closed the door.

Her whole body was trembling as she bent over and picked up her robe. She started to walk down the hall to her bedroom.

She was a bit disappointed that Alan hadn't said goodbye to her, but after she took a few steps she heard him say, "Later, Mom! And don't forget about the wearing clothes thing. You don't want me to have to spank you!"

That did it. When she had first walked by his door and thought to ask if Suzanne was there, she was feeling sleepy and in need of a nap due to the sun and all the prolonged sexual excitement outside. But now she was totally wired with lust. She ran as fast as she could down the hall, nearly knocking her bedroom door off its hinges in her haste to get to her bed.

She tossed the robe aside and flew onto the bed. Within seconds, she had her eyes closed and her fingers working her clit and slit. Tiger! Oh Tiger! Please! YES! Mmmm! Yes! Spank me! Spank me hard! Show me who's boss! Make me suck your cock! Mmmm, yes! Shove it down my throat and spank me and rip all my clothes off! I'm your tit slave mommy, born to SERVE! Oh God! God, God, God, God, God! MMMM! YEEESSSS!

She quickly reached a great climax.

But that didn't sate her sexual desire. She managed to get up and close her bedroom door, because she worried about Katherine hearing her or walking in on her. Then she hurried back to bed and settled down for a much longer masturbation session, with the images of Suzanne's bobbing head fresh in her mind.

Chapter 447 You're Still Denying Me Access To That Area?

Back in Alan's room, he was horny as hell, but Suzanne wouldn't let him cum. As soon as Susan closed the door, Suzanne had pulled off. She still held his shaft firmly, but that was to make sure he wouldn't be tempted to masturbate. She was well aware that a woman could cum a virtually unlimited number of times but a man could not, and she wasn't done with him just yet. Not by a long shot.

As Alan tilted his head back and panted hard, she said with genuine admiration, "Brilliant! Sweetie, that was just brilliant!"

He just nodded. He'd sounded calm and collected while talking to Susan, but that actually had been a pose, and he was paying for it now as his body repeatedly gasped for air.

So Suzanne filled the silence by saying, "You handled that perfectly! I swear, you don't even need my help in readjusting your mom's sexual mores, because you do just fine on your own. You just came up with all that off the top of your head, didn't you?"

He managed to nod.

"Brilliant. Fucking brilliant. Especially the part about having her open the door. You just took a sledgehammer and smashed a huge hole in her barrier about wanting blowjobs to be private affairs only. She'll just be too horny to resist! And that final comment about spanking her? How did you come up with that, given all I was doing to you?"

He admitted between heavy pants, "I don't know. Spanking was on my mind, I guess."

"Well, it was the perfect touch. And I love your pose. You saw how horny she was, standing at the door with her huge tits heaving up and down and her pussy juices dripping down her thighs, but you just kind of turned your head and gave her this bored, 'Oh, hi, Mom.' But you were just acting, weren't you? I could feel your cock in my mouth pulsing with excitement!"

She knew she was supposed to be letting him recover, but she couldn't resist: she took a long lick from the base of his hard-on up to the tip and then back again.

He groaned in ecstasy at that, and then he said, "Of course I was acting! I don't even know how I did it. But it was damn fun!"

The two of them laughed and giggled with glee.

Suzanne said, "You need to be rewarded, big time. Hmmm... I wonder how I can do that..."

They both chuckled some more, since the answer was so obvious. The titfuck had fallen away while she was busy cocksucking him for Susan's benefit, so she trapped his throbbing shaft in her cleavage all over again and resumed licking on his cockhead for good measure.

Susan's appearance had made Suzanne so hot and bothered that she wanted to do more to his boner, much more. However, she knew she couldn't arouse him too much if they wanted this to last a good long while, since he was still powerfully aroused too. So while she kept her head bent down, she merely started nibbling on the tip of his cockhead, deliberately avoiding his sweet spot.

Time passed.

Since she was busy licking and nibbling, he took over the conversation for a while. He wanted to talk about something other than Susan, to get those all-too-exciting thoughts out of his head. "You know, I remember when you and I first started doing things to each other. It was only like, what, a month ago? What a month this has been! Anyway, you were merciless in denying me your tits, like, forever. It was downright cruel. You have a couple of serious weapons there. Big-time milk wagons. I've fantasized about them so much at school that I think people are starting to think I'm retarded or something. I have hours and hours of missed boob-fondling time that I need to make up for right away!"

She pressed her tits closer together with her hands, creating a tighter tit-tunnel.

Then he took over, groping them most enthusiastically while keeping the tight tit-tunnel for his raging boner.

She asked, "What about Susan's?"

"Well yeah, obviously those too. Between the two of you, or maybe I should say the four of you, I'm in Heaven on Earth!" He let go of his titfuck hold briefly to pull on her nipples.

Suzanne was amused and somewhat chagrined. Men only think of me as a walking pair of tits, when I have so many other assets! Still, he'll change his tune once we stop talking about fucking and are able to actually do it.

Flicking her tongue all the way down to his sweet spot again, just to show off a little bit, she said, "Sweetie, I'm hurt. You only think about them at school? What about all the other hours of the day?"

He laughed. "That, too. But let's talk about pussy. Yours, to be specific."

"Yes! Let's!" she eagerly agreed. Since her hands were now free, she began to frig herself as his hard-on continued to drive into her chest.

"So, you're still denying me access to that area? Seriously! We both want it bad. Why don't we just cut to the chase and let me play with your pussy?"

Suzanne imitated Susan's voice. "But Tiger. What about the boundaries? It's so improper!"

They both chuckled. He loved the fact that she said that while her tongue otherwise lapped against the top of his cockhead, even while the rest of his cock was nearly entirely hidden by her giant tit-pillows. He began to feel aggressive. He pointed out, "You're dodging the question."

"Hrm. You're right. I'll have to think about it. We don't want to make Susan too upset. Look at how she tore into your sister today." She nibbled on his cockhead, managing to get an inch or more in her mouth and suck on it some.

"Wrong answer. Normally, I would punish your disobedient mouth by stuffing it with my cock, but it seems to be already gainfully employed that way at the moment. So I'll have to use something else."

She stopped sucking and sat back a bit to see what he would come up with.

He took one of his hands that had squeezed and explored her tits so thoroughly and brought it up near her mouth. He waited until she tilted her head back, then shoved four of his fingers into her mouth.

She immediately replaced his hands with her own on her breasts, so he could keep titfucking.

She purposely tried and failed to speak. "Mmmphf! Mrnn! Prompf! Mmm!" She thoroughly enjoyed the idea that he would punish her, which also caused her to seriously wonder whether she might also get off on him spanking her.

She opened her eyes wide and pretended that she was being violated unwillingly. But inside her mouth, her incredible tongue ran lovingly over each of his fingers, one by one.

It felt so good, especially combined with the continuing titfuck, that he made the mental note to do it more often. He soon withdrew all but one of his fingers from her mouth, leaving her to suck on that one at a slow and loving pace.

After a few minutes of that, plus the continued titfuck, he asked, "So. Have you learned your lesson? Are you going to let me play with your pussy, or will I have to keep shoving my dick and fingers in your mouth all day long?" He was trying to be playful about it, but there was also a determined fuck lust behind it, which she shared. He pulled his finger out of her mouth so she could answer clearly.

She replied, "Well, first of all, yes. You are going to keep shoving them into my mouth all day long, but that's beside the point. You need to do that anyway. The question is, what will you trade me, if I let you play with my pussy - but just a little bit, because of your mom's boundaries?"

He noted with interest how Suzanne switched the situation from him trying to take charge of what they were doing to them bargaining on even terms. He was fine with that, but he mentally noted how different it would have been with Katherine. She would have eagerly replied "Yes, sir!" or "Your fuck toy obeys!" Whereas, had it been Susan, her answer would have entirely depended on her degree of lust and her ever-changing mood.

He asked, "You said I should be rewarded for what I said to Mom. Can't that be my reward?"

"Don't push your luck. I'm rewarding you now with my tongue and my lips. Think of something else."

"I don't know," he replied. "What would you like?"

"I drive a hard bargain. You'll have to give me a load of cum in the jar that I brought before we're done here. It's a selfless sacrifice, because I need it to help Angel with her painful recovery."

He laughed again. "Recovery from what? Oh, yeah. Her quote, spanking, unquote." He added sarcastically, "I'm sure having your lotion include cum is very necessary for her health."

Suzanne countered, half seriously, "Hey. I'm willing to forgo taking your creamy load down my throat this time, so it must be important. I'm the one making the sacrifice here."

He grumbled, "As if Sis's butt needs soothing in the first place! My only regret is that I can't get in the shower with you two to take part."

"Sweetie, your mother might find that just a tad suspicious. But there will be other days. Besides, by the time I'm through with you here, you won't be able to get it up for a week! That might be a good thing for you, seeing that you're grounded for a few days."

Alan paused to enjoy the titfuck and just revel in how great his overall situation was.

Sensing the lapse in conversation, Suzanne made needy sucking noises, so he responded by putting his fingers back in her mouth. She returned to sucking his finger contentedly even as his throbbing cock rode her busty chest.

He thought, This is so right. This is how Aunt Suzy belongs: naked and enjoying the pleasures of sex. Seeing her drive a car? Wrong. On the phone? Wrong. Shopping? Wrong. Having her do anything nonsexual for any significant portion of the day is so utterly wrong. It would be like giving Hercules a job as a tax accountant.

Every inch of her being is meant for sex. In most any historical era she would be a mistress or a harem girl - or a prostitute or courtesan - and make love all day long. To have her be an unloved housewife without enough sex all these years is absolutely criminal. She's really smart, but there are lots of smart people in the world and only a very select few who look as good as her, much less anyone who oozes and enjoys sex the way she does. She's even more naturally suited to sex than Mom, and that's really saying something!

There's something very wrong with our society to have her sexual talents go so tragically under-used. Her husband is a total fool! He must be insane or gay to not fuck her twenty-four hours a day. His loss is my gain. Sure, she's smart as a whip, and that's great, but she should be able to do smart things and have lots of sex too. She just plain kicks ass all around.

The thing I don't get is, why is she doing this with ME? I mean, I know she loves me, but you'd think she'd keep loving me like family and go fuck some Adonis gym trainer or something.

Strangely enough, Suzanne's thoughts also came around to her husband Eric at nearly the same time. Now THIS is more like it! Forget that sloppy encounter at the party; this is the Sweetie I know and love. Damn, this guy's endurance is incredible! His cock just keeps going in and out of my cleavage like he could do it all day long. I'm in heaven. This is how it has to be more often!

I wonder what my lame-ass husband is doing right now. He's probably just a few hundred feet away, right next door. If only he could see through walls and see my tits getting fucked by what he still thinks is Susan's cute little kid. I'll tell you, Eric, Alan is all grown up now, and he sure knows how to fuck a lady's breasts!

Eventually, Alan took his fingers out of her mouth and got back to their "negotiations." He asked, "So, you were saying something about a deal?"

"Ah, yes. A cup of cum. Then you can play with my pussy. Just a little." She was so far into the titfuck that she didn't want to talk.

"Just a little? Why not a lot?"

"Too much is bad. Little is good. Just hands. No cock. Not near. Dangerous. No fucking. Not allowed. Susan'll get mad. Angry at you. At us." She spoke in short, choppy phrases because she was very near another climax and found it hard to talk while she was panting heavily.

Her answer wasn't a lie, but it wasn't just Susan catching them that worried her. She worried that if he played freely with her pussy for a long while, or worse, licked it, she'd lose all control and wind up getting fucked. And that was not a part of the plan, because if Susan caught them really fucking at this stage, that could be a disaster and set back her scheme a lot.

"Okay. Fair enough. I'm gonna cum!" He positioned his boner so he could shoot all over her beautiful big melons.

"Not so fast, Sweetie!" she exclaimed as she grabbed the jar from the floor and brought it up to her chest. "Aim for this. Remember?"

He was disappointed: he was starting to really love spraying his seed on a woman's tits or face. He gave her his sad puppy-dog look.

So Suzanne, feeling that he deserved some extra reward for making her feel so exceptionally good, wet a finger in her pussy, then ran that hand down his ass crack until that finger found his anus. She massaged his puckered hole with her other fingers for a moment while jacking his cock with her other hand, then put the pre-wet finger deep in his rectum and began to massage his prostate.

The result was almost instantaneous: he shot a very generous load into the jar.

When it was done, he exclaimed, "Jesus, Aunt Suzy! Do that more often, please! That was like a double orgasm!"

She nodded. However, she suddenly felt exhausted. She'd had a sex-filled day already and looked forward to even more sexual intensity with Katherine as soon as she left Alan. So she got up and lay down on his bed right next to him.

They lay together as if they had just made love, caressing each other tenderly. They even French kissed. To kiss Suzanne on the lips was a relatively rare experience for him because they had no 'goodnight kiss' tradition like he had with his mother, who during the day, usually loomed jealously nearby to dissuade any such act. He took full advantage of the opportunity, especially since Suzanne wasn't wearing any clothes.

"That was nice," she said, but then she got up after just one long kiss.

"IS nice, you mean," he corrected. "Where are you going? We're just getting started, right? You're not going to titfuck and run, are you?" He reached out for her hand.

But she stayed just out of reach. "Sweetie, I could stay here forever. I like how you can be so tender, and you're a great kisser. But it'll soon be time for me to go home and cook dinner, and before that happens I've got a date to keep with your sexy sister. I need to shower, too, to get the smell of both Plummer kids off me."

She smiled at that. "Wow, isn't that the most delicious thought? Today is like a dream come true for me. I've dreamt about days like this for so long. You don't mind if I'm attracted to Angel, too, do you?" She began to put on her robe.

"Mind? Why should I mind, as long as you invite me to a threesome sometimes?"

"You nasty, sinful boy - what a great idea!" She laughed. "I'm glad to see we think along similar lines. Don't worry, though - I may fool around with other women, with your approval, but you're the only man for me. I'm through playing around outside the Plummer house. Everything and everyone I want is right here."

Her words "I may fool around with other women, with your approval, but you're the only man for me" hit him like a lightning bolt. He could barely breathe. His arousal level shot skyward, even though his penis remained limp.

She didn't seem to notice his stunned reaction, and continued, "It won't just be a threesome, though - or do you not want to fuck your mother?"

He didn't respond, but just blushed a bit.

She pushed a hand against his shoulder playfully. "Oh, come on. Who do you think you're kidding? You think I didn't see you and her by the pool today? Jesus. You all but fucked her in public and now you're blushing? I want to hear you say it. Look me right in the eyes and admit it. Tell me."

He looked her resolutely in the eyes. But then, after a pause, he turned away and blushed even more. "I don't know..." his voice trailed off.

Suzanne decided to drop the subject for the moment. "Roll on your side."

He was confused, but did as he was told.

She slapped her hand down hard onto his exposed butt. "That's what you get for not being honest with your Aunt Suzy."

They treated that as a joke, a playful reference to her spanking of Katherine a short time earlier. Both laughed.

But Suzanne thought, Seriously, that's a small down payment until I can give you a proper, thorough spanking. That's going to be so much fun! Maybe I can spank both siblings together, one with each hand! Gaawwwd, I'm slowly working myself into a frenzy just from letting my fantasies loose.

She turned back to the topic at hand. "Okay, well, tell me at least how you feel about your Aunt Suzy. Look me in the eyes and tell me if you want to fuck her. Don't hold back now." She held her spanking hand above him, threateningly, as if he needed the extra incentive to answer honestly.

He was less embarrassed about that question, and could tell she wanted a yes answer. With a steady gaze into her beautiful green eyes, he stated, "I want to fuck you. Bad. I'm GOING to fuck you. Just say when and where."

She kissed him again, this time hard and with sincere appreciation (and lots of tongue). "I feel the same. But that's the rub, isn't it? When and where? And your mom's stupid rules." She laughed, because of the way that his hands had firmly latched onto her muscular ass cheeks during their necking.

She stood up to put herself out of his reach again. "Wouldn't it be great if you were allowed to play with my pussy? Then we could really have fun."

"Hey! I can! You just agreed. Don't leave now! What about our deal?"

She winked playfully at him. "I said you could play with the pussy cat, but I didn't say when, did I? Not right now, because Angel is waiting. And won't it be more fun to do it when your cock can enjoy it too?"

Chapter 448 Don't Make My Dick Fall Off.

He was going to complain, but he looked down at his flaccid penis and realized that she had a good point.

She went on, "I'm actually late, because it takes ages to get you to cum. Kid, you realize how long you fucked my tits just now?"

"Not long enough!"

She grinned. "I like your attitude, not to mention your stamina. Tomorrow you can have a pussy-fest, but right now I have some hot lesbian action waiting for me."

"Well, okay. But good Lord, Aunt Suzy! You're insatiable!"

"I'm insatiable? What about you? How many times is that for you already today?"

"Eight."

"Eight? Wow! I've had a lot of other lovers over the years, but I never knew one who could cum eight times in one day. And your day still isn't over. I'll bet you're not even done yet."

"No, that's it. I'm definitely done. That was my target for today, to make up for some sub-par days, and now I've reached it. I'm totally wiped out. I'm just going to watch TV, and who knows, maybe even do some homework." With a quick thought and a wry grin, he added, "The traditional kind, not Akami's."

"That's what you think. I'll leave you alone if you like, but I doubt you'll be able to keep Angel's or Susan's hands or lips off you. They're so revved up from what we did by the pool that you haven't seen the last of them. I'll take care of your sister, but you'll have to take care of your mother. By the way, personally, I think you and Angel have gone much farther than you're letting on, but luckily your mother isn't as perceptive as I am."

Alan was noticeably silent. He failed to confirm or deny her suspicions and just shrugged.

She said, "I know you're trying to be a gentleman and not kiss and tell. That's good. But not a lot gets past me, and I see how you two look at each other these days. There's a special bond between man and woman that only happens after a good long fucking, and that's what I see. You two have always been exceptionally close siblings, but now you're even closer than before."

Again, his silence was notable.

She wasn't going to give up that easily though. "If you're doing it with her, why not tell me? You know I won't have a problem with it. In fact, I'll consider that very good news. And remember the other day when you told me the full truth of your sexual situation? I said then that it's important for me to know about things like Kim discovering the incest secret so I can do possible damage control. That's still true."

He felt bad, because he knew he hadn't told her the "full truth." He'd only given her that impression. In addition to not admitting that he was fucking Katherine, he didn't mention a word about his intimacy with Glory. He felt that was one case where he truly couldn't bend, since her job was at stake.

Suzanne continued, "Successfully handling multiple relationships is NOT easy. It's much like juggling a bunch of balls in the air. With each new ball you add, it almost becomes exponentially more difficult. You're a smart guy, sure, but you're young too. You've had ZERO experience with sex or relationships

prior to all of this starting. It's no shame if you lean on me for advice and feedback from time to time. Think of me as Obi-Wan Kenobi, but with much better breasts."

He chuckled at that, but still was mum.

"So it would be good if you could clue me in with some basic facts about what you and your sister are up to. Just knowing that you're 'intimate' with her leaves me mostly blind."

She was going to say more, but he finally couldn't stay silent. He looked at her imploringly. "Don't you think I'd love to tell you everything? If nothing else, it's pretty cool for my ego to be able to boast and share sexy stories. But... there are a couple of cases where I feel I'm not at liberty to say."

Suzanne raised an intrigued eyebrow at his phrase "a couple of cases." She realized that was a deliberate hint that he had at least one more secret relationship he felt unable to talk about.

He continued, carefully, "When it comes to Sis... there are details I'd like to tell you, but... God, I feel stupid. The truth is that since our last talk when I told you all about Akami, Kim, and Heather,, I decided I wanted to tell you more stuff about Sis and me, I want to be totally forthcoming with you, but I also thought I should talk to her about it first. And this is the stupid part: I just plain forgot to do that! I'm such an idiot!"

Suzanne grinned knowingly. "No you're not. All that shows is that you're still young and human, and you make mistakes like everyone else. Don't let all this sexual success go to your head, okay?"

He nodded.

"Plus, in your defense, you've been highly, highly distracted. In the last couple of days, every time I see you, it seems you're either getting your cock sucked, or stroked, or I'm the one doing the sucking or stroking!" She chuckled at that. "So yeah, I'm surprised you still remember your own name, much less a mental note to talk to someone about something."

He sighed. "That's true. I love every last second of my new life, there's no doubt about it. But I get what you're saying about juggling all those balls in the air at once. I frequently find myself thinking that I'm way over my head. I really do appreciate your help, but..." He made an impulsive decision. "Oh, fuck it!

Let's just say, hypothetically speaking, that Sis and me have, you know... gone all the way. Would you really be okay with that?"

Suzanne's grin widened. A-HA! I knew it! I totally knew it! That's a clear confession, especially with the look on his face. But if he wants to keep a fig leaf to pretend that it's not, I can roll with that.

She said, "Let me be completely honest with you, since you're being completely honest with me. Well, you're being mostly honest, anyway." She winked playfully. "I well and truly am okay with you fucking your sister! In fact, I've anticipated that and even planned for that for a long time now. I have a grand vision that... well, I don't want to say too much or it'll spoil the fun as things evolve. But let's just say I see a family forming, a family that was already there since way back, but with the bonds between us growing stronger and stronger because we're bound by sex AND love, and those two things mutually reinforce each other."

He nodded. "I can see that. And I don't really have a 'grand vision' because I spend most of my mental energies just rolling with the punches every day. But I do feel instinctively that I'm groping in the darkness towards something like that. It's so obvious that it's kind of a no-brainer."

She nodded back. "Indeed. So you can see why I'm so approving of this 'hypothetical development.'" She made quote marks in the air and gave him a knowing smirk. "You do realize that you've confessed that you're fucking her, don't you? What else would you need to ask her permission about before telling me?"

He sighed. "That's true. I want to tell you everything. I really like the idea of you being some kind of guardian angel to help me manage all these relationships without fucking things up. Plus, I love you, and I love how this could bring us even closer together and increase the bond of trust between us. But at the same time, when I have sex with someone like, say, Heather or Akami, there's the presumption of secrecy, that I'm not going to go home and tell someone else everything that happened. They'd probably be pissed off, in the same way that I would be pissed if I found they were sharing the whole story with someone else. So it's a real moral dilemma."

He went on, "That's doubly so with someone like Sis. I want to have a bond of trust that's just as strong with her as with you. But sometimes these things come into conflict."

Suzanne nodded again. "I understand. I really do. But here's my take. When it comes to anyone outside the family, remember the saying that 'all's fair in love and war.' Remember my metaphor of you juggling a bunch of balls in the air, with the challenge getting exponentially more difficult. In that case, I think

you need a secret weapon: me! Not only do I have vastly more experience to draw upon than you do, but I have access to resources you don't, plus scheming is kind of my thing." She grinned impishly at that.

He nodded.

She went on, "That said, within our family, total trust is the way to go. To solve your problem, you should have talked to Angel before talking to me. I'm sure she would have given her permission, so then there would have been no problem. We're all basically on the same page, with the partial exception of Susan, but she's changing her prudish ways fast. Soon, we won't need to keep any secrets within the family, I hope. But... outside the family, sometimes you have to be a little more conniving. Such as not telling anyone about the incest secret. Agreed?"

"Yeah." He sighed. "Of course you're right. I don't want to feel like I'm using anybody though."

"You're not. It's just that relationships evolve, and you have to hold back things until you know someone better. Look at your mom. What would have happened if she knew everything she knows not right from the start?"

"She would have totally freaked out!"

"Right. It's worked out for the best for everyone, including her, to only let her in on the truth bit by bit. Even now, there are things she's not ready for yet. But she will, in time. Maybe with some of your other lovers they can eventually learn the full truth. But take it step by step, and not without consulting me first, please. Okay?"

"Okay. But, getting back to Sis, are you REALLY okay that I'm fucking her?"

"I am. I really do want to see that happen. It's a vital part of our shared future. The only downside is that she's getting all the fun that I wish I could be getting. As I've explained to you before, I've been holding out doing that with you, because once I start, I won't be able to control myself very well. It's better that Susan reaches a certain stage in her sexual development, before she catches us fucking like bunnies in every room in the house!"

His smile was a mile wide. "No way! You and me?! I can't even imagine. You so far out of my league!"

Her smirk only grew. "So says the guy who is fucking his sexy nurse, the head cheerleader, another cheerleader, his sister, and who know else besides. I've got a strong feeling you're still keeping something or someone from me, but I suppose you have your reasons. We'll come back to that later, because I can only wiggle one secret out of you at a time." She gave him another playful wink.

He moaned, but with a smile on his face, "Aunt Suzzzzzy!"

bender

She snickered. "Anyway, it if was up to me, I would have had you two get started only after Susan reached a critical threshold. You do realize that when you're fucking your sister, DO NOT let Susan catch you! Okay? She's got big issues with fucking now, so if she catches you and me fucking, it would be really bad. But she's got much, much bigger issues with incest, so if she catches you two fucking, it would be... Well, I shudder to even think about it!"

He nodded.

"As we all know, she's got a lot of prudish beliefs to overcome, and it's often two step forward and one step back. If she were to catch you two, I can't even imagine how many steps back it would be. There would be lots of stressing out and heavy emotional discussions."

He said, "I know, believe me, I know. I know that sometimes I've let my lust get the best of me-"

She cut in, snickering. "'Sometimes.'" She made mocking air quotes.

He grinned impishly. "Okay ,a lot of the time. But can you blame me? As the saying goes, I'm young, dumb, and full of cum! But when it comes to fucking Sis, we've been VERY careful. We have a general rule to NEVER do that in this house, but only at a very safe space. Namely, Kim's house. We don't want to upset Mom any more than you do."

"Good." But Suzanne couldn't help but add with a smirk, "If you two are fucking, that is."

"Right. 'If.'" He grinned widely.

"Please don't fuck this up for all of us by being too rash. If you're having sex with your sister, do it somewhere away from this house where Susan will never find out! I know you said you're doing that already, but I'm just emphasizing to ALWAYS stick to that rule. Be super careful. And use protection!"

He nodded again.

She continued, "And speaking of perceptive, there's one thing you've failed to notice today. I was wondering what you'd think when you put your fingers deep into my pussy and found this."

Suzanne holding up her egg-shaped pussy vibrator, dripping with her cum

She reached into her pussy and dragged out her small egg vibrator, which was still buzzing away. It came out simply drenched in pussy juice. She put it to her nose and smelled the delightful aroma of her own pussy. She playfully licked it along its entire length, enjoying both the taste and smell of her own juices.

He'd been feeling a bit languid after his climax, but he sprang back to life. "Holy shit! I can't believe you just did that! And that vibrator! Wow!"

He was totally surprised, and his eyes went wide, like a kid who'd just seen an impressive magic trick. "I didn't even know they made them like that! Like, what's to stop you from just keeping that in you all day?"

"Nothing," she replied, with a grin on her face that was actually wider than his. "In fact, I put it in just before you jumped into the pool naked earlier, and I've kept it in ever since. I haven't worn it much in the past, but maybe I will now. It doesn't actually bring me to orgasm, or I'd be a quivering wreck, but it gives me a satisfying feeling of fullness and keeps me happy all the time, sort of like being tipsy. It's kind of like if you imagine your penis was being lightly sucked all day long."

She paused for dramatic effect. "Wait a minute. You don't have to imagine too hard about that one, do you?"

They both laughed.

Something suddenly dawned on him. "Hey! How was I supposed to find out about the vibrator if you won't let me touch your pussy, much less feel inside it?"

She grinned triumphantly. "You weren't." Then referring to the vibrator, she asked, "Do you like it?"

He said, "Yeah, it's kind of ... I don't know how to explain it, but I imagine one day you might just be sitting having dinner with us acting all calm, when in fact you're secretly on the verge of orgasm. That's pretty sexy."

"You're right. I think I have a new gift idea for Susan and Angel. Wouldn't it be fun if all three of us women were stimulated by these vibrators 24 hours a day? We'd be naked and stuffed all day long, and only take the vibrators out whenever your big, fat dick was ready to give one of us an even better stuffing. Would you like that, hmmm?"

She drew her face to within an inch of his and examined his eyes intently. Her erect nipples bored into his chest.

He tried to remain impassive, but the thought of keeping all three of them well fucked made him crazy with desire.

She could easily read it in his face. Finally she broke into another smile and pulled back. "I have a feeling you'd like that. You'd like that very much, wouldn't you, Mr. Mute? Wouldn't you like to take turns fucking the three of us, one after another, all day long? Maybe do a couple of us at once? Hmmm?"

She gave him another playful shove, but again he didn't confirm or deny.

She grabbed his penis. "Does that thought make you hard?" In fact he was still flaccid, but his penis was already beginning to show signs of life because of her arousing talk and the smell of her juices.

He realized it was somehow possible for him to get hard again, but he knew he'd regret it later. He cried out, "No! Please! You just said you'd leave me alone. Don't make my dick fall off. And, and - you're late!"

She pondered that, then let go. She was amused at how he actually got a bit scared at her ability to arouse him so consistently. "Damn. I did, and I am. Oh well. I'll just have to fuck your sister instead. While you stay in here, aaaaall alone."

She slipped her robe back on. "By the way, can you open the door and see if the coast is clear?" She whispered, "I wouldn't be surprised if your mom is out there trying to listen."

He got up, not bothering to put on clothes first, and stuck his head out into the hallway. No one was there, and he told her so. He went back to bed. He was ready to nap some more, but he realized he'd have to change the sheets first because a new big puddle had collected there, caused by their latest fun.

Suzanne blew him a kiss, closed the door and walked the very short distance across the hallway to Katherine's room. Before that day the two women had never done anything more than kiss. But now both were ready and eager to go all the way.

Chapter 449 Katherine X Suzanne

Katherine waited eagerly for Suzanne, wondering why she was late. Suzanne had said she would get to her by six and it was already past the appointed hour.

Suzanne quietly knocked on Katherine's bedroom door and led her to the bathroom attached to the master bedroom. (Suzanne preferred it over the nearer bathroom because she knew the bathtub was much roomier.) She'd half expected to see Susan sleeping in her bed, since she knew Susan had rushed to her bedroom not long before, but there was no sign of her anywhere.

While Susan had heard that Suzanne was going to put more lotion on Katherine, Suzanne figured a "don't ask, don't tell" policy was best, so she and Katherine would be less constrained. She didn't tell Susan when she was starting the "massage." Silence was another thing to keep in mind.

Katherine wore nothing but a thin, oversized T-shirt - the bare minimum of decorum needed in case she was seen in the hallway on her way to the bathroom. Once she was in the bathroom, she removed her T-shirt in a flash, leaving her in just her birthday suit. As soon as Suzanne closed the bathroom door, Katherine was on her, French kissing and feeling her up.

However Suzanne took a moment to turn the bathtub taps on a bit, so that a reasonable amount of background noise would give anyone outside the impression that someone was really taking a bath.

Katherine's hands zoomed in on Suzanne's large tits. She was nearly as keen to get her hands on her aunt's big hooters as Alan always was. For someone who was ostensibly not a lesbian, she was definitely getting into having sex with women. In short order, Katherine was purring whilst suckling at a nipple.

Suzanne's robe fell to the floor. Once unencumbered, she reached down and found Katherine's pussy. She was excited by the feel because, although she'd fooled around with other women starting in college, she'd never touched a shaved pussy before, as it wasn't very common back then. Besides, moments like these were pivotal steps in her plan, which she'd been looking forward to for many months.

But soon she pushed Katherine away, asking playfully, "What about your treatment? We have to soothe your throbbing ass." She held up the jar that was half-filled with lotion and half with Alan's cum.

It was the same jar she'd used earlier, so Katherine recognized it instantly. She was surprised. "Aunt Suzy, you don't have to play games with me. You and I both know what we're doing here, so let's just get down to it. I've been waiting eagerly for this for so long!"

"You have?" Suzanne laughed, delighted at how easily this part of her overall scheme was unfolding. "So have I. You have no idea how much! But humor me; I like playing games. Let's start with this" - she held up the jar again - "and take off from there."

Katherine directed her attention to the jar for the first time. "Does that still contain, you know, Brother's seed?"

"Yep! In fact, I just got a fresh injection a few minutes ago. If we act fast, it might still be warm."

"Cool! Okay, if you're putting that on my butt, I'm game for pretending. Please soothe my oh-so-sore butt with Big Brother's baby-making jism! Don't be afraid to shove it up my twat!" She stepped into the bathtub, which was the only place in the bathroom to get really comfortable.

The rich Plummers had a bathtub so large that two people could lie in it. (Susan had thought she and her husband would use it together to spice up their sex life, but that had never happened.)

Katherine lay face down in a small puddle of warm water that got her face a little wet.

Suzanne straddled her just because she could, and began rubbing Alan's cum into Katherine's butt with one hand while plunging her finger in and out of Katherine's pussy with the other. (She'd mistakenly assumed that the teenager wasn't serious about wanting his cum inside her pussy.) As her finger went in and out of Katherine's already sopping-wet hole, the aroma drifted up to her nose and aroused her even more.

They whispered between labored breaths because they had a lot to say, now that they were in private and being open about their feelings for each other.

"You know, I'm not a lesbian..." Katherine started.

"Nor am I," replied Suzanne. "Nothing beats a good, hard cock. Especially if it's your brother's cock. However, guys can only get it up so many times a day - even a tall, dark, handsome guy in his physical prime like him. But there's no limit to a woman's orgasms. I'd rather have your hands in me than my own."bender

"Exactly! I'm just starting to get into some female action with another cheerleader at school, but mostly it's just another way to get into Brother's pants more often. Like just about any guy, he gets seriously aroused watching his women get so hot and horny. Then everyone turns on each other in a sex-crazed feeding frenzy. I get to enjoy another woman, and then there's more hard cock to be had by all. Talk about a win-win situation for everyone!"

"Care to mention any names?" Suzanne's curiosity was definitely piqued. She knew the names and appearances of all the cheerleaders, since her daughter Amy was also on the team.

"No, I probably shouldn't have told you that much without asking him first."

"Where do you do it?" Suzanne pressed, as she rubbed the girl's butt and explored her pussy.

"That's our problem. Finding somewhere private has been our biggest problem by far." That was true, but Katherine was also being deliberately vague.

Suzanne decided it was time to bring up a very delicate subject. "Angel, I have a confession to make. To tell you the truth, I'm not too crazy about your mother's boundaries and rules, such as they are. Obviously she's about as firm as a wet noodle about most rules lately, but she holds very strongly to the 'no vaginal intercourse' rule. I'm all for doing anything and everything with Sweetie, and I only hold back a bit out of respect for her, and fear that she'll catch me and that'll hurt our friendship. I think she'll come around eventually, but I'm trying to be patient. I'm guessing you feel the same way."

"Yep." Katherine was finding it hard to talk since Suzanne was devoting all of her attention to pleasuring her younger neighbor. Suzanne had begun exploring Katherine's ass crack more and more with her hands.

"So you don't have any problem if you and I go all the way? At least as far as two women can go?"

"Nope. Bring it on!" The sexy girl wiggled her ass invitingly.

But Suzanne was already all over it, even to rubbing her nose and cheeks along the peachy soft skin. "We'll get there in a minute. But I'm curious. My suspicion is that you and Sweetie have already gone further than you're letting on."

Suzanne obviously knew more than that, since Alan had confessed to her earlier that he had started fucking Katherine. But Suzanne wanted to gently ease into the issue, and not get him in trouble with her. "You two seem to be extra close to each other lately, to say the least. And you and he being together with another cheerleader... In fact, he kind of all but admitted as much when I was in his room a little while ago."

Katherine felt a shiver of alarm race down her spine. "He did?! What did he say, exactly?!"

"Well, we were talking about hypotheticals. He kept saying 'if we're fucking.' He really is such a sweetie - he all but admitted he doesn't want to confess it to me because he wants to get the all clear from you first and he just plum forgot to ask you about it in the last few days."

Katherine couldn't help but giggle. She thought, That's so him! And it's doubly funny because I've totally been meaning to talk to him about it, and it's slipped my mind too.

Suzanne went on, "I appreciate how you both look out for each other, but there's not much point in denying it from me anymore. Don't worry; I'm not going to mind, and I'm not going to tell your mother or anyone else. Besides, it's pretty obvious. We all know you're dropping to your knees to suck him off every time he so much as starts to think about possibly getting an erection. Then there's the fact you openly call yourself his 'fuck toy!' That's a pretty big clue right there!"

Katherine couldn't help but giggle some more. "Good point."

"This thin veneer of almost admitting it is getting a bit silly. Just for the official record, has he fucked you yet?"

Katherine did feel this was something that she should ideally talk about with Alan first. But the pretense they weren't fucking was getting ridiculously thin. And with Suzanne on her, she felt she was in good hands (literally), so to speak, and she couldn't contain her excitement. "Yep!" she giggled gaily.

Suzanne knew that already, but she felt thrills running all through her body to have it officially confirmed just the same. She beamed with delight. "You HAVE been naughty, haven't you? How was it? Tell me everything!" She was so excited that she took another gob of the lotion-cum-cum and plunged a finger covered with it up Katherine's anus. Another finger was already in her pussy, so Suzanne kept both of Katherine's holes occupied at once.

Katherine asked, "So... you're not upset?"

"Are you kidding me? That's the best news I've heard all year!"

"You're not even somewhat jealous?"

"Hell yeah, I'm jealous!" Suzanne honestly admitted. "I want him to fuck me so badly that I can hardly stand it! I think about it all the time. But it's not jealous in a bad way. More like if your birthday came a month from mine. I know I'll be getting the great gift that I want; I just have to wait a little longer. At the same time, I'm very happy for you, because I have an inkling of just how much it means to you. So there are no hard feelings at all. How was it?!"

Katherine was practically glowing. "Cool! It was great! So great! All my dreams came true!"

"Really? Tell me more!" Suzanne was energized, and her fingers pumped in and out of Katherine's holes with increasing speed.

"What can I say? My brother is a sister-fucker! It was everything I'd hoped and then some!"

Suzanne was uncharacteristically frenzied with excitement. "Excellent! I can't wait till he fucks me! I can't wait!"

"Don't wait! Feel that cock-bat slam into your cunt like it's slammed into mine!"

"YES! YES!"

Katherine was soon moaning and climaxing loudly, so they forgot all about conversing for a while.

Suzanne realized they were forgetting to keep quiet, so she warned Katherine to keep her voice down. She also turned the shower on behind them, in addition to the bathtub tap, to make even more white noise. Even so, the bathtub was so big they didn't get wet. But Suzanne wasn't overly worried - since the shower was on a very low setting she figured she would hear the sound of the master bedroom door opening before Susan could approach.

As Suzanne did all this, she thought, It's happening! It's really starting to happen! I finally have official confirmation that Angel and Sweetie are happily fucking! That's a MAJOR confirmation that everything is gonna work out! And she's excited to get it on with me! That's two pivotal victories! Now we just need to break in Susan!

Suzanne said, "I'll make you a deal. Back in my college days, I was known as a pretty good pussy lick. It's been a while, but it's not something you forget how to do. Susan and I have been sharing our sexual adventures with Alan lately, and it's time you and I start sharing too. Tell me all about the first time Sweetie fucked you, every last detail! And while you do that, I'll drive you wild with my long tongue!"

"Deal!"

They repositioned for what was to come. Suzanne knelt before a standing Katherine and munched on her pussy. As her tongue explored the inside of her friend's vagina, she noticed how sweet her pussy tasted and smelled.

Katherine began to describe her first time at Kim's house in detail, excited that she finally had someone else to tell.

Suzanne thought as she licked all around Katherine's slit, I could really get to like this. I wonder if Angel understands just how momentous this is! If I have my way, this will be just the first of thousands of times we do this. Thousands!

Suzanne hadn't been with another woman in years, but soon she recalled how to put her exceptional tongue to excellent use. After she'd worked Katherine into a lather with lots of tongue foreplay around her pussy lips and clit, even while rarely touching either, she suddenly and dramatically changed tactics. She more or less fucked Katherine's pussy with her tongue, as if it were a miniature penis. She knew she was onto something good by the way Katherine was panting heavily.

The only problem was that Katherine was so turned on that she couldn't keep telling her story. For a while, both of them were cool with that.

But eventually Suzanne's curiosity got the best of her and she wanted to hear more. There were so many things that they had never been able to discuss before, and she was fascinated by the idea of Alan and Katherine fucking. After a minute or two, she stopped licking briefly to ask, "Sorry to interrupt, but let me ask one question. Have you two been taking the proper precautions for pregnancy?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Unfortunately?!"

"I wanna have Brother's babies so bad! So bad, it's killing me! But even I can see it would be pretty insane to do that while we're both in high school. I talk big about letting him knock me up, but there's no way I'm going to let that happen. Not yet, that is!"

Suzanne hadn't known that before, and she was very intrigued. She thought, as if speaking to her, It can happen someday! Anything is possible. Even that. Especially since they're not related genetically. We'll all be in total love with each other forever. That's my vision!

But she only asked, "What kind of precautions are you taking?"

"He was able to get condoms and all of us cheerleaders are already on birth control pills, as you know. I even went and got a diaphragm, though he's so big that sometimes he pushes it out of the way. We use all three at once, just to reduce the odds. Well, he does forget to wear the condom most of the time, but I figure two out of three ain't bad. And I keep an eye on the calendar, too."

Suzanne joked, "When you say you look at the calendar, I assume you mean that you look to see what day it is, and whichever day it is you say, 'Today would be a good day to get fucked by my brother!'"

Katherine laughed. "Yep! You know me too well. Yeah, that's pretty true. And frankly, I don't want him to ever use a condom. Gaawwwd! Bareback feels so fuckin' good! But I do take my pill every day and use my diaphragm. I really do!"

Suzanne felt thrills run through her body as she thought about Alan fucking her bareback too. "Good. It's only right that he fucks you bareback, don't you think?"

"Oh, definitely! I wouldn't have it any other way, and his cock deserves nothing less!"

That excited both of them so much that Suzanne just licked Katherine's slit for a while, while also fondling her ass cheeks.

But eventually they took a mini-break, and Suzanne resumed the topic of protection. "I'm really glad to hear that you're taking extra precautions, even as you have him do you bareback. Not just because it's smart, but I have an extra reason. This afternoon I wanted to stick some of his cum up your cunt, but I was afraid to. Now, I assume you don't mind?"

"By all means!" Katherine replied excitedly. "WOW! That gets me really hot! But didn't I already tell you not to be afraid to do that? Let it join all the rest! I hope there's a bunch of sperm still sloshing around in there. That's one of my fantasies - when I'm in school I like to think Bro's cum has filled my vagina and that it sloshes around with every step I take. I'm not wearing my diaphragm right now though."

She pulled away and walked across the room. "But wait! I've got one in this very room, in the hope that I'd get him to do me in here someday. I've got one in my purse, and one in Mom's bathroom in case he might want to do me there or in Mom's bed while she's out."

Suzanne hummed, "Mmmm. Now my tongue has something to look for inside your steamy hole. Bring that beautiful hot box of yours back here."

Katherine was standing. She rooted around in the bathroom cabinets until she was able to get her box of supplies out of a remote hiding place. She proudly held them up. "Look how many. I'm going to use each and every one with Brother before Christmas. That's my goal. Just think how many fucks that is!"

"You never can be too careful," Suzanne said. "Where are you getting all this protection? I mean, you're both so young."

Katherine inserted the diaphragm into her cunt. "Bro's so smart. He got some condoms first, I don't know how. But then he got Nurse Akami to give him loads of stuff."

"Yeah, I'll bet you he's given her loads in return, if you know what I mean," Suzanne joked.

They both laughed.

Katherine commented, "Isn't it just amazing, the number of women he has chasing after him?"

"Yeah, a bit," Suzanne said without much thought. She wasn't in the talking mood, given that she was on the verge of some serious pussy licking. But to be polite, she asked, "Does it bother you?"

Katherine answered, "Well, it depends. When it comes to Akami, I don't begrudge her, because without her help maybe none of this would have ever happened. Sometimes the thought of him drilling other pussies even gets me excited. But it depends. If it was, say, Christine or Heather from school, that would bother me a lot. I guess that's one reason why I'm so keen on getting knocked up."

"Could you please explain that? I'm afraid I don't follow. And by the way," she joked, "giving birth and raising a child isn't as much fun as it might seem."

"But don't you see?" Katherine asked earnestly. "Isn't that the ultimate act of love and devotion? Having his children will bind us together for ever and ever! I've always wanted his children, even before all the six-times-a-day craziness started, just because it would be so beautiful! A symbol of our love."

"And it would mean you're fucking," Suzanne pointed out with some mirth.

Katherine giggled. "Yeah. There is that. But now I have even more reason for it. I'm so afraid he's going to find someone really smart and pretty like Christine and run off and marry her. And where will that leave me? I'll only get to fuck him and be with him every now and then."

"Why would you assume you'd fuck him at all after he gets married?"

"Oh, get real, Aunt Suzy. I'm not worried about THAT. I know my brother, and now that he's tasted so many women it's not like he'd ever be able to limit himself to just one anymore. I mean, can you even imagine him keeping Mom's mouth off his cock for more than five minutes, even if he wanted to? Fat chance! No, the only question is, how many women will I have to share him with, and where will I fit into things? I know he doesn't want a ton of kids, like I do, and he's a responsible guy and won't just knock up girls willy-nilly. So if I have one of his kids, that'll put me in a pretty elite group of his closest favorites."

Suzanne was staggered by that, especially by how far ahead Katherine had thought things out. "Whoa, girl! You're always gonna be one of his favorites, no matter what you do. But you've really thought this out, haven't you? I know Sweetie's a pretty studly guy, but come on! You're making it sound like he's gonna have some kind of harem."

"Well, isn't he? Isn't that where you're taking this?"

"Well, yeah, I guess so. But I'm thinking you, me, and Susan, if you can call that a harem. I like to think of it as a foursome. And you're the only one of us who can have children, so don't worry so much."

"What about Amy?"

"Amy? My sweet and innocent Honey Pie? NO!"

"Oh, come ON!" Katherine complained. "You can't leave her out! She and I are like sisters! And she totally loves him."

In private, Suzanne was already starting to come to the conclusion that Amy would have to be included sooner or later, but she was still resistant to that idea. She had given permission for Amy to give Alan handjobs, but that was as far as she was willing to go so far. "Sorry. She's not ready for a serious relationship yet. And when she will be I intend to help find her a very nice boy."

Katherine shook her head. "Aunt Suzy, you're smart, much smarter than me, but you have some major blind spots. For instance, I think I know Brother at least as well as you do. Once you fall in love with him, there's no falling back out; he's just too kind and adorable. Now that's he's gotten started, he's gonna pick up women like a snowball rolling downhill. Starting with Amy, for sure. That's why I'm just hoping and praying I won't get lost in the shuffle."

Now it was Suzanne's turn to shake her head in disbelief. "There may be some truth to that, but I'm double your age and know a whole lot more about the wider world. To stay with even three women permanently would be an amazing anomaly in this day and age, and will raise all kinds of eyebrows. Any more would be preposterous. Heck, just to get that much to work harmoniously is gonna tax my scheming skills to the limit. I'm sure Sweetie will fool around all over the place, and I don't have a problem with that, but at the end of the day he'll always return home to us, his family."

"Maybe. We'll see. Anyway, if you're talking his family, you're INCLUDING Amy."

Suzanne rolled her eyes.

"Oh, come on!"

Suzanne conceded. "Maybe. Eventually, perhaps. In a year or two, once Amy matures some more. Definitely not now."

Katherine thought, A YEAR or two? Is she insane?! It's a good thing I haven't told her yet that Aims is already one of Brother's personal cocksuckers. She'd freak! But she decided not to argue for the time being. "All I know is, if he wanted to marry me, I'd say 'yes' in a heartbeat. I secretly felt that way even before all the sexual craziness got started."

Suzanne just nodded and filed away Katherine's comments to contemplate later. The Amy question especially vexed her. She complained as she got up, "Too much talking. Your turn."

They repositioned, and Katherine licked Suzanne's pussy for a while. They could have done each other at the same time in a sixty-nine, but Suzanne wanted to devote her entire attention to the sensations of being tongued by one of her most loved people.

Katherine was happy to devote herself completely to the task. She'd tasted a few pussies, namely those of Kim, Amy, and Heather. They'd all tasted roughly the same, but Suzanne's was different: a bit more tangy and bitter, perhaps more mature. It had a potent flavor, but she decided that it wasn't unpleasant.

They both were so excited that it wasn't long until Katherine's tongue in Suzanne and her fingers in herself resulted in an explosive mutual orgasm. The two of them rested and prepared themselves for more.

Chapter 450 Katherine X Suzanne Pt. 2

After some more minutes they repositioned again, with Katherine lying back in the bathtub.

"Here goes..." said Suzanne, kneeling over her, as she stuffed Alan's seed up into his sister's pussy. Once it was in, she kept plunging in and out with three fingers. "Imagine my fingers are Alan's cock," she helpfully suggested.

That caused Katherine to begin moaning loudly. But she also loudly and jokingly complained, "Three fingers? If you want to be Alan's cock, you'll have to fist me!"

"Shhhh!" warned Suzanne. She wasn't going to fist anyone, if indeed Katherine was serious with the suggestion (which she was not). "Remember, we're in your mom's bathroom, and she could come back at any time. Now tell me the rest of your story. And by the way, how's your butt feeling, honestly?"

"It's fine! You can spank me anytime. I knew you were up to something sneaky and sexy, so that's why I agreed to it. Brother gave me an erotic spanking on Thursday night, and I just loved it!"

Suzanne was still exploring Katherine's anus with her other hand, going full blast on both holes at once. She said, very eagerly, "Okay! Do you want me to spank you some more right now?"

Katherine winced. "Um, let's not go that far. It's still a bit sore from earlier. Some other time. Any other time, actually."

Suzanne was disappointed, but decided to let it slide. She consoled herself with learning that Katherine quite enjoyed spankings, and that Alan was starting to do them too. I'd prefer to spank that lovely young man, but I wouldn't be averse to getting spanked by him too. A little bit of everything is good, as long as it's sexual.

Katherine added, "But I feel bad - you're making me feel so good, and I'm not giving anything back. Let me turn over and help you out."

She flipped over, grabbed an aroused nipple with one hand, and stuck her fingers into Suzanne's slit with the other. She quickly came across the string leading to the egg vibrator. She pulled it out, laughing. "What's this, you naughty woman? Damn, that was deep inside there."

"Hey, if you're gonna take that out, you have to replace it with something better," Suzanne chided her.

Katherine quickly obliged with an ever-increasing number of fingers.

Suzanne prodded in her scratchy voice, "Now, you were telling me about the first time you and Alan fucked? You never got very far in telling that story."

Katherine giggled. "Yeah, because a certain busty pale goddess has devilish ways of distracting me!"

They carried on playing with each other while Katherine told her story. Once they became more familiar with each other's bodies, they started to explore more ambitious positions. The only problem was that Katherine's hot story of fucking Alan became more ragged in the telling as each minute passed. After awhile there was a lot of mutual fucking and not much talking.

They got so excited that they kept forgetting to keep the noise down. They huffed and puffed and squished and moaned. They looked fantastic together, with Katherine's deep tan contrasting with Suzanne's pale white skin. Had anyone seen them, they might have thought that two perfectly-formed Playboy bunnies were going at it while making an X-rated video.

They sat face to face, grinding their pussies together when they weren't fingering each other. Their legs interlaced one another, allowing their wet pussies to literally kiss. They rubbed their pussies together and felt the soft folds of their labia slickly slide over each other as their juices intermingled. The aroma of two hot steaming pussies filled the small room.

That was a first for Katherine, and in fact she was new to most kinds of lesbian lovemaking. But she quickly realized that she loved it.

Sometimes they French kissed too, but Suzanne kept pausing their action to force Katherine to tell a little bit more of her fucking story. As if they weren't aroused enough, the occasional reminder of fucking Alan raised their lust to an even higher level.

Somewhere along the line Katherine let Kim's name slip, since Kim had been there her first time, but she was too far gone to care very much. What she didn't know was that Suzanne had already learned from Alan about his and Katherine's sexual intimacy with Kim.

All the while, they were getting quite wet, both between their legs from so many orgasms and by splashing the water from the tub on each other. They grew hot and sweaty as they rubbed their pussies together, and even the bath water seemed to grow warmer. It wasn't long until the mirrors in the bathroom fogged up and the room started to fill with steam.

Yet there was much more in the air than just physical arousal. Even though the two of them hadn't been together before, their long years of loving friendship were apparent, so their movements were filled with tenderness and deep affection.

In a pause after one of many mutual climaxes, Katherine went on with her story, using Kim's name freely now that the cat was out of the bag. "So, then Kim came in and asked if she could watch. Of course we said yes. Bro was already hard, even though we'd done it three times already! Can you believe it?!"

Suzanne was happy that Katherine had been careless with Kim's name, so she could pretend that she'd just learned from Katherine what she had already known, without revealing that Alan had already told her that.

She was happier to confirm that Alan's drunken performance at the party, when she'd been masquerading as "Elle," hadn't been typical of his fucking skills. She hadn't really worried much about that, since everything else he did made her confident that he would be a fantastic fucker. "He sounds like a total stud," she said, sounding like a giggly schoolgirl.

"He IS! Ohmigod, wait till you hear how much he got it up the second time we went there. But anyway, he started pounding me again. In and out, in and out..."

"You mean like this?" interrupted Suzanne. She stopped grinding her crotch against Katherine's and poked her fingers into Katherine instead. Katherine did likewise.

"Exactly!" Katherine giggled. "Fuck, this is almost as much fun as being there all over again. Going in and out, in and out, in and out, in and out..."

Their fingers worked on each other in time to their words. Both of their pussies were sopping wet and they were sweating profusely all over from so much exertion. Their pussy juices flowed freely, lubricating their plunging fingers.

"And the whole time," Katherine went on when she finally got tired of saying "in and out" over and over, "Kim was sitting in a chair right next to us, frigging herself to the same fuck rhythm we were using! If I wasn't feeling horny enough - not bloody likely with Big Brother inside me, mind you - but if I wasn't, all I had to do was look over and see Kim totally lost in the moment and egging us on with her eyes and fingers. God, it was so amazing! And he was like a nonstop endurance monster. Just like he almost always is, as I later learned. After those quick fucks earlier, he was just going on and on, like he would never stop. His cock was so incredibly hard and thick too. But I'm sure you know that very well already, when you have your long tongue wrapped around it like some kind of freakin' coiled snake!"

Suzanne was so excited she could only nod in response.

"But you don't know how it felt when he totally filled me up and stretched me to the limit. It was fantastic! Maybe I'm biased because it was my first fuck and all, but I don't think anybody else fucks like that. He's something very special. I mean, he made us seriously late, 'cos he kept going to the brink and then pulling back. It was like he couldn't stop until he fucked me to death! In and out, in and out..."

They both said the words "in and out" in unison repeatedly, again timing their frigging with it. Then they again broke into giggles. They kissed some more after that, which delayed the story once more.

Finally Suzanne made a move to leave. She stood up. "Really, we should stop." She had been engaged in sexual activity seemingly all afternoon, with only a shower as a break, and she was tired.

But Katherine with her youthful enthusiasm didn't like the idea of stopping. She stood up so she could wrap herself around Suzanne. Then, massaging Suzanne's clit with her fingertips, she said, "What's the big hurry? Just a few more minutes. I'm so excited, talking about fucking Big Brother while fucking you! You're so much fun to be with, and fucking him is soooo good. Talk about the best of both worlds! Seriously. I feel so close to you right now, like we're sisters!"

"Me too!" Suzanne eagerly agreed.

Katherine kissed her, then continued, "You know how Mom seems to be living just to suck his cock lately? I'm like that too, except I live to be FUCKED by him! It's way better than cocksucking, as great as that is. Besides, we can't stop now, because I still have to tell you abo-"

But with perfect timing, a sound broke them out of their reverie. "Suzanne! Suzanne, are you still up there?" It was Susan, shouting loudly from the bottom of the stairs. (After what happened earlier, she was afraid to get near Alan's room for fear she'd get sucked into the action.)

They could just barely make out the words, as the sound had to travel up the stairs, down to the end of the hallway, through two doors, and over the sound of the running water to reach them. The two of them froze and concentrated on listening.

More clearly, they heard Alan reply. "She's still in here with me, Mom!" Suzanne was surprised to hear his voice, because she thought he'd be sleeping.

Then, more dimly, they heard Susan yell, "Still?! Goodness gracious! Suzanne, your husband was just calling. He was wondering what's happening with dinner."

Alan answered, "Mom, Aunt Suzy's mouth is occupied at the moment, but don't tell Eric that!"

Both Suzanne and Katherine couldn't help giggling at hearing Alan's lie, obviously covering for them.

He added, "We're almost done - I'm sure she'll be along in a minute!"bender

"Okay!" Susan yelled. "Remember the boundaries! Also, dinner will be ready in a few minutes. Angel, did you hear that? Angel? ... Tiger, can you tell your sister dinner is ready?"

"No problem!" Alan shouted.

Katherine and Suzanne paused and waited until they were sure Susan was focused elsewhere.

When Katherine was finally convinced they were safe, she said, "Damn! Damn, damn, damn! Just when things were getting really good."

"Oh come on," said Suzanne, disappointed but already disengaging. "What was I just saying? You have to know when to stop. This house is a lousy place to keep secrets. Anyway, if you came any more today, I

think you would have just plain run out of cum. And if you don't run out of cum, I'm bound to. At least we didn't get caught. Though I admit I would have liked to hear the end of your story."

"Well, that's basically the end," said Katherine, as she drew her body back up against Suzanne to finish explaining. "He just kept fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking me" - she punctuated each 'fuck' by plunging her fingers back into Suzanne's slit each time - "until I was literally fucked out. He seriously had to carry me back to the car. I was sore for days!"

"You sure there were enough 'fucks' in your description?" Suzanne asked gleefully.

"No! As a matter of fact, it was more like he fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking fucked me until I couldn't fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking stand it!" Katherine again threw caution to the wind and fringed Suzanne's slit like there was no tomorrow.

"Okay! I gather it was pretty fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking good!" Suzanne replied with her own fingering. But she realized that time really was running out. She disengaged herself from Katherine and picked up a towel from the floor. "Come on. What if Susan decides to go to her bedroom to change clothes or something?"

Katherine reluctantly began drying herself. She was still mulling over her story instead of worrying much about her mother. "Yeah, you could say it was pretty damn fucking good. And that was only his first time! You should hear about the time with the seventeen erogenous zones. I can't wait until he gets experienced with the likes of you, and then he shows me all he's learned."

"You think YOU can't wait!" Suzanne said with exasperation. "I want him to fuck me until I'M the one who's too sore to walk! And you got to take his virginity too, you lucky bitch. AND, you're doing a threesome with him! That just makes me drool. And here I am, forced to go slow with him, for your mom's sake. Life can be so frustrating."

"Yeah..." said Katherine, aglow with her fond memories. "That's about the only edge I've got on you, that I took his virginity. And he took mine. Brother's going to be the only guy to ever fuck me, or really do anything to me for that matter, if I can help it. But that's all I've got going. How can I compete with you? Or should I say you two?" She grabbed both of Suzanne's ample boobs and started playing with them.

"Hey!" Suzanne took Katherine's hands away. "Not that I don't like that, but let's get dressed already! And don't forget you're his sister. I can't compete with that."

Katherine ignored that comment and continued as she started to dress, "And anyway, it's not all wine and roses. Remember that Mom has grounded me for a week, and we've agreed to not break Mom's boundaries and her constantly-changing rules here in the house. So he can't fuck me again aaaaaalllll the way until next Mooonday!"

"That's very wise, Angel. Be patient. You have lots of time. But speaking of time, let's continue this talk later. I've gotta go cook dinner for my very unfuck, fuck, fuck, fuckable husband. ... But the afterglow of this day will make dinner a lot more bearable. This will help too." She stuck her egg vibrator back inside her pussy.

Both of them giggled.

The knockout redhead enthused as she put a robe back on, "What a great day! You go first and make sure the coast is clear; it's less weird if you're using this bathroom than if I am. Then I'll go. But stay in your room for a bit, while I go downstairs. Susan won't think it weird if I look like I just had an orgasm, given what Sweetie just told her, but we can't both be looking like that! And the smell. This whole bathroom smells like the inside of a giant pussy. Let's air this place out."